

THE OPEN COURT.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO THE RELIGION OF SCIENCE

VOLUME IX

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BEHOLD! I MAKE ALL THINGS NEW.

The Reformation of Christianity Through the Higher Criticism and a New Orthodoxy.

THE old year is gone, the new year has come, and we are again reminded of the truism that life is both transient and immortal. The statement appears contradictory, but the fact is undeniable. Nothing persists and yet everything endures. The changes that take place are transformations in which everything continues to exercise an influence according to its nature and importance.

Science has changed our life and is still changing it, raising our civilisation to a higher plane, and making us conscious of the great possibilities of invention, which by far outstrip the boldest promises of the illusions of magic. But science affects also our religion: the very foundations of morality and faith seem to give way under our feet, and lamentations are heard that, if the least iota in our beliefs be altered, desolation will prevail and the light that so far has illumined our path will be extinguished. Many earnest believers are full of anxiety on account of the results of the scientific Bible-research, commonly called the Higher Criticism, which threatens to destroy Christianity and appears to leave nothing tangible to believe or hope for. The old orthodoxy is tottering in all its positions, and nothing seems left which can be relied upon.

O ye of little faith! It is the old dogmatism only that falls to the ground, but not religion, and not even orthodoxy. Many ideas that were dear to you have become illusory; you did not understand their allegorical nature, and now that they burst before your eyes like soap-bubbles, you while gazing at them are dismayed like children who will not be comforted.

Orthodoxy means "right doctrine" and it is but natural to think that if our orthodoxy is hopelessly lost, scepticism will prevail and we must be satisfied with the conclusion that there is no stability in the world and that nothing can be known for certain. But because the old orthodoxy fails there is no reason to say that orthodoxy itself in the original and proper sense of the term is a vain hope. Bear in mind that the nature of science is the endeavor to establish an unques-

tionable orthodoxy on the solid foundation of evidence and proof?

The very power that destroys the errors of the past is born of the same spirit which gave life to the ages gone by so long as they were the living present. The authority of science is not a power of evil, but it is of the same source as the noble aspirations for a higher life which were revealed through the pens of prophets and holy men who, yearning for truth and righteousness, wrote the scriptures and called the Church into existence in the hope of building up a kingdom of heaven on earth. The allegories in which the past spoke have ceased to be true to us who want the truth, according to the scientific spirit of the age, in unmistakable terms and exact formulas. But the aspiration lives on, and a deeper scientific insight into our religious literature does not come to destroy religion; it destroys its errors and thus purifies religion and opens another epoch in the evolution of religious life. The negation of the Biblical criticism is only a preliminary work, which prepares the way for positive issues; scepticism may be a phase through which we have to pass, but the final result will be the recognition of a new orthodoxy—the orthodoxy of scientific truth, which discards the belief in the letter, but preserves the spirit, and stands in every respect as high above the old orthodoxy as astronomy ranges above astrology.

The Bible, which is unqualifiedly that collection of books in the literature of the world which has exercised the most potent influence upon the civilisation of the world, is not wisely read, even in Evangelical countries, and where it is read it is mostly misunderstood. The pious exalt it as the word of God, and believe its contents as best they can, either literally or the main spirit of its doctrines; while the infidel points out its incongruities and pillories its monstrosities. Need we add that the mistaken pretensions of the bigot justify the caustic sarcasm of the scoffer? But there is another attitude which we can take towards the Bible. It is that of a reader eager to learn and impartial in investigation. To the person that studies them in the same spirit that the historian studies Greek and Roman literature, the Biblical books appear as the documents of the religious evolution of mankind.

Such men as Goethe and Humboldt, who read the Bible appreciatively without piety, so called, had only words of praise to find in it an inexhaustible source of wisdom and glory. Piety, in the right sense and in the right place, is a good thing, but if we read documents, such as the Bible contains, not with an open mind, but with a complete submission of judgment, and practically one eye on the Scriptures, the other turned toward heaven, we are as apt to distort their meaning as to render ourselves unfit to comprehend their truth, as is the iconoclast, who goes over its pages with no other intention than in quest of absurdities.

The people of Israel were, at the beginning of their history, not in possession of a pure religion. Their world-conception was apparently not much different from that of their neighbors. Their God was a tribal Deity, and their religion was henotheism, not monotheism. It was mainly racial tenacity which prompted them to serve him alone. The national party clung to their God with an invincible faith which was more patriotic than religious. Yet this fidelity to the national God was, at bottom, a profoundly moral instinct; it was not mere superstition but contained the germ of a genuine faith, which was never annihilated by misfortunes, but only modified and freed from its crude misconceptions. The grander conception of monotheism developed slowly through a long series of sad experiences, of disappointments, and tribulations, from henotheism, until it became entheism in Christ, who said God is spirit, God is love, and when he was asked where his father was, replied, the father is here in our hearts; I and the father are one.

When reading the Bible, we must bear in mind that the God-idea of the Israelites was not free from superstition, and we shall the better understand the moral element which was present in it from the beginning. The prophets and priests of old were groping after a better and better understanding of God, and they were by no means agreed upon his nature or name. There were parties among the prophets as there are parties now in our churches, and one theory attempted to overthrow other theories. There was the national party, as narrow as are all national parties, and its representatives regarded everything foreign as defilement. It was more influential than any other party, and Israel has been punished severely for its mistakes. But every chastisement served only to strengthen the conviction in the justice of their God, and we can observe how, through their blunders and errors, the people of Israel began to learn that their God was not the tribal deity, but, if he was God at all, the omnipotent ruler of the world and the ultimate authority of moral conduct, whose moral commands must be obeyed everywhere, and who reveals

himself in both the curse of sin and the bliss of righteousness. He who understands the laws of spiritual growth can appreciate the nobility, the genius, the earnestness, and moral greatness of the authors of the Biblical books, without being blind to their shortcomings and faults.

The Bible is as much a revelation as the evolution of the human race. The Biblical books are the documents of the revelation of religion, and must, in order to be true, contain not only the results thus far attained, but also the main errors through which the results have been reached, and we must know that the world has not as yet come to a standstill. The Reformation has ushered in a new epoch of religious thought, and we are now again on the eve of a new dispensation.

One of the errors of the authors of the Bible,—and he who understands the law of evolution knows that it is an inevitable error,—is the belief in miracles, which is prevalent among the authors of the writings of the Old and the New Testament. The sanctity of the Scriptures has caused faithful Christians, who would otherwise not be guilty of credulity, to accept without hesitation the report of the miracles of the Bible. The belief in miracles alone proves that the Biblical books must be regarded as the documents of the religious evolution of the people of Israel, and not as the literally inspired word of God; but there is another and a stronger evidence which is the lack of genuine divinity and even of moral character which is frequently attributed to God by the prophets themselves.

When the people of Israel were about to leave Egypt, "they borrowed of the Egyptians jewels of silver, and jewels of gold, and raiment," with the purpose of never returning them, and the Bible adds:

"And the Lord gave the people favor in the sight of the Egyptians, so that they lent unto them such things as they required. And they spoiled the Egyptians."

All the old-fashioned explanations of this passage, that the Israelites had served the Egyptians as slaves without return, and they were entitled to take cunningly what they could not get openly, are crooked and unworthy; for God, if he be truly God, cannot be a patron of sneak-thieves. If God undertakes to straighten out the injustice of the Egyptians, he cannot do it by sanctioning robbery and fraud. There is but one explanation of this passage, that the author had no better idea of God than a former slave could attain in his degradation and in the wretched surroundings of oppression and poverty. Knavery, the sole means of self-defence to a slave, was so ingrained in his character, that his God-conception was affected by it. The God-idea of the book of Exodus has been purified since those days, but the man who wrote that passage was as honestly mistaken about it as is many

a clergyman of to-day, who denounces investigation as ungodly and finds no salvation, except in the surrender of reason and science.

There are several competitive trials in miracle-working between the priests of other gods and the prophets of the Lord of Israel mentioned in the Bible, in which the former are always defeated and the latter are vindicated. The question is, Can a Christian regard these stories as legends which characterise the opinions held in those distant ages, or must he maintain that they are historically reliable reports, and as the word of God even truer than history, if that could be?

Let us consider one of them, related in the first book of Kings, chapter 18, where we are told that at the time of a severe drought Elijah had the children of Israel and four hundred prophets of Baal gathered around him on Mount Carmel, and he said to the people:

"How long halt ye between two opinions? if the Lord be God, follow him: but if Baal, then follow him."

Elijah then takes two bullocks, one for himself, the other one for the prophets of Baal; both are killed for sacrifice and laid upon wood, without putting fire under the wood. The prophets of Baal invoked their God in vain, although they cried aloud, and had to bear the ridicule of Elijah; but when Elijah prayed to God, "the fire of the Lord fell and consumed not only the burnt sacrifice and the wood," after it had been surrounded by a trench and soaked three times with water, but also "the stones and the dust, and licked up the water that was in the trench."

Now, I make bold to say in the name of all that is holy and in the name of truth, that no educated Christian of to-day would propose to repeat Elijah's experiment. God would not perform such a miracle to-day as he is reported to have done in Elijah's time, and our most orthodox, or rather so-called orthodox, theologians would no longer dare to stake the reputation of their religion on trials like that, for they would miserably fail. And even if they succeeded by hook or by crook, which is not impossible since we must grant that some spiritualistic mediums are, indeed, marvelously successful in their art, would we, for that reason, be converted to their God-conception? Not at all. God, if he be God at all, cannot be a trickster or a protector of sleight-of-hand.

It is undeniable that our conception of God has changed, and even the so-called old orthodox people are affected by the change, although they are to a great extent unconscious of the fact. The best argument, however, that the present God-conception of Christianity is different from what it was of yore lies not in a changed conception of miracles (for there are many Christians who still imagine they believe in miracles in the same way as did the prophet Elijah); the

best argument lies on moral grounds. We read in the same chapter, verse 40:

"And Elija said unto them [the people], Take the prophets of Baal; let not one of them escape. And they took them: and Elijah brought them down to the brook Kishon, and slew them there."

After the 450 Prophets of Baal had been slain, the sky became black with clouds, and king Ahab who had been a witness to these events had to hurry home so as not to be stopped by the rain.

The prophets of Baal were slaughtered not because they had committed crimes, but because they had set their trust in Baal and not in Javeh. It is true that Baal-worship was very superstitious, but would it not have been better to educate the erring than to kill them? The truth is that Elijah, although standing on a higher ground than the prophets of Baal, was not yet free from superstition himself.

Should any pious Christian be still narrow enough in his intellectual comprehension to believe in a god of rain-makers, he will most assuredly not believe in the god of assassins, whose command is: slay everyone with the sword who preaches another god.

The God of the new orthodoxy is no longer the totem of the medicine-man or the rain-maker; he is no longer the idolised personification of either the cunning of the slave or the brutality of the oppressor. He is the superpersonal omnipotence of existence, the irrefragable order of cosmic law, and the still dispensation of justice which slowly but surely, without any exception, always and under all conditions, makes for righteousness.

We discard the errors of the religion of the medicine-man, but we must not forget to give him credit for both his faith and honest endeavors. We stand upon his shoulders; his work and experience continues to live in us. He changed into a physician, a priest, a scientist, a philosopher, according to the same law of evolution which transforms a seed into a tree and a caterpillar into a butterfly.

Nothing is annihilated, nothing is lost, or wiped out of existence, making it as if it had never been, but everything is preserved in this wonderful and labyrinthian system of transformations. Everything that exists now and everything that ever has existed remains a factor in the procreation of the future. The future is not radically new, it is the old transformed; it is the past as the present has shaped it; and if the present is a living power with spiritual foresight and ideals, if it is the mind of aspiring man, the future will be better, nobler, grander. There is no reason for complaining over the collapse of the old orthodoxy, for that which is good in it will be preserved in the new orthodoxy.

We read in the Revelation of St. John (xxi, 5):

"He that sat upon the throne said, Behold! I make all things

new. And he said unto me, Write : for these words are true and faithful."

What shall be the attitude of religious people of to-day in the face of such passages in their holy Scriptures? Is there any Christian to-day who would dare to justify Elijah? There are a few ill-advised people left who would try either to defend his intolerance and still cling to the errors of their traditional belief. Their God-conception belittles God, and lowers the moral standard of their faith.

To escape the moral degradation of religion, we can no longer shut out the light of science, we must learn to understand that God is a God of evolution, and that evolution means progress, and progress is the essence of life.

The development of the world is God's revelation, and the Bible is only one part of it. God is greater than the Bible, he reveals himself also in Shakespeare and in Goethe, in Lamarck and Darwin, in Gutenberg, James Watts, and Edison. The Bible is a grand book, it is a collection of the most important and indispensable documents of the religious development of mankind, but it is after all only a paltry piece of God's revelation which has to be deciphered with as much trouble and painstaking as the facts of natural history that confront us. And the development of religion is by no means at an end. We are still very far from having worked out our salvation and in many of the walks of life we are only groping for the right path.

Every truth found by science, every invention achieved by inventors, every social improvement made in mutual justice and good-will, every progress of any kind is a contribution toward maturing the one religion of mankind which is destined to be the cosmic faith of the world, which will be truly orthodox, because scientifically true, truly catholic, because universal, truly authoritative and holy, because enjoining conformity to that cosmic revelation of life in which we live and move and have our being.

P. C.

CONSERVATION OF SPIRIT.

BY HUDOR GENONE.

MAN is a kit of tools, a bundle of qualities, processes, expressions, versatile varieties of manifestations. He is all adjectives, for that which is not adjective is a noun, and a noun is what the word implies—a name.

A name seems of all things the least tangible,—the most of an airy nothing. But the value of a word is not in its articulation, but in its meaning.

The spoken word, the written word, the printed word, even the word stored up in the phonograph and kept, perhaps, as some may be, for ages,—all are tem-

poral, all dependent upon some material medium for this life, brief or long.

But the meaning of a word certainly as enduring force, more provably than the endurance of matter, is immortal.

Certainly, as, in due proportion the tiniest movement of the least molecule on earth affects Arcturus, that gigantic world, so, in precisely the same manner in the region of mentality all facts, small or great, have influence, exactly, accurately, and justly proportionate to their value to other related facts and in the co-ordination of the entire universe.

There is a principle of conservation of meaning as of energy. The time shall be when the law of this principle shall be as accurately formulated as that of gravity—directly, perhaps, as the potency, inversely as some power of understanding.

A fly crawled up the wall in Cæsar's palace, and was killed by a menial. There and then the fly died. That fly is immortal. Its constituent particles of matter were resolved into and reappeared in other combinations. If it was midnight in Rome, the fly pulled up, as it crawled, the great sun underneath the world. If it was noon when that fly fell to the floor, its dead carcass pulled the sun in the heavens down with it when it fell.

These are facts admitted by all.

As that which is physical and that which is energetic is transmitted but never lost, has influence and value, small or great, in due and great proportion, so is it with that which is spiritual.

It is difficult to believe that there was any significance in the crawling of a fly two thousand years ago, and yet there was a meaning in its life and death.

The meaning of anything may seem to be lost in the great rabble of other spirits, but inevitably, inerantly it pursues its way to its own appointed duty. Arcturus may not feel the power of the molecule, but it is there. All that ever was, though in the rear rank humbly, has joined forever the grand-march of destiny.

Spirit, like color, is in, but not of, matter. The pigments,—chromes, ochres, sulphurets, madder, cobalt, these are not colors; they are only the means whereby color is made known to the sense of color,—their "spirit" to our "spirit."

Color is in position, focus angles, and the spirit of man is in his position, in his relation to other spirits and to all spirit.

If the meanest thing has within it immortality; if, as Christ said, not a sparrow falleth to the ground without the Father, shall we not be of good cheer? Are we not of more value than many mean things? Shall we not, as Christ did, overcome the world?

We are prone to think too highly of our powers; apt to seek plausible pretexts for foisting pet fancies upon the world; sedulous in maintaining views and winning over others to our opinions.

Cease to regard the material and the ideal, mind and matter, as essentially distinct. They are always one, and the spirit that animates the atom is a function of the divine and eternal spirit.

Reason is a being of many senses. Say not that the quest for truth is futile till you have tried them all. Perhaps some of whose potency you little dream are yet untried. The astronomer, balked by appalling distance, gives up in despair his search for the parallax of a star, and lo! the spectroscope is invented and tells him which way and how fast that star travels in space. The chemist would have been thought mad a hundred years ago who said that his art could tell the constituent elements in Sirius or Algol. The answer comes, and it is nothing but a name now, but that name is Fraunhofer.

Chemistry is a body of principle manifested by a chemist, conscious or unconscious, regulated by a volition or automatic by means of processes and reagents making and determining changes in substance.

Mechanics is another body of a different principle, working through a personality, or impersonally by the agents of nature—wind, waterfall, earthquake, or lightning.

The effects in both cases are multitudinous, the proximate causes more or less traceable, the ultimate resolvable into a mystery,—at best into a mystery of certainty. But all the multiform shapes of action ultimately unite in two great overruling mysteries,—gravity, the skeleton of the power of the universe, and the sunbeam, its vitality.

There was a time in the world's history,—when gods were many and truths were few,—that all the several agencies of action were personified. Doubtless, if the old form of mythic thought were still existent, the myth-maker would have given us a new legend of the creation of the chemic god, perhaps the son of Hermes, or of the mechanical god, offspring of Jupiter.

And it is in the highest degree probable that Apollo, in his capacity as Phœbus, the sun-god, would have usurped the very throne of heaven and cast out his father Jove from the sovereignty of Olympus.

However we have, as we think, outgrown mythology; we no longer ascribe personality to the universal adjectives. We moderns do not speak of *a* chemistry, *a* mechanics, or *a* mathematics. The indefinite article has been expunged from our nomenclature except in the one case of the region of thought known as religion,—we still speak confidently and mythologically of *a* God.

To the theologian as to the mythologian God is still personified; God is still an indefinite article.

Truth is arrived at in the physical sciences by processes of induction, whereby fact upon fact, increment after increment, a series more or less extended, enables the physicist to construct a hypothesis sufficiently broad to include all known facts and sufficiently plausible to admit the acquiescence of all minds.

But it has frequently happened that after a working hypothesis has been formed new facts have been discovered at variance with theory, and which necessarily demand a reconstruction of the hypothesis.

In this way the crude notions of the ancients in regard to heat,—that it was an "element" gave room in modern times first to the doctrine of "phlogiston"; that to "caloric," and that in turn to "mode of motion."

In the exact sciences, however, truth is gotten directly by the assumption of principles which are universally received as true by all minds. Whether innate or not they are positive and trustworthy to thought and are the most real of realities. Upon these, as upon a solid rock foundation, are built up by the method of progression towards truth called deduction, in stable equilibrium the known truths of exact science.

Religion is either scientific or unscientific, that is, it is either truth known or truth unknown.

If it be not truly known it is necessarily valueless, for unknown truth is a contradiction and on its face absurd.

Progress has compelled theology to alter its hypothesis in consequence of the discovery,—the bringing to light the hidden things of new facts which could not be made to conform to the old order.

So we have an "Old Testament," where God appeared as a "divine" personality, mysterious, unapproachable and wrathful, and a "New Testament," where he comes to us as a "humane" personality, not less mysterious than before, but now approachable and lovely.

In the Old Testament we had the "phlogiston" period of the science of religion, and in the new we have its period of "caloric."

Another illustration: the arithmetic is the science of the relations of numbers. Here number is supposed, and properly, to be an individual thing, separate and apart from all other things, and arithmetic is the science of the relations of these several and distinct things. Now comes algebra, introducing an entirely new element—the unknown quantity—in the form of (*x*) the cross,—a quantity which while unknown is not unknowable, but is the substance of the equation; it comes not to destroy the law of number, but to fulfil it.

But the science of the relations of number does not

end here, for in the "revelation" of Newton we have a new and more perfect conception, not only of the relation, but of the very nature of number. In the arithmetic and the algebra, number was individual, in the calculus it is continuous; the nature of the "spirit" of number is made manifest.

In the Old Testament we had the arithmetic of religion; and in the new we have its algebra.

In these several advances nothing that was vital or essential has been lost; nothing that preceded could have been spared. The facts remain intact; it was only the hypothesis that required restatement, as in the theory of heat; and in mathematics no truth has been eliminated, but only developed in the light of accuracy.

Observe also that in the two scientific matters we have noticed there were true "revelations," Archimedes, Euclid, Stahl, Lavoisier, Priestly, Newton, La Place, Legendre, each after his kind "revealed" truth. It required a chemist to reveal chemical truth and a mathematician to reveal mathematical truth, so, in like manner it required to reveal godly truth a God.

To understand chemistry, you must be chemically minded; to understand mathematics you must be a mathematician; and to understand God you must, in the same way, be godly.

As we have come finally to look upon heat as "mode of motion", and to regard number as continuous, so, I think, it is not only possible but inevitable to regard the things of spirit in the light of science, and of exact science.

Evolution is true of the spirit. There is a natural selection and a survival of the fittest.

Truth is not true because it is divine, but it is divine because it is true.

JOHN BRIGHT ON WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

BY THEODORE STANTON.

IN A recent number of *The Century Magazine*, the Rev. Dr. Buckley quotes, in an article against the conferring of the political franchise on women, from my book, *The Woman Question in Europe*, a letter addressed to me several years ago by John Bright, in which that eminent statesman explains why, having at first voted with John Stuart Mill in favor of woman suffrage, he ever afterwards opposed the measure. This episode in John Bright's career has never been fully told. It is here given for the first time, and is based on facts drawn from the most trustworthy sources.

Notwithstanding John Bright's great talents and sympathetic nature, there were limitations to his mind and feelings which have never existed in the case of his brother, Jacob Bright, whose sense of justice is

boundless. It is possible that these limitations were to some extent natural in the elder brother, but that they were greatly fostered and developed by circumstances connected with his domestic life cannot be denied. Here is to be found the real reason why John Bright voted against the woman suffrage bill when his brother re-introduced it after Mr. Mill's defeat for reelection to Parliament.

John Bright was twice married. The first wife died early in his career, even before the Corn League agitation began. Had she lived, she would certainly have supported the latter-day movements for woman's emancipation. "Her mother, her grandmother, and the women of her family," says a sister of John Bright, "never bowed down to men as superior to women." They were extremely "advanced" for their time, and I should not be far wrong if I said that they were always looked up to as rightly enjoying authority. This state of things is largely explained by the fact that these women were distinguished ministers in the Society of Friends.

The influence which this first wife would have had on John Bright's woman suffrage views is shown by that exercised over him in this matter by his second wife, who was far more conservative than the first one. The second Mrs. Bright had, however, a large love for medical knowledge, which led her to come out strongly for the medical education of women, an innovation which met with bitter opposition in England. It is to be noted that John Bright shared his wife's opinions on this subject. So great was her influence over him, that some people explained his change of mind in regard to woman suffrage as wholly due to her, and went so far as to declare that on her death-bed she made him promise never to support the bill again. But there is not the shadow of a foundation for this story. In the first place, there was no death-bed in the usual acceptance of the term. She died suddenly one morning after breakfast, without a moment's notice, while supposed to be in her usual health. In the second place, John Bright was the last man to have made such a promise, and his wife was the last woman to have exacted it from him.

During two or three years the second Mrs. Bright served on the Committee of Management of a large school in Yorkshire, which was chiefly under the direction of a body of men. One of her sisters-in-law writes me: "She often expressed surprise at the great incompetency of the men for the duties they had undertaken to perform, and a very short time before her death remarked to me in the presence of her husband: 'I feel almost ready to join you all in your women's rights movements, I have such continual proof, which is really astounding, of the utter unfitness of men for duties which they think they can perform without the

help of women.' I shall never forget my brother's significant smile. He knew she spoke the truth."

John Bright was a member of the government that passed the Contagious Diseases Acts, "and," as one of his near relatives says, "was, of course, morally responsible for that abominable outrage on women's liberties." These Acts were unanimously and violently opposed by his three daughters and two sisters, which greatly upset him. It was just at the time of his second period of nervous prostration, caused by overwork and anxiety, that he found, on recovering, the women of the nation roused into rebellion against this legislation. He was much startled to see them appearing on public platforms in order to debate this painful question, and his wife, who devotedly attended him, increased, by her conservative views, this shock to his feelings.

Many other examples might be given of the tendency of the second Mrs. Bright to hold back from entering upon the new departure in favor of women and of the strong effect which her course had upon her husband when he was called upon to pronounce upon these same measures in Parliament. It would be a mistake, however, to suppose that John Bright himself was always a Liberal so far as women questions were concerned. Several examples besides his position on woman suffrage might be given in support of this assertion. It is well known, for instance, how strongly he opposed and how eloquently he denounced the law of primogeniture as unjust and unequal, and yet by his will he left his daughters only one-half what he left his sons.

In his treatment of women's interests John Bright was inconstant not only in regard to that of the suffrage. At one time he strongly combated the Married Women's Property Bill, for he disliked marriage settlements. But when his daughters came to marry, his opinion on this question changed: he saw that the only way to avoid such settlements was to give wives the control of their own property. "I have no doubt," one of the members of his family once wrote me, "if his daughters had been cursed with bad husbands, he would have seen that other laws also required alteration. But this necessity was not brought home to him."

The day before this Bill, which became a law in 1882, came on for its final passage in the House of Commons, John Bright was lunching with Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Bright. The latter asked him to speak for it. "To my amazement," says Mrs. Jacob Bright, "he replied: 'What! let a woman have her own property to give to Dick, Tom, or Harry, or to whomsoever she pleases to give it! It is a monstrous proposition!' I was silent for a moment unable to believe my ears. At last I said: 'I suppose, then, you do

not think it at all a "monstrous" thing that a man has now the right to give not only his own property to Nan, Poll, or Lucy, but his wife's, too?' After this passage at arms there was a dead silence. He looked at me in astonishment. I continued: 'I suppose you know that men sometimes actually exercise the right they have to make away with their wives' money? No answer at all. But on looking at the division list, I found he had voted for our Bill, though he did not accede to my request to speak for it.'

John Bright seems to have drawn the line of women's voting at municipal suffrage. He warmly advocated that measure and once said to Mrs. Jacob Bright, referring to his sister, the late Mrs. Margaret Lucas, who was an ardent woman suffragist: "She is a householder, she pays rates in her own name,—why, then, should she not vote?"

Apropos of John Bright's position on "the woman question," one of his sisters thus writes tenderly: "The human mind can be full of contradictions. His had the most exalted love and admiration for women as domestic ministers to all that was beautiful in life, and as saint-like preachers of righteousness, for he believed in their equality with men in all religious matters; and whilst we all well nigh worshipped him for the sweetness and tenderness of his love, we forgave him that he could not see that woman needed justice as well as love, for in his society we seemed to possess everything."

CORRESPONDENCE.

The Religion of Science.

To the Editor of The Open Court:

If ever there was a time in the history of the world when a divine revelation was necessary and when it had such a grand opportunity to display itself, that time was in the late Parliament of Religions. But not a solitary religious representative was able to present anything more than his specific philosophy, founded upon subjectivity, and his opinions of the cosmos. Even the great and powerful organisations of Christendom, that make especial claims to divine disclosures, did not attempt to parade one before their less favored brethren of heathendom, so called. Their failure to produce one was a silent confession that it was not in their power to reveal. A divine revelation in that vast and august assembly of masters and scholars, where every learned representative of a sect did his best to show superiority in some way, would have settled the question at once as to which sect belonged the honor of being the chief custodian of the only true doctrine that God had revealed to mankind. If there was nothing else of historic note to mark that great Columbian epoch, there was this: the utter collapse of that arrogant human assumption which had so long passed for a divine revelation. Let every one, therefore, who has been estranged from ecclesiasticism by intellectual development and natural repulsion, and who has not as yet found a solid place for his feet, take courage and have hope, for though that false light has gone out—gone out where it expected to shine the most—there is another, a better and a brighter, just beginning

to "loom up" above the horizon of an intellectual dead sea and that glorious true light is the Religion of Science built firmly upon the monistic rock of truth for authority. JOHN MADDOCK.

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE WORK OF HERTZ. By Prof. Oliver Lodge, D. Sc., LL. D., F. R. S. Abstract of a Friday Evening Lecture at the Royal Institution of Great Britain. London. 1894. Pp. 29.

After a tribute to Hertz's genius and a justification of his popular renown, Professor Lodge proceeds to review his achievements, which, as all now know, consist in the experimental verification of the theories of Faraday and Maxwell regarding the mode of action and propagation of electricity. Hertz invented and constructed suitable instruments for the detection of electrical radiation, and was enabled by them to analyse the state of the supposed medium of electricity, somewhat as we pick out the harmonics of a compound musical note by Helmholtz's resonators. He proved in this way the periodicity of electrical action, or experimentally discovered, as we say, electric oscillations. By his great interference experiments in free space he corroborated nearly all that had been predicted of electrical waves. Only the principles of his method are here detailed by Professor Lodge; the chief space of the lecture is dedicated to the labors of his successors and to the newer and more refined methods of detecting electrical radiation, to which Professor Lodge himself has contributed much.

Apropos of microphonic electrical detectors, a table of which is given in the lecture, which include the eye, Professor Lodge advances a new mechanico-electrical theory of vision—a "wild and hazardous speculation that," not being a physiologist, "he is not to be seriously blamed for." "I wish to guess," he says, "that some part of the retina is an electrical organ, say like that of some fishes, maintaining an electromotive force which is prevented from stimulating the nerves solely by an intervening layer of badly conducting material, or of conducting material with gaps in it; but when light falls upon the retina these gaps become more or less conducting, and the nerves are stimulated. I do not feel clear which part is taken by the rods and cones, and which part by the pigment cells; I must not try to make the hypothesis too definite at present." The theory, he says, is in accord with some of the principal views of Hering, meaning Hering's view that darkness is a positive sensation, not cessation of light. "The eye on this hypothesis is, in electrometer language, heterostatic. The energy of vision is supplied by the organism; the light only pulls a trigger. Whereas the organ of hearing is idiostatic. I might draw further analogies between this arrangement and the eye, e. g., about the effect of blows or disorder causing irregular conduction, and stimulation, of the galvanometer in the one instrument, of the brain-cells in the other."

Appended to the Lecture is a list of Hertz's publications.

We have also received from the Royal Institution an abstract of a lecture on *Early British Races* by Dr. J. G. Garson of the Anthropological Institute. It is an interesting comparative survey of the civilised state of Palæolithic and Neolithic man, based chiefly upon the skeletal remains of Great Britain.

In the *Proceedings of the Aristotelian Society for the Systematic Study of Philosophy*, Vol. 2, No. 3, Part II, (London, Williams and Norgate, pp. 75, price 2s.) Mr. W. H. Fairbrother discusses the philosophy of the late Professor Green of Oxford, warmly repelling the attacks of his critics, especially Mr. Balfour and Professor Seth. In the symposium on the Relation Between Thought and Language, Miss E. E. Constance Jones and Mr. G. F. Mann discuss the conventional theories regarding the "senuous or mental equivalents" of words. The discussions of Mr. G. F. Stout who also took part in the symposium seem to come nearer to the root

of the problem; his views are illustrated by apt citations from modern philosophers. The place of Epictetus in philosophy is considered by Mr. R. G. Ryle. In the second symposium, "On the Nature and Range of Evolution," Mr. H. W. Carr adopts a view which was recently well set forth by Mr. D. G. Ritchie in his work, *Darwin and Hegel*, that the mental processes are developed by natural selection, but that the metaphysical question of the nature and validity of knowledge is not settled by this insight. Mr. G. D. Hicks, who follows and concludes the symposium, discusses the question with special reference to Lewes and Riehl, the latter of whom maintained that evolution "is not itself a law, but a result of laws, and that the problem is not to find an explanation by reference to evolution but to explain evolution itself." The last paper in the Proceedings is on "The Immateriality of the Rational Soul," by Dr. Gildea. At the end of the number a copy of the rules of the society with the terms of membership and a list of the officers and members are placed.

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AN IMAGINARY EXPERIMENT.

BY GEORGE M. MCCRIE.

THE late Miss Constance Naden, in one of her college essays, entitled *Scientific Idealism*, dwells instructively upon the supreme function of the human brain in the differentiation of sensation. Starting with the admitted fact that the same stimulus, applied to the different sensory nerves, is translated into the special language of each—an electric shock, for example, being perceived as a bright scintillation, a loud noise, a smell of phosphorus, or an acid or alkaline taste—she goes on to quote Doctors Luys and Rosenthal to the effect that the excitement, or stimulus, entering the different sensory nerves, is strictly uniform in character. As Dr. Rosenthal puts it, in his work on *Muscles and Nerves* (p. 283):

"When the excitement has entered the nerve it is always the same. That it afterwards elicits different sensations in us depends, again, on the character of the nerve-cells in which the nerve-fibres end. . . . The sensations which we receive from outward impressions are, therefore, not dependent on the nature of those impressions, but on the nature of our nerve-cells. We feel not that which acts upon our body, but only that which goes on in our brain."

Miss Naden continues:

"Thus, if light could be transmitted by the auditory, and sound by the optic nerve, color would affect us as music, and *vice versa*, so that a sonata by Beethoven might seem a picture by Raphael. We might then literally have a 'Symphony in Blue and Silver,' or a 'Nocturne in Black and Gold.' . . . From such data we may draw very curious conclusions, which, like the mathematical definition of a line or a point, will possess at least an abstract validity, though the conditions postulated may be such as can never exist in actual experience. Suppose every part of the optic thalami to be atrophied, with the sole exception of the olfactory ganglia and the corresponding cerebral area. Now imagine that all the nerves proceeding from the various peripheral organs were made to converge, and organically united with the surviving ganglia. What would be the result? The world would seem one great odor. We should smell with eyes, ears, fingers, and tongue."—(*Further Reliques of Constance Naden*, pp. 120, 215)

This noteworthy conclusion is doubtless in full accord with the argument of the distinguished authoress. The question is, is it not significantly suggestive of *something more*? Let us look at the matter a little more closely, in order to see to what ultimate conclusion this illustration of what may be called the Unification of the Senses may lead us. All that is necessary is to

grant the above-mentioned experiment as *theoretically* possible. As Miss Naden says, it may never exist in actual experience.

Let us imagine, then, a group of five persons, each of whom, in accordance with the conditions of the above-mentioned experiment, has had his senses focussed in one. The *first* of these individuals cognises the universe as one great odor—every sensation, with him, centres in the olfactory termination of the cerebral thalami. The *second*, having his sensations centralised in the auditory nerve-cells, knows the universe only as a concord or discord of sounds. To the *third*, the world and all that is therein is wholly visual. With the *fourth*, everything is a matter of taste; while the *fifth* lives in a sphere made up of tactile impressions and nothing more.

These five individuals, each possessing one sense, and one only, represent, jointly, a human organism having the ordinary number of senses. The testimony, however, of each of these persons varies essentially. An odor is nothing like a sound, nor can a tactile impression be reconciled with, or translated into, a visual object. The very conditions of the experiment bring us to the conclusion that the *stimulus* of the senses, in the case of all the five persons, is really and at bottom, uniform—one and the same in each case, and that the difference which exists, again in each case, arises internally, not externally.

When we inquire, then, which of these five individuals may be relied upon to give a veracious account of the universe-content, the answer must be: *none of them!* The stimulus granted uniform, and the testimony of each of the five being equally valid, we are driven to the conclusion that none of them give a reliable account of the universe-content as it really is,—in each case it is, so to speak, colored with the single sense which each of them possesses. But this means that, outside the sensorium of each and every one of us, the universe is composed neither of sound, color, odor, taste, or tactile impressions. And as everything which we perceive or conceive is made up of some or all of these, it follows that the universe-content, outside the sensorium, is wholly unknowable and inconceivable. In a word, we come to the modified agnosticism of Mr. Herbert Spencer. Upon the hypothesis

of a stimulus acting directly on the senses, the whole ground-work of modern physics and nine-tenths of modern psychology and philosophy is built. Yet the foundation upon which all this rests is, and must be, an unknown and unknowable one.

Latter-day science, committed irrevocably to the stimulus theory—which is just the old subject-object delusion in another dress, definitely announces the number of vibrations of—nobody knows what, which, impinging upon the retinal expanse, produces the sensation of light of a certain color. This is assuming the universe content to consist, so far, of a tactile impression, or rather of one factor of a tactile impression. But, as we have just seen, of tactile impressions the universe cannot consist, and what one factor of a tactile impression may be no one can tell. One thing is certain: it cannot well be an odor, an object of vision, a taste, or a sound. What, then, can it be? Agnosticism is the only legitimate ending of *this* path. There is something behind phenomena which never can be known.

The above, I venture to affirm, is the legitimate outcome, the only logical one, of the stimulus theory in perception,—of the subject-object theory in physics and philosophy,—the result contains an unknown and unknowable quantity. I would go further, and say that it is of no avail to attack agnosticism, or to decry its logical basis, so long as, in one's own world-scheme, a trace of the fiction of subject-objectivity is suffered to remain. Subject-objectivity is the counterpart of animism. Animism looks upon all matter as dead unless it be energised by an indwelling *soul* which quickens it from *within*. Subject-objectivity looks upon the human organism as wholly inert unless it be roused by an appulse or stimulus from *without*. There is not much difference between these two conceptions. Both are fictions of the mind, and it were hard to say which is the more hurtful of the two.

For my own part, I wholly reject the stimulus theory, with its agnostic conclusion, on the ground that, in a rational and consistent world-scheme, there is no room for it. There is no gap in the world-order for it to fill. I find the universe of sense to be in such intimate *rapport* with my bodily organism—"nearer than breathing, closer than hands or feet"—that to interpose a stimulus is an intellectual impossibility. It amounts to postulating a stage or step, where there can be none, between brain and brain-function, between thinker and thought, between eye and vision. Take the case of the concept first, for example that of *redness*. This is only the recognition of a past percept. No one, in this case, seeks to interpose a stimulus between the brain and its function. In the case of the percept, then, which is only an *intense* and present concept, why should any stimulus be necessary?

It is of no avail to say that, while the concept is immaterial, the percept has its roots in materiality, for this is only introducing another concept—that of matter to adjust the supposed difference. Ultimately the question whether the world as felt and known be "think" or "thing"—percept or concept—is an idle one, for the "think" is but the thing thought, and the thing but the embodied thought, in an *intense* and present form. I can analyse my concepts, tracing them back to a past necessary percept. I can dissect my percepts, finding no breach of continuity between consciousness—my consciousness—and the farthest star. But in this process I can discover no gap or interval which a stimulus might be supposed to fill. Even were there such a *hiatus*, I am unable to form any conception of a vibration or appulse such as that which science postulates. No man hath seen a vibration at any time, and, as pointed out in the earlier portion of this paper, it cannot consist of anything known to me. Such intellectual representations of the unknown may be convenient in science, but they should never be raised to the rank of actually existing facts.

A very fair illustration of the manner in which the subject-object, or stimulus, theory besets even those who would reject its logical consequences, may be seen in the recent article entitled "Erect Vision," (*The Open Court*, Oct. 25, 1894) and in the editorial remarks thereon. Throughout article and comment alike, it seems to me that the same assumption is made—one not warranted by the facts—that it is the retinal image which is perceived. But is this really the case? If so, considering that the rods and cones of the Jacobean membrane are generally supposed to be the prime factors of vision, does it not seem rather odd thus to set one layer of the retina over against another, in the relation of subject and object? Surely one section of the retina cannot *see* another section—for that would be equivalent to saying that the former is the self, and the latter the not-self! The inverted retinal image is not, in any sense, seen or perceived by the percipient proper—it is only visible to another person looking at the retina of the percipient in a reflected light, or examining an excised eye upon which a reflexion is directed.

The rods and cones of the retina cannot, however, at this time of day, be accorded more than a subordinate place in the economy of vision. As we have already seen, the retinal apparatus may be employed to conduct, *inter alia* the sensation of sound to the auditory region of the cerebral thalami. Eye-gate may become ear-gate on occasion. For the true seat of vision we must look to the appropriate ganglia of the optic thalami—the "internal eyes" of M. Hirth. And herein consists the *reductio ad absurdum* of the inverted image theory. For if the rods and cones of the retina

be credited with *seeing* the inverted image on the retinal surface, must not that region of the brain, which is more directly responsible for vision see, in turn, what is seen by the rods and cones?

Again, were the retinal image really seen (erect or inverted, it does not matter which) by the percipient proper, the so-called stimulus of vision would be practically doubled. There would be (1) the supposititious vibration, affecting the retinal layer, and (2) the retinal image itself affecting the supposed subject.

Perception, however regarded, is an extremely complicated process, but it is a *continuum* nevertheless. The percipient "lives along the line" of his sensation. At no stage can we legitimately break up the process into factors, and say that this section acts or reacts, independently, upon another. As well might we seek to interpose a subject-objectivity between the sun and its light and heat. The, so-called, sensed object is but an extension, or prolongation, of the perceiving organism. Just as, in physics, the incessant flux of the material forbids us to define any organism as really isolated for a single instant, so, in philosophy, the flux of perception forbids us to distinguish the felt and known as object, from the feeler and knower as subject.

THE SOUL AND THE ALL.

MR. McCRIE alludes in his interesting article, "An Imaginary Experiment," to Mr. Glaser's article on "Erect Vision," and also to the editorial note on the same subject—both in No. 374 of *The Open Court*. He says:

"Throughout article and comment alike, it seems to me that the same assumption is made—one not warranted by the facts—that it is the retinal image which is perceived. . . . Does it not seem rather odd thus to set one layer of the retina over against the other, in the relation of subject and object?"

This gives a wrong impression of the proposition made in the editorial note referred to. First, we cannot say that the retinal picture is perceived or seen; for it is the object that is seen, and the retinal picture *is seeing*; but that is not all: "sight," as stated in the editorial note of No. 374, viz., the perception of an object through the organ of sight, "does not consist of a sensation in the retina alone, but of a very complex process comprising also the sensations of the adjustment of the muscles of the eye and a co-operation of the memory of innumerable other experiences."

The picture that appears in consciousness as the perception of a tree or a house standing erect before us is the product of a very complex co-operation, not only of the rods and cones alone, nor of a ganglion alone, either in the thalamus or the corpora quadrigemina, nor of the centre of vision in the occiput, but of all of them. The retina, however, and there is no question about it, furnishes the pictorial part of it. The retina

is seeing, which means that its structures are agitated by a peculiar commotion which according to its nature is accompanied with an analogous feeling.

Mr. McCrie says:

"For the true seat of vision we must look to the appropriate ganglia of the optic thalami—the 'internal eyes' of M. Hirth."

Where, however, is the proof that there are internal eyes in addition to external eyes? By eye we understand the organ of sight, the gate, not the co-ordinating centre of sight-perception. Professor Hirth's expression is allegorical and may have a proper meaning in its context, (for Professor Hirth is a man whose judgment on the question of personality appears to be sound,) but it is a dangerous simile when adduced to explain erect vision.¹

There is no internal agent, be it a cerebral structure or a psychic entity, which is looking out at the retinal image, but, on the contrary, the retinal image (which is an agitation of a peculiar form in the nervous substance of the layer of rods and cones) enters on the paths of the optic nerve and travels into the interior of the brain: the agitation of the retina is transmitted, in the same way and according to the same mechanical laws, as waves of water, or of air, or of electricity, are transmitted; and when they reach the various stations in which former waves of an analogous type have left traces, they stimulate these traces to a renewed activity, so as to revive their feelings. Further, the retinal agitation is somewhere co-ordinated with the agitation of other sensory nerves, which are attached to the oculomotors that give a certain position to the eye ball, laying down a definite direction of the line of vision, which may be upward, or downward, or sideways.

A spot in the upper region of the retina with the eyeballs turned downward is felt to correspond to a point in the direction downward which is the root of the tree, and another spot in the lower region of the retina with the eyeballs turned upward is felt to indicate a point in the upward direction which may be the top of the tree. Thus the site of the object is properly determined by the inverted sentient retina-image and there is no mystery about it. The problem originates only when we imagine that there is a self inside who looks at the retina image.

The difficulty that does not exist for us, ought to possess all its force for Mr. McCrie.

The problem of the nature of personality lies at the bottom of all psychological problems, so also of the problem of erect vision, which is only a misconception, originating in the assumption that something, or somebody inside the brain, the ego, a self, or a sentient ganglion, or one of the cerebral cells in the centre of vision, is looking at the retinal picture.

¹ See L. Arréat's translation of Hirth's work, *La Vue Plastique* (Paris: Alcan). We have not the space here to discuss Professor Hirth's views.

The soul does not originate in the interior, thence to proceed to its various gateways of sense finally to find "an extension or prolongation" (these are Mr. McCrie's very words) in the surrounding world of objects. On the contrary, the soul is born in the place of contact where subject and object meet. The seat of soul is first in the senses. The soul sits in the eye and especially in the retina, in the ear, in the tongue, in the nose, and in the tip of the finger. Starting from the place of contact with objects as sensation, the soul builds up perception, understanding, judgment, and reason.

The whole structure of the brain and all the marvelous functions superadded to sensation are later additions—a truth which in its physiological formulation appears in the statement that the origin of the nervous system, together with the muscles or the motory apparatus attached to it, is due to a differentiation of the ectoderm, the outer membrane or external skin.

Like Mr. McCrie and his masters, Dr. Lewins and Miss Naden, we also believe in the oneness of object and subject. Subject and object are relative terms. There are no subjects in themselves, for every subject is to other existences an object. We also believe that every psychological process is a continuum, which only in abstract thought can be broken up into factors. The heat of the sun and the light of the sun are separable in thought not in reality. But here seems to be the difference: To Mr. McCrie the soul extends its nature to build up the universe, while in our conception objects of the universe impress themselves upon sentiency, where they leave memory-traces and thus gradually build up the soul. His monism is the philosophy of an all-embracing self, a view which Dr. Lewins calls solipsism, or hylō-idealism.

Our monism is the recognition of the all-being of cosmic existence, of which the soul is a part and a product. He attains a unitary world-view by denying the existence of anything except self; we, by denying the existence of anything except the All, and parts of the All. In his theory the All is a creature of the self; in ours the self is a creature of the All. There the All is a part of the self, and self is the sovereign and supreme ruler of all things, while here the self is a part of the All, and the constitutional nature of the All, its laws and cosmic order, are the ultimate *raison d'être* of all things, affording us the methods of scientific explanation and the standard of right or wrong.

It is but fair to add that our disagreement with Dr. Lewins may after all be a difference of nomenclature. Our agreement is perhaps closer than it appears to one who bases his judgment mainly upon the terms employed by either of us. Dr. Lewins is a very keen and astute thinker, and we regret only that he has not sought closer contact with other philosophers and the

reading public. If he had elaborated his philosophy in a systematic shape, we should better understand his expressions, which often appear paradoxical to the people at large as well as to some of his friends and admirers.

P. C.

SCIENCE AND REFORM.

OVER-LEGISLATION.

THE revelations of the Lexow Committee illustrate the evils of ring-rule and party-despotism, but still more strikingly the mischievous tendencies of Over-Legislation. Our code of State laws—especially on the Atlantic seaboard—and of municipal regulations are still burdened with the relics of an age that submitted to a system of preposterous statutes, enacted for the protection of the clerical interest, and the attempt to enforce such restrictions in the sunlight of the nineteenth century begets a widespread mistrust in the competence of our legislative principles in general. The natural, and, indeed, almost inevitable, result is an epidemic of bribery. Baffled in their repeated attempts to abolish anachronistic by-laws, the masses naturally connived at methods tending to make them practically inoperative. That *modus vivendi*, however, though in some respects perhaps a lesser evil, was attended by the Nemesis of all compromise ethics. The temptation of the bribe-offerer and bribe-taker and the consensus of public tolerance began with the evasion of absurd and intolerably oppressive Sunday laws, and from harmless Sunday picnics gradually extended to alcohol orgies, houses of ill fame, and gambling-bells.

MORAL SUNDAY SPORTS.

A Mexican correspondent of the Associated Press set all North America a-tittering at the freak of a wealthy alcalde, who treated his native town to a *matanza* of two vigorous bulls, "in honor of the festival of Santa Eulalia, virgin and martyr," but our Spanish-American neighbors can quote statistics in support of their claim that their arena sports keep idlers out of the rum-shops. From a certain point of view Phineas Barnum's "Great Moral Show" really deserved its name, and a revival of the Olympic prize-contests, with preparatory and legally encouraged exercises on Sunday afternoon would initiate an era of national regeneration. "I am a great friend of public amusements," said Dr. Samuel Johnson, "because they keep people from vice." Every baffled attack on the strongholds of vice is, indeed, a backset to the cause of moral reform, and there is little hope of progress till our philanthropists recognise the truth that they cannot fight the World and the Devil with Sabbath-school prize-pictures.

CLIMATIC CURIOSA.

The "cold continent" would be a pretty appropriate name for the New World of Columbus. The paradoxes of our winter climate were supposed to be limited to the region extending from the thirty-fifth parallel to the borders of the Arctic Circle, and Humboldt in his meteorological review of the Atlantic coast-lands asserts that "the difference between the east and west shores of that ocean (the Atlantic) becomes less as we approach the thirtieth degree of northern latitude, and almost disappears further south." But the recent ice-tornado swept from Labrador clean down to the south end of Florida, and on the morning of December 29 every signal-station east of the Mississippi River reported frost weather. At Cedar Keys it was only eighteen degrees above the Fahrenheit zero, and at Tampa—"Sunny Tampa of the Gulf Coast"—the mercury was down to sixteen degrees, i. e., fifteen below the freezing-point, and ice formed to the thickness of three and one-half inches. Now the parallel of Tampa, latitude N. 28,

is that of the Canary Islands and Port Cosseir, on the Red Sea, where the winter climate is so mild that the children of the natives run about in the costume of the Nereids the year round. Imagine the amazement of those aborigines on finding their fish-ponds frozen a quarter of a foot thick some fine morning! The thing would be, not only improbable, but impossible, a *thousand English miles further north*, on the shores of the Bay of Naples, where ice forms only in the shape of hailstones or tiny pellets at the base of a dew-drenched palm-leaf. In Memphis, Tennessee, a hundred miles further south than Tunis, Africa, they had eight inches of snow and a blizzard that killed pet rabbits in their hutches and froze semi-tropical fruit in brick-built store-houses. The discovery of the New World is said to have given the Caucasian race a new lease of life; but for all that it would have been wiser not to carry reliance on the mercy of Providence to the length of ruining the Mediterranean shore-lands so hopelessly.

THE POWER OF THE PRESS.

Macaulay's article in the *Edinburgh Review* is said to have diminished the sales of Robert Montgomery's poems some sixty per cent., and the series of exposures published by a modern English review under the title "Isis Very Much Unveiled," threatens to do the same for theosophical publications of the Mahatma type. The exposé amusingly illustrates the fact that distance not only "lends enchantment to the view," but an aspect of plausibility to the idea of enchantment. Thousands whose organs of mental digestion rejected Cock Lane ghost-stories, had welcomed the chance to satisfy their miracle-hunger with reports from distant India. A large proportion of these famished would-be-believers will now have to fall back on the old expedient of chronological distance. "I do wish we had not made this trip," said the candid daughter of a Texas millionaire, who had taken his family to the Holy Land; "I always used to dream of Palestine as a land where strange things might have happened, because it was so far away and perhaps so different from home. But these weeds just look like sagebrush and—excuse the remark—these 'hares' are just like our Bastrop County jack-rabbits." The Oriental Isis, unveiled, reveals many propensities of a Cook County medium.

AN EXPENSIVE THEORY.

Dr. Robert Koch confesses that the experiments conducted in testing his consumption remedy cost 500 days in time, 24,000 marks in money, and the lives of 3,580 guinea-pigs. The fate of those martyred rodents derives an additional shade of sadness from the fact that the hypothesis leading to their sacrifice, is now almost generally discredited.

"SPELIN."

The followers of Mohammed attribute the comparative failure of their creed to the fact that it found the important field of the North-Aryan countries already preoccupied, and Professor Bauer's world-language may owe its slow rate of progress to a similar circumstance. He appeared rather late in the arena of competition, but an hour's study of his pamphlet ought to suffice for the cure of a Volapük devotee. Bauer's *Spelin* combines all the advantages of the Schleyer system (regularity and phonetic consistency) with far greater simplicity and euphoniousness. Volapük contains scores of disgustingly cacophonous words of seven syllables—"compound barbarisms," as an English critic calls them, Spelin few words of more than three, and none of more than four, syllables. The whole system is founded on the "short, supple, and universally pronounceable" plan of Count Lesseps, and greatly facilitates its study by substituting prepositions for declensions. The only drawback on its numerous advantages seems the inventor's rather singular failure to obviate the bother of conjugations by the use of auxiliary verbs.

FELIX L. OSWALD.

THE RELIGIOUS PARLIAMENT EXTENSION.

Report of the New Year's Reunion.

THE Committee of the World's Congress Extension decided to celebrate in a New Year's reunion the work of the World's Fair Auxiliary, which found its crowning success in the World's Parliament of Religions. This plan was decided upon a few days before Christmas, but in spite of the short notice the meeting held in the large theatre of the Auditorium was successful almost beyond expectation. The house was well filled, and the public was very attentive from the beginning to the end for more than two hours. The audience apparently did not consist of people who had come from sheer curiosity, but were earnest and showed great enthusiasm for the cause which had induced them to come.

The celebration opened with Sebastian Bach's "Fugue of St. Anne," which was played by Wilhelm Middleschulte, organist of the Cathedral of the Holy Name. After a hymn and an anthem sung by a chorus of more than one thousand students, under the leadership of Prof. William L. Tomlins, Mr. Bonney explained the purpose of the World's Congress Extension, which was to continue the work of the World's Congress Auxiliary,

"To make the whole world one in mental aim,
In art, in science, and in moral power,
In noble purpose, and in worthy deeds."

Three ladies spoke words of welcome, Mrs. Charles Henrotin, Vice-President of the Woman's Branch of the World's Congress Auxiliary; Mrs. Elizabeth Boynton Harbert, Chairman of the Woman's Committee of the World's Congress Extension; and Mrs. Caroline K. Sherman, Chairman of the Woman's Committee on Science and Philosophy. Mrs. Henrotin closed her remarks as follows:

"In this festive week, and on the threshold of a new year, certainly we who represent one of the most advanced movements of this century realise the beauty of the life which is opening out to the world; the associate mind, the many hearts beating as one for good and noble causes; and we send to all those in foreign lands, who visited our shores and communed with us, our fraternal greetings and warmest wishes for universal peace, and that we may live long enough to realise a little of the beautiful possibilities, which will be realised when all the nations of the world will counsel together for peace, and the workers will wed art to utility."

Mrs. Harbert spoke very enthusiastically, welcoming all classes represented in the World's Congresses, and expressed the principle under which they should co-operate in the following words:

"Recognising the interdependence and solidarity of humanity we will welcome light from every source, earnestly desiring to grow in knowledge of truth and the spirit of love, and to manifest the same by helpful service." She concluded with the following verse:

"Then onward march in Truth's crusade,
Earth's faltering ones invoke our aid,
The children of our schools and State
This coming of the loving wait.
Oh, doubting hearts, oh, tempted ones,
The shadows lift, the sunshine comes!
Freedom for each is best for all,
The golden rule our bugle-call,
While as to victory on we move
The banner over us is love."

The Rev. Dr. Gunsaulus insisted on the necessity of bringing man out of his insularity and out of his narrowness, to let him come into contact with the world. He said that this is the root of all culture, art, and science; and this must be our aim, to produce the world-man. In order to be a complete man one must have not only the Occident but the Orient. Our universe is circular in form. The only West we have left is actually the farthest East—

Japan. He concluded with a poem, which, we understand, was his own, on the circular motion of progress.¹

Dr. Henry Wade Rogers, President of the Northwestern University, said that the two greatest educational agencies are the Church and the University, one the mother of the other, and both together the root of European and American civilisation. If you wish to know the future you should become acquainted with the work in which our universities are engaged, and the growing generations will be guided by the thoughts that animate our students. The most important ideas ventilated at present in colleges are about religious, political, and civil liberties. Sociology is taught more than any other science. William von Humboldt once declared that whatever we wish to see introduced into the life of a nation must first be introduced into its schools. "If you can find out what the college men are thinking to-day, you can pretty accurately determine what will be the policy of to-morrow; and the American scholar of to-day is studying political institutions and the problem of good government more earnestly than he has ever done since the Constitution was framed.

Dr. Harper spoke of the progress of mankind through higher education. "Mankind of to-day is different from what it was two thousand years ago. The day is coming when, as a result of educational agencies of every kind, intellectual and religious, men will beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning-hooks, and nation will not lift sword against nation. With higher education comes higher civilisation, and one characteristic of the world-civilisation will be international and universal peace."

Professor Choyo, of the University of Tokio, spoke in Japanese, and the translation of his address was read by Mr. C. O. Boring, Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements. It was a glowing tribute to Japan, which he hoped would combine the civilisations of the East and of the West, and embody all the good qualities of the various other nations. He expressed especial thanks to the United States of America, which had been that power to which Japan was mostly indebted for progress.

The speeches were interrupted by Handel's "Glory to God in the Highest," excellently rendered by the Students' Musical Club, under Professor Tomlins. A number of short addresses followed, by the Rev. Drs. Bristol and Jenkin Lloyd Jones; Prof. William Haynes, Dean of Notre Dame University; Dr. John M. Coulter, President of Lake Forest University; Dr. R. N. Foster, Chairman of the General Committee of the World's Fair Auxiliary on Science and Philosophy; and Dr. L. P. Mercer. Every one of them spoke to the point, and we may add that Dr. Bristol and Dr. Coulter seemed especially strong in emphasising the monistic idea of religious thought.

Among the messages from absent friends letters were read from Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop Ireland, H. Dharmapala, Shaku Soyen, Zitsuzen Ashitsu, the Rev. Joseph Cooke, Prince Wolkonsky, and George T. Candlin, Christian missionary to China.

The celebration closed with that most powerful religious psalm, Handel's "Hallelujah," and a benediction spoken by Dr. John Henry Barrows, Chairman of the World's Parliament of Religions.

The mere fact that a celebration of this character took place, that it was held in the largest theatre of Chicago, which is perhaps the largest assembling place in the world, that it was frequented by an enthusiastic crowd of most intelligent and attentive hearers, and that churchmen of all denominations, indeed of the most various religions, took an active part in it or sent their cordial greetings, is a most auspicious sign of the times, and a harbinger of great promise.

P. C.

¹Dr. Gunsaulus will be interested in reading Dr. Carl Gustav Carus's explanations of the spiral lines of progress as a cosmic law, as discussed at length in his *Physis*.

HEAVEN AND HELL.

BY WILLIAM HERBERT CARRUTH.

The preacher paused at paragraph eight,
In the midst of Paradise;—
From One to Six he had painted the fate
Of the victims of wilful vice;—
And now he allured to a nobler life
With visions of future bliss,
Where ease shall atone for present strife,
And the next world balance this.

But ere he could take up caput Nine
Some one opened the outer door,
And heads were turned down the main aisle line
At the sound of feet on the floor;
A woman with eyes that brooked no bar
Strode through the gallery arch,
In her right hand bearing a water-jar
And in her left a torch.

The preacher lifted his solemn eyes
And mildly shook his head;
He gazed at the woman in grieved surprise
Who had broken his sermon's thread;
He raised his voice while she still was far
And hoped to stay her march:
"What would you here with your water-jar,
And what would you here with the torch?"

"A shame," she cried, "on your coward creed!
And have you no faith in man?
I bear this witness 'gainst fear and greed,
I burn and quench as I can:
The torch I bear to set Heaven afire
And the water to put out Hell,
That men may cease to do good for hire,
And the evil from fear to quell."

She came near the altar and swung her torch,
And dashed the water around,
Then turned and passed through aisle and through porch,
While the people sat spell-bound.
She walks the earth with her emblems dire
And she works her mission well:
The torch to set high Heaven afire
And the water to put out Hell.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Association for Advancement of Woman.

To the Editor of The Open Court:

THE A. A. W. (Association for Advancement of Woman) held its annual congress at Knoxville, Tenn. For three days private sessions for members were held in the mornings and public ones in the afternoons and evenings. The papers and discussions treated of matters vitally affecting the welfare of women. The audiences were large and seemed deeply interested in these subjects, which were new to many of them. Although the matter of woman suffrage was not the special topic of any paper, it was frequently alluded to, and met a much more cordial response than was anticipated. But the amount of earnest thought and liberal feeling that was aroused was perhaps most fully shown by the invitations to speak on Sunday. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe preached a sermon on "The Eleventh Hour" in the largest and oldest Presbyterian church in the city, to an audience which was said to be

the largest ever gathered there, and which indeed overflowed its bounds. In the evening, Mrs. H. T. Wolcott was invited to repeat her paper on "Waifdom," given at the congress, in a Presbyterian church. As this paper treated questions of heredity and moral duty in a very brave and firm manner, it was certainly an act of courageous liberality to ask for its repetition in a church of this venerable sect.

Mrs. Antoinette Brown Blackwell was also invited to preach in the Congregational church, while two or three other ladies met a small company of earnest men and women who were endeavoring to establish a Unitarian church. Their proposed platform was quite broad enough to satisfy the Western Conference. So the question of women's right to speak and preach in the churches seemed to find a very practical solution in this Southern city.

The equally important question of the advancement of the colored portion of our population did not receive so much direct attention here as elsewhere, although it was occasionally referred to, and I regret to say that we had no time to visit the public schools of the city, as we much desired to do. On Saturday, however, we saw at Maryville, about twenty miles from Knoxville, a very interesting college. It is co-educative in the full sense, since it admits not only colored people, but also women to its advantages. The college is seventy-five years old and was originally established for the education of missionaries. It has had a hard struggle through the stormy times of the war, but is now reviving and is doing very good work. The teachers whom we saw were active, intelligent, earnest men and women. The number of colored pupils is very small, and drawn mostly from the vicinity, and they appeared to be well treated. But the great value of the school is in the opportunity it offers of a fairly good education to the poor whites of the neighboring country at a very small expense. The stories told of the eagerness of some of these people to get an education are very touching. One girl walked nearly a hundred miles, most of the time alone, in order to reach Maryville. The poverty of these districts is very severe, and its effects might be seen in many of the faces before us. The situation of the college, on a high hill, is very delightful, and the climate most healthy, so that families have removed to Maryville for the benefit of the air and at the same time to have the opportunity to live and educate their families at small expense. The tuition is only ten dollars per year, and by means of the co-operative club board is reduced to \$1.25 per week. Other incidentals need not amount to more than about \$20 per year.

While there is undoubtedly a strong evangelical influence in this institution, yet as it meets the wants of a large class of very needy pupils, and gives to them much broader education than they would elsewhere receive, I cannot but count it among the helps to progress which we find springing up everywhere. I should also say that the State University of Tennessee has opened its doors to women, and that a bright class of thirty-six girls are reaping its advantages.

So we left East Tennessee, feeling that it had joined the great army of progress, and that its new material prosperity would be accompanied with moral and intellectual advancement. I will not delay to speak of the great refreshment of a day at Chattanooga and the delightful trip to Lookout Mountain. While we remembered the fearful fight above the clouds, we rejoiced that the smoke of battle had passed, and did not grieve that the smoke of the factory was rising in the valleys, giving promise of new industrial life and happiness to a redeemed people.

Again Atlanta was a surprise and delight after all that had been said of its rapid progress. That it will become the Chicago of the South seems very probable, and they are making extensive preparations for an international fair next year.

The city is also remarkable for the institutions for the education of the colored people, and these especially engaged our atten-

tion. Clark University is admirable for the extent and excellence of its mechanical work, and we saw fine specimens, especially of carriage-building and harness-making. The Theological School, which is in connexion with it, is the most highly endowed institution of its kind in the South, and appears to be doing a great work. We are so accustomed to look on the narrow side of theology as a matter of doctrine having little bearing on practical life, that I think that we do not always sufficiently estimate the value of this training in the mental and spiritual development of the negro race. When I heard a class reciting from the Greek Testament, I realised for the first time what a step in theological education it is to know the Bible as a translation, instead of looking upon it as a direct revelation from Heaven, coming down to us in the very shape in which we have read or heard it from childhood. An educated ministry, whatever may be the special dogmas which individuals may profess and teach, is a very important thing for the South, and along with the educational progress will come the elevation of the moral standard, which is confessedly very low among the class of preachers who have taken up the work spontaneously to satisfy the emotional demands of the negro population in their days of suffering and ignorance.

But at the University of Atlanta we found perhaps the highest water-mark of intellectual advancement for the negro. There is much misunderstanding about the work of this college, for many suppose that its aim is to give a showy training in what the people used to call "high studies," to the neglect of a sound and thorough practical education. On the contrary, the aim is very clear and definite, to fit the best class of the race to become their leaders in intellectual and moral education and in industrial work. It is one of the most interesting and encouraging signs of the work of education for the colored people that the different colleges have each their distinctive merits, thus showing a real vitality and the pursuit of methods that have arisen, not from old theories, but from a perception of immediate needs.

The founders of Atlanta University, and I am glad to say that they were not alone in doing so, very early saw that the great need of the people would soon be of good teachers who while in advance of their people in education would yet understand and sympathise with them. It was also important to establish the capacity of the negro for high intellectual work and to set an example that would act as a stimulus through the whole ranks and encourage every one to hope for better and better achievement. This course was entirely in the line which was found to be necessary by the New England Freedman's Society and the other large organisations. But it was also found in the beginning that the elementary work was so deficient that in order to train good teachers a preparatory department was added. It is hoped that by the improvement in the public schools, which is largely secured by this very normal work, that this preparation may soon be left to them and the work of the University be confined to the higher grades. The statistics show that a very large proportion of the graduates are engaged in teaching, others in preaching, while some have gone into other business but spread the sound ideas of education they have learned through the community.

Industrial work has also been added to the course. It is not carried on so largely as at Clarke nor is there so much agricultural work as at Tuskegee, but the work done has been of the most thorough and finished character and shows that they know how to apply an educated brain to mechanical work. In sewing and cooking the girls have been well trained and it is said that the effect not only upon themselves but their families has been very beneficial. It is with the greatest regret that the trustees have found themselves obliged to suspend this industrial work for this year owing to the extreme pressure of the times and the difficulty of raising money to meet the current expenses. The ladies visiting the school could hardly restrain their eagerness to restore these

industries when they saw the admirable arrangements for teaching them and the good work that had been done. In no way could the cause of Industrial Education be so well and cheaply served as by setting these wheels in motion again. Atlanta University is true to the great principle of co-education not only by admitting both men and women to its privileges, but according to the liberal constitution of the society which first established it by making no distinction in color or race. Unwilling as many are to admit it, this is really the keystone of the whole problem. You cannot enter any one of these schools without seeing that it is impossible to make the distinction, unless by accepting the absurd rule that one drop of black blood in a thousand makes a colored man, and nine hundred and ninety nine do not make a white man. It is only on the broad firm principle that every man must be judged by his character and his deeds that a democratic society and a prosperous commonwealth can be founded.

In this respect Atlanta and Berea and all other schools which maintain this standard through all opposition, are doing the greatest service.

There is already a jealousy arising in many minds that the colored people are getting the advance in education, and while it is exciting a fierce antagonism among the illiterate and vulgar, it is stimulating the more thoughtful minds to take more interest in the lower classes of the white population and to enlarge and improve the public school system for them. Although this is connected with some very unfair and unwise plans of legislation in regard to the public colored schools it yet will lead to important results. In an educated community the prejudices of race will die away much more rapidly, and a fair competition as well as a kind co-operation tends to enkindle respect and affection towards others. In this connection I must speak of the admirable good taste and gentlemanly and lady-like deportment which prevails throughout this University. It is no mere surface polish but a genuine spirit of simplicity, good feeling, and mutual respect for others. I cannot leave this subject without a brief memorial word for the admirable teacher who received us so kindly, and made our visit so interesting and profitable to us, and who within a few short weeks afterwards was stricken down by typhoid fever and has left a vacancy which it will be very hard to fill. Professor Hincks was next in position to President Bumstead, and in the long absence of the latter, unfortunately made necessary by the need of collecting money at the North, he took charge of the school and while admirably fulfilling its work he made himself beloved and respected by all, as one of the teachers wrote, "we are overwhelmed with grief at Professor Hincks's death." Of the private loss to his family and circle of friends I will not try to speak.

My letter is already long, but I must tell of our visit to Tuskegee, the final goal of our journey, and in many ways the most interesting spot of all. We were first surprised to find quite a large and flourishing town, and to learn that it had been an educational centre for white people before the war. The Normal and Agricultural school has a large tract of land and many excellent buildings mostly erected by the work of the pupils. Being in the black belt, so called not because of the ignorance or poverty of the people, but because the colored population outnumber the whites, it affords in many respects a good opportunity for bringing up these people to a higher industrial and social condition with a free development of their own powers. But it is exactly here that the advantages of the college training I have spoken of are shown, since the teachers who are all colored, have mainly been educated at Atlanta, Fiske, or similar schools. Mr. Washington, the able and accomplished principal, is himself a graduate of Hampton. By admirable arrangements, the boys can carry on their industrial education, with a small amount of study, and lay by enough to give themselves a few years in the school, so that at the end of the term they have acquired habits of industry and knowledge of some

trade, as well as a good useful, intellectual education, and have had the benefit of life in an earnest, well ordered community where all are respected, and they do not feel lowered in their own eyes by the contempt of others. Under the care of two very intelligent instructors, they are practically learning to struggle with all the difficulties of their poor, worn out soil, while they are led by intelligent experiments in new products, to consider its future possibilities and the best methods of supplying the people around them with the first great necessary of life, abundant and suitable food. Many varieties of mechanical work are also carried on on the same principles and the little settlement presents a most pleasing spectacle of a well-ordered and prosperous community, where all are working for the common good and working out great problems which will be settled for the benefit of the whole race.

Withal there is a cheerful air of happiness and an outflow of poetry and sentiment characteristic of the race, which gives one a sense of the rich addition which they are to make to the American stock. I shall never forget the beauty of the morning as the sun shone into my window and lighted up the November landscape with its last fading colors, when suddenly like the songs of the oriole and the robin in the spring, came from all around the morning song of the people expressing their welcome to us and their joy on the new day opening to them. It was a prophecy of the new life of this people redeemed from the night of oppression and ready to take their part in the labor and the joy of the new era that is coming.

EDNAH D. CHENEY.

BOOK NOTICES.

Mr. William M. Salter has published the first number of a new periodical called *The Cause*, which will represent the interests of The Society for Ethical Culture of Philadelphia.

Mr. Parke Godwin's *Commemorative Addresses* on George William Curtis, Edwin Booth, Louis Kossuth, John James Audubon, and William Cullen Bryant have just been published by Harper & Brothers, New York. Parke Godwin is one of the most classic writers and orators of North America. His speeches are full of thought, distinguished by moral earnestness, soundness of judgment, and a lofty nobility of sentiment; they are worth studying were it only for the sake of their artistic adequacy of expression and general literary perfection.

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THE SOUL AN ENERGY.

BY C. H. REEVE.

IF YOU remember that you are conducting a journal "devoted to the religion of science," you will see that your position and its responsibility is one of the profoundest gravity. You may uproot, and leave desolation in places where hope flourished abundantly and content reigned supreme. You may start men and women to moving in new ways, which they will be unable to follow, while unable to return; and must become Ishmaelites, wandering in the deserts of hopelessness, perhaps despair. For this reason an obligation rests on you to consider the suggestions your own teaching prompts your readers to lay before you. It is in this sense that this paper is sent you. Not for the press, unless you desire to use it, but in response to your article in your issue of September 20 of last year. And it may not be unworthy of print.

In the common comprehension the word "Soul" conveys the idea of a disembodied spirit, having consciousness and immortality. Specifically, it is regarded as ourselves, as individuals, in a spiritual form existing forever. In reality soul is the vital force in an organism that keeps it living and enables it to perform the functions that are the legitimate outgrowths of its organisation. Man as a whole is a "living soul." The real soul in him is the combination of forces that give him life and consciousness and that keep him living and conscious. If he be an idiot he is a mere animal soul. If he is possessed of a superior mental organism and be highly educated he is an intellectual soul. If his perceptions be acutely ethical and his combination of faculties be such as to prompt highly moral impulses he is an intellectual moral soul. When the vital forces that sustain life fail to operate he ceases to be anything but a dead organism, in which, different forces instantly begin processes of disorganisation, and the creation of other combinations of the elements that constituted his organism. In that operation all the soul there is exists in the several forces that are in operation, each of which acts intelligently in creating and maintaining new forms of life in each new combination formed in the processes of dissolution. The soul in each exists so long as each new organism exists and no longer. Every chemical change that takes

place begets a new life in each new combination it forms, to live so long as that action continues, whether it be instantaneous or lasting for long periods, and the *soul*—the *spirit*—is the force—separate or combined—that maintains the action and enables each particle of matter to perform the function necessary to the final end.¹

Nothing can exist without soul, and that soul is the something that enables it to exist. The human mind cannot conceive of anything that is not substantial. If it thinks of a spirit it gives it a human form and human attributes; because it cannot conceive of a thing without form, nor of a form higher than the human form, nor of attributes higher than human attributes. By way of comparison it exalts those attributes when it tries to conceive of a superior being, as of God, or angels, or spirits, etc., but it is not able to go beyond the boundaries of its own knowledge, even in imagination. Its creations must be combinations of what it has knowledge of through the senses.

No human being can know what mind is, because he cannot rise superior to himself. To know what his mind is he must be superior to himself and that is impossible.²

Now I will go to the extreme limit and assert that, everything *within human comprehension* is substantial; has form, originates, exists, operates in and with matter, and cannot originate, exist, or operate without matter. This necessarily includes thoughts, emotions, feeling, sensation, ideas, words, and their meaning, and everything connected with them. They are born of matter, exist in matter, and are never separated from matter. They are as much an outgrowth of matter as are light, caloric, color, aroma, or any other thing; they cannot be separated from it and are substantial; having form and energy as matter has.

You say:

"Soul, like matter, is an abstract denoting certain facts of reality, and there are, indeed, things which are neither energy, nor matter, nor form. Take the *meaning* of the word 'logic.' Is it matter? No! Is it energy? No! Is it form? No! The word

¹In theology the question is, Whether the intelligence born of the physical organism and its environments during life here, constituting what we call mind, continues to live as an entirety, and finds a place and action in some other form of organism? But that is beyond finding out, and speculation proves nothing.

²Mind is the supreme elevation of organic action.

when uttered presupposes material organs which cause a very special air-vibration. The utterance consumes a certain amount of energy, and the pronounced word consists of a peculiar kind of air-vibrations. But analysis of energy, matter, and form, will show no trace of the meaning of the word. The meaning of the word is its soul."

Let us look at this statement a little.¹ Words are combinations of forms, made vital by sound, in vocal utterance, by one individual, used to make impressions upon other individuals. The impressions made on the hearer by the sounds create an impulse in him ending in thought. At no stage are the sounds or words separated from matter. Energy existing in the matter, acting within and through the physical organism, causes vibrations in the medium surrounding and existing in the organism making the sounds; which cause like vibrations of the organs of hearing in another human organism, making impressions on the hearer which put into operation more energy-creating thought. (Air is not a compact body as is commonly supposed; but consists of infinitely minute particles. In comparison with their size, the distance between the particles is as great as that between the planets compared with their size, it has been asserted. Those spaces are filled with some other medium, and the vibrations affect this as well as the air.) Ideas are only thoughts. Perhaps the thought following the impressions made by the word and the sounds prompts in the hearer words in reply; and the same process operates, producing more thoughts in the first speaker. Now, at what stage of the process is matter, energy, and form absent? Every particle of matter—including air and ether—has form in which energy becomes operative, and without which it would not operate. Every vibration of the air has its own shape. Each shade of sound has its own form of wave, its own energy, its own motion, involving just so much of air and ether—unlike any other. The same forms and energy are continued through the mechanism of the ear, the aural nerve, and in the sensorium. Each and all have perfectly defined form, energy, and motion, *in matter*, and no other combination or action could convey the sense for it, or make it the vehicle for the same consciousness. If the word be read and not spoken, substantial vibrations through the eye operate in like manner. I repeat—every vibration has form, is in matter, whether in the vocal organs, the air, the ear, or the sensorium of the brain. Every thought has form and energy, is a part of the brain itself while existing in the sensorium, and the action of the several energies are consuming tissues, and they are undergoing more or less change of form; and with each change there is change of energy and motion. *Motion exists only in substance.* At no stage of action, at no instant of time

are the words, the sounds, the impression made, the idea conveyed, the thought generated, the energy operating, and the responding word, sound, impression, idea, thought, and energy operating, separated from matter; having energy and form, and all in matter.¹

The conception of the subject or thing to which the word has reference is the idea born of the impression made by the sound of the word, and that idea is the thought the impression creates as the outgrowth of the impulse following action in the organism hearing, caused by the sound. Every particle of matter in the person hearing the word and affected by the sound of it as a part of its function, adapts itself to some form in the reception, gives birth to energy such as that form will permit, and forms an idea—thought—such as *his* specific organism will admit of; and makes such response as that idea will prompt *in him*. Several persons hearing the same word and sound might each have a different idea; and to each that idea would be the meaning of the word; or if not comprehended at all, there would be no meaning. There would only be an idea that they did not comprehend the reference.

The soul of a word is not its meaning, but it is the energy inherent in its use at the time when used, as a means of creating the intended impression on the organism addressed. Take a simple illustration. A horse is taught to back by pressure on his jaw with the bit, and uttering the word "back." In time he comes to associate the motion of backing with the sound of the word and will back without the pressure. (Any other sound will do as well.) Here the matter in the horse is acted on by the sound, and the *meaning* of the word is not the soul at all; but the soul is the office the word performs. The putting in operation in the matter in the horse of such vibrations as will cause the forms and energy that will end in the motions of backing. The impulse it prompts in the horse to act in a specific manner; the energy it rouses in the brain of the horse that causes him to move backward. Everything in the whole process, from the thought that prompts the word to the thought that prompts the motion has matter, form, and energy; energy and form in matter; and at no time is it separated from matter, form, and energy. Energy cannot act in matter without form, adapting itself to the matter or the matter to itself, in or on which it acts.

It is impossible for the human mind to think of an abstraction alone, wholly unconnected with the matter from which it is taken.² The word is only a means of comparison; just as concrete is. But both convey

¹ Every thrill of hope and fear, every feeling of joy, sadness, anxiety, etc., every ecstasy, is only brain and nerve-vibration, and each has its own form of wave-motion, and its own peculiar energy, by which the matter in the brain and nerve is adapted and enabled to perform the function of transmitting the feeling or sensation. That is, has form and energy.

² There can be a separation to consider singly, but the part it is separated from enters into the consideration more or less.

¹ How can there be a "thing," without energy, or matter, or form?

ideas relating to matter, the properties of matter, the outgrowths of action in matter. The idea conveyed by the word "abstract," immediately connects itself with a word having an opposite meaning, and must do so before the word can be comprehended; and the opposite deals with substance, forms, and energy, viz., reality.¹

What, then, is the soul of the word "logic"? It is its power to impress on the hearer the idea of an irresistible force in demonstration. That words are so used in arranging facts as to demonstrate an undeniable conclusion. Or, that events so follow each other as to demonstrate a certain cause. The facts and the cause must be material. A word may mean one thing yet convey an idea of a different thing, or ideas of several things. Several different words may convey the same idea, yet have different meanings. That power is the soul of the word. A look or a motion may do the same thing at certain times and under certain circumstances, while at another time the same look or motion would convey no such idea. The soul of it is in its power to do it when the conditions serve; giving life, vitality, and special function, at that time; when matter, form, and energy will admit of the operation of the function. At other times it has no such soul. The look or motion have form and energy—in matter—and both are substantial: and the idea they convey is substantial and creates energy and form in the subject affected by them. The soul is the power, or faculty, or ability, to convey the meaning, and that exists only in the vitality—the *something* that makes them a living force for the time and the purpose.

Take a plant that gives off an odor. Its soul is in the inherent power to produce that odor. Take the odor. Its soul is in the power to impress itself on the sense of smell. To one without the sense of smell it is soulless. The soul of the olfactory nerve is in its power to make its possessor conscious of the odor. Take music. Its soul is its power to impress the animal organism. Take the word "space." Its soul is in the power to convey the idea of space. Yet space is substantial and is filled with elements that make matter and make the conception of matter possible. Take space itself and its soul is its capacity to contain matter. There can be no conception of space without giving it form and energy. It is only in comparison with matter that we can think of it at all, and that matter is in motion in reality and in our thought. Motion includes energy, and that is in our thought. The space between bodies of matter has form made by the matter, with constant change of form. Nutation made by the planets gives forms. Irregularities in space made by the bodies in it, whether universal space or

finite space. The sky, a room, or the inside of a hair. Space, to the human mind, has matter, form, and energy.

Again quoting you: "Soul, like matter, is an abstract, denoting certain facts of reality."

But the word can be used only as an expression of comparison and it cannot be thought of separate from matter. Reality is only something that is comprehensible in comparison with something, that is unreal. A red wafer lying on a sheet of white paper is real. Gaze at it steadily a short time and there will be a blue wafer beside it. For the time the blue wafer is a reality to the sensorium, but it is unreal in fact, and we conceive of the reality only by comparison with the unreality. (Yet the vibrations of the retina and brain that make the blue wafer apparent, have energy, and form, and matter, and are real.) So of abstract. We conceive of the abstract only by comparison with the concrete. Leverrier, taking note of aberrations in the movements of Uranus, was impressed with an idea that it might be caused by attraction of some planet beyond it. Assuming some things as fact, in connexion with others known, he estimated that an imaginary body (if real) would be in a certain place at a certain time, and wrote to Dr. Galle at Berlin to turn the Observatory telescope to that point at that time. Dr. Galle found Neptune there. This was abstraction on the part of Leverrier, his idea living in thought only, caused by impressions made by the irregular movements of Uranus. His hypotheses and calculations were all in thought, the thought created by energy, form, and matter, in Uranus or in his own organism. He was investigating something that was, as yet, unreal, by a process of abstract reasoning.

But in comparison with known realities it was, possibly, not unreal. Every thought had form, energy, and was an outgrowth of matter and existed in matter. Every figure and character in his calculations were real—having form, energy, and matter—involving form, energy, and matter, internal and external to his physical organism, but in and connected with that organism, and never separated from it. It related to supposed matter an incomprehensible distance away. Development through the telescope made the abstraction a reality, and every stage of movement from Leverrier's thought to Galle's eye at the telescope, and Galle's thought following the impression made by the sight of Neptune, had form, and energy, and matter—being in matter. The soul of Leverrier's thought was in its power to reach the unknown by abstract reasoning, based on and compared with known facts developed in matter, and the soul of the telescope was in its power to reveal the hidden unknown, all being material.

No, the soul is not in the *meaning* of things, but in

¹ Soul cannot be considered purely by itself without connecting it in thought with the body.

the *power* that makes that meaning known. The soul is the life of the thing. The soul is that which to the mind is reality. The soul of superstition is its power to impress itself as truth—as real and not imaginary. The soul of man is the combining action of forces that maintains the vitality of the whole organism, physical and mental; and when those forces decay, and gradually or suddenly cease to act, the soul begins to disappear or totally disappears.

It is possible that electric and magnetic energy is the soul of the Universe, organising matter, and alternately disorganising and readjusting in new forms, or enabling matter to do so, thus maintaining equilibrium; but it must operate in and with matter, and must have form adapted to the function it performs, whatever may be the time, and place, and conditions.

Whatever can make an impression on an animal organism has existence—is entity—has substance, form, and energy: is manifested in and through matter; its soul is that which makes manifestation possible. This you call materialism, and it is a truth that, human perception can take no note of anything without making it material in thought, and giving it form and energy. All matter and energy has consciousness. The formative vessels to make a hair, the enamel of a tooth, a bone, a nerve and its sheath, and every integument, tissue, and fluid, will select the material and use the energy to make it, shape it, in its proper place, and reject all other material. If obstructed, a new energy will be developed to avoid or dispose of the obstruction in some other formation. We may call the mysteries of action in matter and energy, spirit, supernatural, soul, disembodied, and all that sort of thing; but we can have neither perception or conception of anything without giving it energy, form, and substance, and that is the limitation of our faculties.

IS THE SOUL AN ENERGY?

THE NATURE OF MEANING.

IN going over Mr. Reeve's article I will discuss the problem of mind, using, as much as possible, his own examples. The main difference of view, it seems to me, lies in his habit of imparting to all ideas "energy, form, and substance"; he still reifies ideas, and regards also immaterial features of reality as concrete objects. To him:

"The soul is not in form nor in the *meaning* of form, but in the *power* that makes the meaning known."

We agree with Mr. Reeve that form, matter, and energy are always inseparably connected in reality, and we grant that the brain is material and that its action consumes energy, but the ideas "soul and mind" are abstractions from which the ideas matter and energy are excluded. Matter can be weighed; energy can be

determined in foot-pounds, it is measured by the work that it can perform; but soul cannot be either weighed or measured. Soul is another kind of abstraction.

The nature of the soul lies in the form of its organism. The superiority of a human brain over a horse's brain does not depend upon the greater quantity of either its mass or its activity, but consists in a difference of form. The elementary forms of the psychic constitution of living beings have been impressed upon their sentiency by the surrounding world. These forms have been wonderfully increased and multiplied through the interaction of the various memory-traces, until they built up the human soul, and the preservation of these forms which are transferred from generation to generation by heredity and education constitutes the basis of further progress and all higher evolution.

The soul is a system of sentient forms, and the difference of form constitutes a difference of soul; but not all forms are soul-structures. Soul-structures are sentient forms and a characteristic peculiarity of soul-structures consists in their significance or meaning. The birth of mind is the origin of meaning, for meaning is the purport of mentality and the quintessence of all psychic life.

WHAT MEANS MEANING?

Meaning is a very subtle relation, a non-entity to the materialist, but all-important in the realm of mind. It is a relation between an object and an analogous feeling. A certain number of light-rays strike the retina and produce a commotion in the layer of rods and cones, the form of which corresponds to the form of the object from which they are reflected. This sensation produces a commotion in various nerve-tracts and rouses in the organism of the human brain the memories of prior sensations—of sensations of sight as well as of touch, perhaps also of hearing, taste, and smell, as the case may be. A white-sensation of an oblong quadrangle rouses a word-combination in the centre of language which makes the organs of speech say, "This is a sheet of paper, and this sheet of paper lies upon the table at a certain distance from the eye." The hands are ready to grasp it; the fingers anticipate a peculiar feeling of touch, and a great number of the memories of former experiences as to its qualities and use are stirred up, which may find expression, one after the other, in appropriate words. What a wealth of different forms of feeling, all of which must be regarded as accompaniments of exactly corresponding nervous actions! And these varying forms of feeling are connected, as it were, with the outer world by invisible threads; they refer to various realities through a contact with which their peculiarities of form are conditioned. As the result of a continued interaction among the memory-images of former experiences which

are constantly stirred by new sense-impressions, a feeling of a certain kind indicates the presence of definite conditions, which, as a whole, are called an object. In a word, various sensations stand for, or represent, various things or qualities of things. It is the representative element of the diverse forms of feeling, which characterises their import in the objective world and implies that they are more than a mere subjective display of sense-images, and this is what we call their significance or meaning. The meaning of sensations and words embodies their relation to the universe and knits the soul to the All, as a product and reflexion of which the soul appears in the history of evolution.

Mr. Reeve speaks of looks and motions which serve as means of imparting meaning. They are in the same predicament as words; they are symbols by which two minds communicate; and this transference of thought through the vehicle of a sign may be called—like the words of deaf and dumb people—a language of gesture.

Language, in the wider sense of the word, comprises such acts as the rider's use of the bridle, the significance of which is understood by the horse. A dog venturing into a room which is forbidden to him, comprehends at once the meaning of the motion of his master's hand which reaches for the whip and he will not fail to obey the command implied.

Mr. Reeve seems to think that I believe in meanings that hover about like ghosts. He asks (p. 4360):

"At what stage of the process [viz., of speaking] is matter, energy, and form absent?"

We reply, matter, energy, and form are *nowhere* absent. We say, when we speak of the words of a letter, we make no reference to the paper and the ink; and when we speak of the meaning of words, we mean their representative value as to the objects which they depict and make no reference to matter, energy, or form. That is all.

THE POWER OF MIND.

Mr. Reeve speaks of the power of mind, always maintaining that there is no reality without matter and energy. But we must not forget that the expression "power of mind," is nothing but a figure of speech; the phrase does not mean the diminutive amount of energy consumed in the brain, the nerves and muscles of either speaker or hearer; it means the definite change which a mind is able to work in the minds of others by turning their attention in a special direction, where it is perhaps most needed to avoid danger or to utilise the forces of nature.

Soul is not energy nor does it create force out of nothing, nor, as Mr. Reeve expresses it, "give birth to energy"; its potency consists in directing and marshalling the energies that exist, and this faculty of direction makes mind their master.

Mr. Reeve is unquestionably right if he means to say that mind is a potent (i. e. very important) factor in the world, destined to effect great changes. Words possess (metaphorically speaking) a power, and, indeed, they represent the most formidable power, be it for good or for evil, far greater than the force that is displayed in explosions of dynamite or nitroglycerine.

The Roman poet says "*Mens agitat molem*, mind moves mass," and who will deny that mind appears in the world to govern its affairs, to direct, and to arrange. Mind is the ruler of the world of matter. But Mr. Reeve is mistaken when he seeks the nature of the mind in the energies which it is able to rouse either by stirring other minds, or by using the marvellous storehouse of nature's slumbering forces. The nature of a word is and remains the meaning which its sound-form conveys. Words are symbols which connect with a certain form of sound a certain significance; and the communication of the sound, through a transference of its form, serves as the vehicle of the communication of the meaning, which consists in its reference to some definite reality.

Speaking creatures have acquired the habit of accompanying certain actions with certain sounds and the pronunciation of the sound has come to mean the action. Language (i. e., a system of sound-forms possessing definite meanings) grows more and more perfect, and by and by denominates objects and all the most subtle relations which play an important part in social intercourse. While pronouncing a word, a certain amount of muscular energy is consumed which causes the air to vibrate and finally throws a sense-irritation into the auditive nerve of the hearer. The irritation of the nerve rouses the cerebral structures of the same form in the centre of hearing which possess either the same or a similar meaning according to the common experiences of both the speaker and the hearer.

It sometimes happens (as Mr. Reeve rightly says) that, as the result of varying experiences or of a different education, the same word is not understood by the hearer in the sense which the speaker intends to convey and a misunderstanding is the result. But in all these cases the soul of the word is the meaning attached to a peculiar form of feeling, or of nervous commotion that is required in thinking or pronouncing the word, and the energy which its pronunciation consumes is as incidental as the ink in which it may be written.

The amount of energy in the Niagara falls is enormous in comparison to the energy consumed in the brains of many millions of people. The great cataract is, according to the gravity that resides in its mass, a change of the potential energy of water at a higher level into the kinetic energy of falling water. The water has no intention to convey meaning; its peculiar form of

action does not represent surrounding conditions; the river possesses no soul. It is quite true that a certain amount of vital energy is indispensable for a healthy brain, but that which we figuratively call "the power of genius" has nothing to do with what the physicist calls energy. The power of a scientist to discover unknown facts, the ability of a philosopher to elucidate truths, and the keenness of a mathematician to solve problems, have no mechanical equivalent.

TRUTH, THE IMPORT OF MEANING.

It is very important for a speaker and a writer to consider the minds of other people which he rouses for good or evil; either by impressing his ideas into theirs or exciting their antagonism in the opposite direction. But of greater importance is the truth of the meaning of mind.

What is truth?

The representative relations of the various soul-structures may be so as to tally or not to tally with its objective conditions; in the former case we call them true, in the latter untrue. Our words and word-combinations symbolise facts either real or imaginary, and our all-absorbing aim must be to make them correct representations of the realities to which their meaning has reference.

REAL AND MATERIAL.

Mr. Reeve says:

"It is impossible for the human mind to think of an abstraction alone, wholly unconnected with the matter from which it is taken."

We say, it is not only possible, but it is necessary to *think* some abstractions without including the idea matter. Take as an instance the idea of mathematical points and lines. What Mr. Reeve means is that reality, as a whole, always includes matter, energy, and form—a truth which we have never denied.

It is a mistake to identify "material and real," for there are features of existence that are real, but not material. And we must also bear in mind that abstractions do not denote mere fancies or nonentities. Soul is an abstract and not a concrete object; yet is soul real.

While Mr. Reeve endows adynamical existences with energy, he, on the other hand, attributes consciousness to all matter and energy¹—a view which we cannot accept. We grant that the elements of consciousness are present in everything that exists, but not consciousness.

Mr. Reeve probably means to say, and if this be his meaning we agree with him, that the whole world is one inseparable whole and all our ideas, matter, energy, form, consciousness, etc., are but parts of it, features that have been abstracted from it in thought.

¹ See line 8 in the last paragraph of his article.

We have no word to denote the various parts and features of reality in general, except such words as "things or somethings." Sometimes we cannot help using the word "thing" in a general sense, and not as a synonym of "body," or "object," or "concrete thing." Therefore, I need not justify myself or reply to Mr. Reeve's criticism in his footnote on page 4360, where he says:

"How can there be a *thing* without energy, or matter, or form."

The context in which I used the word "thing" in a general sense, and the instances by which I illustrate what I mean, leave no doubt about the meaning of the word, which is sanctioned by common usage. I grant there are no concrete objects without energy, matter, or form, but there are many things (i. e., realities or real features of existence) from the conception of which the notions of energy, matter, and form are excluded. It is true that these immaterial realities (such as pure forms, feelings, ideas, the meaning of words) are not things in themselves; but we must remember that matter and energy are neither things in themselves, nor are they objects, i. e., concrete existences, but abstractions.¹

REAL AND UNREAL.

Mr. Reeve touches the question of real and unreal. The red wafer on the table (or rather the thing which we commonly call a red wafer), of which Mr. Reeve speaks, is a fact; the red image on the retina is also a fact, and this image, when telegraphed to the brain, elicits, by its combination with the memories of several prior experiences, the verdict, "this is a red wafer," implying that it is a substance of special qualities, reflecting the light in a peculiar way. An investigation of the wafer with the help of other senses, will prove that all our anticipations were correct, and that is all we mean by saying the wafer is real.

Now the blue after-image appears on the retina. The blue color-sensation is a fact, and its existence is as real as the red color-sensation produced by the red wafer on the table. The nervous irritation of this blue color-sensation is also telegraphed to the brain where it enters into relations, in the same way as the red image before, with memories of prior experiences, and now the verdict appears, "There is a blue wafer." But this verdict, "There is a blue wafer," is based upon a false analogy, and the blue wafer, which is actually seen, does not exist in reality. The blue wafer-sensation, i. e. the after-image is real, but the meaning which, by a combination of other memories, attaches itself to the blue wafer image, implying that a blue wafer is lying on the

¹ The right comprehension of the nature of abstraction is of great importance. We refer our readers to an article of ours on "Abstraction" which appeared in *The Open Court*, No. 257 (Vol VII, p. 3569), and is republished in the *Primer of Philosophy*, pp. 118-126.

table, is based upon a fallacy. When the hands attempt to grasp the blue wafer they grope through the empty air and do not find it. This condition, viz., that the meaning which is attached to a certain sensation, or word, or combination of words, will not be verified, and that it is the product of an erroneous inference is all that the word "unreal" means.

ABSTRACT AND CONCRETE.

We have to add here that real and unreal are a different set of correlatives from abstract and concrete. All abstracts, if they are true, represent realities not less than concretes. By concrete we understand objects which we can touch and the limits of which are defined. A table is a concrete, and a table is a certain amount of mass in a definite form together with the energy that is contained in it. The color of the table is not a concrete thing, it is an abstract; it is a part of the table, but it is not less real than any of its other parts.

It is a habit of thought, traditionally established, to look upon abstracts as airy nothingnesses. But they are not. On the contrary: Abstracts are, as a rule, even more important realities than the crude concrete objects of our direct sense-apperception. The soul of man is not a concrete object of sense-apperception, it is an abstract, and yet its reality is indubitable, and it is of infinitely greater importance than material realities.¹

The sense-perceived universe of matter and energy would be a meaningless jumble if it were nothing but mass in motion. The appearance of mind proves that the world is more than that. The ideas of matter and energy do not exhaust all the traits of existence. Existence contains also the elements of sentiency, which blazes up in the consciousness of man, and the actions that take place are such as to allow their formulation in what we call natural laws. Natural laws are abstractions; yet they are not phantoms, but descriptions of reality. They portray, if they are true, the course of nature correctly, and we can, relying on their universality, disclose with their help unknown facts that are not directly perceptible. Leverrier observed the disturbance in the course of a planet and inferred that another unseen planet must have been the cause of the disturbance. Relying on the universality of the laws of attraction, he concluded from a number of facts positively known, the existence of other facts not yet known. The unknown facts are not unreal, as Mr. Reeve says; they are only out of the reach of our present experience, but are just as real as the known facts. When afterwards Galle discovered the then unknown planet in the place where Leverrier had lo-

cated it, we cannot say that "the abstraction became a reality," but that the inference made was justified. The meaning which the astronomer attached to a number of facts found its verification.

MIND NOT UNKNOWABLE.

Mr. Reeve says:

"No human being can know what mind is, because he cannot rise superior to himself. To know what mind is he must be superior to himself, and that is impossible."

We reach out from the known to the unknown, from the present to the absent and also to the future, from the sense-perceived concrete objects to the invisible interrelations intelligible only by acts of mental inference. But that is not all. We can transcend our own being. It is not true that in order to understand a thing we must be superior to it. We can very well understand things that are superior to ourselves, for indeed all our spiritual being consists in depicting a reality upon which our life in all its details and with all its aspirations depends. This great All in its wondrous harmony and awful grandeur is the God whose behests we must obey. Its boundless infinitude in its illimitable eternity is unquestionably our superior, and yet what is science but our constantly increasing comprehension of its numberless mysteries. If we were able to understand only what is inferior to ourselves, how would progress be possible? And progress is possible; evolution is undeniable, and this age of an advance in all directions in which we live is the best evidence of the possibility that we can not only understand realities superior to ourselves, but that we can outgrow and transcend our own inferiority and attain higher and ever higher planes of being, in which we shall be superior to our present state of life. P. C.

ROME AND SCIENCE.

The Chicago Tribune contains a brief article headed "Crushing Reply to Ingersoll," who delivered a lecture on the Bible on last Saturday night at the Metropolitan Opera House in St. Paul, Minn. Archbishop Ireland spoke on Sunday evening on the same subject. He eulogised the Scriptures and defied the scoffer to ridicule the Bible, Christianity, and along with it civilisation. He said:

"How is it that Christendom to-day, as during the last two thousand years, means civilisation? Where Christ is not, there is barbarism; there is servitude of the weak, despotism of the strong, inhumanity and immorality."

We certainly agree with the Archbishop that due credit must be given to Christianity for its civilising influence upon Europe and America, but we cannot join him when he says "Where Christ is not, there is barbarism." Were Plato and Aristotle barbarians, was Buddha a savage? The Archbishop declares:

¹We cannot agree with Mr. Reeve's definition of space, whose "soul" is said to be "the capacity to contain." Space is real, but it is not substantial. Space is not a box that contains the universe, but it is the relational of material existences; it is the possibility of motion in all directions.

"The words most glibly repeated by unbelief—the family, dignity of woman, liberty, fraternity—are Christian words, and without Christianity they would be meaningless. Take them out of your world of unbelief."

Without denying the merits of Christianity we must not forget that the ideals of humanity were also aspired after by the so-called pagans. Civilisation is a wider concept than Christianity, and the official representatives of Christianity have often enough opposed and attempted to suppress liberty and progress. The Church was, upon the whole, a progressive factor during the first millennium of its existence. It represented a more rational and scientifically higher standpoint than the Teutonic paganism which it replaced, and it stood up for science as long as it had to struggle for its existence. It became, however, a reactionary power as soon as its institutions were firmly established. Scientific advance, political liberty, and religious independence had to be attained in spite of the Church and under a constant struggle with ecclesiastical authority. The Arabs built up a noble civilisation in Spain, while Christianity was still steeped in barbarism, and modern civilisation is mainly a revival of the classic antiquity of Greece, which took its deepest roots in distinctly Protestant countries. The leading nations are without exception distinctly Protestant nations—England, Germany, North America. One of the most important causes of the Sedan of France lies as far back as the edict of Nantes and the night of St. Bartholomew.

The Archbishop is one of the most progressive prelates of the Roman Catholic Church; and he says:

"What will unbelief give us? It replies, 'A scientific, rational world, beginning with itself and ending with itself.' . . . You give us a scientific world; that is, you give us a material world, a humanity without a soul on which to rise to the skies, a humanity with no purpose."

If unbelief gives us a scientific and rational world, let us by all means accept the gift, and if Christianity preaches hostility to science and reason, we must unhesitatingly abandon Christianity. That kind of Christianity which officially preaches an unscientific and irrational world cannot be the true religion. If there is any divine revelation it is science; the results of science (I mean proved results of science and not mere hypotheses or the vagaries of pseudo-science) are the dicta of God. The ecclesiastical rejection of Galileo does not refute the truth of his propositions. There is nothing catholic except science. The religion of science alone is what the Roman Church claims to be—truly orthodox and catholic.

When science is denounced as the enemy of religion, Colonel Ingersoll's attacks upon Christianity are justified, and all denunciations of the great infidel orator will only serve to strengthen him and his partisans in their position. The words of Archbishop Ireland

prove that the stirring criticism of an unbeliever is needed in the Church, and the time will come when Colonel Ingersoll's reformatory influence upon the religious life of Christianity will be openly recognised.

P. C.

BOOK NOTICES.

At last Professor Haeckel's *Confession of Faith* has appeared in English. The full title of the booklet is *Monism as Connecting Religion and Science. The Confession of Faith of a Man of Science*. It was originally an informal address delivered in Altenburg at a meeting of the Naturforschende Gesellschaft des Osterlandes. In its present form, however, it is considerably enlarged, some parts have been more fully worked out, and copious notes treating of the mooted questions more in detail and containing references to the literature of the various subjects, have been supplied. With respect to its purpose, it was the author's intention first "to give expression to that rational view of the world which is being forced upon us with such logical rigor by the modern advancements in our knowledge of nature as a unity"; and, secondly, to "establish thereby a bond between religion and science." "In monism," says the author, "the ethical demands of the soul are satisfied as well as the logical necessities of the understanding." The contents of the book are very rich, giving in broad and vigorous outlines a concise sketch of the state of modern science as bearing upon the ultimate problems of philosophy and religion, but more especially of the knowledge reached in the more elusive subject of biology, in which Professor Haeckel is such a distinguished worker. As the book received editorial discussion in *The Open Court* (January, 1893) shortly after its appearance in German, and as its excellences must be already familiar to all our readers, we have only to add that it has found in Dr. J. Gilchrist an accurate and graceful translator. The stupendous success which the work met with in Germany may be gathered from the fact that five editions of it were exhausted in five months. (London: Adam and Charles Black. New York: Macmillan & Co. Pages, 117. Price, 80 cents.)

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THE FIRST FRENCH SOCIALIST.

BY M. D. CONWAY.

THE College of France has a Professorship of the French Revolution: a Chair of the same kind, especially if it included the American Revolution, would be much more useful in this country than some that are super-endowed. In the countries called civilised, many of the finest young men and women, fresh from schools and colleges, are plunging into all manner of schemes for reforming the world, without utilising the experience of the world. They prepare for themselves sad disenchantments, ending in reactions and cynical pessimism. During the past six years, or from the centenary of the fall of the Bastille, there has hardly been a month that did not bring the hundredth anniversary of some event in France whose meaning and instruction are reserved for to-day, which little heeds them. For, as Goethe said, "the day cannot judge the day": it requires a century of events to carry the true search-light into the French Revolution.

This year, 1895, summons before the historic sense one of the most pathetic figures on that tragical stage,—namely, François Babeuf. This first Socialist, now almost forgotten by history, illustrated in his brief career the humane motives, the enthusiasms, and anarchical tendencies, so steadily revealed in the socialism of to-day, which is derived from him by apostolic succession. He was a native of St. Quentin, born 1764, an orphan at sixteen. In 1790 he was editing at Amiens the *Correspondant Picard*, therein writing fiery articles in favor of the Revolution. Such opinions were too advanced for that region, but it was not safe to punish them, and a charge of forgery was trumped up against him. He was acquitted, and in 1793, his radicalism becoming more popular, he was elected administrator of the Department of the Somme. But he was rather too independent in some of his criticisms of revolutionary leaders; the old charge was renewed, and he was sentenced to twenty years imprisonment. He escaped to Paris, and was made Secretary of the Relief Committee of Commerce. But he denounced the atrocities of the Committee of Public Safety, and therefor was of course imprisoned. On the wane of Robespierre's power, and shortly before his fall, Babeuf was released by the Committee, prob-

ably because they knew his abhorrence of Robespierre, and wanted his pen to aid in bringing that dictator to the guillotine. But the leading men on this Committee were quite as cruel as Robespierre, and much more tricky, and they had no intention that Robespierriism should end with their chief. They were disappointed by Babeuf, now widely known as "Gracchus Babeuf," as he had named himself; he started a *Journal de la Liberté de la Presse*, and severely assailed this Robespierrian party. But early in 1795 the Girondist party rose again, and the Robespierrians were dead, fled, or exiled. And now Babeuf began with his socialistic propaganda, which had for some time been the thing in his heart. The Girondists were republicans, and they were alarmed by this new party demanding the abolition of property. So they suspended Babeuf's journal, and he was for a short time imprisoned. Meantime the National Convention, which had been elected to form a Constitution, and for nearly three years had been preventing a Constitution, prepared one which, among other reactionary features, instituted a property qualification for suffrage. Thomas Paine, ill as he was after ten months' imprisonment, endangered his convalescence by going to the Convention and pleading against this property provision, warning them of the danger they were incurring. "If you subvert the basis of the Revolution, if you dispense with principles and substitute expedients, you will extinguish that enthusiasm which has hitherto been the life and soul of the Revolution; and you will substitute in its place nothing but a cold indifference and self-interest, which will again degenerate into intrigue, cunning, and effeminacy."

The "Babouvists," as Babeuf's adherents were called, had especially petitioned for the Constitution of 1793,—the Constitution framed mainly by Paine and Condorcet, perhaps the nearest thing to a purely republican Constitution ever written. The reactionary Constitution was nevertheless adopted, and a vast number of people felt it as an outrage. Of these Babeuf was the natural leader, and a very dangerous one. As he had taken the name of the Roman tribune who established agrarian law, he founded a new journal, *Tribun du Peuple*, which became the voice of the discontented. And now the old Robespierrians and the

Royalists, united in their hatred of the established government, made secret overtures to Babeuf, consented to all his millennial dreams, and with him organised a fraternity called "Equals." Although the covert Royalists and Robespierrians meant to use Babeuf as a tool, the movement became thoroughly "Babouvist" and socialist, and at the close of 1795 the "Equals" had in Paris as many as 17,000 members.

Of course, no such army as that, especially of visionaries, could gather without giving battle. Beside the Club, which met openly in the Pantheon, there was a secret society, where Babeuf and Lepelletier were appointed a "Directory of Public Safety." Convinced that their mission was to end poverty and misery, which were even worse than under the monarchy, by suppressing all inequality of possessions, this Directory of Public Safety resolved to supersede the authorised Directory and remove the Legislature. The day fixed for this socialist *coup d'état* was May 11, 1796. But the plot was betrayed May 10, Babeuf arrested, and his papers seized. Among these was a proclamation of the new socialistic régime, to be issued after the blow was struck. It declared:

"We want not only the equality of the 'Rights of Man'; we wish it in our midst, under the roof of our houses. We make any concessions in order to obtain it; for it we shall begin afresh. Perish, if need be, all the arts, provided that real equality is left us. Legislators and governors, rich and unfeeling proprietors, you try in vain to neutralise our holy undertaking. You say that we wish that agrarian law which has so often been asked from you. Be silent, ye slanderers! The agrarian law, or division of land, was the sudden desire of a few soldiers without principles, of a few country communities inspired by instinct and not by reason. We ask for something more sublime and more just,—the common good, or having in common. Where there is no individual property the land belongs to nobody, its fruits belong to all. You families in distress come and sit down at the common table, provided by Nature for all her children! People of France, open your eyes and heart to the full enjoyment of happiness, acknowledge and proclaim the Republic of Equal Citizens!"

Babeuf and his intimate disciple, Darthé, probably the best-hearted of all the conspirators, were alone sentenced to death. They stabbed themselves, or each other, in prison, but did not die, and after a night of anguish were carried to the guillotine. Such was the notable coincidence between the Roman and the French Gracchus. Nineteen hundred years before, the tribune Caius Gracchus, consecrated to the work of equalising rich and poor, escaped from the Senate and nobles to the Grove of the Furies with a single servant, who slew his master and then himself.

In the winter of 1795-1796 when "Gracchus" Babeuf was planning to take the kingdom of heaven by violence, not far from him sat "Common Sense" Thomas Paine, equally heavy-hearted at hearing the cry in the street, "Bread, and the Constitution of '93." In the house of the American Minister, Monroe, he wrote that winter his pamphlet "Agrarian Justice," in which he maintained that all human beings had a natural right in the bounties of the earth. But the land could not be divided between them, because only by culture could its resources be sufficiently increased to support mankind; and this culture had so combined the soil, in which all have some natural right, with the improvements belonging to individuals, that they cannot be separated without injury to both. Consequently the share of each in the earth should be compensated by an equivalent. All landed property, in passing to heirs, should be taxed, and a fund so provided for distribution. A hundred years ago Paine thus proposed in the interest of the people that inheritance duty which was last year adopted by the English Parliament. Amid the agitations attending the Babeuf conspiracy this pamphlet could not be prudently published. The Babouvist was soon followed by the royalist conspiracy, that of Pichegru, on whose broken back Napoleon mounted the steps that led to his throne. After socialism, royalism; after this, military despotism, which is the only realisable form of socialism. In publishing his pamphlet "Agrarian Justice," Paine addressed a letter to the Directory and the Legislature, which has never appeared in English, and may well be appended to the story of the first socialist:

"The plan contained in this work is not adapted for any particular country alone: the principle on which it is based is general. But as the rights of man form a new study in this world, and one needing protection from priestly impostures, and the insolence of oppressions too long established, I have thought it best to place this little work under your safeguard. When we reflect on the long and dense night in which France and all Europe have remained plunged by their governments and their priests, we must feel less surprised than grieved at the bewilderment caused by the first burst of light that dispels the darkness. The eye accustomed to darkness can hardly bear at first the broad daylight. It is by usage the eye learns to see, and it is the same in passing from any situation to its opposite.

"As we have not at one instant renounced all our errors, we cannot at one stroke acquire knowledge of all our rights. France has had the honor of adding to the word *Liberty* that of *Equality*; and this word signifies essentially a principle that admits of no gradation in the things to which it applies; but equality is often misunderstood, often misapplied, and often violated.

“*Liberty and Property* are words expressing all those of our possessions which are not of an intellectual nature. There are two kinds of property. Firstly, natural property, or that which comes to us from the Creator of the Universe,—such as the earth, air, water. Secondly, artificial or acquired property,—the invention of men. In the latter equality is impossible; for to distribute it equally it would be necessary that all should have contributed in the same proportion, which can never be the case; and this being the case, every individual would hold on to his own property as his right share. Equality of natural property is the subject of this little essay. Every individual in the world is born therein with legitimate claims on a certain kind of property, or its equivalent.

“The right of voting for persons charged with execution of the laws that govern society is inherent in the word liberty, and constitutes the equality of personal rights. But even if that right of voting were inherent in property, which I deny, the right of suffrage would still belong to all equally, because, as I have said, all individuals have legitimate birthrights in a certain species of property. I have always considered the present Constitution of the French Republic as the *best organised system* the human mind has yet produced. But I hope my former colleagues will not be offended if I warn them of an error which has slipped into its principle. Equality of the right of suffrage is not maintained. This right is in it connected with a condition on which it ought not to depend; that is with the proportion of a certain tax called ‘direct.’ The dignity of suffrage is thus lowered; and, in placing it in the scale with an inferior thing, the enthusiasm that right is capable of inspiring is diminished. It is impossible to find any equivalent counterpoise for the right of suffrage, because it is alone worthy to be its own basis, and cannot thrive as a graft, or an appendage.

“Since the Constitution was established we have seen two conspiracies stranded,—that of Babeuf, and that of some obscure personages who decorate themselves with the despicable name of ‘royalists.’ The defect in principle of the Constitution was the origin of Babeuf’s conspiracy. He availed himself of the resentment excited by this flaw; and instead of seeking a remedy by legitimate and constitutional means, or proposing some measure useful to society, the conspirators did their best to renew disorder and confusion, and constituted themselves personally into a ‘Directory,’ which is formally destructive of election and representation. They were, in fine, extravagant enough to suppose that society, occupied with its domestic affairs, would blindly yield to them a directorship usurped by violence.

“The conspiracy of Babeuf was followed in a few

months by that of the royalists, who foolishly flattered themselves with the notion of doing great things by feeble or foul means. They counted on all the discontented, from whatever cause, and tried to rouse, in their turn, the class of people who had been following the others. But these new chiefs acted as if they thought society had nothing more at heart than to maintain courtiers, pensioners, and all their train, under the contemptible title of royalty. My little essay will disabuse them, by showing that society is aiming at a very different end—maintaining itself.

“We all know, or should know, that the time during which a revolution is proceeding is not the time when its resulting advantages can be enjoyed. But had Babeuf and his accomplices taken into consideration the condition of France under this constitution, and compared it with what it was under the tragical revolutionary government, and during the execrable Reign of Terror, the rapidity of the alteration must have appeared to them very striking and astonishing. Famine has been replaced by abundance, and by the well-founded hope of a near and increasing prosperity.

“As for the defect in the Constitution, I am fully convinced that it will be rectified constitutionally, and that this step is indispensable; for so long as it continues it will inspire the hopes and furnish the means of conspirators; and for the rest, it is regrettable that a Constitution so wisely organised should err so much in its principle. This fault exposes it to other dangers which will make themselves felt. Intriguing candidates will go about among those who have not the means to pay the direct tax and pay it for them, on condition of receiving their votes. Let us maintain inviolably equality in the sacred right of suffrage; public security can never have a basis more solid. *Salut et Fraternité.* Your former colleague,

THOMAS PAINE.”

Even while Paine wrote the dangers were thickening. Seventeen thousand heads in Paris, which had shared Babeuf’s hatred of a Constitution disfranchising the poor, were not cut off with the head of their leader; they remained to welcome any leader able to behead the Directory in its turn. The Corsican saw this; he said “The people do not care for liberty, they want equality,” and equalised them by turning them into an army.

PROFESSOR HAECKEL’S NEW PHYLOGENY.¹

BY THOMAS J. M’CORMACK.

PROF. ERNST HAECKEL writes in a letter to the editor of *The Open Court*, accompanying an advance copy of his *Systematische Phylogenie*: “This work embodies

¹ *Systematische Phylogenie der Protisten und Pflanzen*. Von Ernst Haeckel. Jena. Erster Theil des Entwurfs einer systematischen Phylogenie. Berlin: George Reimer. 1891. Pages, 400; Price, 10 M.

in compendious form the results of thirty years of study and research"; and we propose to present here in a few serial articles, after a short prefatory account of the work as a whole, translations of a few selections treating important general questions.

The word "phylogeny" means the ancestral history of the *race*, as distinguished from *ontogeny*, the life-history of the *individual*. Professor Haeckel's *Phylogeny* is the first attempt at a broad reconstruction of the historical development of the organic world on the basis of the data lately furnished by Palæontology, Ontogeny, and Morphology. The idea of the *Phylogeny* was first broached in a general way in the author's *General Morphology* (1866) and afterwards expounded in popular form in his widely known *Natural History of Creation*. The complaint was made, and justly, says Professor Haeckel, that the phylogenetic hypotheses there advanced lacked the necessary scientific demonstration. To furnish that demonstration is the purpose of the present work, a task rendered possible by the recent tremendous accumulation of zoological and botanical material.

The philosophical and historical point of view of the author has not changed since 1866, being the same as that adopted in the *General Morphology*. It is his effort to reach a rigorous and scientific knowledge of organic forms, and of the causes that produced them, by the study of the intimate causal relations obtaining between phylogeny and ontogeny. Adhering to the fundamental biogenetic law, which he first promulgated, he enters the lists as an outspoken antagonist of that newest movement in embryology, which, as evolutionary mechanics, seeks to explain the facts of ontogeny physically and directly, without reference to the history of the race. In the struggle now raging against the theory of heredity, Professor Haeckel's position is thus clearly determined. Weismann's molecular theory of the continuity of the germ-plasm he rejects *in toto*, as unsubstantiated by facts and philosophically unsound. In contradistinction to that theory, he upholds the doctrine of progressive heredity, citing countless examples to demonstrate the heredity of acquired characters. A good *résumé* of his views on this point was published some time ago in *The Open Court*, No. 338.

The present work is not a text book, but presupposes a good preparatory knowledge of natural history and biology. We translate only the passages of general interest. The volume before us, which is the first part of the work, treats of protists¹ and plants, and

¹Protists, or *Protista*, one of the kingdoms of animated nature, which Haeckel proposed in 1866 as embracing all those lower forms of life which can be regarded neither as true plants nor as true animals. It includes only *unicellular* organisms as distinguished from the second organic kingdom, or *Histonetes*, which comprises all multicellular organisms. This division of animated nature rests upon morphological distinctions; the ordinary division into plants and animals rests upon physiological differences.

will be followed before the close of 1895 by two other parts, on Vertebrate and Invertebrate Animals.

ON THE METHODS OF PHYLOGENY.

As is the case in all true sciences, two different methods must be employed for the solution of the problems of Phylogeny—the empirical method and the philosophical method. First, by the empirical method we must acquire as extensive a knowledge as possible of the phylogenetic *facts*; then, on the basis of the facts obtained we must proceed, by the philosophical method, to a knowledge of the phylogenetic *causes*. Neither method, however, can be used alone; on the contrary, *both* must be kept steadily before the mind. For acquiring really valuable results, observation and reflexion must go constantly hand in hand. Only by noting this precept is the high scientific import of ancestral history to be appreciated. If our mind discovers in the observation of the marvellous facts of phylogeny an inexhaustible source of highest pleasure and most varied inspiration, on the other hand, it derives from a knowledge of the productive causes the highest satisfaction for its intellectual needs.

EMPIRICAL PHYLOGENY.

It is the purpose of empirical phylogeny to acquire as comprehensive a knowledge as possible of the facts furnished in such inexhaustible abundance by the three great archives of the ancestral history of the race—by Palæontology, Ontogeny, and Morphology. The more numerous the sound observations in these three provinces are, the deeper the analysis of them is pushed, the more distinct and less equivocal the establishment of all details is, the more valuable will be the experimental results reached. By the great progress made in recent years in the collection of materials and in the perfection of technical methods of investigation our empirical horizon has been extraordinarily widened. On the other hand, we have been made to feel the more vividly by this extension that our empirical knowledge of this limitless domain will forever bear a fragmentary character and exhibit deplorable gaps. Collect in the future as many fossils as we will, learn the ontogenetic histories of as many embryos, the complicated physical structure of as many species of animals and plants as we may, still these "phylogenetic facts of the present" will always bear a ridiculously small proportion to the countless forms, now absolutely vanished, which the historical development of the organic terrestrial world of forms has called into existence in the millions of years that are past. Hence, for timid and illiberal naturalists to proclaim it unpermissible, to venture upon the enunciation of phylogenetic hypotheses and theories before all the facts bearing upon the question are sufficiently known, is to give up definitively all research whatever of a phylo-

genetic character. Happily, our phylogenetic records speak for every thoughtful and penetrating inquirer a more eloquent language than is suspected by their opponents. Profounder reflexion and a critical comparison of the empirical materials alone are required for reaching a highly satisfactory knowledge of the phylogenetic processes.

PHILOSOPHICAL PHYLOGENY.

On philosophical phylogeny or speculative ancestral history falls, accordingly, the task of erecting, on the basis of the knowledge thus empirically won, a towering fabric of hypotheses, of bringing into causal relationship the isolated facts, and of proceeding from a knowledge of productive causes to the construction of a comprehensive *theory* of ancestral development. The general principles which it applies in this task are the same as those employed in all other true sciences. First, by extensive critical comparison and combination of related experiences it must gain an *inductive* knowledge of the province in question. Since, however, owing to the incompleteness of the empirical material, such knowledge must ever be limited in extent, it must also employ unstintedly the *deductive* method. In keeping thus constantly before it the full, broad extent of its task, by connecting together into a natural whole through appropriate synthesis the individual details analytically reached, its efforts for obtaining a satisfactory glimpse into the great natural laws of the origin and disappearance of organic forms, are rewarded.

It would be absurd, of course, to require of philosophical phylogeny the credentials of an "exact" science, for she is and must remain in the very nature of the case an "historical" science. Nevertheless, whosoever possesses the least appreciation for the value of historical research generally, whosoever lets that pass as scientific knowledge, such a person cannot fail, on careful study, also to be convinced of the high scientific importance of philosophical phylogeny. It will suffice to refer to the most important of all our phylogenetically acquired results, to the answer to that question of all questions, the question of "man's place in nature," and of his origin. We have reached by induction a settled conviction of the unity of the vertebrate type; by deduction we infer from this, with the same certainty, that man also, being a true vertebrate animal, is derived from the same type.

MONISTIC PRINCIPLES OF PHYLOGENY.

The main fundamental principles controlling our analysis of the phenomena and our knowledge of their causes are the same in phylogeny as in the other natural sciences, and special reference to their monistic character here will no doubt seem supererogatory. But it is essential, nevertheless, because with respect

to a part of the phenomena to be here investigated, dogmatic and dualistic prejudices and even mystical views are largely upheld. For example, this is true of the problem of archigony,¹ or the original spontaneous generation of life, of the origin of adaptive organisations, of the origin of the psychical life, of the creation of man, etc. Many naturalists still regard these and similar difficult questions of phylogeny as insoluble, or they assume for their explanation supernatural and dualistic dogmas which are totally incompatible with true monistic principle. Especially does that old *teleological* view of the world count to-day numerous adherents which seeks to explain the procedure of phylogenesis from a premeditated "tendency to an end," or by a "plan of adaptive creation," or "phylogenetic vital force," and the like. All these dualistic and vitalistic theories logically lead either to totally obscure mystical dogmas or to the anthropomorphic conception of a personal creator—of a demiurge who sketches, in the manner of a clever architect, "building plans" for his organic creations and afterwards executes them in the style of the different "species." By their very nature these teleological dogmas are utterly incompatible with the accepted mechanical principles of a sound natural science. More than that, they have been rendered entirely superfluous and completely overthrown by the theory of natural selection, which has definitively solved the great riddle of how the adaptive arrangements of organised life could be produced by non-purposefully acting natural mechanical processes. Teleological mechanics has here demonstrated the fact of incessant self-regulation in the historical development of every single organism as also of all organic nature. This purely monistic principle is the philosophical load-star of our phylogeny.

CAUSES OF PHYLOGENESIS.

The import of the stupendous progress which has been made in our comprehension of nature through the establishment of the mechanico-monistic and the refutation of the teleologico-mystical principles, is nowhere more forcibly revealed than in our knowledge of the phylogenetic causes. As such, are recognised to-day only real mechanical, or efficient, causes; all so called teleological or final causes are rejected. Before the discovery of the principle of selection, philosophers fancied they could not get along without final causes; to-day these appear to us not only as useless and uncalled for but as downright misleading. Just as the unbiased investigation of the facts of ethnology has compelled us to give up the paramount idea of a "moral world-order" dominant in history, so the unprejudiced study of phylogeny has forced us to aban-

¹*Archigony*, from two Greek words meaning "primordial origin," here referring to the first spontaneous generation of life as due to natural mechanical causes, and not in the old sense of *generatio equivoca*.

don the idea of a "wise plan of creation" in the organic world. The theory of natural selection has proved that the "struggle for life" is the great unconsciously acting regulator of the evolution of the race, and that in a twofold way: first, as a competitive struggle for the necessities of life; and secondly, as a struggle for existence against foes and dangers of all kinds.

Natural selection exhibits its creative activity in the struggle for existence by means of two physiological functions of organisms—*heredity* (as a constituent aspect of propagation) and *adaptation* (as a change in metabolism and in nutrition). These two "formative functions" (each operating with numerous modifications of activity) are everywhere found acting upon one another—heredity as a conservative, adaptation as a progressive factor. As the most important outcome of that reciprocal action we regard *progressive heredity*, or the "heredity of acquired characters." Use and disuse of organs, change of relation to the external organic world, direct influence of inorganic environments, crossing in sexual propagation, and other mechanical causes, operate incessantly in this process of selection.

CONTINUITY OF PHYLOGENESIS.

Like the historical development of the inorganic earth, so that of the inorganic world of forms is an uninterrupted uniform process. The method of this process is a purely mechanical one, free from all conscious teleological influences, and the mechanical causes of this continuous process have been at all times the same as to-day; only the conditions and relations in which these causes have operated together are subject to a slow and constant change, and this change itself is a consequence of the mechanical cosmogenesis, of the great unconscious developmental process of the All. And these grand monistic principles of continuity and of actualism, of mechanical causality and natural unity, hold just as good for phylogeny as for geology.

In apparent contradiction to these "eternal, rigid, and glorious laws" both the geological process in the order of the sedimentary strata of the earth's crust, and the simultaneous phylogenetic process in the order of the species of its organic inhabitants, show numerous gaps, breaks, and interruptions. Nevertheless, here as there this apparent discontinuity of the historical transmutations rests either upon the incompleteness of our empirical knowledge or upon secondary modifications which have destroyed or obscured the primary conditions.

RELIGION IN JAPAN.

BY C. PFOUNDERS.

JAPAN'S indigenous cultus, known to Occidentals as Shintoism, is a compound of ancestral and hero worship, in which the worthies of myth and legend find a place amongst historical personages. The forefathers

of the imperial family, and not a few of the one hundred and twenty-three Mikados, from Jin-mu to the present, in unbroken line for more than twenty-five and a half centuries, are included. The writer has recently visited the burial place of Jin-mu Ten O and many others.

There are shrines in numerous places throughout the empire, where divine honors are paid to the principal deities of this class by a constant stream of pilgrims.

With the introduction of Chinese literature, came many modifications in Japanese ideas, religion, and politics, as also in their moral philosophy and the art of government; this was no mere servile copying and was effected several centuries before Buddhism gained a footing in the land.

The imperial prince Sho-toku Tai-shi (A. D. 582–621) was a zealous promotor of Buddhism; he originated a movement for the thorough examination and reorganisation of Shintoism, and materially aided in its amalgamation with Buddhism.

Shin may be translated divine spirit, and *to* as path or way.

As the various schools of Buddhist teaching became established in Japan, Aryan ideas on morals, philosophy, metaphysics, etc., percolated through the Turanian strata of the old system, and permeating the life of the people, became closely identified with it.

The philosophy of Lao-tze, and of its later students, the Taoists, crossed to Japan, bringing with it some more recent, and less admirable traits.

With the advent of Europeans in Japan, three centuries ago, another phase was entered on; and notwithstanding the strenuous efforts of the defunct Shogunate, the Tokugana regime, to obliterate Christianity, there remained permanent traces of the infiltration, especially of the efforts of the Roman Catholic, chiefly Jesuit, priests, who had been, for a brief period so successful in proselytising.

During the period in which the country was closed to the outer world, a period of more than two centuries, ingress and egress were equally impossible; the Hollanders were the only medium, and that through official channels.

With the opening of certain ports to foreign trade, which was brought about by Commodore Perry's expedition, commenced a struggle between the people and the officials, between the popular craving for knowledge of the outer world and the official anxiety to check, or at least control and direct all communication between foreigners and natives.

With the collapse of the Shogunate ended this struggle, so far as it was official, and the old prejudices slowly faded away.

Then everything foreign became the fashion; for a time imitation of the foreigner was the craze.

The abolition of the Buddhist religion, at least in its outward form, as also the destruction of the temples, was seriously contemplated. Buddhism was found, however, to be too firmly rooted in the life of the people, to be thus flippantly dealt with. The instigators were a small percentage of inexperienced schoolmen and students with the merest smattering of Western knowledge, and only very superficially educated even according to native ideas in the literature, history, and religion of their country; they were mostly provincial young clansmen.

This was the foreign Christian missionaries' opportunity. A few who had, from a long residence, learned the vernacular, and gained some influence, strove hard to have Christianity officially recognised; and large numbers of missionaries flocked to Japan from Europe and from America.

As residence in the interior was restricted by treaty, the increasing number of missionaries at the treaty ports became a difficulty; and in order to gain access to the interior they offered to teach in the schools, for very little salary, or none at all. The article "foreign teacher" became cheap, and has been, since, a "drug on the market."

Schools were built with the money subscribed in Europe and America; but it is a well-known fact that only a small percentage of the pupils become really converted to Christianity, or rather to one or other of the numerous creeds of the many sects represented; the most zealous natives being those actually in receipt of a salary, or other inducement, or who hope to receive some ultimate material benefit.

A notable result of the activity of, and the competition amongst, the foreign Christian missionaries, was the awakening of the Buddhists from their indifference. A strong outward pressure is now arousing the Buddhist priesthood from their old apathy.

Efforts are being made to increase the number of the preparatory seminaries of the various sects, where the acolytes are trained and drafted for the theological colleges at the chief centres of the sects. As means and circumstances permit, the course of study is being widened and improved in spite of the opposition of the more narrow-minded and bigoted, and in the face of the indifference of those who do not see beyond their own narrow sphere, and whose energy is exhausted in the perfunctory routine service of their own small circle.

Anything like co-operation is at present very difficult, not only between the several sects, but even amongst the sub-sects that are distinguished only by details of church government and minor routine.

Since the writer's arrival in Japan eighteen months

ago, he has been moving about, visiting the principal towns and centres of population, lecturing to the natives in the Buddhist temples, speaking the vernacular, which he learned when visiting the country formerly—viz., in 1863-1865, 1866-1868, 1873-1876. Lecturing and lodging in the temples of the different sects, opportunity has been afforded him of meeting and conversing with the priests and the principal members of their congregations throughout the whole country.

Notwithstanding the national characteristic suspicion and dislike of foreigners by the old people, and the envious and jealous feeling prompting a hostile and discourteous attitude of the younger men, yet in spite of my being an alien there has been, on the whole, much kindly feeling and hospitality shown to me. The criticisms that it is incumbent upon a conscientious lecturer to offer have been received in good part, and my sympathy with the national aspirations has been enthusiastically reciprocated.

The exceptional experience thus gained, has been altogether independent of the medium of an interpreter or go-between.

The writer is of opinion that Buddhism has too firm a grip on the Japanese, as well as other Asiatic peoples, to be lightly set aside; it has entered too completely into their daily home life. In every house there is the family-altar in the principal living-room, whereon are the memorial tablets of forebears and departed relatives. The emotional needs, the sentiments, hopes, and fears, of the present, and of the future, all centre round the Buddhist cult.

In the *Jo-do*—and its offshoot the *Shin-shiu*—the name of the *Amitabha Buddha* is continually invoked; faith in the saving help and power of this personification of the ideal of the illimitable life (immortality) and boundless intellectual illumination (all-permeating, ever-enduring mental light); and hope of re-birth in that purer, happier hereafter over which this Buddha is believed to preside.

The term *Jo-do* is the *Sukhavati* of the Sanskrit, *Shin-shiu* may be translated as *new sect*, but by its followers a character that means "true" is used.

In the Zen (from the Sanskrit *Dhyana*) sect the *Shakya Buddha* is mostly revered, and the principle is "abstract and profound meditation," in fact, "thinking out" the great problem for one's self.

The *Ten-dai* so called from Mount *Tien-tae*, in China, where the chief monastery is situated, teaches from the *Saddharma-pundarika Sutra*, known to Occidentals as "the Lotus of the good Law; and the *Nichiren*, an offshoot, called after its founder, repeats the title of the sutra, in Chino-Japanese, as an invocation. Mysticism enters somewhat into this sect. The *Shin-gon* (in Sanskrit, *Mantra*, or "true words") sect, partakes largely of post-Buddhistic Indian observances

received through China. There is considerable activity now amongst its leaders, and a desire to place it in the van, educationally and otherwise.

There are several other schools, not forming influential separate sects, whose teachings, however, enter, more or less, into all, e. g. the Discipline of the Vinaya division of the canon, and others that take special sutra, such as the Kegon, or Aralam saka sutra, the garland of flowers of the Buddha Shakyamuni's teaching; also several sastra, or later scriptures, discourses, commentaries, and controversies, as between the *Mahayana*, or Major Vehicle, and the *Hinayana* or Minor Vehicle, as well as three of the intermediate or moderate schools.

Thus whilst faith in an exterior saving power largely prevails, the Mahayana, with its salvation open to all, the doctrine of discipline, good works, and even ascetic practice, also enters into Japanese religious theory, though in practice to a limited extent.

The native mind, with a few notable exceptions, is too prone to take the world easily, to enjoy life, and get out of it as much pleasure as is attainable with the least expenditure of physical or mental energy.

The Japanese, as a people, are not at all inclined to take life over seriously, like the sour and prim round-head of old; more of the spirit of the curly-pated rollicking cavalier is in them; and the most popular preacher is he who can enliven a dull subject by a joke, or witicism, and illustrate a difficult question by a humorous story.

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin, here as elsewhere; and the moral lecturer is most effective, if he draws upon the daily life of his audience for his parable's material.

The results of the efforts of the foreign missionaries, are for the most part destructive, rather than constructive; to tell these natives, "that they live in a fool's paradise," is worse than unkindness, unless a more solid structure can be offered, and in such a form that it will be accepted as a full equivalent, as an ample substitute for that swept away. Sympathy for, not hostility to, a creed is the better way to get at it, if we wish to make it better; especially such a creed as Buddhism, with its long history of peaceful conquest, non-oppressive and kindly propaganda, its message of sympathy and hope, which has been the refuge of a large portion of the world's people, in one or another form, and which, if not the oldest, is yet founded upon the most ancient doctrine, and far outnumbers the votaries of any other form of religion.

Has Buddhism a future in Japan and elsewhere?

NOTES.

Mr. C. Pfoundes, the author of the article "Religion in Japan," lectured in the United States, 1876-1877, at Bowdoin, Yale, Boston Art Club, etc., on Japanese affairs, and in London and

Provinces 1879 et seq.; he was elected Fellow of the following and other Societies: Royal Geographical Society, Royal Asiatic Society, Royal Society of Literature, Royal Historical Society, Royal Colonial Institute, and member of Anthropological Society, Society of Arts, Society of Economy and Fine Arts; and also by right of his service as a naval officer to the Royal United Service Institute. Since his arrival in Japan he has been initiated by special ceremony, the first foreigner thus admitted, to the Ten-dai, the Jo-do, and the Shin-gon sects, and to the esoteric arena of the latter, and authorised to wear the insignia of a Buddhist preacher. He also has been presented with medals by a number of Japanese Buddhist societies. About the ceremonies he writes as follows:

1. Ten-dai sect. On Mount Hiye, overlooking Lake Biwa on one side and the city of Kioto on the other, there are numerous temples, and near the summit the Terrace of obligations (Sanskrit, *Sila*) of the *Mahayana*, the major vehicle, the only one in Japan. (There were three of the *Hina* or minor, one remains at Nara.) Here priests of Ten-dai are inducted by special ceremony.

2. *Shin-gon* (Sanskrit, Mantra) or true words. On Mount Koya to the eastward of Nara, are groups of temples of this sect, and the head centre. The second grade, "sprinkling," (Sanskrit, *Abhisheka*) or baptism, called in Japanese *Ji mio kwan jo*, a mystic (esoteric) rite, for preachers and apostles, or missionaries, the grade alone being exclusively for aged bonzes of the sect.

3. The Hi-mitsu basalzu-kai of the Shin-gon. Admission to the Bodhisattva of the esoteric doctrine.

4. The Obligation of the *Jo-do* (pure land). The undefiled paradise presided over by the Amitabha Buddha, whose aid is invoked by the followers of this doctrine of Buddhism.

N. B. Japanese sects and sub-sects may be classified as follows:

1. Zen, from Sanskrit Dhyana, the Contemplative sect.
2. Shin-gon, Mantra, true words.
3. Ten-dai and its offspring, the Nichiren.
4. Jo-do and its offshoot, the *Shin*.

The other schools are of minor importance and their teaching common to all, and do not form separate church-organisations. There are numbers of independent and small groups, but all come under the doctrines of the above named.

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ANIMAL RIGHTS OF PROPERTY.

BY E. P. POWELL.

THE acknowledgement of property rights among animals is as defined as are their habits of thrift. If you have ever been familiar with bees you will have learned, not only that they are curiously industrious, but that their social laws are very distinct as to property. No bee dares to interfere with the products of another's labor. Fifty hives placed alongside include fifty distinct families, without a case of interference. But when there is a famine in the bee-land, a colony will organise a raid; and, rushing out with intense ferocity, will attack another hive, and either kill or be killed. When the invasion is successful, the honey of the destroyed family is carefully transferred to the hive of the robbers. In this case the occupants of the other hives do not interfere, but go on with their daily occupations. The sting of a bee during one of these battles is peculiarly poisonous. I was myself nearly killed by a sting of this sort some years ago. It created a torpor and then an eruption over the whole body. The raids of this sort seem to be recognised by the bees as legitimate under stress of special hunger. But it is also true that the hives assaulted are weak ones, and probabilities are carefully taken into account. The bee-keeper, when a robbery is indicated by a vicious noise, instantly removes the hive that is attacked to a distance. Such wars, it is possible, may have a basis of provocation, hard to detect. But in either case we see that possession of property is recognised as giving a natural right; and that bees will not interfere with the established right, unless driven by extreme hunger, or possibly a cause not discoverable. The exceptions are few and rare. The open hive is slightly guarded; the owners are busy producers, without fear of marauders.

The bee stands in this respect as a fair example of a general acknowledgement of property rights among other creatures. If you have happened to brush against a dwarfed thorn-bush, or other plant on which green aphids are feeding in August, you have most probably been instantly assaulted by a number of ants. These belong to a black variety that in general is extremely peaceable and timorous. But in this one case they rush at you in a state of excitement, and bite

with ferocious malignity. The fact is, you have come upon a bit of private property. These aphidæ are "ant-cows"; and, wherever found, are taken possession of by the ants and very highly prized. A sweet juice exudes from their sides, which the ants eat with avidity. Sometimes the glands are pressed by their mandibles to compel the exudation. These aphidæ are not seldom kept and fed by ants. You have intruded accidentally on ant property and broken ant-law. The severe punishment inflicted would be visited on any creature that had happened in your place. The recognition of property rights is exactly the same as with bees. Robbery is a recognised institution, but its existence establishes the full recognition of the rights of ownership.

Dogs and cats recognise all property as common, until in use, or in *cache*. When a piece of meat is once under a cat's paw, it does not matter that she is the weaker, her right of possession becomes a moral right, and will be recognised. The same is largely true of dogs; but peaceable possession is more often to be determined by a fight. Between dogs and cats the same idea of right holds. I had a curious instance recently; having set down a dish of milk and bread to my collie, she declined to touch it. But, noticing her distaste, I lifted the dish, and set it down before one of the cats, two feet away. The cat no sooner sniffed it than the collie, with an ominous growl, leaped after her property. She did not wish to eat it, but she, for the present, owned it. Even I had no rights over it. Do these domestic animals learn from us these notions of possession as the measure of property? I think not; for we do not hold them of many things. At the table, to be sure, we have a special claim over what has been placed on our plates. We have a special right of a temporary sort to tools in use. Communism is just along the edge of our individualism; but there is clearly a distinct feline sentiment displayed when three cats jump for a single tidbit, and evidently consider it open to all, until the teeth or claw of one is well in the piece of meat; when it is claimed with a defiant growl, and all the rest withdraw quietly, even though stronger.

If you look in your barn-yard for a verification of this principle you will find it greatly modified, or ab-

sent altogether. There is absolute communism in a flock of hens; only the cocks claim property rights. This is asserted, not only over the hens, but over food. The family moves in this case together. Food is grabbed for by each one, without the least consideration of any other. The sick are robbed, and picked, and kicked out of existence. This is the primitive human family in some respects, and seems to show the patriarchal system as fowls would have it. But occasionally individualism manifests itself. I saw a curious case in a small black top-knot hen some years ago. She assumed special rights to go with me into the corn house for rations; and these rights she enforced against much heavier fowls. On one occasion a stout bullying hen seized a mouthful from the tip of the bill of my little black friend. She immediately took in the situation. Retiring behind a wagon-wheel, she watched eagerly that insulting enemy. At last the foe's head came just in line, and quick as a flash the small hen flew out, and gave it a sound kick with both heels, and then, talking proudly, and with a satisfied air, went on with her dinner.

Cows, as near as I can discover, recognise no rights of property whatever, beyond what is enforced by strength; horses do. They are still fully in the communal state, accustomed to feeding at large, wherever pasturage can be secured. They will recognise slightly their own mangers, but have next to no regard for their neighbors' rights. The bull is the only individual. Horses, on the contrary, assert and allow quite a degree of property in possession. I have a very plain, quiet mare who will allow no one to meddle with her oats after they are once inside her stall. But she has her friendships; and some years ago would allow a pet sheep to jump into her manger and eat with her; each taking a mouthful, and then withdrawing the head for the other.

Spencer limits a dog's idea of property to a tangible object, like a coat or hat; but I have carefully tested the capacity of different animals to judge of the limits of my property, and of our associate rights. The dog, the horse, the cat, easily distinguish such property limits. I reside in the middle of nine acres. On some sides the fences have been entirely removed and there are no hedges there. But my horse, allowed to feed loosely about, respects the boundaries; unless tempted by the shortness of home forage. She is capable of temptation, but will course the nine acres, among hedges, gardens, shrubbery, with a degree of knowledge and honesty that is up to the average human. So it is with my collie. She has recognition of every boundary of my property; but never considers the highway in any sense unlike the human conception of it. My neighbor's hound had less intelligent recognition of limits when young, but has learned great

accuracy as to his personal range and the limit of his duties. Who shall say that these creatures never think over these matters? When watching with defiance an intrusion, and resenting it, what is the operation of the dog's brain?

The blunders made in handling data, by as good authorities as Herbert Spencer, are often misleading. Undertaking to base morals on animal actions, he tells us that for a hen which refuses to sit upon eggs we have a feeling of aversion. Suppose Mr. Spencer were informed that we have purposely bred hens to be non-setters; that, economically, it is one of the highest achievements of poulterers to have secured the Leg-horn, who will rarely attend to maternity? Again he says a dog which surrenders its bone to another without a struggle we call a coward, a word of reprobation. Yet I have repeatedly seen animals yielding the possession of acknowledged property evidently from motives very unlike cowardice. I had a cat that would not eat from a dish of milk until its mate was hunted up to eat with him. This was not owing to fear, because it was the stronger of the two. In more cases than one, I have seen cats bring mice or birds to younger cats, not their own kittens. I had a huge Maltese, who did not refuse to let a smaller cat take away some of his prey. This was not fear nor cowardice, but generosity and largeness of spirit. It was not apparently unlike the dog-sentiment that refuses to fight with a smaller animal. But at times the quiet dignity with which he yielded a mouse seemed to say, "I am so much more capable, and able, and strong, I can afford to be taxed for the community." I am not concerned about the ethical laws derived by Mr. Spencer from this presentation of data, but with the animal idea of property alone. I am sure not only of the recognition of property rights, but that these rights of possession are often waived for altruistic and communistic motives. "Justice," as we would term it, gives way to "humanity." The effect of such action on animals and animal life, if it could be conserved and taken advantage of, would be the evolution of advanced animal morals. In fact, we have something of this sort going on: for our admiration of a noble cat or dog is pretty sure to add to its days, while a clawing, selfish creature is equally sure to be hated, and probably killed. The result will not, in all cases, be to secure the survival of the fittest as dogs and cats, but the fittest as companions to human beings. The extent to which this moral selection has gone is shown in the fact that faithless wolves have given us a progeny that is above all faithful. The same is true of other animals.

Communal property underlies and precedes individual property, but it also follows the same. So we shall be exceedingly interested, if we can find among

lower creatures a large degree, or any degree, of associated property rights. Your mind reverts readily to the bees and ants. The storage of the squirrels and beavers is also largely of the same character. But we are not accustomed to look for anything of this kind among larger animals. The cat that gives her mouse away is evidently sympathetic, but does not recognise property as vested in her friend, without gift. A friend of mine tells me of a dog she knew that was peculiarly pugnacious, and especially allowed no other dogs near his kennel. One day he appeared with a very lame dog, which he led to his kennel, and kept there for several days, digging up his *caches* of food, and taking it freely to the invalid. Here is a recognition, as in the previous case of the cat, of a right over and above property possession: the duty of sharing property with the helpless. But this is individualism, and not communism, you say. It is the communistic or socialistic development of individualism. It is sharing, not because all have a common right in the property by nature, but because they have a claim in ethics. This stage of sharing is slowly, very slowly, developed out of and beyond human individualism. Our communal stage was the common trough, common hall, common tools, common land, and in such communism the weaker went to the wall when there was a lack of abundance. Individualism looks forward to a claim of the weaker on our strength, our health, our wealth. It finally defines itself ethically in the Golden Rule. Its god is found in the poorest of our neighbors. Piety is neighborliness. This evolution of individualism is a necessity. A grand individual is grand only in his capacity to share. Socially the better must care for the worse; the stronger for the weaker. Our whole State system as well as Church system moves onward toward humanity, fellowship, unity, co-operation, internationalism, fraternalism. It is not without much pleasure that we find this ethical communism in animals. I have an authenticated report of a gander that took to a blind horse and accompanied him all day, leading him to the best pasturage and to water.

RELIGION IN JAPAN.

BY C. PFOUNDÉS.

Buddhism in Japan is too firmly implanted amongst the vast mass of forty odd millions of people to be lightly brushed away. With experience of official responsibility and the cares of government under the new transient conditions, wiser counsels prevailed; many of the best men of the old régime came into office, and a superior class of clansmen appeared in the van of the restoration, desiring progress and the betterment of their country. The power of the priesthood was felt and recognised, and whilst in politics

their interference was very properly prohibited, the value of their good-will was felt. Mischievous meddling ceased, and the people were left to follow their own inclinations, home or foreign, Shinto or Christian, Buddhist or what not.

Whilst individual foreign missionaries have made friends and gained some influence, yet as a body they are not held in high esteem. Their relations with the foreign colonies at the treaty ports, which consist of persons of many nations and various degrees of education, are not so cordial as to lead the natives to suppose that the class from which missionaries are recruited are held in high respect in their own lands.

At the same time the natives that visit the missionaries see something of foreign domestic life. The tone of the homes, the comfortable houses, the family relations of the Protestant missionaries, all contrast with the comparative wretchedness of the native home life (of the lower classes), and excites the envy of those who cannot imitate it. The missionaries' wives and their female domestics work in the girls' schools, gain some influence, and do some good in teaching the future wives and mothers and in busying themselves with match-making between the young people supposed to be favorably inclined towards Christianity.

With the aid of schools, medical mission work, and other institutions, numbers of foreign missionaries, representing many different sects of Christianity from various parts of Europe and America, still reside, on sufferance, throughout the islands.

"The bread cast upon the waters" does not always return; the seed spread broadcast does not give the harvest desired, more often bearing fruit other than that intended, for the native students have their own ideas and ways of applying what is presented to them.

One result is a reaction and consequent activity amongst the Buddhists, and a growing desire not to be left behind in the competition.

Out of the chaos of indigenous and foreign religious and philosophical literature perused, new ideas arise; no foreigner can foresee the end, and no two Japanese agree as to the ultimate outcome of it all. The "smart" writer or lecturer of the day is followed by another who, in his turn, gains transient notoriety.

The indigenous cultus, Shintoism and Buddhism, as modified by the Japanese during the dozen or more centuries of its existence in the country, are still closely allied and together form a very solid foundation for any superstructure of the future. Buddhism, in its entirety as a system, lends itself readily to the course of events from age to age, so that in the future there is no doubt of its adaptation to the needs, aspirations, and sentiments of the people.

With the proper education of carefully selected aspirants for sacerdotal office, a generation or so would

produce great advances in liberality and would regulate objectionable features to the limbo of oblivion.

There is a special feature of Japanese Buddhism that is unique and of sufficient importance to warrant notice, the more so as it probably forms an important factor of the future.

The *Jodo Shin Shiu* sect, the new Jodo, now called *Shin*, or true, sect, consisting of several branches, the East and West, the Butzukoji, Takada, and Koshoji, with several other smaller sects, include a large percentage of the temples and followers of Buddhism in Japan. Office is practically hereditary; failing male issue, a husband is adopted for the daughter, being almost invariably selected from the same order, to fill vacancies. As numerous progeny is common, many lay-families, well-to-do farmers and traders, by inter-marriage become closely related, and the position of incumbents in the temples of the sect occupy a somewhat parallel social position to the Church of England parson in aristocratic old England, where "blood is thicker than water," and family-ties mean "taking care of Dowb."

Whatever objections there may exist, to a hereditary sacerdotal class, whether from the Asiatic, foreign, Christian, or Buddhist standpoint the facts still remain, that the greater respectability of the Shin-shiu incumbents, their social position, family ties, and consequent greater influence are important points not to be lost sight of.

In other sects, scions of noble lineage, are "settled," and too numerous offspring of those by birth "near the throne," are got rid of and future legitimate offspring checked, by placing these, male and female, in the monasteries of one or other of the celibate sects, a policy that also binds the priesthood of these sects to the reigning dynasty.

In the Shin-shiu the noble offspring of both sexes are adopted into or married to the heads of the sect or sub-sect, thus adding to the prestige thereof; and the children, when numerous, are "settled out" in the principal monasteries, the incumbents thus being linked by family ties.

The personal interest in the temple, the congregation, and the neighborhood is thus very strong, and continuous from parent to child; practical freedom from anxiety as to old age is removed and entire devotion to the sect secured.

The very best results may be hoped in the future from the young men of this sect, notwithstanding its sectarian narrowness and limitations of creed; the very simplicity of which makes it acceptable to the illiterate class of toilers, the laborer, agriculturist, etc., and popular.

The best and truest friends of Buddhism in general, and of this sect in particular, will do well to get

a good knowledge of all the objections that may be advanced against the hereditary system, and to spread it as widely as possible amongst the future incumbents of office, so that one and all may carefully avoid those characteristics that arouse hostile feeling and give ground for antagonistic criticism, all of which readers of *The Open Court* are familiar with. Because a youth is sure to succeed his father upon death or retirement in old age, that is no reason he should be dilatory in his studies; or that he should "give himself" airs as a "person of superior birth," or look upon his position as a sinecure to which it has been his good fortune to be born, and therefore "take things easy" and go through his duties and the routine services in a half-hearted perfunctory spirit.

The sect has established schools; and sent some of its people abroad to study at a very considerable cost. These number among them such well known and scholarly names as B. Nanjio, M. A. Oxon., R. Akamatzu, and many others, through whose efforts the study of Sanskrit is, after many centuries, again being taken up in Japan.

Japan is undoubtedly at present the most important Buddhist centre; and in the future may become to Buddhism what Rome was to Christianity. As Japan has not suffered by foreign conquest as other lands have, Ceylon etc. for instance, the Buddhism received from the mainland still remains intact; the oldest temples still exist; and the teaching is yet unchanged and unalloyed. And as the bonzes are intellectually the superiors of those in other countries and far better taught, we may look upon the future as hopeful if proper attention be given to the education of the youths destined to become the officiating clergy in the temples and homes of the people.

In Japan may be seen "the meeting of the waters" from the east and from the west—the old and the new. Asiatic, Aryan, and Turanian, the European and later the American; education, science, philosophy, and religion.

America, too, has become the common meeting-ground for all the aspirations and ideals of the old civilisation and the progressive practical ideas of the new, as shown in its liberalism in religion and in its recent congresses. The general feeling is, to glean from all, to gather from all sources. The echo, and the counter echoes, east to west, and west to east resound about the globe. And who shall gainsay the truth that we can teach and learn, and impart fresh energy to the old that reciprocates by giving us the old-time wisdom; like ballast for the clipper, so that more canvas may be spread and more rapid progress attained. The platform has been made free to the Asiatic, Buddhist, Hindu, and Mohammedan alike; the pulpit is open to all, and every one who has a mes-

sage to deliver and is competent to set it forth, may do so. And nevermore can platform or pulpit be closed; hereafter it will be the narrow sectarian, the little-minded bigot, the pitiable fanatic alone who shall refuse the open hand of fellowship to all alike. And in the near future the true, liberal Buddhist, when weighed in the balance will not be found wanting.

NAMES.

"What's in a name?"—*Shakespeare*.

"In verbis simus faciles, dummodo conveniamus in re."—*Latin Proverb*.

"In verbis simus difficiles, ut conveniamus in re."—*Latin Proverb*.

ABOUT three months ago, Mr. John Maddock of Minneapolis sent me for publication in *The Open Court* a letter which accidentally remained unnoticed. My attention was only recently called to it by Mr. Maddock's inquiry, whether or not I was willing to publish it. Finding that the letter contains a criticism of an editorial remark made in reply to a former letter of his, I deem it proper, for the sake of justice, to publish this belated rejoinder. The issues raised by Mr. Maddock deserve an elaborate discussion, for they involve principles of great importance.

This is the letter:

"You say, 'Names are not as definite as Mr. Maddock seems to think.' If not, then what are we going to do in order to 'develop Christianity and lead it on in the path of progress'? What form of Christianity must we develop? I can readily understand how you can stand for a religion of science and accept truths expressed by atheism, Buddhism, 'modest agnosticism,' and Christianity, but I fail to see how you can stand for truth and yet be called by another name. How can we 'make it easy to our brothers who are lagging behind to reach truth,' if we indulge in such confusion of words? Our brothers—atheists, agnostics, and unbelievers, so called—though no more so than millions who profess to know—are continually asking, 'What is Christianity?' Now would it not be just for a religion of science to give them a true definition of it, instead of taking the position that names need not be definite?"

"You have had the courage and manliness to launch forth, in this age of conflict, a religion of science with truth for authority; and have been generous enough to invite criticism. How are we going to have 'a correct, complete, invariable, and comprehensive statement of facts,' if different things can be labelled alike? If truth is to be authority, we must have truthful labels for all things. There is a vast difference between allowing all men a right to their own opinions (which I do) and in allowing that all opinions can be labelled as truth. If Christianity is something definite, I cannot, from the position of truth for authority, conscientiously allow a Calvinist to take the name of Christian in a matter of doctrine. Such a one is simply a Calvinist. If some people have forged the name of Christ 'to deceive many,' it is the bounden duty of the assembly of science to expose the fallacy, not to bolster it up. It is a distinction between Christianity and all the isms (that possess the forgery) that this inquiring and demanding age demands, and must have, before there can be further progress. Instead of labelling our brothers 'who are lagging behind' atheists, agnostics, and unbelievers, it is our solemn duty to give them definitions which are clear and comprehensive. I respect-

fully ask, (though it is unpleasant to do so,) does the founder of the religion of science shrink from giving a clear-cut definition of Christianity? Washington must cross the Delaware in this regard. The assembly of science must have a solid place for its feet; it must have a truthful label; it cannot logically stand upon an indefinite definition. It is the absence of a fundamental truth (and this clears every man's skirts of unbelief) which makes the atheist, the agnostic, and the unbeliever possible. The religion of science cannot be a witness for itself. There must be corroboration.

"JOHN MADDOCK.

"P. S.—The 'bruised reeds' must be broken, 'the smoking flax' of this age must be fanned into life, so that truth will shine victoriously.
J. M."

In the editorial note made in No. 369 of *The Open Court* in reply to Mr. Maddock's letter, "The Names of the Disciples of Truth," I said:

"Names are not as definite as Mr. Maddock seems to think,' but I did not say as he paraphrases my opinion:

"Names need not be definite."

For, on the contrary, I believe in making names as definite as possible.

Mr. Maddock challenges me:

"I respectfully ask, (though it is unpleasant to do so,) does the founder of the religion of science shrink from giving a clear-cut definition of Christianity? Washington must cross the Delaware in this regard. The assembly of science must have a solid place for its feet; it must have a truthful label; it cannot logically stand upon an indefinite definition."

Mr. Maddock's request would be in place if I had proclaimed any intention of preaching Christianity; but as I have never attempted to do so, I do not understand why I shall be bound to define it any more than I should define Buddhism, or Confucianism, or anything else. I must confess that I do not understand the pertinence of the question in its relation to the "solid place for the feet of the assembly of science." There are more than three hundred million Christians now living in the world, and it is an impossibility to make them agree on a definition of the essentials of their faith. All I can do is not to take the definition of the majority as binding and allow all of them the freedom of their conscience.

If Mr. Maddock wants to know whether or not I call myself a Christian in the sense in which the name is commonly used, I say "No; I am not a Christian. I am neither a member of any Christian church, nor do I believe that the Christian Scriptures are either the sole or an infallible guide to truth."

Nevertheless, I reserve my right to call myself a Christian, or a Buddhist, or a Freethinker, or anything else, if these various names are not used in a sense that is exclusive. I have no objection to being called a Christian, because certain ideas or habits, commonly regarded as typically Christian, have become part of my soul, provided I may at the same time be entitled to call myself a Buddhist, or a Freethinker, or a Kantian, or an Aristotelian, or what not.

The label which I have adopted for my religion is not Christianity, but the Religion of Science, and I have laid down my definitions without equivocation in editorial articles as well as in other publications, especially *The Primer of Philosophy*, *The Religion of Science*, *Homilies of Science*, and *The Ethical Problem*.

Mr. Maddock's zeal for the name of truth and his hostility toward any other name that might contain either an aspiration after the truth or a pretence of its possession, implies, in my opinion, a great danger—the danger of narrowness. The Religion of Science should be broad, its representatives must be just towards others, and the movement ought to come as a fulfilment of all religious aspirations, not as their destruction.

My whole contention, made in my discussion with Messrs. Martin, Thurtell, and Maddock, has been and is still that the name "Christian" is used in various senses, and the right or wrong usage of the name depends upon the meaning which is attached to it. We have no right to brand a Unitarian who has ceased to believe in miracles and in the Godhead of Jesus as either inconsistent or a hypocrite for calling himself a Christian, because we happen to define Christianity forsooth as "a belief in the supernatural."

Mr. Maddock asks:

"How are we going to have a correct . . . statement of facts, if different things can be labelled alike?"

I do not say that different things *should be* labelled alike, but the fact is they *are* sometimes labelled alike by many different people, and our endeavor must be to understand what people mean. Not the words and names lead to truth, but a right comprehension. Nothing is gained by calling ourselves disciples of Truth, or adherents of the Religion of Science, if we do not know what truth is and how it can be acquired. Nor is any harm done by calling ourselves disciples of Christ, Buddha, Plato, or anybody else, if we trust that our selected master represents and teaches the truth—unvarnished and pure. A Calvinist calls himself a Christian, because he trusts not only that Calvin's interpretation of Christianity is correct but also that Christianity is the truth. Why shall we not give credit for honest intentions to people who differ from us.

When I meet old-fashioned orthodox Christians I always have trouble in convincing them that Freethinkers are honest about their convictions; and when I meet Freethinkers I again find a deep-seated suspicion that all religious people are hypocrites. I wish to state here for the benefit of Freethinkers that I have not as yet met a serious Christian who did not honestly believe his sectarian conception of Christianity to be the truth.

So much about the unequivocal right of everybody to call himself a Christian or a Mohammedan, as he

thinks best, and to define his creed by stating what he regards as its most essential doctrine.

Our own advice for the use of names is to employ them appropriately as the case may be but always in such a way that no ambiguity can arise. The word "Christian" as defined by the dictionaries means:

1. "A believer in and follower of Jesus Christ; a member of a Christian Church.
2. "One who exemplifies in his life the teachings of Christ.
3. "A member of a nation which as a whole has adopted some form of Christianity.
4. "A civilised human being as distinguished from a savage or a brute" [Colloq., Eng.].¹

Such are the commonly adopted definitions of the word Christian. Mr. Maddock is no Christian according to definition 1, but he is unequivocally a Christian according to definition 3. I grant that definition 4 is an imposition, which, however, is not without a flavor of humor.

When the pious monk in Lessing's grand drama "Nathan the Wise" hears the story of the Jew, he claims:

"Nathan, you are a Christian."

And Nathan very appropriately replies:

"That which makes me to you a Christian, makes you to me a Jew."

Subhadra Bhikshu, the author of a Buddhist Catechism, writes:

"Whoever lives according to the Buddha doctrine is a Buddhist whether or not he belongs to a Buddhist congregation."

Who will deny that what to the Buddhist is specifically Buddhistic, to the Jew, Jewish, and to the Christian, Christian, is much more alike than most of them imagine?

To properly define Christianity and to distinguish the essential from the accidental is a task which has been done over and over again by every generation, and to give a fair exposition of the red thread which connects all the various definitions and of the causes which govern their changes, would be to write a history of Christianity. The language which we use is not made by us, by you or by me, or by any single man; but it is inherited, and the usage of names is but one small part of language. The name Christian has not been chosen by the various individual Christians of to-day, but has been received by tradition. The first Christians called themselves "disciples," by which name they meant nothing short of what Mr. Maddock calls "disciples of truth." The name Christian, first used in Antioch (Acts xi, 26), was a nickname which was proudly adopted, as the outlawed Dutch when rebelling against Spanish oppression accepted the contemptuous name *Gueuses* (beggars), or as freethinkers of to-day call themselves infidels (the faithless). Every Christian philosopher has tried his hand at the

¹ See *Century Dictionary*, p. 985, s. v. Christian.

problem of what constitutes the fundamental truth that called Christianity into existence, and their endeavors together with the changes they wrought in the minds of the Christian peoples are the material of what we call the evolution of Christianity. Any one who takes the trouble to study the history of Christianity will find that it has grown and developed as a child does from infancy into boyhood and youth; that there is a continued aspiration which is a yearning for truth with definite moral ideals, such as an all-comprehensive charity including the love of enemies and a readiness of resigning personal ambition and worldly pleasures. This evolution of Christianity is not as yet at an end but continues. The truth is, the same evolution takes place in all other religions, and all of them develop with more or less consciousness of their aim toward the common goal of a Religion of Science.

Herder, himself a prominent Christian clergyman in Germany (he was Superintendent-General of the Lutheran Church in the Duchy of Saxe-Weimar), said of Christianity in his "Ideas for the History of Mankind" that it appeared at once with the pretension of being a cosmic religion, but contained at the time of its origin many ingredients which had to be discarded. It went slowly through all the stages of childhood, barbarism, idolatry, and sensuality, it became more and more matured, but we have as yet seen only the beginning of its career. He says:

"The doctrine of Christianity must become like a clear stream, which precipitates and deposits all those national and particular opinions which cling to it like sediments held in its waters. Thus the first Apostles of Christianity dropped their Jewish prejudices when they prepared the idea of the Gospel for all the nations; and this purification of Christianity *must be continued* in this century. Many forms have been broken; others will have to go too, not through external violence but through an inner thriving germ."

What is commonly called the Christian civilisation is the sum total of the culture produced by those nations who have adopted Christianity and recognise Jesus Christ as their teacher and moral authority. Mr. Maddock is as much as I myself and all freethinkers a product of this so-called Christian civilisation, and we can as little cut loose from it as from our physical ancestry. We cannot begin the world over again but must continue the work of the civilisation at the point on which we stand. It will be wise to mind the lesson of Goethe's poem, who, on analysing his own personality, finds that personality consists of tradition. He says:

"Would from tradition free myself,
Original I'd be!
Yet great the undertaking is
And trouble it heaps on me.

"Were I indigenous, I should
Consider the honor high,
But strange enough! it is the truth,
Tradition myself am I."

Christianity contains still great possibilities, and I for one am not as yet prepared to regard it as dead simply because it does not grow with the rapidity which Mr. Maddock's and my own impatience requires. If I see Christians endeavoring to purify their Christianity, I do not feel that their undertaking is hopeless because, as some freethinkers think, Christianity is in its very nature bigotry and superstition, but I tell them what their Christianity must be in order to be the Religion of Truth. I tell them, to denounce science is irreligious, for science is the method of finding the truth; science is holy, and if there is any revelation that is trustworthy, it is the revelation of science.

When Mr. Maddock asks, "What forms of Christianity must we develop?" I reply, "We must encourage all aspirations of scientific inquiry. The light of science will purify Christianity, for science is the furnace in which the ore is melted, so as to separate the dross of error from the pure gold of truth; and I hope that Mr. Maddock is not blind to the facts, first, that Christianity contains many seeds of truth and noble aspirations, and, secondly, that there are innumerable Christians who search for the truth in an honest spirit, and they will find it. I only remind the reader of the noble-hearted band of scholars who represent what is commonly called the Higher Bible Criticism. If some searchers for truth express the truth in the language which tradition imposes upon them, while others break loose from tradition and declare that they can no longer call themselves Christians, who will blame them? Not I, for one.

The two Latin maxims which are placed as mottoes at the head of this article seem to contradict one another, and yet they are both good rules, and it is quite possible to obey both at the same time. The one is: *In verbis simus faciles dummodo conveniamus in re*. The other: *In verbis simus difficiles, ut conveniamus in re*. In English: "Don't let us quarrel about words if we but agree in substance," and "Let us carefully weigh our words, so that in the end we may agree in substance."

These two maxims are good principles to guide us in our investigation of truth and in the comparison of our own views with those of others. On the one hand, we must be scrupulously exact when defining the words which we use and also when recapitulating or discussing the propositions of others; we must never lose sight of the meaning which the speaker intends to convey. On the other hand, we must not be sticklers for words, or peculiar definitions of words; for very frequently those who use the same words agree by no means as to the substance of their respective propositions, while others, whose nomenclature or methods of presentation varies, may very well be of the same

opinion, and would at once join hands, if each one took the trouble to translate the other's modes of speech into his own language.

P. C.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD attributes the triumph of the Japanese in the present war to their religion. The *Chicago Evening Journal* quotes from an article of his in the *Chautauquan* the following passage:

"Sir Edwin Arnold attributes the triumph of Japan to her religion. In the fortunes of the present war the world beholds—if it will look deeper than to what satisfies shallow critics—the immense significance of leading national ideas. We have suddenly found ourselves gazing upon a prodigious collision between powers founded on Confucianism and Buddhism respectively—since behind the disgraceful defeat of the troops and ships of Peking are the unspirituality, narrowness, and selfishness of the old agnostic's philosophy; while behind the success of Japan are the glad and lofty tenets of a modified Buddhist metaphysic, which has mingled with Shintoism to breed reverence for the past, to inculcate and to produce patriotism, loyalty, fearlessness of death, with happiness in life, and above all, self-respect. It is this last quality which is the central characteristic of the Japanese men and women, and round about which grow up what those who do not love the gentle and gallant race called "vanity," and many other foibles and faults. Self-respect, which Buddhism teaches to every one, and which Confucius never taught, makes the Japanese as a nation keep their personal honor—except perhaps in business affairs—as clean as they keep their bodies; and has helped to give them the placid and polite life, full of grace, of charm, and of refinement, which contrasts so strongly with the ill-regulated, struggling existence of the average Chinese. Self respect:—*mizukara omonosuru*—has also largely given them their brilliant victories of this year; that temper of high manhood which Confucianism has taken away, by its cold and changeless disbeliefs, from the otherwise capable, clever and indefatigable Chinamen.

"In a word, the picture passing before our eyes of unbroken success on one side and helpless feebleness and failure on the other—which was numerically the stronger—is a lesson for the West as well as the beginning of a new era in the East. It teaches trumpet-tongued, how nations depend upon the inner national life, as the individual does upon his personal vitality."

The doctrine of anatman which is the denial of the metaphysical soul-entity naturally makes mankind readier to accept new ideas. In peace it favors progress and in war it makes men more courageous.

CORRESPONDENCE.

INDIA AND JAPAN.

To the Editor of *The Open Court*:

I read with great pleasure Mr. Nobuta Kishimoto's letter relating to the present war between Japan and China, published in your *Open Court*, Nov. 1. We Hindus are taking great interest in the affairs of Japan—the Great Britain of Asia. The progress the Japanese nation has made, in so short a time, is quite startling. The Japanese people has set one of the grandest lessons to the world in the history of civilisation in this, their present war. We are eager to learn something more about their history of national progress than what we have already learned from stray newspaper articles. The people here greatly appreciated Mr. Kishimoto's articles on Buddhism which appeared from time to time in *The Open Court*. We Hindus take great interest in Japan's national improvement, we admire them, and our sympathies are

with them in this present war; and we eagerly look into the daily papers for fresh news. There is no paper in India which is not admiring the Japanese.

KEDARNATH BASU.

BOOK NOTICES.

We have recently received reprints of two interesting articles by M. F. Picavet, entitled *The Experimental Science of the Thirteenth Century in the Occident* (republished from the *Moyen Age*, Paris, Emile Bouillon, 67 Rue de Richelieu, 8 pages) and *M. Theodule Ribot in the Contemporary French Philosopher series* (from the *Revue Bleue*, Paris, 19 Rue des Saints-Pères, pages 23). The former is a *résumé* with comments, of M. Berthelot's recent works on the history of Alchemy. The thirteenth century was as important, says M. Picavet, in the history of science as in that of theology and philosophy, continuing without interruption the Renaissance of the ninth century. With the meagre materials received from Greek, Latin, Byzantine, and Arabian sources, it constructed a grand philosophy competent to rescue a theology attacked from all quarters; it produced the manual arts which reached such perfection in the cathedrals and town halls; it created the statues, the tapestries and the other marvellous works of art so well known to us. Leonardo of Pisa went further in arithmetic and algebra than Diophantus and was only surpassed by Fermat four centuries later. In the experimental sciences Roger Bacon did not stand alone, but a whole school of alchemists flourished contemporaneously with him. The works of these men are not by any means the mere drivel of charlatans but in many instances give indications of real scientific methods pursuing right ends. Listen to this statement from Geber's *Summa perfectionis magisterii*: "It is not we who produce these effects but Nature; we simply dispose the materials and the conditions; she acts of her own accord, we are merely her ministers." To these Western alchemists we owe our knowledge of alcohol, nitric acid, vitriol, aqua regia. In this special field the West became a source of knowledge even for the Greek Orient.—The second pamphlet, on M. Ribot, is a biography and sketch of the intellectual career of the famous psychologist. Probably this is the only obtainable account of M. Ribot's activity, and should be consulted by readers interested in his works. μ .

THE OPEN COURT

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WOMAN IN RECENT FICTION.

BY WILLIAM M. SALTER.

The Heavenly Twins and *Tribby* bring up difficult and delicate questions. I can well understand the shrinking of those who would prefer not to deal with them. And yet if there are certain things that are true, certain thoughts which men and women ought to have, and if, for lack of utterance, the world is more or less ignorant, misguided, and suffers—then there is a certain virtue in speaking plainly, so be the speaker is clean and pure in heart.

It is well, at times, to be frank. Our object in life should not be to get through with as little pain as possible, but to do our duty. We may not talk about some things, we may wish to be ignorant of them—but unfortunately that does not make them any less existent, and not noticing them may be only giving them leave to grow more rankly in the dark. Is it the highest ideal of womanhood to have no knowledge of what is bad and impure, to live in some other world than this actual one, to have no hand in its contests because of their dust and heat? Is it even the highest ideal of sainthood to live this peaceful, protected existence? I am afraid that there is a kind of moral Epicurism, and that what the author of *The Heavenly Twins* says of certain "gentle mannered, pure-minded women" is not unjustified.

"They kept their tempers even and unruffled by never allowing themselves to think or know . . . anything that is evil of anybody. . . . They seemed to think that by ignoring the existence of sin, by refusing to obtain any knowledge of it, they somehow helped to check it; and they could not have conceived that their attitude made it safe to sin, so that when they refused to know and to resist, they were actually countenancing evil and encouraging it."

And hence, she adds, "the kind of Christian charity from which they suffered was a vice in itself."

Both these books deal plainly and unequivocally with a kind of evil, a type of character, the mention of which is ordinarily shunned. In the one case it is a man, in the other a woman. And yet in *The Heavenly Twins* it is the estimate and treatment of the man by a serious woman that is the central object of interest. Let us consider this book first. One need not admire it altogether to find its treatment of this theme

brave, strong, and in a high sense womanly. I do not speak of it from a literary standpoint. I am free to confess it is of unpardonable length, and I could hardly in conscience ask any friend to read it all. I do not admire the twins, after whom the book is named, and which, to my mind, would have been better without them; they seem impossible creatures, hardly even "the natural consequence of an unnatural state of things" (to quote an apology once made for them)—and the most charitable interpretation of their fantastical tricks and speeches is that they were the true children of their poor father, who never quite knew, not what to say, but "what not to say." The author, too, gives us occasionally some rather foolish, one-sided generalisations about men; she is sarcastic, a little spiteful, and even peevish at times; sometimes in contemplating her pictures of fashionable society, we have a little the feeling which Heine once expressed in his characteristic manner, "all the world's a hospital, and all the men and women merely patients." Then it must be confessed that she strikes rather a high key at times in speaking of woman. The spirit of God has been transferred from priests to women, she appears to think. "The truth has all along been in us," she has said since in a magazine article;¹ and, then again, blending the old and the new ideas with charming ingenuity, "it is the woman's place and pride and pleasure to teach the child, and man morally is in his infancy." "It is for us," she roundly declares, "to set the human household in order," and (as if to prepare us for the unexpected) "we are bound to raise the dust while we are at work." And yet who can take offence at this audacity when it is shown in so unselfish a cause? And in all seriousness, who will not allow for exaggerations and overstatements in a youthful writer who has other marks of sterling worth?

It is an honest moral nature Sarah Grand reveals in this book of hers. She has positive ideas of right and wrong. She is incapable, as she once says of one of her characters, of the confusion of mind or laxity of conscience, which denies, on the one hand, that wrong may be pleasant in the doing, or claims, on the other, with equal untruth, that because it is pleasant it must be, if not exactly right, at all events excusable. It is

¹ *North American Review*, March, 1894.

refreshing, in these days when the moral consciousness is often blurred, and the difference between vice and virtue reduced to a vanishing point, to have the homely, old-fashioned truth repeated. She is evidently a person like her heroine, who loves purity and truth, and loathes degradation and vice. Once there comes from her a noble statement as to the moral content of the religion of the future. It must be a thing, she says, about which there can be no doubt, and there are only the great moral truths, perceived since the beginning of thought, but hard to hold as principles of action, because the higher faculties to which they appeal are of slower growth than the lower ones which they should control—it is in these, the infinite truths, known to Buddha, reflected by Plato, preached by Christ, undoubted, undisputed, even by the spirit of evil, that religion must consist, and is steadily growing to consist, while the questionable man-made gauds of sensuous service are gradually being set aside.

The ideal of a husband which Sarah Grand presents, is a man whom a woman can reverence and respect from end to end of his career, especially in regard to his relations with her own sex. The key-note of her book is struck in this passage from her heroine's note-book, written after reading those novels which she had heard her father declare "true to life in every particular and for all time"—*Roderick Random* and *Tom Jones*. It is particularly *à propos* of the latter.

"Another young man, steeped in vice, although acquainted with virtue. He also marries a spotless heroine. Such men marrying are a danger to the community at large. The two books taken together show well the self-interest and injustice of men, the fatal ignorance and slavish apathy of women; and it may be good to know these things, but it is not agreeable."

This passage gives us the secret of her character and of her subsequent history. Evadne—this is the heroine's name—is not advanced or masculine or peculiar in any way, save in being thoughtful. She has rather a dread of "peculiar views" or of "views" of any kind; she does not wish to be out of sympathy with her fellow-creatures and have them look suspiciously at her—she would rather even share their ignorance and conceit and be sociable, she says, than find herself isolated by a superiority, however real. Her mother writes to a friend that Evadne has never caused her a moment's anxiety in her life, except such as every mother must feel for a daughter's health and happiness; she speaks of the careful education Evadne has received, of the way the girl's father has devoted himself to the task of influencing her in the right direction in matters of opinion, of her deeply religious disposition, of the further fact that she is perfectly innocent, at eighteen knowing nothing of the world and its wickedness, and is therefore eminently qualified to make somebody an excellent wife. The only trouble

about Evadne, from a conventional point of view, is, we may say, that she has done a little thinking and studying for herself, an evidence of which we see in the passage from her note-book which I have already quoted. It was her habit, the author tells us, to take everything *au grand sérieux*, and when other people were laughing she would be gravely observant as if she were solving a problem. She was not a great reader, but a good one. She was told by her father that women were apt to be inaccurate, and she tried to have distinct accurate ideas of whatever subject she took up. She studied science, and anatomy and physiology, and, possessing a mind of purity as well as of strength, she was never corrupted but only enlightened by what she read. A proper, conventional, reverential, yet withal serious minded and not wholly ignorant English girl of the upper middle-class—such is the portrait which the author draws.

And now the incidents of her career, her history, begin. She was susceptible to beauty, whether in nature or in the ritual of the Anglican Church, and by her constant and devout attendance at a little church not far from her home, attracts the attention and the more than friendly interest of its young celibate priest,—but she could not marry him: that would have seemed a sort of sacrilege to her reverential eyes at the time. And then a man appears on the scene to whom she feels that she might give herself. She had, indeed, before this made her future husband a subject of prayer, and with delightful naïveté (which shows plainly enough how slightly "emancipated" she was) had asked for some sign by which she should know him. He is a handsome Major, with taking manners—and withal a good churchman, never missing a service. Her mother tells a friend that she is quite in love with him herself—adding, "He was rather wild as a young man, but he has been quite frank about all that to my husband, and there is nothing now we can object to." In the midst of the joy that has come to her, Evadne is not without her serious thoughts and one day she asks her father if he considers him in every way a suitable husband for her. "In all respects, my dear," he answered heartily. "He is a very fine, manly fellow." "There was nothing in his past life to which I should object?" she ventured timidly. "Oh, nothing, nothing," he assured her. "He has been perfectly satisfactory about himself, and I am satisfied that he will make you an excellent husband." And so, trusting in this equivocal assurance—which, of course, meant only one thing to her, while covering something very different in her father's mind—she with a glad and unsuspecting heart married him.

Then comes the revelation. Before she leaves the house after the ceremony, she learns by a letter that was delayed in reaching her of his disreputable past

life. She leaves the house with him, pale, with set lips, and at the station, while he is off for a moment making an inquiry, she gets into a hansom—and drives off. It is a woman stung by the imposition that has been practised on her—a woman, a wife (if you will) in revolt.

I have described the situation at such length, that it may be clearly before our eyes. How plainly it is a problem in ethics! And how feeble are the ordinary notions with respect to it. The father storms and threatens the lunatic asylum or the law. Later on he laughs at the idea of her wanting a "Christ-like" man for a husband. The mother, true to her mother's heart, says she must go to her, but, being forbidden that by her husband, writes to her as her "poor misguided child" and entreats her to return to her right state of mind at once. "I don't deny that there *were* things in George's past life," she wrote, "which it is very sad to think of, but women have always much to bear. It is our *cross*, and you must take up yours patiently and be sure that you will have your reward." And then she berates her daughter's informant and says she could see her *whipped* for destroying such bright prospects of happiness. How pitiful, how shallow such judgments are—and yet after all, I fear, how common! Even her aunt, in whose house she finds a loving refuge, can only say, "Don't make me think of it. . . . If I ever let myself dwell on the horrible depravity that goes on unchecked, the depravity which you say we women license by ignoring it when we should face and unmask it, I should go out of my mind. I do know—we all know; how can we live and not know? But we don't think about it—we can't—we dare'nt"—and so her recourse is to turn the mind away and keep it filled forever with holy and beautiful thoughts.

In contrast with all this evasion and rage, how straightforward, how calm, how dignified, how, in the great sense, womanly, was Evadne's attitude! She went off, not to run away, but to think. Should it be strange and wonderful to us that a woman should have some sense of the dignity of her own being and what was due to it? I was once acquainted with a man of whom it used to be said that he did not even know when he was insulted. If we do not find such a lack of a sense of one's own significance admirable in a man, is it really any more admirable in a woman? Is self-effacement her true policy, bearing, brooking, enduring all things—and is self-development, self-expansion, the peculiar privilege of man? What chivalrous man will say so? Is woman not human? Has she not the common ends and rights of humanity? If man may rebel, may not she? If she is wronged, shall she not feel it, resent it? Is she bound to bear the cross any more than he—especially when it is a cross of his

manufacture? For myself, I admire absolutely Evadne's attitude in this stage of her history. She is not anxious after a "second-hand sort of man." It does not exactly appeal to her either, a young inexperienced woman, when she is told that it is her duty to reform the man she has ignorantly married. She thinks such cases are for the clergy, who have both experience and authority, and not for young wives to tackle. She asks her mother whether she would counsel a son of hers to marry a society woman of the same character her husband has turned out to be for the purpose of reforming her, and dares to add that a woman's soul is every bit as precious as a man's. And so she refuses to sacrifice herself. She thinks she sees that the world is not a bit better for centuries of self-sacrifice on woman's part, and proposes now to sacrifice the man instead of the woman. No, the word "submit," she once declares, "is of no use to me. Mine is *rebel*." It seems to me that those who dare to rebel in every age are they who make life possible for those whom temperament compels to submit. It is the rebels who extend the boundaries of right little by little, narrowing the confines of wrong, and crowding it out of existence." To my mind, truer words were never spoken.

I must pass over briefly the later stages in Evadne's history. But the one of which I have already spoken is the most significant one in the book. She does indeed, owing to her mother's imploring entreaty, consent to live in the same house with her husband, but not as his wife. She conforms thus to outward standards of respectability. Once, later on, there may be a question whether she was not too determined in her unwillingness to accept him¹—as to this, opinions will differ; but he himself bore the same loose character up to this time and after. She *was* weak enough to promise him never to take any part publicly in any question of the day—and for this was cramped into a narrow groove and condemned to a sort of neutral existence, which took the life and spirit out of her. There is a pathetic and indeed tragic interest in her later life. She became the "type of a woman wasted"—and makes us realise what a serious world it is we live in, and what a power our own and others' acts have in determining our fate. The inspiring part of her life is the first part—and I could wish that every woman and every man, yes, particularly every man, should read, say the first hundred or hundred and fifty pages of the book. Their lesson cannot be forgotten, and it is a lesson that men need. If a man does not get a new respect for woman, even if it be coupled with a new shame over himself, I am greatly mistaken. And woman? Once Evadne and her husband have a frank interchange of thought—(for he is by no means a brute, but just like a hundred other men). "Did

¹ Book III, chap. 14.

it never occur to you that a woman has her ideal as well as a man?" she said: "that she loves purity and truth, and loathes degradation and vice more than a man does?" "Theoretically, yes," he answered; "but you find practically that women will marry any one. If they were more particular, we should be more particular, too." That is a part of the lesson of this brave book, and so it is a book for women as well.

When we turn to *Trilby*, we meet a different problem altogether. And since the book has been so much more widely read, and is still fresh in everybody's mind, I can, perhaps, proceed to speak directly of the issues involved in it. Everybody is charmed by the book, and yet some good people seem to be afraid of it. They think, for instance, that a glamour is thrown over artist life in Paris that is apt to be dangerous. One wise critic says that no high-spirited girl would fail to be captivated by the bewitching picture of Bohemian life in *Trilby* and to wish to start off and establish herself in just such a circle, where only wit, generosity, and artistic tastes (the emphasis is evidently on "only" and means these things and *not* morals) are necessary to good fellowship.¹ But "bless you, good madam," I am tempted to say, "have you not read the book carefully enough to see that the artists we really love in it (or, indeed, know much of anything about) not only nowise lead immoral lives, but that one of them is fairly shocked even at the heroine's sitting as a model for the nude, and that she herself never alludes to the real immorality of her past, save in a confession of shame, and that this and all the other references to it in the book would hardly cover more than two or three out of the over four hundred pages?" How can a picture of pure, clean, honorable men throw a dangerous glamour over anybody or anything?

The fact is, the charm—at least, the moral charm and beauty—of the book is in the story of the power of three good men to redeem and lift up and transform a woman who had gone astray. And this is accomplished not on set purpose, not by preaching, much less by cant, but by the simple force of their manliness, their truth, and their good-will, by the silent unconscious influence of their personality. "You have changed me into another person—you and Sandy and Little Billee," she wrote to Taffy, as she was taking herself off in pursuance of her promise never to see Little Billee again; here I find the great lesson of the book—and this whether Du Maurier meant there should be any lesson or not. At first a careless, thoughtless, winning, friendly, happy-go-lucky creature, doing what she knew to be wrong at times and yet not deeply affected by it; and at last, awakened, conscious of herself, conscious of her person and of

shame as she had never been before, conscious and bitterly repentant of her wrong-doing in the past, and making no excuse for it, unwilling even to smoke her innocent little cigarettes any more, they reminded her so of things and scenes she now hated—a new, transformed woman. Of course, if our code of morals is that, if a woman commits a certain sin she is absolutely and forever lost, then must *Trilby* seem an immoral book to us; but if we believe that no one act can damn a man, or a woman either, that there are possibilities of good even in the worst—and surely then in those who are short of that dread extreme—in a word, if we look on men and women in a humane, great minded way, or as Jesus did, then must this story of an awakening and deepening of the moral nature in a careless girl not only charm us by the fascinating way, the artlessness which is itself art, in which it is told, but move us, inspire us, and edify us as well.

For myself, I see no blurring of moral issues in the book. If *Trilby's* wrong-doing does not, perchance, seem to us at times to be treated by Du Maurier with quite the seriousness it deserves, this is only in keeping with the lightness of his touch in dealing with every subject—love and life and even death included; it does not mean that while other things are grave, this is not grave, in his eyes.

"A little work, a little play
To keep us going—and so, good day!

A little warmth, a little light
Of love's bestowing—and so, good night!

A little fun, to match the sorrow
Of each day's growing—and so good morrow!

A little trust that when we die
We reap our sowing! and so, good-bye!"

In these exquisite lines that close the book what lightness of touch! What playfulness almost, even in dealing with the last and gravest theme! And yet who will deny the gravity of thought behind the bantering manner? Must a man *tell* us he is serious to make us credit the possibility of his being so? Little Billee's analysis or divination of *Trilby* at the outset was, it must be remembered, a well of sweetness, somewhere in the midst of it the very heart of compassion, generosity, and warm sisterly love, and under that—alas! at the bottom of all—a thin, slimy layer of sorrow and shame. One thing is not the same as another, bad is not good, any more than good is bad, in his eyes. The glory of Little Billee and of any great moral nature, of one who does not with one sin cover and blot out a whole character, is that he sees the good with the bad, that he is not a poor, blind bigot, that he loves what is lovely even though there be other unlovable things that he does not love at all. Nor was *Trilby's* thought of herself really confused or uncertain. One critic says that she is pictured as a

¹ K. U. C. in *Outlook*, Oct. 6, 1894.

person who "has lost her virtue and yet retains her innocence," that the story is one "of a pure soul untainted by a polluted life"¹—something of course, confusing and dangerous. But the critic is mistaken. She is not a *Naturkind*, knowing not good and evil. She says in so many words writing to the Laird, "It makes me almost die of shame and misery to think of it; for that's not like sitting. I knew how wrong it was all along—and there's no excuse for me, none." The fact is that such critics have not observed; it is so surprising to find even the mention of a forbidden theme in a respectable English novel, that they think of nothing else and have not even attended to the exact way in which it is mentioned.

Do you mean then, I may be asked, that a woman can sin and be forgiven, forgiven not only to go to heaven or into a nunnery, but forgiven so as to be good for something on the earth? Yes, that is just what I mean. Are not men forgiven for lapses from virtue? And shall we say, women cannot be? Strange, is it not, that women themselves are most prone to say so, that sisterly charity is sometimes the last thing they think of—that they will pardon their *brothers* and yet are only too ready to leave their own sex out in the cold! Little Billee's mother would not forgive Trilby for any practical purpose such as he had in mind, the clergyman would not—this is the tone of the world and of the religion that has been captured by the world. And across it all and athwart it all comes the indignant cry of Little Billee, "What a shame, what a hideous shame it is that there should be one law for the woman and another for the man!" For myself I think it would have offended nothing but conventional standards if Little Billee had married Trilby—and I can see no benefit for Trilby or Little Billee or his mother or anybody in his mother's interference. Dear, well-meaning woman that she was—no one can upbraid her; and yet the best intentions, if they do not accord with right and justice, do not save us or keep us from working injury in the world. Two lives irrevocably blighted—such was the result of her misguided motherly zeal. "Everything seems to have gone wrong with me," Trilby writes in her last sad letter to Talfy, "and it can't be righted"—which does not mean that she was in the least sorry for her great act of renunciation or had any idea that in the circumstances she had done more than her duty. She seems rather to give another instance of that moving "to choose sublimer pain" of which George Eliot wrote—and to show that in those quarters where we least expect it there are those transcendent possibilities that make humanity potentially divine. And Little Billee was never thereafter the same. He was pleasant and sweet to live with, but never the same. He dies prematurely.

¹ *The Outlook* (editorial).

She does the same—after having fallen a prey to the weird influence of Svengali. There is as much that is sad as glad in the book. It is partly the sadness of the tangle of things—and yet in how great measure the result of mischievous interference, of sacrificing the great moralities of life for the small, of immolating love on the altar of convention! Ah, to put away the false gods and to find the true ones in this uncertain world, to have the gift to find

"Where real right doth lie,
And dare to take the side that seems
Wrong to man's blindfold eye,"

to have the instinct that can tell

"That God is on the field when He
Is most invisible!"

I think Du Maurier's book will be a contribution to the moral illumination of man, that all who read it (unless they read with bandaged eyes) will see some things more clearly thereafter than they did before.

And so whether we consider one book or the other, I do not think our thoughts of women will be lowered by them. One shows us woman in honorable rebellion; the other reveals possibilities in woman where they would ordinarily be discredited. Both really enlarge woman and make her more sacred in our eyes.

PROFESSOR GREEN'S BRIDGE.¹

BY GEORGE M. MCCRIE.

DR. CARUS calls Professor Green's opinion *re* the Oxford Bridge "a conundrum," asking what the Professor understands by a bridge, whether "the sense-image which appears in the eye, . . . or that objective something, the presence of which is indicated in the vision of the bridge." This query affords, I think, a very fair example of that vicious duplication of the objective, which subject-objectivity always involves. There is really—for each person—but *one* bridge—the bridge each one sees and has it in his power to cross. But it would seem that, according to the editor of *The Open Court*, there are for each person two bridges. First, there is the bridge of the sense-image appearing in the eye yet seen to lie [where it is not] "outside the body"—and second, "that objective something, the presence of which is indicated in the vision of the bridge." What the "objective something" is, I cannot understand. If it be the actual bridge, then the "sense-image" is clearly superfluous. If it be not the actual bridge, what then is it?

For my own part, and as a monist, I prefer to go direct to the bridge—*my* bridge, and mine only—in something of the same sense as the rainbow which I view is mine alone, inasmuch as, owing to my position as observer, no one else can see it at the same, but at

¹ Cf. the editorial criticism following my article "The Barriers of Personality" (*The Open Court*, No. 371, p. 4239, and No. 371, p. 4243.)

a necessarily different angle. Self, again, is not the liminary bodily organism, it is the bodily organism *plus* everything cognised by it, which is everything. That we may not step out of this enclosure, is self-evident.

RAINBOWS AND BRIDGES.

A FEW days after the publication of Mr. George M. McCrie's article we received an additional note, which we take pleasure in presenting to our readers, under the title "Professor Green's Bridge."

Professor Green's problem is a conundrum so long as the meaning of the term "bridge" remains undefined. If we understand by bridge, in analogy with the many-colored rainbow, the sense-perceived image only and not the objective thing, no one will question the propriety of saying that every one who looks at the bridge has a bridge of his own. Every spectator has a rainbow of his own; or, speaking more correctly, every rainbow is a part of every spectator's mind. But now suppose we speak with a physicist on the physical phenomenon which takes place before us when we see a rainbow, and he were to call a rainbow a great bundle of ether-vibrations starting from the sun and suffering refraction in the clouds, who would deny that there was but one rainbow, and that all the sense-perceived rainbow-images on the retinas of spectators were only so many effects of those ether-vibrations?

Every spectator has two rainbow-images,—one in each eye. But inherited habit and personal experience weld the two images into one so that a healthy man is unconscious of seeing things double, and double vision has become the symptom of a morbid condition.

The usage of the term "light" in the subjective sense has been more and more adopted by both physicists and psychologists, so that the proposition has been made to discard the use of the term "light" in physics and limit it to the language of psychology and physiological psychology. But names that apply to objects, such as tables, chairs, bridges, houses, are, according to common usage, not applied to the sense-perceived effects of those various realities, but to the realities themselves. According to common parlance we should say that there is but one bridge, but as many bridge-images as there are eyes looking at the bridge, and as many bridge-percepts as there are minds¹ perceiving the bridge.

Mr. McCrie, for his part, calls the bridge, in analogy with the rainbow, what we should call either the bridge-image or the bridge-conception. His self is what we should call either our sense-perceived surroundings or our world-conception,—perhaps both. According to him, the denial of the existence of what

we should call the objective world is an essential part of monism; he cannot understand what is meant by the physical ether-vibrations, the presence of which conditions the rainbow in the eye; and the bridge as an object independent of our sensation and perception is to him a redundant entity. His self is the entire world, but how the increase of his world is to be explained, how his self can originate and disappear, remains a mystery.

I may add here that the so called idealists, Berkeley and Fichte, are by no means the subjectivists that they are generally supposed to be; that their idealism is due to a peculiar philosophical nomenclature, and it is doubtful whether any thinker has ever seriously denied the existence of an objective reality. If Mr. McCrie seriously insists upon being a subjectivist, he stands very isolated.

Supposing we adopt his view that there are as many bridges as there are spectators of the bridge, and that there is nothing else than these subjective bridge-conceptions of the spectators, or, in a word, that there is no objective bridge: there would be no criterion of truth, for truth is the correctness of a representation which presupposes the existence of the representative image or idea and the represented object. Further, there would be no connexion among the various selves, for each self would be sovereign in its own sphere, without any connecting link with other selves. A self's conception of a thing would be the thing, or, as Dr. Lewins says, the *thing* is the *think*. Every self would be its own God and universe, and we should be astonished only at the impotence of our omnipotence, for a *think* does not always act as we think. It possesses a nature of its own, and we have to fashion our thoughts to suit it. There is another strange phenomenon: Through the instrumentality of language one self can compare his own *thinks* with those of other selves, and we can alter our own and other people's *thinks* so as to meet with fewer and ever fewer disappointments. What is that something which disappoints or fulfils our expectations? We call it reality. According to Mr. McCrie's solipsism, it has no existence. Lastly, consider the transiency of the various selves, for experience teaches that every individual has a beginning and an end; that it is limited by birth and death. Existence would be nothing but the bubbling up of innumerable empty mirages. There would be no preservation of the contents of our selves, and all being would be a meaningless dream.

The existence of the objective world is not an idle assumption which can be so easily disposed of as Mr. McCrie thinks. It accounts at least for the origin, growth, and complications of the phenomena of the self, which solipsism is unable to answer. Object and subject are different, yet are they inseparably one.

¹ By "mind" I understand here the *ensemble* of the psychic life of a thinking organism.

Neither does the distinction between self and world constitute a dualism, nor can their identification be regarded as the basis of monism. Monism (as we understand it) means unity, not singleness; it means harmony of the laws of being and conformity of all truths; it means that all things, our own self included, are parts only of the great immeasurable All of existence, in which we live and move and have our being. P. C.

APHORISMS.

BY HUDOR GENONE.

A word in the head is worth two in the mouth.

There are two ways to avoid drowning in a sea of metaphysics: to be able to swim or so big you touch bottom; to be either very good or very clever.

Some people have excellent faculties and powerful imaginations, but not the knowledge to utilise these powers to advantage. They have a good mill, but little or no grist.

Life is like the bee; it offers both honey and a sting.

The only vengeance a good man desires is to have his enemies know that he was right.

Christianity is the kindergarten of the religion of science. Christ is God made easy.

It is better to be infidel with Christian principles than Christian with infidel conduct.

If you have real faith no fact can daunt you. After Daniel came out of the den of lions he wasn't to be scared by a cat.

It is one thing to be indifferent and quite another to be independent; one to be "on the fence" and another to be on the fulcrum.

It is better to be dubious of the doubtful than credulous of the impossible.

And yet the inconceivable is sometimes the inevitable.

What inveterate liars are the senses. A blue illusion hangs over us; a motionless illusion rushes below us. The eye says of the rainbow's hues—they are seven. Science corrects the eye for its chromatic aberration and tells us they are but three.

First or last science will prove herself worthy of her name—known truth.

It is difficult, sometimes impossible, and not always desirable to love your enemies. If he hunger feed him, if he thirst give him drink. That is well enough. But if his enmity takes the shape of devastating the community see to it that he is put where he can eat and drink in safety—to the community.

Some I have known so philanthropic as to love their enemies better than their friends, whose charity begins and stays far from them of their own household.

Some sorts of prejudice are justifiable. It is right to be prejudiced against prejudice,—a very different thing from being illiberal, which you ought not to be even to illiberality.

The truth always comes speaking with authority. What is there more dogmatic than algebra, as conceited as geometry?

Bewail his fate as much as you please who struggles with adversity, and moralise over the happy tho' humble home and the tender welcome and the sweet kiss at nightfall to the weary toiler, I tell you more men than one would think go from the bosom of their office where all is peace to a cold, heartless, and censorious family.

If we taxed wisdom, and let each one assess himself, what a big revenue the State would have.

The prompt man has a right to be slow when there is no hurry.

Some people claim to love God who are really in love with themselves. The real article of love casts out fear and self and everything else; but some are like the little boy, who, when asked if he loved his sister, said he loved Nelly ever so much. "As much as pie?" "Oh! better than pie; but—not as much as jelly."

Some minds require an element of mystery in their religion. Explain religion and you have spoiled it for them. They seem to feel that if it were not quite so true it would be truer.

I am fond of religion. But I do not admire that sort which doubts, or is distrustful of the natural, inevitable outcome of honest inquiry. Perhaps for the same reason I never took any interest in a trotting-match. When I go to a race I don't fancy seeing horses at a gait not quite as fast as they could go if they tried.

Who keeps no chickens isn't worried when he sees a hawk.

Nothing pleases the average human being better than to get hold of a convincing argument for disregarding a distasteful morsel of moral law.

Justice is Janus-faced—a devil to the evil, a God to the godly.

As the case is with a block of ice,—it is first ice, then water, then vapor, and then gases, so with thought; first a guess, then opinion, then fact, then principle. It is only when matter is resolved into its elements and thought into principle that either becomes stable. Generally, the more tenuous anything becomes the more enduring. "Spirit" is that which is eternal.

It is good law that a dealer may puff his wares, but must not lie about them. Science is known truth, and the scientist is he who knows. In the science of religion shall the law fail? Shall the "pious" always continue to say that which he doubts? Shall he forever vend goods for "all wool," knowing them to be part cotton?

Before you purchase insist upon your right to burn a shred or two, or even to use the microscope of honest investigation.

Scepticism is often the cloak in which ignorance masquerades.

It matters little of what material the lattice is made on which the vine climbs upward.

If the vine can find the sun the rose will bloom.

Call yourself Christian, or Buddhist, or Freethinker, or what you will; but the result of the deeds of, the body, unified in character, are more important than the name.

Character is soul; the flesh perishes, the several actions go out like candles, one by one; but the soul cannot perish.

* * *

Chlorine is a stifling gas, sodium a metal; neither of any value as a life-sustainer. But sodium chloride (common salt) is a necessity to man.

Nitrogen is a deadly stifler, oxygen a wild exhilarator; mechanically combined in fit proportion you breathe and live because of the atmospheric air their union makes.

* * *

So in like manner individual characteristics must perish that character may live.

* * *

Natural selection and survival of the fittest are as potent in the region of "mind" as in that of "matter"; and they are equally potent in the region of spirit.

* * *

He who is just does not need to study logic or law.

* * *

John of Patmos adopted Christianity because he had seen Christ; Job was a follower of Christ before Christianity existed as a fact. Epictetus was a Christian without knowing it, and there are "infidels" living to day who have accepted Christianity by rejecting it.

BOOK NOTICES.

The Word of the Spirit. By Jenkin Lloyd Jones. A tastefully paper-bound booklet containing the following five sermons: To the Nation; To the City; To the Church; To the Home; and To the Individual. Interspersed between the sermons are appropriate quotations from Emerson, Whittier, Holmes, Browning, and Mary Howitt. Mr. Jones's utterances are aglow with optimism, and will afford encouragement to many despondent hearts. He strikes powerfully and courageously at the root of many modern vices and wrongs, and all of us should heed his appeals. The book is dedicated to James and Ruth Gardner. (Chicago: Unity Publishing Company, 175 Dearborn St. Pages 113. Price, 5¢ cents.)

A new and unique psychological publication is announced for March under the title *L'Année Psychologique*, to be edited by Prof. H. H. Beaunis and Dr. A. Binet, with the collaboration of other distinguished psychologists. It will consist of four parts: the first giving a very complete and detailed account of the various works on psychology that have appeared in 1894, with diagrams, tables, etc., and so made as to dispense with reference to the sources; the second being a bibliographical index, containing twelve hundred items, of all works appearing in 1894 that touch the histology, anatomy, and physiology of the nervous system, pathology, etc., etc.; the third part being a publication in full of the articles which are the fruit of the work of the Sorbonne laboratory, of which M. Binet is the director; while the fourth part refers to observations, experiments, new instruments, etc. The subscription price, if paid to M. Binet direct, will be seven francs per volume (carriage extra), but ten francs if bought separately in the book shops.

Memoirs of the International Congress of Anthropology. Edited by C. Staniland Wake. (Chicago: The Schulte Publishing Co., 1894. Pp., 375. Price, \$5 00.) This work is published at a great expense of time and money, and reflects much credit upon the editor. The International Congress of Anthropology formed one of the series of congresses held during the recent World's Fair in Chicago, and was presided over by Dr. Daniel G. Brinton and by Prof. F. W. Putnam, who was in charge of the government ethnological exhibit. The present memoirs, with the exception of a

brief editorial preface, are made up wholly of the addresses and papers read before or presented to the Congress. The subjects cover a broad field, and are generally of an interesting character. We append here a few titles: The Nation as an Element in Anthropology; The Anthropology of the North American Indian; Aboriginal American Mechanics; The Antiquity of the Civilization of Peru; Cave-Dwellers of the Sierra Madre; On Various Supposed Relations Between the American and Asian Races; Primitive Scales and Rhythms; The Germ of Shoreland Pottery; The Fall of Hochelaga; The Scope and Method of the Historical Study of Religions; etc. Not all the papers presented to the Congress seem to have been published, but a list of those omitted, with the names of the authors, is given in the editor's preface. It is to be regretted that the price of the book is so high, as its contents would probably have secured it a considerable circulation had it been published in a cheap and popular form. μ.

M. Lucien Arréat, the well-known French critic, psychologist, and literary correspondent of *The Monist*, has just published a delightful psychological study entitled *Memory and Imagination* (Paris, 1895. Félix Alcan. Pages, 168. Price, fr. 2.50). Memory and imagination, he contends, are connected by insensible gradations. More or less, we all have memory, but we have not all the *same* memory. Also, be our calling what it may, we all of us possess some degree of imagination, but not all the *same* imagination. As our images are, so is our imagination. This is the rule, and M. Arréat illustrates and confirms it by the examination of four intimately related mental types—painters, musicians, poets, and orators. This group alone is studied. Their images rest chiefly upon "perceptions." In the two groups left unstudied, the images are based on symbols, as in scientists, musicians, etc., and on practical notions, as in merchants, peasants, artisans, and the like. M. Arréat's researches throw much light on psychological theory, but are no less important on the practical side. They merit the attention of all educators. μ.

We have received Nos. 1, 2, and 3, Series 1894, of the *Nachrichten von der Königl. Gesellschaft der Wissenschaften zu Göttingen, Philologisch-historische Klasse*. The contributions will claim the attention only of specialists.

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SPIRITUALISING CLAY.

BY S. MILLINGTON MILLER, M. D.

I STOOD in front of the studio of Karl Bitter, the Vienno-American Sculptor, in New York, and watched a heavy dray back up to the pavement preparatory to delivering its load of plastic ceramic. The entire bottom of the long cart was littered with misshapen, distorted, lumps of grayish clay, which, to the mind's eye, assumed all sorts of fantastic likenesses; resemblances to low physical types, and to grotesque natural forms.

I passed through the door, up stairs, and back into the great working-room, with upper air spaces open right up to the skylight. In a small wooden frame ($2\frac{1}{2} \times 3\frac{1}{2}$ feet), on the wall, I saw one of the panels for the front gate of Trinity Church, New York, "Casting Down Their Golden Crowns Around the Glassy Sea." It showed a thick veil rent in twain like the paper-covered hoop through which the equestrienne leaps from her running horse in the circus, and torn, and bulging out with the vehemence of the light from the Throne. The ragged rims of vapor had collapsed into heavy, rounded, and yet fleecy stumps of mist. To the right stood the angel whose voice was the trumpet that called. And at her feet crouched the lion with front paws inverted; a picture of utterly subjugated ferocity.

On a small, plain throne, his arms half raised and extended—with no specialisation of features—majesty expressed by the indefinable dignity of the pose alone—the King sat. And around him on the margins of the Sea of Glass the four and twenty elders bowed their Kingly heads, and cast down their heavy golden crowns.

I had seen the leadish, doughy, spiritless earth in the cart, and but a step had carried me where I had found it transformed into the divinest shapes of pictorial art. The mystic change had been wrought by mind moving upon the formlessness of the damp clay. And I cannot tell in which transition stage this crude material bore the largest tribute to the transcendent power of the sculptor; whether in the heavy, shapeless masses in the cart, or in the splendid prostrate circle of adoring Kings.

Nor can I help comparing that cart-load of clayey

potentialities, to the feeble-minded children as received by one of the various institutions for their development. The transcendentalist would tell you that he saw many imbecile heads with faces in that motley dray full of clods. The microscopist would imagine a multi-magnified series of brain-cell likenesses.

"A touch—a word—a tone half caught—
He softly felt and handled them,
Flavor of feeling—scent of thought—
Shimmer of gem."

"Suppose I want to buy a dynamo, as power for an electric light, or for the movement of machinery," said Dr. Walter E. Fernald (I am clothing his idea with my words), the Superintendent of the Massachusetts State Asylum for Feeble Minded Children, at Waverly, Mass., "Here is one which is cheap but limited in its possibilities. It can only feed so many lights, or will only give me so much horse power. Here is one larger, perhaps, but not noticeably so, which is warranted to support ten times the circuit, and to develop ten times the gauge of physical motive energy. I examine them closely and I find the difference of the two to consist in the complexity of their coils of wire. The lesser power-dynamo, with fewer volts, has coarser coils and fewer of them. Whereas the more powerful developer of energy consists of endless and delicate windings and layers of wire."

It is just so with the brain of the feeble-minded child. Dr. A. W. Wilmarth, the former pathologist of the Pennsylvania Institute for Feeble-Minded Children, at Elwyn, Pa., made one hundred autopsies, and in fifty per cent. of them traced the cause of imbecility to prenatal inflammatory disease. But otherwise he found no startling differences or defects in brain-structures—or, to speak more accurately, in cell-structure. As a general rule the brains of idiots are smaller than those of the normal and are misshapen, but this is because they are not used and is not due, in the vast bulk of cases, to any such thing as cranial pressure.

The central nervous system consists practically of ingoing fibres from the various organs of sense, and of nerve-cells for receiving and retaining impressions obtained from these fibres. By some, as yet unexplained power, of co-ordination these cells combine these impressions and evolve new combinations of them, which are manifested to other individuals by impulses sent

through a set of out going fibres to the various organs of motion.

It is possibly a prevalent misapprehension that small brains have been caused by small skulls. That the development of the former has been arrested by the premature ossification of the sutures of the latter. But this is not the case. The bony tables of the skull have contracted so as to fit down closely upon a naturally attenuated brain.

Dr. W. W. Keen, of Philadelphia, who has probably performed more operations upon the skull for epilepsy and kindred affections than any other surgeon in America, does not regard the outcome of operations for the relief of idiocy pure and simple as brilliant. He has performed comparatively few of them, of course, in a general sense, and the results, as above stated, have not made him hopeful. Idiocy is in truth a vice of the whole system. It cannot, therefore, be said that surgical relief for idiocy is either frequently employed, or really promising when it is found necessary.

What Dr. Wilmarth has noted has been a less complex structure in the originating centres in the grey matter, and in the connecting fibres of the brains of idiots. Such children have what is known as imperfect power of co-ordination. They can perform rough labor, such as throwing a ball, or kicking a door, but they cannot thread a needle, or write, or pick pins out of a small box. In other words, they can accomplish one uncomplicated muscular action, but they cannot compass a movement depending upon the subtle play of a smaller, or greater number of muscles. This kind of a muscular performance is an education in store for them.

Miss Camilla E. Teisen, who was formerly employed in John Keller's Institute for Feeble-Minded Children, in Copenhagen, Denmark, and who is now settled down as chief instructress in the Pennsylvania Institute at Elwyn, has very kindly answered a number of pertinent questions which I propounded to her.

It should be premised that in most cases of idiocy the moral sense and the physical senses are about equally deficient, and with this is joined a general lack of nervous and muscular co-ordination and tonicity. Many children have shaking, or tremulous, hands and feet. One instance was noted of a baby whose body folded up (at neck and waist) like a triple screen when lifted out of bed. Many such children have their instinctive power over the involuntary muscles more or less absent.

One striking type of such children is the Mongolian (a descriptive epithet), with red eyes set far apart, a snout-like nose, short blunt fingers, a peculiar flatness of the back of the head, very poor teeth, spongy hands and feet, a thick tongue full of deep transverse fur-

rows, and a deep muffled voice. In point of fact, the student of ethnology will find among the pupils of a large institution for the feeble-minded strikingly illustrative types of all the different races of men from lowest savagery to the very grades nearest to racial perfection.

Autopsies of the brains of such children, could they be performed, would show probably no absence of cells or connecting fibres, but more or less simplicity of structure accompanying the more or less pronounced type of idiot, as the case may be. No absence of the media of thought, but simply a lack of development.

Miss Teisen regards the sight and hearing of feeble-minded children as the senses most frequently defective. She thinks sight the most important sense to develop, and that most easily developed. She feels assured of development in other directions as soon as the idea of color dawns upon the child's mind. According to her experience, the development of one sense is accompanied by improvement of the other senses. And yet exceptional cases have presented themselves to her notice where the development of one sense has seemed to leave the others stationary. Miss Teisen has found it impossible to reach the moral sense without a fair development of the physical senses. Improvement of the physical senses has been usually shown to improve the habits and manners. A child that distinguishes sound and appreciates music will not be likely to howl and scream, and a child that feels the influence of color is far less inclined to tear its clothes.

Miss Teisen makes one statement of unusual interest. She says that many of the children of the lowest grade have perfect sight, which their minds cannot use. This very striking announcement opens the way to the question as to whether the structure of the image-field of sight, together with both afferent and efferent nervous fibres (the carriers to and from the brain) may not in many cases be approximately perfect, and the great and perhaps only *desideratum* exist in the original centres of apprehension and action—the grey tissue cells of the brain itself.

As a commentary upon Miss Teisen's views, I may add the very interesting statement of Dr. Fernald, that the reason why sound and color give so much pleasure to the feeble-minded is that the simplicity of their brain and nerve fibre requires a greater blow of sense, so to speak, to affect it pleasurably. The idiotic child has the peculiarity (shared with it by Alexander the Third and the composer Bach) that he is most affected by loud music. In the same way, fulness and force of color give the greatest pleasure to his eyes, such as the gorgeous crimson rose, or the serried stalks of full-petalled sunflowers, or huge beds of brilliant feathery chrysanthemums.

Dr. Fernald cares for the teeth of the Waverly children among his other duties, and tells me that not only do some such children enjoy being pricked with pins, but that after having one tooth extracted, with what would in the normal child be attendant causes of severe and prolonged pain, his mentally undeveloped patient will frequently return and beg him to extract some more teeth as a favor.

It will be seen almost without my referring to it that mind and matter are very intimately related in this territory—this borderland. I have found it hard not to have used the words correlatively. It appears that perfect sensation and subtle thought are found accompanying complexity of brain-cell structure and of nerve-fibre tissue. That deficient sensation and imperfect brain-power are always accompanied by simplicity of nerve-fibre and of brain-structure. Can it not, therefore, be consistently said that absence of mind follows absence of brain-tissue and nerve-fibre, or absence of structure in such fibre or tissue? Or will my friends, the logicians, accuse me of confounding a part with the whole? However that may be, the nearer we get to the roots of the *raison d'être* of imbecility, the more we are confronted with a state of things, which has, to say the least, a strong *souçon* of the physical basis of mind.

One of the earliest practical experimentalists in this interesting field was Dr. E. Sequin, father of the distinguished New York specialist. Early in this century, under his French masters, Itard and Esquirol, Sequin studied the mental phenomena of a wild boy captured in the woods of Aveyron and watched the dawnings of his imprisoned mind. In 1842 this benefactor of the race became an instructor in the Bicêtre, in Paris, where he labored with superhuman patience to foster and develop the sparks of intellect in hundreds of afflicted pupils. The first State school in America was opened in Massachusetts under the management of Dr. S. G. Howe, and another one at Albany, N. Y., in 1851. In 1856, this same Dr. Sequin, a political refugee, associated himself with James B. Richards in the management of the Pennsylvania School at Germantown.

The first meeting of the movement which resulted in the establishment of the present Pennsylvania Training School for Feeble Minded Children was held in the office of the late James J. Barclay, on February 10, 1853. Among those present were Bishop Alonzo Potter, Dr. Alfred L. Elwyn, Dr. George B. Wood, Judge G. W. Stroud, S. Morris Waln, Dr. Robley Dunglison, and the present secretary, Franklin Taylor. In 1853, the school was located in two rented houses under the management and care of James B. Richards. In 1854, Mr. Richards carried some of the children he had instructed to Harrisburg and secured an appropriation

of \$10,000. In 1855, a property on Woodbine Avenue, Germantown, was bought for \$16,000, and seventeen children moved into their new home. In 1856, Dr. Sequin, as already stated, was associated with Mr. Richards, but the institution fell into financial straits, and Dr. Joseph Parrish was chosen to lead "the forlorn hope."

A second appropriation of \$50,000 in 1857, by the Legislature, set the institution again on its feet, and the present site of the Central Department was purchased at Elwyn, into which the pupils were moved in 1859. In 1861, the south wing was completed, and various legacies and donations pouring in during the following years have brought the institution up to its present standing and capacity. Dr. Isaac N. Kerlin, the greatest authority in America on the treatment and care of this afflicted class, was elected superintendent and chief physician in 1863. He died on October 25, 1893. His death was a great shock in philanthropic, educational, and public circles. Since his death the office of superintendent has not existed. The chief physician is Dr. Martin W. Barr, a man of wide experience and peculiar fitness.

The chief instructors of the mentally-deficient abroad at present are John Keller, of Denmark; Lip-pisted, of Norway; Bourneville, of France; Langton Dun, Shuttleworth, and Beade, of England; and Ireland, of Prestonpans, Scotland. The institutions of the Scandinavian countries are considered among the most thorough in Europe. Much attention is paid to manual work at Thorshaug, Norway, and Mariestad, Sweden. The institutions at Daldorf, Berlin, Alsterdorf, and Hamburg are the most noted German institutions where the education of the feeble-minded is carried on, although there are many small asylums in Germany for the relief of this class of children. In England the asylums at Earlswood and at Darenth and the Royal Albert Asylum at Lancaster are the largest and most noted.

In size, administration, and general care of the feeble-minded the American institutes are in advance of those of the Old World. One distinctive feature of the institutions of this country is that they aim to provide "homes" rather than "asylums" for the defective. There are twenty-five schools for the feeble-minded in a general way, and about 100,000 imbeciles in this country. Only one-sixteenth of these receive education. The Pennsylvania asylum for the mentally defective at Elwyn, near Philadelphia, has the largest number of pupils—943. Its facilities are also fully equal, if not superior, to those of other schools. Next in point of size comes the institution at Columbus, Ohio. California has built a school for an accommodation for 1,000 inmates, but it has not yet gathered them in. The Massachusetts State Asy-

lum at Waverly, under the very enlightened and progressive control of Dr. Fernald, has 440 pupils, eight buildings, and an estate comprising 100 acres.

What I have said about the causes of idiocy and the sensorial and mental conditions which accompany it, have in themselves gone far towards an explanation of the method of education employed for improving the afflicted. Let us suppose the brain of a typical imbecile to be the central office of a great municipal telephone system, an office with the potentiality of doing an enormous and complex amount of business. But the rules governing the service of the various operators are inadequate and badly enforced, and the girls themselves idle and gossipy, and heedless of their duties. Let us also suppose, if such a thing is possible, that the conductivity of all the innumerable little wires leading off and in every whither is defective to the last degree.

What do we find to be the general state of affairs? The subscribers have to call loudly, have to shout to overcome the deficiency of conduction in the wires, and they have to keep on shouting a long time to secure the undivided attention of the operator in the central office, and this operator, at last aroused, has to raise her voice to the utmost limit in answering. And, owing to all the obstacles, the message which she sends out in some other direction is unintelligible and has to be repeated several times.

It is just so with the mind of the imbecile. Its brain, or central office, is poorly equipped to start off with, and the wires (afferent nerves) connecting it with the external world (its subscribers), are of a low power of conductivity, so that the sensation which an external object, a sound or color, makes upon the mind is dim and inadequate, and the voluntary movements which the out-going wires (efferent nerves) excite in the muscles, i. e., which they bid them perform, are slow and faulty.

The education of the imbecile is one requiring, therefore, an infinite number of repetitions of a message, which at the outset must be unusually sharp and clear and unconfusing. If it is the sight and hearing which are to be improved the pupil is placed in a dark room, and into the darkness a single ray of light is admitted. And when this rather startling and antithetical phenomena has caught and riveted the child's attention, by repetition, a slide is passed through the beam of light with sharply defined forms painted or engraved upon it. Simple forms, too, such as the square, or triangle, or star. Then the names of these figures are clearly and distinctly and repeatedly pronounced, the name sounded each time the object is exhibited. This is, of course, an example of the necessities of an extreme case—a very apathetic and unobservant child. Usually it will be sufficient to exhibit objects by lifting

them from the table and simultaneously telling their names. This must be done over and over again, until the nerve-fibres and brain cells are stimulated into readier action and developed into fuller and more perfect performance of normal functions.

The imbecile child's brain is improved in just the same way that the biceps muscles of Sandow are more and more enlarged. This is done by the repeated use of small dumb-bells at first and then by the gradual substitution of heavier and heavier weights. Touch is the finest and most indispensable sense, as shown by the investigations of Darwin and other naturalists. So its perfection should be the most impaired of all the senses of an imbecile, and this is doubtless the case. As touch is, however, the sense whose defectiveness would be the most hidden from the knowledge of the observer, little is known of its condition in idiots. They are, however, unquestionably lacking in the fine distinctions of touch in the normal.

THE QUESTION THAT HAS NO ANSWER.

BY W. H. GARDNER.

"Once we hear the hopeless—He is dead
So far as flesh hath knowledge, all is said."

If in the quiet grave we rest
In sleep so dreamless and profound,
That naught can vex us with a sound:
Then death beyond all things were best.
But who can tell us if the tomb
Which holds the body's sad remains,
Binds fast the soul within its chains
Of deep impenetrable gloom?

Can no dear friend whom we loved here,
And who loved us with perfect love,
Come from the grave his love to prove
And teach us what to hope or fear?
Can no sweet voice we always miss
Counselling ever for the right,
Low whisper in the silent night
The secrets of the drear abyss?

Can no stern warrior, who has gain'd
A vengeful throne by spilling blood
And striding upward through the flood,
Show what bourne he has attained?
Or patriots all, since Ilion's pride,
Obedient to o'erwhelming fate
Met death before the Scaean gate,
Tell wherefore they lived and died?

Can marble bust or pillared urn
That give in deathless verse the praise
Due noble dead of long past days
Say where their heroes now sojourn?
Or lasting records of the past,

Deep graved in adamantine stone,
To mark some chieftain of renown,
Tell where now his lot is cast?

Can the beauteous flowers that thrive
On juices sucked up from the heart,
To any one the tale impart
Whether the soul may still survive?
Or maggots feasting on the brain,
That wriggle through the charnel clay
And come up to the light of day,
The grave's dread secret e'en explain?

Ah no! death's adamantine portal
Holds fast its secrets evermore;
And when we pass through that dread door,
It shuts the light from every mortal.
And though with aching brain we learn,
The mystic lore of every age:
And knowledge taught by seer and sage,
The secret ne'er can we discern.

But why the future try to scan,
When all the present we can know
Is that we suffer—nor can show
From whence we came, nor how began.
We see no cause why we should be
Brought helpless, wailing, and alone
Into a world unasked, unknown,
To sink like rain-drops in the sea.

We toil from birth to death along
The rough and stormy path of life;
And if victorious in the strife
O'er all our compeers in the throng,
What gain we if we persevere
With will and courage undiminished,
If we know the race when finished
Brings us to a common bier?

If life to us then means the same
As to the motes that dance a day
In summer-sun and pass away:
What are worth our dreams of fame?
Life's bitter cup why should we quaff,
And 'luring pleasures all discard,
When our only guerdon or reward
Is at last a dubious epitaph?

DEATH IS SILENT, BUT LIFE SPEAKS.

WE TAKE pleasure in presenting to our readers Major W. H. Gardner's beautiful poem, "The Question That Has No Answer," which is a thanatopsis worthy of careful reflexion. The question which the poet raises in his lines has been asked again and again by many earnest searchers for the truth, and it will

find an echo in the hearts of all those who are anxious about the fate of the soul after death. The proposal of the question as Major Gardner formulates it comes perhaps to every one of us at a certain phase of our development. It is, nevertheless, a wrong formulation of the problem, and if there is no answer to the question it is due to an error hidden in the question itself, and must not be attributed to an insolvable mystery in the nature of things.

The error is natural and therefore quite common; it is as natural as are all the various well-known sense-illusions, so called, in which, by a peculiar complication of circumstances, our judgment is inevitably led astray. The faithful portrayal of this illusion and the attitude of the human heart with its eternal questioning, what becomes of the soul in death, is one of the beauties of the poem.

That which leads our judgment astray is the materialistic tendency of our mind. In all our experiences and observations we are in the habit of regarding matter as the thing itself and all other qualities as the properties of matter.¹ Matter appears to us, and naturally so, as the substance of existence, and matter is said to *possess* extension, form, color, weight, or force. Every quality that is not matter appears to us non-existent and has value only so long as it is thought of as *being possessed* by matter. A closer consideration of the nature of things, however, discloses the truth that matter is as much a quality as form; matter is as much a pure abstract as force or color; it is no thing in itself which is endowed with a higher kind of reality. That feature which we call matter, it is true, endures, when we consider the whole universe, in all changes, but so does energy, so does pure space. Limiting our consideration to an individual living being, we find that matter is neither preserved, nor is it that feature on which the continuity and identity of the organism depend. The conservation of matter only signifies that matter is one of the most general abstractions. But it is actually a fallacy to consider the marble of a bust as more real than its form. A fact is a fact; a thing is or is not; and there is no degree of more or less of existence or of reality. It is quite true that one fact may be more or less valuable, more or less important, of greater or less concern; but then, it will be seen that form always takes the preference: the bust is all, and the marble incidental.

After the fashion of the same logical fallacy that considers matter as the thing in itself and everything else as the properties of matter, man naturally but erroneously regards his body as his self, and his sentiments, thoughts, and plans as affections and passing dispositions of his body—as mere properties of no ac-

¹ See in the last *Monist* Mr. Lester F. Ward's article "The Natural Storage of Energy" and the editorial, "Mind Not a Storage of Energy."

count. He who cherishes this view will naturally think that after death he himself is buried in the tomb.

Socrates considers the recognition of the difference between body and soul as paramount. He argued that "false words are not only evil in themselves, but they infect the soul with evil." The body is buried, but "the soul," he said, using the mythological terms of his age, "joins the happy state of the blessed."

The passage reads in *Phaedo*, according to Jowett's translation (Vol. II, p. 263), as follows:

"Said Crito: And in what way shall we bury you?"

[Socrates replied:]

"In any way that you like; but you must get hold of me, and take care that I do not run away from you. Then he turned to us, and added with a smile:—I cannot make Crito believe that I am the same Socrates who have been talking and conducting the argument; he fancies that I am the other Socrates whom he will soon see, a dead body—and he asks, How shall he bury me? And though I have spoken many words in the endeavor to show that when I have drunk the poison I shall leave you and go to the joys of the blessed,—these words of mine, with which I was comforting you and myself, have had, as I perceive, no effect upon Crito. And therefore I want you to be surety for me to him now, as at the trial he was surety to the judges for me; but let the promise be of another sort; for he was surety for me to the judges that I would remain, and you must be my surety to him that I shall not remain, but go away and depart; and then he will suffer less at my death, and not be grieved when he sees my body being burned or buried. I would not have him sorrow at my hard lot, or say at the burial, Thus we lay out Socrates, or, Thus we follow him to the grave or bury him; for false words are not only evil in themselves, but they infect the soul with evil. Be of good cheer then, my dear Crito, and say that you are burying my body only, and do with that whatever is usual, and what you think best."

A solution of the problem of immortality must not be expected from death, but from life. The dead cannot return to reveal the secrets of life, and if they could return they would have nothing to tell.

The first mistake of the conception to which Major Gardner has given so pregnant an expression lies in the first line of the poem where the poet says: "If in the quiet grave *we* rest." The truth is that our soul shall never rest in the grave, and when a man speaks about himself he means his soul, not his body. "The tomb," as the poet says, "holds the body's sad remains," but it does not "bind fast the soul within its chains of deep, impenetrable gloom." What other information could a dead body, when it returns from the grave, give us but of its decay? The lesson which it conveys would be that we must not seek the purport of life in the transient but in the enduring features of our being.

What is the nature of our soul?

Our soul is a peculiar form impressed into the sentience of our living organisation. The events which are experienced in the contact with the surrounding world are recorded, and every trace that is left abides as a living memory-image, representing the respective

facts which their diverse forms portray. The soul, accordingly, is a system of sentient forms, having reference to the various phenomena of the objective world. The elements of the soul are meaning-endowed feelings of various kinds. The variety of kind depends upon the difference of form of the nervous structures and their activities, while the meaning is that which sets them *en rapport* with the realities of the objective world whose impressions they bear.

It is strange that man naturally regards the material in which a form has taken shape as its essential nature. It is true that there are no pure forms, but it is also true that there is no pure matter. A cube is a cube, and a globe is a globe, whether it be made of lead or of iron, or of gold. A statue of Zeus, such as Phidias made it, is a representation of the god whether we cast it in bronze or hew it from marble; if we but reproduce it faithfully in all its smallest details it will be a duplicate of the famous work of Phidias. A seal which is impressed into sealing-wax, presents the form of the seal, and if the wax into which the impression has been made, be broken, the seal can reproduce the impression again and again. Nothing is lost if one impression is destroyed, so long as the seal is preserved from which new copies can be had without difficulty. In the same way the soul-structures of the human mind can be reproduced. The physical organism is renewed by heredity and human ideals are impressed into the growing generations by education. The individual is a copy only of its soul structures. The copy may be destroyed, but all the various soul-structures, the soul itself, the essential character of the man, can be built up again in other bodies. Forms can be duplicated. Says Jesus: "Destroy this temple, and in three days I will raise it up," in saying which he alluded to the temple of his body.

Whether or not and in what way the soul survives the body is a question, the answer to which must be expected from life and not from death. The grave remains deaf to our question, and the dead give no reply. The "bourne" that "the stern warrior" has attained, the place where our heroes "now sojourn" and the cause "wherefore they lived and died" are not unsolvable problems. The victory which a hero won is a victory of life which continues in life; the hero *is* the cause with which he identified himself, and he lives in his cause, even though he may have suffered death in his service to it. His body lies on the bier, not his ideals and aspirations, not his soul, not he himself. Our heroes live, and it is they which constitute the kingdom of heaven upon earth, and if you ask where its place is, we answer with Christ: "It is within us."

The poet gives expression to the sad mood of resignation; he says:

" But why the future try to scan,
When all the present we can know
Is that we suffer."

Is not the future disclosed more and more by our comprehension of the past? Does not our better knowledge give us information concerning the origin of our life from the first appearance of amœboid substance to our present state of being, and do we not make plans and shape ideals to build a better and ever better, a grander and a nobler future? Is the future fate of life really shrouded by a veil that cannot be lifted? Science lifts the veil little by little and we can be fully assured that we can live for a cause which is worth all our sufferings, for we do not "sink like rain-drops in the sea." Our souls are treasured up and form the living stones of the temple of the future; our souls continue to exist in the souls of the generations to come; they will be potent and indestructible factors in the evolution of the future. Life leaves us not without an answer, and the language in which life speaks is unmistakable. The poet asks:

" Can the heauteous flowers that thrive
On juices sucked up from the heart,
To any one the tale impart
Whether the soul may still survive? "

Let facts speak. The ultimate *résumé* of science is the truth of evolution, which teaches that life of to-day is but the stored-up life of the past. The souls of our ancestors have not gone to the grave but continue in their posterity. They are preserved in the present generation. The experiences of all preceding lives have been impressed into the race, and, so far as they are fitted to survive, they continue with us as a living part of mankind as it is to-day. We yearn for life, and we are anxious to insure the immortality of our soul. This aspiration of man may be expressed in the words of the poet of the "Song of Songs": "Set me as a seal upon thine heart, as a seal upon thine arm"; and every endeavor made for progress or in the interest of discovering truth is a fulfilment of this prayer addressed to the God who lives in evolution; we are set as seals upon the heart and as seals upon the arm of Him to whom we all shall be gathered together with our fathers, and in whom we continue to be after death as living citizens of the Great Spirit Empire, of that spiritual All-being who represents the coming of the kingdom of heaven which is being built up in the hearts of men.

P. C.

GOVERNOR ALTGELD'S MESSAGE.

GOVERNOR ALTGELD'S biennial message and also the biennial report of labor statistics have created a great deal of critical and even bitter comments in the daily press. We disagree with the Governor on several points and have the impression that his opinion as to the interference of federal troops and the conduct of federal courts, whatever just complaints it may be based upon, is but one side of the question: nevertheless we respect in him a man who honestly and manfully stands up for his convictions, and

is not afraid of becoming thoroughly unpopular through attending to what he understands to be his duty. We must consider that during the late railroad-strike new problems were presented in the political evolution of our nation, which had not been foreseen in the laws of our country. We do not wish to enter here into details, but call attention only to some valuable propositions made in the message. Governor Altgeld has perhaps good reasons to feel offended at the various insults which he has received from the public press during his governorship, but we believe that if he had shown less irritation, his propositions would be more effective. Let us hope that the good seeds which he sows will thrive and that the time will come when both his honesty and ability will find ample recognition.

Concerning the administration of justice, Governor Altgeld says:

"We borrowed our system of jurisprudence from England more than a century ago, when it was loaded down with absurd distinctions and formalities. We have clung tenaciously to its faults, while England long ago brushed them aside. Three-quarters of a century ago that country began to reform its judicial procedure by wiping out all useless distinctions and formalities and making all procedure simple and disposing of each case promptly on its merits, and their appellate courts now revise cases only when it is shown that an actual injustice has been done and not simply because some rule or useless formality has been disregarded. As regards the administration of justice, we are to-day three-quarters of a century behind that country from which we borrowed our system. We may be great in politics, but do not yet lead the way in statesmanship. The whole system should be revised and simplified so that it will give our people more prompt and speedy justice and less fine-spun law."

As to the conditions surrounding the police and justice courts of Chicago, Governor Altgeld says: "They are a disgrace, and we will not rise to the demands of the occasion if we do not devise some remedy for these evils. I call attention to the subject of permitting any officer connected with the administration of justice to keep fees. This is the very foundation upon which the whole structure of fraud, extortions, and oppression rests. No man's bread should depend upon the amount of business he can 'drum up' around a so-called court of justice."

The settlement of the labor troubles has received the Governor's careful attention. He says:

"In recent years we have repeatedly had labor disturbances in the form of strikes and lock-outs that almost paralysed the country. It will no longer do to say that this is the business of employer and employé, for while these are fighting, innocent non-combatants may be ruined. The question of dealing with these conditions is a most difficult one, and no complete remedy has yet been devised. Many advocate compulsory arbitration, but no practical method of enforcing a decree or award in every case of this character has yet been found. There is, however, no difficulty in the way of making a compulsory investigation in every case, and this alone would be a great preventative as well as corrective. This method has been tried elsewhere and has worked well. Promptly ascertaining and making public the actual conditions in each case arouses a moral sentiment that often forces a settlement, and the fear of such an investigation will sometimes do this. I strongly urge legislation on this subject, and I would suggest that the law would provide for a new board in each case, allowing each party to select an arbitrator, and the two thus selected to name the third, or, if they disagree, then let the county judge name the third. If a permanent board was created, the more powerful interests would soon seek to get their friends appointed on it, and no matter what it did it would soon lose the confidence of the workers and of the public, and with this its usefulness would be gone."

We see no reason why Governor Altgeld's proposition should not be acceptable to all concerned.¹

The Spring Valley enterprise, which receives the Governor's severe criticism for the "wolfish greed" of the Company, should receive a careful and official investigation, the more so as public excitement has subsided, and it would be possible now to make an impartial investigation.

We advise both those who are friends of the Governor and those who are either indifferent or his enemies to read his biennial message. A free copy will be sent to every one who applies for it at the Bureau of Labor Statistics, Springfield, Ill. P. C.

CORRESPONDENCE.

EVOLUTION AND RELIGION.

To the Editor of *The Open Court* :

You say, "Mr. Maddock's request [for you to define Christianity] would be in place if I had proclaimed any intention of preaching Christianity." I was led to make the request by the following from your pen in No. 370 of *The Open Court*, page 4238: "There is no sense in attempting to destroy Christianity; our aim must be to develop it and lead it on the path of progress to truth." My request, therefore, was in place, because to develop it, something more must be disclosed—a new departure must be taken. From this standpoint the pertinency of the question, in its relation to the solid place for the feet of the assembly of science can easily be understood. If Christianity is the doctrine to be developed, there must be new definitions of its principles given that will harmonise with those of the cosmos.

You say, also, that "Mr. Maddock's zeal for the name of truth and his hostility toward any other name that might contain either an aspiration after the truth, or a pretence of its possession, implies, in my opinion, a great danger—the danger of narrowness." My zeal for truth is such that, according to cosmic principles and sound logic, I cannot permit a counterfeit note to be called genuine; hence, if the doctrine which Jesus Christ preached has a true definition of its own, the theories of Calvin, Arminius & Co. are counterfeits. Counterfeit notes cannot be endorsed as genuine, because the counterfeiter stamped them "United States note"; they must have all the genuine marks upon them and must be made of the right material. We can "give credit for honest intentions to people who differ from us," but we cannot allow that they are right in calling themselves Christians when we know that they are mistaken by the facts in the case. As the world is flooded with the counterfeit, there must be narrowness at the start of the genuine. The question is not what the assembly of science will permit other people to call themselves, because it will not have any dogmatic jurisdiction over any one outside of its own walls; but within its pale, logic and truth will be dogmatic and these will force all adherents of truth to speak of people just as the facts give authority. The doctrine of the assembly of science will be broad enough, and will do justice, not only to people who have religious aspirations, but to all mankind whether they have religious aspirations or not. It is plain to be seen, Mr. Editor, that no correct definition can be given of Christianity, and that plain statements *can be given* of what Calvinistic and Arminian theologians have taught. How then can any one consistently call himself a follower of that which he knows not? In an assembly where authority stands for truth and tradition for fact there might be a little consistency in a man calling himself a Christian when he is really a Calvinist; but where truth is author-

¹In connexion with Governor Altgeld's idea of settling labor troubles by courts of arbitration, we remind our readers of an article written two and a half years ago in No. 260 of *The Open Court*, by the publisher when discussing the Homestead affair, the main difference being that this proposition is more favorable for the strikers than that of Governor Altgeld.

ity he must bow to it and not be double tongued. In the language of Herder, according to your own quotation, if Christianity is anything definite in itself, it "must become a clear stream." We must get rid of the mud. We will get rid of it by evolution's purifying influences. While "we cannot begin the world over again, but must continue the work of the civilisation at the point on which we stand," we must stand upon something more than that upon which the teachers of the present age do, and we must also cut loose from the counterfeits and superstitions of our ancestry. How else can progress come? While we, who are critically hostile to ecclesiasticism, are in a continuous and natural sense a product of our superstitious ancestry, yet in the sense of evolution we are an offshoot from it of a different type, and therefore must present a different phase of doctrine before those who are about to follow where truth leads. If Goethe's personality consisted of tradition, he was unfit for a leader in the van of evolution. Such a one is not my criterion; the facts of evolution show that the traditions and superstitions of our ancestry are fast becoming obsolete. Our ancestors did not produce us; they were merely vehicles for our evolution. Tradition and superstition are not the parents of light and truth.

It is between two stones we get the grist. Let the grinding, therefore, go on, and let the high grades be separated from the low.

JOHN MADDOCK.

NOTES.

We have received from distant friends some very beautiful presents. The Right Rev. Shaku Soyen of Kamakura sent us a set of pictures, artistically done in Japanese style, representing the deeds of bravery performed by the Japanese in the present war against China, and almost simultaneously we have received from Professor Haeckel two busts made of himself by Gustav Herold, a sculptor of Frankfort-on-the-Main, an enthusiastic believer in monism and an admirer of the eminent scientist. The busts show Professor Haeckel in somewhat different attitudes, and one of them is especially admirable; but they are both full of life and show Haeckel's personality to full advantage. We must confess that Herold's busts compare favorably with the marble bust of the Roman artist, Kopf, a photograph of which has been published in the Haeckel Memorial. The busts arrived in a broken condition, but were restored to their original beauty by the hands of an American artist. The box sent by Professor Haeckel contained, besides the two busts, a very good picture of himself (6x10), which, for the benefit of our readers, we shall reproduce on some future occasion, and also a very good copy of Gabriel Max's picture of the Pithecanthropos Family, dedicated to Professor Haeckel.

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A SERMON THAT MADE HISTORY.

BY MONCURE D. CONWAY.

BEFORE me is a pamphlet, its paper toned by time, bearing this title: "Religion and Patriotism the Constituents of a Good Soldier. A Sermon Preached to Captain Overton's Independent Company of Volunteers, raised in Hanover County, Virginia, August 17, 1755. By Samuel Davies, A. M., Minister of the Gospel there. Philadelphia, Printed: London; Re printed for J. Buckland, in Pater-noster Row, J. Ward at the King's Arms in Cornhill, and T. Field in Cheapside. 1756."¹ Samuel Davies, though canonised by his denomination as "the apostle of Presbyterianism in Virginia," is known to unsectarian history mainly by a prophetic note in this pamphlet concerning George Washington. This note has been often quoted, but in every instance that I have seen incorrectly dated, and deprived of some of its significance by loss of its connexion. It was not a part of the sermon, but a footnote added when the sermon was printed (1756). The sermon was delivered in a time of humiliation and panic. Braddock had just been defeated under circumstances involving disgrace to the British and peril to the Virginians. "Our Territories," cries the preacher, "are invaded by the Power, and Perfidy of France; our Frontiers ravaged by merciless Savages, and our Fellow-Subjects there murdered with all the horrid Arts of Indian and Popish Torture. Our General [Braddock], *unfortunately brave*, is fallen, an Army of 1300 choice Men routed, our fine Train of Artillery taken, and all this (Oh mortifying Thought!) all this by 4 or 500 dastardly, insidious Barbarians." He says the Colony had been unmanned by a "stupid security," and after the disaster fell "into the opposite Extreme of unmanly Despondence, and Consternation." It is observable that at this time (August 17, 1755) nothing was publicly known in the neighborhood of Colonel Washington (then in his twenty-fourth year) to relieve him of the general disgrace of the army whose retreat he had commanded. The preacher sees in the "50 or 60" volunteers before him the only hopeful sign. "Our Continent," he says, "is like to become the Seat of War; and we, for the future (till

the sundry *European* Nations that have planted Colonies in it, have fixed their Boundaries by the Sword) have no other Way left to defend our Rights and Privileges. And has God been pleased to diffuse some Sparks of this Martial Fire through our Country? I hope he has: And though it has been almost extinguished by so long a Peace, and a Deluge of Luxury and Pleasure, now I hope it begins to kindle: And may I not produce you, my Brethren, who are engaged in this Expedition as Instances of it?" It is at the end of this last-quoted sentence that an asterisk points to the famous footnote, from which in citations the first thirteen words are generally dropped. The whole footnote reads: "As a remarkable Instance of this, I may point out to the Public that heroic Youth Colonel *Washington*, whom I cannot but hope Providence has hitherto preserved in so Signal a Manner, for some important Service to his Country."

This prophetic footnote, as I have intimated, has lost some of its significance by quotation as part of the Sermon of 1755 instead of the pamphlet of 1756. For in that year following Braddock's defeat not only had the facts showing Colonel Washington's courage and skill come out, but the incompetency of British officers to defend the Colony (of whose frontiers they were ignorant) been demonstrated. For the first time the need of a Virginian commander was felt,—in which may now be discerned a first step in American Independence. In confirmation of this I will here insert a passage from a manuscript history of Virginia by Edmund Randolph, first Attorney-General of the United States, entrusted to my editorial care by the Virginia Historical Society.

"A new arrangement of rank, which humiliated the provincial officers of the highest grade to the command of the lowest commissioned officer of the crown, rendered his continuance in the regiment too harsh to be endured. He retired to Mount Vernon, which his brother by the paternal side, passing by his own full blood, had bequeathed to him. His economy, without which virtue itself is always in hazard, afforded nutriment to his character. But he did not long indulge in the occupation of his farm. General Braddock, who had been sent by the Duke of Cumberland, the commander in chief, to head the forces employed

¹ I am indebted to Mr. W. F. Havemeyer of New York for the use of this rare pamphlet.

against the Indians and French, invited him into his family as a volunteer aid-de-camp. The fate of that brave but rash general, who had been taught a system unpliant to all reasoning which could accomodate itself to local circumstances and exceptions, might have been averted if Washington's advice had been received. As it was, he, in his debilitated state, could accomplish nothing more than by his own valor to lead from the field of slaughter into security the remains of the British army. Washington was now no longer forbidden by any rule of honor to accept the command of a new regiment, raised by Virginia. In his intercourse with Braddock, and his first and second military offices, he had continued to add to the inferences from his former conduct instances of vigilance, courage, comprehensiveness of purpose, and delicacy of feeling; and, in the enthusiastic language of a Presbyterian minister, he was announced a hero born to be the future saviour of his country."

Randolph wrote this about fifty-four years after Davies's sermon was printed. It will be seen that he had not the preacher's exact words before him, and probably the sermon had long ceased to circulate; but the prophecy in it concerning Washington had grown, and had become a tradition. It will be seen, however, that Davies's words which might have been prophecy in 1755 were in 1756 a declaration of public policy. An issue had come before the colony: the preacher was aiming to raise up a Virginian above the incompetent officers sent over by the crown, and had to name his man. And such was the position and power of Davies at that moment that his words concerning the youthful Colonel could hardly fail to do a great deal towards the policy which fulfilled his prophecy. It was a tremendous lift to the youth at a critical juncture, when he might easily have abandoned the military career altogether, such heavy losses and humiliations had he suffered. He had indeed written to his brother John Augustine Washington that he would never again enter the army on the former terms, but was prepared to serve his country as a common Virginian volunteer. (I have not the letter by me, but it will be found in Ford's *Writings of Washington*: I give its substance.) It was at this moment that the cheer was raised by the Presbyterian "apostle."

Samuel Davies was not a Virginian by birth, but had come into the colony to propagate Presbyterianism. It was held illegal at the time, 1748, or thereabout, to establish dissenting churches, and the impression made by this apostle's eloquence troubled the lawful clergy to such an extent that an injunction was issued against Davies. It is a curious incident that it should have fallen to Peyton Randolph, presently first president of the Continental Congress, to defend, in the outset of his career, the cause of intolerance.

At the age of twenty-seven (1748) he had become King's Attorney in Virginia, and this was his first important case. Samuel Davies, who conducted his own case, pleaded the Act of Toleration. The attorney claimed that the Toleration Act was for England, and did not extend to Virginia. "Then," replied Davies, "neither does the Act of Uniformity extend to Virginia." The case was sent to England for decision, and Davies was sustained. This triumph, together with his fervid eloquence, and the somnolent condition of the colonial church establishment, made him the religious leader of the colony. He so excited the religious spirit in Virginia that even many vestrymen were stirred into sympathy; among others, the elder Madison, who, probably because William and Mary College had become a centre of rationalism, sent his son James (afterwards President) to Princeton,—a circumstance which influenced the history of this country. And here I will quote again Edmund Randolph's manuscript, which contrasts the established church (his own) and Presbyterianism in Virginia at the beginning of the American Revolution:

"The Presbyterian clergy were indefatigable. Not depending upon the dead letter of written sermons, they understood the mechanism of haranguing, and have often been whetted in dispute on religious liberty, as nearly allied to civil. Those of the Church of England were planted on glebes, with comfortable houses, decent salaries, some perquisites, and a species of rank which was not wholly destitute of unction. To him who acquitted himself of parochial functions those comforts were secure, whether he ever converted a Deist, or softened the pangs of a sinner. He never asked himself whether he was felt by his audience. To this charge of lukewarmness there were some shining exceptions, and there were even a few who did not hesitate to confront the consequences of a revolution which boded no stability to them."

This is the testimony of one who to the end of his life remained a devout Episcopalian, as indeed did Davies's disciple, Patrick Henry, who might have remained a storekeeper in Hanover had not the "apostle" settled there. Of Henry, Randolph's manuscript says:

"[His] enthusiasm was nourished by his partiality for the dissenters from the established church. He often listened to them while they were waging their steady and finally effectual war against the burthens of that church, and from a repetition of his sympathy with the history of their sufferings he unlocked the human heart, and transferred into civil discussions many of the bold licences which prevailed in the religious."

When George Mason had prepared his Bill of Rights, the article on religious liberty was confided to

the motion of Patrick Henry, who combined membership in the establishment with a soul of dissent.

It will thus be seen that the arm thrown around Colonel Washington at the age of twenty-four, the arm of Samuel Davies, was a powerful one. In signalling a Virginian as hero and leader, the potent popular apostle unwittingly dealt the first heavy blow to British supremacy in that colony, and prepared the way for American leadership in all colonies. He was not animated by anti-British sentiment: his horror was the danger of subjugation by a papal power, France: his cry was for a competent defender.

In the State archives at Paris I lately found a letter written in 1776 by a French agent in America to his government, in which he says, "Presbyterianism is the soul of this revolution." It is remarkable how many of our revolutionary and republican fathers were inspired by Presbyterian preachers. Henry sat at the feet of Davies, Burr at those of the Rev. Aaron Burr, Madison at those of Witherspoon, Hamilton at those of Knox in the West Indies and Mason in New York. Presbyterianism had a tremendous score to settle with the British government. The time for settlement had not arrived, however, when Davies uttered his patriotic sermon in 1755. He is perfectly loyal, but arraigns the moral and religious condition of the whole country. I conclude with a characteristic passage:

"O my country, *is not thy wickedness great, and thine iniquities infinite?* Where is there a more sinful spot to be found on our guilty globe? Pass over the land, take a survey of the inhabitants, inspect into their conduct, and what do you see? what do you hear? You see gigantic forms of vice braving the skies, and bidding defiance to heaven and earth, while religion and virtue is obliged to retire, to avoid public contempt and insult. You see herds of drunkards swilling down their cups and drowning all *the man* within them. You hear the swearer venting his fury against God and man, trifling with that name which prostrate angels adore, and imprecating that damnation, under which the hardest devil in hell trembles and groans. You see avarice hoarding up her useless treasures, dishonest craft planning her schemes of unlawful gain, and oppression unmercifully grinding the face of the poor. You see prodigality squandering her stores, luxury spreading her table and unmanning her guests; vanity laughing aloud and dissolving in empty unthinking mirth, regardless of God and our country, of time and eternity; sensuality wallowing in brutal pleasures, and aspiring with inverted ambition, to sink as low as her four-footed brethren of the stall. You see cards more in use than the Bible, the backgammon table more frequented than the table of the Lord, plays and romances more read than the history of the blessed Jesus. You see trifling and even crim-

inal diversions become a serious business; the issue of a horse-race or a cock-fight more anxiously attended to than the fate of our country. You see thousands of poor slaves in a Christian country, the property of Christian masters, as they will be called, almost as ignorant of Christianity as when they left the wilds of Africa."

With which brave count in a long indictment I take leave of this historic sermon of an almost forgotten forerunner and inspirer of famous leaders.

THE GENERAL PHYLOGENY OF THE PROTISTS.¹

BY PROF. ERNST HAECKEL.

THE BEGINNING OF PHYLOGENY.

THE development of the world of organic forms on the terrestrial globe has not gone on from eternity, but had a finite *beginning*. For the organic life upon our planet could not have begun until the temperature on the solidified crust of the molten terrestrial ball had so far cooled off as to permit the aqueous vapors of the atmosphere to condense into *liquid* water. For the rise and preservation of organic life, liquid water is as indispensable as is the formation of those peculiar nitrogenous and albuminous carbon-compounds which we group together under the notion of plasma-bodies. The simplest living organism cannot subsist without a granule of glutinous, semifluid plasma containing liquid water in the characteristic aggregate, viscid state. The condition precedent of all beginning of organic life on earth is the appearance at some period in the terrestrial history of the appropriate physical conditions, especially a moderate temperature between freezing and boiling point. As the organic bodies of nature consist of the same substances as the inorganic, and as they are dissolved again on their death into the same substances, we must assume by the law of the conservation of matter that the former have sprung out from the latter by some natural process, which process is archigony.

Astronomy and cosmogony, geology and physiology, compel us with mathematical certitude to adopt the foregoing assumption, and necessitate at the same time a division of the history of our planet into two main chapters—an inorganic and an *organic* terrestrial history. The latter coincides in point of time with the ancestral history of the race. For we must assume that with the very first beginning of organic life and with the rise of the first living plasmic bodies, was begun that uninterrupted chain of *transformations* of plasmic individuals, to investigate which is the task of phylogeny.

The period in which the oldest, simplest organisms first began the marvellous exhibitions of organic vital motion and transformation, is probably not different,

¹ Being Paragraphs 31, 32, 33, and 34 of the new *Systematische Phylogenie*.

or, if at all, only remotely so, from that in which the earliest oceanic waves started their geoplastic play, and by the formation of mud laid the first foundations for the oldest Neptunian sediments of the earth's crust. Hence, since the latter are called the Laurentian sediments, we may place the beginning of the archizoic¹ age, or the first principal division of the organic history of the earth, at the beginning of the period in which the lowest and oldest Laurentian mud layers—the Hypo-Laurentian sediments—were deposited.

ARCHIGONY OR EQUIVOCAL GENERATION.

Of the various hypothetical theories respecting the origin of organic life on earth, which until very recently were at fierce war with one another, one only has proved itself tenable and not at variance with the fundamental principles of modern physics and physiology; namely, the hypothesis of *archigony* or "equivocal generation"² (understood, be it remarked, in a definite and very restricted sense). This hypothesis, which we hold to be the only natural one, is made up of the following assumptions: (1) the organisms with whose spontaneous generation organic life began were moners or probionts—"organisms without organs," very small homogeneous plasmic bodies devoid of anatomical structure. (2) The vital powers of these primordial moners, which were made up of like molecules of plasma, were restricted to assimilation and growth; if the growth went beyond a certain limit of cohesion the tiny granule was split up into two fragments (the beginning of propagation and hence of heredity). (3) The homogeneous plasm of this moner-body arose from inorganic combinations as an albuminate, by a synthetic chemical process: from water, carbonic acid, and ammonia—possibly with the co-operation of certain acids—nitric acid, cyanic acid, and others.

The supposition of archigony, as thus sharply defined, is the only hypothesis that explains *scientifically* the generation of organic life on our planet. It must not be confounded with those varied and mostly unscientific hypotheses which have been put together from time immemorial under the vague designation of *generatio æquivoca* or *spontanea*. For our modern hypothesis of archigony, which accords perfectly with the latest advances of physics and chemistry, nothing is required save the assumption that the physico-chemical process of *plasmotomy*³ or "carbon assimilation," the synthesis of plasma from simple inorganic combinations (water and ammonium carbonate), took place for the first time upon the first appearance in the his-

tory of the earth of the conditions favorable for it. The same process which the vegetal plasma of every green assimilating plant-cell daily performs under the influence of the sun's light, must, at some time or other, have begun spontaneously, when in the beginning of the Laurentian period the requisite physical and chemical conditions were established. This first spontaneous formation of albumen did not, in all probability, take place in the open water of the primeval Laurentian ocean, but somewhere on its coast, where the fine porous earth (mud, sand, clay), afforded favorable conditions for some intense molecular interaction between the solid, liquid, and gaseous substances.

The physical conditions of life on the surface of the earth were at the beginning of organic life beyond doubt very different from what they are at present. The hot atmosphere of the earth was saturated with aqueous vapors and carbonic acid gas; solar light and electricity operated under different conditions from what they do to-day; the tremendous masses of carbon which were subsequently fixed by the vegetable world in organised forms, then existed only in inorganic combinations. We may assume as very probable that the archizoic conditions favoring archigony lasted for a long period, and that accordingly moners were generated repeatedly by archigony at many different places of the earth's surface and at many different times. Whether, however, these processes of primitive spontaneous generation continued in subsequent times, say, after in the Palæozoic era a rich Fauna and Flora had developed, is extremely doubtful, as is also the question whether, as some assume, the same processes are still being repeated to-day. However, even if the archigony of moners *were* constantly repeated to-day, the process, owing to the minute size and the homogeneous constitution of the archigonous plasma granules, would probably be inaccessible both to observation and to experiment.

Theoretically, the following five stages may be distinguished in the hypothetical process of archigony: (1) By synthesis and reduction are produced from simple and solid inorganic combinations (water, carbonic acid, ammonia, nitric acid), nitrogenous carbon compounds; (2) the molecules of these nitro-carbonates assume the peculiar arrangement which is characteristic of the albumen bodies, in the broad sense; (3) the albumen molecules, enclosed in aqueous envelopes, come together and form crystalline aggregates of molecules—pleons or micellæ; (4) the crystalline albuminous micellæ (which are microscopically invisible) unite into aggregates, arranging themselves regularly within the same, and so form homogeneous microscopically visible plasma-granules, or plassonella; (5) the plassonella grow and increase by division; and the products of the division remaining united, larger indi-

¹Archizoic, relating to the first life.—Tr.

²The same as "spontaneous generation"—the supposed origin of living from non-living matter.—Tr.

³Plasmotomy, from two Greek words meaning the building up of plasma, referring to the process observable in plants.—Tr.

vidual plasma-bodies of homogeneous composition, moners, are formed.

MONERS AND MICELLÆ.

Moners we term exclusively those microscopically visible, lowest organisms whose homogeneous plasma-body shows as yet no trace of being composed of different constituents and possesses no anatomical structure. This last never arises except as the result of vital activity, and consequently could not have been present in the oldest living beings. Organisation is always the effect of the plasma-function, not its first cause. By archigony only moners could be produced—structureless “organisms without organs.”

In saying that moners are structureless, we must expressly add that the designation is to be understood anatomically and histologically only, and not physically; that is to say, we are unable, with any of our anatomical or microscopical instruments, to discern the least difference of formal composition in the homogeneous plasma of the moner body. But, on the other hand, we must assume theoretically that a very complicated *molecular structure* exists in every micella of it. For, chemically considered, the simplest albuminous molecule is an extremely composite formation. Still, those delicate structural relations, like the molecules themselves, lie far without the limits of our microscopic observation. When we think what physiological peculiarities are imprinted in the smallest and simplest visible protists (bacteria, monads, etc.), we are led to infer some corresponding complexity of their chemical molecular constitution. Yet whatever that is, it is totally without the reach of our present optical knowledge.

It is implied in this that we attribute no original, optically observable, fundamental structure to the plasma, as has been attempted in recent theories by the assumption of a granular or spumous¹ structure. The assumption of the modern granular hypothesis that the small homogeneous granules observable in the cytoplasm of many cells are the true elementary particles of all cells, is as erroneous, in our opinion, as that of the opposed spumous hypothesis which asserts that the honey-combed, foamy structure visible in the vacuolised cytoplasm² of many cells is a fundamental elementary structure originally appurtenant to the plasm. Both the granular and the spumous formations we regard as *secondary* products of the plasma differentiation.

Moreover, express caution is necessary, not to confound the hypothetical molecular micellar structure of the plasma with its frame-structure, which we can ob-

¹ *Spumous*, foam-like.

² *Cytoplasm*, cellular substance, usually regarded as synonymous with protoplasm; in Haeckel's terminology the plasma of the cellular body as distinguished from the plasma of the cellular nucleus, which is called karyoplasm.—Tr.

serve with powerful microscopes in the reticular plasma of many cells or in the free plasma-net of rhizopods. Of the various hypotheses that have been advanced regarding the minuter consistence of the plasma, we regard the micellar hypothesis or its modification, the plastidular hypothesis, as the one that comes nearest to the truth. According to that theory, the constituent micellæ arrange themselves in the homogeneous plasma in chains alongside one another (like the *Chromaceæ*, *Bacteria*, and other protists that form threads by *catenation*), and these plasma filaments or micellæ-chains form a network or framework whose meshes or interstices are filled with water. This micellar hypothesis explains most simply one of the most important physical or physiological properties of the plasma—its “solid-liquid aggregate condition” and its power of imbibition. We may regard the infinite manifoldness of the “configuration of this ideoplasm-net” as the elementary cause of the infinite variety of all organic forms. However, this micellous plasma-framework lies far without the limits of our optical knowledge, in the simplest moners as in all other organisms.

PLASSON AND PLASMA.

All the active vital functions of organisms are associated with one unvarying group of chemical combinations, called in the broadest sense of the term *plasma-bodies*. The rise of the countless different forms which the vegetable and animal world assumes is always the result of the *plasticity* or formative action of the plasma, that albuminoid *nitro-carbonate* which is involved in unceasing transformation and is capable of numberless modifications. This fundamental relation is a special case only of the highest physical law, that of the conservation of substance. It is formulated as follows: The plasma is the active material basis of all organic vital phenomena; or conversely, organic life is a function of the plasma. With respect to ancestral history this fundamental principle may be expressed thus: phylogeny is the history of plasmogenesis.

In the great majority of all organic bodies that can be subjected to direct investigation to-day, the plasma confronts us in many different modifications and appears as a highly developed product of countless phylogenetic molecular transformations effected in the ancestors of the present organisms during many millions of years. This follows also from the fact that nearly all elementary formations with few exceptions appear to us as cells, that is, as plastids or elementary organisms whose plasma now consists of two essentially different plasmatic substances—viz., of karyoplasm or *nucleus*, and of cytoplasm or *celleus*. The complex relations which obtain between these two main constituents of the cell-organism, and which appear most

prominently in the phenomena of karyokinesis¹ and mitosis² consequent upon cell division, and the almost universal distribution of these constant relations throughout the whole plant and animal kingdom (the lowest forms of plant and animal life alone excepted), show distinctly that the differentiation of the plasma into nucleus and celled, or into karyoplasm and cytoplasm is extremely ancient. It probably began in the Laurentian period in the first stage of organic life from functional adaptation, and was then transmitted by progressive heredity to all descendants.

This is corroborated by the fact that plastids devoid of nuclei still exist as independent organisms of the lowest rank—in the plant kingdom (*Chromacea*, *Phytomonera*) as well as in the animal (*Bacteria*, *Zoomonera*). We must regard these as survivals of that most ancient Laurentian moner group which arose by archigony, and with which organic life on earth began. As the absence of a nucleus in these simplest elementary organisms is to be regarded as original and hereditary, it appears appropriate to call plastids possessing no nucleus *cytodes*, as contrasted with true cells or nucleate plastids. The plasma of cytodes, therefore, may be appropriately termed *plasson*, or "formative" vital substance in its most primitive form. Its relation to cells may be formulated in this phylogenetic proposition: when the homogeneous plasson of the moners first differentiated itself into the inner solid *karyoplasm* and into the outer softer *cytoplasm*, the first real (nucleate) cell was produced from the simple cytode.

PITHECANTHROPOS.

PITHECANTHROPOS (or ape-man) is the name of an oil-painting made by no less an artist than Gabriel Max. The hand that painted one of the sweetest modern Madonnas has ventured to execute a more difficult work by presenting to us an ideal picture of the ancestor of man. Reproductions have been made by Hanfstengel in several sizes and are now to be had at our art-stores.

At first sight the picture is almost repulsive, as it shows a man, a woman, and a child naked and in apelike ugliness; but it gains on one's imagination the more its finer details are studied. One is impressed very soon with the moral strength of this Pre-Adamitic family. The features of both parents indicate that the struggle for existence is hard, but that they are fighting the battle of life courageously and boldly. The odds are great, but they have strength to conquer them.

Gabriel Max was equal to the great task of showing man at the beginning of his career in a low state,

¹*Karyokinesis*, a series of minute changes in the nucleus of the living cell when splitting up.—*Tr.*

²*Mitosis*, a subdivision of minute granular bodies in the plasma.—*Tr.*

but he understood how to make us comprehend that he represents not the downfall to a state of degradation, but the rise to a higher and nobler development of life. We can plainly see that these creatures, half animals, half men, contain in their aspirations the grand possibilities of humanity.

Whether or not the picture is correct in all its details, from the standpoint of the most recent results of anthropology, is of small concern; whether or not the hair of the woman's head is too long, whether or not the thumb-like great toes are in place, whether or not the color of the eyes is what it most probably was in the average individual of those distant ages, whether or not the term alalus or speechless is applicable to the pithecanthropos need not concern us much; there is unquestionably scope enough left for suggestions of all kinds. This much is certain, that the artist has understood how to portray the ancestors of man at the moment when their souls were blossoming out into that fuller mentality, which, with its intellectual depth and moral breadth, we call human. P. C.

A JAPANESE TRANSLATION OF "THE GOSPEL OF BUDDHA."

A FEW days ago we received from the Right Rev. Shaku Soyen, of Kamakura, Japan, the first copy of the Japanese edition of *The Gospel of Buddha*. It is a handsome volume, neatly printed in Japanese-Chinese characters, made up, not in the old-fashioned Chinese style, but in a modern form according to European custom. As in Hebrew Bibles, the beginning is where we should look for the end. Two hundred and thirty-two pages of English text cover three hundred and fifty-two of the Japanese version. The copy in our hands has been bound in black paper, with the title in gold on the face and at the back of the book; it opens easily at every page—a characteristic which our Western books rarely possess, for they close vigorously, unless they are held open with great effort, like the spring of a fox-trap. The preface, covering eight pages in Japanese, is written by Shaku Soyen, and from the English translation which he kindly forwarded us, we reproduce the following passages:

"Sakyamuni was born in India about three thousand years ago, but Buddhism existed long before his birth; Matô and Hôran introduced the sacred books into China when the country was governed by the Gokan dynasty, but Buddhism existed long before their introduction; Scimeï¹ presented a Buddhist image and the sacred book to our Imperial court in the reign of Emperor Kimmei, but Buddhism existed long before this present, for Buddhism is not an invention of Sakyamuni, but the Truth of the world.

"The Truth of the world is not conditioned by time and space; it is infinitely great and infinitely small; it can embrace the whole universe, while it may be hidden in a hair.

¹During the reign of the Emperor Kimmei, in the year 555, A. D., the King of Kudara in Korea sent to Japan an envoy, bearing an image of Buddha and a copy of the Sutras.—*History of the Empire of Japan*, p. 47.

"Shintoism, Confucianism, Brahmanism, Christianity, and Mohammedanism, when considered from the standpoint of our Buddhist religion, are, in my opinion, but larger or smaller planets revolving around this brilliant sun of the Truth, though each of them claims to constitute a solar system of its own, quite different from others. For who is Confucius but another Bôdhisattva that appeared in China; and Jesus and Mohammed are Arhats in the West. Some religious doctrines are inferior to and less deep than others, and they were all preached according to the needs of the time in which their founders were born; but as far as they are consistent with the Truth, they may freely find their place within our Buddhist doctrines.

"If Brahmanism had not arisen in India, Buddhism would never have come into existence; if Confucianism had not taken a strong hold on the minds of the Chinese people, it would never have found its way into that empire; if Shintoism had not had its worshippers in our country, it would never have risen in the land of the "Rising Sun"; lastly, if Christ had not appeared, nor Mohammed, there would have been no Buddhism in the countries where those religious teachers are worshipped! For all these religions, I make bold to say, are nothing but so many conductors through which the "White Light" of Buddha is passing into the whole universe.

"The advanced state of modern science has contributed a great deal to make truth more and more clear, and there are many signs in the Western civilisation that it will welcome Buddhism. Originating from the indefatigable researches of some Sanskrit scholars, a new interest has been excited in the West to investigate the Eastern literature, history, and fine arts. Since, in addition, a new and powerful interest in comparative religion has become more and more general, the time is at hand in which Western scholars begin to see how brilliantly our Buddhism shines in all its glory. This is partly shown by the results of that great event, the late Parliament of Religions in America.

"Many Buddhist scriptures have been translated, both from Sanskrit and Chinese, by Western scholars, and a dozen of books relating to Buddhism have also made their appearance, but only a few of them are read in our country. They are Max Müller's *Nirvana*, Olcott's *A Buddhist Catechism*, Arnold's *The Light of Asia*, Swedenborg's *Buddhism*. Swedenborg entered the realm of Buddhism from his deep mysticism, Arnold from his beautiful poetical thoughts, Olcott from his mighty intellectual power, and Max Müller from his extensive knowledge of the elegant Sanskrit literature. Every one of them shines in his special department, according to the peculiar excellence of his genius. But as for the first and ultimate truth of Buddhism, I am not sure whether or not they have thoroughly understood it.

"Now in our country there exists the complete translation of the Buddhist *Tripitaka*, which have been constantly read by specialists for at least one thousand years. But their commentaries having become enormously numerous and their doctrines having become more and more subtle, the completeness of the *Tripitaka* which was a joyous pride to the ancients, has now caused many complaints among the scholars of to-day who are at a loss how to begin their study. Thus an eager demand for a concisely compiled work on Buddhism has arisen throughout the country, which it is our duty to satisfy. I hope this general demand will be satisfied by Dr. Carus's work.

"The reasons why I publish this Japanese translation of *The Gospel of Buddha*, which has been done in a very easy style by T. Suzuki, a fellow of the Takuhakuyen, are:

"(1) To make our readers know how much our Buddhism is understood by Western scholars; (2) to point out to beginners a short road of studying Buddhism; (3) to teach the masses the life of Sakyamuni and give them an outline of the general doctrines of Buddhism."

SCIENCE AND REFORM.

WEATHER SAINTS.

THE employees of our Government weather-observations often need the qualifications of a saint, as well as of a prophet. There are moralists who denounce the occasional failure of a prediction as a breach of contract, and rival observers who resent the publication of the official bulletin as a personal insult. "There is no end of complaints," said the manager of the Pittsburg signal station in an interview with a press correspondent. "People rush in here and tell us that their thermometers showed fifteen degrees below zero, when three and one-half was actually the lowest. They talk with the emphasis of personal conviction and would lose their temper altogether if I should try to explain the causes of the discrepancy. The main cause is 'calibration,' or faulty construction of the mercury tube"—illustrating his meaning by two drawings, one representing the strictly parallel lines of a correct instrument, the other resembling a river that widens into a lake and again assumes its natural volume—the tube of the twenty cent thermometer that produces results the bureau cannot hope to approach. "These inequalities do the mischief," said the observer. "If the tube widens at a certain point the mercury will move up and down slowly. If it is unduly contracted, it will show big extremes of temperature. The cheapest thermometer we use costs \$3.50. Nothing cheaper is reliable. These people come rushing in here. Their thermometers show one hundred and six degrees and they are proud of it. We can't rake up a hundred. Winter brings no relief. Cheap thermometers and their owners rush to the opposite extreme." Yet courteous treatment of well-dressed visitors is one of the principle office-rules.

THE ALCOHOL PROBLEM.

A few weeks ago a committee of American reformers announced their intention to investigate the liquor problem on the inductive principle of inquiry, by a series of personal experiments and an impartial comparison of the results. The list of their members includes such names as Prof. F. G. Peabody, J. J. McCook, Felix Adler and President Low of Columbia College—the chairman of the committee. The proximate object of the inquiry is the "effect of moderate drinking," and a widely distributed circular invites replies to the following questions: 1. "Is the regular consumption of a moderate quantity of whiskey, wine, or beer conducive to the maintenance of health and working power in any class of men? If so, in what class, and what is the average quantity thus useful?"—2. "What is the quantity of whiskey, wine, or beer which the average man in good health may consume daily without special risk of injuring his health? Does this vary in connexion with variations of age, of climate, or of occupation, and what are those variations?"—Considering the frequency of desultory methods applied to the study of the drink evil, the plan of the proposed investigation really seemed to promise important results, but by a strange oversight—or, shall we say, failure to recognise the chief significance of the intemperance peril, the circular includes no reference to the question which De Quincy discussed so impressively in his *Confessions of an Opium Eater*, viz., the frequent *progressiveness* of apparently harmless stimulant habits. Like the moderate use of opium, hashish, arsenic, tobacco, and chloral, the "moderate drinking" of alcoholic liquors implies the risk of a craving for a gradual increase of the dose—a fact explaining the apparent paradox that abstinence from all tonic drugs is easier than temperance.

A DOOMED NATION.

Whatever may be the temporary outcome of the Inter-Mongolian war, its military record will seal the doom of the Chinese Empire as an independent organisation. No such odds in the numerical strength of belligerents were ever heard of since the close of the Seven Years' War, nor such uniform success of the

minority since Bonaparte's first Italian campaign. King Frederic, like the Japanese invaders, entered the field against tenfold odds, but was, on the average beaten in every third battle. And though Napoleon gained sixteen following victories, his force in northern Italy never amounted to less than one-half of his Austrian adversaries, and he was, moreover, backed by the resources of a country quite as rich and populous as Austria and those of her Italian sympathisers taken together. In 1813 he fought as one against five, and was not only worsted but ruined. The present population of the Japanese archipelago has been estimated at 35,200,000; that of the Chinese Empire at 372,500,000,—the proportion being almost exactly that of France in her present extent, against all Europe combined, or of Chile against all the rest of South America. A nation so easily beaten, has forfeited its hope of peace. The result of the first Silesian war was the signal for a general attack upon the heritage of the Empress Queen. The victories of the Visigoths were followed by a mass-invasion of other warlike tribes, and the success of the Japanese aggressors will ultimately lead to the downfall of the South Mongolian colossus.

JURY FREAKS.

The occasional abuse of a time-honored institution should not be allowed to justify the demand for its abolishment; still it must be admitted that every now and then a glaring case of mis-trial seems to illustrate the correctness of Schopenhauer's arguments for the modification of the old English jury-system. A few years ago a young man of Uniontown, Pennsylvania, waylaid and murdered a lawyer who had killed his father in self-defence. It was proved that the vendetta outrage had not been committed in a moment of passion, since its perpetrator had prepared its success by a week of daily target-practice, but the jury nevertheless endorsed the act by rejecting the plea of emotional insanity and acquitting the assassin on general principles. As a natural consequence, their protegé came to regard himself a privileged personage and recently tested the tolerance of his fellowmen by two additional murders, the first of them committed on so frivolous a pretext that only the uncommon strength of the local bastille saved the young bloodhound from the vengeance of the infuriated populace. A less tragic, but in some respects still more remarkable, case occurred last month in Pittsburgh, where the attending physician of a charity hospital was convicted on a preposterously absurd charge of malpractice. The plaintiff, a pauper and alien, had been admitted to the hospital through the special kindness of the commissioners, and rewarded the doctor who had treated a compound fracture of his thigh-bone by suing him on the plea that the transaction had resulted in shortening the injured leg an inch and a half. It was proved that the defendant had not received a cent of compensation, either from the patient or the managers of the hospital. It was also proved by compurgators of unquestionable competence that the result of the cure was much more favorable than could have been expected from a record of averages; yet, in spite of all these facts, and in spite of their emphatic indorsement in the final charge of the court, the intelligent jury brought in a five-thousand-dollar verdict for the plaintiff.

SPECIALTY LITERATURE.

The enormous increase of the reading public within the last fifty years has evolved an astonishing number of "specialty periodicals." In the United States we have a *Granite-Cutters' Journal*, a *Modern Crematist*, a *Cementarian*, and an *American Journal of Numismatics*, and Dr. T. J. Bernardo, London, England, publishes a monthly devoted to the "study of the proper treatment of feeble-minded children."

POSTHUMOUS HERO-WORSHIP.

A French statesman shrewdly ascribes the recent revival of Napoleon-worship to the incapacity of his would-be imitators.

"The masses," he says, "need an ideal, and seeing nothing but imbecility in gorgeous uniforms all around, the vision of the victor of Marengo in his gray battle cloak naturally rises before their inner eye." In France and Belgium there has been a simultaneous resurrection of Voltaire-worship, in Austria of Kossuth- veneration. The idea of universal progress is a very pleasant one, but it can do no harm to admit that in many parts of Europe the intellectual meteor-shower of 1775-1820 has been followed by an almost starless night, in which the thoughts of men naturally turn to the bright memories of the past.

VICTIMS OF NICOTINE.

The *litterateur* Stevenson is supposed to have weakened his constitution by mental overwork, but the main cause of his premature death was probably his excessive fondness for tobacco. Two years ago he already confessed that the bill of his cigar-dealer amounted to \$450 a year, and during the last six months of his life he smoked an average of forty cigarettes per day, and often as many as eighty in twenty-four hours. This hobby had afflicted him with chronic insomnia, which in turn he tried to cure, or at least palliate, by smoking all night, till narcosis of the brain brought on a sort of stupefaction and temporary loss of consciousness—for weeks his nearest approach to refreshing slumber. Dr. McCarthy of Liverpool warned him a year ago that he was burning the candle of life at both ends—for in the midst of his misery he tried to attend to his literary labors, but he stuck to nicotine as the only specific for the mitigation of his nervousness. For similar reasons Ex-President Grant and Crown Prince Friedrich of Prussia felt themselves unable to adopt the advice of their physicians when their passion for cigars had resulted in a chronic irritation of the respiratory organs.

FELIX L. OSWALD.

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THOUGHTS OF COMFORT.

BY THE LATE COUNT HELMUTH VON MOLTKE.

(TRANSLATED BY T. J. M'CORMACK.)

MAN feels himself a complete whole, detached from the rest of the world, and outwardly separated from it by the husk of the body, which serves here on earth as the dwelling-place of the soul.¹

Nevertheless, I am disposed to see in this whole, functions, intimately connected and ruled by the soul, which possess independent existence.

First, from the obscurity of birth, the body is developed. Its nature is incessantly at work in the growth of the child, already preparing in him the abode of higher organs. The body reaches the acme of perfection ere half the period of its duration has elapsed, and from its surplus-power creates new life. Thenceforward there is falling off and weary endeavor, only, to preserve its existence.

During probably a third part of our life, namely, that passed in sleep, the body receives no commands from its mistress, but the pulsations of the heart continue uninterrupted, the substances change, and respiration is performed—all without our willing.

The servant, even, can *rebel* against his mistress, as when a cramp painfully contracts our muscles. But the pain is the cry for succor and support, when the vital function of the body has lost its mastery over the dead matter—which we feel as the sickness of our vassal.

In all, we must look upon the body as a part of our being, but, yet, as something alien to ourselves.

But is not, at least, the soul, the ego proper, a unity and an indiscerptible whole?

Slowly unfolding, reason rises to ever higher and higher perfection up to old age, so long as the body does not leave it in the lurch. Judgment expands with the fulness of experience, but memory, that handmaid of thought, disappears earlier, or rather loses its capacity of absorbing new matter. Marvellous, this power of preserving, in a thousand drawers that open instantaneously at the mind's bidding, all that has been acquired, learned, and experienced from earliest youth!

It is not to be denied that old age often gives the impression of dulness, but it is impossible for me to think here of a real obscurity of reason, for reason is a bright spark of the divine, and even in insanity the obscurity shows only outwardly. A deaf man, striking the right notes on an instrument out of tune may be conscious of playing correctly, whilst all around hear only confused discords.

Reason is absolute sovereign; she recognises no authority above her; no power, not even we ourselves, can compel her to assume as incorrect what she has recognised to be true.

E pur si muove!

The thinking mind soars through the infinite distances of the shining stars; it casts its lead into the unfathomable depths of the smallest life; nowhere does it find *barriers*, everywhere *law*, the immediate expression of divine thought.

A stone falls on Sirius according to the same law of gravity as upon the earth. Arithmetical ratios underlie the distances of the planets, the chemical mixture of the elements; everywhere the same causes produce the same effect. Nowhere is there caprice in nature; everywhere, order.

The *origin* of things, reason cannot comprehend; but nowhere is she at variance with the law that regulates all. Reason and the order of the world conform, one to another: they must be of the same origin.

Though the imperfection of all created things leads reason into ways that depart from the truth, still truth is her only aim.

Reason, it is true, comes into conflict with many venerable traditions. Reason objects to miracles, "Faith's favorite offspring" [as Goethe calls them], and cannot be convinced that omnipotence in attaining its ends should find it necessary to abolish in individual instances the laws that rule nature for eternity. Yet the doubts of reason are not directed against religion but only against the form in which religion is offered to us.

Christianity has raised the world from barbarism to civilisation. It has abolished slavery after centuries of effort, has ennobled labor, emancipated woman, and opened a vista into eternity. But was it the letter of its doctrines the dogma that produced this bless-

¹In the first draft the words follow here: "In spite of the intimate union of the two into a whole, a certain dualism is unmistakable." This passage is omitted in the later versions

ing? Men can agree on all things except on such to which human powers of comprehension do not extend, and concerning just such conceptions men have quarreled eighteen hundred years, have devastated the world, from the extermination of the disciples of Arius on through the Thirty Years' War to the fagots of the Inquisition, and what has been the outcome of all these struggles?—the same difference of opinion as before!

We may take dogmas as we take the assurance of a trusted friend, without putting them to the test. But the kernel of all religions is the morality which they teach, and purest and most comprehensive of all is the Christian.

And yet men speak of dry morality with a shrug, and lay the main emphasis on the form in which it is given. I am afraid that the zealot in the pulpit, who will persuade where he cannot convince, preaches Christians out of the church.

Must not every sincere prayer, whether it be directed to Buddha, Allah, or Jehovah, reach the same God, save whom there is none other? Does not the mother hear the entreaty of the child in what language soever it lips her name?

Reason is at no point in conflict with morals. The good is in the end the reasonable; but acting in accordance with the good is not dependent upon reason. Here the governing soul, *the soul of feeling*, determines volition and conduct. To her alone, not to her two vassals, has God given the two-edged sword of free-will—that gift which according to the Writ leads to bliss or to damnation.

But a trusty counsellor has been provided to us. Independently of ourselves, he holds his commission from God himself. Conscience is the incorruptible and infallible judge who pronounces at every moment his verdicts, if we will but listen, and whose voice ultimately reaches even him who has closed his heart to its warning, strive against it how he may.

The laws that human society has imposed upon itself bring only conduct before their judgment seat, not thought and sentiment. Even the various religions exact different requirements among different peoples. One requires the sanctification of Sunday, another of Friday or Saturday. The one permits enjoyments that the other forbids. Nevertheless, between what is permitted and what is prohibited a broad field of freedom is left, and it is here that conscience with more delicate sensitiveness lifts its voice. It tells us that *every* day should be consecrated to the Lord, that even legal interest wrested from the oppressed is wrong. In a word, it preaches ethics in the breasts of Christians and Jews, of heathens and savages. For even among the most uncultured races, to whom the light of Christianity has not shone, the fundamental notions of good and bad accord. They, too, denounce breach

of faith and lies, treachery, and ingratitude as bad. For them, too, the bonds uniting parents, children, and kin are holy. It is difficult to believe in the universal depravity of the human race, for however much obscured by crudeness and illusions, the germ of the good, the sense of the noble and the beautiful, lies in every human breast, and conscience dwells in it, that points out the right way.

Is there a more cogent proof of the existence of God than this feeling of right and wrong which is common to all, than this agreement of *one* law, in the physical as in the moral world; save that nature must follow undeviatingly this law, whilst it is given to man, because he is free, to infringe it.

Body and reason serve the governing soul, but they also assert rights of their own: they are co-determinative, and thus the life of man is a constant struggle with himself. If in that struggle, and hard pressed from within and without, the voice of conscience does not always determine man's resolutions, yet must we hope that the Lord that created us imperfect, will not demand of us the perfect.

For hard and great is the outward pressure on man in his conduct, diverse are his original endowments, unequal his education and position in life. It is easy for the child of fortune to abide in the right path, and rarely does temptation befall him, at least such as leads to crime; difficult, on the other hand, is it to the hungry, uncultured man, agitated by passions. All this must fall heavily in the scales in deciding on guilt and innocence before the universal judgment-seat, and here, moreover, mercy becomes justice, two ideas that otherwise exclude each other.

It is more difficult to conceive nothing than something, especially if that something has once existed; more difficult to conceive cessation than continuance. It is impossible that this mundane life should be a finality. We have not asked for it. It was given to us, imposed upon us. A higher destiny must be ours than to renew forever and ever the circuit of this sorrowful existence. Are the riddles that surround us never to be explained, to solve which the best men have labored their whole lives long? For what are the thousand threads of love and friendship that bind us to the present and the past, if there be no future, if all ends with death?

But what is it we can take with us into this future?

The functions of our mundane vestment, the body, have ceased, the materials that even in life constantly change enter new chemical combinations, and the earth holds fast all that belongs to it. Not a grain is lost. The Writ promises us the resurrection of a transfigured body; and certainly a separate existence without limitation is inconceivable; nevertheless, in

this promise, it is likely, only the continuance of individuality is to be understood, in contradistinction to pantheism.

That reason and with it the knowledge we have laboriously won shall accompany us into eternity, it is permitted us to hope; perhaps, too, the recollection of our earthly sojourn. Whether that is to be wished for is another question. What, if some time, our whole life, our thought and conduct should lie spread out before us, and we should become ourselves our own judges, incorruptible, merciless!

But above all, sentiment must remain with the soul if it is immortal! Friendship is based on reciprocity; in friendship, reason, too, is heard. But love can exist without being requited. Love is the purest, the divine flame of our being.

Now, the Writ tells us we shall love God before all, an invisible, utterly incomprehensible being, who causes us joy and happiness and also self-denial and pain. How can we do that, otherwise than by obeying his commands and loving our fellowmen whom we see and know.

If, as the Apostle Paul writes, some time faith is to be transmuted into knowledge, hope into fulfilment, and love only shall obtain; we may be permitted to hope we shall confront the love of a lenient judge.

CREISAU, October, 1890.

MOLTKE'S RELIGION.

THERE is no thoughtful man but has tried to answer the great questions of life: "What are we, where is the root of our being, and what is our destiny after death?" The great battle-thinker, Count Helmuth von Moltke, the German field-marshal who never lost a battle in three great wars, was a deeply religious man. In the last year of his life he wrote down his thoughts on religion, calling them *Trostgedanken*, or thoughts of comfort, which he left his family as a precious testament, embodying his views of reconciliation between knowledge and faith (*Versöhnung zwischen Wissen und Glauben*). How serious the venerable nonagenarian was in these *Trostgedanken* appears from the fact that he worked them over several times; he kept them on his desk in Creisau and read them again and again, improving their form and adding corrections. There are four complete drafts which are slightly different in several parts, but all of them written in his own firm hand-writing, and we can observe in the changes how he weighed every sentence into which he cast his ideas. We present to our readers in an English translation the latest version, which in style and thought is the most matured form of his reflexions on religion.

In his *Trostgedanken* Moltke accepted with pious reverence the spirit of the religion of his childhood, the moral kernel of which he recognised as pure and

nowhere in conflict with reason. But with critical discrimination he set aside the dogmas of Christianity. "Reason," he said, "objects to miracles, and yet our doubts are not directed against religion itself but only against the traditional form of religion." He came to the conclusion that "reason is unquestionably sovereign; she recognises no authority above herself; no power, not even we ourselves, can force her to assume to be incorrect that which she recognises as true." And this statement was made with a conscious consideration of the irrationality of religious dogmas, for Moltke adds the weighty words attributed to Galileo when his inquisitors had succeeded in making him retract the conclusion of scientific investigation, *E pur si muove*.

Moltke's religion is still imbued with the traditional dualism which represents life after death as a mysterious existence in a transfigured body; but he avoids any speculation on this subject and limits his interest to the thought that "our earthly life cannot be a finality; we must have a higher destiny than the constant repetition of the circuit of this miserable existence." Moltke takes comfort in the scriptural promise of resurrection, which he understands simply to mean "the preservation of our individuality."

We, who no longer think of heaven as a Utopia, reject the dualism implied in the conception of the soul as a distinct entity, but appreciate, nevertheless, the great General's belief in a preservation of our individuality. Indeed, "it is more difficult" (as Moltke says) "to think the nothing than the something, annihilation than continuation;" and the science of evolution justifies his trust, not, indeed, in the dualistic sense in which he understands it, but in a monistic sense which is free from the mystical vagaries and not less noble and inspiring. Science teaches us that the individuality of our soul is preserved in the following generations. The pantheistic notion that the soul continues to exist after death in the same way as the energy and substance of the body are preserved, that it is scattered, we know not where, so as to lose its definite character, is wrong; for all the individual features are transmitted, partly by heredity, partly through education by example and instruction. The soul is treasured up in the evolution of life.

"And ever the appropriated gain,
In stern heredity's bequeathment held,
From generation unto generation,
Following fast, is yielded to the years."

Life on earth does not consist of isolated souls, but forms one great whole which marches onward in the path of progress. The soul of a man is the greater the more it contains of the spirit of the whole which consists of the hoarded-up soul-treasures of all past generations, and not one individuality whose life has

been a part of this evolution can be lost. Hence Schiller's advice :

"Art thou afraid of death? Thou wishest for life everlasting.
Serve as a part of the whole, when thou art gone, it remains."

Taking a view of life which eliminates all mysticism and confines itself to purely scientific results, we come to the conclusion that the old dualistic world-conception with its religious dogmas of heaven and hell, God and Satan, soul and immortality are allegorical formulations of conditions that have definite equivalents in reality. When accepted literally, religious dogmas are self-contradictory and even absurd, but when understood as symbols representing ideas which in their abstract purity are difficult to communicate, we cannot deny their significance and truth.

What is true of the dogma of the immortality of the soul is equally true of the belief in God. While no scientific man is able to retain the idea of a dualistic God who, in spite of the conclusions of reason, would overthrow by his miracles the cosmic laws of existence, we insist most positively on the truth that the physical and moral world-order which science reveals to us in the formulation of so-called natural laws and which appears in our moral aspirations is not a mere subjective ideal but an objective reality, which in its omnipresence constitutes the ultimate authority of conduct and is the deity after whom all the religions of the earth grope if haply they might feel after him and find him.

P. C.

SCIENCE OF SPIRIT.

BY HUDOR GENONE.

IT is very curious, but no one seems to think of "spirit" except either as an immaterial substantial shape, or as a thing so tenuous as to be a practical negation of all things or anything.

Now, as it happens, in the very constitution and fabric of everything this principle holds good always and everywhere—that the more tenuous things get the more stable they become.

A block of ice holds its life by the frail tenure of climate or condition of its environment.

If the environment of temperature rises ever so little above the point of freezing it is a question of time only how long it will be before the solid dies.

The block of ice becomes a bucketful of water.

And the water becomes vapor, and the vapor in its turn, if the conditions serve, is resolved into its constituent gases, and the divorced elements hydrogen and oxygen go their several ways to coquette with new paramours, and form, as the fancy nature has given moves them, more or less enduring alliances.

Solids, liquids, vapors, gases, elements, each after his kind, each fulfilling his functions; each amenable to his own laws of being, and each seeking always in

his own way a stable equilibrium through reconciliation with that universal of which he constitutes a part.

To be at peace with his environment is the constant effort of all that exists, from the primordial cell to man; from the intelligent atom to the intelligent God.

In the great flux of forces in the universe the spirit of being is the meaning of its action, that which on this planet culminates in man, the meaning of whose existence consists of his factors,—motive in his volition and result in his character.

The spirit of volition is that which impels to a change of relation. This spirit is not necessarily conscious; it is not necessarily free. In the effort of the element to seek "affinity" it seems to be purely mechanical; in the endeavor of the monad, the instinct of the dog, and the conscience of an enlightened man it is found in various degrees, reaching forth towards that perfect condition where mechanical action gives invariably the most perfect result, or where choice being free inevitably chooses the best.

The atom is intelligent because it always chooses inerrantly. Whether that choice is a blind and unremitting yielding to destiny, or a deliberate balancing of reasons, the result, being constant, is trustworthy, and being trustworthy, is right.

The lower we descend in the scale of creation, the more and more absolute and inerrant becomes the spirit of volition, which finds apparent perfection in the ultimate atom.

The higher we rise the more and more freedom of volition seems to grow possible, and more and more choice seems to tend away from absolute right.

Man claims to have what he calls a conscience, and there are some who by that assumption consider the human species as of a different order, as made of finer clay than the rest of animal creation.

Manifestly Carlyle was nobler than a cat, Shakespeare greater than a dog, and Emerson more intellectual than an elephant.

But the same spirit of volition is in all, and it is simply that principle which impels upward or perhaps compels downward, which tends towards absolute right or away from right. There is no such thing as the supernatural; but there is high and low, good and evil, and the "spiritual" is the highest and best development of the natural.

As solids, liquids and gases differ; as solids, areas and lines differ; as colors differ, so man differs from the brute, and the brute from the vegetable, and the vegetable from the mineral.

There is an ill-defined frontier always and a continuous merger, or progression, but, each in his own domain, has a proper and distinct individuality.

Intellectual or scientific right is a condition of facts

and their relations; but moral right is a condition of relations of facts. The former is found by laborious investigation; the latter by the dictates of feeling.

There is but one right, one Truth, but there are the two paths to truth: the rigorous logic of reason and the imperial incentive of emotion.

It is this imperial incentive in man, which, not content or unable to execute the self-evident decrees of the majesty within, delegates its godlike powers to some creed or scheme or plan or church or system, and sometimes from education, sometimes from inheritance, sometimes from sheer lethargy or cowardice, becomes the obsequious servant of credulity.

Destiny is either tyrant or slave; man either her minion or her master.

Destiny and divinity are one, except as man's motive submits or commands.

To what end, then, are the rites of religion? Are they all futile?

No; religious systems are figures of thought as allegories, metaphors, and parables are of speech; they are figures for multitudes, as in common speech every one speaks figuratively and only seldom directly.

The spirit of emotion is found in that form of expression, and those symbols which best convey to the individual his ideal of the eternal.

Few there are capable of thinking abstractly, and yet abstract thought is the equivalent of pure feeling.

Thought is not made for slavery; the brain is not an empire but a democracy. If it submits to the despot Credulity, it is unworthy of freedom.

The condition of men's minds on the subject of religion is the same now as it was hundreds of years ago regarding physical science.

Then authority was supreme, and the humble investigator was the serf of custom.

We are yet in these matters in the era of phlogiston, astrology, and alchemy.

The divine right of creeds and theologies, priests, ministers, and books must go the way of the divine right of kings.

The great central ideas of the Christian religion: an angry God and a vicarious atonement, are not, as rational thought, unacclimated to the air of philosophic certainty, declares, untrue; on the contrary, they are, of all things of which the human mind can form conception, most supremely true.

But they are true in a rational and scientific sense, not in an irrational, dogmatic, bigoted sense.

The whole world teems with testimony of the angry god. He is that intolerant, implacable, unyielding power which nature displays whenever vexed or crossed. Violate what is called a "law" of nature and woe to him who violates. The earthquake, and

the tempest, and the avalanche; the arctic cold; the equatorial fever heat, the savage beast, and the venom of plant and serpent. These are some emissaries of that satanic power which lies in wait to devastate and destroy, and mocks when our fear cometh.

But for every ill that nature has for us, nature has provided also the good; for every bane its antidote. Some of these specifics for evil man has discovered; others remain yet undiscovered.

The object of life and the sole legitimate, intelligible, rational reasons of living is to lessen the evil and increase the good, not only to replenish the earth by making it first arable and then fruitful, but by overcoming wrong, by mastering hate, by conquering nature in all those hydra-headed shapes she takes to allure us, to foil us, and to destroy us.

From the dawn of history man has been engaged in this great business of subduing and overcoming. The more animal he is the more he devotes himself to the work of the animal—the sensual life, the reproduction of his kind, the replenishment of the world—but as he advances in the path of being, as his greater powers, one by one, slowly, like wings, unfold, he becomes prepared for better, and purer, and loftier flights. The more godly he becomes the more he devotes himself and his energies and talents to the subduing of the world, to the slow and sure uplifting of his race towards perfection, so that finally all may be, as they of right ought to be, in the image of God.

In this sublime advance how seemingly futile were the beginnings! how slow the march! how illusory the aim! how far away the end!

Yet science, rich with the spoils of time, can now show in her sacred treasure-house innumerable trophies of the past,—trophies won by bloody battles with savage forces of nature and with mistaken and misunderstanding men.

Her armies conquering, not to plunder or to devastate, have, one by one, annexed greater and greater extents of territory, imposing upon these new dominions not tribute but beneficence.

So earth has come in some few respects to blossom as the rose, and in all the broad dominions where the banner of Truth has flown the buds have bloomed of culture, of refinement, of dignity, and peace, and plenty.

Science has either triumphed or is on its triumphant march in every region save one.

The region of "spirit," strong in the fastnesses of tradition, impregnable in the multitude of the minions of ignorance refuses to welcome her legions.

Mythology governs still, and the myth-god reigns supreme.

The myth is the mental expression for the religious feeling of an epoch. It is the condensation of thought

from the warmth of emotion on the cool heights of intellect.

The ancient Greek myth represented accurately the consensus of the emotions of the race in its childhood.

The Mosaic myth represents with surprising accuracy the expanding youth of mankind; its better coherence of thought, its concentration towards the perfection of principle.

This form of the myth was in full dominance over the Hebrew mind when a great reformer—Jesus Christ—came, not to destroy the law, but to fulfil it, by giving to it a perfect significance.

The Christian myth, divested of all the apparatus of narrative, of miracle, of the supernatural, is simply the significance of motive.

Far from being a negation, spirit is the one thing, the only thing that is infallibly destined to an immortality of existence.

Truth may be beyond reason, but it cannot be contrary to reason.

Hate nothing but wrong, despise nothing but error, defy nothing but malice, and envy, and lust, and all other slaves of the vindictive god. So shall you inevitably rise to the height and breathe the purer air of the universal spirit in whose likeness you are made.

The spirit of sobriety was consistent in that ancient ascetic of weak stomach, loathing strong drink who yet for his soul's sake made himself an inebriate in honor of Bacchus.

The spirit of love is found rather in that which chastens than in that which indulges. And the Christ spirit, when we have it, shall show us clearly that the life and death of the God-man for the race is a type of perfect and perpetual character that lives and dies not for itself but for all.

When all really believe what now a few do believe and many profess; when that belief shall have virtue and knowledge added unto it, and prejudice and superstition eliminated from it, then life shall overcome death, and the Truth shall prevail.

But this must be wrought out patiently, serenely, earnestly, for as man came with ignorance, so by man shall come wisdom; and as by man came death by man comes also the resurrection from the dead.

“THE MODERN HABIT OF THOUGHT.”

BY ATHERTON BLIGHT.

IF it is true, as Carlyle said, that the most important thing about a man is his religion, then the weekly perusal of *The Open Court* should be our duty as well as a great pleasure. For where shall we find the religion of the cultured, thoroughly emancipated “modern man” more clearly and admirably presented?

You have been good enough from time to time to allot me some of your valuable space to call attention to one or two books or reviews bearing upon the great subject of your life-work, which may, perchance, have escaped the notice of some of your readers. With your kind permission I should like to say a word or two, first, about an interesting article in the *Nineteenth Century* for December, 1894, by the Duke of Argyll, entitled “Lord Bacon versus Professor Huxley.” The old question of the distinction between the natural and the so-called supernatural is the gist of the article. The writer says “. . . he adopts and dwells upon a separation between what is called ‘the natural’ and the ‘supernatural’ which is perhaps the grossest of all the fallacies of modern philosophy.” Further on the Duke adds, and what he says is very significant, “For myself I must declare that I do not believe in ‘the supernatural’—that is to say, I do not believe in any existence outside of what we call Nature, which is not also an existence inside of it, and even filling it to the very brim.” What more do we ask? Is not this the teaching of Dr. Carus? If the thoroughly orthodox Duke of Argyll will surrender the “supernatural,” or, which is the same thing, include it in the “natural,” the battle is won.

But I fear that our congratulations are premature. The Duke would call many things “natural” which we should be obliged to rule out. Doubtless he would call, from his point of view, the whole miraculous account of the birth and life of Christ as recorded in the Gospels, “natural.” Even to the narrative of what took place after the crucifixion; “and the graves were opened and many bodies of the saints which slept arose, and came out of the graves after his resurrection, and went into the holy city, and appeared unto many.” What a mental confusion is here. Nevertheless, let us be grateful to the Duke of Argyll for declaring that he does not believe in the “supernatural.” The whole article is well worth reading.

Secondly, let me mention an important notice by Lord Farrer in the *Contemporary Review*, for June, 1894, of *Kidd's Social Evolution*. Mr. Kidd maintains that “religious beliefs are essentially supra-rational or extra-rational; and a rational religion is a scientific impossibility.” To this extraordinary statement Lord Farrer replies, “. . . Passing to the history of Christianity he admits that in its earlier period, indeed for some fourteen or fifteen centuries, the supra-rational element contained in it produced a great variety of excesses and of evils. Is it fair to treat these as merely adventitious growths, proving only its native vigor? Is it not quite as reasonable to conclude that they were the natural consequences of an essentially false and bad element in the organisation—viz., the subjection of human reason to the supra-rational?”

The whole article is conceived in an admirable vein and full of the spirit and tendency of *The Open Court*.

Thirdly, in the *Popular Science Monthly* for October, 1894, there is, in my opinion, a very remarkable article by Prof. Wm. H. Hudson, entitled "Poetry and Science." Every one truly interested in the great work of *The Open Court* should read it and ponder it. Professor Hudson begins, "In his able and suggestive essay on 'Cosmic Emotion' the late Professor Clifford pointed out the significant fact that in the development of thought the feelings never quite keep pace with the intellect." It is quite impossible to make any quotations from the article—every word of it must be read. How clear it is now to many of us that in religion, which is *the highest poetry*, our feelings lag behind our intellect. Is not this the complete key to the orthodox position? I cannot forbear transcribing the closing sentence of Professor Hudson's charming essay, "The business of the poet in his capacity of spiritual teacher is to help us to clothe fact with the beauty of fancy; not to try to force fancy into the place of fact. Let us understand what is scientifically true, socially right, and our feelings will adjust themselves in due course. It is for science to lead the way, and the highest mission of the poet is ever to follow in the wake, and in the name of poetry and religion claim each day's new thought as his own."

Fourthly, in the *Contemporary Review* for December, 1894, there is a very interesting confirmation of the burden of the teaching of our learned editor, in an article by Professor Seth, called "A New Theory of the Absolute." Allow me a quotation, "Hegel was right in seeking the Absolute within experience and finding it, too; for certainly we can neither seek it nor find it anywhere else. The truth about the Absolute which we extract from our experience, is, doubtless not the final truth. It may be taken up and superseded in a wider or fuller truth, and in this way we might pass in successive cycles of finite existence from sphere to sphere of experience, from orb to orb of truth. But even the highest would still remain a finite truth, and fall infinitely short of the truth of God." As a reply to the so-called agnosticism of Professor Huxley and the unknowable of Mr. Herbert Spencer the whole article is admirable and very suggestive.

Fifthly. In the *Nineteenth Century* for October, 1894, there is a curious article by Prof. Max Müller, called "The Alleged Sojourn of Christ in India." At the close of the article Professor Müller says: "All this, no doubt, is very sad. How long have we wished for a real historical life of Christ without the legendary halo, written not by one of his disciples, but by an independent eye-witness who had seen and heard Christ during the three years of his active life and who had witnessed the crucifixion and whatever happened af-

terwards? And now when we seemed to have found such a life, written by an eye-witness of his death, and free as yet from any miraculous accretions, it turns out to be the invention of a Buddhist monk at Himis, or, as others would have it, a fraud committed by an enterprising traveller and a bold French publisher." So then a distinguished scholar in a popular magazine tells us in the simplest way that we have "no real historical life of Christ without the legendary halo." And yet what an elaborate superstructure have theologians built upon a foundation of little or no historical value. It is high time to press home in season and out of season the modern critical, scientific *historical* method of reasoning so ably upheld by *The Open Court*.

Sixthly. A friend of mine sent me the other day a deeply interesting little book by Bernard Bosanquet, called *The Civilisation of Christendom and Other Studies*, being the first volume, I think, of a promised "Ethical Library," published by Swan Sonnenschein & Co., London. The chapters on "Some Thoughts on the Transition from Paganism to Christianity," "The Civilisation of Christendom," "Old Problems Under New Names," and "Are We Agnostics?" are as good serious and thoughtful reading as I have enjoyed for a long time. I will give one quotation from "Old Problems Under New Names," "Do we seriously imagine that man's soul, the much exercised mind of each separate person when most he feels his separateness, has become, as Mr. Swinburne tells us, man's only God? Should we not run the risk of justly appearing ridiculous if we maintained this to be so? . . . The old problem of the conflict in man's nature remains a fact under every new name. In the greater life of the world, and more especially of mankind, there is something which the animal individual may or may not make his own, a principle on which he may or may not lay hold, a direction in which he may or may not set his face. . . . But if we think that the will to be good grows up as a matter of course in every man, and maintains itself in his mind without help from a greater power than his, then we are in a fool's paradise, and have still much to learn from the Catholic Church. . . . When we read of God and sin we must not think complacently to ourselves that 'we have changed all that.'"

Those who welcome *The Open Court* every week with keen interest will surely appreciate this admirable work.

One more book and I am done. *A Modern Zoroastrian*, by S. Laing. It has been published several years. If it should have escaped the notice of some of your readers I am sure they will thank me for mentioning it. One quotation from the introductory chapter, "Science and miracle have been fighting out their battle during the last fifty years along the whole line,

and science has been at every point victorious. . . . The result of these discoveries has been to make a greater change in the spiritual environment of a single generation than would be made in their physical environment if the glacial period suddenly returned and buried Northern Europe under polar ice. The change is certainly greater in the last fifty years than it had been in the previous five hundred, and in many respects greater than in the previous five thousand."

All this is very encouraging and strikingly confirmatory of the position so boldly taken and so nobly maintained by *The Open Court* now for some years. Yet we must not forget that a writer in the *Contemporary Review* at the time of Taine's death warned us that there is a reaction setting in in France against the *only true method* of reasoning, viz.: the scientific, historical method of which the distinguished French historian was a bright light. Think of Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace with his so-called spiritualism, and Mr. St. George Mivart with his *The Happiness in Hell* in the scientific world, and Mr. Gladstone with his *Impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture* in the literary world. As a watchword for the new year let us always remember:

"Wo immer müde Fechter
Sinken im muthigen Strauss,
Es kommen frische Geschlechter
Und fechten es ehrlich aus."

CANNES, January, 1895.

BOOK NOTICES.

Mathematicians may be interested in the *Punktrechnung und projektive Geometrie* of Dr. Hermann Grassmann of Halle, son of the famous mathematician of Stettin. The first part, twenty-eight pages, all we have so far received, treats of *Punktrechnung*. (Reprint from the *Festschrift der lateinischen Hauptschule, Halle* (Wittenberg, 1894).)

Life in Ancient Egypt. By Adolf Erman. Translated by H. M. Tirard. (London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1894. Pages, 570. Price, \$6.00.) A fascinating volume, elegantly published. It constitutes a complete compendium of the leading facts of ancient Egyptian civilisation, and is richly and appropriately illustrated. Though designed especially for the general reader, it will serve the purposes of historical students who have not much time to spend upon the subject. The work was well received in German, and as it is fluently translated, and stands practically without a rival, should meet with equal success in English.

Under its competent commissioner, Dr. W. T. Harris, the United States Bureau of Education is doing excellent work. We have received recently the Report of the Commissioner for the year 1890-1891—Vol. I, Part 1. It gives the statistics of our State common-school systems, interesting reports of secondary education in New Zealand, of education in France, Great Britain, Russia, Japan, Italy, Corea, Hawaii, and of the systems of legal education in nearly all the countries of the world, with a bibliography of the subject. Appended is a full report of the status of colleges of agriculture and the mechanical arts in the United States. A glance at the tables of contents of Parts II and III reveals the incredible amount of work that is doing in this statistical department of the government, and which no one seems to be

aware of. Every variety of information is to be found here concerning the educational condition of the country. We may add that the Bureau of Education is also publishing as circulars of information and under the title of "Contributions to American Educational History," edited by Herbert B. Adams, a series of volumes ranging from two hundred to four hundred pages on the history of education in the different States. We have lately received the "History of Education in Delaware," "Higher Education in Iowa," "Higher Education in Tennessee," and "The History of Education in Connecticut." The last-mentioned series is the work of Dr. Harris's predecessor, N. H. R. Dawson.

The Special Kinesiology of Educational Gymnastics. By Baron Nils Posse, M. G. With 276 Illustrations, and an Analytic Chart. Pages, 380. Price, \$3 00. Baron Posse, who was a special Swedish Commissioner to the World's Columbian Exhibition, is a graduate of the Royal Gymnastic Central Institute of Stockholm, and in this country at least is the most prominent representative of what is known as the Swedish system of educational gymnastics, which phrase constituted the original title of the book, now in its third edition. In a popular sense the new title is not an improvement upon the old. But it expresses better the nature of the work, the author claims. The word "kinesiology" means literally the science or art of motion, and is employed in the present case to denote the mechanics, effects, and classification of special gymnastic exercises. Its subject-matter has remained the same; for, according to the author, Swedish gymnastics, as initiated by Ling, having been derived scientifically from mechanics, anatomy, physiology, and psychology, and subjected to the rigorous scrutiny of scientists all over the world, *must be*, and is *par excellence*, the basis of all rational gymnastics. In this sense it is opposed to the eclectic school which takes from all and is worse than none. The views of Baron Posse seem to be in accord with physiological and anatomical theory and not at variance with common sense. They have the advantage of being founded on scientific principles, which is an exceedingly rare quality in this field, and are stated in simple and clear terms. The illustrations are profuse and self-explanatory. A useful appendix, charts, and glossary are appended. (Boston, 1894, Lee & Shepard, 10 Milk St.)

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FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

BY F. M. HOLLAND.

NO MAN died more characteristically. There stood "the Douglass in his hall," ready to go and lecture to the people whom he did much to free, and talking with such interest, about the suffragists, who had that day escorted him to their platform, as an honored pioneer, that when he dropped on his knees and clasped his hands, his wife thought it was only such mimicry as had always been his delight. He had passed away without pain, before she realised her loss.

He was busy to the last in plans for elevating the colored race; and none of his speeches, printed recently, came so plainly from his heart as the address, at the Tuskegee Commencement in 1892, when he reminded his hearers that they had not been so liberally dealt with at emancipation as the Russian serfs, and added, "Even the Israelites were better off than we. When they left Egypt, God told them to spoil the Egyptians; and I believe the Jews have been in the jewelry business ever since." He went on to say, "Get knowledge, then, and make money. Learn trades as you are doing here. Aristotle and Pericles are all right; get all that, too; but get money besides, and plenty of it." . . . "You commune with the soil here. The earth has no prejudice against color." . . . "Well, go on, I sha'n't be with you long. You have heights to ascend, breadths to fill, such as I never could, and never can." The protest against lynching, published soon after in the *North American Review*, shows the fire and force of his best work. That same year, 1892, he took particular pleasure in showing his visitors a portrait of "the Afro-Australian pugilist," Peter Jackson, adding, "I consider him one of the best missionaries abroad."

His devotion to a race still deeply wronged did not hinder his playing the fiddle to his guests, or telling how fond he was even then of Victor Hugo and Dumas, Scott, Burns, Longfellow, and Whittier. His memory of slavery was not so bitter as to hinder his getting a clerkship at Washington, in 1890, for his master's daughter. His interest in woman suffrage, for which he was one of the earliest agitators, continued so intense, that it is said to have hastened his death; and Mrs. Stanton says, "He was the only man

I ever knew who understood the degradation of disfranchisement for women."

His last letter to me spoke thus of a period in his life which has been sadly misunderstood, "When I believed the non-voting theory of Mr. Garrison, I was a Garrisonian indeed and in truth. I was loyal and faithful at all points; and when I ceased to believe as he did, I frankly and modestly told him so in open convention. The first remark with which my statement was met by Mr. Garrison was this, 'There is roguery, somewhere.' There was no mistaking the meaning of that remark; and coming from any one else, it would have been resented on the spot." . . . "My reverence for Mr. Garrison surpassed that for any one then living; but my own soul was more to me than any man. I passed by the insulting remark, and went on to give the reasons for the change in my opinions. What these reasons were you already know." . . . "I do not think that the grand, old anti-slavery pioneer went to his grave, thinking there was any 'roguery' in me. If he did, I was not alone in this bad opinion of his. No man, who ever quitted the Garrisonian denomination, was permitted to leave without a doubt being cast upon his honesty. That was one of the Liberator's weapons of war; and it was a weapon which never rusted for want of using. There are spots on the sun; but it shines for all that; and Garrison with all his harshness of judgment is Garrison still, and one of the best men of mothers born."

In the presidential campaign that year, Mr. Douglass held, as he had always done, that it was not only the duty but the interest of the Republicans to make protection of the colored race their foremost issue. He was sagacious enough to admit, after Mr. Cleveland's election, that the country was not going to ruin, and that there was not likely to be "any marked and visible difference" in the condition of colored people at the South. He also predicted that there would not be much change in the tariff. His superiority to political prejudice is shown by a fact, stated thus in the *New York Evening Post*:

"In March, 1894, Cæsar Celso Moreno sent to Frederick Douglass a copy of a circular he had issued in behalf of the native Hawaiians in their resistance to the aggressions of the whites. It drew forth the following letter from Mr. Douglass:

"MY DEAR SIR: I have duly received your pamphlet on the Hawaiian question, and, though much in a hurry in preparing to leave town, I must stop to thank you for this, as I think, valuable contribution to the cause of truth and justice. It is my opinion that but for the unwarrantable intermeddling of our citizens Queen Liliuokalani would now be on the throne. The stories afloat intended to blacken the character of the Queen do not deceive me. The device is an old one, and has been used with skill and effect ever since Caleb and Joshua saw the grapes of Canaan. We are the Jews of modern times, and when we want the lands of other people, such people are guilty of every species of abomination and are not fit to live. In our conduct to-day we are but repeating our treatment towards Mexico in the case of Texas. Our citizens settled in Texas under promise of obedience to the laws of Mexico, but as soon as they were strong enough they revolted and set up a government for themselves to be ultimately added to the United States. In whatever else President Cleveland may have erred, history will credit his motion and commend the object he has aimed to accomplish. I am Republican, but I am not a 'Republican right or wrong.'"

A painful struggle, between loyalty to his party and duty to himself, is recorded in the articles which he published in the *North American Review*, in September and October, 1891, after resigning his position as Minister in Hayti. The premature termination of his service there was not due to any fault of his, or any dissatisfaction among the Haytians. They trusted and honored him from the first; and he was followed into retirement by their invitation to represent them as Commissioner at the World's Fair. When the anniversary of their declaration of independence was celebrated on January 2, 1893, by the dedication of their pavilion at Chicago, he took the lead at the ceremony. That same day he delivered a lecture in which he gave this explanation of the unwillingness of Hayti to cede what he calls her Gibraltar to this country, even at his request: "Hayti is black; and we have not yet forgiven Hayti for being black, or forgiven the Almighty for making her black." He exulted in the progress she is making, and told how much she did, to show that the colored race is not fit for slavery, by conquering her own independence from Napoleon.

Among other incidents of his long visit to Chicago was his playing the fiddle and dancing the Virginia reel at the opening of the New England Log Cabin. He was the orator on "Colored American Day," August 25; and he did much to make it a success by persuading his people to disregard the foolish advice, that they should show their indignation at many wrongs by staying away.

They showed their gratitude for fifty-four years of constant labor, for their emancipation and enlightenment, by the almost unmanageable crowds which poured through the Methodist Church, the largest colored one in Washington, on Monday, February 25. Prominent among the decorations was an imposing medallion of roses, orchids, and palms, presented by the Haytian legation as a tribute from the black Re-

public. The mayor and aldermen of Rochester, New York, where Mr. Douglass had once lived in neglect, stood next morning in the dense crowd, which had gathered to escort his body to the Central Presbyterian Church; and four ex-mayors were among the honorary pall-bearers. The address was delivered by the Unitarian pastor, the Rev. W. C. Gannett, who, like Douglass, is a free religionist; and the last rites were in Mount Hope Cemetery.

His name was taken from that of the noble fugitive in "The Lady of the Lake." We are reminded of the grand scene between another Douglas and Marmion, when we read what our orator did in London. He had made such a powerful speech that noblemen were crowding to shake hands with him. With them came an eminent clergyman from America; but Douglass stepped back, drew himself up to his full height, over six feet, and said: "No, sir; if we had met thus in Brooklyn, you would never have dared to take my hand; and you shall not do it here." This was in 1846, when his position in America had been that of Shakespeare's Douglas,

"Confident against the world in arms."

He was the foremost man of the colored race; and the only question is, how much of his greatness was due to his white blood? I think that the present Governor of Massachusetts is right in calling him a white American. He belonged, both mentally and morally, to the race which founded our nation and keeps it free. His writings are often deficient in order and conciseness; but this may be fully explained by his utter lack of education, and his absorption, for some years, in preparations for platform oratory. The courage with which he resisted his master, made himself free, and fought against mobs, was thoroughly Anglo-Saxon. If all colored men had been as intractable, it would have been as difficult to keep them long in slavery as to tame the leviathan. If there were anything of the negro in him, it was his sympathy with all the suffering and oppressed, his genial courtesy, and his open-handed generosity; but this last trait did not prevent his leaving a fortune estimated at a quarter of a million. Few white men have such independence of intellect and logical power, as led him to emancipate himself, not only from the disunionism, which he had been taught by Garrison, whom he loved and honored above all other men, and which he had himself been proclaiming on the platform, but also from the creed which he had tried to propagate while still a slave. His capacity for leading and organising is beyond all question. He may not have been an original thinker; but they are rare. It is a pity that his social position was so largely determined by the darkness of his skin, instead of the whiteness of his intellect. He is soon to have a statue in Rochester; but it would be remem-

bering him more suitably to take care to give all members of the mixed race the best places which they are qualified to fill.

THE ISRAELITISH PROPHECY.

BY PROF. CARL HEINRICH CORNILL.

WE all use the word "prophet," and have some sort of idea as to what we mean. But if we were asked what we meant, the answer would be: that is quite clear and intelligible. A prophet is a man who predicts the future. This is plainly indicated in the name: *πρό* means "before," and *φημί* "I say"; hence, *προφήτης*, prophet, means a foreteller. And this will apparently be confirmed by the subject, for all the so-called prophets of the Old Testament busied themselves with the future, and according to the popular view their special duty and importance consists in having foretold the coming of Christ. But, however widespread this view may be and however generally the interpretation be accepted, it is nevertheless incorrect, and in no wise just to the character and to the importance of the Israelitish prophecy. That this can never have been the original conception of the Israelites, may be thoroughly proved by an irrefutable etymological argument. The Semitic languages in general do not possess the power of forming compound words; consequently, the idea of foretelling cannot be expressed in them by any simple word. Even the Greek word *προφήτης*, in spite of its obvious etymology, does not possess this meaning; the men who foresee and foretell the future the Greek calls *μάρτις*; to call Kalchas, or Teiresias, *prophetes* would have been wrong in Greek.

If we wish to gain a clear understanding of the Israelitish prophecy, we must first of all determine, what the Israelites themselves understood by a prophet. We find nowhere in the Old Testament a clear definition of the term; we must therefore seek to arrive at its interpretation by another way. And that way is the etymological. In no language are words originally mere empty sounds, conventional formulæ; they are always proper names. Man seizes upon some salient feature, some characteristic property of the thing to be defined, and names and defines the thing according to it. Thus the science of language grants us an insight into periods and times far back of all historical tradition, and we can, on the basis of the science of language, reconstruct the history of civilisation and the ethics of those most remote periods, for the names of a language are the precipitates of the culture and moral views of the people inventing them.

When the generic word for father in all Indo-Germanic languages denotes the supporter and breadwinner, it is to be seen clearly from this fact that the old Aryans looked upon fatherhood not merely as a

natural relationship, but as a moral duty, that to them the father was not in the first place a begetter, but also the food-giver, the supporter, the protector and provider of his family, that the original heads of families of the Indo-Europeans were not rude savages, but men of deep ethical feeling, who already had higher moral perceptions than the average man of the present day. And when our word *daughter* (*Tochter*), which can be traced through a number of Indo-Germanic languages, and therefore belongs to the general Indo-Germanic primitive stock, means in reality the *milker*, we may again draw from this, very important conclusions respecting the civilisation of those early times: we may conclude that the heads of the Indo-Germanic tribes were engaged in raising cattle, and that all the work was carried on by the family itself, that the institution of slavery was entirely foreign to them, for which we have the further positive proof that the Indo-Germanic languages possess no word in common for this idea, that it did not yet exist when they separated from one another. And now, to take two examples from the Semitic group of languages which is immediately occupying our attention, when the generic Semitic word for king, *melek*, denotes, according to the root-meaning still preserved in the Aramaic, the "counsellor"; when the generic Semitic word for God, *el*, denotes etymologically the "goal," that is, him or that to which all human longing aspires and must aspire; when, therefore, by this word for God religion is defined by the early Semites as a problem for man and as a promise of its final solution, it follows with irrefutable clearness that the much defamed and much despised Semites, are in no wise such an inferior race, or such worthless men, as is unfortunately at the present day the fashion to depict them.

Let us after this short digression direct our attention to the attempt to explain the ancient Israelitish notions of the character of a prophet by etymology. Here, however, we must point out the very important fact, that with the original etymological sense, the real meaning of the word at the time we actually meet it, is very far from determined, for both language and single words have their history. Thus, the word *marshal* means etymologically a "groom" or "hostler," yet at the present day we understand by this word something quite different from a groom. It is the task, in fact, of the history of language and of civilisation to show how out of the primitive etymological signification the actual traditional meaning has been developed.

The Hebrew language calls the prophet *nabi*. It immediately strikes us, that this word has as little an obvious Hebrew etymology as the word *kohen* (priest) or as the specific Israelite name of God, which we are in the habit of pronouncing Jehovah. Now, if we are unable to explain the word *nabi* satisfactorily from the

Hebrew, a most important conclusion follows: the word cannot be specifically Israelitish, and must have been transplanted to Israel before the historical period. We must therefore turn to the other Semitic languages for information, and must assume that the home of the word in question is to be sought for in that branch of the Semitic group, where the etymology is still plain and lucid. We still meet with the root *naba'a* in the Assyrian-Babylonian and in the Arabic. In Assyrian it simply means "to speak," "to talk," "to announce," "to name," the substantive derived from it meaning "announcement," "designation"; from it comes also the name of the well-known Babylonian god Nebo, Babylonian Nabu, which is to be found as the first part of a large number of Babylonian names, such as Nabopolassar and Nebuchadnezzar; whilst it also follows from the original root that this Babylonian god Nabu, is the god of wisdom, of science, of the word, and of speech, whom the Greeks identified with Hermes, and after whom even to the present day the planet Mercury is named.

Considered by the light of this Assyrian-Babylonian etymology the Hebraic *nabi* would have the meaning of speaker, and that can thoroughly satisfy us; for in former days the efficacy of a prophet was entirely personal and oral. But every orator is not a preacher, and not every one who speaks, a prophet; therefore in this Assyrian-Babylonian etymology the most important point is lacking, namely, the marking of the characteristic quality of the prophetic speech. We obtain this through the Arabic. The primitive Semitic type has been preserved most purely in the Arabic, and the Arabic language has therefore for the scientific investigation of the Semitic languages the same importance, as has Sanskrit for the Indo-Germanic, and, indeed, a much higher one, for Arabic is more closely related to the primitive Semitic, than is Sanskrit to the primitive Indo-Germanic. Now, the Arabic has also the root *naba'a*, but never in the general sense of "speaking," as in the Assyrian-Babylonian, but in the thoroughly special sense of "proclaiming," "announcing," *naba'a* or *anba'a* being he who proclaims something determined, or has to carry out some mandate. The specific significance lies therefore in the Arabic root, that this speaker discourses not of himself, nor of anything special to himself, but on some distinctive instigation, or as agent for some other person; according to this the *nabi* would be the deputed speaker, he who has to declare some special communication, who has to deliver some message, and here we have lighted upon the very essence and pith of the matter.

That a trace of this fundamental signification has been preserved in the Hebrew, can be proved from a very characteristic passage in Exodus. Moses has declined the charge to appear before Pharaoh, saying:

"I am not eloquent . . . but I am slow of speech and of a slow tongue." And then God says to him that his brother Aaron can speak well, he shall be his spokesman, and this is thus expressed: "Behold, I have made thee a god to Pharaoh, and Aaron, thy brother, shall be thy prophet: thou shalt speak all that I command thee, and Aaron, thy brother, shall speak unto Pharaoh." Thus Aaron is prophet to Moses, because he speaks for him; he is his spokesman. Who it is that gives the charge and speaks in the prophet, so called, is not far to seek: it is God. And with this meaning the technical sense of the Greek word *προφήτης* agrees in the most wonderful manner. According to the Greeks the *προφήτης* is he who interprets and renders into clear, intelligible language the incomprehensible oracles of the gods: at Dodona, the rustling of the sacred oak of Zeus; at Delphi, the inarticulate utterances and ecstatic cries of the Pythia. In the same sense also Pindar can describe himself as a prophet of the muse, because he only speaks what the muse inspires in him. Thus in the Hebrew *nabi* we have him who speaks not of himself, but according to higher command, in the name and as the messenger of God to Israel; in the Greek *προφήτης*, him who transmits and explains to those around him the oracles of the gods.

Thus is the conception of the prophet, as he appears to us in the Israelitish books, thoroughly explained. All these men have the consciousness of not acting in their own personal capacities, of not pronouncing the sentiments of their own minds, but as the instruments of a Higher Being, who acts and speaks through them; they feel themselves to be, as Jeremiah expresses it once in an especially characteristic verse, "the mouth of God."

As the Arabic language gives us the only satisfactory explanation of the word, we must suppose Arabia to be the home of prophecy, and as a fact the visionary and ecstatic elements which attach to prophesying, and which the Israelitish prophecies alone overcame and shook off, savors somewhat of the desert; the first great prophet of whom we find an account in the Old Testament, Elijah, was not a native of Palestine proper, but came from the country east of Jordan, the boundary-land, where it has been proved that a strong mixture of Arabic blood existed. Besides the other neighboring tribes had also their prophets. In the history of Elijah we meet with the Phœnician prophets of Baal, and Jeremiah also speaks of prophets in all the surrounding countries.

That the word *nabi* has in fact had a history, and that prophesying was looked upon originally as something extraneous, is distinctly testified to us in a very remarkable passage. If we glance over the history of Israel, the prophet Samuel, after Moses, appears as

the most important personage. Now Samuel, in the oldest records we have concerning him, is never called prophet, but always "seer," and some later hand has added the invaluable explanatory remark that that which then was called prophet, was known in Israel in olden times as "seer."

What in those older days was understood by prophet, we learn from the narrative, where it is announced to Saul as a sign: "And it shall come to pass that when thou art come thither to the city, that thou shalt meet a company of prophets coming down from the high place with a psaltery and a tablet and a pipe and a harp before them, and they shall prophesy: And the spirit of the Lord shall come upon thee, and thou shalt prophesy with them." And as it came to pass all the people of Gibeon asked in astonishment, "Is Saul also among the prophets?" which does not mean: "How is it that such a worldly-minded man finds himself in the company of such pious people?" but is to be interpreted as meaning: "How comes a person of such distinction to find himself in such low company?" In these prophets of the time of Saul, the first mention we ever have of them, we have the type of the original appearance which prophesying assumed on Canaanite soil; they are men after the manner of Mohammedan fakirs, or dancing and howling dervishes, who make known their religious exaltation through their eccentric mode of life, and thus it comes that the Hebrew word *hithnabbe*, which means "to live as a prophet," has also the signification "to rave, to behave in an unseemly manner."

The genuine counterpart of the ecstatic fakirs may be found in the priests of Baal at the time of Elijah, who danced round the altar of Baal shouting and cutting themselves with knives, in order to produce an impression on their god. Such prophets lived together in Israel until a very late date in guilds, the so-called schools of the prophets. They wore a coarse, hairy cloak as the garb of their order, and existed on charity, a species of begging-friars, and evidently were not regarded with great respect. To Ahab they but prophesy that which was pleasing to him to hear, and as one of them came into the camp unto Jehu with a message from Elisha to anoint him king, his friends asked him "wherefore came this mad fellow to thee?" Amos likewise objects almost with scorn to being placed on the same level with these begging prophets, "I was no prophet, neither was I a prophet's son: but I was a herdsman and a gatherer of sycamore fruit."

Rudiments of this originally ecstatic race are still to be found even among the great prophets, as when it is recorded of Elijah that he outran the king's chariot going at full speed on the road from Karmel to Jezreel, or when Elisha caused a harper to play so as to arouse through music the prophetic inspiration. Even among

the prophets whose writings have come down we find traces of violence and eccentricity in their actions and behavior.

If we compare a Hosea or Jeremiah with those savage dervishes, the examination of prophetism will show the same result that is observable everywhere, that all that Israel borrowed from others it so regenerated and stamped with its own identity, that it becomes difficult to recognise in the beautiful Israelitish creation and transformation any trace of the original. For this reason one should not be loath to recognise the many foreign elements in the religion of Israel; in doing so we do not lower it, but quite the contrary, we grant to it a testimony of highly developed vital power and invincible capacity of assimilation. Israel resembles in spiritual things the fabulous king Midas who turned everything he touched into gold.

THE INSTITUTIONAL CHURCH.

BY CELIA PARKER WOOLLEY.

WE LIVE in a self-regardful age, one of whose advantages is that we may observe from the outside the operation and growth of those forces and tendencies of the times to which we also, in common with the rest of mankind, own ourselves subject. We are both spectator and participant in the drama of events going on about us, and bear at the same time a passive and active relation to the new ideals everywhere taking shape. Perhaps we are nowhere more sensible of this double attitude of the mind than in the mingled observation and participation of the religious changes of the age. No age has furnished more earnest or intelligent discussion of the great themes of religion than ours, or won a more encouraging response in a general awakening of all minds to the fundamental questions of belief and duty. We often unthinkingly pronounce this a materialistic age, but there never was a time when men were bestowing more deep and sincere attention on the nature of the soul-life and the just claims of their fellow-beings than now. It is because the rapid growth of opinion on all these matters shows us how much we have yet to learn, that we are self-distrustful.

The Parliament of Religions, though an event of less than two years' distance, has already afforded us a new date to reckon from. We are accustomed to sum up its results in the words "fraternity" and "unity," to indicate the remarkable growth in religious tolerance and mental hospitality which this gathering from all climes, nations, and creeds witnessed; but another result quite as important is found in the increasing practicality of our religious ideals. One result bears close logical connexion with the other. Once remove the barriers of thought and bring men together upon the basis of their common love of the

good and their love of each other, and life gains not only in spiritual uplift, but in moral earnestness. Every day sees a closer identification in the speech and action of men of the religious life with the moral life, every day lets us hear a fresh and more emphatic demand from some quarter for a church that shall best express the brotherhood of man. New ideals of church life are set forth every Sunday from the pulpit, the main appeal and argument of which is no longer "Save yourself from some impending doom of divine wrath threatening you in the future," but "Save your fellow-creature from his present doom of ignorance, suffering, and crime." The church, as a refuge of the saved, is an anomaly and hindrance to the world's growth, but the church as a place of united work and fellowship for all the needy souls of earth, is just coming into view. The educational uses of the church are being rapidly developed, but in quite other ways than are illustrated in the doctrinal teachings of the pulpit. To-day many helpful adjuncts to the church life are found outside the pulpit, though they may be inspired and kept alive through its influence; in the Sunday-school, the teacher's class, the Unity club, Chatauqua Circle, Christian Endeavor Society, or Epworth League, which add so much to its functional range and usefulness. Agencies like these have been found to excel the church itself in their power to win the young people, to turn their thoughts from frivolous to earnest subjects. So greatly have the divisions of church work multiplied under these and other names that the minister is no longer the only worker there, often he is not the hardest worker.

The situation, however, is one that will inevitably compel him to harder work; for this quickening of the life-currents throughout the general body of the church inevitably creates its own demands of the pulpit, and if rightly received stimulates it as nothing else can. The average congregation is much nearer the pulpit's standard in culture than it was fifty, twenty-five, or even ten years ago. All this is but welcome news to the true preacher, challenging his best powers. This modern activity of the congregation will both deepen and rationalise the life of the church. The numerous activities, benevolent, literary, missionary, and social, connected with the religious life will broaden far beyond the present boundaries of its work and influence. Already a phrase has been coined to describe this new ideal of the church, the "Institutional Church." The phrase is not altogether happy, but it serves to point the direction in which we are moving. The church, under this title, is no longer the scene of one man's labors, set above and apart from his kind, the viceroy of the Almighty; but it is rather an aggregation of mutually dependent and helpful parts, a voluntary union, a company of trustful friends bound together

by a common aspiration and a common need; co-workers for large and universal ends of love and righteousness, not the maintenance of a particular sect or organisation. The Institutional Church, like Briareus, reaches a hundred arms in all directions, but for purposes of human helpfulness, not in a wanton and cruel display of strength. The Institutional Church is bent on saving men now and here from immediate loss and destruction that follow ignorance; and the salvation processes are changed to suit this new end. It is neither miracle nor grace that will save here, but knowledge and love. This new thought of the church will place it, as has been said, among the educational forces of the community; it will vie with the school-room in influence and interest. It aims not at the development of a single set of faculties or ideas called the spiritual, but at manly growth, the extension of moral power in the world.

At first it may seem that so bold and radical a thought of the church can have no place except with the followers of a rational creed, but I suspect we should have hard work to prove this. The Institutional Church is making its way under both orthodox and heterodox guidance. It will flourish wherever there is found a sincere love of man for man. I fancy if we were to undertake an investigating tour, we should find this church already well under way at many of the missionary joints in our large cities. The evangelistic spirit, which we, as liberals, distrust, does not work wholly after unreal or specious ends; the methods it engenders are often far more practical than those found in some of our liberal churches. The evangelistic *spirit* is something the liberal church has always suffered in its absence; it should be preserved, as faith and devotion should be preserved everywhere. The Institutional Church, rightly conceived, will gain, rather than lose, in spiritual fervency and consecration from this infusion of a more practical aim. It stands for life, not dogma, for character, not creed, for the faith based in human experience and winning universal testimony for itself in the heart of man. It is the church of work, of united happy effort, of present sanctification, present achievements and rewards, and is thus the builder of the future.

SCIENTIFIC IMMORTALITY.

BY HUDOR GENONE.

IN A recent article in *The Open Court* I endeavored to translate into intellectual equivalents the fulness of feeling by which one of the countless number of personalities became and is aware of himself, of his relation to the great principle of personality and therefore of his place in nature and his motive in being.

In my article on "The Absolute" the category was enunciated as primal, final, and conclusive: RELATION,

or that which is; ACTION, or that which does; and VOLITION, or that which desires.

A clear understanding of the meaning and certainty of this category is essential to an accurate understanding of the corollaries thereto and the logical deductions therefrom.

The region of RELATION is equivalent to that of pure mathematics. Matter, about which so many have speculated only to find themselves baffled, becomes abstractly some kind of relation. Let us leave it there. The old chemistry had much to say of ultimate atoms, the new deals with absolute relations. Avoid all opinions, and neither adopt the physical hypothesis of gross materialism, nor the transcendental negativism of those who, denying the very existence of matter, make the solid earth a dream.

Because the material is a reality of relation, therefore it is real.

In another article, "The Conservation of Spirit," I made allusion to a fly which was killed on the wall of Cæsar's palace, and said of the fly that it died, and also that it was immortal. The fly died. By that is meant that the mechanism of activity ceased its customary relations, and causes of that special form ceased to produce natural effects. The fly is immortal:

1. Its bodily constituents appear eternally in other forms.

2. The effect of its forces continues as a factor in the universe.

3. The effect of the "spirit" or meaning of its life continues to exert influence in exact proportion to its value.

In the first case the immortality is of "matter"; it is a function of RELATION. In the second the immortality is of "force"; it is a function of ACTION, or change of relation. In the third the immortality is of "spirit"; it is a function of VOLITION, which in perfection is right desire, good will, or at the other extreme, the impulse howsoever acquired to changes of relations.

God says, I love. This is equivalent to saying, my desire is perfect. The fly said, I am impelled, which is equivalent to saying, I have no control over my desire. Some men always say, I am impelled. Some are able to say, on brief and rare occasions, I desire right freely. All at times are simply and automatically impelled, are creatures of impulse. Few are able to say, I am consciously, lovingly impelling.

It is only as we freely, consciously, lovingly choose the right that we are godly, and he only whose life's motive impells towards the right is entitled to consider himself made in the image of God.

The "soul" of a fly, and that of a man, and that of God himself differ, not in the least in kind, but only in degree.

The "soul" is the meaning.

I speak. Somehow, somewhere out of the depths of my being, either originated by me, or the resultant of all antecedent influences impressed upon me, thought focussed itself, and like a fulminate responsive to the friction primer, suddenly burst its pent barriers, and in the twinkling of an eye, through all the evolutionary stages of molecular motion of the brain, nervous energy of the nerves of sensation, and muscular movements and vibrations of tongue, teeth, palate, larynx, lungs, diaphragm,—all the apparatus of sound—the sentence whose real substance I have thought was born as speech.

A moment, and all is over. The multitudinous preparations; the drilling of the awkward squads of conscript forces; the arming of energies; the marshalling in arms of facts; the commissariat of veins and arteries, the stretchers of dead and ambulances of worn and wasted tissues; all, each in turn has done its work, till on the field of the lips the battle of sense has been fought to its conclusion. I have done speaking; I have said my say.

The life of the sentence I have uttered was formed in the thought which out of the vasty deep called it into being; but it was not in the actions and reactions which gave it medium for the larger life and opportunity for perfect existence.

The meaning of what we say only begins to live when its material life is finished, when on the ear of the hearer impinges the pulsing particles of air, galleons freighted with rich cargoes of ideas; landed at the wharfs of the tympanum; carted thence through the streets of the celestial city of the intellect; stored in the graneries of reason, to be distributed to the famished faculties, to each as needful, to each his fitting share.

All happenings, great or small, have their personalities. Salamis had a soul and Marathon a meaning. The soul of Salamis was not Themistocles, nor that of Marathon Miltiades. The meaning of Waterloo was not Wellington, but the pacification of Europe. The spirit of Gettysburgh was not Meade nor Hancock, but that here on this rostra the final argument of force was uttered and the debate for freedom decided in the affirmative by the fiat of destiny.

Nothing really begins to live until its activities are ended. More and more, greater and ever greater and grander, those things which ought to survive do survive, and grow and gather life more and more abundantly; those lives which deserve life, live; those men whose actions command immortality become immortal.

These are the spirits of the just made perfect.

Man is a republic and not an empire. His personality is an elective executive, not an imperator with purchased powers, nor a king with divine rights.

All life extends and endures forever. All happenings have eternity for their habitat and infinity for their goal.

But to their relations, as in pure mathematics, there is a plus and minus infinity; the result of that which is unworthy, is like the waves that ripple away from a pebble cast into the water, in ever diminishing intensity, ever widening circles.

Such is the life of the fly that died in the palace of the Cæsars; such is all ignoble life.

The life of man from the cradle to the tomb is a long speech; of some a mere sequence of phrases, disconnected, discordant; of others only "a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury signifying nothing."

But he who speaks in sentences, inevitably lives in exact and mathematical proportion to the worth and value of the meaning of what he has said. He lives also in the result of his actions, and in the effects which his motives have had upon the universe, proportionate to the influence and to some power of the opportunity.

As to what is called life, whether of the fly or of the man, the objection may be made that at death, when the material particles are resolved into other forms, they cease to exist.

The analogy of the spoken sentence holds good always. The form of matter conveying the rhythms of sounds and rests of motion determines the ideas conveyed. The "soul" of speech is in the thought and its larger life is in the effect of the words.

An exact recombination of matter and motion would inevitably effect a resurrection of fly or man, as the repetition of the spoken word is a resurrection of the idea.

But immortality is not that,—Lazarus-like,—which would revive the flesh, but rather that certainty of spiritual existence, by which, in the thoughts and lives we have influenced, in the many mansions of the eternal house, we may go on from glory to glory, reaping exactly as we have sown.

Some may find in this nothing but desolation, the death of personality, the destruction of consciousness, the philosophy of annihilation, the religion of despair.

But here is hope, not despair, the substance and evidence of the eternal; for "the spirit quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing: the words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life."

When it is realised entirely that the region of thought commonly called of religion or of the spirit has an exact boundary; when it is thoroughly understood that as there is a science of mechanics or of chemistry, so also there is a science of religion; when men dismiss forever the goblins and demons and phantoms and opinions of their childish past; when without fear, favor, or affection they harken to the voice of

truth and attend and follow because it is truth that speaks, then shall also be realised fully and completely in no mystical sense, but as absolutely as an axiom, that mortal life is only an expression of immortality. "And let him that heareth say, come. And let him that is athirst come. And whoever will, let him take the water of life freely."

NOTES.

Through the kindness of M. F. de Gissac, we have received M. Gassaud's discourse on the movement inaugurated by M. de Quatrefages. We learn from it that the main objection which this great anthropologist, the Agassiz of France, had to Darwinism was that he regarded it as a degrading materialism full of desolate affirmations and paradoxes. He found religious comfort in the idea of the unity and permanence of the race, which led him to discard what he believed to be a gratuitous hypothesis. We can understand the attitude of Quatrefages if we consider that Darwinism first appeared as an application and generalisation of Malthusian principles. But we have, with a deeper insight into the theory of evolution, learned to appreciate its spiritual and religious importance, which is now removing fast the main obstacles to its general acceptance.

Mr. Theodore Stanton writes us, *apropos* of his article "John Bright on Woman Suffrage," which appeared in this paper on January 3, that it contained an error in fact. Mr. Bright never voted against the Woman Suffrage Bill whilst it was in his brother's hands. He did not vote at all, and used to say he never would so long as it was fathered by Jacob Bright. But the latter lost his seat for a season in 1874, and the Bill passed into the hands of a Conservative. Then he voted and spoke against the measure. Several members of the Bright family have seen Mr. Stanton's article since it appeared in our columns, and this is the only error they find in it.

Macmillan & Co. are publishing a complete translation of the Pāli Jātaka or "Buddha Birth-Stories," which are supposed to be the oldest collection of folk-lore stories in existence. They will be translated from the Pāli under the superintendence of Prof. E. B. Cowell, and will be published in seven or eight volumes. The first volume, translated by Robert Chalmers, is nearly ready, while the second, by W. H. D. Rouse, and third, by H. T. Francis and R. A. Neil, are in active preparation.

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THE KINGDOM OF PROTISTA.¹

BY PROF. ERNST HAECKEL.

SIGNIFICATION.

By *protists*, or simple-celled beings, we understand all organisms that do not form organic tissues. Opposed to them are the *histones*, or multicellular organisms, which do form tissues.² In the latter, large numbers of cells are always united together, so as to accomplish common aims by concerted effort; these have received by the resultant division of labor different forms. In the great majority of protists the developed organism retains for life the formal value of a simple cell; they are permanent monobionts.³ Nevertheless, in many classes of the protist kingdom we meet with the beginnings of social organisation: many cells of the same kind remain united together and form a *cœnobium*—a cell-mass, cellular colony, or cellular society. By the establishment of a division of labor among the associated cells of such cœnobionts, the first transition to the histones is effected, all of which are originally sprung from the protists.

Whilst the double kingdom of histones is universally divided into two large main groups, the plant and animal kingdoms, the corresponding division of the protist kingdom encounters serious obstacles. In the taxonomical⁴ practice of the day, one half of the protist kingdom, that in which the nutritive changes are vegetable, is, without exception almost, classed with the plant kingdom; the other half, in which the nutrition is animal, with the animal kingdom. In the biological text-books the first is commonly treated by the botanists, the second by the zoölogists. But although this classification conforms to tradition and the established division of labor between botany and zoölogy, and in all likelihood will long be retained in practice, yet in a phylogenetic point of view it is fundamentally untenable.

THE PLANT AND ANIMAL KINGDOMS.

The customary and traditional division of the organic world into the two kingdoms of plants and animals was attended with no difficulty as long as biolog-

ical research restricted itself exclusively or chiefly to the histones—to the higher multicellular tissue-building organisms. On the one side the plant-kingdom from the *Alga* up to the angiosperms appeared to the botanist as a perfect natural unity; on the other side, zoölogists also found no difficulty in defining and circumscribing the animal kingdom in a consistent manner, although the multiplicity of its main groups and the differences between the lower infusoria and the higher animal groups were much greater.

Matters took a different turn, however, from the beginning, and especially since the middle of the present century, when our knowledge of the lower animal forms was extended and made more thorough. Since 1838, especially, when the cellular theory was established, and shortly afterwards, large numbers of lower organisms were proved to be permanent unicellular forms, the sharp traditional division between the plant and animal kingdoms has been greatly obliterated and is now only artificially tenable. True, a large number of lower plants were with little or no thought left by the botanists as "*unicellular Alga*" in the extensive class of *Alga*. But the acuter zoölogists regarded it as impossible, as early as 1848, to leave the unicellular protozoa (infusorians and rhizopods) in the traditional way among the Worms or Zoöphytes as the lowest animals; the protozoa were separated from the remaining animal types and made an independent type. Extremely grave difficulties, on the other hand, resulted, for the more rigorous limitation of the protozoan type, from the fact that numerous unicellular organisms were known which form a perfect transition from the animal to the plant kingdom and unite in themselves the characters of the two great kingdoms, or show them alternately in different periods of their lives. In vain the attempt was made in numerous essays to establish a sharp and definite limit between the two kingdoms.

A new direction was given to all these attempts when the theory of descent was introduced as a controlling principle of explanation into biology (in 1859), and the import of the "natural system" as a genealogical tree of organic forms was recognised. When we ourselves undertook in 1866 the first attempt to solve this grand problem, now clearly stated, and to

¹ Being §§ 35-38 of the new *Phylogenie*.

² *Histone*, from a Greek word meaning *wob*, or *tissue*.—*Tr.*

³ *Monobionts*, leading solitary lives.—*Tr.*

⁴ *Taxonomical*, relating to classification.—*Tr.*

arrange the main large groups of the animal and plant kingdom phylogenetically as natural types, we arrived at the conviction that in the two large kingdoms most of the groups formed phylogenetic unities and that all classes could be traced back to a few or perhaps to a single ancestral group, and that in addition to them there still remained a large number of the very lowest forms of life which could not be distributed without arbitrary violations either in the animal kingdom or in the plant kingdom. For these lowest natural and mostly unicellular organisms we founded our kingdom of *Protista*.

We were put in a position to give a sharper delimitation of our Protist kingdom after we had found in 1872 in our gastræa¹ theory a means of sharply distinguishing by clear definitions unicellular protozoa from multicellular metazoa. The protozoa, or "primitive beings," are either simple cells or loosely joined communities of cells (*cœnobia*), that is "individuals of the first or of the second order"; they possess no intestinal passage, and form no blastoderms nor tissues. The metazoa, or tissue-animals, are multicellular creatures which in the developed condition appear as persons or cormi (as "individuals of the third or fourth order"); they possess a nutritive intestinal cavity and form blastoderms and tissues. As all metazoa develop individually from one and the same germinal form, the *gastrula*,² we may also derive them phylogenetically from a corresponding ancestral form, the gastræa. The hypothetical gastræa must itself have preceded from a branch of the protozoa; on the other hand the great majority of these unicellular animals (especially rhizopods and infusorians) belong to independent stocks and possess no direct connexion with the metazoa.

Far more difficult than this natural division of the animal kingdom into protozoa and metazoa is the corresponding division of the plant kingdom into *Protophyta* and *Metaphyta* (1874). Here, too, the same essential difference subsists, in principle. The protophyta or "primitive plants," are mostly permanent simple cells. Even when connected together in societies of cells, or *cœnobia*, they form no tissues, no true "thallus." The metaphyta, or tissue-plants, on the other hand, form a multicellular parenchyma or tissue, which in the lower metaphyta (in most of the thallophyta) assumes the indifferent shape of the thallus, and in the higher metaphyta (in the cormophyta) the differentiated form of the culmus or cormus. On the other hand, the transitional forms between the tissueless protophyta and the tissue forming metaphyta

are more numerous and continuous than those between the protozoa and metazoa. Here, as there, accordingly, we shall have to establish ideally in our "natural system" some sort of artificial limits. In the plant kingdom, however, this unavoidable logical border-line will appear more artificial and forced than in the animal kingdom. To fix that barrier and to reach a just appreciation of the differences between protophyta and protozoa it will first be necessary to show clearly the relationship between *Plasmodoma* and *Plasmophaga*.

PLASMOTOMA AND PLASMOPHAGA.

All attempts at discovering a definite morphological, anatomical, or ontogenetic character for distinguishing the plant kingdom from the animal kingdom have failed or proved themselves utterly hopeless; for numerous protists exhibit such indifferent morphological characters, or show such neutral relations to the two great kingdoms, that they can be ranked with neither without violence. It is different when we turn to the significant *physiological* difference between the two kingdoms, upon which rests the constant preservation of equilibrium of all organic nature. The plants are *Plasmodoma*, or plasma-formers (*Plasmatecta*). They exhibit synthetic metabolism,¹ and under the influence of solar light, possess the power of manufacturing plasson or plasma from simple and solid inorganic combinations. The very lowest plant-cells, if they are truly such, know how to build up by this synthesis the complex albuminous bodies or nitro-carbonates which are known to constitute the indispensable material substratum of every active vital activity, without exception. The animals, on the other hand, are *Plasmophaga*, or plasma-destroyers (*Plasmalyta*). As they do not possess the plasmodomous power they must draw their plasma directly (as herbivorous animals) from the plant kingdom. In performing the acts and functions of life, and in oxidising their tissues, they break up the plasma and decompose it again into the simple inorganic unions out of which the plants originally composed it (water, carbonic acid, ammonia, nitric acid, etc.).

The analytic nutrition of the animal kingdom is fundamentally opposed to the synthetic nutrition of the plant kingdom. It is, moreover, of the greatest importance, as the opposed modes of transformation of energy in the two great kingdoms of inorganic nature by means of it are closely connected. The plants are *reduction* organisms and transform the kinetic energy of the solar light by reduction into the chemical potential energy of organic combinations, by absorbing

¹*Gastræa*, the hypothetical ancestral form of all multicellular or metazoic animals.—*Tr.*

²*Gastrula*, a common germinal form in metazoa. From its presence in different metazoic types Haeckel deduced his gastræa-theory.—*Tr.*

¹*Metabolism*.—For this uncouth English word, in German the simple term *Stoffwechsel* is used, which means literally change or *transformation* of substance, referring to the chemical changes in the body accompanying nutrition, as assimilation and dissimilation.—*Tr.*

carbonic acid and ammonia, and eliminating nitrogen. Conversely, the animals are *oxidising* organisms. They transform the potential energies of organic combinations into the kinetic energy of heat and motion (molecular and nervous work), by taking in nitrogen and eliminating carbonic acid and ammonia. Accordingly, the difference between the two great kingdoms of organic nature is essentially a physiologico-chemical difference, and rooted in the chemical constitution of its plasma. The reducing and carbon-assimilating or plasmodomous phytoplasm is just as characteristic of animals as the oxidising and non-assimilating or plasmodomous zoöplasm is of plants.

Two results of the highest significance for phylogeny flow from these chemico-physiological relations: (1) the plant-organism with its synthetic vegetal metabolism is older than the animal organism with its analytic animal metabolism; for reducing *phytoplasm* alone could originally (at the beginning of organic life) and directly arise by archigony from inorganic combinations. (2) The younger animal organism proceeded secondarily, as it were, from the older plant-organism; for the oxidising zoöplasm of the first could arise only secondarily from the phytoplasm already existent—being effected by means of that significant change in the organic metabolism, which we shall denote by the single word *metasitism*, or change of nutrition.

METASITISM.

By metasitism, or metatropy, (change in mode of nutrition,) we understand that important physiologico-chemical process which may be briefly defined as the historical transformation of the synthetic phytoplasm into the analytic zoöplasm. This significant process, a veritable "reversal of the primitive and original metabolism" was polyphyletically¹ accomplished, and independently at different times in different groups of plants; for not only do many lower but also numerous higher groups of plants show individual forms, which have acquired metasitism by functional adaptation and transmitted it by progressive heredity to their descendants, who thus gradually acquired entirely different physiological and morphological properties.

Now, this change in the mode of nutrition is of the highest importance for the protist kingdom, because it has plainly repeated itself here many times since the primordial epoch. In the very oldest and lowest group of moners, whose simple plasma-body possessed no nucleus, we find by the side of carbon assimilating phytomoners, non-assimilating zoömoners. The individual groups of the synthetic protophyta correspond, for the most part, so perfectly with the individual divisions of the analytic protozoa that the polyphyletic

origin of the latter from the former is unmistakable. Numerous examples of this might be stated, tending to demonstrate that all true protozoa, being plasmodomous, are originally derived from protophyta, which are plasmodomous.

It would be the phylogenetic task, then, of a true natural system of *Protista*, to make this polyphyletic process clear in all its details, and to demonstrate the descent of the individual protozoan groups from their protophyte ancestors. But the complete solution of this highly complicated task appears utterly hopeless, as here, more than elsewhere, the incompleteness of the phylogenetic facts is extremely great.

BYRON.

BY F. M. HOLLAND.

LOWELL says in the *Fable for Critics*, that the depths of Bryant's heart would have opened to the man who could have palmed himself off for a mountain; but this might have been said even more justly of the poet who was among the first to teach Europe the grandeur of those

"Palaces of Nature, whose vast walls
Have throned Eternity in icy halls
Of cold sublimity."

Bryant's favorite mountains were the Berkshire Hills, whose summits give such views of green forests and quiet, happy villages, as reward the climber with an expanding heart and kindred with a loftier world. Byron's spirit expanded with the sight of the glacier and the sound of the avalanche. He could not climb above them, as he lets his Manfred do in desperate misanthropy. He could only look beyond them to peaks ever white with the snows of centuries, but he always saw them with "a loving eye," as he represents the imprisoned patriot, Bonivard, looking from the dungeon's little window at Chillon. Nothing is more characteristic of Byron than the "fierce and far delight" in which he becomes "a portion of the tempest," among "the joyous Alps," at night, and shares the "mountain-mirth." What Bryant says of "The Hurricane" is comparatively tame; and his "Hymn of the Sea" pictures the ocean in much milder aspects than those famous lines which close "Childe Harold." No one has written more fitly of "The Gladness of Nature"; but to read about its grandeur we must turn to Byron. It is he who has taught our century to love the mountains, which its predecessors found merely dangerous and disagreeable.

How little there was of narrowness and misanthropy in his delight in nature, is proved by the full perception of the majesty of architecture and sculpture, shown in the last canto of "Childe Harold," and also by the mighty power of his narrative and dramatic poems. His giving his life to help to make Greece

¹ Polyphyletically, in several lines of descent.—Tr.

independent is one of many instances of that "passionate feeling for mankind," of which John Morley says: "It was this which made Byron a social force." How mighty that force was may be judged, not only from the final triumph of republicanism in France, as he predicted, but from the speedy success of the movements for Catholic emancipation and parliamentary reform, which he advocated in the House of Lords. Venice has found more fortunate champions than the Doge whom Byron praised for dying to set the people free. His zeal for reform and freedom might justify comparison with Whittier; we could not say justly of Byron what Lowell did of Bryant:

"There's no doubt but he stands in supreme exaltation."

One of the points where both the American poets differ most plainly from Byron is religion. For him the Church was only a Niobe, weeping over her perishing tithes. The main theme of "Cain, a Mystery," is the difficulty of reconciling the sin and suffering in human life with the goodness of "the prayer-exacting Lord." The first draft of "Childe Harold" denied the probability of immortality, (see note on Canto II, Stanza 8,) and the poet's own philosophy, if he had any, may be detected in the speech ascribed to the demon in "The Deformed Transformed":

"This is the consequence of giving matter
The power of thought. It is a stubborn substance,
And thinks chaotically, as it acts,
Ever relapsing into its first elements."

Byron's irreligion was increased by indignation at the support of despotism, everywhere in Europe, by the clergy. These and other leaders of public opinion in England were provoked by his political, as well as religious heresies; and his separation from his wife gave occasion for raising such a storm of unpopularity as drove him into life-long exile. This made his poetry not only more bold and fiery than before, but more bitter and licentious. Chastity is largely due to the repression of animal passion by social and domestic authority. Byron's loss of the influence of his wife and sister, with his departure from under the control of English society, led to his falling below even the conventional standard of purity. That standard was much lower then than now, and lower in Italy where Byron sojourned than in England; but he sank lower still. No man, however gifted, can emancipate himself from obedience to society without running great risk of falling below its standard. It is a serious problem how we can let Mrs. Grundy keep us virtuous, without letting her make us timid and commonplace. It is pleasant to turn from the life of Byron to those of Emerson, and Spinoza, of Epicurus, D'Holbach, Bentham, and Bradlaugh, of James and John Stuart Mill. Other great names might be added; but these are enough to show that no one philosophy is the only

guide of genius to virtue. The men just mentioned had this in common, that each loved his own cause too devoutly to indulge in such reckless, indiscriminate satire, as Byron wrote from first to last. Blessed is the man who is loyal to a high ideal.

EDUCATION IN ETHICS.

BY DR. R. W. CONANT.

WITHOUT ethics among the common people no civilisation can stand. Valor, knowledge, wealth build a nation, virtue must preserve it. Gloriously have we rounded out the first ascending half of a nation's history, and it seems to us incredible that such glory can ever become as dust and ashes. Yet, spite of it all, we are to-day suffering in common with the rest of the civilised world from a perilous retrograde metamorphosis; the great gifts of civilisation are being turned against it by those who, wittingly or unwittingly, work for its destruction.

At the same time, never was a greater parade made of "rights" and moral law. Rioters do not steal, they only "take that which the world owes them," or "they right the wrongs of the poor," or "they deliver Labor from under the grinding heel of Capital." So sacred are these causes that they sanctify murder, arson, and pillage. This modern phase of brigandage is the most dangerous of all. Now that thousands of men and women have become fully inculcated with the notion that they are really wronged by the present state of society, their belief acquires all the moral momentum which a genuine conviction always imparts. However absurd their ideas may seem, it is a great mistake to underestimate either their sincerity or their force. This constitutes the chief cause for alarm, not poverty, nor ignorance, nor tariffs, nor trusts, but that *society is full of moral perverts*. Here is the frenzy of 1793, without its excuse.

If an enlightened religious conscience could be made the moral guide of even a majority of men, all might be well, and this argument pointless. But, unfortunately, we are further from such a consummation to day than one hundred years ago, and it is futile to try to blink the fact that the chasm widens daily. Religion alone has failed as signally to cure our sociological ills as that other much-trusted antidote, universal education. Either religion or education without ethics is dangerous. Let us indeed have all the religion and all the education possible, but above and beyond all that the great mass of the people must be leavened by an ethical spirit; they must have clearer moral perception, stronger love of right. For too many "Thou shalt not be found out" constitute all the law and the prophets.

To the Church has been relegated in all ages the inculcation of ethics, under the mistaken notion that

they were in some way sacred and not to be separated from religion. Particularly has this been true in the United States. Sin has been regarded as the outworking of innate and total depravity, a mysterious something originating with the Devil, a necessary corollary of Eden and the Fall, involving an elaborate doctrinal system for purging away the moral disease under the direction of the Church. But this view is narrow, insufficient, and illogical.

That it is insufficient is amply proven by the course of events; that it is illogical may to some minds require proof. Doubtless very many worthy people may be scandalised by the proposition to secularise instruction in morals. Yet there is nothing supernatural nor mysterious about right and wrong, either in essence or origin, as a brief analysis will suffice to show.

The sole standard of right is enlightened conscience, or the moral sense brought to the highest pitch of development by experience, inspiration, and revelation. The moral sense is a product of sociological evolution just as much as the artistic. The beautiful allegory of a sinless Eden of supernaturally pure, heaven-protected beings, of whom we are the degenerate descendants, can no longer be seriously entertained. We know now that man was at first even lower than the beasts, that he maintained a wretched and precarious existence in the pre-historic wilderness, possessed of as much moral sense as a megatherium. But he had what no other creature had: a glow-worm of intelligence, which, flickering almost to extinction, was fanned by the necessities of existence to the contrivance of rude weapons and implements of stone. Slowly and painfully man rose from his sub-brutish condition to the tribal state, and from the tribal and family relations were shed upon his benighted soul the first faint glimmerings of reciprocal obligations and rights. From mutual help in work and war and woe sprang sympathy, and in these two, rights and sympathy, lies the potentiality of the whole moral law, Do unto others as you would that they should do to you.

But antedating both of these, coexistent with man himself, was a third element: worship, modifying the ethical sense ultimately by the presentation of the loftiest motive, and so evolving the religious conscience. But the root of worship was fear. Amid the mysteries and dangers of the pre-historic world, terrified by the play of unseen forces, superstitious fear and worship became an early and ineradicable element of man's nature in the effort to propitiate higher powers.

Here are the three components of the religious conscience—worship, sympathy, and rights; three fair lilies whitening upward from the mire of man's terror, selfishness, and want. This ability to distin-

guish right from wrong, joined with a wish to do the right "in His name," is a product of evolution like any other high faculty of the soul, a natural and necessary outcome from the premises, man's spiritual nature acting on and stimulated by his environment. Finally Jesus of Nazareth by his supreme sacrifice and matchless precept vivified the torpid and perverted moral sense of that part of the world called Christian.

Pari passu with the evolution of the moral sense proceeds the evolution of sin. For what is sin but a natural propensity indulged or perverted in defiance of the moral sense? Gluttony is over-eating, drunkenness is over-drinking, profanity is worship desecrated, sensuality is sexuality rampant, and so through all the countless variations of wrong which human ingenuity has been able to devise. Vice is simply virtue vitiated. Hence the ethical sense is just as proper a subject for development by secular instruction as the artistic or mechanical.

It is no reflection on the Church that unaided she is unable to make head against the insidious demoralisation which makes the wrong appear the better reason. Too long has the State put forth all its power to develop the mechanical and intellectual and done absolutely nothing for the ethical. The perception of the true, the good, and the beautiful is no more intuitive than arithmetic; it is the fruit of education, both individual and racial, and is the sure and strong foundation upon which the superstructure of religion should be reared. Straightway rise the wraiths of sectarianism and infidelity, and shake their warning fingers! But instruction in ethics need not include instruction in religion, and in the public schools it should not. The sphere of the Church is the pulpit, the Sunday-school, and the family; in the schools it has no place. The fear of State-church has been carried to a dangerous extent; Church and State should be equal allies.

The general character of public-school instruction in ethics may be outlined thus:

It should begin at the beginning, and should be co-ordinate with every study in the course, at least, since it transcends all in importance.

There should be no Sunday-school flavor about it, but the instruction should be on strictly scientific lines, equally as in mathematics.

Special stress should be laid upon the *meanness* of non-moral words and acts. A boy who rather scorns to be considered "good" will resent with all the pride of his nature the slightest imputation of meanness. Instruction in ethics should, of course, be adapted to the grade of the pupil. For the very little folk only the simplest principles and illustrations will be appro-

private; but just here the foundations must be laid with special care.

Year by year the subject should be unfolded, until in the highest grades it would be time to explain the basic principles of ethics and their applications in all varieties of human rights and obligations.

According as an object-lesson is always the most effective, so should all instructors be themselves of the highest possible character.

CHAPTERS FROM THE NEW APOCRYPHA.

"His Garment's Hem."

BY HUDOR GENONE.

WHILE Jesus tarried at Jerusalem there came unto the city a certain man from the country beyond Jordan.

Who, having heard of the fame of Jesus, (or had seen his star in the East) had come to Jerusalem for to worship him.

And it came to pass while he went into the gate of the city there stood at the gate a soldier of the Roman band.

And he asked the soldier straightway concerning Jesus, if he knew him.

Then saith the soldier, I have never seen Jesus of Nazareth, whom ye call the Christ; but nevertheless I know him, for I was sick and he healed me; I am the centurion's servant.

Then the stranger, understanding not the meaning of what had been said unto him, went on his way into the city.

And while he stood in the market place there drew nigh unto him a ruler of the Synagogue, whom he also asked if he knew Jesus.

Then answered the ruler, truly if thou hadst known me thou hadst not asked; for I am Jairus, whose daughter was raised as from the dead.

Verily I cannot tell thee his abiding place, but I know him for what he hath done.

Now was the stranger very sorrowful to find none to tell him where Jesus abode; but, as he went on through the streets of the city he met a man rejoicing, and giving thanks.

And he saith unto him, Sir, I would see Jesus; knowest thou where I may find him?

And the man answering saith, I know not where he tarrieth; but this I know that I myself have found him, for whereas I was blind, now I see.

And while he went on his way rejoicing the stranger sought Jesus further;

And when he had come to the uttermost parts of the city there stood a woman in the way;

Her also he asked concerning Jesus.

She saith unto him, Verily I know him, for I had

an issue of blood, and this day drew nigh unto him in the press, and I but touched the hem of his garment and was made whole.

The stranger saith again unto her, Knowest thou where he dwelleth? But she could not tell him:

And he went his way, yet the more sorrowful, and wondering that of all whom Jesus had healed of their infirmities none could say where he dwelt.

Now while he sought it became nightfall, and at the gate of the city a man saith unto him, Seekest thou Jesus, that is called the Christ?

Behold him yonder; for he goeth even now with one of his disciples toward Bethany.

And the stranger beholding Jesus afar off ran after him with great joy, saying, I have found the Christ who shall heal my infirmity; who shall bid me see; I shall touch the hem of his garment.

But the darkness gathered, insomuch that he saw not the way clearly,

And as he ran he heard a great cry behind him,— Save me, I perish.

Then would he have turned him about to help him who had called.

But he bethought him that if he tarried there the darkness would gather.

And while he tarried again he heard the voice, Save me, I perish.

And he forgot Jesus, and turned his back upon him and ran and came unto him who was in trouble, and he helped him, and put him upon his beast, and he went his way.

Meanwhile the darkness had gathered, and it was night.

And the stranger was sore distressed; and he lifted up his voice and cried, saying, Woe unto me because I have lost Jesus.

But even while he spoke a being clad in white and shining garments appeared in the way;

And saith unto him, Be of good cheer. Thou hast not lost Jesus, for I am he.

Forasmuch as thou didst hear the voice of thy brother thou didst hear my voice.

Behold now, arise, and go thy way, and thy infirmity shall be healed and thou shalt see.

For whoso helpeth him who is in sorrow, sickness, need, or any other adversity, helpeth me and Him that sent me.

So fulfilling that petition which I taught my disciples, saying, Thy kingdom come.

Go ye therefore into all the world and preach this gospel to every creature:

For I am indeed come to preach deliverance to the captive and recovery of sight to the blind;

But wheresoever thy duty is there am I in the midst of it.

The Sin of the Nations.

Now, a certain Herodian, who was among them whom Jesus confounded with a penny,

Came unto him privily by night, and saith unto him :

Master, I was with them this day who asked thee if it were lawful to render tribute unto Cæsar ;

And I heard thee say, Inasmuch as the penny hath Cæsar's image and superscription that they should render therefore unto Cæsar the things that be Cæsar's.

Behold, the people are despoiled by the publicans; they give tithes of all they possess ;

And their masters bear rule over them.

They take reward against the innocent ; they devour widows' houses ;

And keep back by fraud the hire of them who reap down their fields.

Tell me, Master, is the penny Cæsar's?

Then Jesus, answering, saith unto the Herodian, Why didst thou not say these things unto me in the day; and why comest thou privily by night?

Verily, I know why thou hast come privily, for thou fearest the powers that be. And the powers that be are ordained of God.

For God is spirit, and giveth to every man the reward of his own doing.

Unto the peaceful He giveth peace; unto the righteous He giveth righteousness; unto the faithful He giveth faith;

And unto the nations also He giveth rulers and governors.

And they shall rule the people with a rod of iron.

For the sin of their slavery is upon them: upon the sinner the sin of himself, and upon the nations their sin.

Lo! now, I say unto thee, seek peace, cleave to righteousness, be ye faithful ;

Remember the fatherless; plead the cause of the widow; heal the broken-hearted.

And this is my cause,—the cause of Him that sent me, that I have made mine own :

To point the way, to live the life, and that in me the truth should live.

Lo! the day cometh when the nations shall be purified; when they shall not make war any more, and none shall molest or make afraid.

For with my stripes shall they be healed, and I shall be an example unto them,

In a way they think not, and in a time they wot not of.

But peace shall prevail because of the sword, and mercy shall come because of the death of the just.

For without shedding of blood is no remission of the sin of the nations.

God is not the God of the dead, but of the living.

And when my Gospel shall be published among all nations ;

The crooked shall be made straight, and the rough ways shall be made smooth ;

And I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh ; and in my righteousness shall the nations be exalted.

And I will put down all rule and all authority and power, and God, even the living God that abideth in you, shall be all in all.

BABU PRATAPA CHANDRA ROY.

(Died January 11, 1895.)

We have just received the sad news of the death of Babu Pratapa Chandra Roy, C. I. E., of India, the translator, editor, and publisher of the *Mahabharata*, one of the most enthusiastic and patriotic of Hindus. He died at his residence, 1 Rajah Gooroo Dass' street, Calcutta, at 1 A. M. Friday, January 11, in his fifty-third year. The widow of the deceased is anxious to bring the work of her husband to completion, and requests his friends to aid her in this task, which appears to her as a sacred obligation. Unfortunately, there is very little property left besides the house in which the late Hindu scholar lived and where the office of the Datavya Bharata Karyalaya is located. Any one who is anxious to obtain a copy of the translation of the *Mahabharata* should apply at once, as in a few months it will probably no longer be possible to supply orders. Remittances should be made to Sundari Bala Roy, 1 Rajah Gooroo Dass' street, Calcutta.

As to the life of Pratapa Chandra, which is probably little known outside of India, we make the following statement as made by his friend and helpmate Kisori Mohan Ganguli. Pratapa Chandra was born in Sanko in the District of Burdwan where he received his rudimentary education in *Patschala*. He came to Calcutta at the age of sixteen and happened to find employment with Babu Kali Prasanna Singha, a Hindu millionaire who issued for gratuitous distribution the first Bengali translation of the *Mahabharata*. The amiability and intelligence of the youth attracted the attention of his master who made him his cashier and showed an unbounded confidence in him. As his work was not hard he watched the progress of his master's translation, who died soon after its completion. With the small sum which Pratapa Chandra had saved he opened a small book-shop, which soon became very popular. Many poor boys used to visit his shop because he gave them permission to read the books on his shelves. After school hours his shop looked like a little reading-room. After eight years of business, having earned some money, he resolved to issue a new Bengali translation of the *Mahabharata* which he carried out successfully. At this time some domestic calamity affected him deeply and made him incapable of attending to his business. He roved about without a plan through Northern Bengal. Finding that his edition of the *Mahabharata*, cheap though it was, was beyond the reach of many of his countrymen, he decided to devote his labors to the education of his people, and in work of this kind to forget his sorrow. Having still on hand about one thousand copies of the *Mahabharata*, he resolved to give them away to deserving men. But his charity produced a result which he did not anticipate. Some of the recipients sold the volumes to booksellers, who sold them for a higher price than he had originally charged. Taking the advice of some of his friends, he established the Datavya Bharata Karyalaya, and commenced a new edition of the Bengali *Mahabharata*. Many copies were given away to persons who would not sell them again. Otherwise he charged the low price of Rs. 6, 6 for a copy. The result was that his publishing office became well known in India and many thousand copies of various Indian works

were distributed partly gratis and partly for the mere expense of publishing them. Pratapa Chandra was especially charitable to schoolboys. If any youngster applied for a copy of the *Mahabharata*, in Bengali, Sanskrit, or English, he could never refuse.

Whenever injured by anybody, he never retaliated, firmly convinced that his opponent had been misled by inaccurate information. He always tried to see him and explain matters. If he spoke with anybody for five minutes he would surely make of him a friend for ever afterwards. He was a rigid Hindu in religion. His regard for the sacred books of the Hindu religion, especially the Brahmanas, was unbounded. He also had a high respect for the officials of the government, for he took them to represent his sovereign. The study of the Rajadharma had filled him with the belief that for the happiness of mankind the institution of kings was the principal means, an idea in agreement with passages in the *Mahabharata*, which represent the king as a portion of the Deity. He frequently complained of the tone of some of the Indian newspapers, both vernacular and English. When officials were censured, he claimed that the difficulties of administration are always great. On the other hand, those English papers that took delight in villifying the character of the natives of India always gave him much pain. His services to the cause of literature were officially recognised by the bestowal of the title C. I. E. on him, an honor which he accepted, always thinking that he had not sufficient means to keep up its dignity. He had been ailing for a year, and was confined to his room the last six months. When he saw that his end was approaching his friends gave him hope, but he knew better. His greatest regret was that he could not live to complete his work. On the evening of Thursday, January 10, of this year, his breathing became hard, and he gave notice to his attendants that he would not survive the night. He gave his directions calmly and without agitation, took leave of his relatives and friends, one by one, and expressed his obligations to the manager of the Karyalaya for the loving zeal with which the latter had served him. His conviction was firm that his many friends and countrymen would never permit his work to be suspended at the stage at which it had arrived. About an hour before his death he asked those about him to chant the name of Hari, telling them that they should not cease till he had expired, and when they commenced the dying man joined with his feeble voice. He then seemed to fall asleep quietly, and the clock struck one when he expired.

BOOK NOTICES.

Mr. T. Fisher Unwin, of London, just publishes the autobiography of George Jacob Holyoake in a third and cheaper edition. Mr. Holyoake is an agitator of the ideal type, and his printed reminiscences of the personages and stirring events of his time will rank high among the original materials of history. The title of the volume is *Sixty Years of an Agitator's Life*. (Two large volumes. Price, 3s 6d.)

W. T. Stead, editor of the *Review of Reviews*, will issue monthly an extra penny supplement to the *Review of Reviews*, which is to contain the contents of the various magazines, so as to be a *vade mecum* of the reading public of all classes, and will enable them at once to select such monthlies as will be of interest to them. The *Review of Reviews* appears, Mr. Stead says, when the sale of the monthlies is practically over. The *Review of Reviews* will continue as before, and the supplement, which will not be critical, but simply explanatory, will fill an important want of the reading public.

The English Revolution of the Twentieth Century. A Prospective History. With an Introduction, and edited by Henry Lazarus, author of *Landlordism*. (London: T. Fisher Unwin.

1894. Pages, 463.) The manuscript of this history purports to be the work of a young man of genius, culture, deep insight, and broad sympathy, but irredeemably the victim of the disjointed economical condition of modern society, whom Mr. Lazarus meets by accident in the slums of London. It portrays the conditions which precede and follow the supposed social revolution of the twentieth century. The history is detailed and rather bulky, and as it is not essentially different from other attempts of this character, the request to read it through before passing a judgment upon it, is rather a severe demand upon a critic's time.

La logique sociale, by M. G. Tarde. (Paris, Félix Alcan, 1895. Pp. 464. Price, fr 7.50.) M. Tarde is known in France, and by scholars of all nations, as the author of several high-class works on comparative criminology and sociology. He is a champion of the views opposed to Lombroso's daring theories, and by the powerful advantages that come from exact juridical training and wide practical experience is a very dangerous antagonist. His work in the field of comparative criminology was recently rewarded by his being called to take control of the French National Bureau of Civil and Criminal Statistics. Perhaps his most widely known work is *The Law of Imitation*, in which he sought with much power and ingenuity to reduce the rules of social action to phenomena of imitation—an idea the force of which will be at once apparent. That work shows how the social *tissues* are formed, rather than the social body; how the social *cloth* is manufactured rather than the national garment. The present work is occupied with showing how those tissues are *organised*, how that cloth is cut and sown, or rather, how it cuts and sews itself. Formerly, sociology was connected with biology; M. Tarde connects it with *psychology*. His view is that society is comparable not to an organism but to a privileged organ—to the brain. The social life, he says, is a mighty exaltation of the cerebral life. Sociology is collective psychology. Throughout the whole work M. Tarde's ingenious and suggestive views concerning the laws of imitation and invention are to be traced as the guiding threads of the discussions. For the general reader, few works on the subject will compare with this for interest. He will find here a wealth of illustration and rare material, appositely grouped, and will come from the perusal of the work with satisfaction and enlarged judgment.

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RECENT BRAIN SURGERY IN ITS PSYCHOLOGICAL BEARINGS.

BY S. MILLINGTON MILLER, M. D.

IT IS ONLY necessary to glance over the pages of the great American monthlies, (which lead the world,) to learn that the present age is one of splendid material and mechanical improvement. Scarcely a month passes without the publication of some startling invention or of some wonderful amelioration of the material ills of mankind.

But while the advance in engineering, electrical appliances, and other mechanical items of progress, are well known to the population at large, there is another sphere in which achievement has been so remarkable as almost to stagger the imagination, and which is less widely known. Partly from its technical character, and partly because a certain amount of close, serious thought is necessary to understand its tremendous significance.

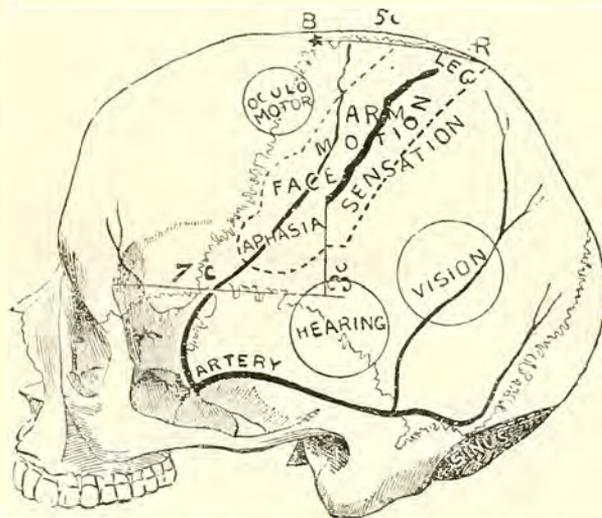
I refer to the increasing dominion over, and modification of, *that entity or those twins*, or whatever else they may be—Brain and Mind.

Even in a period after the middle of this century the brain was regarded as an organ with a single function—the function of thought. It was not supposed to possess any centres of localised action entirely distinct in character and situation. The heart was known as a machine which pumped the blood through the body, and the lungs as a great reformatory institution where its impurities were removed. The stomach and the liver acted as units. Did one thing, each of them, and nothing else.

But within recent years it has been discovered that the brain, besides well-authenticated centres of sight, smell, taste, hearing, etc., has also an endless number of well-defined motor-centres, each of which controls the movement of a strictly limited portion of the human body. One centre produces motion of the face; another motion of the shoulder; another motion of the elbow; another motion of the wrist; and still others—motion of the thumb and of the fingers.

That the subject may be thoroughly understood, it should be stated at the outset that the nervous system of man consists of certain ingoing fibres which carry the impulses of sight, of hearing, of smell, and of taste

to their individual brain-centres. In the grey-matter cells of these centres, by some process at present entirely unknown, the particular sensation thus carried is elaborated into thought, and these thoughts send messages through a certain second set of fibres—connecting sense centres with motor-centres—the grey-matter cells of sense with the grey-matter cells of motion or action. From these latter centres commands are issued through the efferent nerves to the various muscles. Thus the legs, arms, hands, head, etc., are moved.



MAP OF THE HUMAN SKULL, SHOWING LOCATION OF CENTRES OF MOTION AND SENSATION.

I am walking some day, we will suppose, in late Spring, or early Summer, in the woods, or through the fields, and my eye lights upon a bush covered with exquisite *some things*. An impulse of sense mounts, like lightning, through the optic nerve to the sight-centre in the brain. There a process called thought is carried on; memory is invoked; and that cell, or those cells, as the case may be, decide that the objects which grow on that bush are flowers—wild roses. And by a certain association of ideas the conclusion is also reached that they have a delicious fragrance. Then a command is carried from this sight-centre, along the fibres of connexion to the motor-centres of the arm, hand, and body generally, and these second centres bid me stoop down and pluck the rose, and lift it, and smell it.

This is the general process by which motion of various kinds becomes a more or less immediate result of sensation. And this is about as popular an explanation of the great intricacy of the actions as I can formulate.

If the reader will closely examine the accompanying illustration, showing the now well localised functions of the brain, he will find food for some very lively thought. The broad, wavy black line running almost vertically represents, as he will notice, the "fissure of Rolando," which is the great motor-axis of the brain. I mean to say that it crosses all the various motor points of action in the brain. It is well known that touch is at once the finest and the most indispensable of all the senses. This particular sense has the general name of "Sensation" in the picture.

Darwin's white cats with blue eyes illustrate this fact very nicely. If any one has ever possessed a litter of these animals they will no doubt have noticed that they are, for some time after birth, very imperfectly, if at all, gifted with the senses of sight and hearing. In after life such kittens invariably become blind. Approach such a litter; shout at the top of your voice; make all kinds of extravagant and threatening motions before the eyes of the little animals,—nothing can disturb the serenity of their repose. But blow, gently, across their backs,—moving the fine fur like the bending waves of wheat before the wind,—and in an instant every kitten in that basket is a picture of active, moving life.

Well, if this sense of touch is the most important and the finest of all the senses, we should find it most intimately and most centrally situated as regards the various centres of motion. It only takes a glance at the illustration to show that this is the case. And as a matter of fact, any one can readily understand why this must be so.

A coal has fallen out of the fire on the carpet. Its red hue, indicative of burning heat to the eye, has disappeared. It is growing cold. But it is still quite hot enough to destroy tissue rapidly. I stoop down, very foolishly, and pick it up. In the twinkling of an eye those afferent nerves of my arm and hand have carried a startling message of "fire" to the "sensation" centre in my brain. With equal rapidity a message flashes across the short intervening space to the "hand-centre" of motion. And, ever so much quicker than the wind, the command flies down through neck and shoulder and arm to my hand, "drop that coal." It is done, and though my fingers tingle for some time, there has been no material destruction of my flesh.

Take the centre of sight again. You will notice that it is also very medially located as regards the motor-centres, though not quite so near to them as to the seat of "sensation." This is another instance of

the wonderful prevalence of design in nature and in man. I mean in the building of nature and of man.

I am walking along the street in front of a building that is being torn down, and perhaps beneath some scaffolding. I look up. A brick has escaped the interfering boards, and is falling right down on my head. Again the sense of sight, and again the quick commands which it elicits. What are they? First, "move the head"; second, "protect it with the arm or hand"; third, "run as fast as you can." This is the exact sequence of the muscular actions. And if you will notice the picture again you will see that the motor-centres bear just this proportionate relation, as regards distance, to the centre of sight.

As hearing is a sense which does not require such instantaneous or such admirably correlated muscular action, it will be noticed that its centre is not so centrally located as regards the motor centres. And it will not require any great amount of reasoning to see why it should be placed just where it is.

How have all these facts of sense and motor locality been discovered? Mainly, if not altogether, by vivisection of the brain of the monkey and the dog, and by electric excitation of all the exposed surfaces of the brain, from time to time, until it was learned that touching a certain portion of brain-tissue with the pole of the battery produced action in a well-defined portion of the body. It is now well ascertained that the motor-centres in the human brain are almost identically the same, as regards location, as those in the brain of the dog and monkey. I have had an illustration reproduced of the brain of the latter, showing the various other important fissures and giving the individual and particular motor-centres with more completeness.

What has been the advantage of brain vivisection to humanity? We all know how wave after wave of reprobation has surged over this country and England, from time to time, intended to overwhelm the poor vivisectionists. How all kinds of tear-compelling narrative and of quaintly adroit *argumenta ad homines* have been employed, to prevent experiments upon animals. It ought to be well known, however, and I think it is well known to-day, that animals thus operated upon are as tenderly adjusted and as carefully etherised as the millionaire's daughter, and that just as much watchful care is exercised to mitigate suffering after the operation, and to hasten the animal's recovery. And in the next place, *operations upon the brain are almost absolutely painless*. Isn't it strange that so little suffering should attend the severance of the very *sancta sanctorum* of life and thought. Still, it is so.

And what have these experiments enabled great surgeons to do for suffering man himself? I will try

and explain all the marvellous wonder they have wrought by detailing two operations, performed respectively by Dr. Robert Weir, of New York, and by Dr. W. W. Keen, of Philadelphia.

Case 1. A gentleman thirty-nine years of age had always been perfectly healthy until a certain attack of malarial fever occurred, accompanied with a good deal of pain. One day, as he rose to go to the window, his wife noticed a spasm of the right cheek and neck, which did not involve the arm, nor was consciousness lost. In 1886, (two or three similar attacks having occurred in the interval,) he fell, unconscious, and bit his tongue. These attacks were all accompanied with twitching of the right arm and hand and right side of the face. His memory became impaired and his speech thick. No injury had ever been received on his head, nor was anything abnormal observed even when his head was shaved. Gradually his right hand and arm became weak, and, as a result, his handwriting degenerated. This weakness of the right arm slowly increased, and along with it a weakness of the right leg, and, as a consequence of the increasing paralysis of his face, "drooling" at the right side of the mouth set in.

Dr. Weir examined him, at Dr. Seguin's request, and both of them reached a diagnosis, chiefly based upon the facts already given, that the man had a small tumor situated as above described, and on November 17, 1887, the skull was opened at the junction of the arm and face centres. This operation was witnessed by Dr. Keen. Nothing abnormal was seen on the surface of the brain. Yet so confident was Dr. Weir of the correctness of the diagnosis that he boldly cut into the brain substance, and from its interior removed a tumor of the size of a hazelnut by means of a small surgical spoon. The man made a perfect recovery. When examined microscopically, the tumor was found to be of a malignant character.

Now just consider what an absolutely fantastic thing that operation was—wonderful in its boldness, more wonderful in its perfect success. Dr. Weir had nothing at all to guide him except certain facts and his ability to reach an accurate idea of the exact position from the various symptoms and the fixed order in which they followed each other. Doubtless he had often experimented upon the brains of dogs and monkeys. And his great experience in that line showed him exactly what impairment of bodily function followed the excitation of certain limited localities in the dog's or monkey's brain. The slightest error in calculation from these facts to his final surgical action would have certainly entailed, not only the possibility of great damage to other sound centres in this gentleman's brain, but also great hazard of the very life it-

self of the patient. This gentleman recovered rapidly and entirely, and lived for four years without any recurrence of the disagreeable symptoms above described. But then the tumor, which was malignant (and malignant disease is a vice of the whole system), returned, and finally destroyed his life.

Case 2. This case can be found in the records of the Orthopædic Hospital and Infirmary for Nervous Diseases in Philadelphia, Record Book, S. I., p. 123. A young girl of about twenty-one was admitted to the infirmary in October, 1891. She said that her attacks of epilepsy from which she had suffered for two years and a half, always began in the right thumb. This fact having been verified, it was decided to remove the centre for the thumb, for the same reason as in the last case, i. e., to stop the very beginning of the fit. It was especially desired to remove only the centre for the thumb, and not that for the hand, in order not to interfere more than was necessary with the usefulness of her hand, upon which she depended for her support, as she was a mill girl. This was an unusual and minute attempt at localisation, and a very severe test of the accuracy of the mapping of the brain by vivisection. On October 6, 1891, the "fissure of Rolando" was first located, and a disk of bone an inch and a half in diameter was removed, the centre of it being two and five eights inches to the left of the middle line. Both the bone and the brain, when exposed, seemed to be normal. The fissure of Rolando was seen crossing the middle of the opening, downward and forward. By the battery the brain was stimulated at certain definite points until the thumb-centre was recognised, and also the face-centre, which lay somewhat below it, and the wrist-centre, which lay—as it ought by experiments on the monkey's brain—a little above it. Each of these centres was recognised by the movement of the part supplied by it (thumb, face, wrist) when the centre was touched by the poles of the battery. Stimulation of the thumb-centre produced a *typical epileptic fit*, such as she had suffered since her admission, beginning in the thumb, as she had asserted. The portion of the brain corresponding to the thumb-centre, a piece about half an inch in diameter, was removed, and by the battery it was determined that the portion removed was the whole of the thumb centre. She recovered promptly and without disturbance from the operation. It was necessary in this case to be unusually accurate, and not to remove any portion of the brain other than the centre for the thumb, and for three reasons: First, if too much were removed upward and backward, the wrist and fingers would be paralysed; second, if too much were removed forward, the muscles of the face would be involved; third, a little further down lies the centre for speech, and had this part of the brain been injured,

this important faculty would have been destroyed, thus producing serious and unnecessary trouble.

Note now the accuracy of experimental cerebral localisation. As soon as the patient had recovered from the ether and was in suitable condition, her ability to move the face and hand was attested. All the muscles of the face were entirely intact, and could be moved with absolute ease. Her speech was also unaffected.

Now just consider for a moment what a thought-exciting operation this very simply described "feat" really was. It would not be very hard—if we likened the brain to an apple, and if we were convinced that a certain limited portion of that apple were rotten, by its manifestations on the skin, to cut into the substance of the fruit and remove carefully and absolutely every whit of the discolored tissue. We would have the eye to guide in the operation. But in this instance and in this operation upon the substance of the brain, there was no such *visual* assistance. Had there been, he were a poor surgeon who could not with his scoop remove all that was defective and exactly all—and perpetrate no encroachment upon sound brain-substance.

But the apple and its rotten portion fails utterly to convey an explicit idea of just what a marvellous thing was done in this instance. We will liken the human brain again to an apple. And we have ascertained, by certain scientific experiments,—no matter what,—that there is a certain well defined portion of that apple which is bitter to the taste. It is only this bitter part that must be removed. Not an *iota* of the sweet fruit-flesh must be removed. But all of the bitter part has to come away. And there are tremendous penalties inflictible upon the cutter if he removes more or if he removes less; *he must remove only what is bitter*.

And this is just what Dr. Keen did to perfection. If he had left any of the diseased thumb-centre behind, there would have been an uninterrupted sequence of mitigated epileptic attacks—not so severe, perhaps, still prevalent. If he had removed any portion of the sound surrounding brain-substance, there would have been paralysis of the fingers—permanent paralysis—following a slip on that side; and permanent paralysis of the elbow, or shoulder following a slip upon that.

Now do you know of anything more wonderful in its microscopical exactness than this operation in the whole realm of modern mechanical advance?

The results of these operations on the brain have had some very curious tendencies. The operators have found (I should have stated previously that these sense and motor-centres exist *in duplicate* in the human brain, that is, that there is one of each for each side of the body) that the paralysis of motion which attacks certain limited parts of the body immediately after the removal of brain-substance, while marked at first, soon

begins to disappear, and in time, for some marvellous reason, is almost as perfect—I mean the motion is almost as perfect—as it was before the operation.

Now what is the exact significance of this? Does it indicate that the brain—as a healthy, constantly developing and self-propagating body—has deliberately, though gradually, supplied a new motor-centre in the place of that removed? We cannot tell. The only way in which we could find out would be by means of a *post-mortem* performed upon that patient, for instance, whose thumb-centre had been removed, and whose thumb had in time reacquired its power of motion, and who had later died a natural death. And this field is entirely too new a territory for any such instances of death naturally succeeding such operations to have occurred.

But then there is another way of looking at the subject. What is known as the Vicariate, or "Mutual Aid Society of the Senses" is a well established, physical law. I mean to say that when one sense is lost the other senses seem to struggle forward with absolutely headlong haste to act as a kind of crutch to their disabled sister. The deaf child learns to hear with its eyes. The blind child learns to see with its fingers.

Again, I want to call your attention to the prevalence of this "Vicariousness," even in the physical tissues of the body. One eye becomes blind, from injury or disease. In a short time the powers of the other eye seem to be doubled, and soon the man or woman has just as good sight to all intents and purposes as they had before. Or one arm, or one leg, is amputated. It would seem as if the very cutting of the knife acted as a stimulant to the muscle-cells in the opposite member. And the one leg, or the one arm, of the maimed man becomes able in a very short time to bear twice as much weight, or to lift twice as much weight, as it did or could when it had a fellow member to help it in almost every action. It is not at all improbable that this same "Vicariousness" exists in the brain, and that the centres of one side (when those of the other are removed or destroyed) find or build new fibres of connexion to the other side of the organ. And that these fibres in some way become continuous with the efferent nerve on the disabled side.

Some very remarkable operations have been performed on animals which may hereafter produce very important results. Two dogs have been etherised at the same time, and identical portions taken from the brain of each dog and transferred to that of the other dog. These portions of brain-substance, thus transplanted, have flourished in the new soil and have at least caused no disintegration of brain action. It is as yet a problem as to whether the brain-tissue of lower animals can be transferred to the brain of man, and whether after it has established itself in its new site it

will properly perform its functions. The motor centres of animals are the only ones which can be so transplanted, for thus far the sense-centres of animals have not been found to be identical with those of man.

In closing, I would refer to the very remarkable case reported by Dr. McEwen, of Glasgow. This was that of a man who suffered from "psychical blindness," or "mind blindness." His sense of sight was not impaired, but his mind was not able to translate what he saw into thought. Dr. McEwen located the lesion in the "angular gyrus," and found, on removing a button of bone, that a portion of the inner layer of this bone had become detached and was pressing on the brain. One corner of it was imbedded in the brain-substance. The button of bone was removed, and after detaching the splinter, replaced in its proper position. The man recovered his health and all his faculties.

SCHOLAROMANIA.

A SCHOLAR is a man who has been trained in schools and devotes his life to the investigation of subjects, which, when firmly established, are again to be taught in schools. Thus the word is applicable, not so much to students of the natural sciences, as to men of letters, to historians, and philologists passing their lives in the study, the classroom, and library. The profession of the scholar is one of the very highest and noblest, for scholarly research deals mainly with mental facts which are, as it were, the essence of life: the records of the past, the old languages, and the historical facts of bygone ages embody the very souls of our ancestors.

While our opinion of a genuine scholar can scarcely be too high, we frequently meet in life scholars that are warped. There are schoolmasters who cannot understand how their model pupils prove failures in life, while the bad boy makes a great hit; and there are professors whose learnedness consists in a kind of mental library-dust that has settled upon their souls. Wilhelm Busch, the German humorist, calls a certain type of historians, scavengers who collect the offal of the past.

It is the constant indoor life, the lack of acquaintance with the real needs of practical life, and the close confinement to a special mode of work, that tends to make scholars one-sided, and if professional pride and personal vanity are added, a peculiar disease originates, which, in one word, we call *scholaromania*.

The main tenor of scholaromania is a dim notion, not always clearly pronounced, that the world exists for the sake of the scholar, and not the scholar for the sake of the world. The scholaromaniac declares that science must be pursued for science's sake alone, textual criticism being an end in itself. No intellectual aspirations have a title to existence, except scholarly

inquiries, and all books that are not historical or philological are worthless chaff.

Genuine scholars are rarely scholaromaniacs, for their horizon is not limited; they, as a rule, have seen the world that lies beyond the classroom, and they know that scholarship is not an end in itself, but that it serves some definite and very important purpose in the world at large. It is exactly this insight in which the scholaromaniac is lacking.

Such were my thoughts when I read a review by Prof. J. Estlin Carpenter on *The Gospel of Buddha*. Professor Carpenter is a scholar, but he apparently suffers from scholaromania, for he condemns the book because the treatment of the subject is not in his line; it is neither philological nor historical, but serves another purpose. Since the book does not comply with the demands of the scholarly Professor, he puts it down as worthless "stuff."

Here is his critique of *The Gospel of Buddha*, which appeared in the latest issue of *The New World*:

"This volume belongs to a class of well-meaning but wholly misleading books. The compiler has read diligently, but without any perception of the historical development of the religion which he endeavors to exhibit. In a series of one hundred sections he attempts to portray the life and the teaching of the Buddha. The bulk of his material, so he informs his readers in the preface, 'is derived from the old Buddhist Canon.' Every student of Buddhism knows that the sacred collections vary in different countries, not only in bulk, but in age and in doctrine. Of this fundamental fact Dr. Carus takes no notice, though he admits the existence in Buddhism of innumerable sects. They are distinguished, he says, mainly by peculiar superstitions or ceremonial rites; he ignores the far more significant differences of metaphysical and ontological speculation. Accordingly, he places side by side extracts from books separated by hundreds of years in date and by still wider intervals of philosophic thought, as though they all alike represented the teachings of the founder of Buddhism. He describes this process as the arrangement of the 'Gospel of Buddha' into harmonious and systematic form, and claims to take up 'an ideal position upon which all true Buddhists may stand as upon common ground.' Who would accept a Gospel of Christ compiled from writings of the first, fourth, and thirteenth centuries, let us say, of our era? A table of reference at the close of the volume does indeed enable the student to track most of the passages cited; but there is no indication that the sources thus enumerated are of the most diverse origin, and in many cases destitute of all historical value for the purpose for which they are here employed; and nothing can justify the strange amalgamation of fragments of the most various ages within the same section, as though they represented continuous teaching. Nor does it seem to us excusable to prefix pious hymns or add explanatory tags of the compiler's own composition in a book that professes to be a historical summary. Who that knows anything of the real significance of Gotama's teaching can tolerate such stuff as this: 'Buddha is the truth; let Buddha dwell in your heart. That of your soul which cannot or will not develop into Buddha must perish, for it is mere illusion and unreal. You can make your soul immortal by filling it with truth.'

"The compiler has been struck with the ethical nobleness of many Buddhist sayings. His spirit is excellent, but his method is execrable."

It is a matter of course that the picture I have drawn in *The Gospel of Buddha* is not historical in the sense in which the word "historical" is commonly used. The collection which I have made is not restricted to "the teachings of the founder of Buddhism," and I have made no attempt at critically sifting that which is well authenticated from that which is legendary. That may be madness, in the eyes of a scholaromaniac, but there is method in it; and Professor Carpenter should have found it out himself. I am not quite so ignorant as Professor Carpenter thinks, and possess sufficient scholarly training to distinguish between historically reliable and unreliable accounts. But I embodied with good purpose much that a historian would have to reject. And yet I can claim that the picture of Buddha, as it appears in *The Gospel of Buddha*, is not unhistorical. It is historical in a higher sense of the word, for it represents Buddha, such as a tradition of two thousand years has moulded him, as he lives to-day in the minds of some of his noblest followers.

Buddha, such as he lives in the imagination of the world, is a prince, the son of a powerful king; but in fact, Gautama Shâkyamuni who is now worshipped as Buddha, was the son of a wealthy land owner. In the same way Christ is David's son, and any Gospel which would represent him as the presumable son of a Galilean carpenter of Nazareth, as probably being of very humble ancestry, would not depict Christ such as he lives in Christian tradition. There is a difference between Christ and Jesus, and there is the same difference between Buddha and Gautama.

The scholarly Professor does not appear to be at home in the textual criticism of the New Testament. The Gospel according to St. John, which must be recognised as genuinely Christian, possesses little historical value; it does not describe Jesus of Nazareth as he really lived and moved about. Yet, in spite of Professor Carpenter's opinion that no one would accept a Gospel of Christ compiled without historical critique, (for that is the purport of his remark), the Gospel according to St. John has become the most valuable sacred book of the Church; and deservedly so, for, indeed, it possesses an exceedingly high historical value in so far as it helped to make history. It depicts, not Jesus, but Christ, such as he lived in the hearts of the early Christians of Asia Minor.

The Old Testament, the Gospel of the Israelites, is actually "compiled from writings separated by hundreds of years in date," and embodies a great variety of philosophical thoughts, which are often not even harmonious.

Any one who wishes to read a Christian Gospel should read the Gospel according to St. John, but any one who wishes to know the historical facts concerning

Jesus must study the works of those theological scholars who have critically investigated the subject; the most comprehensive statement being Prof. H. J. Holtzmann's text-books for students of the New Testament.¹

In the same way, any one who wishes to know the historical facts about Gautama Shakyamuni must consult Oldenberg's well-known book on *Buddha* or Rhys Davids's *Manual of Buddhism*. And any one who wants to read the sources of the old Buddhism must study the old Pâli texts, which, with the co-operation of Professor Carpenter, become every year more accessible to the Western world.

Professor Lanman sent me a few months ago advance sheets of a book on *Buddha and Buddhism*, by Henry Clarke Warren, which contains the literal translation of such passages as I utilised in *The Gospel of Buddha*, and I advise every one who has read *The Gospel of Buddha* to acquire Mr. Warren's book. Mr. Warren's book is in many respects similar to *The Gospel of Buddha*, but it differs in one point which is of paramount importance: it serves another purpose.

On reading the original records and comparing them with my version in *The Gospel of Buddha*, it will be found that while I remained faithful to the spirit of the founder of Buddhism, and while, at the same time, I considered the evolution of his doctrine in both schools, the Hinayâna, so called, and the Mahâyâna, I introduced certain changes, which, slight though they may be, are not without consequence. They were made with a definite purpose, and are neither errors nor adulterations. They are purifications, pointing out the way of reform in the line of a higher development of Buddhism,² which is actually represented in Buddhistic countries, in the same way as there have always been advocates of reform and progress in the various Christian churches. *The Gospel of Buddha* is not a representation of Buddhism in its cradle, but it represents BUDDHISM UP TO DATE, in its nobler possibilities. This was my aim, and if I failed in it, let the critic speak out boldly. But there is no sense in denouncing the book because it is not such a work as Professor Carpenter would have written.

No better evidence, that I have succeeded at least to some extent, in my aspiration, could be given than the fact that a Japanese edition of *The Gospel of Buddha*, translated by T. Suzuki, appeared almost immediately after the publication of the English edition.³

¹*Hand-Commentar zum Neuen Testament*, containing *Synoptiker*, and *Apostelgeschichte*, and *Lehrbuch der historisch-kritischen Einleitung in das Neue Testament*, the former reviewed in Vol. II, No. 2, the latter in Vol. III, No. 1, of *The Monist*.

²For a brief account on the reform movement of the Japanese Buddhism see Busse, *Mitteilungen der Deutschen Gesellschaft für Natur- und Völkerkunde Ostasiens in Tokio*, 50. Heft, pages 439-512.

³While going to press, I am informed that Mr. Kakichi Ohara, of Otsu, Oni, editor of the *Shi-Do-Kwai-Ho-Koku*, which means "Journal of the Society for the Propagation of the Doctrine of Enlightenment," has undertaken to translate *The Gospel of Buddha* into Chinese.

H. R. H. Prince Chandradat Chudhadharu, the chosen delegate of Siamese Buddhism at the World's Religious Parliament, writes on the receipt of advance sheets of the book :

"... As regards the contents of the book, and as far as I could see, it is one of the best Buddhist scriptures ever published. Those who wish to know the life of Buddha and the spirit of his dharma may be recommended to read this work which is so ably edited that it comprises almost all knowledge of Buddhism."

The *Mahā-bōdhi Journal* of Calcutta, edited by H. Dharmapala and representing Ceylonese Buddhism, republished a number of chapters from *The Gospel of Buddha* and called attention to it in editorial notices ; while a Japanese priest of rank, the Right Rev. Shaku Soyen of Kamakura, writes in an appreciative letter :

"Your valuable book rightly claims to be the mother of Truth. We, the followers of Buddha, nay of the Truth, cannot but sympathise with your noble aspirations."

Prof. Carpenter seems to imagine that the past exists only for the historian, and the old Pāli texts have no other use than to be edited and translated, or critically commented upon. To him the records of the past are mere material for philological exercises. To me, while writing *The Gospel of Buddha*, the editing of the Dīgha Nikāya and other Buddhist Suttas is mere material for a practical kind of work which finds its purpose in the religious needs of the living present.

The hod-carrier hoots at the mason ; for he thinks that hod-carrying alone is legitimate work.

I have expressly declared in the preface that "the present volume is not designed to contribute to the solution of historical problems," but it "has been written to set the reader athinking on the religious problems of *to-day*"; it is intended "to become a factor in the formation of the future," and the hope is expressed that "it will serve both Buddhists and Christians as a help to penetrate further into the spirit of their faith, so as to see its full width, breadth, and depth."

In consideration of these statements made in the preface of the book, it is more than a gross neglect, it is a misrepresentation on the part of my critic, to declare that *The Gospel of Buddha* "professes to be a historical summary."

How often has the author of the fourth Gospel been reviled, because his work is not historical in the sense which we expect of the books of modern historians! But how unfair is the reproach! St. John (or whosoever wrote the fourth Gospel) was no historian and had no intention of writing history. He told the life of Jesus in the light of Philo's Logos-conception. He cared little for the correctness or critical verification of details, but he was imbued with the spirit of Christianity, which he wedded to the philosophy of his age. I

have endeavored (as stated in *The Gospel of Buddha*) "to treat the material about in the same way as the author of the fourth Gospel of the New Testament used the accounts of Jesus of Nazareth," the sole difference being that the author of the Gospel of St. John impersonates one of his favorite saints, which was quite a common method in the time in which he lived, while I have avoided anything that might appear as a mystification of the public, and have openly given an account concerning both the sources of the book and the purpose for which it has been written. The avoidance of a critical attitude in the Christian Gospel writers is instinctive, while in my Buddhistic Gospel it is deliberate.

What shall we say of a reviewer who gives a false coloring to the character of a book, disregarding all that has been said in its preface, and then condemns it, because it is not what he wants it to be, by speaking of the book as "such stuff," and calling its method of presentation "execrable"? The review is unworthy of the dignity of that noble old institution in which Professor Carpenter is employed as a teacher ; it is unworthy of genuine scholarship, and unworthy also of the magazine in which it has been published.

But obviously Professor Carpenter's strictures simply prove his own miscomprehension, for which I can find no other excuse than the myopic pedantry of a scholaromaniac, who, unacquainted with the real problems of life, imagines that no books on the past can be written except historico-critical investigations.

P. C.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"THE OPEN COURT" DENOUNCED AS LEARNED NONSENSE.

To the Editor of The Open Court :

THE wisdom of this world is runing mad. "Truth," said the great Voltaire, "has inalienable rights. Just as it is never out of season to search for it, so it can never be out of season to defend it." I wish to say, the great mass of humanity are the recipients of profound ignorance. And, many of those who are endeavoring to enlighten the common heard, are themselves the embodiment of ignorance. I am tired and weary of so much learned nonsense ; but what dose it avail ? I want you to be candid with me, and pleas explain why you publish *The Open Court* ; is it to lead men out of ignorance into abisolute knowledge, or is it to disseminate ignorance ? [1] In fact, what do you mean by such garbage and stuff as the following : "We yearn for life, and we are anxious to insure the immortality of our soul." [2] I would ask ; have you not life already ? If so, why yearn for that which you already possess ? We read in the "Book of fable" "He that believeth on me, though he wer dead, yet shall he live." Then again, the wise man said : "consider the estates of the sons of men ;" "For that which befalleth the sons of men befalleth beasts ; even one thing befalleth them ; as the one dieth so dieth the other ; yea, they have all one breath ; so that a man hath no preeminence above a beast ; for all is vanity. All go unto one place. all are of the dust, and all turn to dust again. Who

knoweth the spirit of man that goeth upward, and the spirit of beast that goeth downward to the earth? (The fool of course) (Eccl. iii, 19-21). For to him that is joined to all the living there is hope; for a living dog is better than a dead lion. For the living know that they shall die; but the dead know not anything, neither have they any *more a reward*; for the *memory* of them is *forgotten*. Also their love, and their hatred, and their envy is now perished; neither have they any more a portion forever in anything that is done under the sun" (ix, 4-6). [3]. Do you believe this? What do you wish to convey by the phrase: "Set me as a seal upon *thine heart*," as a seal upon *thine arm*" etc. Is the "heart" the organ of individuality, or, is it the organ by which the blood is regulated in its flow through the arterial and venus system? You say we are "set as seals upon the *heart* and as seals upon the arm of Him to whom we all shall be gathered together with our fathers, and in whom we continue to be "after death" as living citizens of the Great Spirit Empire, of that spiritual All-being who represents the coming of the kingdom of heaven which is being built up in the *hearts* of men." Let me ask you here with all honesty and kandor, can a kingdom be built up in the heart of men? Is the heart the organ and seat of intelligence, sympathy, love or emotions? [4] Pleas answer this, and state how much science, wisdom and learning, it requires to think and pen such consimate nonsense. How much will the readers of *The Open Court* learn—how much will they be benefited by such logic as you have dealt out in the foregoing? Once more, where is heaven, and what dose heaven mean in the strick sense of the term? Is it not an abstrack noun, meaning in gramatical parlence, a condition and nothing more? You say, "Let facts speak. I say so too. But how much facts do we find in your statements? Nothing but wild and fare fetched fancies of a human mind, falsely cultivated in modern lore. Do you or any living human being ab-solutely know any thing about the immortality of man? If you do, let us hear or have the facts, and not fancies generated in idle speculation and vain hypothesis.

Yours for the love of truth, and the advancement of human wisdom.
S. MURPHY, M. D.

P. S. I hope you will publish this communication and make your reply. If I am in an error, I hope to be set right. Criticism, is the mother of sound wisdom. Let us lay aside heatthemism and all false phraisiology. Let us lay the foundations of a higher and nobler tipe of mankind.
S. M.
ATCHISON, KANS.

[1. We publish *The Open Court* to set people athinking on the religious problem and trust that some of our readers will find, as we do, a solid basis for religion in science.

2. By "immortality" we understand the continuance of life. It is quite true that we have life now, but having life we are anxious to preserve it in that form which we have in the course of evolution laboriously obtained.

3. The Solomonic passage concerning the common fate of beasts and men after death is well known to us, and we have quoted it in an article on "Immortality and Science."¹

As to the continuance of our loves and hates, our aspirations and ideals, and all those features of our being which constitute what is called soul, we differ from Ecclesiastes. The dispositions of our spiritual existence are transferred to posterity by heredity, example, and education. They remain a factor in the world of life and constitute that immanent immortality which can be denied only by those who misunderstand the proposition or are blind to the facts upon which the doctrine of evolution is based. Evolution is possible only through the hoarding up of the souls of the past and utilising the experiences and adaptations of bygone ages for the struggles of the living present.

¹*The Open Court*, p. 3023, republished in *Homilies of Science*, p. 175.

4. Our correspondent announces himself on his letterheads and envelopes as a doctor and director of an "Electro-Hydro-Mesopathic and American Health Institute," that "opens the doors to health." This may be the reason for his objection to the allegoric expression "heart" in the sense of "sentiment,"

Dr. Murphy's correspondence would have lost a great deal of its originality if we had altered his orthography. So we let him write "abslute," "consimate," "strick," etc. He has read and returned the proof.—ED.]

IMMORTALITY.

BY VIROE.

Return to the dust whence thou camest;
O, body of mine to the dead;
O, taper that flarest and flamest,
To end with the fuel that fed.

Restore, O my soul, the lost jewel;
Arise from the gloom of the dead;
The taper that ends with its fuel
Shall live in the light it has shed.

NOTES.

The latest statistics of India show that among the inhabitants of the country there is one convicted criminal to every 274 European Christians, to every 509 Euro-Asiatics (the children of European fathers and native mothers), to every 709 native Christians, to every 1361 Hindu Brahmans, and to every 3787 Buddhists. Accordingly, as a matter of fact, European Christians furnish comparatively the greatest amount of criminals and Buddhists the fewest.

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THE CELLULAR SOUL.¹

BY PROF. ERNST HAECKEL.

THE PHYLOGENY OF THE CELL-SOUL.

THE physiological natural phenomena that are included under the notion of "soul" and "psychical activities" are of unusual phylogenetic interest in the protist kingdom, not only as touching comparative psychology, but as bearing also on the fundamental problems of biology generally. Whereas in man and the higher animals, owing to a primeval phylogenetic division of labor among the cells, the soul appears as a function of the nervous system; in the protists, on the other hand, as with the plants, it is still associated with the plasma of the cell as a whole. Special tissues and organs of the psychic activity are here as yet not differentiated. In individual groups only, especially in the ciliates, which are very highly perfected protozoa, has the ergonomy² of the plastidule within the unicellular organism been sufficiently developed phylogenetically as to justify calling separate portions of them psychical organella³: for example, to mention only striking instances, the differentiated motor organoids of the *Algetta* and *Infusoria* (whips and hairs), the myophane⁴ fibrillæ of the higher ciliates, the tentacular protrusions or feelers of many infusorians, the eyespots and chromatella⁵ of the colored protists as organs sensitive to light, etc.

Although the fundamental psychical phenomena of the protist kingdom are throughout unconscious, nevertheless, by critical comparison a long succession of phylogenetic stages of development may be distinguished in the different groups. This is as true of the motor phenomena (unconscious volitional processes) as of the sensory processes, likewise unconscious, which we reason back to from the comparative observation of the first-named. When motor phenomena

are not observable, as is the case with most protophyta¹ then, we can draw only very uncertain conclusions respecting the quality and quantity of their sensory functions. Formidable obstacles are offered here by the closed solid cellular membrane which, as in the metaphyta,² often prevents a reflex motion of the plasma from becoming visible as a change of form.

Still, critical comparison readily shows that the psychological department of even vegetable protists is not essentially different from that of animal protists. The plasmodious *Mastigota* show exactly the same phenomena of sensation and motion as the plasmophagous *Flagellata* which have sprung from them by metatitism; and the same is true of the zoöspores of *Melethallia* and *Siphonæa*. The *Bacteria* and *Chytridina* (still commonly regarded as "primitive plants") show in their lively motions and sensations more of the animal character than the closely allied *Gregarina* and *Amöbina* (which are usually regarded as "primitive animals"). Furthermore, in most protists the motor state (*kinesis*) alternates with a motionless state of repose (*paucosis*); in the latter condition all protists appear as much like plants as in the former they appear like animals, and this holds true of protozoa as well as of protophyta.

The general biological conclusions to which the phylogeny of the cellular soul of the protists leads us, supply the following foundations for a monistic psychology: (1) the psychical activity of the protists, which in the lowest protophyta expresses itself in the simplest conceivable form, and in the most perfected protozoa (the *Ciliata*) in a highly developed form, analogous to that of the higher animals, is in all cases a function of the plasma. (2) A continuous and uninterrupted ascending succession of phylogenetic developmental stages connects the simplest protist forms of the cellular soul with its most highly developed protist forms. (3) Similarly, the psychic life of the lower histones, metaphyta as well as metazoa, differs only quantitatively from that of their protist ancestors. (4) In the lower protists the psychical processes of the homogeneous plasma-body are identical with the chem-

¹ From the new *Phylogenic*. By *μικρῶν*.

² *Ergonomy*, division of labor.—*Tr.*

³ *Organella*, the plural diminutive form of organ. It is the term nearly always used by Professor Haeckel; but in this article the word *organoid* will be used to denote primitive and imperfect apparatus that do not deserve the name of organ.—*Tr.*

⁴ *Myophane*, muscular.—*Tr.*

⁵ *Chromatella*, the pigmentary granules in the coloring matter of protists as distinguished from the chromatophores which should be employed to designate whole pigment cells.—*Tr.*

¹ *Protophyta*, primitive plants, unicellular organisms with vegetable metabolism.—*Tr.*

² *Metaphyta*, higher plants, multicellular organisms with vegetable metabolism.—*Tr.*

ical molecular processes, which differ only quantitatively from chemical processes in inorganic nature. (5) Consequently, the psychical processes in the protist kingdom form the bridge which connects the chemical processes of inorganic nature with the psychic life of the highest animals and of man.

PHYLOGENY OF THE MOTOR ORGANIODS.

The motor phenomena observable in the protist organism fall primarily under two heads—internal and external changes. Internal motor phenomena are for theoretical reasons to be assumed as universal in the plasma of the protists, as also in that of all other organisms; for the most important vital activities, particularly nutrition and metabolism, as also propagation, are necessarily accompanied with certain local alterations of the smallest plasma-particles, and with displacements of the plastidule. These internal motions of the plasma become visible in many larger protists, particularly when the plasma forms vacuoles,¹ and is swollen out by its copious absorption of water into a foamy bag. The empty cavity of this bag or cyst is usually traversed by a reticular framework of plasma, the ramified filaments of which slowly change their shape and connexion and are joined at one end to a thin parietal layer of plasma spread out over the inner surface of the cell's integument and at the other end with a delicate central or perikaryotic² layer enclosing the nucleus. Minute granules, ordinarily distributed in large numbers throughout the plasma, indicate the direction and velocity of these interior plasma-streamings. Among protophyta the streamings are very distinctly observable in the large-celled *Murricytaa*, *Conjugata*, and *Diatomea*, as also in large *Siphonaea*. They appear in exactly the same form, among protozoa in the larger cells of the *Fungilli* as also in many rhizopods and infusorians.

Plasma-contractions, which are very abundant in protists, rest on the uniform internal motions of a viscous plasma, which, as the result of the definite mass-displacements of the particles, produce at the same time a change in the form of the whole cell. In the higher infusoria the regular repetition of such contractions in constant directions produces the differentiation of myophanes or muscular fibrillæ, which act exactly like the muscles of metazoa (the stalk-muscles of the *Vorticella*, the longitudinal muscles of the *Stentors*, etc.).

External motor phenomena, usually accompanied with local displacements of the cells, occur very extensively, both in vegetal and in animal protists. Ordinarily they are produced by special motor organiods, which appear on the surface of the cell, and which are

classified under the general name of plasmopodia or plasma-feet: they are either sarcopods or vibrators. Motion by cellular pedicles or footlets, sarcants or sarcopods, is characteristic particularly of the large main class of *Rhizopoda*. Here, from the surface of the cytosoma, or cell-body (*cellens*), issue processes of varying form, size, and number: now simple and usually short, blunt, shapeless footlets, or lobopods, as in the *Lobosa*, now branched, long and thin rootlets, or pseudopods, as in most *Rhizopoda*. In many other protists vegetal and animal, amœboid motions, with the formation of lobopods, also occur for brief periods, particularly in the early developmental stages.

The second chief group of external motor phenomena are termed vibratile motions, being produced by the vibrations of permanent vibratile hairs, or vibrants, found at definite spots on the surface of the cytosoma. In contrast to the slow and inert motions of the variable sarcopods, the swings of the vibrants are generally quick and energetic. There are two classes of vibrants, known respectively as flagella or mastigia, (literally, whips, lashes) and cilia (minute hairs). The flagella are long, thin filaments, usually longer than the cell itself, springing separately or in pairs, very rarely in large number, from a single point of the body of the cell. Among the protophyta the flagella are characteristic of the large class of *Flagellata*, of which the *Mastigota* swim about, both in the youthful and the developed state, by means of them, but the *Mellethallia* and *Siphonaea* only in the youthful state (as zoöspores). Hardly to be distinguished from the former, among the protozoa, are the *Flagellata*, which likewise possess permanent flagellate filaments; in many *Archezoa*, *Fungilli*, and *Rhizopoda*, they occur in a transitory form only, in youth (as zoöspores). Owing to their near affinity, the vegetal *Mastigota*, and the animal *Flagellata* descended from them, have of late been frequently classed together as *Mastigophora*. But their relationship to the true *Alga* (*Metaphyta*) and to the *Spongia* (*Metazoa*) is just as close.

Less extensive and less important than flagellate motion, is ciliate motion. This is effected by the agency of very numerous short and minute hairs, or cilia, which vibrate. It is chiefly characteristic of that protozoan group in which the animal vital activities reach the highest stage of psychological development—viz., in the *Ciliata*, or eyelash infusoria. Sometimes the whole surface of the cellular body is covered with thousands of short eye-lashes, and sometimes a portion only of it is covered. Their near relatives, the *Acineta* (*Suctoria*), possess such a ciliate equipment only in the youthful and natatory state. Possibly a girdle of such minute cilia is also found among the *Diatomea* and some other allied protophyta (*Cosmaria*). At least, their swimming motions are explained most

¹*Vacuoles*, little empty spaces in the plasma of protists.—*Tr.*

²*Perikaryotic*, enveloping the nucleus.—*Tr.*

easily upon this assumption. On the other hand, it is also possible that they are produced by other physical causes as yet unknown to us, as are the peculiar vibratory or sliding motions of many *Chromaceæ* and *Algarie*.

These various motor organs are turned to very definite account in the classification and phylogeny of the protists. But it is to be observed that they frequently merge into one another. For example,—and this often occurs,—the amœboid motion of certain protists passes into flagellate motion (in many *Algette* and *Rhizopoda*), and widely different motor states succeed one another (in the *Mycetozoa* and *Radiolaria*). Also, it is not to be forgotten that vibratile epithelia often develop independently in *Metazoa*, being flagellate in some cases, and ciliate in others.

PHYLOGENY OF THE SENSORY ORGANIDS.

The sensory phenomena of the protists are without exception unconscious, like the will that evokes their motions. All protists are irritable and react in different degrees upon external irritations. All are sensitive to mechanical, electrical, thermal, and chemical excitations, and most of them to light. On the other hand, acoustical stimuli are apparently not perceived by protists. The reaction of the plasma, from which we draw our inferences regarding the effect of the irritation, is generally unconscious motion, or reflex motion in the broad sense. But in addition to these motor effects due to excitations, *trophic*¹ changes of the plasma may be used as a measure of the strength of the irritations perceived,—so, for example, the formation of chromatella due to the effects of solar light.

In the lower protists all plasma-particles of the unicellular organism appear to be equally sensitive; but in the higher forms more or less differentiation, or even a localisation of sensibility, is demonstrable. The ectoplasm² usually reacts more energetically than the endoplasm,³ and the latter more powerfully than the karyoplasm.⁴ In many protozoa (also in the similar motile flagellate cells of protophyta) the solid ectoplasm is differentiated into a sensitive pellicle, comparable physiologically to the dermal tegument of metazoa, as the original universal "sensory organ." Finally, at definite points in many protists are developed what is called "sensitive organoids," comparable, as specific sensory apparatus, to the sensilli of the metazoa. We may regard as such, with more or less certainty, the external plasma-protuberances (sarcants and vibrants), the chromatella, and the chemotropic organs.

¹ *Trophic*, nutritive.—Tr.

² *Ectoplasm*, the outer, solid, hyaline protoplasm of the cell-body.—Tr.

³ *Endoplasm*, the inner, softer, granular protoplasm of the cell-body.—Tr.

⁴ *Karyoplasm*, the original homogeneous nucleate substance from which the nucleus is developed.—Tr.

In all protists forming plasmopods, these external motor organs also probably act as tactile organoids. Their sensibility, like their motility, can be traced through a long succession of phylogenetic stages. At the lowest stage stand the lobopodia of the *Amœbina*, at the highest the hairlets of the *Ciliata*. Between the two, the various pseudopods of the *Rhizopoda* and the whips of the *Algette* and *Flagellata* show manifold gradations both of sensibility and motility. In some highly advanced infusoria (both *Flagellata* and *Ciliata*), are developed, even, special tactile hairs, which discharge functions similar to the tentacles of the metazoa.

As *organs of light* may be regarded the green chromatella of the protophytes, as also the so-called "ocular spots" of many infusoria. That the former are unusually sensitive to light is at once evident from their significant plasmodomous function. Also, the red ocelletti, or eye-spots, of many protozoa are sensitive to light, although their physiological utility is still doubtful. In a few infusoria only is a refringent body associated with the ocellus, so that it can at all be reasonably adjudged a cellular eye (*Cytophthalmus*).

As *chemo-organoids*, may be classified all those localised portions of the bodies of protists that are especially sensitive to certain chemical excitations. Thus, in many *Mastigophora*, flagella probably perform the functions of chemo-sensory organs as well as of motor and tactile organs. In the infusoria that receive their food through a permanent mouth-orifice, that orifice itself, with the parts about it, (in the *Ciliata*, probably the hairlets of the buccal¹ corona) is endowed with a chemotropism² that can be characterised as "taste" or "smell." Physiological experiments also show that in the flagellate zoöspores of protophyta (*Algette*), and in infusoria also, certain parts of the body are especially sensitive to chemical excitations (for example, to the taste of malic acid), and may, therefore, be designated chemo-organoids. This is most distinctly shown in the copulation of zoöspores, where the mutual attraction is plainly mediated by smell, and consequently can be characterised as the effect of a special *erotie chemotropism*.

With respect to *erotie organoids*, they too are to be plainly distinguished. More especially is the nucleus to be considered here.

PHYLOGENY OF THE ORGANS OF NUTRITION.

The significant difference obtaining between the plasmodomous protophyta and the plasmophagous protozoa with respect to nutrition, was examined in detail in the preceding article. It relates chiefly to the

¹ *Buccal*, pertaining to the mouth (literally, pertaining to the cheek)—Tr.

² *Chemotropism*, attraction for chemical stimuli, a word formed after the analogy of *helictotropism*, in virtue of which plants curve or turn towards the light.—Tr.

chemistry of metabolism. The phytoplasm of the vegetal protists forms by synthesis and reduction from simple inorganic compounds, new plasma; the zoöplasm of animal protists does not possess this power, but, receiving the plasma from the others, retransforms it again by analysis and oxidation into water, carbonic acid, and ammonia.

Much less important than this difference of metabolism in protists is the difference of their mode of receiving nutriment, which is still frequently set up as the capital distinction between animals and plants. In maintaining this distinction it is in most cases incorrectly stated that animals take their nourishment in solid, and plants in liquid form, and that, accordingly, animals are distinguished by the possession of a buccal aperture or mouth. But there are many animals, both protozoa and metazoa (particularly parasites), which take only liquid nourishment from their environment by endosmosis, and which lack a mouth altogether—*Bacteria*, *Fungilli*, and *Opalineæ* among the protozoa, and *Cestoidæ* and *Acanthocephala* among the metazoa. Even in the higher metazoa, by retrogressive growth of the intestine, a root-like endosmotic nutritive apparatus can develop, similar to the micellidium of the *Fungilletta* and the mycellium of *Fungi*, as also in the *Rhizocephala* which are descended from highly organised *Crustacea*.

In the rhizopods also, liquid plasma-food can be directly incepted by endosmosis through the surface of the naked cytosoma, but in addition these protozoa possess the power of incepting solid and permanently formed nutritive bodies through any part of the surface of the cell, where the sarcants, or non-permanent protuberances, flow together over the incepted particles. Here, too, no permanent mouth-orifice exists as yet. This is first formed in the infusoria, *Flagellata* as well as *Ciliata*. Most infusoria possess at a definite spot a cellular mouth (*cytostoma*). Many, even, grow a special auxiliary organ for the inception of food, a cellular gullet (*cytopharynx*), a canal in the ectoplasm through which the particles are ingested and carried to the endoplasm. In *Noctiluca* a lip, with a flap of flagella, serves as a special organ for the inception of food; in the *Choanoflagellata*, a funnel-shaped collar. The *Acineta* (*Suctorina*) are distinguished by their peculiar suction-tubes. For ejecting indigestible substances a special waste-conduit (*cytopyge*) is employed in many ciliates.

A special excretory organ for dissimilation is possessed by many protozoa in the systolette, or so-called *contractile vesicle*. Ordinarily this appears as a spherical hollow cavity, performing regular pulsations and with a definite position in the plasma. On contraction it discharges liquid outwards, and on dilation it incepts liquid inwards or from the plasma. Frequently sys-

tole and diastole follow alternately and at regular intervals several times in a minute. Sometimes two or more systolettes are present, contracting alternately. Further, special canals may proceed from them, sucking up juices from the plasma. Whilst contractile vesicles are very frequent in fresh-water protozoans, (in *Lobosa*, *Heliozoa*, *Flagellata*, *Ciliata*,) they occur only rarely in marine protists. Phylogenetically the permanent systolettes are mostly derived from non-permanent vacuoles, such as appear almost everywhere in the plasma under certain conditions.

The plasmodomous organoids are the chromatella of the protophytes—those significant “pigment-granules,” which as reductive plasma-particles possess the property of producing plasma from inorganic compounds by synthesis. We have seen above (*The Open Court*, No. 394, page 4424) that this power of plasmodomy or the assimilation of carbon is possessed only by true protophytes and is wanting in all true protozoa. If we are determined to draw an artificial and technical border-line between these two sub-kingdoms of *Protista*, it is possible only by means of this difference of metabolism. Originally in the lowest protophyta, the plasmodomous pigmentary matter is distributed throughout the whole protoplast, as in the diffusely colored *Chromaceæ*. In most of the higher plants, on the other hand, it is associated with definite and permanently shaped plasma-parts—with the chromatella or chromatophores. (This last term should be used in its original signification only, for entire pigment cells of animals, not for separate parts of cells.) In many lower protozoa, besides the nucleus, there is only a single chromatellum present in each cell; but in most, numerous chromatella are found (as in the metaphyta). In addition to the common plasmodomous pigment, chlorophyll, other pigments (yellow, red, brown, and, less frequently, violet and blue) occur, which modify and obscure the green coloring (the diatomine of the yellow *Diatomeæ* and *Peridinea*, the hæmochrome of many red *Paulotomeæ*, the phycocyanine of *Chromaceæ*, etc.).

SOUVENIRS OF THE CUBAN REVOLUTION.

BY THEODORE STANTON.

CARLOS MANUEL DE CÉSPEDES, born at Bayamo, Cuba, in 1819, was educated both in his native island and at the University of Barcelona, Spain. His detestation of bad government showed itself early in his career, for, implicated with General Prim in a conspiracy to overthrow Queen Isabella, he was forced to flee Spain. Having travelled extensively in Europe, he returned to Cuba, practised at the bar with much success, was imprisoned on two or three occasions on account of his political opinions, and finally, on October 10, 1868, having gathered together a few follow-

ers on his own sugar-plantation, he freed his numerous slaves, declared war on Spain, and for more than five years continued to be the heart and soul of a heroic but unfortunate struggle for Cuban independence. Betrayed by a former slave, President De Céspedes was shot by the Spaniards on February 27, 1874, and, its leader dead, the uprising was soon afterwards suppressed. While the revolution was in progress, Mme. De Céspedes resided in New York, and to her were addressed a long series of letters by her husband in Cuba, which letters were to have been published last winter by the family, and from which the following extracts are made.

These letters are full of accounts of narrow escapes from falling into the hands of the Spaniards. In one, dated September 13, 1871, we read :

"On August 17 we were informed that the enemy was approaching, and we prepared to break camp, having first sent out pickets. While engaged in arranging a hat, which your brother had given me in exchange for mine, we were surprised by the firing of our pickets. Thereupon every man ran to his horse. I snatched up my hat, scissors, ribbons, and all, and left the ranch. Once outside, I found that my mulatto valet was in such a nervous state that he could not bridle the horse. The animal, frightened by the reports of the rifles, each moment growing nearer, reared up and refused to break away. I aided the mulatto to hold him, urged him to go on, showed him how to slip the bridle on easily, and he mounted till everything was ready, though he entreated me to wait without the bridle. But this was only the beginning of my trouble. When we were ready to start, the guide could not be found. Fortunately, an officer knew the way out of the plantation, and we began to gallop through immense meadows, twisting about in many directions so as to put the enemy off of our track, and at last we were out of danger. But if the Spaniards had not been so stupid and cowardly, they could have done us serious harm that day. They had only to surround the place and chase us through the fields. But simply the fire of our pickets, which caused them four deaths and some wounded, stopped their advance, and they did not dare to go further. The next day they revenged themselves by burning the ranch and searching the premises. However, they did not capture a man, nor a gun, nor a paper. The archives of the Secretary of State alone are missing, and we know that they have been found and hidden by Cubans."

Another dangerous experience, though of an entirely different nature from the one just related, is found in the following letter, dated on the same day of the same month, but a year later, as the foregoing letter :

"We continued our journey on the morning of August 22, advancing further and further into the Sierra, so that we soon began to hear again the song of the nightingale. On that day my arm was once more dislocated, and I got wet through and through by the rain, because an individual, meaning to do me a favor, changed his cape for mine, his, I found later, leaking badly. As my clothes dried on me, I got a headache, which lasted till the next day and was the cause of another misadventure which befell me.

"At one of the fords of the Contra Maestre, the river-bottom is paved with large, smooth, slippery stones. In order not to wet my feet on account of my headache, I decided to cross without dismounting. My horse was a new one, and, as he entered the water, began to show signs of fear, and from the start refused to follow

the others. In fact, he soon became quite unmanageable. I pulled the bridle and spurred him. He thereupon slipped and fell on his right side, giving me a severe blow on the knee, which was caught beneath him. The animal tried to get up, but stumbled again, throwing me against a stone, cutting my cheek open, bruising my mouth, and breaking off the points of two teeth. At this moment I fortunately succeeded, by a violent effort, in freeing myself from the saddle and the trappings. The horse finally got across the stream, but not till he had fallen several more times and completely soaked the saddle. Not wishing to resume the wet seat, and drenched to the skin, I made the rest of the journey on foot, having to wade through various streams, brooks, and rivulets before reaching a farm-house, where I changed clothing and got dry. But imagine my suffering next morning, when, on starting out early, I found my face cut, my cheek and mouth swollen, my gums and teeth aching, my arm, my leg, my hand, in short, my whole body in pain !"

Like Columbus of old, President De Céspedes is continually astonished at the fertility which reigns in the West Indies. Several of his letters dwell thereon. Take the following extract as an example :

"The resources of Cuba are, for us, inexhaustible, and the Spaniards will never be able to reduce by famine those who prefer to endure all sorts of privations rather than suffer themselves to come under the cruel Spanish yoke again. Do not think that I exaggerate. I have heard our soldiers say that they would sooner turn cannibals than become Spaniards. In that case, they, of course, count on eating the flesh of their enemies, like the Caribs. How, then, is it possible for the tyrants to imagine that they can subdue such men? Have we not, besides, a species of palm-tree called *manaca*—our forests are full of them—from which we can extract salt? The Spaniards, therefore, may go on losing their time destroying our salt-pits and the machinery with which we manufacture salt. Our trees provide us with it! Were it not for the innate shiftlessness of the Cubans, they could provide themselves, in this same way, with everything needful. In fact, necessity has begun to stimulate them in this direction."

The following extract from a letter dated February 29, 1872, opens with a description of the beautiful scenery of the island and closes with another reference to the abounding natural food :

"On the 16th of this month we left La Güira. The road at first presented nothing of particular interest. I walked a good part of the way in order to fatigue my horse as little as possible. Next day we did not encounter many hills, but those we did meet with were perhaps the highest, as they certainly were the stoniest, we have so far had to climb. Before reaching Los Pinares we traversed a defile with a terrible precipice on one side and at the summit we enjoyed a most magnificent view, the sweet perfumes of pine trees and wild flowers, and a very agreeable temperature. That day we had beautiful scenery all around us, the finest of our travels, and the background of all was the Sierra Maestra, which we gazed at from the top of the Nipe. We afterwards came down the latter mountain by a long narrow trail so rough and rugged that at each moment we trembled lest our horses should roll down on account of the numerous stones with which it was strewn. But there is nothing impossible for us to-day. Pain, sun, cold, hunger, nakedness, lack of arms and ammunition, the bullets of our foes,—nothing can frighten us! During these long marches we suffered much but never ceased admiring our fertile Cuba. Without knowing it, we were walking in the midst of food. The wild yam, better and more nutritious than the cultivated species, grew on all sides of us. Some of us took advantage of the knowledge of this fact and sup-

plied ourselves with a store of this vegetable. But soon we were surrounded again with abundance and all forgot the miseries of the past."

This extract from the same letter gives one or two curious glimpses of the fugitive President's surroundings:

"After four days of marching we reached a ranch on the Tajo plantation. During the evening I was serenaded by two musical parties. The first consisted of an accordion and the second of a Colombian who plays on a leaf, accompanied by an *atabal* and guitar alternately. The women here are warlike. They wish to march to the front and bear arms the use of which is familiar to them. One of them, named Isabel Vega, has been wounded twice by the Spaniards."

Of course we are given many accounts of battles and the other catastrophies which accompany war. This extract is from a letter of May 11, 1872:

"At the fight at Alcalá a cannon-ball fired at us by the Spaniards felled a palm-tree which crushed four of their own men to death.

"At Colorado a corporal strayed from the main body of the Spanish army, and putting aside his gun, stretched himself on the ground to rest. A *maja* who was on the watch, sprang on him, disarmed him and was leading him off to prison when the captive, beginning to show signs of resistance, was killed on the spot. The captor appropriated to himself a fine rifle, one hundred and twenty cartridges, a belt, three suits of new clothes, a hat, new shoes, etc. On seeing himself so splendidly equipped, the *maja* immediately marched away to enlist in the Cuban army. His name is Pedro Cayo and he is certainly a remarkable man. What do you think of that? Thus, the bulls at Montaner, the bees at Lono [references to events mentioned in former letters], the palm-trees at Alcalá and the *majas* at Colorado, all wage war against the Spaniards in Cuba!"

This time—the extract is from a letter written at Cintra, on November 7, 1872—the Spaniards are the aggressors and a Cuban the sufferer and hero at the same time:

"From this spot we are able to see the place where, at the beginning of the war, a horrible tragedy was enacted. Juan Cintra, to-day a colonel in the Cuban army, was then suffering with rheumatism in the legs; but on hearing the Spaniards approach, he ran out of the house, rifle in hand, and made for the nearest wood, with the soldiers at his heels. When the foremost was about to lay hands on him, Cintra suddenly turned and shot him down. He then resumed his running. Soon the pursuers were almost upon him again and once more he wheeled about and felled the nearest. By this time he had reached the woods, when his legs refused to carry him any further. So dropping down behind a tree, he handled his rifle with such deadly effect that the Spaniards retired. Taking advantage of this respite, Cintra dragged himself painfully on all fours to the top of a neighboring hill, and crossing to the other side, hid himself and rested. From his place of concealment he could distinguish loud voices, screeching and the report of rifles in the direction whence he had escaped. When all was silent once more, he cautiously descended from the hill, and on emerging from the trees the first sight to meet his horrified eyes was the mutilated body of his mother lying at the entrance to a narrow path, near her the corpse of his wife, and, further on, those of his children, while the house itself, now reduced to cinders, covered the charred remains of several other victims."

A propos of the efforts made by the friends of Cuba

to get General Grant to recognise the Republic, President De Céspedes says in a letter dated February 18, 1872:

"Many stories have been put in circulation here concerning the attitude of the United States towards Spain. Some people began to again blindly believe that the Republic would favor us,—such is the sympathy for the American nation that exists in this country and so logical would it be for the United States to side with an American people struggling to secure institutions similar to theirs, endeavoring to throw off the yoke of a European monarchy and thus aiding more and more in the realisation of the idea of 'America for Americans.' But I have not shared these pleasant hopes. I have continued to fear that the Washington Government would not abandon a policy adhered to hitherto in this Cuban-Spanish question, but would persist in remaining neutral, quieted by some new and false promise sent out from Madrid by a corrupt and feeble race, treading, in order to cover up its wicked tracks, the crooked path which Macchiavelli traced for those of its kind."

On January 1, 1872, the President writes cheerfully in these words:

"This is New Year's Day, the fifth since our Declaration of Independence, and we still find ourselves united, alive, and well. We could not help recalling the promise of the saucy *Diario de la Marina* that we would all be exterminated before the end of the year which has just expired, and that it made my poor tongue the special object of its venomous attack, declaring it to be the duty of every Spanish soldier to tear it out because I was reported to have called them cowards. Fortunately nothing has come of these threats and I have still enough tongue left to respond to all the compliments which have been paid me this New Year."

THE IMPORT OF INDIVIDUAL IMPETUS.

JOHN DEWEY, Professor of Philosophy at the University of Chicago, has, in *The Dial*, favored a book of mine with a review, which, though appreciative, suffers from a serious misunderstanding not of the book itself but of the importance which special ideas and individual thinkers may possess. Professor Dewey writes:

"Mr. Carus, in his *Primer of Philosophy*, has put before us in a thoughtful, yet easily grasped form, an attempt to combine the data and methods of modern science with certain metaphysical concepts, resulting, as he says, in a reconciliation of philosophies of the types of Mill's empiricism and Kant's apriorism. This spirit of synthesis and mediation is prominent throughout the book, which is thoroughly worth reading and study.

"It is doubtful, however, if it will fulfil the pious wish of the author and set the stranded ship of philosophy afloat again; indeed, were the ship of philosophy stranded, I doubt the ability of the united efforts of the whole race to get it afloat. It is wiser to think of the ship of philosophy as always afloat, but always needing, not, indeed, the impetus of any individual thinker, but the added sense of direction which the individual can give by some further, however slight, interpretation of the world about."

The second paragraph made me pause, and there are three statements which I wish to make. First, Professor Dewey's remark gives the impression of boastfulness on my part. Secondly, it depicts the present condition of philosophy altogether too favorably; and thirdly Professor Dewey underrates the im-

portance which one individual thinker and one individual idea may have in the evolution of thought.

As to the first point I can assure Professor Dewey that he is mistaken, except he would consider as arrogance my opinion on the present school-philosophies which are overawed by traditional authority and do not dare to break the fetters imposed upon them by the errors of the past; but in that case to have an independent opinion on an important subject and pronounce it boldly would always be arrogance. And this leads at once to the second point.

I submit in the *Primer of Philosophy* the solution of a problem, which at present is commonly regarded as insoluble, thus producing a stagnancy of thought that makes itself sorely felt in all the fields of intellectual labor, in philosophy, in the various sciences and in religion.

It may be *wiser* for a Chinese imperial officer to think of the ship of state as always afloat, but the question is whether it is *trueer*. It may be more convenient for a professor of philosophy to think that we have only to paddle along in the old rut and that no extra effort is needed; but it is surprising to hear Professor Dewey say so. If all philosophers thought like that, how could progress be possible, and how could we free ourselves from the errors of the past? Is it really justifiable to begin with a shrug the aspiration of reform on the sole ground that it is only "the impetus of an individual"? There is sometimes more truth in the voice crying in the wilderness than in the great noise of the millions living in the metropolis.

Is Professor Dewey not aware of the fact that more than three quarters of the philosophical literature of to-day is threshing straw? The waste of paper and also of the time of our students is in itself not worse than any other loss of economical values; but the errors which enter into the minds of the growing generation of scientists, clergymen, and the public at large are far more injurious. Can there be any doubt about the stagnancy of our philosophical atmosphere? As one symptom among many others I mention the posthumous work of the late Professor Romanes, *Thoughts on Religion*. The main idea of the book, which will be greatly appreciated by all those reactionary spirits who antagonise science, is the desolate hopelessness of philosophical inquiry concerning all the main issues of religion, which are, whatever side we take, the most important problems of life.

Among our philosophers there are Hegelians, Kantians, followers of Mill, Spencerians, and also those who have no opinion whatever. Every one thinks and writes in the terms of his master, ignoring the rest, and all are separated by the dividing lines of principles. Must not under such conditions an investigation of the principles themselves be the work most

needed, which, if successful, will remove the boundaries among the schools and show the old problems in a new light? Is such an attempt without avail unless it proceed from the masses?

This leads me to the third point.

Professor Dewey deprecates the importance of individuality, as an impulse-giving factor. What is individuality? It is a definite formation, different from other formations by its peculiarity of form; variety of form is a variety of individuals; and there are individual ideas as much as individual men and individual plants and crystals. The history of thought is not simply the sum-total of many equivalent ideas, but their organised entirety; and in the organism of human thought different ideas are of different importance. One specific idea may have existed for centuries, but remained unheeded until conditions arose under which it gained a dominating influence so as to stamp its individuality upon a whole race. The development of philosophy and science teaches us the wonderful power of individual thought, for the rise of one idea in the head of one individual man can produce a revolution in the world for better or for worse.

The voice crying in the wilderness may lead the world to nobler heights.

The fundamental principle upon which the morality of a Confucius rests, viz., an exaggerated reverence for the past, involving a love of ceremony and an awe of traditional authority, has acted as a break upon the national development of China so that Chinese civilisation of to-day is about the same as it was two thousand years ago. There is danger in the complaisant idea that all is well, and that we have simply to drift along in modest reverence of the slow but general progress of the craft on which we are embarked.

The masses of mankind are always indifferent and must be leavened by the impetus of individuals. Even science is not so much promoted as preserved by the mass of its professional representatives; and this is the truth which in an exaggerated form Schopenhauer propounds in his altogether too bitter denunciations of philosophers by profession.

Prof. John Dewey is one of the most prominent representatives of philosophy in our country and has done much valuable work. He holds a very influential chair at the new University of Chicago, which is fast becoming the great intellectual centre of the West. He has contributed to both *The Open Court* and *The Monist* articles of merit, and I recognise in him a strong independent thinker; but with all deference to his deserts, I must reject his views, that "the ship of philosophy is always afloat and that it needs, not, indeed, the impetus of any individual thinker, but the added sense of direction which the individual can give

by some further, however slight, interpretation of the world about."

It is possible that Professor Dewey only meant to say that the book which he reviewed did not possess the merit claimed by its author; but, in fact, he denied the effectiveness of the most important factor in the evolution of mankind—individual impetus.

If Professor Dewey's maxims were right, there would be no great leaders in the world of thought, no organisers, no reformers, but only a crowd of indifferent thinkers, the best among whom possess little if any preference over the rest; and the history of philosophy would be, like a coral reef, an all but uniform accumulation of many average minds.

P. C.

"A NEW GOSPEL OF LABOR."

THE author of this book informs us in the Introduction that years ago he attended to some public business at Washington, D. C., making it necessary for him to wait several times upon the President (which President is not stated) and he says:

"Encouraged by the President's urbanity and evident desire to do right, in the matter which I had to lay before him, by the people, I asked, at the last interview I was granted, for permission to submit to him a question regarding the labor-troubles which at that time, through the prevailing industrial depression, occupied the public mind to a great extent.

"The consent having kindly been given, I said: 'Mr. President, are you aware of the fact that great discontent is existing among our working people?' He replied: 'Yes; I know there is; but I do not know the cause of it. . . . and I have, consequently, come to the conclusion, that the American workingmen do not know yet, what they want; and if they don't, how shall I know?' . . . I, thus, became convinced that the first step towards a solution of the industrial question must necessarily consist in giving the working people this information and in proposing to them a remedy on which they could unite."

The present book proposes the solution of the industrial question, and the author is confident that he has succeeded. He says:

"To the solution of the industrial question are looking forward to-day as to a new gospel the untold hundreds of millions of producers of all the civilised nations of the earth. . . . The proposed change in our present industrial system may be ridiculed to-day as an effort to introduce an idealistic state of society, and yet, in a few short years it may be the accepted industrial reform of the most civilised nations of the Earth."

The gist of the book is contained in Book II, Chapter 2, which is entitled "The Remedy." The author proposes to "reverse the unnatural use of artificial labor into the natural one," which means that "the working classes must be given control of the entire means of modern labor, which include land, machinery, and capital." We are not told whether the capital of savings banks, which is mostly the property of the laboring classes, shall be exempt—probably not, for where shall we draw the line. In the same chapter (II, 2) "a law for the prevention of industrial and

financial crises and depressions" is proposed, which is a very humane idea. The author finds no difficulty in the problem and answers, at least to his own satisfaction, all objections that can be made to his new system. If the labor problem were so easily solved it would have been solved long ago, and if a labor commonwealth, such as the author of *A New Gospel of Labor* describes, had the power to prevent by mere acts of legislature industrial and financial crises and depressions, why not also legislate against diphtheria, cyclones, and earthquakes? A millennium would indeed be near at hand! (Seattle, Wash.: S. Wegener, pp. 229, price 50 cents.)

RESIGNATION.

BY H. A. DE LANO.

Life goes to the *Inevitable*,
And moves us all at last against our wills;
And so, we drop the oars, and learn at length to float,
Pleased with whatever breeze our canvas fills;
Glad, in the dawning consciousness:
It is not of ourselves we glide along, or give
Motive, or thought, or choice, longer to live.
Tide, wind, or port, are thine, O, Fate,
We shall be home again, sooner or late.

How else, could any find the way?
For who, that knows from whence he came?
We hail a thousand destined crafts whose jaded crews,
Have labored hard, had hope, and yet confess the same.
'Twas when Columbus fought, and ceased,
He found his long-sought, greater world,
Fate never smiles 'till she her rainbow spreads
Above our tears, and we the sails have furled;
Seeing the harbor lights, and bar,
Seeing, from home we were not far.

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SARAH GRAND'S ETHICS.

BY T. BAILEY SAUNDERS.

MR. WILLIAM M. SALTER'S recent article on the ethical tendency of *Trilby* and *The Heavenly Twins* raises quite as many difficult and delicate questions as are, in his opinion, brought up by those novels themselves. It may, for instance, be asked how far it is legitimate to appraise the value of a novel by its ethical tendency; and the answer will of course depend upon the particular kind of value which is meant. It would not be difficult to maintain that from the point of view of the severe literary critic the ethical tendency of a book is a matter of minor interest. Few readers, however, are severe literary critics; and most readers, whether they know it or not, are influenced by the moral character of the books they read. Not, indeed, in any high view of the aim and function of literature as the record of noble thought nobly expressed, can the importance of its ethical tendency be overrated. The greatest books of the world are also, in the best and broadest sense of the word, the most moral; and they are great because they are moral.

Morality, alas! is a much abused word, and with ninety-nine people out of a hundred has reference chiefly to the relations between the sexes; as may at once be seen by reflecting on the meaning usually attached to the contradictory word, immorality. To judge from his article, Mr. Salter appears to be one of the ninety-nine. He finds in *The Heavenly Twins* the evidence of "an honest moral nature," and "positive ideas of right and wrong." It is obvious that this moral nature and these positive ideas are determined solely by the extent to which, in Mr. Salter's judgment, they harmonise with one among the many important kinds of morality, namely, that which governs the sexual relations of men and women. It would be a great mistake to suppose, though the supposition is very common, that morality of this description carries with it morality of every description; for a man may be a second St. Anthony and yet be a bigot, with no sense of honor, no regard for truth, and no charity towards his fellowmen. On the other hand, some of the best that the world has produced—great administrators, great inquirers, great writers—have been notoriously promiscuous in their dealings with

the opposite sex; not, of course, in virtue of their good qualities, but in spite of them. It is absurd to call a man moral, unless on the whole he is scrupulous in the observance of all kinds of morality; nor can a book be said to possess a good moral tone which harps upon a particular form of injustice, and at the same time asks the reader's sympathy for much that is narrow, cruel, and ungenerous.

Of Mr. Salter's remarks on *Trilby* some criticism may be made on another occasion. It will be sufficient at present to draw attention to what he says about *The Heavenly Twins*. There is some satisfaction in observing that he does not take it upon himself to express any high opinion of its literary value. That the popularity of *Trilby*, which has a claim to be called a work of art, should far exceed that of Sarah Grand's extraordinary compound, is a fact highly creditable to the great body of readers in the United States. There are, it is true, bits of *The Heavenly Twins* which show some power of writing. Not only, however, is it, as Mr. Salter observes, of such unpardonable length that no man could in conscience ask a friend to read it all; but the book is a heterogeneous conglomerate of interests which stand in no true or inevitable relation with one another. The characters fall into distinct groups; and the doings of one group have hardly any bearing on the doings of the others. The twins, for whom Mr. Salter justly disclaims any admiration, have little to do with Evadne or her story; and that neurotic young lady stands in no vital connexion with Angelica, whose surprising relations with the tenor are, again, entirely out of keeping with the rest of the book; so that even the authoress is obliged to offer an apology for the awkward construction of her plot by calling them an "Interlude." It is impossible, also, not to agree with Mr. Salter that Sarah Grand is at times rather foolish and one-sided, sarcastic, spiteful, and even peevish; and that her ideas about men and women are often exaggerated and ludicrous. Such defects destroy any claim that might be made on behalf of *The Heavenly Twins* as a work of art; if, indeed, any serious person could be so rash as to make such a claim, except the authoress herself, who in a preface to a later publication goes out of her way to draw attention to her own artistic qualities. Some

persons, with an eye on the twins, profess to admire what they are pleased to call her humor; but it is plain that the antics of children do not constitute humor in the sense in which the word is commonly employed as a quality of literature. In truth, a very small supply of that inestimable virtue would have saved Madame Sarah Grand many a sad mistake.

It is needless, therefore, to ask whether *The Heartily Twins* is in any way a work remarkable on the score of its literary character. In literature little survives but what is expressed in good form; and it is obvious that the oblivion which is even now overtaking this particular work will at no very distant period be complete and impenetrable. Like many another forgotten book, it has gone up like a rocket, with a rush and a flare; having burst into stars its fate is to be swallowed up in darkness; so that all that remains is a burnt stick. But what title has it to shed, as Mr. Salter would have us believe, a great moral light in the brief period of its existence? He tells Evadne's story from his own point of view, and pronounces that her attitude was straightforward, calm, dignified, and "in the great sense, womanly." This is doubtless the view which the authoress herself would desire us to take, for Evadne is plainly her mouth-piece.

This rebellious spirit is presented to us as a very honorable woman, no less perfect in her personal conduct and demeanor than endowed with a fair knowledge of popular literature and a surprising amount of general information. "She always had a solid book in hand, and some standard work of fiction also; but she read both with the utmost deliberation, and with intellect clear and senses unaffected by anything. After studying anatomy and physiology, she took up pathology as a matter of course, and naturally went on from thence to prophylactics and therapeutics" (Bk. I, Ch. V.) She was not content with reading Barnard Smith's *Arithmetic*, and *The Vicar of Wakefield*, she also read *Tom Jones* and *Roderick Random*, not to mention Lewes's *Life of Goethe*, Mrs. Gaskell's novels, and the essays of Wendell Holmes and Matthew Arnold. She was also a very acute and observant person. She managed to worst her father in an argument; and to a casual spectator must often have made that irritable gentleman look very foolish. She sits up with an aunt till three in the morning, indulging in some very tall talk; and with great precision she lays down the limits of Utilitarianism and mundane philosophy in general. And all this at the mature age of nineteen! Her social position left nothing to be desired. She consorted with the best of the nobility, went to Court, and knew a bishop; and in her own home, if the butler brought a telegram to her father, he handed it, as the authoress is careful to relate, "on a silver salver."

It is really very extraordinary that a young lady so intelligent and well-read, and blessed with so profound an insight into the ways of the world and the character of her relations, should fail to recognise that a person like Colquhoun, who, when he first appeared on the scene, "looked about thirty eight, and was a big blond man with a heavy moustache," was hardly likely to have lived so long without some unmentionable experiences. She ventures timidly to ask her father—the poor old father whose antiquated ideas she had so often corrected—whether there was anything in the past life of her *fiancé* to which she could object; and it is curious that so courageous and independent a young lady could be satisfied with the simple assurance that he would make an excellent husband. So curious is it, that it suggests the question, what she could find in such a man to attract her. Colquhoun was a very ordinary person, well-mannered and affable, but not distinguished. The insistence on the fact that he was a big blond with a heavy moustache, and that he caught Evadne's attention by gazing at her in church, are doubtless meant by the authoress to indicate that this paragon of all the virtues fell a victim to the same physical qualities in Colquhoun which had probably rendered him an easy prey to ladies before.

It will of course be said that it is perfectly right to make Evadne inconsistent; for is she not a woman? Such an objection, however, would come with a very bad grace from any of her admirers; in particular, from those who, like Mr. Salter, regard her as a woman whose purity was no less remarkable than her strength; a pattern, in fact, of the higher morality. The point is a small one, but worth making, since it throws no small light upon the less obvious side of her character. But it is in respect of her action after her marriage that her claim to be considered a pattern of the higher morality must be determined. Mr. Salter describes the situation created by the receipt of a letter informing her of a discreditable incident in her husband's life which her parents had suppressed. Its nature is not disclosed; but apparently it was not so bad as, in their opinion, to form an obstacle to the marriage. The situation thus created is, as Mr. Salter remarks, "a problem in ethics"; and in his judgment Evadne solves it very well; so well, indeed, as to deserve all the complimentary epithets which he has applied to her conduct.

But does she deserve them? She solves the problem by deciding to live in her husband's house, but to be his wife only in name. Her husband, it must be confessed, acts with extraordinary generosity, of which Madame Sarah Grand is apparently unconscious, and for which, at least, she allows him no credit. He treats Evadne with the utmost indulgence and respect, gratifies her every wish, and proves himself to be what

she had at first thought him—a good-natured gentleman. He could have invoked the aid of the law, but he refrained. He gave her his word, and kept it. She had also given him her word in the marriage ceremony, and straightway she broke it. That she had been deceived by her father and mother is no excuse. For in the first place she had seldom been content to accept their opinion, except when it coincided with her own; and, as she is drawn, she is far too clever to allow any one to deceive her on a matter so important to her welfare. In the second place, even had she been so blind as to be deceived, nothing was less defensible than to wreak her vengeance on a man who had just sworn “to forsake all others and cleave only unto her.” But what is to be said of her subsequent action? Two courses were open to her: either to live with her husband, or to leave him. She did neither; not the first, because it was, she declared, repugnant to her moral nature; not the second, as the authoress tells us, because of her mother’s earnest entreaties. But an ardent moral reformer has no business to yield to a mother who has deceived her, if such a course involves gross injustice to a third party. If her conscience forbade her to be her husband’s wife, the straightforward, honorable, dignified course would have been to leave him, and set him free. But Evadne was not so honorable. She refused to live *with* him, it is true; but she did not mind living *on* him. He gave her a social position, and provided her with comfortable apartments in her own house; nay, to please her, he had them arranged and furnished like those in her old home. He did all he could to make her happy; he offered her books, pictures, flowers, music, amusement, and everything she could wish for in the way of luxury. She took them all with greatest complaisance, as if she had a right to them, but she declined to grant the right to which her husband was entitled. How is it honorable in a woman to accept such gifts from one whom she despises? How is it dignified to help a man to ruin and live at his expense? How is it womanly to persist in her spite and revenge, until her husband, from sheer vexation, plunges again into vice and dies at last a miserable death? If this is the higher morality, to cherish an impossible scheme for the reform of mankind, and neglect the salvation of a single soul, the world can well dispense with it.

Mr. Salter hazards the singular statement that Sarah Grand is “evidently a person like her heroine, who loves purity and truth and loathes degradation and vice.” Apparently he arrives at this conclusion from a study of *The Heavenly Twins*; in particular, of Evadne. That an authoress must resemble her heroine is, of course, a very rash supposition, and in general quite unfounded; nor in the present instance is it possible to make such a comparison by way of com-

pliment. Assuredly it is not the purity and truth of *The Heavenly Twins* which have made it so popular; rather is it something very remote from those noble qualities. Its popularity is a fine example of the *succès de scandale*; and, what is still worse, the degrading and prurient suggestions in which it abounds are wholly gratuitous. The story, such as it is, could very well have been told, and might have been told, with a sense of reserve and decency; but then, of course, as the authoress must be perfectly aware, it would have failed to attract such wide notice. It is difficult to believe that any great moral lesson can be drawn from *The Heavenly Twins*, except that nothing is more immoral than the attempt to do a small amount of good by doing at the same time a vast amount of harm.

There is no mention in Mr. Salter’s article of another of this writer’s novels, *Ideala*, which, from a literary point of view, is slightly superior to *The Heavenly Twins*. There we have another ethical problem; and there, too, Sarah Grand contrives to solve it in a way that alienates the admiration which might otherwise have been felt for her heroine. The woman, it is clear, uses the man as a mere peg for her own emotions; she gives him every encouragement; and then, finding herself in a difficulty, abandons him in a very cruel and heartless fashion. Here, too, Sarah Grand evinces no disapproval of the injustice which she describes, and, in spite of Mr. Salter, any resemblance between herself and her heroine would in this case also be matter for regret. Fidelity to an affection reached, and the sense of honor and gratitude, seem to be painfully absent from her conception of womanhood, in spite of her parade of high motives. Nothing is truer than that it is what we feel and do, rather than what we think, that is of the essence of morality.

Nor can a more satisfactory estimate be formed of the ethical tendency which Sarah Grand promotes, by turning from her novels to her miscellaneous articles, or to the methods by which she has sought to extend her reputation. What good, for instance, can she hope to achieve by the tone or the contents of the articles which appeared in the *North American Review* a year ago? Men are not to be reformed by wholesale abuse; nor are women to be raised by the pretentious and silly assertion that it is their business to regard men as infants and to teach them. Mr. Salter endeavors to excuse these ridiculous statements as the venial exaggerations of a youthful writer; but unfortunately for his plea, Sarah Grand is a person of what may civilly be called a certain age. She has been writing, and, according to her own account, has been thinking, for years; and she ought to know better. But Mr. Salter’s mistake is itself excusable; for Sarah Grand has so far succumbed to the advertising mania

as to hold it right to consent to the publication and to assist in the widespread distribution of a number of photographs which make her look like a pretty young actress of five-and-twenty. In this connexion Mr. Salter would do well to read the account of an interview with Sarah Grand given in the *Chicago Times* for August 5, 1894, the writer of which was evidently prepared to be lavish in her admiration. He will find another instance of a deficient sense of dignity on the part of Sarah Grand if he will turn to Mr. Stead's *Review of Reviews* for August, 1893, where there are extracts from an article by that lady "On the Duty of Looking Nice," illustrated by one of the aforesaid portraits of herself. From a feminine point of view, these, of course, are pardonable errors; but it can scarcely be maintained that those who commit them are justified in regarding men as infants, or are peculiarly fitted to expound the higher morality.

AN EPISODE IN THE HISTORY OF PHILOSOPHY.

BY THOMAS J. M'CORMACK.

EARLY in life, Adam Smith (1723-1790), author of *The Wealth of Nations*, and founder of political economy, is said to have projected a plan for giving "a connected history of the liberal sciences and the elegant arts," afterwards abandoning it as far too extensive. Of the papers left undestroyed on his death, the greater part, referring to this subject, were, by his friends Joseph Black and James Hutton, deemed worthy of preservation and published under the title of "Essays by Adam Smith on Philosophical Subjects." They usually appear in the same volume with his more famous treatise, *The Theory of Moral Sentiments*.¹ These Essays, though full of acute and valuable remarks, are little known, probably on account of their fragmentary character, and because, as the editors remark, the author regarded them as in need of thorough revision.

Our object in referring to these Essays is to point out a curious resemblance which exists between Smith's views of the principles which lead and direct philosophical inquiries as illustrated in his sketch of the history of astronomy, and the view of scientific explanation now so widely accepted by scientists and which was first accurately formulated and brought into modern notice independently of philosophical tradition, by Prof. Ernst Mach (1871), Clifford (1872), and Kirchhoff (1874). We have evidence in these Essays that Adam Smith possessed the philosophical views which now hold a dominant and characteristic place in positive research, and that he was perhaps also very near to that felicitous idea which has been developed and applied with such splendid success by Professor Mach,

in his doctrine of science as an economy of thought. It is not improbable that had Adam Smith ever fully worked out his plan, the development of many influential modern ideas would have been anticipated by more than a century.

In any case, the coincidence, and we think it more than a mere verbal one, in no way affects the question of priority, but merely shows the *naturalness* of the thoughts in question. The view that "explanation" is the description of the unknown in terms of the known is not new in philosophy, but it was never until recently defined with a precision which gave to it a wide range of usefulness. Besides, in verbal coincidences, great care must be exercised lest we interpret the *words* of one period in the light of the *ideas* of a subsequent one, where the intellectual environment is different.

That Adam Smith, however, should have come near to the idea of the economy of thought is not remarkable, for the main research of his life was occupied with that field from which Professor Mach drew the first suggestions of his theory.¹ Much that follows will be rendered more intelligible if we remember that Smith was powerfully influenced by the philosophical views of his friend David Hume.

In accordance with the philosophical drift of the time, Smith seeks the universal motive of philosophical research in a *Sentiment*—the sentiment of wonder.

"We wonder at all extraordinary and uncommon objects, at all the rarer phenomena of nature, at meteors, comets, eclipses, at singular plants and animals, and at every thing, in short, with which we have before been either little or not at all acquainted."

It will be seen that like Hobbes he placed the motive of philosophical research rather high in the psychological scale, and could say:

"Wonder, therefore, and not any expectation of advantage from its discoveries, is the first principle which prompts mankind to the study of Philosophy."

We should not state his results nowadays in the same words, but practically the same meaning is conveyed by them.

The starting point clear, let us see what "explanation" consists in, keeping in mind the views of Clifford and Mach, which the curious reader will find summarised in the essays on Mental Adaptation, The Economy of Thought, and Comparison in Physics, in the latter's *Popular Scientific Lectures*, and in the article on the Aims and Instruments of Scientific Thought in the former's *Lectures and Essays*.

The mind, says Adam Smith, takes pleasure in observing the resemblances that are discoverable betwixt objects. By such observations it endeavors "to arrange and methodise all its ideas, and to reduce them

¹ A cheap edition of the Essays is published by Alexander Murray & Sons, London, 1869.

¹ Allied ideas may also be found in G. H. Lewes, *Problems of Life and Mind*, Third Series, Vol. II, Chapter 6.

into proper classes and assortments." One single common quality is sufficient to connect together widely different objects, which is done by abstract or general names. How, now, does this "methodising of ideas" result in explanation? The author says:

"Whatever . . . occurs to us we are fond of referring to some species or class of things, with all of which it has a nearly exact resemblance; and though we often know no more about them than about it, yet we are apt to fancy that by being able to do so, we show ourselves to be better acquainted with it, and to have a more thorough insight into its nature. But when something quite new and singular is presented, we feel ourselves incapable of doing this. The memory cannot from all its stores, cast up any image that nearly resembles this strange appearance. If by some of its qualities it seems to resemble, and to be connected with a species which we have before been acquainted with, it is by others separated and detached from that, and from all the other assortments of things we have hitherto been able to make. It stands alone and by itself in the imagination, and refuses to be grouped or confounded with any set of objects whatever. The imagination and memory exert themselves to no purpose, and in vain look around all their classes of ideas in order to find one under which it may be arranged.

"What sort of a thing can that be? What is that like? are the questions which, upon such an occasion, we are all naturally disposed to ask. If we can recollect many such objects which exactly resemble this new appearance, and which present themselves to the imagination naturally, and as it were of their own accord, our Wonder is entirely at an end. If we can recollect but a few, and which it requires too some trouble to be able to call up, our Wonder is indeed diminished, but not quite destroyed. If we can recollect none, but are quite at a loss, it is the greatest possible."

Again, not only may strange *individual* objects excite wonder and give rise to the foregoing process of the mind, but a *succession of objects which follow one another in an uncommon train or order, may produce the same effect, though there be nothing particular in any one of them taken by itself.* For example:

"The motion of a small piece of iron along a plain table is in itself no extraordinary object, yet the person who first saw it begin, without any visible impulse, in consequence of the motion of a loadstone at some little distance from it, could not behold it without the most extreme Surprise; and when that momentary emotion was over, he would still wonder how it came to be conjoined to an event with which, according to the ordinary train of things, he could have so little suspected it to have any connexion."

The solution of this problem involves the well-known conception of causality, as a rigid and familiar association of ideas, as a habit of the imagination.

"As its [the imagination's] ideas move more rapidly than external objects, it is continually running before them, and therefore anticipates, before it happens, every event which falls out according to this ordinary course of things. When objects succeed each other in the same train in which the ideas of the imagination have thus been accustomed to move, and in which, though not conducted by that chain of events presented to the senses, they have acquired a tendency to go on of their own accord, such objects appear all closely connected with one another, and the thought glides easily along them, without effort and without interruption. They fall in with the natural career of the imagination. . . . There

is no break, no stop, no gap, no interval. The ideas excited by so coherent a chain of things seem, as it were, to float through the mind of their own accord, without obliging it to exert itself, or to make any effort in order to pass from one of them to another."

Again:

"If this customary connexion be interrupted, if one or more objects appear in an order quite different from that to which the imagination has been accustomed, and for which it is prepared, the contrary of all this happens. We are at first surprised by the unexpectedness of the new appearance, and when that momentary emotion is over, we still wonder how it came to occur in that place. The imagination no longer feels the usual facility of passing from the event which goes before to that which comes after. It is an order or law of succession to which it has not been accustomed, and which it therefore finds some difficulty in following, or in attending to. The fancy is stopped and interrupted in the natural movement or career, according to which it was proceeding. These two events seem to stand at a distance from each other; it endeavors to bring them together, but they refuse to unite; and it feels, or imagines it feels, something like a gap or interval betwixt them. It naturally hesitates, and, as it were, pauses upon the brink of this interval; it endeavors to find out something which may fill up the gap, which, like a bridge, may so far at least unite those seemingly distant objects, as to render the passage of the thought betwixt them smooth, and natural, and easy. The supposition of a chain of intermediate, though invisible, events, which succeed each other in a train similar to that in which the imagination has been accustomed to move, and which links together those two disjointed appearances, is the only means by which the imagination can fill up this interval, is the only bridge which, if one may say so, can smooth its passage from the one object to the other. Thus, when we observe the motion of the iron, in consequence of that of the loadstone, we gaze and hesitate and feel a want of connexion betwixt two events which follow one another in so unusual a train. But when, with Des Cartes, we imagine certain invisible effluvia to circulate round one of them, and by their repeated impulses to impel the other, both to move towards it, and to follow its motion, we fill up the interval betwixt them, we join them together by a sort of bridge, and thus take off that hesitation and difficulty which the imagination felt in passing from the one to the other. That the iron should move after the loadstone seems, upon this hypothesis, in some measure according to the ordinary course of things. Motion after impulse is an order of succession with which of all things we are the most familiar. Two objects which are so connected seem, to our mind, no longer to be disjointed, and the imagination flows smoothly and easily along them."

The same happy phraseology is employed throughout the whole "Essay on the History of Astronomy."

Adam Smith is well aware, too, of the *relative* sufficiency of explanations. Speaking of astronomy, where science has been most successful, he says:

"Nay, in those cases in which we have been less successful, even the vague hypothesis of Des Cartes, and the yet more indetermined notions of Aristotle, have, with their followers, contributed to give some coherence to the appearances of nature, and might diminish, though they could not destroy their wonder. If they did not completely fill up the interval betwixt the two disjointed objects, they bestowed upon them, however, some sort of loose connexion which they wanted before."

And referring to events where the whole physiognomy of nature is conceived to be changed, he makes the following remark:

"Could we conceive a person of the soundest judgment, who had grown up to maturity, and whose imagination had acquired those habits, and that mould, which the constitution of things in this world necessarily impresses upon it, to be all at once transported alive to some other planet, where nature was governed by laws quite different from those which take place here; as he would be continually obliged to attend to events, which must to him appear in the highest degree jarring, irregular, and discordant, he would soon feel . . . [a] confusion and giddiness begin to come upon him, which would at last end . . . in lunacy and distraction."

The terms cause and effect seem to be avoided in Smith's discussion, but the function of the ideas cause and effect, as factors in comprehension, is well illustrated, as follows:

"The same orders of succession, which to one set of men seem quite according to the natural course of things, and such as require no intermediate events to join them, shall to another appear altogether incoherent and disjointed, unless some such events be supposed; and this for no other reason, but because such orders of succession are familiar to the one, and strange to the other. When we enter the work-houses of the most common artizans; such as dyers, brewers, distillers; we observe a number of appearances, which present themselves in an order that seems to us very strange and wonderful. Our thought cannot easily follow it, we feel an interval betwixt every two of them, and require some chain of intermediate events, to fill it up, and link them together. But the artizan himself, who has been for many years familiar with the consequences of all the operations of his art, feels no such interval. They fall in with what custom has made the natural movement of his imagination; they no longer excite his Wonder, and if he is not a genius superior to his profession, so as to be capable of making the very easy reflexion, that those things, though familiar to him, may be strange to us, he will be disposed rather to laugh at, than sympathise with our Wonder. He cannot conceive what occasion there is for any connecting events to unite those appearances, which seem to him to succeed each other very naturally. It is their nature, he tells us, to follow one another in this order, and that accordingly they always do so."

Philosophy is "the science of the connecting principles of nature." Philosophies have succeeded or failed according as their connecting principles have been more or less familiar:

"Why has the chemical philosophy in all ages crept along in obscurity, and been so disregarded by the generality of mankind, while other systems, less useful, and not more agreeable to experience, have possessed universal admiration for whole centuries together? The connecting principles of the chemical philosophy are such as the generality of mankind know nothing about, have rarely seen, and have never been acquainted with; and which to them, therefore, are incapable of smoothing the passage of the imagination betwixt any two seemingly disjointed objects. Salts, sulphurs, and mercuries, acids and alkalis, are principles which can smooth things to those only who live about the furnace; but whose most common operations seem, to the bulk of mankind, as disjointed as any two events which the chemists would connect together by them. Those artists, however, naturally explained things to themselves by principles that were familiar to themselves. As Aristotle observes, that the early Pythagoreans, who first studied arithmetic, explained all things by the properties of numbers; and Cicero tells us, that Aristoxenus, the musician, found the nature of the soul to consist in harmony. In the same manner, a learned physician lately gave a system of moral philosophy upon

the principles of his own art, in which wisdom and virtue were the healthful state of the soul; the different vices and follies, the different diseases to which it was subject; in which the causes and symptoms of those diseases were ascertained; and, in the same medical strain, a proper method of cure prescribed. In the same manner also, others have written parallels of painting and poetry, of poetry and music, of music and architecture, of beauty and virtue, of all the fine arts; systems which have universally owed their origin to the lubrications of those who were acquainted with the one art, but ignorant of the other; who therefore explained to themselves the phenomena in that which was strange to them, by those in that which was familiar; and with whom, upon that account, the analogy, which in other writers gives occasion to a few ingenious similitudes, became the great hinge upon which every thing turned."

Regarding the *function* of a scientific system, Smith is also perfectly clear. After describing the astronomical system of the ancients as perfected by Eudoxus and Callippus, he says:

"Though rude and inartificial, it is capable of connecting together, in the imagination, the grandest and the most seemingly disjointed appearances in the heavens. . . . And if there had been no other bodies discoverable in the heavens, besides the Sun, the Moon, and the Fixed Stars, this hypothesis might have stood the examinations of all ages and gone down triumphant to the remotest posterity."

Owing to the discovery of new phenomena, however,

"This system had become as intricate and complex as those appearances themselves, which it had been invented to render uniform and coherent. The imagination, therefore, found itself but little relieved from that embarrassment, into which those appearances had thrown it, by so perplexed an account of things."

Similarly, speaking of the various phenomena which the astronomical system of Cleanthes leaves unexplained, he says:

"All these have, in his system, no bond of union, but remain as loose and incoherent in the fancy, as they at first appeared to the senses, before philosophy had attempted, by giving them a new arrangement, by placing them at different distances, by assigning to each some peculiar but regular principle of motion, to methodise and dispose them into an order that should enable the imagination to pass as smoothly, and with as little embarrassment, along them, as along the most regular, most familiar, and most coherent appearances of nature."

Then follows this paragraph, highly elucidative of the nature of scientific theories, and which Smith employs on another occasion, as we shall see later on.

"Systems in many respects resemble machines. A machine is a little system, created to perform, as well as to connect together, in reality, those different movements and effects which the artist has occasion for. A system is an imaginary machine invented to connect together in the fancy those different movements and effects which are already in reality performed. The machines that are first invented to perform any particular movement are always the most complex, and succeeding artists generally discover that, with fewer wheels, with fewer principles of motion, than had originally been employed, the same effects may be more easily produced. The first systems, in the same manner, are always the most complex, and a particular connecting chain, or principle, is generally thought necessary to unite every two seemingly disjointed appearances; but it often happens that one great connect-

ing principle is afterwards found to be sufficient to bind together all the discordant phenomena that occur in a whole species of things. How many wheels are necessary to carry on the movements of this imaginary machine, the system of Eccentric Spheres! The westward diurnal revolution of the Firmament, whose rapidity carries all the other heavenly bodies along with it, requires one. The periodical eastward revolutions of the Sun, Moon, and Five Planets, require, for each of those bodies, another. Their differently accelerated and retarded motions require, that those wheels, or circles, should neither be concentric with the Firmament, nor with one another; which, more than anything, seems to disturb the harmony of the universe. The retrograde and stationary appearance of the Five Planets, as well as the extreme inconstancy of the Moon's motion, require, for each of them, an Epicycle, another little wheel attached to the circumference of the great wheel, which still more interrupts the uniformity of the system. The motion of the apogee of each of those bodies requires, in each of them, still another wheel, to carry the centres of their Eccentric Spheres round the centre of the Earth. And thus, this imaginary machine [Ptolemy's], though, perhaps, more simple, and certainly better adapted to the phenomena than the Fifty-six Planetary Spheres of Aristotle, was still too intricate and complex for the imagination to rest in it with complete tranquillity and satisfaction."

What Ptolemy's system failed to do, the system of Copernicus, however, accomplished.

"The system of Copernicus afforded this easily, and like a more simple machine, without the assistance of Epicycles, connected together, by fewer movements, the complex appearances of the heavens. . . . Thus far did this new account of things render the appearances of the heavens more completely coherent than had been done by any of the former systems. It did this, too, by a more simple and intelligible, as well as more beautiful machinery."

Further, by Copernicus's system the five planets which were formerly thought to be objects of a species by themselves unlike anything to which the imagination had been accustomed, were naturally apprehended to be objects of the same kind with the earth.

"Thus this hypothesis, by classing them in the same species of things with an object that is of all others the most familiar to us, took off that wonder and that uncertainty which the strangeness and singularity of their appearance had excited; and thus far, too, better answered the great end of Philosophy."

Smith's comparison of scientific theories to imaginary working-models of events, reminds us of Professor Mach's view that science is a *Nachbilden*, reproduction or imitation, of facts.

Smith also refers the success of Newton's law of gravitation to the afore-mentioned principle in "philosophy." Gravity, he says, of all the qualities of matter, is after its inertness that which is most familiar to us.

"The superior genius and sagacity of Sir Isaac Newton, therefore, made the most happy, and, we may now say, the greatest and most admirable improvement that was ever made in philosophy, when he discovered that he could join together the movements of the Planets by so familiar a principle of connexion, which completely removed all the difficulties the imagination had hitherto felt in attending to them."

Smith only began his Essay on the History of Ancient Physics. But he lays down the same principles as directing inquiry in this domain. Here, too, the imagination is "driven out of its natural career," only it is infinitely more embarrassed than in the heavens.

"To introduce order and coherence into the mind's conception of this seeming chaos of dissimilar and disjointed appearances [referring to terrestrial phenomena], it was necessary to deduce all their qualities, operations, and laws of succession, from those of some particular things, with which it was perfectly acquainted and familiar, and along which its imagination could glide smoothly and easily, and without interruption."

To render this lower, terrestrial part of the great theatre of nature a coherent spectacle to the imagination it is necessary to suppose, he says, and here we have in a nutshell his theory of explanation:

"First, that all the strange objects of which it consisted were made up out of a few, with which the mind was extremely familiar; and secondly, that all their qualities, operations, and rules of succession, were no more than different diversifications of those to which it had long been accustomed, in these primary and elementary objects."

In the few pages constituting this essay he shows how by these principles the physical speculations of the ancients were guided and practically justified. *Apropos* of the last consideration he remarks:

"Let us not despise those ancient philosophers, for thus supposing, that these two elements [fire and air] had a positive levity, or a real tendency upwards. Let us remember that this notion has an appearance of being confirmed by the most obvious observations; that those facts and experiments, which demonstrate the weight of the Air, and which no superior sagacity, but chance alone, presented to the moderns, were altogether unknown to them."

In concluding we shall give two quotations related to that made above on systems, which seem to indicate that the idea of mental economy was not entirely unfamiliar to Smith's mind. He is speaking in the "Essay on the Formation of Languages," of the dropping of declensions and conjugations, and of their places being supplied by auxiliary words. He says:

"It is in this manner that language becomes more simple in its rudiments and principles, just in proportion as it grows more complex in its composition, and the same thing has happened in it, which commonly happens with regard to mechanical engines. All machines are generally, when first invented, extremely complex in their principles, and there is often a particular principle of motion for every particular movement which it is intended they should perform. Succeeding improvers observe, that one principle may be so applied as to produce several of those movements; and thus the machine becomes gradually more and more simple, and produces its effects with fewer wheels, and fewer principles of motion. In language, in the same manner, every case of every noun, and every tense of every verb, was originally expressed by a particular distinct word, which served for this purpose and for no other. But succeeding observations discovered, that one set of words was capable of supplying the place of all that infinite number, and that four or five prepositions, and half a dozen auxiliary verbs, were capable of answering the end of all the declensions, and of all the conjugations in the ancient languages."

In another place in the same Essay, in speaking of impersonal verbs, which, according to him, express in one word a complete event and preserve in the expression that perfect simplicity and unity which there always is in the object and in the idea, and which suppose no abstraction or metaphysical division of the event into its several constituent members of subject and attribute, and after explaining how such impersonal verbs have become personal, by splitting up and dividing all events into a great number of metaphysical parts, he says:

"It is probably in some such manner as this, that almost all verbs have become personal, and that mankind have learned by degrees to split and divide almost every event into a great number of metaphysical parts, expressed by the different parts of speech, variously combined in the different members of every phrase and sentence. The same sort of progress seems to have been made in the art of speaking as in the art of writing. When mankind first began to attempt to express their ideas by writing, every character represented a whole word. But the number of words being almost infinite, the memory found itself quite loaded and oppressed by the multitude of characters which it was obliged to retain. Necessity taught them, therefore, to divide words into their elements, and to invent characters which should represent, not the words themselves, but the elements of which they were composed. In consequence of this invention, every particular word came to be represented, not by one character, but by a multitude of characters; and the expression of it in writing became much more intricate and complex than before. But though particular words were thus represented by a greater number of characters, the whole language was expressed by a much smaller, and about four and twenty letters were found capable of supplying the place of that immense multitude of characters, which were requisite before. In the same manner, in the beginnings of language, men seem to have attempted to express every particular event, which they had occasion to take notice of, by a particular word, which expressed at once the whole of the event. But as the number of words must, in this case, have become really infinite in consequence of the really infinite variety of events, men found themselves partly compelled by necessity, and partly conducted by nature, to divide every event into what may be called its metaphysical elements, and to institute words, which should denote, not so much the events, as the elements of which they were composed. The expression of every particular event became in this manner more intricate and complex, but the whole system of the language became more coherent, more connected, more easily retained and comprehended."

BOOK NOTICES.

THOUGHTS ON RELIGION. By *George John Romanes*. Edited by Charles Gore, M.A., Canon of Westminster. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Co. 1895. Pages, 184. Price, \$1.25.

The late Prof. George John Romanes left some unfinished notes on religion which were handed, at his special request, to Mr. Charles Gore, Canon of Westminster, a friend of the late scientist, and a representative of ecclesiastical dogmatism, to do with them as Mr. Gore thought best. Mr. Gore decided to publish these notes, with editorial comments and two inedited essays on "The Influence of Science upon Religion," written by Romanes in 1889. All now lie before us, bearing the title *Thoughts on Religion*.

As was to be foreseen, this book is creating a sensation. Not only does it prove the depth of Professor Romanes's religious sen-

timent, but it is also striking evidence of the importance of the religious problem generally. We learn from it that the great biologist was possessed of a profound eagerness to believe, but discover that he was unable after all to conquer the objections made by science to the traditional dogmas of religion. It appears, however, that his tendency to belief increased, and we are informed by the editor, Mr. Gore, that Professor Romanes, before his death, "returned to that full deliberate communion with the Church of Jesus Christ, which he had for so many years been conscientiously compelled to forego."

The significance of the struggle in Professor Romanes's mind between reason and belief cannot be overrated. Romanes's posthumous work is a *meue tekul* which reminds us of the importance of the religious problem. We cannot and must not leave it unsettled in worldly indifference. We must attend to it and investigate it bravely and conscientiously. We can no longer denounce reason, or silence our intellectual needs, for it is God himself who speaks in the voice of reason: and the progress of science is his most glorious revelation which ecclesiasticism cannot smother. Indeed, the suppression of reason is the sin against the Holy Ghost which cannot be forgiven, but will inevitably lead, if persisted in, to eternal perdition.

The issues involved in Professor Romanes's *Thoughts on Religion* are discussed editorially and at length in the April *Monist*, which has just appeared.

We are glad to announce the appearance of a little paper, devoted to the interests of the People's Church of Peoria, Ill., entitled *The Unsectarian*. It is a welcome sign of the times, and will not only serve to promote and consolidate the interests of the organization which it represents, but will also afford example and encouragement to similar struggling institutions in other towns. The People's Church, we learn, "stands for the religion of humanity. . . . It is creedless. . . . Asks no one what he believes, . . . but aims to teach the physical, moral, and spiritual laws of the universe, and exhort obedience to them. . . . Knowledge is the saviour of the world." (R. B. Marsh, 216 Linn Street, Peoria, Ill.)

Cornell University has been publishing for nearly two years now a high-class technical magazine, *The Physical Review*, a Journal of Experimental and Theoretical Physics, conducted by Edward L. Nichols and Ernest Merritt. This periodical will, of course, claim the attention only of specialists, but it is significant of a new and general character of American research, which all will welcome. (New York: Macmillan & Co.)

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THE RELIGION OF MOSES.

BY PROF. C. H. CORNILL.

I MUST preface my remarks with the statement, which is to-day not superfluous, that I regard the traditions of Israel concerning its ancient history on the whole as historical. They are to be accepted with reserve and criticism, as all legends are, but at the basis of them is to be found a grain of historical truth, which it is the duty of the historian to disengage from the magic veil which legend has woven round it, and to understand. I believe, accordingly, that the forefathers of Israel under the guidance of Abraham wandered from Haran in Mesopotamia into Palestine; that after a long sojourn there and after many adventures they wended their way into Egypt and settled down in the reedy districts of the Eastern Nile-delta; that they met there at first with a friendly reception, or at least were tolerated, but at last were heavily oppressed, till under the guidance of Moses, who belonged to the tribe of Levi, but who through a special concatenation of circumstances had received access to the higher civilisation and culture of Egypt, they succeeded in freeing themselves from the Egyptian yoke. The entire Hebrew tradition with one accord regards this Moses, the leader of the exodus out of Egypt, as the founder of the religion of Israel. Our first question, therefore, must be: What sort of religion was that which Moses founded? In what does its novelty consist?

And now I must make an admission to you, which it is hard for me to make, but which is my fullest scientific conviction, based upon the most cogent grounds, that in the sense in which the historian speaks of "knowing," we know absolutely nothing about Moses. All original records are missing; we have not received a line, not even a word, from Moses himself, or from one of his contemporaries; even the celebrated Ten Commandments are not from him, but, as can be proved, were written in the first half of the seventh century between 700 and 650 B.C. The oldest accounts we have of Moses are five hundred years later than his own time. Nevertheless, this comparatively late record contains some special features which are important and require to be considered in the solution of the question now occupying our attention.

They are as follows. The work of Moses does in

no way appear as something absolutely new, but as a supplement to something already existing among the people. It is the "God of our fathers" that Moses proclaims. Likewise, it is certain, that the name of this God, whom we are wont to call Jehovah, and whose real Hebrew pronunciation is *Yahveh*, was first introduced by Moses, and that a priest from Sinai, whom tradition makes the father-in-law of Moses, had no mean share in Moses's work.

As regards the first of these points, all the internal evidence is in its favor. The relations and circumstances of the time were not suited to an entirely new creation; had the people at the time of Moses been common Semitic heathens or Egyptian animal-worshippers, his achievements would have been unintelligible. Moreover, I believe we can bring into organic connexion with this theory one of the most charming and touching narratives in Genesis, the narrative of how Abraham originally intended to sacrifice his only son, Isaac, to God as a burnt-offering, when an angel appeared and placed in his stead a ram. Among the Canaanites the sacrifice of children was an ancient and holy institution. The only purpose the narrative can have is to show how Abraham and his companions in their wholesome and unpolluted minds regarded this institution with horror, and that they kept themselves uncontaminated by the religious customs of the Canaanites among whom they lived, and whose language they adopted. To ascertain and establish the belief of Abraham is an utterly impossible task, but that Israel possessed before the time of Moses some distinct sort of religion, on which Moses could build, is a conclusion from which we cannot escape.

The two other points distinctly traceable in the Hebrew tradition regarding Moses, namely, that the name of God "Yahveh" was first introduced into Israel by him, and that a religious relationship existed with Sinai, where tradition places the foundation of the Israelitic religion by Moses, are also confirmed by closer examination and found to be connected.

In the first place, we are struck with the fact that the name of God "Yahveh" has no obvious Hebrew etymology. The interpretation of this word was a matter of difficulty and uncertainty even for the Old Testament itself. In Hebrew, the verb "to be"

alone could come into consideration. This in the Hebrew is *hajdh*, but in Aramaic *hawd*, with a *w* in the second place. We must, however, ask: Why did Moses, if he himself invented the name, derive it, not from the Hebrew, but from the Aramaic, form of the verb "to be," whilst we cannot prove, or even render probable, the least connexion or influence on the part of the Aramaic language? And, moreover, this derivation is in itself in the highest degree suspicious and doubtful. A name for God, that expressed nothing more of God than mere being, essence, pure existence, is hard to conceive of at such an ancient period; all this is the pale cast of philosophical speculation, but not the virile life of religion, and with such a purely speculative name of God, Moses would have given to his people a stone instead of bread. Feeling this difficulty the attempt has been made to derive the name from the causative form, which in Semitic is obtained by a simple vowel-change in the radical, as we form *set* from *sit*, *fell* from *fall*; in which case we should have to render "Yahveh," not as "He that is" but as "He that calls into existence." But no Hebrew, and no Semite, of those days, ever described the creative power of God as a "calling into existence"; a causative form of the verb "to be" is nowhere found in all the Semitic tongues.

Here again, as with the word *nabi*, prophet, the Arabic helps us out of our difficulties. The Arabic has still preserved the fundamental meaning of this root: *hawd* means "to fall," and of this meaning the root in Hebrew has still retained at least one distinct trace; the idea of "falling" is combined with "to be" by the intermediary conception, "to fall out," "to occur." Now observe the following facts. In olden times Sinai seems to have been looked upon as the special habitation of the God of Israel. In the oldest production of the Hebrew literature that we have, the glorious song of Deborah, God comes down from Sinai, to bring help unto his people, who are engaged in a severe struggle at Kishon with the Canaanites; and the prophet Elijah made a pilgrimage unto Horeb, as Sinai is known under another name, to seek the Lord in person. The Arabic, thus, gives us a concrete explanation of the name "Yahveh": it would mean "the feller," the god of the storms, who by his thunderbolts fells and lays low his enemies.

That Yahveh was originally a god of tempests may be shown by many additional vestiges, and this was distinctly recognised at a time when no one thought of thus explaining the name. When He first shows himself to Moses and to the people on Sinai, He appears in the midst of a terrible storm, and in the poetry of Israel it is also customary to depict the theophanies as storms. In the cherubs on which He rides, one skilled in the interpretation of mythological ideas sees at once

a personification of the storm clouds; and the seraphs, which, however, are mentioned only by Isaiah, are obviously a personification of the serpent of heaven, of the lightning.

And now I should like to call your attention to another very important fact. This strange form of the name of God, Yahveh, which is a verbal form, an imperfect, finds, in the whole populous Pantheon of the heathen Semites, analogies only on Arabian soil: among the hundreds of Semitic names of God known to us, we can point to but four such formations, and all of them occur on Arabian soil. The Sinai peninsula belongs linguistically and ethnographically to Arabia, and when we keep all these facts before us, the conviction is forced upon us that Yahveh was originally the name of one of the gods worshipped on Mount Sinai, which from the earliest times was considered holy, and that Moses adopted this name, and bestowed it on the God of Israel, the God of their fathers.

But now you will ask, with some astonishment, is this, then, really all we can conclude about Moses, even granting we *know* nothing about him? No, it is not. But, to learn more, we must go about it by a more circuitous road. Even the most exact of all sciences, mathematics, regards a so-called indirect proof as equally convincing with a direct one, if it be rightly worked out, and such an indirect proof we possess for determining the work of Moses. We may employ, in fact, the method of inference from effect to cause. Since, according to the universally accepted tradition of the whole people of Israel, Moses is the founder of the specifically Israelitic religion, we have only to establish what this was, and in doing so we establish at the same time the work of Moses.

To this end, we must first seek to discover the constituent elements of the religious consciousness as it lived in the minds of the people of Israel before the prophets gave to it wholly new impulses. We have, moreover, to compare this religious belief of the people of Israel about the year 800 B. C. with the religious ideas which we find elsewhere in the Semitic races, and with the conceptions of those purely or not purely Semitic races, with whom Israel came into direct contact, as the Egyptians and the Babylonians. What we find by such a comparison to agree completely with the conceptions of the other Semitic tribes, can in Israel also be a spontaneous production of the Semitic mind, just as in the other Semitic tribes; while that finally which corresponds with the conceptions of the Babylonians or Egyptians, can have been borrowed directly from them, because the conditions of such an origin exist in the long sojourn of the Israelites among those nations. Should, however, in the religion of Israel, about 800 B. C., things be found, which none of the

nations mentioned have in common with Israel, or such as are diametrically opposed to the conceptions and notions of those tribes, then we have in such things, according to all the rules of historical and religio-scientific reasoning, a creation of Moses.

Now, as a fact, the religion of Israel exhibits a large number of such features. Israel is the only nation we know of that never had a mythology, the only people who never differentiated the Deity sexually. So deep does this last trait extend, that the Hebrew language is not even competent to form the word "goddess." Where the Book of Kings tells us of the supposed worship of idols by Solomon, we find written: "Astarte, the *god* of the Phœnicians." Not even the word "goddess" is conceivable to the Israelites, much less the thing itself. Similarly, the cult of Israel is distinguished by great simplicity and purity, as may be proved by such old and thoroughly Israelitic feasts as the Passover, the offering of the firstlings of the flock during the vernal equinox, and the New Moons. Israel denounces with abhorrence the sacrificing of children, and especially that religious immorality, which held full sway among the immediate neighbors of Israel, that most detestable of all religious aberrations, which considered prostitution as an act of worship. In fact, Israel, even in its earliest days, possessed in comparison with the neighboring tribes, a very high and pure morality. For sins of unchastity the ancient Hebrew has an extremely characteristic expression: it calls them *nebalah*, "madness," something inconceivable, unintelligible, which a reasonable and normally organized man could never commit.

But the most important feature of all is the manner in which Israel conceives its relations to God. Monotheism, in a strictly scientific sense, ancient Israel had not; Yahveh was not the only existing God in heaven and on earth; He was only the exclusive God of Israel. Israel had henotheism, as Max Müller has termed this idea to distinguish it from monotheism, and monolatry only. The Israelite could only serve Yahveh; to serve another god was for the Israelite a crime deserving of death. Thus was the relation of the Israelites to this their only God especially close and intimate; the religious instinct concentrated itself on one object, and thereby received an intensity, which is foreign to polytheism, and must ever remain foreign to it. And this one and only God of Israel was not a metaphysical Being floating about in the grey misty distance on the other side of the clouds, but He was a personality, He was everywhere, and present in all things. The ways both of nature and of daily life were God's work.

And this brings us to an extremely important point. No distinction was known between divine and human law; both were God's institutions and commands,

civil as well as church law, to express ourselves in more modern terms. That any valid law might be merely a human formulation and a human discovery, is for the ancient Israelite an utterly inconceivable idea; therefore, every one that sins against the civil law sins against God—ancient Israel knew only sins, and no crimes.

Moses also understood how to render God accessible for practical life. The old Israelitic priestly oracle, which played so important a part in ancient days, we must also look upon as a Mosaic institution. And practically this is of the utmost importance; for by it the approach to God at every moment was made easy, and all of life was passed in the service and under the supervision of Yahveh. This is indeed much and great. Yahveh, alone the God of Israel, who suffers no one and nothing beside Him, who will belong entirely and exclusively to this people, but will also have this people belong entirely and exclusively to Him, so that it shall be a pure and pious people, whose whole life, even in the apparently most public and worldly matters, is a service to God, and this God source and shield of all justice and all morality—these must have all been the genuine and specific thoughts of Moses. Moreover, the importance of these thoughts reaches far beyond the province of religion in the narrower sense of the word. By giving to Israel a national Deity, Moses made of it a nation, and cemented together into a unity by this ideal band the different heterogeneous national elements. Moses formed Israel into a people. With Moses and his work begins the history of the people of Israel.

This work was soon to be put to the test. About a generation after the death of Moses, Israel forced its way into Palestine and found itself before a terrible danger. The Canaanites were far superior in civilisation to the primitive sons of the desert. Israel adopted this civilisation, and passed in Canaan from the nomadic mode of life to the agricultural, finally taking up a permanent residence there. It even took from Canaan the outward forms of religion, and in a measure adopted its holy places. The Sabbath, which the ancient Babylonians had, and which was designated as a "day of recreation for the heart," and the three great yearly festivals of the Passover, of the Weeks, and of the Tabernacles, are borrowed from the Canaanites; while the holy places of worship, Bethel, Dan, Gilgal, Beersheba, Sichem and Gibeon, Shiloh and Ramah, and others are all adopted outright from the Canaanites. But if Israel preserved its identity during this mighty process of transformation, was not mentally overcome and conquered by the Canaanites, but, on the contrary, knew how to absorb the Canaanites themselves, so that in the end Israel remained the decisive and dominant factor, it owes this solely to Moses and his

work, which gave to the Israelite nation its religious consecration and religious foundation, and made it competent, not only to preserve itself, but also to expand and to press onward to conquest.

THE PHYLOGENY OF THE PLANT SOUL.

BY PROF. ERNST HAECKEL.

THE OLD biology found the most important difference between the plant kingdom and the animal kingdom in the "ensoulment" or empsychosis of the latter—in that power of sensation and voluntary motion which was supposed to be totally wanting to the plant kingdom. This antiquated view, which is now only rarely upheld, found its classical expression in that well-known sentence of the *Systema Naturæ* (1735): "*Lapides crescunt, Vegetabilia crescunt et vivunt, Animalia vivunt, crescunt et sentiunt.*" Modern biology has definitely refuted this fundamental doctrine, which was the source of numerous grave errors. Comparative physiology has shown that organic irritability is a common vital property of *all* organisms, that sensibility and motility are properties of *all* living plasma. The same physiological functions which in man and the higher animals we include under the notion of the "soul" belong in a less perfect form not only to all lower animals, but also to all plants. A more precise knowledge of the protists has taught us that the same ensoulment exists even in these lowest, unicellular forms of life, and that their cell-soul exhibits a respectable series of psychological differentiations, of progressive and regressive changes.

Of highest importance for the monistic psychology is, further, the phylogenetic comparison of the unicellular protist-organism with the ancestral cell (*cytula*) of the histones; for this ontogenetic ancestral cell of the metaphyta and the metazoa (or the fecundated ovum cell, *ovospora*) possesses a "hereditary cellular soul," that is, a sum of psychical potential energies which have been gradually acquired by adaptation in long and many generations of ancestors and been stored up as "instincts" by heredity. The individual psychic life of every single multicellular and tissue-forming organism is, in its special quality and specific tendencies, conditioned by that hereditary patrimony, and its psychical activity consists in great measure merely in the unfolding of that inherited cellular soul. The psychical potential energies contained in it are re-transformed in the course of its actual life into the living forces or kinetic energies of motion and sensation. Our fundamental biogenetic law preserves here also its universal validity. This appears with special distinctness in the lowest metaphyta, the *Algæ*; for their psychical activity, for example in fecundation, is only slightly different from that of their unicellular ancestors, the *Algetta*.

Further knowledge of the phenomena of this significant but as yet little trodden field is supplied by the comparative psychology of the metaphyta and metazoa. For, in the lowest divisions of the metazoa, especially in the *Spongiæ* and other *Coelentera*, the psychical activity or irritability does not rise above that low stage of development which we meet with in most metaphyta. Like the latter the *Spongiæ* also lack nervous and sensory organs. Their vital activity is limited mostly to the vegetative functions of nutriment and propagation. The old conception of sponges as plants was to this extent physiologically justified. But their animal form of metabolism and their incapacity for plasmodomy they share with many real metaphyta, that in consequence of parasitic modes of life have suffered metasitism (*Cuscuta, Orobanchea*, etc.)

On the other hand, we now know of many higher "sensitive plants," whose high degree of irritability far surpasses that of many lower animals. The "nervousness" of these *Mimosæ*, of the *Dionæa, Drosera*, or other carnivorous plants, the energy of their sensations and motions, reveals in these metaphyta a much higher degree of psychic life than in numerous lower animals, even in such as already possess nerves, muscles, and sensory organs (for example, lower *Coelentera, Helmintha*). Especially such metazoa as have suffered profound retrogression by adaptation to sedentary modes of life (*Ascidia*) or parasitism (*Cestoda, Entoconcha, Rhizocephala*), may, psychologically, be placed far below such sensitive plants.

The criticism is often made upon this objective comparison of plant-soul and animal-soul, that the similar phenomena in the two kingdoms rest on entirely different structural bases. Nor is the objection unfounded, so far as the special mechanism for conducting the irritations, and the organs of reaction, may be widely different in the two cases; in fact, in most instances they *must* be widely different, for the reason that the enveloped cells of plant-tissues, surrounded as they are by solid membranes, remain much more independent than the intimately connected cells of animal-tissues. Still, recent histology has demonstrated a continuous connexion between all the cells of the histone organism; the apparently immovable cells in the republican cellular state of the metaphyta, locked up in their cellular prisons, are connected by countless delicate plasma-filaments, passing through the rigid membrane, just as are the more freely movable and mostly naked cells in the centralised monarchical cell-state of the metazoa. Besides, the development of a centralised nervous system, even among the latter, is a subsequent acquisition, unknown to their older ancestors. But organic irritability, as such, the capacity to receive physical and chemical effects from the outer world in the form of

excitations, to feel and to react upon them by internal or external motions, is a property of *all* living plasma, of the plasmodious phytoplasm as well as of the plasmophagous zoöplasm.

It will now be the task, as yet scarcely begun, of botanical psychology to subject to critical comparison and investigation the countless phenomena of irritability which the kingdom of the metaphyta offers, to reach a knowledge of the manifold developmental stages of that kingdom in all their phylogenetic connexions, and to establish in every single phenomenon adaptation and heredity as the efficient causes.

INSTINCTS OF PLANTS.

Those psychical activities of animals which it has long been the custom to include under the notion of *instinct*, are also found generally in plants, either in the restricted or in the extended sense of that variously interpreted and variously defined idea. In its restricted sense we understand by instinct definite psychical activities, involving three essential properties: (1) the action is unconscious; (2) it is directed purposefully to a definite physiological goal; (3) it rests on *heredity* from ancestors and is consequently potentially innate. In man and the higher animals, many habitual acts which were originally performed with consciousness and "learned," are transformed into unconscious instincts. In the lower animals and plants which lack consciousness, the primitive habits were also acquired unconsciously by adaptations, originally evoked by reflex activities and in consequence of frequent repetitions definitively fixed and made hereditary. Precisely this phenomenon, namely, the indubitable origin of hereditary instincts by the frequent repetition and exercise of definite psychical actions, furnishes us a mass of inexpugnable evidence for the important *law of progressive heredity*, for the "inheritance of acquired characters."

Innumerable are the forms in which inborn instinct expresses itself in all plants and in all animals—in all protists as well as in all histones. In every cellular division the karyoplasm of the cell reveals its innate or congenital instincts. In every copulative process, the two generating cells are brought together and impelled to union by sexual instincts. Every protist that builds for itself a definitely shaped shell, every plant-cell that envelops itself in its specific cellulose membrane, every animal cell that transforms itself into a definite tissue-form, acts from innate "instinct."

Of the highest phylogenetic import, both for the multicellular organism of the metaphyta and for that of the metazoa, are the *social instincts* of cells; for we recognise in them the fundamental cause of the formation of tissue. The single isolated cells which in most protists increase simply by fission and continue life inde-

pendently as monobionts, are found connected together in social masses of varying cohesiveness even in some divisions of protophyta (for example, in *Melethallia*) and in some of protozoa (for example, in *Polycyttaria*). The attraction of allied cells of the same family for one another, which rested originally upon some chemical sensory activity, causes them to form permanent cellular societies or cœnobia. By heredity this social chemotropism is established more and more firmly and finally developed into an instinct. Then, by a division of labor between the like-constituted cœnobionts, the foundations are laid for the tissues, those rigid cellular bonds in whose further development the polymorphism of cells plays the most important part.

The erotic chemotropism which brings the two copulating cells together in the sexual generation of metaphyta and metazoa is in its origin a special form only of that general social chemotropism. The "sensuous inclination" of the conjugating cellular individuals is in both instances to be traced back to a chemical sensory activity allied to smell or taste. This unconscious sensual affection, and the motion produced as its reflex, are in every individual species fixed by habit in their special differentiated form and by heredity converted into sexual instinct. In many higher metaphyta bionomical relations have been developed which in the marvellous degree of differentiation and complication attained are not inferior to the similar sexual institutions of "marriage" in metazoa.

THE PHYLOGENETIC SCALE OF THE SENSATIONS.

The sensations of plants are generally regarded as unconscious, as are those of the protists and most animals. That special physiological function of the ganglion-cells which in men and the higher animals is called consciousness is associated with very complex and subsequently acquired structures of the brain. The special relations in the minute structure, composition, and combination of the nerve-cells that make these highest psychical functions possible, are wanting both to the plants and to the lower animals. Nevertheless, in the metaphyta as well as in the metazoa, it is possible to trace out a long, graduated scale in the development of the psychic activities and more especially of the sensations. Certain fundamental phenomena of irritability—relating to unconscious sensations—are shared in common by all plants (and all animals), whilst others reach development only in individual groups.

All metaphyta are more or less sensitive to the influence of light (heliotropism), heat (thermotropism), gravity (geotropism), electricity (galvanotropism), and various chemical excitations (chemotropism). The quality and quantity of the sensation due to the irrita-

tion, as of the motor or trophic reaction produced by it, varies, however, exceedingly in the different groups of plants and frequently even in closely allied species of one genus or family. It is very small or hardly perceptible in many lower "sense-blunted" plants and especially in parasites. On the other hand, in some higher plants of very delicate sensibility (*Mimosa*, *Dionaea*, etc.) it reaches a degree of irritability that far surpasses the slight "nervosity" of many lower metazoa provided with nerves and sensilli (for example, *Cestoda* and *Ascidia*). It will be a highly interesting task, as yet untouched, for botanical psychology to follow out the physiological scale of these manifold forms of sensation and to show in every single group of plants by what special adaptations they were originally acquired and within what ancestral series they were converted by heredity into instincts.

A second series of sensorial phenomena is developed, or at least is distinctly noticeable, only in individual groups of metaphyta. Here belongs especially the feeling of contact (thigmotropism) which is developed to such an astonishing degree in many clinging and climbing plants, and which, taken together with their nutational movements, has produced the special form of their tendrils, twiners, claspers, etc. Also the roots of many plants which are very sensitive to the different physical composition of the soil, give evidence of a high power of thigmotropism; one kind will seek out in a mixed soil the soft earths, another fine sand, another hard rock, etc. Similarly the penchant for water (hydrotropism) varies much; some plants are almost indifferent, while others are extremely sensitive to the varying degrees of water in the air and soil.

Extremely complex in the plant kingdom is the development of those sensorial affections which are known in the animal kingdom as smell and taste, and which rest on chemical irritations (chemotropism). As especially high stages of these senses appear to us "the taste" of carnivorous plants, the saline predilections of maritime metaphyta, and the calcareous predilections of the calcophilous plants, etc. But by far the most interesting and remarkable phenomena here are revealed to us by the sexual life, both in the plant and in the animal kingdom. Whether we are astonished at the copulation of gametes in the *Algæ* or the zoidogamous fecundation of the *Diaphyta*, or the siphonogamous fecundation of the phanerogamic blossoms, everywhere we stumble upon "sexual instincts" whose earliest and common origin is to be sought in the erotic chemotropism of their protophytic ancestors, the *Algetta*. In the siphonogamous chemotropism, as in the metazoa conjugating *per phallum*, this is associated with a special erotic thigmotropism (frictional sense). The fine qualitative and high quantitative

development of these erotic sensations, which in the higher animals are characterised as "sexual love," the most copious source of poetry in man, is also of the highest biological importance for many amphigynous plants. It is not only the cause of the highest physiological achievements of the metaphyta (in blossoming, generating, bearing of fruit, etc.), but also of the most manifold morphological arrangements developed in correlation with the latter (in the structure of the blossom, the seed, the fruit, etc.). The mutual relations which plants enter, in this connexion, with animals, (particularly blossoming plants with the insects fecundating them,) have in the course of time by heredity become for both sides a source of the most marvellous instincts.

THE PHYLOGENETIC SCALE OF THE MOTIONS.

Of much less phylogenetic interest than the scale of the sensations is that of the motions in the organism of the metaphyta. Whilst the former taken together are not inferior to the corresponding functions of the lower metazoa, the latter cannot bear comparison with them. The reason of this is, first, that most plants are firmly rooted in the soil, and, secondly, that the rigid and closed membrane of the plant-cell does not allow the living cellule or protoplast confined in its prison-walls that freedom of motion which is permitted to the free and often naked cellular body of the animal-tissue.

As in the protophyta, so also in the metaphyta, we may take up first the motions of the individual cells and distinguish two groups of these motions as spontaneous and irrital; the latter are produced by definite irritations, the former not. The spontaneous motions of the metaphyte cells are subdivided into inner (plasma-streamings within the cellular tegument) and outer. The most important outer spontaneous motion is the ciliate motion, which is produced by contractile lashes or cilia; it is found in the swarming spores of the *Algæ* and in the swarming spermatazoids of the *Diaphyta* (*Bryophyta* as well as *Pteridophyta*). As the natatory flagellate cells show the same kind of ciliate motion as is found in the *Algetta*, from which these metaphyta are descended, we may assume that they have been directly transmitted by heredity from the former to the latter. In the *Floridæ*, *Fungi*, and lichens, as also in all *Antophyta*, this form of spontaneous cellular motion has been lost by adaptation to a different mode of life.

The spontaneous or autonomous motions of whole organs (leaves, blossoms, anthers, tendrils), the pendulous and rotatory nutations of stems, leaves, etc., rest for the most part upon inherited instincts. On the other hand, many special forms of motion that appear here and there in the kingdom of metaphyta

are probably to be explained directly by adaptation to special conditions of life. They possess only a special physiological but no phylogenetic interest; as is the case also with the motions of growth and irritation that occur everywhere (paratonic, irrital, or induced motions). The mechanics of these motions (turgescence, tension of tissues, growth, elasticity, etc.) varies much. The graduated scale of their development is of no special interest for the phylogeny of metaphyta.

TELEOSIS IN THE HISTORY OF PLANTS.

The ancestral history of the plant kingdom, surveyed from its highest and most general point of view, like that of the animal kingdom, presents to the vision a stupendous process of progressive development. The constantly advancing historical separation or *divergence* of its forms, their increase in number and multiplicity, is accompanied upon the whole with a distinct *perfection* of organisation (*teleosis*). This result is deducible with absolute certainty from the critical elaboration and comparison of the three great phylogenetic muniments—palæontology, ontogeny, and morphology. By this inductively established fact the erroneous assertion is definitively refuted that the great main groups of the plant kingdom, or any considerable number of separate types, have subsisted from all time and developed independently by the side of one another. As this mystical view has been upheld even in recent times by eminent botanists, and with it a supernatural "creation" of the entire plant world has been asserted, we cannot emphasise too strongly here the remark that such a view is diametrically opposed to all the general results of inductive botany and especially of morphology.

The same remark holds true of the repeated attempts made until very recently to explain the progress in the historical development of the plant and animal world *teleologically*, whether by means of the direct conscious and premeditated constructive activity of a personal creator, or by the unconscious activity of a purposeful final cause or so-called "tendency to an end." Every critical and unbiassed comparison of the empirically established phylogenetic facts demonstrates that such a tendency to ends exists in organic nature as little as does a personal creator. On the contrary, we discover in the history of the plant world as clearly as in that of the animal and human worlds that *everything develops of its own accord*, and that the laws of its evolution are purely *mechanical*. The adaptiveness actually present in the corporeal structure of organisms, no less than the constant historical increase of their perfection, is the necessary result of natural selection, that tremendous process which has been uninterruptedly active for millions of

years. The unceasing interaction of all organic beings, their competition in the struggle for existence, determines with absolute necessity a constant average increase of their divergence and teleosis,—which is not neutralised by the numerous minor retrogressions that are constantly taking place in individual details.

Teleosis, accordingly, in the history of the plant world, as also in that of the animal world, is to be reduced to *teleological mechanics*. This fundamental principle of phylogeny stands everywhere in the most intimate causal connexion with the great principle of epigenesis as revealed in ontogeny. The explanation of the fundamental causal nexus between the two yields our fundamental biogenetic law, supported by the theory of progressive heredity. Precisely for this "heredity of acquired characters"—one of the foundation-stones of the monistic theory of evolution—we find countless salient and decisive proofs in the phylogeny of the metaphyta.

SCIENCE AND REFORM.

"ELBE" ECHOES.

THE testimony before the court of inquiry into the causes of the "Elbe" disaster tends to exculpate the captain of the "Craffie" from the charge of wilful neglect, but there is no doubt that nine-tenths, if not *all*, the passengers of the ill-fated steamer could have been saved if help, in the form of a sea-worthy vessel, had been near at hand. The compartment system is evidently no infallible protection against the risk of total shipwreck; within three minutes after the first shock the sea streamed through the gap at the rate of a ton per second; still the steamer kept afloat for at least twenty minutes longer—a respite sufficient to disembark a regiment of artillery with all its horses and ammunition-waggons. Again and again the costly lessons of experience illustrate the wisdom of Captain Wetzel's plan, to *let passenger steamers start pairwise*, and keep up a constant interchange of audible and visible signals.

OUR LOST ITALY.

Prof. E. R. Rhodes, in his *Cruises Among the Antilles*, calls attention to the fact that the geology of several West Indian mountain ranges bears a striking resemblance to that of Virginia and the Carolinas, and that the Cuban Sierras, for instance, are probably a continuation of our Southern Alleghanies. It is a pity that the connecting link has been so irretrievably lost. Our Appalachian mountain system ends just where it begins to reach the region of perpetual Spring. We have an American Jura and an American Atlas, but the Apennines of the New World seem to have been submerged, like the chain of uplands which once appears to have connected Scandinavia with Newfoundland and Labrador.

HALF-TRUTHS.

The society of theocratical agitators known as the National Reform Association is dropping its mask and is beginning to define its notions of "reform." At the New England convention (Boston, February 19 and 20) the pious reformers proposed to enlighten the nation on "The Right and Duty of the Government to Teach the Principles of the Christian Religion in the Public Schools," and the desideratum to "Recognise Christ as the King of Our Government." At the Newcastle convention, the Rev. H. H. George proposed, among other ideals of the reform movement, that "The State should be subservient to the Church"; "The

State should require scriptural qualifications in her rulers"; "The State should support the Church by timely gifts." Still, we have not yet reached the fulness of revelation; but the veil may be lifted when the State has been induced to "protect the Church and restrain practices that are injurious to religion"—such as free speech, the licence of the secular press, and the teaching of scientific tenets at variance with the Hebrew Scriptures. The Rev. Schaff is treating us to a glimpse behind the curtain from another point of view, and is quoted as saying that the State rests on three pillars: "The Church of God, the Book of God, and the day of God." A fourth corner-post may be reserved for the "Holy Inquisition of God," but even at the present stage of developments important truths of this sort should not be permitted to languish in a twilight of half-expression, and the Rev. Schaff ought to avoid misconstructions by explaining that he referred to the state of clerical finances.

MORE LIGHT.

The predicted exhaustion of our coal mines may force the cities of the future to economise their fuel-supply; but Frost's twin-sister, Darkness, has lost her power of discomfort, if the recent reports from the laboratory of a New York inventor are but half true. Prof. T. L. Wilson, in a communication to the Society of Chemical Industries, claims to have discovered a new illuminating material that can be manufactured from the refuse of coal-tar and crude petroleum, at a cost of 7 (seven) cents per thousand feet, and which, in a modified gas-burner, will produce a brilliant flame, almost equal to a calcium light. "These burners," says the report, "allow the passage of about one foot of the gas per hour, and give a light of nearly fifty candle-power." In other words, an equivalent of five ordinary coal oil lamps can hereafter be enjoyed at an expense of $\frac{7}{1000}$ cents per hour, plus the costs of the burner and the possible royalty of the inventor. Moreover, his inexpensive gas ("acetylene," as Professor Wilson calls it) can be changed into a liquid and carted about to customers like gasoline.

AN UNPROFITABLE TRADE.

The business of train-robbery has been over-worked to a degree that appears to have discouraged the enterprise by lessening its profits. Passengers and express-agents have learned to bide their valuables; and Hold-up Champion Cummins, recently captured at Mt. Vernon, Mo., states that the robbery of five different trains netted his syndicate less than two hundred dollars. On one occasion they secured only two and one-half dollars and a few watches.

DOUBTFUL REFORMATORIES.

A strange report comes from Naumburg, Germany, where several pupils of a reform school plotted to effect their deliverance from the discipline of the superintendent by getting themselves indicted on a charge of murder. In pursuit of liberty men have walked fearful roads; but the young conspirators of the Saxon reformatory had not the least hope of regaining their freedom. The object of their enterprise was their *transfer to a State penitentiary*, and with that object and even a risk of the scaffold in view, they smothered one of their young fellow-prisoners and strangled another. A rumor of the plot had spread among the inmates of the institute, and the groans of one of the victims were heard by a whole dormitory full of youngsters; but fear, or the desire to give the experiment a fair chance, prevented them from giving the alarm. As Edmond About said of the reported self-cremation of three Toulon galley-slaves, a place must, indeed, be the reverse of a paradise, if its inmates will attempt flight by such gates of escape.

CLIMATIC RESOURCES.

The proposed introduction of the whipping-post in the State of New York has been denounced as a relapse into worse than

Oriental barbarism, in view of the fact that the young Czar has just abolished the punishment of the knout. But it should be remembered that the new Czar is a Utilitarian, and that he has taken care not to abolish the penal colonies of Siberia. With such substitutes for mechanical torture as a winter-frost of sixty degrees Fahrenheit below zero, reform-legislators can afford to be very generous.

AVALON.

The ornithologist Gilmore admits that North America can boast three times as many different species of birds, as Europe or western Asia under the corresponding isotherms. Of woodpeckers, for instance, we have eleven kinds to three in France; of owls nine, to four in Italy. The name of Avalon, the Celtic Atlantis, was once derived from the Latin *avis*, but is now supposed to have something to do with the Gaelic *aphall*, an apple, hence "Apple-land," or orchard country. If the elder derivation should, however, be correct, it might really be conjectured that the aborigines of Gaul or Britain had preserved a tradition about the existence of a great *bird-land* in the far West.

FELIX L. OSWALD.

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ELIJAH.

BY PROF. C. H. CORNILL.

THE first prophet of Israel on a grand scale was Elijah, one of the most titanic personages in all the Old Testament. One has at once the impression that with him a new epoch begins, a crisis in the religious history of Israel. The account given of Elijah, it is true, is adorned with much that is legendary; but the fact that tradition has sketched his image with so much that is tremendous and superhuman, and that such a garland of legends could be woven around him, is the clearest proof of his greatness which makes him tower above all his predecessors and contemporaries. Where smoke is, there fire must be, and where much smoke is, there the fire must be great. Let us try to sketch out a picture of Elijah, of his true importance and historical achievements.

It was a trying time. In the year 876 an Assyrian army had penetrated for the first time as far as Lebanon and the Mediterranean Sea, and had laid Israel under contribution. In addition, Israel had just had an unlucky struggle with the neighboring kingdom of Damascus, its hereditary foe. In this conjuncture, King Ahab assumed the reins of power.

Ahab, owing to his conflict with Elijah, is ranked among the biblical miscreants—but as unjustly so as Saul. Ahab was one of the best kings and mightiest rulers that Israel ever had, esteemed and admired by both friend and foe as a man of worth and character. He was thoroughly equal to the situation, and after severe struggles raised Israel to a position which it had held under none of his predecessors. The only thing which he can be blamed for is his weakness towards his wife, the bigoted and intriguing Tyrian princess, Jezebel.

Jezebel's father, Ethbaal, had formerly been a priest of Baal, and had raised himself to the throne of Tyre by the murder of his predecessor. Ahab, now, in honor of his wife, caused a temple to be erected in Samaria to the Tyrian Baal. That Ahab extirpated, or wished to extirpate, from Israel the worship of Yahveh, is pure legend. The three children of Ahab and of Jezebel whose names we know, both his successors, Ahaziah and Jehoram, and the later queen of Judah, Athaliah, bear names compounded of Yahveh,

and shortly before his death there lived in Samaria four hundred Yahveh prophets, who prophesied to the king whatever he wished. Ahab's doings in this matter are quite analogous to the building of the Greek Catholic chapel in the famous watering-place of Wiesbaden, because the first wife of the late Duke of Nassau was a Russian princess.

The supposed idolatry of Solomon is to be explained in the same manner. Solomon was the first who extended the intellectual horizon of Israel beyond the borders of Palestine, and opened the land to intellectual and commercial traffic with the outside world. In his capital, which he desired should become a metropolis, every one was to be saved after his own fashion, and for this reason Solomon built temples to the gods of all the nations who had dealings with Jerusalem.

No man, apparently, had taken offence at the action of Ahab, or had seen in it a transgression against the national Deity, until Elijah cried out to the people the following words, which are surely authentic: "How long will ye halt between two opinions? If Yahveh be God, serve him, but if Baal be God, serve him." Elijah was no opposer of Baal on grounds of principle; he travels in Phœnicia, the special home of Baal, and exhibits the power of his miracles in the service of a worshipper of Baal, the widow of Zarephath; but in Israel there was no room for Baal; there Yahveh alone was King and God. It is the energy and sensitiveness of his consciousness of God that rebels against the least suspicion of syncretism, and sees in it a scoffing and mockery of Yahveh, who will have His people exclusively for Himself. He who serves partly Baal and partly Yahveh is like, according to Elijah's drastic imagery, a man lame in both legs.

But another and more important point fell in the balance here. Hard by the palace of Ahab in Jezreel, Naboth the Jezreelite had a vineyard which the king wished to make into a garden of herbs. He offered Naboth, therefore, the worth of it in money, or, if he preferred, a better vineyard. But Naboth, with the proud joy of the true yeoman in his hereditary land, answers the king: "The Lord forbid it me that I should give the inheritance of my fathers unto thee." With these words the matter is at an end, so far as Ahab is concerned, but he cannot conceal his disap-

pointment. Jezebel, his wife, hears of the matter, and says unto him the mocking and inciting words: "Dost thou now govern the Kingdom of Israel: I will give thee the vineyard of Naboth." Ahab let her have her will, and Jezebel's rule in Israel according to her views cost Ahab and his house their throne. False witnesses testified against Naboth, he was stoned to death as a blasphemer against God and the king, and his goods were confiscated.

In the ancient East, as to-day, such events were of every-day occurrence, accepted by everybody as a matter of course. The contemporaries of Ahab, however, saw in this deed something unheard of; they had the feeling as if heaven and earth would fall, since a king of Israel was capable of committing such a crime. Elijah made himself the mouthpiece of the general indignation.

On the following day, when the king arose to take possession of the vineyard, he meets there the mighty man, clothed in his hairy garment, who calls to him in a voice of thunder: "Thou who didst sell thyself to work wickedness! thus saith Yahveh: I have yesterday seen the blood of Naboth and of his children, and I will requite thee in this plat." Elijah does not announce the destruction of the ruling house on account of its idolatry, but as an act of justice. It was not the Tyrian Baal which overthrew the dynasty Omri, but the crime committed on a simple peasant.

* * *

According to the universal voice of tradition, Elijah achieved and attained nothing. But that is his highest praise and his greatest fame. For Elijah was a man of pure heart and of clean hands, who fought only with spiritual weapons. There exists no greater contrast than that between Elijah and the man looked upon as his heir and successor, Elisha. Tradition itself has felt this difference; the miracles narrated of Elisha, in so far as they are not pure imitations of Elijah's, all possess a grotesque, one might almost say, a vulgar, character: the sanctification and grandeur of Elijah are wanting throughout. Elisha had seen from his predecessor's example that nothing could be achieved with spiritual weapons; he became a demagogue and conspirator, a revolutionist and agitator. He incites one of the most contemptible characters known in the history of Israel, the cavalry officer Jehu, to smite the house of Ahab, and to set himself upon the throne of Israel. This came to pass. Elisha had attained his object, and the Tyrian Baal had disappeared out of Samaria, but Israel itself was brought to the verge of destruction. The reign of Jehu and of his son, Jehoahaz, is the saddest period that Israel ever passed through, and eighty years afterwards the prophet Hosea saw in the bloody deeds of Jehu an unatoned guilt, that weighed down upon the kingdom

and dynasty, and which could only be expiated by the fall of both.

In what, now, does the importance of Elijah consist?

Elijah is the first prophet in a truly Israelitic sense, differing from the later prophets only in that his efficacy, like that of Jesus of Nazareth, was entirely personal and in that he left nothing written. He saw that man does not live by bread alone, nor nations through sheer power. He considered Israel solely as the bearer of a higher idea. If the people became unfaithful to this idea, no external power could help them; for the nation bore in itself the germ of death. Israel was not to become a common nation like the others; it should serve Yahveh alone, so as to become a righteous and pure people.

Elijah was in holy earnest about this Mosaic thought; he measured his age and its events by this standard; he placed things temporal under an eternal point of view, and judged them accordingly. The crying evils existed plainly in the modes of worship and in the administration of the law. Undefined worship and a righteous administration of the law are what God requires above all things. Here, if anywhere, it was to be shown whether Israel was in reality the people of God.

It is no accident that the first appearance of genuine prophecy in Israel coincided with the first advent of the Assyrians. Historical catastrophes have invariably aroused prophesying in Israel, and for this reason the prophets have been well called the storm-petrels of the world's history. This Amos has spoken in a highly characteristic manner, where he says: "Shall a trumpet be blown in the city and the people not be afraid? Shall there be evil in a city and the Lord hath not done it? Surely the Lord Yahveh will do nothing but he revealeth his secret unto his servants, the prophets. The Lion hath roared, who will not fear? The Lord God hath spoken, who can but prophesy?"

The prophet possesses the capacity of recognising God in history. He feels it when catastrophes are in the air. He stands on his watch-tower and spies out the signs of the times, so as later to explain these to his people, and to point out the right way to them, which will surely guide them out of all danger.

Moreover, the prophet is also the incorporate conscience of the nation, feeling all things and bringing all things to light that are rotten in the nation and displeasing to God. Micah has expressed this, in very apt terms, where he states his antithesis to the false prophets, as follows: "If a man walking in the spirit and falsehood do lie saying: I will prophesy unto thee of wine and strong drink; he shall even be the prophet of the people. . . [They are] the prophets that make

my people err, that bite with their teeth and cry peace; and he that putteth not into their mouths they even prepare war against him . . . but truly I am full of power by the spirit of the Lord, and of judgment, and of might, to declare unto Jacob his transgression, and to Israel his sin."

That is the prophet of Israel, as he is in his true character and innermost significance: a man who has the power to look at temporal things under eternal points of view, who sees God's rule in all things, who knows, as the incorporate voice of God, how to interpret to his contemporaries the plan of God, and to direct them according to his will. This way alone leads to salvation. To reject it is certain destruction, be the outward appearance of the nation ever so brilliant.

Of these genuine prophets of Israel, Elijah was the first, and therefore a personality that stood forth in his age in solitary grandeur, not understood, but an object of admiration to the latest generations, and the pioneer of a new epoch in the history of the religion of Israel.

All these men keep adding to the work of Moses; they build on the foundations which he laid. Without Moses the prophets would never have existed, and therefore they themselves have the feeling of bringing nothing absolutely new. But as faithful and just stewards they have put to interest the pound they inherited from Moses. The national religion founded by Moses became through the prophets the religion of the world. How this took place, in a marvellously organic development, the consideration of those prophets whose writings have been preserved, will show us.

TRILBYMANIA.

THE writer of these lines was almost forced to read *Trilby*, though he very seldom reads novels. It was the theme of nearly all the society conversation. What do you think of it? was a question so often put to him, that at last he took up the book.

For some years I have kept a diary, and had read not many pages of Du Maurier's romance, before I was reminded of an entry made in October, 1892, regarding a late novel, *David Grieve*, by Mrs. Humphrey Ward. I then wrote: "If any proof had been wanting since Mrs. Ward had written *Robert Elsmere* that she was a woman of great literary and scientific acquirements and gifted with a most remarkable power of expressing herself, the *History of David Grieve* would certainly furnish it. As graphic and minute as her description of Derbyshire scenery was, were those of Manchester, Paris, and London. She seems to know every street, alley, and suburb of Manchester; and while visitors to Paris are familiar enough with the great sights of that city, the Tuilleries (before the Commune), the Louvre, Palais Royal, Place de la Con-

corde, Champs Elisées, Arc de Triomphe, Hôtel des Invalides, Morgue, Sainte-Chapelle, Panthéon, Notre Dame, and the other innumerable churches, the boulevards, etc., Mrs. Ward is quite at home with the side-streets, the lanes, the suburbs, the *marais*, the cemeteries, the Quartier Latin, St. Cloud, St. Germain, Fontainebleau, and Barbizon.

"The peasantry of the bleak moorlands of Derbyshire, the cattle and sheep-drivers; the factory-workers in Manchester; the dialect of all these various classes, their religious creeds, their struggle for life, their prejudices she knows as well as the life and doings of the Quartier Latin, of the painters, and sculptors, and stage-actors; the interior of their ateliers, their models, their life in the cafés and *brasseries*; all the *declassée* young men and women, the brightness and the misery of the boarding-house life, in a word, she has made herself thoroughly familiar with the artistic and intellectual proletariat concentrated in this modern Babylon from all parts of France and other countries.

"She seems to have picked up all the slang and *blague* of those people and to know all their good qualities and still more all their bad ones.

"In *David Grieve*, in contrast with *Robert Elsmere*, she deals almost exclusively with the middle and lower strata of society, though she finds occasion to display her knowledge of the religious views of the priests and ministers of all of the many sects and of the rites and ceremonies of the churches.

"There are many very powerful passages and there is no denying that the author is not only a woman of remarkable talents, but of genius. And yet as a composition *David Grieve* is very feeble indeed. A multitude of people are introduced who have no bearing upon the events, which are to illustrate the development of the character of the hero, David Grieve. We meet a number of mere episodes. One of the first requisites of a novel is that the characters should be at least somewhat probable, and the events at least possible. But in all those three volumes we hardly find one possible character or one possible situation. David Grieve comes perhaps nearer to a probable being. His uncle Reuben may also pass as probable. The French painter and patriot Regnault is a somewhat historical character, and his portrait is quite true, but it has really no place fitting within the frame of the novel. Reuben's wife, Hannah, a prominent figure in the early part of the tale is altogether overdrawn. People like the visionary Lias and Margarethe are wholly unreal. Lomax and his daughter, the philosopher Ancum, as also old Purell are personages no one ever met with. The heroine of the novel, Loui Grieve, upon whose character she has evidently devoted the greatest power of delineation is so abnormal a creature, that no one will ever believe in such an existence outside of a

lunatic asylum. In short, it may be said of the *History of David Grieve*, that as far as brilliant and impressive writing is concerned, it is a master-piece, but that, as a novel, even as a so-called psychological one, it is a dead failure."

Reading *Trilby* I was strongly reminded of David Grieve, and I find that the judgment I then ventured to pass on Mrs. Ward's novel, differs but very little from the one I have formed about Du Maurier's, with somewhat large modifications, of course.

In great part *Trilby* is undoubtedly the result of personal experiences, of confession, of personal traits reflected in the portraits of some of the characters delineated, in that of Little Billee for one, nay, in some places the author himself takes the floor.¹ In order to understand *Trilby* one ought to know something of the author's course of life. Within the literary circles of England, perhaps also of the United States, George Du Maurier is well known. But to the hundreds of thousands of his readers his career is a perfect blank. Hence the necessity of giving a brief sketch of his personality.

George Du Maurier was born at Paris in the year 1834. His grandparents had emigrated from France during the first revolution and had not returned after the downfall of the Reign of Terror. His father was born in London, but had moved to France, where he engaged in industrial pursuits. George received his earliest education at Paris. But sometime in 1852 his father returned to England, and though George showed very early great talents for music and also for designing and painting, his father, who had established a chemical laboratory at London, forced him to study chemistry. But after the death of his father he hurried back to Paris to his mother, and eagerly devoted himself to his favorite art, in one of the first ateliers in the Quartier Latin. To advance his studies he went to Antwerp, revelling in the beauties of the old Dutch and Flemish masters. In 1860 he returned to England, where he has since resided. He always claimed England as his true home and shared to the full extent the national pride of being a Britisher. Nearly all his principal characters in his novel, even Trilby, are of British descent, she having Irish and Scotch blood in her veins. Immediately after his arrival he connected himself with the celebrated comic paper *Punch*, and his caricatures and the texts written by him to illustrate his drawings were soon highly admired.

Punch, like John Bull himself, is a pretty coarse fellow, but Du Maurier's work was always sprightly, delicate, tasteful, showing his Gallican descent.

Speaking of himself (page 51, Harper's edition, 1894), he says: "My poor heroine had all the virtues

but one, but the virtue she lacked was of such a kind that I have found it impossible to tell her history so as to make it quite fit and proper reading for the ubiquitous young person so dear to us all. Most deeply to my regret, for I had fondly hoped it might one day be said of me, that whatever my other literary shortcomings might be, I at least had never penned a line which a pure-minded young British mother might not read aloud to her little blue-eyed babe, as it lies sucking its little bottle in its little *bassinnet*. *Fate has willed it otherwise*. Would indeed that I could duly express poor Trilby's one shortcoming in some not too familiar medium—in Latin or Greek, let us say—lest she, the young person, should happen to pry into these pages, when her mother is looking the other way. Latin and Greek are languages the young person should not be taught to understand. But I am scholar enough to enter one little Latin plea on Trilby's behalf—the shortest, best, and most beautiful plea I can think of. It was once used in extenuation and condonation of the frailties of another poor, weak woman, presumably beautiful and a far worse offender than Trilby, but who, like Trilby, repented of her ways and was most justly forgiven—'*Quia multum amavit*.'"

This exquisite passage might have been written by Renan. Beautifully as this apology of the author is written, it is nevertheless utterly inadmissible. Who was it that bid him select for the theme of his novel the rather unsavory case of an improper woman, to use a Carlylean expression, who by a real love re-integrated herself, and became as good as new. It is useless to enlarge on this demurrer.

The plot of *Trilby* is not new. It is the same that A. Dumas, *fils*, in his *Dame aux Camélias*, and Verdi in his *Traviata* have made known in every corner of the globe. A fiery young man of a highly respected family has fallen passionately in love with a demi-mondaine, who has likewise, after a life of shame, felt the first pulsations of true love. She has great personal charms, is intellectual, and of a lovely disposition. He is bent on marrying her, to which, of course, she consents. His parents naturally object to such an unconventional and degrading match. In vain are their efforts to change the mind of their son. They turn to the woman, supplicating her to renounce her love. She yields to their entreaties, and dies of a broken heart. The story is not improbable, and waiving the question whether it is proper to represent it in a novel or on the stage, is apt to win our interest.

But let us see how Du Maurier has handled this subject. We are at the start introduced to three Englishmen of very good family. The oldest of them, Mr. Wynne, generally called Taffy, had been an officer in the army, had gone through the Crimean War, but had quitted the service since. The second is a Scot-

¹ Reminding us of Dickens's *David Copperfield*.

tish laird, who goes in the story by the name of Sandy or Laird, and the youngest William Bagot, by the name of Little Billee. All are of independent means.

They all have taken up drawing and painting as a profession. They work in the same atelier, an uncommonly large building, in which masters in sculpture and painting have their studios. Taffy is a giant in stature, the Laird of medium size, and Billee small, slender, and delicate. All three are united by the closest, most romantic friendship; they would die for one another. Little Billee is the pet of the two others, indeed of every one who comes in contact with him. This trio had received a liberal education. The heroine, Trilby, is the daughter of a very learned Irish Churchman, who quit his profession, became a private tutor to noblemen's sons, was a thorough gentleman, and had, like his daughter, all virtues, lacking but one. He was an inveterate drunkard, lost position after position, finally landed in Paris, but failed to succeed there, died, and left his wife, a coarse and dissipated woman, and two daughters in great want. No wonder that Trilby, the oldest child, instigated, as it seems, by her own mother, in course of time lost her virtue. At the time we meet her in the novel she sustains herself as a *Blanchisseuse de fin*. Parisians know what that means. Occasionally she becomes a *grisette* to the students in the Latin Quarter; but her principal, and perhaps most profitable, business is sitting as a model *altogether*.

In that circle, besides many others, intrudes the villain of the piece, Svengali, a Jew, whom Du Maurier sometimes calls a German Pole, at other times an Austrian, an eminent pianist, who hardly deems Chopin his equal, and who ekes out his existence by casual remittances from relatives of his native land, partly by using the earnings of his mistress, mostly by sponging upon his acquaintances and contracting debts, which he at that time intended never to pay. Whatever he gets that way and by giving a few lessons, he spends in gross dissipation. He has a pupil, a young Greek, Gecko, in the novel, an excellent violinist.

As the author has most skilfully and plentifully illustrated his novel, and has presented the principal personages in all possible and impossible poses and situations, there is nothing left to say by the reviewer as to their outward appearances.

One of the greatest beauties of the work is the sharp, minute portraiture of the men and women to whom we are introduced. They impress themselves indelibly on the mind of the reader.

Regarding his description of the character of Little Billee, I wish to underline one very singular passage (page 6): "And in his winning and handsome face there was just a faint suggestion of some possible very remote Jewish ancestor—just a tinge of that

strong, sturdy, irrepressible, indomitable, indelible blood, which is of such priceless value in homœopathic doses."

Now while a story like that of Alexander Dumas's, though very extraordinary, may still be probable, what shall we say of Du Maurier's? Had Trilby fascinated the young, inexperienced, oversensitive Billee to the extent of his wishing to marry her, all would have been well. But we are asked to believe that she not only bewitched him, but also Taffy, one of the Queen's Dragoon Guards, and Sandy, the Scotch nobleman, and Gecko. Had they merely fallen in love with her, that might have been natural enough, as she seemed to have charmed everybody, but it is utterly beyond belief that all were so love-struck that they time and again, each one for himself and unknown to his friends, should have asked her for her hand.

This is but one of the extravagances of Du Maurier. Many others run through the novel, for instance, when it is told that the muscular athlete Taffy, having been offended by a set of pupils in a painter's studio, "took the first *rapin*" that came to hand and using him as a club, swung him about freely and knocked down so many students and easels and drawing boards with him and made such a terrific rumpus that the whole studio had to cry *Pax*.

One of the most striking passages is when Trilby was sitting to a celebrated sculptor "altogether" representing *la Source*, and Billee inadvertently burst into the sculptor's studio, saw Trilby, is petrified for a moment, and then rushes out of the room at once. She loved him dearly. He had never seen her sit *en figure*. For the first time she becomes conscious, that exposing herself as she had done often before was really scandalous. For the first time shame mantled her forehead and cheeks.

"Presently she dropped her pitcher, that broke into bits and putting her two hands before her face she burst into tears and sobs, and thus to the amazement of everybody she stood crying like a baby *La source aux larmes?* This newborn feeling of shame was unendurable—its birth a travail that racked and rent every fibre of her moral being and she suffered agonies beyond anything she has ever felt in her life." P. 120.

Trilby had refused marriage to Taffy and Sandy repeatedly. She had done the same to Billee nineteen times—Du Maurier like Rabelais deals in big figures, but when asked the twentieth time, "Will you marry me Trilby? If not I leave Paris to-morrow morning and never come back. I swear it on my word of honor," she turned very pale and leaned her head back against the wall and covered her face with her hands. Little Billee pulled them away. "Answer me Trilby." "God forgive me, yes," said Trilby, and she ran down stairs weeping.

This was on Christmas eve. The day for the marriage-celebration was fixed for New Year's eve. In the meantime Mrs. Bagot, Billee's widowed mother, and the Reverend Mr. Bagot, her brother-in-law, by the way the only probable characters in *Trilby*, had come to Paris, had heard about the engagement, and had learned all the good and bad about Trilby from Taffy, but far more of the good than the bad. The conversation between the mother and the Reverend, and Taffy is most admirably done. Of course mother and uncle were terribly shocked, but being assured that they could not change Billee's mind, they greatly desired to see Trilby. The scene when they met her is described with surpassing power and beauty. The girl understood the situation at once. "She trembled very much." Mrs. Bagot looked up into her face, herself breathless with keen suspense and cruel anxiety—almost imploringly. Trilby looked down at Mrs. Bagot very kindly, put out her shaking hand and said, "Good-by, Mrs. Bagot, I will not marry your son. I *promise* you, I will never see him again, and she walked swiftly out of the room." How superior this is to A. Dumas's maudlin, sentimental, and rhetorical picture of the same situation in his *Dame aux Camélias*. The one picture a Rembrandt, the other a mere daub.

Trilby now disappears for a long while, and I wished Du Maurier had stopped right there by letting them either die of despair or live in sadness longing for one another. The palm-tree and the pine of Heine's song. All at once the musical world of Europe goes into raptures about a new prima dona who casts into the shade Albani, Jenny Lind, Nilsson, and even Patti. Madame Svengali is her name. It is Trilby! It will be recollected that early in the novel she is represented as having a most beautiful and powerful voice, but no ear at all. She cannot read from notes, or keep in tune. Her song is ridiculously grotesque.

Svengali undertakes to examine her organ. P. 72. "Will you permit that I shall look into your mouth, mademoiselle?" She opened her mouth wide while he looked into it. "Himmel! the roof of your mouth is like the dome of the Panthéon; there is room in it for *toutes les gloires de la France* and a little to spare. The entrance to your throat is like the middle porch of St. Sulpice, where the doors are open for the faithful on All Saints' Day; and not one tooth is missing—thirty-two British teeth as white as milk and as big as knuckle-bones, and your little tongue is scooped out like the leaf of a pink peony, and the bridge of your nose is like the belly of a Stradivarius—what a sounding-board! And inside of your beautiful big chest the lungs are made of leather, and your breath it embalms,—like the breath of a beautiful white heifer fed on the buttercups and daisies of the Vaterland, and you have

a quick, soft, susceptible heart, a heart of gold, mademoiselle,—and all that sees itself in your face."

Svengali had also at one time, when Trilby was almost mad from excruciating neuralgic pains, relieved her instantly by magnetising her, and had found her a splendid medium. After she had left Little Billee and Paris in despair, she had kept herself secreted in the house of a female friend in the neighborhood. But Svengali had found her out. By putting her in a hypnotic trance he could make her sing the notes revolving in his head (he himself could not sing at all) and streaming out of his long fingers on his touching the piano. It is perhaps owing to these hypnotic performances, to this occult science of hypnotism which is now making such a noise in the world, so originally and powerfully treated by Du Maurier, which in part at least accounts for the unparalleled success of *Trilby*. The reappearance of the heroine, what might be called the second part of the novel, is a weird story, shadowy and nebulous, confused in its chronology, and by no means pleasant reading. Still it shows great dramatic power and an exuberant imagination.

Little Billee, Taffy, and Sandy had left Paris soon after Trilby's disappearance and returned to England. Billee in a half maddened state, and their doings there are interestingly narrated. La Svengali after having starred through all the principal capitals of the continent, at last reached London. Our friends having heard her at Paris, where they had gone for the express purpose of seeing her, and where she had met with the most rapturous applause, attended her first concert at London. Little Billee's love for Trilby, in spite of an attachment which he had formed at his mother's in Devonshire, had revived with redoubled force. The *debut* of La Svengali at London had been an immense success.

But at her second appearance, when Svengali, by a wound he had received from Gecko, and besides laboring under a nervous prostration, was unable to direct the orchestra, but had withdrawn to a private box near the proscenium, from where he could hypnotise Trilby, had just when she appeared on the stage been struck dead with apoplexy, which she had not perceived, broke down, the *rapport* between her and Svengali being cut off, would not sing at all at first, and when she tried to appear before an impatient and noisy audience, her song was out of tune, grotesque as it had been in the Quartier Latin, before she came under the spell of the grim Svengali. She was hissed. The curtain fell. Little Billee had her taken to the hotel where he lodged. Her mind had given way. She had lost all remembrance of some of the most important events of her life, while at times she recollected past occurrences remarkably well. She had hours when her mind was perfectly sound. Dur-

ing her sickness, and at her deathbed, Du Maurier makes her utter thoughts and sentiments on life, death, and immortality which might have come out of the mouth of Socrates or Seneca. Whether such a physiological and psychological status is possible, must be left to be decided by alienists. She dies, making a will, and trusts in a general amnesty to all sinners by *le bon Dieu*. Her last words were "Svengali, Svengali, Svengali!"

Here the author again speaks to the public: "There has been too much sickness in this story, so I will tell as little as possible of poor Little Billee's long illness, his slow and only partial recovery, the paralysis of his powers as a painter, his quick decline, his early death, his manly, calm, and most beautiful surrender—the wedding of the moth with the star, of the night with the morning. For all but blameless as his short life had been, and so full of splendid promise and performance, nothing ever became him better than the way he left it."

The novel ends quite strangely and mermaidlike with a history of Taffy's marriage, and his quiet, humdrum family-life.

Trilby has been denounced by many for its immorality. Priests and sectarian ministers have thundered against it from the pulpit. It will be, if it has not been already, put on the index of forbidden books at Rome. Now, it is very true that the views expressed by Little Billee on the Bible, the Christian dogmas, on miracles, in his conversation with his orthodox mother, with the Rev. Mr. Bagot, and most particularly the dialogues he held with his faithful dog, Tray, are irreconcilable with the conventional Christian religion. But are they not the views of millions calling themselves Christians, but who, perhaps rightly, do not choose to profess them publicly? If *Trilby* is to be burnt, a great many of the most popular novels ought also to be delivered to the flames, let alone the works of Mill, Huxley, Spencer, Haeckel, and of many other scientific authors. But let us take a look into the heart of Little Billee, as painted to us by Du Maurier. There will be found no place for orthodox or half-orthodox religion, but a still corner, where the most elevated morality has seated herself. It is this moral law which has guided him unscathed through the raging surges and the boisterous tempests of human life. Truly there is more morality in *Trilby* than in the *soi-disant* sermons of Sam Jones, the noted Evangelist, to whose profane, not to say blasphemous, rant, listen, night after night, thousands of people, overcrowding the biggest halls and biggest churches in our large cities.

George Du Maurier is an author of various and eminent talents, stored with the treasures of ancient and modern lore. A master of style, possessed of an

exuberant imagination, a highly gifted and original poet. An envious critic might dispute his originality, accuse him of having borrowed too largely from other writers. Molière, Shakespeare, and even Goethe, have not escaped a similar charge. The critic might say that Du Maurier, in his microscopic topography of Paris and surroundings, has imitated Victor Hugo in *Les Misérables*, and also in Hugo's use or abuse of accumulating adjectives and superlatives, that in his so vivid pictures of the life of artists, models, students, grisettes, in the Quartier Latin, he had largely drawn on *David Grieve*, and more particularly on the *Im Paradis*, by the great German novelist, Paul Heyse. There is indeed a most striking resemblance between the last novel and *Trilby*. The atelier-life of Munich is as drastically pictured as in *Trilby*. And what is most remarkable, the model in *Im Paradis*, Crescentia, who goes by the name of the "reddish Zenz," is, saving the size, almost a portrait of the person of Trilby, as painted by Du Maurier. Zenz is by no means a regular beauty, but she is still bewitching. Her complexion is snowy white, but somewhat spoiled by freckles on her face and beautiful hands. Her figure is perfect, a splendid and soft growth of Venetian brown hair falls down to her waist. She is as artless, as sprightly, as affectionate as Trilby. She has all the virtues of Trilby, and none of her vices. Almost everybody falls in love with her, but she remains pure. She sits as a model from an instinctive love of high art, but never as a whole figure. She refuses marriage, for she does not wish her high-born lovers to step down to her humble level.

The winding up of *Im Paradis* is however quite different. Zenz at the last is found to be the abandoned offspring of a nobleman, and so her objection to marry the man she truly loved comes to an end. And what Sam Weller would call "a most remarkable coincidence," is that Heyse has brought to the scene a beautiful Danish dog, as sensitive and intelligent as Tray, with whom his master holds converse, as Little Billee did with his pet Tray.

The hypercritic might further allege, that the views on religion and philosophy expressed by Little Billee and others are met with on many pages in *Robert Elsmere*, *David Grieve*, George Sand, George Eliot, and many other most celebrated novelists; that Du Maurier's so often repeated attempts to describe the power of music, its very soul, and its effect upon the hearers, have a close affinity with F. A. Hoffman's *Phantasiestücke After the Manner of Callot*, which, strange to say, as all the writings of this most eccentric author, have become extremely popular in France; and that, when on one occasion Little Billee most eloquently defends the character of Trilby, he tremblingly exclaims: "Oh, oh! good heavens! are you so pre-

ciously immaculate, you two, that you should throw stones at poor Trilby! What a shame, what a hideous shame it is that there should be one law for the woman and another for the man!—poor weak women, poor soft, affectionate beings, that beasts of men are always running after, and pestering and ruining and trampling under foot!—Oh, oh! it makes me sick—it makes me sick," we recognise the voice of Tolstoi.

And what of all that? An author intimately familiar with the literature of all ages and all countries, as Du Maurier unquestionably is, with an impressible soul, a retentive memory, will naturally gather up in his intellect all the thoughts and ideas of the sages, the poets, the scientists, which he has learned from their works. When such a writer comes to produce himself, all he has stored away in the receptacle of his mind unconsciously crowds upon him, and if he is capable of giving it a finished, plastic form, inspired by his own poetic mind, he becomes an original. Just try to classify him, to assign him a proper pigeon-hole, and you will find it a vain effort, and must confess that he stands out by himself, a bright star on the heavenly firmament. His name will be linked with those of Thackeray, Hawthorne, Jean Paul, George Sand, George Eliot, and the author of *Robert Elsmere*.

OUTSIDER.

JAPANESE BUDDHISM AND THE WAR WITH CHINA.

Mr. K. Ohara, of Otsu, Omi, Japan, writes us as follows:

"About twenty or more Buddhist monks have been sent to China with our army to comfort soldiers; not only ours, but also Chinese prisoners. One of our colonels who fights with his sword the enemy, protected and comforted at the same time a motherless Chinese baby, which fact proves that our army in the field does not commit atrocities, but shows charity towards the enemy. Though our soldiers are not all Buddhists, they are all of them deeply influenced by the teachings of Buddha, our Lord, who has no enemy in the great universe, but aims at establishing a universal brotherhood of all living beings. Patriotism, loyalty, obedience to the rightful laws of the country, and good-will towards all, is the outcome of the beautiful and elevating Buddhist doctrine, under the influence of which our people are instructed and brought up. Edwin Arnold is quite right when he attributes our victory and righteousness to Buddhism. (See the article in No. 388, page 4382, of *The Open Court*.) We are glad to learn that the American people appreciate our justice and love of righteousness. A few days ago I was requested to speak a few words of instruction to the Chinese prisoners here confined, and I read to them passages from your book, *The Gospel of Buddha*, such as are instructive and intelligible, and they greatly rejoiced and cried out loudly, 'kwei-sai, kwei-sai.' All of them are anxious to hear me speak again, and I shall do so, and will comfort them more frequently hereafter. They are kindly treated and are quite comfortable, for many of them are treated better here than in their own country."

NOTES.

We have just received the sad news of the death of Prof. George von Gizcyki of the University of Berlin, at the age of forty-four years. Professor Gizcyki was the author of several well-known works on philosophy and took a prominent part in the

ethical movement of Germany, having translated works of Mr. Salter, Dr. Coit, and Professor Adler, and latterly publishing a weekly paper in the interests of ethical culture. He contributed several articles to *The Open Court* and was much interested in some of its earlier discussions. Our older readers will recall his work with pleasure. A lifelong invalid, he was yet an indefatigable worker, and his loss will be widely felt.

The Journal of Education, for March 7, 1895, publishes the "Report of the Committee of Fifteen" on the correlation of studies in elementary schools. The Report was read by Dr. W. T. Harris at the Cleveland Meeting, on February 20, of this year. It is a document which no educator can afford to neglect; being a compact and luminous discussion of a question which it is imperative for the American people, more than any other, to answer fully and speedily. (Boston and Chicago.)

The latest of the many excellent magazines issued under the auspices of the University of Chicago is the *Astro-physical Journal*, an International Review of Spectroscopy and Astronomical Physics; editors, George E. Hale and James E. Keeler; assistant editors, J. S. Ames, W. W. Campbell, Henry Crew, and E. B. Frost. Its collaborators number some of the most eminent names of America and Europe. This magazine will, by its contents, general make-up, and tone, unquestionably take a rank among the first technical journals of the world—a praise that cannot be accorded to every American scientific periodical, of authoritative pretensions. (Chicago: University Press.)

A new and unique quarterly has recently seen the light of day in Paris, bearing the title of *Le Magazine International*. It is the organ of the Société Internationale Artistique, the object of which is to establish a closer union between the authors, artists, and thinkers of the world, to promote and facilitate the dissemination of modern thought in all its forms, so as to realise in the broadest sense Goethe's idea of a universal literature, and, finally, in a subordinate way, to establish at Paris a centre of internationalism. The *Magazine* presents a list of varied and entertaining contents, original contributions, translations, poetry, short stories, critical and dramatic notices, etc., and bids fair, when its relations are more extended, to become a valuable and attractive periodical, with a mission beyond the confines of France. (3, Place Wagram. Price, per annum, 10 frs.)

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MODERN LIBERALISM.

BY HUDOR GENONE.

THERE are no longer any infidels. Infidelity has gone out of vogue and "liberality" masquerades in its place. With Herbert Spencer's *First Principles* this new cult appeared, certain only of its own uncertainty; doubting even its own doubts; whose best wisdom is not to know; and whose divinity is the unknowable.

And now, responsive to the twang of the agnostic horn, out of the kennels of intellect a pack of opinions come: free religions, ethical cultures, theosophies, high and higher criticisms, fancies of all breeds, from faiths to fictions, in full cry to join the grand battue for truth.

And when sometimes one poor little fact (which no one ever denied), has been caught, they cut off its brush and hold it jubilantly aloft, crying that they have found the truth at last.

In olden times to be an "infidel" was to be an outcast; and it was seldom without good reason that he was so, for his sentiments were sinful, his conduct corrupt, and his pranks perfidious. In the town where I lived when a boy there was an old man whom I very early learned to dread and shun as an unbeliever. Curious tales were told of him, and well do I remember with what gruesome awe we listened to recitals of his misdeeds; how with a number of others, evil as himself, after a wild debauch of blasphemy, at which they made mockery of the last supper, and fetched in and baptised a cat, he was stricken with mortal illness. He was buried, so we were told, at his own request, in a plain pine box, and with no ministry of the gospel or of any other sort at his grave.

It was all very horrible to me then, but the lesson I learned was not without its value. How is it now? There are no longer any such characters; atheists are exceedingly difficult to find nowadays, and even materialists are becoming scarcer and scarcer yearly as science advances, and the old-fashioned race of unbelievers dies off.

The modern "infidel" is usually a person of culture and refinement, despising his antetype, the blasphemer, most heartily, and more often than otherwise actuated by the noblest of endeavors—the finding of the truth.

He has a sincere concern for sincerity, an honest regard for honesty; he is patient with others' infirmities, and tolerant of others' weaknesses; he reveres reverence, honors his god (his substitute for God), and more generally than otherwise claims to be an admirer and defender of the character and ethical teachings of Jesus.

When the French aristocracy was sinking into the slime of its sensuality we are told that vice lost half its sin by losing all its grossness. Is it so with modern liberalism? What is the meaning of this tidal wave of intellect? Has it anything in common with that liberty with which Christ hath made us free?

It is fashionable to be "liberal," and one of the chief clauses of the arraignment of Christianity is that it is "illiberal, intolerant, bigoted and cruel"; that it condemns to what is called damnation those who disregard its tenets and decline its doctrines.

But the truth admits no adjective to balk its inflexible determination.

If geometry is intolerant in declaring that the three angles of a triangle are equivalent to two right angles, then Christianity is intolerant when it declares that the soul that sinneth shall surely die.

If the arithmetic is bigoted in asserting that two plus two equals four, then the Christian is bigoted who believes that strait is the gate and narrow the way that leadeth unto life.

If chemistry is cruel in the certainty of its applied formula, then the Gospel of Christ is cruel when in simple terms radiant with the certainty of divinity, it tells the world: there is but one truth, but one way, but one life.

There are some who think (knowing how often I have assailed the tenets of theology) that I do wrong to continue to call myself a Christian, and the spirit of truth,—which they recognise in some measure,—the Christian spirit. Perhaps, after all, I am wrong. Perhaps the sects have no monopoly of divine truth.

And, yet when I am asked what I call myself, I invariably reply that while I am averse to classifying myself, if I must do so I shall ask to be considered a Christian.

"Not an orthodox Christian, surely?"

"Yes," I answer, "just that, an orthodox Christian."

"But you are a liberal."

"No, I am not. I am certainly liberal, but I am not *a* liberal, and I know nothing so illogical as liberal Christianity."

There is no such thing as liberal truth, as there is no such thing as a liberal arithmetic. The truth is either true or it is untrue. If it be true, whether in mathematics or religion, it is necessarily bigoted, inevitably dogmatic.

It is always right to be liberal, even to illiberality; to be gentle with the erring, to be kind even to the criminal; but to error severity is the only gentleness; to crime destruction is the sole kindness. Merciful always to the sinner, just always to the sin.

If by "orthodox" you mean a believer in a deity of wrath, a divine being who has issued an edict of condemnation against mankind, a god personally and wilfully so unjust that he would demand obedience of an unknown and unknowable law, I certainly am not orthodox.

But if you agree with the teaching of all nature and common sense and besides these, the "Scriptures," that God is spirit, and that there does exist in and over the universe this spirit of justice, duly, accurately, inevitably, and eternally just, whose law physically, mentally, or morally, is not to be violated with impunity,—the Continuity of consequences, the Divinity in destiny, the Overruling Providence of necessity, "of purer eyes than to behold," and purer virtue than to condone iniquity, then we are both of one mind; we are both orthodox.

If by orthodox you mean that this God of wrath, this cruel Jehovah was so vindictive, so implacable, that in order to restore order to a world disordered, not by its own fault, but by his decree, a sacrifice was demanded in the person of the man Christ, and that by believing in this personal man God, and by that belief alone, the whole purpose and intent of deity, can be averted, then I tell you frankly I am not orthodox.

But if you believe that in this world of weariness there is rest; for the war of opinion, the peace of understanding; for sorrow, joy; for suffering, contentment. If by a divine atonement you mean to "crucify the flesh with its lusts," to live a life of dutiful performance for the sake, not of your own safety, but of the race, and so for God's sake. If you have learned that in so doing you have followed Christ and loved the Lord thy God and thy neighbor as thyself. If you recognise that in following this ideal you have become amenable to a higher and greater law than that of commandments,—the law of love. If you find in that great master of the art of living a true revelation of all truth.

If in Jesus you find him who brought life and immortality to light, then, I assure you, we are not far apart; we are both orthodox.

As there was geometry before Euclid, and chemistry before Priestly and Farraday, and electricity before Franklin and Volta and Edison, so there was Christianity before Christ.

Christ taught no vicarious atonement personal or peculiar to himself, but rather how we should emulate his devotion by making our own atonement in the sacrifice of ourselves for the world.

The race is our larger self, and we may be our own Christ.

Jesus never claimed to be God's only son. He was the son, as we also are sons. The creeds have foisted a fictitious assumption upon him. In trying to elevate his character, they have really degraded it. They have tried to paint the lily, to gild the gold, to daub the permanent blue of heaven with earthy cobalt.

In making the validity of his doctrines dependent upon incidents of his career they have given us something little better than mythology, and in reliance upon miracles have degraded him to the level of an ordinary necromancer.

In the story of his immaculate birth they have brought down the sweet motherhood of Mary to the grossness of a Rhea Sylvia, and in that of the bodily resurrection proclaimed, in place of the spirit of truth, a materialistic doctrine of the flesh which profiteth nothing.

Modern ritual is a fine example of the atavism of our pagan proclivities.

The principles of the Christianity of Christ have been criminally libelled by their professed friends. Instead of facts as they are known we have only guesses as they are surmised.

And here and there and everywhere, with those who think as well as with those who stifle thought, with the infidel as well as the devout, none seems to have a glimmer of an idea of the limits permissible to opinion, the boundary of the arable region of fact, and the accurate frontiers of the desert of Guessland.

The infidel has successfully abolished a hell. Can he abolish the effect of cause? He has eliminated a personal authority for legality. Can he eliminate the law?

The human God has been stricken by liberal Christians from the list of deities, as the inhuman God was by the moral sense of all men. But in either case it was the names alone that were abolished; all that those names implied in the light of science yet remains. The despotism of the sequences of fate is no less despotic than if they were edicts issued by personal and remorseless power, and the spirit of love, which was

the meaning of the man God, still remains definite and potent incarnate in him and in us.

Dare to defy the poison and decline the antidote and you inevitably perish.

It matters not by what symbols you express these omnipotent ideas; they yet remain—the changeless choice of time.

But these certain principles, which can be so readily considered and easily understood, are completely vitiated by the contamination of symbolical treatment.

Read the average journals devoted to what is commonly considered free thought, how impotent they are to effect any definite good in the way of abolishing superstition. Their columns are mainly filled with attacks, more or less coarse and scurrilous, against the observances of theology, and crude arguments current among iconoclasts,—those dealers in second-hand mind material who know how to pull down, but cannot build up.

Hardly less silly in their simple sincerity are those within the pale of some church, who yet, somewhere, somehow feel that they must cling to a ghost of something. They feel the world moving beneath them, and for fear of falling clutch at shapes of air. These sort of thinkers, various varieties of deists, Unitarians, broad churchmen, higher critics, “advanced” thinkers as they think themselves, reformers as some call them, liberal Christians in all denominations,—all engaged in vague and futile attempts to reconcile, not science and religion, but the convictions hallowed by the associations of the past with the slow-moving logic of resistless truth.

Away with man-made creeds; they are all confusion, and “God is not the author of confusion, but of peace.”

I find many who tell me that they do not understand how it is possible to do away with opinion in religion. I answer that it is not possible so long as they consider religion a matter of opinion. The world has had the Saviour of its heart; now it needs a Redeemer of its brain.

AMOS.

BY PROF. C. H. CORNILL.

NOTHING is more characteristic than the appearance of written prophecy in Israel.

It was at Bethel, at the Autumn festival. In that place where once Jacob saw in a dream the angels of God ascending and descending, where God had appeared to him and had blessed him, there was the sanctuary of the kingdom of Israel, the religious centre of the ten tribes. Here stood the revered image of the bull, under which symbol the God of Israel was worshipped. Here all Israel had gathered for thanksgiving and adoration, for festivity and sacrifice.

In distinct opposition to the harsh austerity and sombre rigor of the later Judaism, the worship of God in ancient Israel was of a thoroughly joyful and cheerful character. It was a conception utterly strange to the ancient Israelite that worship was instituted to restore the impaired relation of man to God, or that it was the office of sacrifice to bring about an atonement for sins. The ancient Israelite considered the service of God a rejoicing in God. In the sacrifice, of which God received His appointed portion, whilst the sacrificer himself consumed the rest, he sat at the table with God, he was the guest of his God, and therefore doubly conscious of his union with Him. And as ancient Israel was a thoroughly cheerful and joyous people, its rejoicing in God bore, according to our ideas, many very worldly and unrighteous traits. Revelry and tumultuous carousing marked the festivals. As on the occasion of such an autumn festival at Shiloh, the mother of Samuel poured out her heart to God in silent prayer, Eli said unto her: “How long wilt thou be drunken? put away thy wine from thee.” So that evidently drunken women were not seldom seen on such occasions. The prophet Isaiah gives us a still more drastic sketch of a celebration in the temple at Jerusalem, when he describes how all the tables were full of vomit and filthiness, so that there was no place clean. And even worse things, licentious debaucheries of the lowest sort, took place during these festivals.

The prophets recognised in these excrescences, and certainly most justly, remnants of Canaanite paganism. Israel had not only taken its sanctuaries from the Canaanites, but also its modes of worship. The contemporaries of Amos, however, considered this to be the correct and fitting worship of God, such as the God of Israel demanded from His people, and such as was pleasing unto Him.

In the year 760 such another feast was celebrated in Bethel. Revelry was the order of the day. And why should man not rejoice and give thanks to God? After a long period of direst tribulation and distress Israel had again raised itself to power. Its worst enemy, the kingdom of Damascus, had been decisively defeated, and was no longer dangerous. The neighboring nations had been subjected, and Jeroboam II. reigned over a kingdom which nearly attained the size and grandeur of the kingdom of David. The good old times of this greatest ruler of Israel seemed to have come again. Israel was the ruling nation between the Nile and Euphrates. And were not affairs in the interior of the kingdom as brilliant and stupendous as they had ever been? There were palaces of ivory in Samaria then, and houses of hewn stone without number, castles and forts, horses and chariots, power and pomp, splendor and riches, wherever one might turn. The rich lay on couches of ivory with damask cushions;

daily they slew a fatted calf, drank the most costly wines, and anointed themselves with precious oils. All in all, it was a period in which to live was a joy. Accordingly, the feast was celebrated with unwonted splendor, and untold sacrifices were offered. Men lived in the consciousness that God was on their side, and they were grateful to Him.

But just as the festival mirth was at its highest, it was suddenly interrupted. An unknown, plain-looking man of the people forced his way through the crowd of merry-makers. A divine fire gleamed in his eyes, a holy gravity suffused his countenance. With shy, involuntary respect room is made for him, and before the people well know what has happened, he has drowned and brought to silence the festive songs by the piercing mournful cry of his lamentation. Israel had a special form of poetry for its funeral dirge, a particular melodious cadence, which reminded every hearer of the most earnest moments of his life, as he had stood, weeping, for the last time at the bier of his father, his mother, wife, or some beloved child, and this form was adopted repeatedly by the prophets with great effect. Such a dirge does the strange man now intone in the sanctuary at Bethel. It is a dirge over Israel; he shouts it among the merry-makers that are crowded before him:

"The virgin of Israel is fallen,
She shall no more rise,
She is forsaken upon her land,
There is none to raise her up."

The assembly is seized with astonishment and consternation. Men inquire who the strange speaker is, and are told that he is called Amos, a herdsman of Tekoa, who has uttered such blasphemies several times before. For to predict the destruction of God's own people was the acme of blasphemy; it was the same as saying that either God was not willing or that He had not the power to protect and save His people; it was equivalent to prophesying God's own destruction; for God Himself perished with the people who served and honored Him. Yet this wondrous prophet adds to his blasphemy, insanity. It is God Himself who destroys His people Israel, Who must destroy it. He has sworn it by His holiness, by Himself, that the end is come over His people Israel.

No long time elapsed before Amaziah the priest came up and addressed the bold speaker in these words: "O thou seer, go, flee thee away into the land of Judah and there eat bread and prophesy there: But prophesy not again at Bethel; for it is the King's chapel, and the King's court."

Then Amos answered: "I was no prophet, neither was I a prophet's son; but I was an herdsman and a gatherer of sycamore fruit: And the Lord took me as I followed the flock, and the Lord said unto me, Go, prophesy unto my people Israel." And he now con-

cludes his general warning of evil with a personal threat to the high-priest: "Thy wife shall be an harlot in the city, and thy sons and thy daughters shall fall by the sword, and thy land shall be divided by line, and thou shalt die in a polluted land."

After Amos had fulfilled the divine charge, he returned home to his sheep and to his sycamores. But feeling that what he had prophesied was not for the present, nor for those immediately concerned, but spoken for all time, he wrote down his prophesies and made of them an imperishable monument.

Now, how did Amos arrive at this conviction, which reversed everything that at that time seemed to be the fate of Israel. When he imagines to himself the overthrow of Israel, the conquest and destruction of its army, the plundering and desolation of its land, and the captivity and transportation of its people by an outside foe, he is thinking, of course, of the Assyrians, although he never mentions the name. This lowering thundercloud had repeatedly flashed its lightnings over Israel's horizon, first in the year 876, and in the succeeding century ten times at least. At last, in 767, the Assyrian hosts had penetrated as far as Lebanon and the Mediterranean Sea, spreading terror and devastation everywhere. But at the time in question the danger was not very imminent. The Assyrian empire was then in a state of the uttermost confusion and impotence. Amos's conviction, accordingly, was no political forecast. Moreover, the most important and most unintelligible point remains unexplained on this assumption. Why was this condemnation an absolute necessity, willed and enforced by God Himself? This the prophet foresaw from his mere sense of justice.

In Amos we have, so to speak, the incorporation of the moral law. God is a God of justice; religion the moral relation of man to God—not a comfortable pillow, but an ethical exaction. Israel had faith in its God, He would not leave his people in the lurch, but would assist them and rescue them from all calamity. This singular relation of Israel to its God, Amos acknowledges: "You only have I known of all the families of the earth." But what is his conclusion? "Therefore I will punish you for all your iniquities."

Amos had already clearly perceived what a greater than he clothed in these words: "To whom much has been given, of him will much be required." The outer relation in itself is entirely worthless. "Are ye not as children of the Ethiopians unto me, O children of Israel?" says God through Amos. And also God's special marks of favor, in having led Israel out of Egypt and through the desert, prove nothing; for He had also done the same for Israel's most bitter enemies. "Have I not brought up Israel out of the land of Egypt? and the Philistines from Caphtor, and the Syrians from Kir?"

True, the people are pious after their fashion ; they cannot do enough in the matter of feasts and sacrifices. But all this appears to the prophet merely as an attempt to bribe the just judge, as it was then the custom on earth for a judge in return for money to acquit the guilty and condemn the innocent. Says God through Amos :

“I hate, I despise your feast days, and I will not smell in your solemn assemblies. Though ye offer me burnt offerings and your meat offerings, I will not accept them, neither will I regard the peace offerings of your fat beasts. Take thou away from me the noise of thy songs ; for I will not hear the melody of thy viols. But let judgment run down as waters, and righteousness as a mighty stream.” “Seek me and ye shall live. . . . Hate the evil and love the good and establish judgment in the gate.”

But it is just in what God here demands that Israel is totally wanting. Amos sees about him rich voluptuaries and debauchees, who derive the means of carrying on their sinful lives by shameful extortion and the scandalous oppression of the poor and the weak, thereby storing up in their palaces oppression and tyranny. Justice is turned to wormwood and righteousness thrown to the earth ; a bribe is taken against the just, and the poor sold for a pair of shoes. And the worst of all is, that they neither know nor feel how wicked and corrupt they are ; they live carelessly and listlessly on, and have no conception of the instability of all things.

Yet no particular insight or revelation is necessary. Amos can call upon the heathen, the Philistines, and the Egyptians to bear witness to God's dealings with Israel. Even these heathen who know not God and His commandments must see that in Samaria things are done which cry out to heaven, and that Israel is ripe for death. Therefore must God Himself as an atonement for his despised sanctity and justice destroy his people. He says :

“The end for my people Israel is at hand, I can no longer forgive.”

The blooming pink on the cheek of the virgin Israel is not for the prophet a sign of health, but the hectic flush of one diseased and hastening to her end. In all the noise and tumult, the hurry and bustle, his keen ear detects the death-rattle and he intones Israel's funeral dirge. And history has justified him. Forty years afterwards the kingdom of Israel was swept away, and its people carried into captivity.

But, you may ask, is there anything so wonderful in this? Are not these very ordinary truths and perceptions that are offered to us here? That would be a serious error. As a fact, the progress which the religion of Israel made in and through Amos cannot be too highly rated. In Amos it breaks for the first time

through the bonds of nationality and becomes a universal religion instead of the religion of a single people. In analysing the relationship of God to Israel, or at least in recognising it as morally conditioned, which by the fulfilment of the moral conditions could just as well be discharged by any other people, he gave a philosophical foundation to religion, which rendered it possible that the religion of Israel and the God of Israel should not become implicated in the fall of Israel, but could be developed all the more grandly. The fall of the people of Israel was the victory of God, the triumph of justice and truth over sin and deception. That which had destroyed every other religion could now only strengthen the religion of Israel.

This progress shows itself most strongly in the conception of God. Ancient Israel had no monotheism, in the strict scientific sense. The gods of the heathen were looked upon as real beings, as actual gods, who in their spheres were as powerful as the God of Israel in His. That had now to be otherwise. Right and justice exist beyond the boundaries of Israel ; they reach even further than the might of the Assyrians. For right is right everywhere, and wrong is everywhere wrong. If the God of Israel was the God of justice, then His kingdom extended as far as justice did,—then He was the God of the world, as Amos expressed it by the name he framed for God, Zebaoth, the Lord of hosts, the God of all power and might in heaven and on earth.

National boundaries fell before this universal power of justice. When the Moabites burnt to lime the bones of an Edomite king they drew down upon themselves the judgment and punishment of the God of Israel. Justice and righteousness are the only reality in heaven and on earth. Thus through Amos the God of Israel, as the God of justice and righteousness, becomes the God of the entire world, and the religion of this God a universal religion.

Amos is one of the most marvellous and incomprehensible figures in the history of the human mind, the pioneer of a process of evolution from which a new epoch of humanity dates. And here again we see that the most important and imposing things are the simplest and apparently the most easily understood.

CHRISTIAN CRITICS OF BUDDHA.

IT IS A very strange fact that the similarities that obtain between Buddhism and Christianity have so far been of little avail in establishing a sentiment of goodwill among Christians and Buddhists, and, far from being an assistance to mission work, have proved rather a hindrance to the spread of Christianity. The reason is that most Christians (at least those who call themselves orthodox) look upon the Christian-like doctrines of non-Christian religions in an un-Christian

spirit. Our present Christianity is too much under the influence of pagan notions.

When the Apostle St. Paul came to Greece, he diligently sought for points of contact and preached to the Athenians the unknown God whom they unknowingly worshipped. In the same way the missionaries who converted England and Germany utilised as much as possible the religious beliefs of the people to whom they addressed themselves and welcomed every agreement that could be discovered.¹ Since Christians have begun to press the blind faith in the letter and have ceased to rely on the universality of religious truth, they reject all other religions *prima facie*. In their self-sufficiency they have ceased to exercise self-criticism, and have thus become blind to their own shortcomings. At the same time, they are not ashamed of looking upon the noblest virtues of pagans as polished vices, and in doing so make themselves unnecessarily offensive to all serious believers of other religions, Buddhists, Hindus, Parsees, and Mohammedans. The consequence is that as a rule only religiously indifferent people become converts for impure reasons of worldly advantages, and Christianity has made during the last centuries no progress worthy of mention.

I am not an enemy of missions, on the contrary, I believe in the practise of making a missionary propaganda for one's own convictions. Missions are a good thing, for they are an evidence of spiritual life. That church which does not missionarise is dead. And missionary work will not only bring our ideas to those to whom missionaries are sent, but will also exercise a beneficial influence on those who send them.

The worst objection that can be made to freethinkers is that they are lukewarm in missionarising. How poorly are the magazines of freethought supported. Very few freethinkers are sufficiently enthusiastic to make a bold propaganda for the faith that is in them. Most of them shrink from making pecuniary or other sacrifices for their cause. The reason is that what is commonly called freethought is not a positive faith, but consists in mere negations, and negativism has no power to rouse enthusiasm in the human heart.

While missions are a good thing they must be conducted with propriety. They must be made at the right time, in the right way, and with the right spirit. But I regret to say that upon the whole Christian missions are not always conducted in the right spirit. As an instance of the wrong spirit that animates many (I

¹ Gregory I. went so far as to advise the missionary Augustinus in an edict given in 601 A. D., not to destroy pagan temples but to change them into churches; pagan festivals were also to be retained with this modification that they should no longer be celebrated in honor of Gods or heroes, but in commemoration of analogous saints (Ep. xi, 76). This accommodation policy no doubt gave a new lease of life to many pagan customs and notions, but it has contributed not a little to the final success of Christianity. At the same time we must confess that while many superstitions thus reappeared in a Christianised form, there were also many valuable features of pagan life preserved, which might otherwise have been lost.

do not say "all") of our missionaries, I refer to the book of a man for whose intellectual and moral qualities I cherish the highest opinion.

The Rev. R. Spence Hardy, the famous Buddhist scholar to whose industry we owe several valuable contributions to our knowledge of Buddhism, has written a book, *The Legends and Theories of the Buddhists Compared with History and Science*, in which he treats Buddhism with extraordinary injustice.

It is nothing but the spirit of injustice that alienates the sympathies of non-Christian people toward Christianity.

It is strange that Mr. Hardy's unfair statements are made with no apparent malice, but from a sheer habit which has been acquired through the notion of the exclusiveness of Christianity.

In making these critical remarks I do not wish to offend, but to call attention to a fault which can and should be avoided in the future.

Spence Hardy says in his book, *The Legends and Theories of Buddhists Compared with History and Science* (pp. 138, 140):

"The tales that are told about the acts performed by Buddha, and the wonders attendant on these acts, need only be stated, in order to be rejected at once from the realm of reality and truth. . . . These things are too absurd to require serious refutation."

Mr. Hardy forgets that many "tales told about the acts performed by Jesus, and the wonders attendant on the acts," too, need only be stated, in order to be rejected at once from the realm of reality and truth. Mr. Hardy recognises the paganism of others, but he does not see that he himself is still entangled in pagan notions. What would Mr. Hardy say if a Buddhist were to write exactly the same book only changing the word Christ into Buddha and making other little changes of the same nature. Buddhists requested by a Christian missionary to believe literally in Christ's walking upon the water or being bodily lifted up to heaven, are, as much as Spence Hardy, entitled to say: "These things are too absurd to require serious refutation." Mr. Hardy protests (p. 137):

"I deny all that is said about the passing through the air of Buddha and his disciples, or of their being able to visit the Dêwa and Brahma worlds."

If history and science refute the miracles attributed in the later Buddhistic literature to Buddha, why not those attributed to Christ? And we must assume that Mr. Hardy does not deny that Christ descended to hell and that he passed through the air when carried up to heaven in his ascension.

Mr. Hardy speaks of "the errors of Buddhism that are contrary to fact as taught by established and uncontroverted science" (p. 135), but he appears to reject science whenever it comes into collision with a literal interpretation of Christian doctrines. Bud-

dhism is to him a fraud, Christianity divine revelation. He says of Buddhism (pp. 210-211, 313, 207):

"I must confess that the more closely I look into the system, the less respect I feel for the character of its originators. That which at first sight appears to be the real glory of Buddhism, its moral code, loses all its distinction when minutely examined. Its seeming brightness is not that of the morning star, leading onward to intenser radiance but that of the meteor; and not even that; for the meteor warns the traveller that the dangerous morass is near; but Buddhism makes a fool of man by promising to guide him to safety, while it leads him to the very verge of the fatal precipice. . . . The people who profess this system know nothing of the solemn thought implied by the question, 'How can I do this great wickedness and sin against God?' . . . The operation of the mind is no different in mode to that of the eye, or ear, vision is eye-touch, hearing is ear-touch, and thinking is heart-touch. The man, as we have repeatedly seen, is a mere mass, a cluster, a name and nothing more. . . . There is no law, because there is no law-giver, no authority from which law can proceed."

Man is "a cluster," means that the unity of man's soul is a unification—a truth on which all prominent psychologists and naturalists of Christian countries agree with Buddha. In the same sense Hume characterised the human soul as a bundle of sensations and ideas. Man is an organism consisting of a great number of living structures, which in their co-operation constitute a well-regulated commonwealth of sentient functions. And why should there be no law if there is no law-giver? Is the law of gravity unreal because of its mathematical nature, which indicates that it is of an intrinsic necessity and requires a lawgiver as little as the arithmetical law $2 \times 2 = 4$. Is $2 \times 2 = 4$ a reliable rule only if a personal God has decreed it? The moral law is of the same kind!

Buddha regards the order of the world not as the invention of either Brahma or any other God, but as an eternal and unconditional law as rigid as the number-relations, which we formulate in arithmetical propositions. Does such a view of man's soul and the nature of the moral dispensation of life indeed annul all moral responsibility? Buddhism does not employ the same symbolical terms as Christianity, but it is not devoid of an authority of moral conduct. Mr. Spence Hardy is so accustomed to the Christian terminology, that he, from the start, misconstrues all other modes of expression.

In other passages Mr. Hardy refers to Buddha's tales in which Buddha speaks of his experiences in previous existences. He says (p. 153):

"These facts are sufficient to convince every observant mind that what Buddha says about his past births, and those of others, is an imposition upon the credulity of mankind, without anything whatever to support it from fact."

Here Mr. Hardy's naïveté can only evoke our smiles: Buddhists are no more obliged to accept the Jataka tales as genuine history, than our children are requested to believe the legends of saints or Grimm's

fairly tales. There are Buddhists who believe the Jataka tales, and there are many Christians, especially in Roman Catholic countries, who believe the legends of saints.

Speaking in this connexion of the fossil remains of extinct animals, Mr. Hardy says (p. 150):

"Of many of the curious creatures that formerly existed only a few fragments have been found. Among them are birds of all sizes, from an ostrich to a crow, and lizards with a bird's beak and feet. . . . The Himalayas contain the remains of a gigantic land tortoise. The megatherium lies in the vast plains of South America, etc., etc. . . . Now if Buddha lived in these distant ages, and had a perfect insight into their circumstances, as he tells us he had, how is it that we have no intimation whatever in any of his numerous references to the past, that the world was so different in these respects to what it is now? . . . The only conclusion we can come to is, that he knew nothing about the beasts that roamed in other lands, or the birds that flew in other skies; and that as he was ignorant of their existence he could not introduce them into his tales."

It is right that Mr. Hardy appeals to the tribunal of science against the narrowness of a belief in the letter of the Buddhistic Jatakas; but why does he not sweep first before his own door? Unfortunately, the same objections can be made to Christ, who said: "Before Abraham was I am," apparently meaning that he had existed æons before his birth. There is a great similarity between the pre-existence of Christ and of Buddha, especially when we consider the later doctrine of Amitâbha, the infinite light of Buddhahood, which is omnipresent and eternal. While Christ claims to have existed before Abraham, he gives us no information about the fossil animals that have of late been found by geologists. Ingersoll speaks of Christ in the same way as Spence Hardy does of Buddha. He says: "If he truly was the Son of God, he ought to have known the future; he ought to have told us something about the New World; he ought to have broken the bonds of slavery. Why did he not do it?" And Ingersoll concludes: "Because he was not the Son of God. He was a man who knew nothing and understood nothing." When Ingersoll speaks in these terms, he is accused of flippancy, but Mr. Hardy's seriousness is not to be doubted.

What would Christians say of a Buddhist, who, with the same logic, commenting on analogous Christian traditions, would say of Christ what Mr. Hardy says of Buddha! Mr. Hardy says:

"I have proved that Buddhism is not a revelation of truth; that its founder was an erring and imperfect teacher, and ignorant of many things that are now universally known; and that the claim to the exercise of omniscience made for him by his followers is an imposition and pretence. . . . We can only regard Buddha as an impostor."

This is strong language, and I am sorry for Mr. Hardy that he has forgotten himself and all rules of justice and fairness in his missionary zeal.

Even Buddha's broadness in recognising the good wherever he found it, is stigmatised by Mr. Hardy. He says (p. 215):

"Buddha acknowledges that there are things excellent in other religions, and hence he did not persecute. He declares that even his opponents had a degree of wisdom and exercised a miraculous power. But this very indifference about error, as about everything else, this apparent candor and catholicity, is attended by an influence too often fatal to the best interests of those by whom it is professed."

Mr. Hardy condemns "this apparent candor and catholicity" as "indifference about error," and he adds (p. 216):

"To be a Christian a man must regard Buddha as a false teacher."

Mr. Hardy, apparently intending to palliate his harsh remarks, says:

"I am here a controversialist, and not an expositor." (P. 206.)

But even as a controversialist, he should not lower himself by making unjust accusations. It is neither right nor wise; for the liberties which he takes must be granted to opponents; and if they refuse to use them, it is to their credit.

Mr. Hardy says: "These conclusions I have founded upon statements taken from the sacred writings," and rejects Buddhism on account of these errors wholesale. Nor would he permit Buddhists to discriminate between Buddha's doctrine and later additions. For, says Mr. Hardy (p. 219):

"By rejecting other parts of the Pitakas as being unworthy of credence, and yet founding upon them, and upon them alone, your trust in the words they ascribe to Buddha, you do that which no wise worshipper would do, and what you have no liberty to do as a man guided by the requirements of reason."

This is a dangerous principle for Mr. Hardy to propound, for it should be applicable to all religions, and what would become of Christianity if it had to be kept under the bondage of the letter, so that we should no longer be allowed to discriminate between truth and error, but adopt or reject at once the whole fabric. If one discrepancy of the dogmatic texture of a religion with science or with reason disposes of it as a fraud, what shall we do with Christianity?

Spence Hardy's attitude toward Buddhism is typical for a certain class of Christians whose Christianity is little more than a highly advanced paganism.

Happily there are Christians who see deeper, and they feel no animosity against Buddhism on account of its many agreements with Christian doctrines. As their spokesman we quote Prof. Max Müller who says:

"If I do find in certain Buddhist works doctrines identically the same as in Christianity, so far from being frightened, I feel delighted, for surely truth is not the less true because it is believed by the majority of the human race."

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

NOTES.

We announce with deep regret the death of Prof. Comm. Luigi Ferri of the University of Rome, Italy, editor of the *Revista Italiana di Filosofia* and author of approved and valuable philosophical works.

The Politics of Aristotle, a revised text, with introduction, analysis, and commentary, by Prof. Franz Susemihl, of Greifswald, and Mr. R. D. Hicks of Trinity College, Cambridge is announced by Macmillan & Co.

Mr. F. C. Conybeare's critical edition of Philo *About the Contemplative Life* will be published very shortly by the Clarendon Press. Mr. Conybeare strongly upholds the genuineness of the treatise, which is of paramount importance for the history of primitive Christianity.

The fourth summer session of the School of Applied Ethics will be held in Plymouth, Mass., and will open on July the 8th, continuing for five weeks. There will be in all about eighty lectures given in economics, ethics, education, and the history of religion, by some of our most prominent scholars. Complete programmes may be obtained by applying to the secretary of the school, S. Burns Weston, 1305 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Medico-Legal Society announces that it will hold a Medico-Legal Congress at or near the city of New York during the last week of August or first week of September, 1895 (time and place to be hereafter announced). A general invitation to all persons interested in the science of medical jurisprudence is extended, who may send for circulars to either H. W. Mitchell, M.D., President, 747 Madison Avenue, New York, or Clark Bell, Esq., Secretary, 57 Broadway, New York.

Macmillan & Co. have just issued a third edition of the late Prof. Stanley Jevons's *The State in Relation to Labor*. The matter has been brought up to date by the help of footnotes, and the editor, M. M. Cababé, contributes an introduction on The Present Aspect of Some of the Main Features of the Labor Question. Mrs. Jevons, in the *Letters and Journal* of her husband, says that this book was the result of his maturest thoughts upon the subject, his conclusion being that no hard and fast rules could be laid down for the interference or non-interference of the State with labor.

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HOSEA.

BY PROF. C. H. CORNILL.

WITH all due acknowledgment of the greatness of Amos, it is impossible to acquit him of a certain narrow-mindedness. His God is essentially a criminal judge, inspiring fear but not love; and on fear alone neither the heart of man nor religion can exist. With the execution of the judgment matters are at an end, so far as Amos is concerned. What was to take place afterwards, he does not ask. This was soon felt as a defect, and a reconciliatory conclusion was appended to the Book of Amos, which contains little of his ideas, and is at variance in all points with his doctrines. The real complement of Amos is found, marvellously developed, in Hosea, the prophet who came after him.

To Amos's proposition, "God is justice," Hosea adds: "God is love." Not as if Hosea were any less severe in his judgment of the evils of his people; on the contrary, he shows himself even more deeply affected by them, and his descriptions are far more sombre and ominous than those of Amos. But Hosea cannot rest content with a negation. For God is not a man, whose last word is anger and passion. He is the Holy One, the Merciful One, whom pity overcomes. He cannot cast aside the people whom He once loved. He will draw them to Himself, improve them, educate them. God is a kind Father, who punishes His child with a bleeding heart, for its own good, so that He may afterwards enfold it all the more warmly in His arms. Whilst in Amos the ethical element almost entirely predominates, in Hosea the religious element occupies the foreground. He and his intellectual and spiritual compeer, Jeremiah, were men of emotion, the most intense and the most deeply religious of all the prophets of Israel.

The manner in which Hosea became conscious of his calling is highly interesting and significant, and is a fresh proof of how pure and genuine human sentiment always leads to God. Family troubles bred prophecy in Hosea. He took to himself a wife. Her name and that of her father lead us to conclude that she was of low birth, a child of the people. We can easily understand how this serious, thoughtful man was attracted by the natural freshness and grace of this simple maiden. But when married she renders him deeply

unhappy, and he had finally to admit that he had wasted his love on one unworthy, on a profligate woman. We cannot clearly make out whether the woman forsook him, or whether he cast her away. But now something incredible takes place. He, the deeply injured husband, cannot help regretting his wife. Could the innermost and purest feeling of his heart have been only self-deception? At one time she loved him. And Hosea feels himself responsible for her who was his wife. Was it not possible to wake the better self of the woman again? When the smothering ashes had been cleared away, could not the spark, which he cannot consider to have died out, spring up into a bright and pure flame? That was possible only through self-denying and tender-hearted love. Such love could not fail, in the end, to evoke a genuine response. He must try again this faithless woman, must have her near him. He takes her back into his house. He cannot reinstate her at once into the position and rights of a wife; she must first pass through a severe and hard period of probation; but if she goes through this probation, if she yields to the severe yet mild discipline of the husband who still loves her, then he will wed her afresh in love and trust, and nothing again shall rend asunder this new covenant.

Hosea recognises in this relation of his wife an image of the relation of God to Israel. God has chosen the poor, despised Israelites, the slaves of the Egyptians, to be His people; has allied Himself with them in love and faith, showered His blessings upon the nation, miraculously guided it, and finally made it great and mighty. And all these mercies are requited by Israel with the blackest ingratitude; its service of God is, in the eyes of the prophet, a worship of Baal, a mockery of the holy God, whom it knows not, and of whom it does not want to know; and therefore He must give it over to perdition. But for God this judgment is no personal object. He wishes to lead thereby these foolish and blinded hearts to reflexion and to self-knowledge. When they learn to pray in distress, when they humbly turn again to God with the open confession of their sins, then will He turn to them again, then will He accept into grace those fallen away, then will they be His people, who are now not His people, and He will be their God. Right and justice, grace and pity,

love and faith, will He bring to them as the blessings and gifts of the new covenant, and they will acknowledge Him and become His willing and obedient children. He will be to Israel as the dew, and Israel shall grow as the lily and blossom out as the olive-tree, and stand there in the glory and scent of Lebanon.

God is love. Hosea recognised this, because he bore love in his heart, because it was alive in him; love which is long-suffering and kind, which seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, which beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things, the love which never faileth. When we consider that all this was absolutely new, that those thoughts in which humanity has been educated and which have consoled it for nearly three thousand years, were first spoken by Hosea, we must reckon him among the greatest religious geniuses which the world has ever produced. Among the prophets of Israel, Jeremiah alone can bear comparison with him, and even here we feel inclined to value Hosea higher, as the forerunner and pioneer.

Why is it that Hosea is so often misconceived in this, his great importance? He has not rendered it easy for us to do him justice, for his book is unusually obscure and difficult. It is in a way more than any other book individual and subjective. What Hosea gives us are really monologues, the ebullitions of a deeply moved heart, torn by grief, with all its varied moods and sentiments. Like the fantasies of one delirious, the images and thoughts push and pursue one another. But it is exactly this subjectivity and this individuality which gives to the Book of Hosea its special charm and irresistible efficacy. He is the master of heartfelt chords, which for power and fervor are possessed by no other prophet. Let me quote, in Hosea's own words, an especially characteristic passage, a masterpiece of his book.

"When Israel was a child, I loved him and called him as my son out of Egypt. But the more I called the more they went from me; they sacrificed unto Baalim and burned incense to graven images. I taught Ephraim also to walk, taking him in my arms. But they knew not that I meant good with them. I drew them with cords of a man, with bands of love; and I was to them as they that take off the yoke on their jaws, and I laid meat unto them. Yet they will return into the land of Egypt, and Asshur be their king. Of me they will know nothing. So shall the sword abide in their cities, destroy their towers, and devour their strongholds. My people are bent to backsliding from me; when called on from on high, none looketh upwards. How shall I give thee up, Ephraim? How shall I deliver thee, Israel? Shall I make thee as Admah? Shall I set thee as Zeboim? My heart is turned within me, my compassion is cramped together. I will

not execute the fierceness of mine anger. I will not return to destroy thee Ephraim, for I am God and not man; the Holy One in the midst of thee. I cannot come to destroy."

Thus is love, grace, mercy, ever the last word: for God is love. Thus religion becomes an act of love. God calls for love, not sacrifice, knowledge of God, not burnt offerings; and acquires thus a power of intimacy that till then was unknown. That dear, comforting phrase, "the Lord thy God," which places every individual man in a personal relation of love with God, was coined by Hosea, and is first found in his book. Even the requirement of being born again, of having to become completely new, in order to be really a child of God, can be found in Hosea. He is the first who demands that God shall not be worshipped by images, and pours out his bitterest scorn on the "calves" of Dan and Bethel, as he dares to name the old, venerated bull-symbols. In fact, he demands a rigorous separation of the worship of God from the worship of nature. Everything that is contradictory to the real holy and spiritual nature of God is paganism and must be done away with, were it ten times a venerable and traditional custom.

That this man, so apparently a man of emotion, governed entirely by his moods, and driven helplessly hither and thither by them, should have possessed a formal theological system, which has exercised an immeasurable influence on future generations, is a phenomenon of no slight significance. To prove this statement would require too much time and discussion of details. But it may be said that the entire faith and theology of later Israel grew out of Hosea, that all its characteristic views and ideas are to be first found in his book.

Hosea was a native of the northern part of the nation, its last and noblest offshoot. He wrote his book between 738 and 735 B. C., about twenty-five years after the appearance of Amos. We already know from the short accounts in the Book of Kings that this was a period of anarchy and dissolution; Hosea's book transplants us to this time, and allows us to see in the mirror of the prophet's woe-torn heart the whole life of this period.

It is a horrible panorama that unfolds itself before our eyes. One king murders the other; God gives him in his wrath and takes him away in his displeasure; for none can help, but all are torn away and driven about by the whirlpool of events, as a log upon the waters. So hopeless are matters that the prophet can pray, God should give to Ephraim a miscarrying womb and dry breasts, so that fresh offerings of calamity and misery be not born. In such a state of affairs the thought strikes the prophet, that the whole state and political life is an evil, an opposition to God, a

rebellion against Him who is the only Lord and King of Israel, and who will have men entirely for himself. In the hoped-for future time of bliss, when all things are such as God wishes them, there will be no king and no princes, no politics, no alliances, no horses and chariots, no war and no victory. What is usually known as the *theocracy* of the Old Testament, was created by Hosea as a product of those evil days.

As a man of sorrows, he was naturally not spared a personal martyrdom. He fulfils his mission in the midst of ridicule and contumely, amidst enmity and danger to his life. He occasionally gives us a sketch of this in his book: "The days of visitation are come, the days of recompense are come: Israel shall know it!" And the people shout back mockingly: "The prophet is a fool, the spiritual man is mad." Hosea takes up their words and answers:

"Verily I am mad, but on account of the multitude of thine iniquity and the multitude of the persecution."

"The snares of the fowler threaten destruction to the prophet in all his ways; even in the house of his God have they dug a deep pit for him."

We know not if Hosea survived the overthrow of Israel. His grave, still regarded as a sanctuary, is shown in Eastern Jordan, on the top of Mount Hosea, Dschebel Oscha, about three miles north of es-Salt, from where we can obtain one of the most beautiful views of Palestine.

SOME DATA FOR ETHICAL EDUCATION.

BY HUDOR GENONE.

ONE man has the right to claim to know only those things which any other man under the same conditions might know. Two sorts of things are perfectly knowable: the principles of the universe, common to all, and that taste in choosing which is proper to each individual.

In the region of religion this taste is conscience.

The expression, "an enlightened conscience," has always appeared to me defective. It should rather be a cultivated conscience, as we do not ordinarily say an enlightened, but a cultivated, taste.

As solutions of problems are the work of the faculty of calculation, so conscience is the work of the faculty of conscientiousness.

Possibly some may regard this as a quibble about words. But the real meaning of a word is its vitality, and to agree upon exact meanings seems to me of the very first importance.

Conscience, as I have said, is the moral taste of the soul. Its analogy may perhaps be found in the principle of electricity. You can hardly "enlighten" electricity, but you may afford it opportunity for use.

As the current is sluggish, conveyed by imperfect conductors, but rapid over copper and silver wires, so

conscience acts feebly and sluggishly in minds of a low order, but in men in whom an intense, ardent, energetic temperament is united with veneration and the other moral sentiments with great rapidity.

This conscience,—this soul taste,—is really the expression for soul motive of morals.

As electricity is electricity, so motive is motive.

An adjective may qualify, but hardly impair the meaning of a principle.

In an article by Dr. Conant, entitled "Education in Ethics," it is stated: "If an enlightened religious conscience could be made the moral guide of even a majority of men all might be well. But we are further from such a consummation to-day than a hundred years ago, and the chasm widens daily."

This entire article is admirable, and one is compelled to agree with the substance of its statements and heartily sympathise with its conclusions.

And yet I cannot but feel that the expectation of "being able to benefit the race by instruction in the art of ethics in the schools is, in the present conditions of thought, futile.

Instruct the children ever so carefully, even indoctrinate them daily with ideas so plain that the wayfaring child (who is by no means a fool) cannot err, and all your care and heed and learning and efforts will, in the majority of cases, be utterly wasted, because the children, day after day, return to homes where religion is perhaps professed, but is practically unknown; where mothers have "tantrums" and fathers tempers; where meekness, if anything, is either amiability or cowardice, and where self-sacrifice may be held to be a good thing for another to die for, but a poor way for a business man to get a livelihood.

Instruction, to be of real value, must be given, not only by teachers in the schools, but by parents in the homes.

When the common consent of mankind unites upon the certainty and practicability in action of the science of religion as it now does upon the science of mathematics; when the gross superstitions which now pass current for religion are eliminated, and theology becomes, as the word demands, the true and accurate logic of God, then only shall it be possible to effectually educate the young in the true principles of right.

Religion is the science of the motive of life.

Ethics is the art of right living.

My way of educating the children would be somewhat different. I should begin, not with the babes, nor the boys and girls, nor the parents, nor the teachers, nor the pastors; I should begin with the philosophers.

A people which subsists wholly upon a diet of vegetables will become in the course of time timid, weak, irresolute, and effeminate.

Men accustomed to animal food in due proportion acquire a vigorous physique and with it vigorous character.

The mild rice eating Hindu is quite unable to cope with his Saxon beefsteak-made brother of Britain.

What is true physically and mentally is also true morally. Civilisation has been nurtured upon theological slops. I should start with the sages by getting them to formulate definitely the principles of the science of religion, by inducing them to give up opinions of all kinds, and when they were sure of what they knew and agreed among themselves as to the assurance, then they should go into all the world and preach their doctrines to every creature.

Directly or indirectly, self-interest is the root of all action.

The potency of theology, especially that which offers a vicarious atonement, is that it seems to present an easy method of ridding one's self of anxiety about a hereafter: "Only believe."

To the ego-soul his permanent safety is the one thing needful.

Not less surely than that a line, however long, is composed of infinitesimal points, so the hereafter, howsoever big, is made up of an infinite number of here nows.

Let us, too, take as our watchword those words, "Only believe." Annihilate theology if you like, but purify religion. The principles of Christianity are pure; its ethics perfect. Christianity does not need destruction, but explanation.

Make the wrath of the angry God "who for our sins is justly grieved" certain by explaining the absolute nature of consequences.

Give to the doctrine of a vicarious atonement its true interpretation, as something done for you forever, but by means of the pattern set for you now.

This is the true atonement; this the sacrifice made from the foundation of the world; this the way in which the heel of the woman's seed shall crush the serpent's head.

Take from what is called religion the myth of personifications, and while you are doing that take the same myth from yourself.

Learn to know how illusory is the thing within you which we dignify as I. Learn the true nature of self, the vital responsibility of selfhood which is not selfishness. Learn that man is not the master, but the envoy of the master; that he is a delegate from the realm of the infinite at the court of sense, and that he is bound to represent his sovereign wisely and well. Learn that the mission is a definite one, the credentials clear, the instructions, not as some think, blind. If the orders seem sealed, open them and read them and obey them.

Learn also that there is an inevitable "day of judgment," when, recalled from your mission, you shall give account of how you served your king.

There is nothing but futile fancy in the Hindu's doctrine of metempsychosis, but there is a truth of reincarnation not susceptible to the accidents of wreck on rocks of doubt or shoals of ignorance. The acquisition of good habits is a contemporaneous reincarnation and their transmission by inheritance or influence a certain one in the future.

Conquer a vice to-day and you save your descendants untold misery. If you clasp the flattering fancy, *après moi le déluge*, thinking that you yourself can so easily escape, I tell you that will never be, it can never be, never, never, never!

The thief must some time restore; the liar some time be shamed by the truth; he who kills, though he escape the electric chair or the scaffold here, some way, some how, some time, must somehow requite with something his victim.

Yonder staggers a besotted wretch, and in his body the spirit of drink; the atavism of perhaps a rude barbarian in the time of the Druids.

And there a fair, fresh, young girl, new to shame, stifles thoughts in mirth and ribald song, dancing down that hellish road whose inns are hospitals, and jails, and asylums, and whose end may be another's violence or her own mad act,—an overdose of chloral or the wintry river.

"Love by harsh evidence
Thrown from its eminence,
Even God's providence
Seeming estranged."

And all the while her grandsire who debauched his life, lives in her and suffers in her the torments of hell. The sins of the children shall be visited by the fathers to all generations.

It is easy to sneer at these pictures of the imagination, easy to say they are more rhetorical than definite.

And it is easy too, for those who think so, to believe they can avert consequences, to expect a remote, lackadaisical, musical, material paradise by trusting to the atoning blood of Jesus.

If you believe in paradise, help bring it in here. If you believe in the atoning blood, show it now.

Let the world know you are ambassador of God. Let every man be his own saviour in the world.

The fear of the Lord, as truly now as in the days of David, is the beginning of wisdom, none the less so whether called God's wrath or karma, or the law of inevitable consequence. Religion as it is preached to-day in almost all our pulpits and printed in the pious press is taken by the great bulk of the people *faut de mieux*; their sole notion of faith being in the Catholic churches a blind subserviency to a system; in the

Protestant an equally blind, equally simple, and less logical "belief" in a book.

This belief, when it is not ingenuous credulity, is spurious cant. When people say they believe a thing and do not act as that belief demands they do not believe; they are liars, and the truth is not in them.

In the course of my own experience of men "re-generated and born again," or who claimed to be, I have met all told not over a half dozen to whom I believed the epithets applied, and most of these, in season and out of season, went about, each after his own fashion, doing good, beseeching his neighbors to repent, to flee from the wrath to come, to give their hearts to Jesus.

They bored me immensely, but I respected them sincerely because by their fruits I knew them to be sincere.

Let your faith emulate in sincerity that kind of faith. But to your faith add virtue and to your virtue knowledge. Then upon that rock you may rebuild a church grander than any contemplated by the sects, against which the gates of hell cannot prevail.

Instruct the pastors and the parents in the certain principles till at last the very air itself shall be fragrant with wisdom and love. And the children may be taught in the schools without fear that the best efforts of the teacher will be thwarted by active opposition, cynical incredulity or contemptuous indifference in the family or in the practical affairs of the world.

CHRISTIAN CRITICS OF BUDDHA.

[CONCLUDED.]

From German criticism of Buddhism I select for discussion those of two Protestant clergymen, G. Voigt and Adolph Thomas, whose remarks seem to me worthy of notice.

G. Voigt¹ declares that Buddhism did not originate in the whim of a maniac or in the hallucination of an enthusiast, but is born out of the very depths of the human heart. Its aspirations remind us of St. Paul's cry: "O wretched man that I am! Who shall deliver me from the body of this death!" (Rom. vii, 24.) But, adds Mr. Voigt, "Buddha cannot deliver mankind, he cannot conquer the world because he denies it; and he cannot deny the world, because he does not conquer it. Christianity alone is the world-religion because it alone conquers the world" (p. 19). "Buddha's salvation is self-deliverance, and this is the first and decisive condition of the Buddhistic Gospel. It refers man, in order to gain his eternal salvation, to the proud but utterly barren path of his own deeds" (p. 22).

Here the Buddhistic scheme of salvation is the same (Voigt claims) as that of Goethe's *Faust* (p. 31),

¹"Buddhismus und Christenthum," in *Zeitfragen des chr. Volkslebens*. Heilbronn: Henninger. 1887.

for Faust, too, does not rely on the blood of Christ, but has to work out his salvation himself. Accordingly, one main difference between Christ and Buddha consists in this, that Christ is the Saviour of mankind while Buddha only claims to be the discoverer of a path that leads to salvation (p. 35).

Mr. Voigt's statement concerning Buddha's doctrine of salvation is to the point; but we have to add that while Buddhism is indeed self-salvation, Christianity may, at least in a certain sense, also be called self-salvation. In another sense, Buddhism, too, teaches the salvation of mankind, not through self-exertion, but through the light of Buddha.

Mr. Voigt is a Protestant and a Lutheran; therefore he presses the point that we are justified not through our own deeds, but through God's grace who takes compassion on us. To Lutherans it will be interesting to know that there is a kind of Protestant sect among the Buddhists (and they are the most numerous and influential sect in Japan), the Shin-Shiu, who insist on salvation *sola fide*, through faith alone, with the same vigor as did Luther. They eat meat and fish, and their priests marry as freely as Evangelical clergymen. The statement made by A. Akamatsu for presentation at the World's Religious Parliament and published in leaflets by the Buddhist Propagation Society declares:

"Rejecting all religious austerities and other action, giving up all the idea of self-power, we rely upon Amita Buddha with the whole heart, for our salvation in the future life, which is the most important thing: believing that at the moment of putting our faith in Amita Buddha, our salvation is settled. From that moment, invocation of his name is observed to express gratitude and thankfulness for Buddha's mercy; moreover, being thankful for the reception of this doctrine from the founder and succeeding chief priests whose teachings were so benevolent, and as welcome as light in a dark night: we must also keep the laws which are fixed for our duty during our whole life."

Replace the words "Amita Buddha" by "Jesus Christ" and no Lutheran of the old dogmatic type would make any serious objection to this formulation of a religious creed.

Let us now turn to points on which Mr. Voigt fails to do justice to Buddhism, not because he means to be unfair, but because he is absolutely unable to understand the Buddhistic doctrines.

Buddhism in Mr. Voigt's opinion is full of contradictions, for "the idea of retribution can no longer be upheld if there is no ego-unit" (p. 23), and "the standard of Christian morality is God, but Buddhism, ignoring God, has no such standard of morality" (p. 43). Voigt maintains:

"He who denies the living God, must consistently deny also the living soul—of course, not the soul as mental life, the existence of which through our experience is sufficiently guaranteed, but the soul as the unit and the personal centre of all mental life. In this sense Buddhism denies the existence of a soul" (p. 22).

Why can the idea of retribution no longer be upheld if the soul is a unification and not a metaphysical soul-unit? Why can Buddhism have no standard of morality, if Buddha's conception of moral authority is not that of a personal being, but that of an immanent law in analogy with natural laws and in fact only an application of the law of cause and effect? It is the same misconception which we found in Mr. Spence Hardy's arguments, when he said "There is no law, because there is no law-giver."

Adolph Thomas, another German clergyman, criticises Buddhism in a lecture which he delivered in various cities of North America. It bears the title "A Sublime Fool of the Good Lord." The lecture is a curious piece of composition, for it is a glowing tribute to Buddha's greatness and at the same time a vile jeer at his religion. Here is a translation of its best passages:

"I will show unto you, dear friends, a sublime fool of the Almighty. Miniature copies you will find, not a few in the large picture gallery of the world's history. I show you a colossal statue. It represents Shâkyamuni, the founder of the first universal religion, to whom the admiring generations of after-ages gave the honoring title of *Buddha*, i. e. the Enlightened One. Out of the dawn of remote antiquity, through the mist of legendary lore, his grand figure looms up to us, belated mortals, lofty as the summit of the Himalayas towering into the clouds above. He stands upon the heights of Oriental humanity, his divine head enveloped by the clouds of incense, sending his praise upwards from millions of temples. The equal rival of Jesus Christ cannot be otherwise than sublime.

"Buddha possesses that soul-stirring sublimity which wins the hearts with a double charm, by the contrast of natural dignity and voluntary humiliation, of nobility of mind and kindness of soul. This son of a king, who stretches forth his hand to the timid and rag-covered Tshandala girl, saying: 'My daughter, my law is a law of grace for all men,' appears at once as winning souls and as commanding respect. The cry of woe with which he departs from the luxurious royal chambers, full of sweet music and pleasures of the table, full of the beauty of women and the joys of love; 'Woe is me! I am indeed upon a charnal field!' thrills the very soul. The alms-begging hermit, to whose sublime mind royal highness was too low, the splendors of court too mean, the power of a ruler too small, must have inspired with reverence even the gluttonous and amorous epicurean. A prince who was capable of mortifying soul and body by retirement, fasting, and meditation during six long years to find a deliverance from the ocean of sorrows for all sentient beings, bears indeed the stamp of those staunch and mighty men of character, who are able to sacrifice everything for an idea. 'Son constant heroisme,' says the latest French biographer of the ancient founder of Buddhism, concerning his character, 'égale sa conviction. Il est le modèle achevé de tous les vertus qu'il prêché.'

"Buddha towers above the ordinary teacher not less by his intellectual geniality, than by his moral excellence. Five hundred years before the birth of Christ did this far-seeing thinker anticipate the most far-reaching views in the field of natural sciences and the freest social advances of the nineteenth century. This very ancient saint of the interior of Asia was a champion of free thought and liberty after the most modern conception. He looked at the world with the unsophisticated eye of a scientist of our days, seeing in it a chain of causes and effects in continuous change, birth and

death, forever repeating themselves, or perhaps with the short-sightedness of a fashionable materialist, seeing in it nothing but the product of matter which to him exists exclusively. A priest of humanity centuries before a Christ and Paul broke through the barriers of the Jewish ceremonial service, thousands of years before a Lessing and Herder preached the newly discovered gospel of pure humanity, Buddha revealed to the people of India and China, to Mongolians, Malayans, the never-heard-of truth that upon the earth and in heaven humanity alone had merit.

"The moral code of Buddhism has given a purer expression to natural morality and has kept it more free from natural prejudices and religious admixtures than any of the later religions.

"Buddha already held high the banner of philanthropic sympathy, which is perhaps the acknowledged symbol of modern ethics, and before which in our times even the arms of war give way. The humane demand that capital punishment be abolished, which Christianity only now, after nineteen centuries begins to emphasise, had already been realised in Buddhistic countries shortly after the death of the founder of their religion. And in regard to his efforts upon the field of social policy, I venture to call the reformer of India the boldest champion who has ever fought for the holy cause of liberty; for the tyranny, which he fought—that of the Brahman castes—was the most outrageous violation of the rights man, and he, that fought it, was—according to the legend—the descendant of an oriental dynasty which was of course, as every one of them, a sneer upon the liberty of the people.

"Sublime in his *earthly career* by his personal worth, Buddha has still been more elevated in his *immortality* by the extent and power of his historical effects. He is one of the spiritual kings, whose kingdom is without end and whose train-bearers are nations. The dark chasm of oblivion into which two thousand years have sunk, has not even dimmed his memory. Following the track of the victorious sun, his illustrious name has appeared like a brilliant meteor to us also, the inhabitants of the Far West, the sons of Europe and America. He who is adored like a god by three hundred and seventy millions of people in Asia, took captive also not a few strong minds of the German civilised countries. Philosophers and poets like Schopenhauer and Kinkel worshipped at his shrine.

"His words sound in our ears, also, like words of authority. The dignified pathos that pervades them conquers the souls.

'Not even feasting with the gods
Brings rest unto the truly wise;
Who's wise indeed doth but rejoice
That no desires within him rise.'

"The sublimity that lies in his description of his blessed Nirvâna is affecting: 'I have attained unto the highest wisdom, I am without desires, I wish for nothing; I am without selfishness, personal feeling, pride, stubbornness, enmity. Until now I was full of hatred, passion, error, a slave of conditions, of birth, of age, of sickness, of grief, of pain, of sorrow, of cares, of misfortune. May many thousands leave their homes, live as saints, and after they have lived a life of meditation and discarded lust be born again.'

"From the sublime to the ridiculous there is but one step. I must laugh when I think of a group of three Japanese idols. This stone monument from the history of Buddhism appears as a comically disgusting caricature of the Christian trinity.

"Here a striking connexion comes to the surface. A despiser of the gods became the forerunner of worshippers of idols; Buddha's doctrine of liberty brought in its train the tyranny of priests, his enlightened views, superstition; his humanity, the empty ceremonies of sacerdotal deceivers. His attempt at education and emancipation of the people without a god was followed by a period of a senseless and stupefying subjugation of the people; a striking contrast and lamentable failure indeed!

"What an irony of fate. Fate had different intentions from

Buddha and forced Buddha to do that which was contrary to what he intended. Like a hunted deer which falls into the net of those from whom it fled, like a deceived fool who accomplishes foreign aims against his will and knowledge, thus India's sublime prince of spirits lies before us, adjudged by the power of fate from which no one can escape. One is reminded of the Jewish poetry of old: 'He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh, the Lord shall have him in derision.' In derision did he, who governs the fates of men, place the fool's cap upon that noble head. The comedies of Aristophanes are praised, because a bitter seriousness is heard in their droll laughter. The great author of the world's drama has after all composed a far better satire than the best comic poet of this earth. The monster tragi-comedy, *Buddha and Buddhism*, which he wrote into the chronicles of the world, moves not only the diaphragm, but the heart also."

The rest of Mr. Thomas's lecture consists of caustic complaints on the increase of atheism in Christian countries. Natural science, he says, is materialistic. Schopenhauer's pessimism is gaining ascendancy in philosophy, and theology tends either to the infidel liberalism of D. Fr. Strauss or favors a reaction that will strengthen the authority of the Pope. Everywhere extremes! He concludes one of his harangues:

"It darkens! We are Buddhists and not Christians. . . . Bless us, O Shâkyamuni Gautama, 'master of cows'—which is the literal translation of 'Gautama.' Why did your worshippers not call you 'master of oxen'?"

Strange that one who ridicules Buddha cannot help extolling him in the highest terms of admiration. Mr. Thomas sets out with the purpose of calling Buddha a fool, but the subject of his speech and the greatness of the founder of Buddhism carry him along so as to change his abuse into an anthem of praise. He is like Balaam, who went out to curse Israel but cannot help blessing it. And what can he say against Buddha to substantiate his harsh judgment? The same that can be said against Christ, for the irony of fate is not less apparent in the history of the un-Christian-like Christian church than in the development of the un-Buddha-like Buddhism.

The same objections again and again! Buddha was an atheist and denied the existence of the soul. The truth is that while the Buddhist terminology radically differs from the Christian mode of naming things, the latter being more mythological, both religions agree upon the whole in ethics, and the spirit of their doctrines is more akin than their orthodox representatives, who cling to the letter of the dogma, are aware of.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"SARAH GRAND'S ETHICS."

To the Editor of *The Open Court*:

I REGRET that I have but just had an opportunity to read Mr. T. Bailey Saunders's article on "Sarah Grand's Ethics" in *The Open Court* of April 4, in which he criticises my comments on *The Heavenly Twins* in an earlier number; but I have very little to say by way of reply. Those who know me will be rather

amused at my being put down as one of the ninety-nine people out of a hundred who think that morality has reference chiefly to the relations between the sexes; I will confess, however, that I do regard it as an important part of morality, perhaps as rather more important than it appears to be in the eyes of Mr. Saunders. It is interesting to me to observe that Mr. Saunders thinks that an innocent young girl of nineteen, who, as her mother said, "knew nothing of the world," should yet be expected to have her suspicions about "a big, blond man [of thirty-eight] with a heavy moustache" as a person hardly likely to have "lived so long without some unmentionable experiences." This taking for granted of certain things by English gentlemen is, I suppose, a part of the sad and brutal fact against which Sarah Grand makes her protest.

As to Evadne's way of solving the ethical problem with which she was confronted, it was in part noble and in part weak. The noble element in it was the rebellion; the weak part was the consenting afterward to live in the same house with her husband. It was the former act I admired; it was the only thing about which I used any language of approval. But Mr. Saunders's language leads one to suppose that the solution of the problem which I admired was the "deciding to live in her husband's house, she to be his wife only in name."

Of Sarah Grand's personality or other writings I knew nothing. I wrote of her simply as the author of *The Heavenly Twins*. I am obliged to say that Mr. Saunders's article makes me think all the more that the book was called for, whatever its faults or one-sidedness.

WILLIAM M. SALTER.

RECENT PSYCHOLOGICAL LITERATURE.

IT WOULD be impossible for a reader who has not daily access to the special literature of this subject to form an idea at all adequate of the tremendous amount of work which is being done in modern psychology. It may help such a one to mention that the new *Psychological Annual* published by Messrs. Binet and Beaunis, of France, catalogues twelve hundred titles of works and articles which have been published on psychological and allied topics in the one year of 1894. The new *Psychological Index* prepared by Mr. Warren of Princeton, and Dr. Farrand of Columbia, comprises an equal number of titles, and the great German journal *Die Zeitschrift für Psychologie und Physiologie der Sinnesorgane* gives annually a bibliography of similar, if not larger, dimensions. There are at present in America alone sixteen psychological laboratories, and two special journals, *The Psychological Review* and *The American Journal of Psychology*, not to mention a host of publications on this subject which are published privately and in connexion with the various universities. Of course, in Europe the number is larger. It would be wrong to suppose, however, that the innumerable special results thus gathered are all of real positive value, or for that matter—which is also important in science—of real negative value. By far the greater proportion of the researches and results now published in the special magazines consists merely of detailed elaborations of facts already established, or of the redundant exploitation of methods which some illustrious precedent has rendered fashionable. This, however, is not a special characteristic of modern psychological research, but is true also of the work in nearly all the other sciences. It is the inevitable result of a wholesale and indiscriminate division of labor, which has its reverse but beneficent aspect in the circumstance that if there are thousands who do superfluous work, there are also a few, of a different class, whose vocation it is to put into concise, systematic form what is valuable and to render this important but limited material accessible both for philosophy and practical life. A few recent works of this general character, we propose to mention here.

We have spoken before of Prof. C. Lloyd Morgan's *Introduction to Comparative Psychology* as an exemplary work. Close upon

its publication follows his *Psychology for Teachers*,¹ for which a preface has been written, commending the work, by Mr. Fitch, one of Her Majesty's chief inspectors of training-colleges. "My hearty commendation," says Mr. Fitch, "of this book to the serious and sympathetic consideration of such persons [teachers] does not, of course, imply an acceptance of all its psychological conclusions, as a complete and final account of the genesis of mental operations and the scientific basis of the pedagogic art. It is not desirable, in the present state of our knowledge, that any one psychological theory should be universally accepted, and regarded as orthodox. What is desirable, is that men and women who intend to consecrate their lives to the business of teaching, should acquire the habit of studying the nature of the phenomena with which they have to deal; and of finding out for themselves the laws which govern mental processes, and the conditions of healthy growth in the minds and bodies of their pupils. This book will help them much in such a study, and will do so all the more effectually, because it does not undertake to save the schoolmaster the trouble of thinking out rules and theories for himself."

It would be well if all books on this subject would approach to the example which Professor Morgan has set. The work is free from the repulsive technical jargon which infests the majority of text-books on pedagogical psychology, and is written in a simple spirited style, abounding in illustrations borrowed from all departments of life. The subjects discussed are: States of Consciousness; Association; Experience; Perception; Analysis and Generalisation; Description and Explanation; Mental Development; Language and Thought; Literature; Character and Conduct.

A book of a more special character and with different aims, but also treating of a subject fraught with significant revelations for every branch of educational science, is Prof. J. Mark Baldwin's treatise on *Mental Development in the Child and the Race*.² Professor Baldwin's work is comparatively untechnical in character and written in a terse and vigorous style, so that it will commend itself to unprofessional readers. The educational, social, and ethical implications, in which the subject abounds, the author has reserved for a second volume, which is well under way; the present treats of *methods and processes*. Having been led by his studies and experiments with his two little daughters to a profound appreciation of the genetic function of imitation, he has sought to work out a theory of mental development in the child incorporating this new insight. A clear understanding of the mental development of the individual child necessitates a doctrine of the race development of consciousness—the great problem of the evolution of mind. Accordingly Professor Baldwin has endeavored to link together the current biological theory of organic adaptation with the doctrine of the infant's development as that has been fashioned by his own wide, special researches. Readers familiar with the articles of Professor Haeckel now running in *The Open Court* will understand the import of a theory which seeks to unite and explain one by the other the psychological aspects of ontogenesis and phylogenesis. As Professor Baldwin says, it is the problem of Spencer and Romanes attacked from a new and fruitful point of view. There is no one but can be interested in the numerous and valuable results which Professor Baldwin has recorded; teachers, parents, and psychologists alike will find in his work a wealth of suggestive matter.

Prof. J. Rehmke of Greifswald, Germany, has recently published a *Text-Book on General Psychology*³ which also takes its place apart from the special treatises, and deals with broader philosoph-

ical questions. It is written to set the "Sonnagsreiter," or amateur equestrian, of psychology more firmly in his saddle. The burthen of the book lies in its treatment of the nature of the soul. The key to Professor Rehmke's view is contained in his definition of the abstract and the concrete. The abstract is the invariable, the concrete is the variable. Carrying this distinction into the realm of psychology we discover that the datum of the soul is the *concrete* consciousness, but the so-called subject is simply a *moment* of consciousness, where by "moment" is meant a *here and now* of consciousness. Professor Rehmke has also recently written a pamphlet on *Our Certainty of the Outer World*. Both books are reviewed in the April *Monist*.

* * *

Of a more rigorous and scientific character, finally, but important as belonging to the introductory studies of psychology, is Prof. Max Verworn's new *General Physiology, Rudiments of the Science of Life*, which has just appeared in German.¹ It is a portly, large octavo volume of nearly six hundred pages, and containing two hundred and sixty-eight cuts and illustrations. Despite its size, however, it treats only of fundamental questions. Modern physiology has reached a point where the *cell* must be regarded as the last hiding-place of the secrets of life. Here the work of the future is to be done. Of this general *cellular physiology*, now, Prof. Verworn has given us a comprehensive exposition, reciting ancient and modern theories, adding historical and comparative elucidations, and exhibiting the various and complex aspects of life under the new cellular-physiological points of view, in which the myriad branches of special physiology all ultimately meet. The task which Professor Verworn has set himself and which he is the first to attempt on so large a scale, is performed with credit and success. The work is very appropriately dedicated to the memory of Johannes Müller, who represented the comparative point of view in physiology with such splendid results, as justly to be regarded the greatest master of physiology which this century has produced.

T. J. McCORMACK.

¹ Jena: G. Fischer. Price, 15 marks.

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² Macmillan and Co.: New York and London. 1895. Pp. 496. Price, \$2.60.

³ L. Voss: Hamburg and Leipsic. Pp. 580.

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IN MEMORIAM—GUSTAV FREYTAG.

*Ein tüchtiges Menschenleben endet auf Erden
nicht mit dem Tode, es dauert in Gemüth
und Thun der Freunde, wie in den Gedanken
und der Arbeit des Volkes.*

Wiesbaden. 20^{te} 90.

Gustav Freytag.

GUSTAV FREYTAG died at Wiesbaden on the first of this month.

The conception of the nature and preservation of the soul in the poetical descriptions of life in his works, in combination with the teachings of modern psychology and a mechanical world-conception, is to me the affirmative solution of the question of personal immortality as preservation of form. The spreading of this view was and remains my leading motive in the publications of The Open Court Publishing Company.

EDWARD C. HEGELER.

QUOTATIONS FROM GUSTAV FREYTAG'S "LOST MANUSCRIPT."

"A noble human life does not end on earth with death. It continues in the minds and the deeds of friends, as well as in the thoughts and the activity of the nation."

[Motto for the authorised translation of *The Lost Manuscript*.]

"The soul of mankind is an immeasurable unity, which comprises every one who ever lived and worked, as well as those who breathe and produce new works at present. The soul, which past generations felt as their own, has been and is daily transmitted to others. What is written to-day may to-morrow become the possession of thousands of strangers. Those who have long ago ceased to exist in the body daily revive and continue to live in thousands of others."

"There remains attached to every human work something of the soul of the man who has produced it, and a book contains between its covers the actual soul of its author. The real value of a man to

others—the best portion of his life—remains for the generations that follow, and perhaps for the farthest future. Moreover, not only those who write a good book, but those whose lives and actions are portrayed in it, continue living among us. We converse with them as with friends and opponents; we admire or contend with, love or hate them, not less than if they dwelt bodily among us. The human soul that is inclosed in such a cover becomes imperishable on earth, and, therefore, we may say that the soul-life of the individual becomes enduring in books, and the soul which is incased in a book has an assured duration on earth."

"No one has of himself become what he is; every one stands on the shoulders of his predecessors; all that was produced before his time has helped to form his life and soul. Again, what he has produced, has in some sort formed other men, and thus his soul has passed to later times. The contents of books form one great soul-empire, and all who now write, live and nourish themselves on the souls of the past generations."

ISAIAH.

BY PROF. C. H. CORNILL.

IN THE year 722 B. C. Israel disappears, and Judah succeeds as its heir. From the time of Hosea prophecy has its existence wholly on the soil of Judah. At the head of these Judaic prophets stands Isaiah, who began his work shortly after the completion of the Book of Hosea. He is distinguished from both his predecessors by his personality and whole style of action. Whilst Amos only rages and punishes, Hosea only weeps and hopes, Isaiah is a thoroughly practical and positive character, who feels the necessity of influencing personally the destinies of his people. Evidently belonging to the highest classes—Jewish tradition makes him a priest of the King's house—he possessed and made use of his power and influence. Seated at the tiller, he guides by the divine compass the little ship of his fatherland through the rocks and breakers of a wild and stormy period.

It was the most critical period of the whole history of Judah. The question was, To be or not to be? If Judah weathered this crisis and held out for over a century, it is essentially due to the endeavors of the prophet Isaiah who knew how to make clear to his contemporaries the wondrous plan of God. In Isaiah we find for the first time a clearly thought out conception of universal history. Nothing takes place on earth but it is directed by a supramundane holy will, and has as its ulterior object the honor of God. God is all, man is nothing—thus perhaps the theology of Isaiah could be most tersely and clearly stated. God is supramundane, the all-powerful, who fills heaven and earth, the Holy One of Israel, as Isaiah loves to call Him, who proves His sanctity by His justice. Man is in His hand as clay in the hand of the potter. Even the powerful Assyrians are but the rod of His wrath, whom He at once destroys on their presuming to become more than a mere tool in the hands of God. Pride, therefore, is the special sin of man, as where he arrogates to himself the honor and glory which belong to God alone.

In one of his earliest prophecies Isaiah bursts forth like a thunderstorm over everything great and lofty that men possess and men produce. All this will be mercilessly levelled to the ground—"the lofty looks of man shall be humbled, and the haughtiness of men shall be bowed down, and the Lord alone shall be exalted in that day." On the other hand, the true virtue of man is loyal confidence in God and submission to his will. "In quietness and rest shall ye be saved; in submission and confidence shall be your strength," so does he preach to his people.

This guidance of the history of the world by a supramundane holy will, as the fulfilment of its own honor, is what Isaiah repeatedly terms "the work of God."

It is true, this work is singular, this plan is wondrous, but man must accept it and submit to it. Their blindness to it, their wilfully closing their eyes against it, is the severest reproof which the prophet brings against his people. But let us follow up his work in its single stages and see if we can understand it.

At the opening of Isaiah's theology we find the thought, "A remnant shall return." Thus had he named his eldest son, just as Hosea had given significant names to his children, and made them in a certain sense living witnesses of his prophetic preaching. Like Amos, Isaiah considers the judgment as unavoidable, but like Hosea he sees in the judgment not the end but the beginning of the true salvation. Yet in the manner in which he thinks out the realisation of this salvation, Isaiah goes his own way. He cannot think that his people is only a rabble of godless evil-doers; there must be some among them susceptible of good, and whom one can imagine as worthy of becoming citizens of the future kingdom of God, and those are the "remnant." This remnant is the "holy seed" from which the future Israel shall burst forth under God's care. Thus Isaiah sees the object of the judgment to be, the rooting out of the godless and the sinners, so that this noble remnant, which is left over, shall continue alone in the field and develop free and unhindered. And this future kingdom of God Isaiah can only picture to himself under a mundane form. This is his principal contrast to Hosea, the opposition of the Judæan to the Israelite.

In Judah, where the supremacy of the House of David had never been seriously opposed, a benign stability had prevailed in all affairs and a doctrine of legitimacy had been established, owing to a lack of which Israel was incessantly disturbed and hurried on from revolution to revolution, from anarchy to anarchy. These inestimable mundane blessings the prophet is anxious shall not be wanting in the future kingdom of God. We find in his work a very remarkable passage in which he places a religious valuation on patriotism, and acknowledges it to be both a gift and the working of the spirit of God for men to fight valiantly for their country and to repel the enemy from its imperilled borders. The future kingdom of God shall also have its judges and officials, and above all, at its head an earthly king of the House of David. But this earthly king will rule over a kingdom of peace and justice. Then will all the harnesses of the proud warriors, and the blood-stained cloaks of the soldiers be consumed as fuel of the fire. And in their place the government will be on the shoulders of a child, who shall be called "Wonderful Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace." Of the increase of peace there will be no end, and the throne of David will be established on judgment and justice for ever and ever.

And again most beautifully in another passage, which I cannot refrain from quoting in its own words :

“And there shall come forth a sprig out of the stem of Jesse and a branch shall grow out of his roots ; and the spirit of the Lord shall rest upon him, the spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of counsel and might, the spirit of knowledge and of the fear of the Lord ; the delight of whose life shall be the fear of the Lord. And he shall not judge after the sight of his eyes, neither reprove after the hearing of his ears. But with righteousness shall he judge the poor and reprove with equity for the oppressed of the earth ; and he shall smite the tyrant with the rod of his mouth, and with the breath of his lips shall he slay the wicked. And righteousness shall be the girdle of his loins, and faithfulness the girdle of his reins. The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid ; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together ; and a little child shall lead them. And the cow and the bear shall feed ; their young ones shall lie down together ; and the lion shall eat straw like the ox. And the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the cockatrice’s den. They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain ; for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea.”

How, now, shall this last design of the divine government of the world be fulfilled? The mission of Isaiah begins apparently with a shrill dissonance. As he receives the call and consecration for the office of prophet in the year of the death of Uzziah, 736 B. C., God speaks to him : “Go and tell this people, Hear ye indeed but understand not ; and see ye indeed but perceive not ! Make the heart of this people fat, and make their ears heavy, and shut their eyes ; lest they see with their eyes, and hear with their ears, and understand with their heart, and convert, and be healed.”

These words sound terrible, I might almost say godless, and nevertheless they contain a deep truth. Isaiah has clearly recognised that man can and dare not be indifferent to the good. Either he bows to the good and it becomes a blessing to him, or he hardens his heart against it, and it becomes to him a double curse. The nation as a whole is neither ripe nor ready for the future kingdom of God. And since the judgment is the necessary transition to salvation, since the quicker the judgment comes, the quicker salvation can be effected, therefore it is to the interest of both God and Israel if the sins of the latter shall speedily reach a point where judgment must ensue.

Uzziah was a vigorous ruler, whose reign of fifty-two years was a period of power and splendor for Judah. This, however, was entirely changed when in the year 735 B. C. his grandson Ahaz ascended the

throne. This young monarch was a perfect type of the Oriental despot, capricious, extravagant, profligate, cruel, acknowledging only his own will as the highest law. In his reign just such conditions prevailed in the kingdom as are described in Israel by Amos and Hosea. Outside troubles were soon to be added to this inner dissolution. Whilst the great Assyrian conqueror Tiglath-Pileser already hovered over their heads like a lowering thundercloud, the small kingdoms had in their confusion nothing better to do than to fall to blows with one another. Rezin of Damascus and Pekah of Israel took advantage of Ahaz’s weak and unpopular government and allied themselves in an attack on Judah, which they drove to such sore straits that even a siege of Jerusalem seemed imminent. Ahaz helped himself out of this dilemma by taking a desperate step. He placed himself and his kingdom voluntarily under the protection of Assyria as the price of being rescued by the Assyrians from his enemies.

Isaiah evidently knew of these machinations. One day as Ahaz was inspecting the works for the defence and fortification of Jerusalem, he publicly stepped in front of the king and implored him to rely on his good cause, and to have confidence in God, who would surely help him. As Ahaz hesitates, Isaiah says to him : “Ask thee a sign from the Lord thy God, ask it either in the depth or in the height above.” Tremendous words, a belief in God of such intensity as to appear to us men of modern times fanatical. We can hardly take umbrage, therefore, at the remark of one of the most brilliant modern interpreters of Isaiah, that the prophet had every reason for being grateful to Ahaz for his unbelief, in that he did not take him at his word and ask for the sign. And now with flaming eyes Isaiah discloses to him his shortsightedness. The means will indeed help, but at a high cost, for the decisive struggle between Assyria and Egypt will then have to take place on the soil of Judah, and thereby the country will be shaved with the razor that has been hired, namely, by them beyond the river Euphrates, and converted into a desert and a wilderness.

After that Isaiah has made Ahaz and his son responsible for all the consequences by their want of trust in God, and, knowing full well that all public labor would now be in vain, he temporarily abandons the scene, and begins a more silent task. He sets to work to form and educate the remnant which shall be left and on which depends the hope of Israel. He gathers about him a band of kindred hearts, whom he names disciples of God, “to bind up the testimony and to seal the law” for him and them.

“I am thy son and thy slave. Come up and save me from the King of Damascus and from the King of Israel,” was the fatal message sent by Ahaz to Tiglath-Pileser, who did not wait to be twice summoned, but

came at once. Israel was conquered in 734, King Pekah executed, and two-thirds of the country annexed. In 732, after three years' hard fighting, Damascus also succumbed to the Assyrian arms. King Rezin was executed and his land converted into an Assyrian province.

One may think of Ahaz as one likes. But political foresight he certainly possessed, as the issue proved. By his remaining loyal and unwavering in his unsought submission to Assyria, he brought it about that whilst one after another of the neighboring kingdoms sank, whilst war and uproar, murder and plunder raged about him, Judah remained quiet, a peaceful island on a storm-tossed sea.

Ahaz died in the year 715 B.C., and was succeeded by his son Hezekiah. Hezekiah was of a weak and wavering character. Under him the national party, which, with the assistance of Egypt, wished to shake off the Assyrian yoke, obtained the supremacy. Here, again, was work for Isaiah. At that time Assyria under Sargon, one of the most powerful of warrior-kings, and, what we must also not overlook, one of the noblest and most sympathetic of all the Assyrian rulers, was celebrating her greatest triumphs, was winning her brilliant victories, and achieving her marvellous successes. According to Isaiah, that could only have been accomplished through God, or suffered by Him; and therefore he drew the conclusion, that in conformity with God's plan the Assyrian's rôle was not yet thoroughly played out, that God still had need of him and had yet greater things in store for him. To rise against the Assyrian was rebellion against the will of God, and so Isaiah did all in his power to keep Judah quiet and guard it against foolish enterprises.

When in the year 711 B.C. the excitement was at its highest, and men were on the verge of yielding to the siren voice of Egypt, Isaiah appeared publicly in the despicable garb of a prisoner of war, as a sign that the prisoners of Egypt and Ethiopia would be led away captives in this apparel by the Assyrians. But to forestall the thought that the tremendous advance of the Assyrian Empire might after all be a serious danger to Judah, which prudence and self-preservation commanded the nation to guard against, Isaiah at this critical period establishes a dogma, which was to be of the uttermost importance for all future ages—the dogma of the inviolability of Mount Zion. There God has His dwelling on earth, His habitation; whosoever touched this, touched the personal property of God. And such an attack God could not permit; even the mighty Assyrian would dash himself to pieces against the hill of Zion, if in his impious presumption he dared to stretch out his hand against it. Isaiah really succeeded in subduing the excitement. Jerusalem remained quiet and no further steps were taken.

In the year 705 Sargon died, probably murdered by his son and successor Sennacherib. Everywhere did men rejoice, that the rod of the oppressor was broken, and they now prepared themselves with all their might to shake off the yoke. Isaiah remained firm in his warnings to undertake nothing and to leave everything in the hands of God.

This was not cowardice. On the contrary, it was the sublimest feeling of strength, the sentiment of being in God's hand, of being safe and protected by Him. This is proved by a very characteristic passage, which is one of the most powerful in all Isaiah. An embassy had come from Ethiopia to Jerusalem to solicit an alliance against Assyria, Isaiah says: "Return to your country. All ye inhabitants of the world and dwellers on the earth, see ye, when he lifteth up an ensign on the mountains, and when he bloweth a trumpet, hear ye. For so the Lord said unto me, I will take my rest, and I will consider in my dwelling-place like a clear heat upon herbs and like a cloud of dew in the heat of harvest. For afore the harvest when the bud is perfect and the sour grape is ripening in the flower, he shall both cut off the sprigs with pruning hooks, and take away and cut down the branches. They shall be left together with the fowls of the mountains, and to the beasts of the earth; and the fowls shall summer upon them, and all the beasts of the earth shall winter upon them." Then will the Ethiopians also bow down to the God, who is enthroned on Zion.

Here God plays with the Assyrian as a wild beast with his prey. He lets him have his own way, appears even to encourage him; but at the right moment He has only to strike out to stretch him lifeless on the ground.

This time, however, Isaiah was unable to stem the rising current of enthusiastic patriotism. In spite of his efforts an alliance with Ethiopia and Egypt was concluded, and Hezekiah together with all the small rulers of the neighboring lands, openly rebelled against the mighty Assyrian monarch.

Isaiah's position at this period is very curious, and apparently a very contradictory one. Nowhere does he oppose his people with greater harshness, never did he utter bitterer truths, or hurl more terrible threats against them; yet despite all he remains unmoved in his assurance that God will save Jerusalem, and not suffer it to fall into the hands of the heathen. And wonderful to say, his promise is fulfilled!

In the year 701 Sennacherib approached with a mighty army. Egypt and Ethiopia were beaten, and Judæa horribly desolated. The Assyrians robbed and plundered forty-six cities, and drove 200,150 men out of this small land of not over 1500 miles square into captivity. But the waves actually broke against the walls

of Jerusalem. The Assyrians withdrew without having accomplished their object. In the direst moment of trouble God triumphed over them and protected his city. The fate to which twenty-one years previously Israel and Samaria had succumbed, did not befall Judah and Jerusalem.

We can well imagine how the wonderful fulfilment of his prophecy must have increased the authority of the prophet. God Himself had imprinted the seal of His approval on the words of Isaiah. And this man, ever restlessly active for the welfare of his people, at once turned his success to practical profit. The Book of Kings tells us that Hezekiah reformed the worship of the nation and abolished the worst idolatrous practices in the temple at Jerusalem. We must surely imagine Isaiah as the motive power in this reform, and as the date of its carrying out we must most naturally regard the time succeeding the wonderful preservation of Jerusalem. Thus with Isaiah prophecy had become a power which exerted a decisive influence over the destinies of the people, and brought it safely and surely to blessing and to salvation.

We know nothing of the last days of Isaiah. The legend that he suffered martyrdom at an advanced age, is thoroughly unfounded, and in itself most highly improbable.

With Isaiah sank into the grave the greatest classic of Israel. Never did the speech of Canaan pour forth with more brilliant splendor and beauty than from his lips. He has a strength and power of language, a majesty and sublimity of expression, an inexhaustible richness of fitting and stirring imagery, that overwhelms the reader, nay, fairly bewilders him.

ETHICS IN NATURE.

[Prof. Wilhelm Winkler has recently published in the nineteenth annual report of the public Real-Schools of the Leopoldstadt of Vienna an essay entitled *Ethik in der Naturgeschichte*, in which he protests against the wide-spread prejudice among the authorities of Europe against natural history as a branch of education in the public schools, on the ground that it spreads materialism and fosters atheism. He offers quotations from the most prominent scientists, such as Newton, Kepler, Linnæus, Davy, Liebig, Oersted, Mädlér, and last, but not least, Goethe, in corroboration of his view that natural science, if well understood, can only serve to deepen our religious sentiments and broaden our moral sympathies. Prof. Winkler's essay is by no means a systematic investigation of the subject, but it contains several beautiful observations of nature, which he employs to point out the moral lessons that nature teaches. We propose to present our readers with an English translation of a series of brief sketches extracted from his pamphlet, of which the first is "The Wheatfield."]

THE WHEATFIELD.

Nature and civilisation have passed at all times as opposites, yet civilised man has ever felt himself powerfully attracted by nature. Whenever it is his good fortune, therefore, to shake the dust of the city

from his shoes, he wends his way almost without exception to regions in which the forms of nature's scenery are most untouched by human hands and exist in their greatest primitive variety.

And yet even the most highly cultivated land is not entirely wanting in that poetry which primitive nature instils into the wanderer's soul and which touches so profoundly his heart. Even that form of cultivated nature which is most devoid of her varied beauties—the wheatfield—affords an inexhaustible plenitude of joy and pleasure, when closely studied.

No finer, no simpler portrayal of the significance of grain in the development of human civilisation can be found than that given by an Indian chieftain in an address to his fellow-tribesmen urging the adoption of agriculture. He says:

"Know ye not that the white men live from grain whilst we live from flesh; that it takes this flesh more than thirty moons to grow in, and that it is scarce; that every one of those marvellous little grains that they scatter upon the land returns to them a hundred fold; that the meat whereof we live has four feet for flight, whereas we possess only two; that the little grains stay and grow where the white men sow them; that the winter which is for us a time of labor is for them a time of rest?"

"Therefore is their life longer than ours. I say unto you, every one that will heed me, that before the cedars of our village shall have died and the maple-trees of the valley shall have ceased to yield us sugar, the race of the grain-sowers will have rooted out the race of the flesh-eaters, unless the hunters shall resolve to sow."

But the voice of wise foresight and experience died away unheeded amid the short-sighted folly of the crowd.

"The marvellous grains of the white man," the fragile blade of wheat, that the softest breath of air can bend, has won the victory over the never-failing arrow and the unerring spear of the red man.

Not until man exchanged the hunter's bloody spear and the uncertain shepherd's staff for the plough, only since he has acquired the art of sowing and harvesting, of earning his daily bread with bloodless hands—only since a tiller of the soil has been developed out of the hunter and the shepherd, has man really become man.

The tiller of the soil founds his existence not on blind chance, but on the eternal laws of nature.

The labor and weary effort of the new mode of life soon proved more successful, according as it was found to be in harmony with the invariable workings of the forces of nature. To investigate those laws, therefore, lay directly in the interests of agriculture.

This awakened thought and rendered acute the intellect of man.

But no thought, however acute, can stir a grain of sand from its place, unless moved by the hands. Methodical, uninterrupted activity of the bodily powers of man is necessary, which makes his body strong and his mind moral. This was the weary road by which man came to understand and to solve the great problems of the race.

The unsubstantial tent gave way to the staunchly built hut. Men took up permanent abodes. Villages grew, which formed themselves into larger communities and then into states. From states the powers and virtues of the nations sprang.

Nature, accordingly, was the first instructress of man. She incited in him his first impulses to think and to acquire knowledge by experiments. From the state "Hia" onwards, which Chinese agriculturists founded two thousand four hundred years before the birth of Christ, until the present day, farmers have always been the first founders of states. In all times agriculture has been the granite rock upon which the stupendous but artificial edifice of the modern state has safely rested, and as in the past, so now, too, the might and glory of states rises and falls with the moral, physical and economical power and solidity of its tillers of the soil.

THE OAK.

A flock of blithesome starlings are scurrying over the meadows, in noisy bustle and chatter.

There, on that mighty oak, which commands the entrance into the forest ravine, they alight.

A magnificent tree, such as the artist paints as the emblem of the German nation! A tree, which is the eagle's favorite resort, and which the hero takes as his prototype.

Indestructible is its form, and seemingly planted for aye. Far out its gigantic roots extend, embracing whole rocks. Titanic is the spread of the defiant boughs that form its colossal crown.

The true and proper symbol of an unconquered people!

Indestructible? Destined for all eternity?

Secretly and unnoticed a tiny, cuddling shoot—the mistletoe—has lodged itself in the body of the unconquerable monarch, and whilst the eye of the uninitiated tourist is enchanted by the glistening green of the leaves and tendrils encompassing the knotted boughs, the experienced eye of the friend and lover of nature sinks at the sight.

He sees that the destiny of the forest giant is sealed. Branchlet succeeds branchlet, each shaping itself into a tiny tree, each forming for itself a crown. One and all, they sink their ravenous roots beneath

the bark of the towering branches, to live unlaboriously from the toilsome effort of the tree and its saps. When the wanderer returns to the spot after years have passed, he oftentimes is unable to recognise the once magnificent monarch.

Its colossal crown has nearly all vanished.

Withered, shorn, and leafless, its branches tower into the blue of heaven, swollen into gnarled and repulsive knots. On them still thrive the tiny, countless mistletoe trees, the stranglers of the forest king.

He who has so often felt the titanic power of the thunder-bolt in his limbs, undismayed, who has defied and braved unnumbered storms, is fallen a victim to this insignificant shrublet, a dwarf in the kingdom of plants.

Thousands of wood-worms now bore their tunnels in the interior of the conquered giant and complete the work of his destruction.

But will this insidious destroyer of the tree escape its victim's destiny? What has the future in store for it?

THE ANT-HILL.

Look now at those ants below us—those real favorites of the friend of nature, so simple and modest in their outward appearance, yet endowed with such rich inward bounties. Surely the methodical labor of the tiny ants and bees must seem more attractive to every thoughtful man than the light-headed antics of a butterfly, however gorgeous.

Far off in the remote suburbs of the little ant-city, the tiny creatures are wandering about in the high grass, some in groups, some entirely alone, apparently bewildered, like men lost in a forest.

Here a large body has gathered together to engage in some common work. The little animals are busied in dragging off to their dwelling a dead caterpillar—a tremendous burden for such diminutive creatures. Yet how intelligently each one of the little animals behaves in his use of his bodily strength and of the points of vantage which the character of the ground offers! How willing it is at all times to give assistance, and how patient and considerate it is towards its fellow-laborers.

There sits one of the group on a high swaying blade, like a look-out on the mast of a ship. Could it be the duty of this fellow, perhaps, to spy out the direction of the city, so as to show the way to his brothers?

But turn to the ant-hill. What a fascinating picture is there unrolled before the loving eye of the observer!

Here a band of the little animals is struggling to repair with bits of pitch and needles from the pines, the damage which the last shower has done to their habitation.

Whole attachments are changing the resting-places of the young brood. The larvæ and pupæ are being carried from the close atmosphere of the nurseries, which the shower has dampened, into the warm, salubrious air of the forest.

Could a mother treat her children more lovingly and carefully, or show more unalloyed self-denial than does every single one of these little animal "nurses"?

In the society of men such conduct is called mother's love. What is it in the society of ants?

The young people appear to be celebrating some holiday. They are plainly engaged in a joyous game.

With the fore parts of their bodies lifted, the little animals are moving hither and thither, half hopping, half skipping. Using their forefeet like hands they romp and wrestle like roguish dogs at play.

Suddenly an accident interrupts the gay scene. A gorgeous ground-beetle, pursuing his booty on the branch of an overarching pine, has forgotten in the heat of pursuit all caution, lost his equilibrium, and fallen directly in the midst of the rollicking company. At once the heedlessly romping bands are converted into bristling hosts of redoubtable warriors, ready to stake their lives for the safety of their city.

Unmindful of themselves, each one of the tiny heroes throws himself on the enemy that has disturbed the civic peace and infringed others' rights, but is physically so much their superior. Dismayed, the beetle defends himself. But the power of the giant succumbs to the unity of the dwarfs, and the next moment the intruder has taken to flight.

On the field of battle, however, several wounded warriors lie strewn. Peace again reigns in the city. But the truculent, redoubtable defenders of the domestic rights are now become so many kind Samaritans, who seem to think only of their wounded comrades.

Disinterestedly they feel the wounds of their unfortunate fellow-combatants, raise the invalids carefully on high by means of their mandibles and carry them gently into the inner apartments, where they receive the proper care. Soon everything again goes its wonted course. Every one of the little citizens again pursues his customary employment.

Such a noble deed, thinks the observer, must be rewarded. A small bit of sugar, which has been left over from breakfast, is crushed between the fingers and let fall on the little people like the shower of manna on the children of Israel in the desert.

At first there is consternation. The white grains are felt by the antennæ, tested by the jaws, examined and tasted by the tongue. The lively play of the antennæ and the peculiar hopping motions of the little animals are evidence of the joy that now possesses them. Thinking of themselves last, a number of them

hasten into the interior of the common habitation. From all sides and from all the gates of the city the invited guests now pour forth to receive their portion of the unanticipated donation.

Magnificent qualities, the observer thinks. These little animals have really a heart, but not an anatomical heart only, like many of their human counterparts, but a heart that finds a living expression in sentiment and sacrifice, in pity and compassion. In this society no vile greed is discoverable, no avarice, no heartless striving to take from others necessities, merely to accumulate for oneself a superfluity.

Here no brutal struggle for existence is to be found, but everywhere we meet with joyous help throughout all life.

Restlessly and unwearingly they discharge their duties. Where, in the city of the ants, are hatred and envy, bickering and quarrels, struggle and confusion to be found?

Are we not immediately reminded here of the words of the great Goethe, which Eckermann has transmitted to us:

"If God did not ensoul the bird with this almighty instinct towards its young, and if the same tendency did not run through all the life of nature, the world could not subsist.

"But, as it is, the divine power is everywhere present, and eternal love everywhere active."

The prolonged whistling of a locomotive emerging from the valley imparts another direction to the naturalist's train of thought. Involuntarily the eye follows the railway train as it slowly enters the little city at the base of the mountain. There one place succeeds another, and between them the mighty factory-chimneys tower. Infinite are the lines of the villages, and the farthest appears to the eye not much larger than our little city of ants.

There below men dwell. They, too, have gathered together in States in all the countries of the earth. But men regard *self-seeking* as the sole motive power of animate nature, and exalt egotism as the only durable bond of all human associations.

In the rapine and murder of unsocially living animals they fancy they discover a scientific justification of their doctrines, and like these they fight with their brothers the battle for existence. *They have forgotten to study the life of social animals.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

SECTS AND THE CHURCH OF SCIENCE.

To the Editor of The Open Court:

In your issue of No. 388 you state: In my zeal for the name of truth there is a great "danger of narrowness. The Religion of Science should be broad, its representatives must be just towards others, and the movement ought to come as a fulfilment of all religious aspirations, not as their destruction." There is no danger

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of narrowness where truth is authority. By truth we are forced to be just toward all; for the truth is, all mankind in their differentiated religions and secular aspects are specific evolutions from the same cosmic root. There is no narrowness here. This is scientific monism pure and simple. But while this doctrine of the assembly of science is thus broad in regard to all religious and secular sects, it is just toward them when it declares, also, that sectarianism is not based on truth. Therefore, disciples of sect are not disciples of truth. Sectarianism is based on superstition—something adapted to humanity in the place of truth—the milk, not the strong meat—which had of necessity to come first, owing to the weakness of mankind.

While the scientific reform movement will come as a fulfillment of all true human aspirations for a solid base upon which to rest, yet it will be destructive to all formulated creeds, both religious and secular.

The true kernels will remain, but the shells will crumble away. Mankind will be justified, but their creeds and tenets will suffer loss. The Church of Science will be built upon a foundation quite the opposite to that of religion, that is, ecclesiasticism. It will be reared upon the indomitable rock of monism with truth for authority. The fundamental question, therefore, is, "what is truth?" The border-line between truth and error must be crossed; a definite stand must be taken for the unification of the whole human race; the authority of truth must prevail in order to bring about peace on earth and good-will among men.

"WHAT IS TRUTH?"

To Pilate's question, "What is truth?"

There was no answer given.
From then till now, to find it out,
Philosophers have striven,
Yet in two words it can be told;
When said, nought else remains,
For every creed is swept away
By the two words, God reigns.

Philosophers have viewed mankind
As free from Nature's laws;
Hence reason has been handicapped
And held between the jaws
Of mystical Antithesis,
Where it would always stay,
If evolution had not come
To drive the spell away,

And show us by induction true,
Without a flaw or stain,
That as forms can't evolve themselves
It's clear that God must reign.
With premise, then, that God does reign,
'Tis an objective fact
That every sect was born of Him
To act and interact

In evolution's mighty stream,
Till unity is found;
Based on the mighty power of God,
The only truthful ground.
Let all strife die, let peace be born;
Let man not hate his brother,
For God, the Power within, is Lord,
There can't be any other.

The atheists, agnostics, and unbelievers, so called, have their places in the onworking of intellectual evolution. Atheists pronounce against the superstition of anthropomorphism, agnostics teach presumptive dogmatists to be modest, and unbelievers show believers where they are mistaken. Where error abounds, all such critics are necessary. In keeping your columns open for all, you are doing a noble work, without which progress would be impossible, so that if you lose some in theory you will gain in relative position. Truth does not fear criticism. Superstition must build a sectarian wall around it, it has no other defence. Again I say, there is no narrowness here. JOHN MADDOCK.

BOOK NOTICES.

Among the most attractive of Macmillan & Co.'s announcements is that of their "Illustrated Standard Novels,"—a series of reprints of famous English works of fiction. An introduction by a critic of acknowledged competence will be contributed to each, and all will be illustrated by prominent artists. The first volume contains *Castle Rackrent* and *The Absentee* by Maria Edgeworth.

The latest number of the *Nachrichten* of the Royal Society of Sciences in Göttingen, Mathematico-physical Department, contains several articles of interest to physicists and mathematicians. J. R. Schütz contributes "A Complete and General Solution of the Fundamental Problem of the Potential Theory" and "An Extension of Maxwell's Law of the Distribution of Velocities, etc., from Hertz's Principle of the Straightest Path"; R. Dedekind gives an article "On the Foundations of the Ideal Theory," and H. Burkhardt some remarks "On the Investigations Concerning the Foundations of Geometry." The number is particularly rich, (Göttingen: Dieterich). We have also received in this department from Prof. H. Schubert of Hamburg two tracts on *n*-dimensional space and on a new proposition in the theory of numbers. (Leipzig: B. G. Teubner.)

The Open Court Publishing Company has just issued a second edition of their authorised English translation of Th. Ribot's *Dis-eases of Personality*. The translation of this edition has been revised throughout, and embodies all the additions and corrections made by the author in the latest (fourth) French edition of the work. All obtainable references have been verified, the numerous citations from English works have been recompiled and given in the words of the originals, and an analytical index has been added which will greatly enhance the value of the book for students. Professor Ribot's works form delightful introductions to the study of psychology, while the concise style of the author and his lucid *résumés* will save the reader no end of time in becoming acquainted with the latest results of this broad field of research. (Pages, 164. Price: cloth, 75 cents; paper, 25 cents.)

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MR. BALFOUR'S "FOUNDATIONS OF BELIEF."

BY GEORGE M. MCCRIE.

It is a remarkable coincidence that the two foremost figures now in the arena of British politics—Mr. Gladstone, the Prime Minister of the past, and Mr. Arthur Balfour, the Prime Minister of the future—should, in the literary world, be simultaneously engaged in the self-same task—that of the defence of the Christian faith. Brought up in widely different schools,—the one, an Anglican High Churchman, the other a Scotch Presbyterian; the one, versed in patristic lore, a lover of traditionalism, and a keen sacerdotalist; the other, every inch a sturdy Protestant, but with a strong dash of that metaphysicism which no educated Scotsman ever wholly lacks—these men, otherwise so diverse in opinion, agree in rebuking so-called "Godless Science," and in advocating a practical reversion, on the part of the thinking world, to the faith once delivered to the saints. Singular, that two writers, starting from wholly opposite premises, should practically reach the same conclusion;—more singular still, that men of such undoubted ability and sincerity, in the face of all the advance of modern thought, religious, scientific, and philosophic, should be found to counsel a virtual submission of reason to authority!

Yet such is the case. Mr. Gladstone's closing years are to be devoted, we are told, to this supreme endeavor. Already, in his past controversy with Professor Huxley, as in a presently appearing article, in a popular American edition of the Scriptures, he has counselled what amounts to a practical retrogression in modern thought—a more or less literal adhesion to the Old and New Testament writings, as the only "rule of faith and manners." And now Mr. Balfour, similarly persuaded, takes the field somewhat after the fashion of Berkeley, and, with Berkeley's own idealistic weapon, seeks to rout the forces of naturalism, agnosticism, and scientific "Godlessness," even as the worthy Bishop sought in his day and by a similar method, to dispose summarily of all deists, Hobbists, and infidels. In lifting the Excalibur of idealism, Mr. Balfour handles a trenchant blade, but it is a two-edged one, which turns every way. It will perhaps be found that, as in Berkeley's case, the weapon he

uses may turn against himself, destroying the self-same conclusion which it was invoked to defend.

Mr. Balfour's latest work, *The Foundations of Belief*,¹ is a suggestive and significant one, but it is neither bracing nor stimulating. Indeed, the author's tone throughout seems to us to be one of profound intellectual weariness. It is the confession of a more or less ignoble intellectual surrender; the *Apologia* of a lesser Newman, at the turning of the ways between reason and faith. It is noteworthy as the contribution of a brilliant essayist to the endless controversy between ecclesiasticism and science, but its note is not a jubilant one—it is one which evidences a tired brain, a mind which flags before the supreme problems of life, and which is fain to hark back upon the affirmations of a creed outworn, as being, after all said and done, perhaps as good and true as any other. Such moods, born partly of weariness, partly of intellectual satiety, are not unfamiliar to even the bravest spirits among us. But in such cases they are transitory;—they pass away with the moment of mental, or bodily, languor which begot them. In Mr. Balfour's case, the mood has become habitual, even chronic. In effect, what he says may be summed up in this inconsequent proposition:

"Since all we know is that nothing can be known, why not revert to the, at all events time-honored, belief in a Living and Personal Deity, as our Creator, Sustainer, and Eternal Home? Since such a belief is, to say the least, just as likely to be well founded as any other—since, indeed, the probability lies faintly in favor of such a hypothesis, as explaining many otherwise insoluble life problems, why not entertain it?"

This shows a tone and a temper impatient and dissatisfied with the slow and gradual, though assured, march of modern science, and eager to find the solid rock of certainty here and now beneath its feet, at whatever hazards. It is a tone and a temper, however, which will fascinate many. Mr. Balfour's Gospel is just the one to suit those who are too indolent and careless to search personally for the truth which makes free. It will help to pacify the timid religionist, zealous for the infallibility of the Biblical testimony, and trembling for the Ark of God. It will be

¹ *The Foundations of Belief: Being Notes Introductory to the Study of Theology.* By the Right Honorable Arthur James Balfour, M.P. London: Longmans. 1895. Price, 12s 6d.

popular—such orthodox utterances of famous men always are. But for all that it has not the ring of honest conviction in it; there is nothing of serious purpose or of strenuous endeavor in its half-hearted pleading—nothing of nobility, nothing of truth!

At the very outset this modern Defender of the Faith makes some notable slips. His book is mainly an arraignment of what he calls "naturalism." The first part of the volume consists of chapters on Naturalism and Ethics, Naturalism and Æsthetics, and Naturalism and Reason. What, then, it may be asked, is "naturalism"? Naturalism, in Mr. Balfour's sense, is the persuasion that we know phenomena, and the laws governing them, but nothing more. But, as Professor Huxley well remarks, in the first part of his criticism of the volume in the *Nineteenth Century*: "Mr. Balfour appears to restrict the term 'phenomena' to those which constitute the subject-matter of the natural sciences, mental states not being reckoned among them,"—i. e. the province of psychology, and hence of consciousness. The attack is really made against agnosticism; "and agnosticism," continues Professor Huxley, "has not necessarily anything to do with naturalism, properly so called." Moreover, "If the 'natural science' of Mr. Balfour is unlike anything known to men of science, it follows that the view of 'naturalism' founded upon it, and the conception of empiricism and agnosticism, which are counted among the forms of naturalism, are equally non-existent."¹

As a consequence of this grave initial blunder, Mr. Balfour does not fight all along the line of the Christian defences. His apologetic is really powerless against those systems of modern thought which take their stand on the newest results in the fields of physics, psychology, and philosophy, and which erect thereon a consistent and reasoned belief as to man's place and purpose in the economy of the universe, his evolution from primordial elements, and his necessary immortality, in conformity with the laws of heredity and of the conservation of matter and energy. All this Mr. Balfour evades. "Godless science," with him, is the foe to be vanquished, and he can decry none other in the field. Believers in [material] phenomena solely, and agnostic as regards everything else, have their moral sentiments naturally depraved. Hence the following passages *inter alia* :

"Kant, as we all know, compared the moral law to the starry heavens, and found them both sublime. It would, on the naturalistic hypothesis, be more appropriate to compare it to the protective blotches on the beetle's back, and to find them both ingenious.

"If naturalism be true—or rather, if it be the whole truth—

¹ *Nineteenth Century*, March, 1895. In the April number Professor Huxley does not continue his criticism. It will probably be resumed in the following issue.

is morality but a bare catalogue of utilitarian precepts, beauty but the chance occasion of a passing pleasure, reason but the dim passage from one set of unthinking habits to another? All that gives dignity to life, all that gives value to effort, shrinks and fades under the pitiless glare of a creed like this; and even curiosity, the hardest among the nobler passions of the soul, must languish under the conviction, that, neither for this generation nor for any that shall come after it, neither in this life nor in another, will the tie be wholly loosened by which reason, not less than appetite, is held in hereditary bondage to the service of our material needs."

Reason, Mr. Balfour maintains, is very much over-estimated. All the important things of life are done without its aid. The subordinate part which it plays in the conduct of life is, however, more fully dwelt upon under the heading of the province of authority. Lastly, under this section, the morality of naturalism [by which we presume the writer to mean agnosticism] is parasitic in character. Illustrating his meaning by speaking of the parasite which lives, and can live only, within the bodies of more highly organised animals, he adds :

"So it is with those persons who claim to show, by their example, that naturalism is practically consistent with the maintenance of ethical ideals with which naturalism has no natural affinity. Their spiritual life is parasitic; it is sheltered by convictions which belong, not to them, but to the society of which they form a part; it is nourished by processes in which they take no share. And when these convictions decay, and these processes come to an end, the alien life which they have maintained can scarce be expected to outlast them."

All that need be said regarding this illustration is that it is not in the best of taste, that it is not, by any means, original, and that it conveys a truism, it being an accepted fact Christianity has invariably claimed a monopoly of all the virtues.

SOME REASONS FOR BELIEF.

Such is the title of the second part of the volume. After what has just been said in depreciation of the functions of reason, it seems a little odd to appeal to the reasoning faculty as having any share in the decision of the question.

Scientific data are assailed with the weapons of idealism, with the view of showing that of all things the testimony of the senses is the least reliable, as being prone to error. Science itself contradicts the popular view, ex. gr. that a green tree is standing in the next field, by its own explanation of the complex series of facts which such an impression really represents. The "red" is not in the rose, it is a sensation produced in ourselves, and so on. Hence, he says—speaking of naturalism :

"We can hardly avoid being struck by the incongruity of a scheme of belief whose premises are wholly derived from witnesses admittedly untrustworthy, yet which is unable to supply any criterion, other than the evidence of these witnesses themselves, by which the character of their evidence can in any given case be determined."

This statement is a singular distortion of admitted physical and psychological facts. It shows to what straits Mr. Balfour is put in order to reduce *reasoned* scientific conclusions to a minimum. Solely on the ground that physical phenomena have often a surface appearance at variance with their scientifically ascertained reality, the testimony of the senses is denounced as "untrustworthy"! Why, one would think that the self-same senses have played their part in the correct interpretation—the required scientific correction—of the surface appearance! It would be quite as logical for our author to argue that the "rising" and "setting" of the sun is an erroneous and thoroughly misleading conclusion. Yet are we not content to speak of the sun as doing so, supplying, if need be, mentally, the correct explanation of the phenomenon which science teaches? In the same way science instructs us regarding the true rationale of the appearance of the green tree in the field: only, as Clifford somewhere says, "we cannot be pedantic all day," so we are content to use the ordinary phrase and to assert that the tree, in all its greenness and other qualities, exists where we see it. So it does, for all practical purposes. There is nothing definitely "erroneous" in such a judgment. Being, however, not a single judgment, but rather a synthesis of many interdependent judgments, it is capable of analysis, that is all.

Mr. Balfour, however, presses the point still further, he says:

"Anything which would distribute *similar* green rays on the retina of my eyes, in the same pattern as that produced by the tree, or anything which would produce a *like* irritation of the optic nerve, or *like* modification of the cerebral tissues, would produce an impression of a tree quite indistinguishable from the original impression, but it would be wholly incorrect."

This would be an ingenious argument, if it were not an erroneous one! The catch lies in the words which we italicise in the above extract. Expressions such as *similar*, *like*, *the same as*, etc., ought always to be employed with the utmost care in argument, and with a precise understanding arrived at, as to the sense in which they are so used. If by "similar," in the above quotation, Mr. Balfour means *identical*, and by "like," *the same as*, then assuredly his argument is faulty. For the self-same retinal image, optic nerve irritation, and changes in cerebral tissue would, if repeated, only produce the self-same impression which would not be "incorrect," but wholly accurate—in other words, would represent the self-same tree! All the elements which go to form the perceptual synthesis which we cognise as a green tree being present once more, the original synthesis would again exist necessarily. If, on the other hand, by the words "similar" and "like" in the above extract is meant only *something approaching to*, or *very nearly the same as*,

then the impression generated would not be that of the tree as formerly viewed, and accordingly it would not be "indistinguishable," but, on the contrary, quite distinguishable "from the original impression." In either case, Mr. Balfour's argument falls.

SOME CAUSES OF BELIEF.

Under this heading, which comprises Part III of the volume, we have a systematic exaltation of authority at the expense of reason. Authority, with Mr. Balfour, stands for that grasp of non-rational causes, moral, social, and educational, which produces its results by psychic processes, other than reason. There are many instances in point. But the objection here is, that, in many cases—the great majority of cases, indeed—in which we act without fully reasoning out the conclusions arrived at, reasoning though behind the scenes is nevertheless the virtually controlling power. I find a summons from a coroner on my table, commanding my presence, in the capacity of a jurymen, at a certain place and date. I instinctively obey the summons, postponing all other engagements in order to do so. But do I act, in such a case, from a blind submission to the coroner's authority, as Mr. Balfour would have it? Not at all. My sense of the imperative nature of the summons is made up, in the last recess, of various previously reasoned-out convictions: ex. gr., the power of the coroner to summon me; my duty to the State, and as a citizen; my knowledge of the penalty for non-attendance, and that I have no valid ground on which to be exempted from serving. All this is a very different matter from blind acquiescence. It is a perfectly reasoned-out process, even though I may not repeat the several steps of it. At the last moment, I may elect not to serve, and to pay the fine for non-attendance, a stronger motive having meanwhile predominated. Nine-tenths of our daily duties are similarly actuated by previously reasoned-out convictions, and such convictions, so stereotyped as to become almost instinctive, really give evidence, not of automatism, or of submission to authority, but of reason *in excelsis*.

Instead of authority ruling, as Mr. Balfour puts it, in the provinces of ethics and politics, science and social life, we would substitute a complex process of what might be called *abbreviated reasoning*. No man dreams of questioning a scientific premise laid down by an eminent savant, on the ground that the experiment has not been verified by himself. It is on the ground of the standing of the savant that it is taken for granted that his experiment has been genuinely tested. Such a one, we know, would not, for the sake of his own reputation alone, hazard a deception. By a process of reasoning identical with or akin to this, we, accordingly, accept his statement on trust. Should

the standing, or *bona fides*, of the scientific man be thereafter seriously impugned, we distrust his after-results—nay, may reject them wholly. All through, the balance of reason continually weighs the *pro* and *con*. Blind submission to authority, on the other hand, believes the impossible, the incredible, even like Tertullian, believes in it “because it is impossible”! Thus taking statements on trust, after deliberation, is like the system of credit in business. Legitimately safe-guarded, it is indispensable in the interests of progress and expansion. We accept many things, on the testimony of those whom we judge to be reliable, which we have neither the time, nor the opportunity, to verify for ourselves. Mr. Balfour, however, slumps all these cases under one heading—that of authority. According to this criterion, the use of a table of logarithms would be a submission of our reason to the authority of the compiler!

SUGGESTIONS TOWARDS A PROVISIONAL PHILOSOPHY.

Here are Mr. Balfour's “three or four broad principles which emerge from the discussion at this stage.” We append a brief comment on each:

1. “It seems beyond all question that any system which, with our present knowledge, and it may be, our existing faculties, we are able to construct, must suffer from obscurities, from defects of proof, and from incoherencies. Narrow it down to bare science—and no one has seriously proposed to reduce it farther—you will still find all three, and in plenty.”

This is simply an assertion, denied by nobody, of the necessary limitations of present-day human knowledge. But the same human knowledge is hourly increasing!

2. “No unification of belief, of the slightest theological value, can take place on a purely scientific basis—on a basis, I mean, of induction from particular experiences, whether ‘external’ or ‘internal.’”

The expression “theological value” is puzzling. What does Mr. Balfour mean by it? Is it that what is theologically true may be inaccurate scientifically?

3. “No philosophy, or theory of knowledge (epistemology), can be satisfactory which does not find room within it for the quite obvious, but not sufficiently considered, fact that, so far as empirical science can tell us anything about the matter, most of the proximate causes of belief, and all its ultimate causes, are non-rational in their character.”

The “proximate causes” of belief are guaranteed to us by the testimony of consciousness itself, which, so far from being “non-rational,” is the only source of knowledge which we possess. The “ultimate causes,” again, though hypothetical in character, such as ether, atom, vibration, undulation, etc., are far from being non-rational, on that account. They are hypotheses which coincide with the rest of our natural knowledge, and are therefore to be accepted as working hypotheses until disproved or displaced,

4. “No unification of beliefs can be practically adequate which does not include ethical beliefs as well as scientific [sic] ones; nor which refuses to count among ethical beliefs, not merely those which have reference to moral commands, but those, also, which make possible moral sentiments, ideals, and aspirations, and which satisfy our ethical needs. Any system, which when worked out to its legitimate issues, fails to effect this object, can afford no permanent habitation for the spirit of man.”

Moral sentiments, ideals, and aspirations are all capable of scientific embodiment in a scientific religion, having the moral as well as the physical needs of man fully in view.

All this contention, however, on Mr. Balfour's part, leads up to his pet theory that every need of man is bound to receive its “satisfaction” in the universal plan. Starting from the scientist's need to postulate the ideas of heat, matter, motion, etc., he insists that it is equally legitimate, when working in a region not less real to postulate the existence of a real authority operating in the affairs of the universe—in other words, the existence of a final cause, a rational author!

He says:

“Compare, for example, the central truth of theology—‘There is a God’—with one of the fundamental presuppositions of science (itself a generalised statement of what is given in ordinary judgments of perception), ‘There is an independent material world.’ I am myself disposed to doubt whether so good a case can be made out for accepting the second of these propositions, as can be made out for accepting the first. . . . Consider, for example, this question, ‘What is a material thing?’ Nothing can be plainer till you consider it; nothing can be obscurer when you do.”

Now, most persons would think that although the idea of that objective something which we call “a material thing,” while strictly and scientifically definable, leads, in the last analysis, to not a little ambiguity, the idea of God stands on a somewhat different footing. The latter is not given to us in the form of a percept. It is not ours, conceptually, in the sense of a recognised percept, it is wholly, and solely, a complex and variable product of the imagination which

“Bodies forth the shape of things unknown.”

It is an idea which fills no place, and bears no share, in our conception of the universe, save that indefinite, and wholly visionary, one of *Causa Causarum*. A craving, a need exists, persists Mr. Balfour, for the action of a rational author in the universe. Therefore, the hypothesis that such a being exists is allowable, indeed imperative. In this light, the craving, or need, would be the measure or standard, according to which the existence of God, as infinite cause, may be affirmed—or, it might be added, denied, seeing that, in many ancient faith-systems, no such craving exists. Again, if the craving be an index of a necessary satisfaction awaiting or meeting it, it is clear that the “satisfaction” must bear some natural relationship to the craving—must, as it were, be modelled to suit it—in order to be any satisfaction at all. But men's conceptions

of, and cravings after, the theistic have been as multitudinous as the subjects of these experiences. God, therefore, would not be the One, but the Many, in the sense of the infinitely varying. Instead of man being made in God's own image, God would be, literally, made after the fashion, whim, or fancy, of each individual man. The criterion is wholly unallowable. Given a craving for personal, individual immortality. Does this alone guarantee such an existence beyond the grave and fate of death? And if not, why not?

THE CHRISTIAN CREED.

The surprise of the informed and thoughtful reader will be considerable on finding that Mr. Balfour, on the strength of premises so scanty as those already mentioned, boldly makes a *salto mortale*, at this stage, from his hypothetical *Causa Causarum* to the deity of Christianity! It is true, that he does not, at first, identify the two—speaking, as he does, of the inspiration of the “one reality,” in broad and general terms. But he soon becomes more definitely anthropomorphic in his theism. “The evidences of God's material power,” he says, “lie about us on every side.” But “the evidences of His moral interest have to be anxiously extracted, grain by grain, through the speculative analysis of our moral nature.” As, however, mankind are not given to speculative analysis, “I know not,” he says, how this end [the grasping of this transcendent truth] “could be more completely attained than by the Christian doctrine of the incarnation.”

This is, indeed, a transition for which the logical reader is scarcely prepared, on such short notice. The *hiatus* in question has not escaped the notice of his reviewers, even of those otherwise favorably disposed towards his views. One of these writes as follows on this point:

“The world, says Mr. Balfour, is an absurdity without creation and guidance. Very well, infer creation and guidance. More than this, we have no authority to claim. And then, in a moment, we suddenly come upon Mr. Balfour speaking of ‘a living God’! Who is hypostatizing the abstract now? . . . God, by the hypothesis, is a causative and a guiding principle, and there is no possible right to attribute one shred more of meaning to the conception than what is supplied by the method of its deduction. Is it needful to discuss the value of this result? Such a God is worthless and unmeaning: the result is as jejune as the process is illegitimate.”¹

To all of which we very heartily say Amen!

We may admire Mr. Balfour's adroitness, his wealth of illustration, and brilliant style, but we cannot say that we admire, or agree with, his logic. His final conclusions are not contained in the premises with which he starts. Even his orthodox friends despair of his methods.

Personally, we do not believe that the volume will bring satisfaction of mind to any earnest and unprejudiced seeker after truth. It will, rather, serve to repel those who might otherwise be attracted to Christianity, by its forced assumptions and question-begging arguments. On the other hand, he must be a faint-hearted believer who is in any way strengthened in the faith by its perusal. A demonstration, which, at its best, only reaches the idea of a possible guiding and sustaining *power* in the universe, and, that issue hypothetically established, jumps at once to the further conclusion that this “power” is no other than the deity revealed in the Old and New Testament Scriptures, may command the assent of the unthinking, but will be powerless to convince any one else.

One of our author's most indulgent critics, Mr. W. T. Stead,¹ remarks that Mr. Balfour employs the method of David Hume to support the conclusions of John Knox. We can only speculate what Mr. Balfour's illustrious compatriots would have thought of the result.

EDUCATION.

BY THOS. C. LAWS.

IT SEEMS to be forgotten in most discussions upon educational questions that the person to be educated is at least of equal importance to the knowledge to be imparted. In all education, whether it be literary or scientific, moral or æsthetic, general or technical, our first inquiry should always be, what sort of pupil is the one to be trained? For the differences between pupils are not less great than those between the various forms of knowledge which we are in the habit of teaching. Much money might have been saved, many tempers might not have been soured, many blows might have been spared, had we been content or capable—for incapacity is at the bottom of much of our inattention—to see to what kind of study our charge was adapted. It is true alike of adults and children that our educational systems will be worthless until we have learned the value of J. S. Mill's sarcastic remark, that education is a machine for making people think alike, and acknowledge that liberty in education has a value as great as in politics and theology. A musical training to one who has no “ear” for music is absurd upon the face of it, and when, as too frequently happens in the case of children, that training is made strictly compulsory, and shirking it is severely punished, that absurdity becomes a matter of cruelty. Not only is the child compelled to try to make himself competent in a study in which he can never become competent, but there is laid before him a great temptation to come to look upon all education as a nuisance and a waste of time, and, smarting under a punish-

¹ Mr. Balfour's *Philosophy*. By G. W. Steevens, in the *New Review* for March,

¹ In the *Review of Reviews* for March,

ment given for "faults" which are not wholly his, but which have been inherited by him from his parents, to react against his training to an extent which no amount of compulsion will ever overcome and to associate obedience and filial respect with pain and punishment and wrongs committed against himself. It may be said generally that wherever a person is really capable of taking any sufficient and satisfactory interest in a subject, he will do so spontaneously and without coercion or extraneous prompting. It should be, therefore, one of the most important duties of parents and guardians to study carefully those committed to their charge, and to make education a rational continuation of the work which nature herself has begun. Individuality, diversity of thought and feeling, of sentiment and research, is one of the greatest charms of social life, and a necessity for the right appreciation of the many-sided universe in which we have our being. Civilised life is so complex, its divisions so numerous, the facts included therein of such vast number and variety, that no one person can expect to fill all positions, nor to master all the available facts. It should be the duty of the true educationalist to watch carefully the unfoldings of each human mind, and to do somewhat towards helping its possessor to take his appointed place in the universe into which he has been born.

Not that I for one moment encourage the creation of a nation of specialists. In most matters it may justly be said that the specialist sees but one side of a question—his own—and that he judges all questions by his own particular art or science. But what I do intend to imply is that as no two persons are born into the world equally gifted in body and mind, we should endeavor, in our systems of education, to temper the wind to the shorn lamb. Greater play should be allowed to spontaneity on the part of the pupil, compulsion as far as possible should be avoided, and far less punishment should be meted out to children because they fail to come up to a given standard in a given subject. Every man is not a born linguist, nor a born scientist, a mathematician, a musician, nor an artist, but where such gifts exhibit themselves, they should be fostered, trained in the way that they should go, developed in such wise that they may be of the greatest value to the individual when he will have to earn his own living, fill a certain position in society, and exercise definite functions in the state. To one who has no taste for languages it will be mere waste time to teach the varying intricacies of the French irregular verbs, for the little he learns of them he will speedily forget. He will not travel abroad, save with personally conducted parties; will prefer home trade to foreign, or if otherwise, will find at a sufficiently small cost, in all our great commercial cities, professional

translators and corresponding clerks ready to make up for his shortcomings. To such a one the literature of his own country is sufficiently vast and excellent to occupy all his attention, while most foreign works of any note are procurable in his own language, in translations which usually represent the original with a fair amount of accuracy. And he who has the gift of tongues will find opportunities for displaying it, even though his parents, as too frequently happens, should so far have ignored his talents and his predilections as to have started him in a course utterly unsuited to his capacities.

Nevertheless, while these talents should be discovered and trained, it is necessary to give a general knowledge to every individual, and this knowledge should be such as will be of the greatest value to him in after life, whether destined for profit, for citizenship, or for recreation and pleasure. Although it cannot be said that knowledge in itself is a benefit to anyone, yet it becomes advantageous when it can be put to a good purpose, either for the well-being of the individual or of society at large. All education is directed either towards physical, mental, or moral discipline, or the accumulation of facts. And here let it be said that physical education is as truly a part of a sound education as is the learning of facts, or the discipline of the mind. When we reflect that the object of life is to live, and to live as long and as happily as may be with the least possible trouble to, or interference with or by those around us, we shall see at once the value of a good physical training. For on the health of the body depends the well-being of the mind. To discipline our minds, too, is a lesson which most of us need to learn. How few, indeed, do we see capable of arguing a disputed point without calling up memories of Smithfield and the Tower. Controversialists, whose sole object should be the search for the truth, are ever eager for victory, and it is not upon rare occasions that their zeal overcomes their discretion. Moreover, we must remember that the next generation depends for its whole being upon this, and that unless we learn to discipline aright our own minds we shall find it no easy task to understand those of another generation and to train them right. But, undoubtedly, the most important form of discipline is moral training. And this is precisely the most difficult to give. Children have been variously likened to savages and young criminals, of whose natures they largely partake, and how many children are there who have to repeat the complaint of David Hoist in Jonas Lie's celebrated novel *Den Fremsynte*, that "father was a hard man, who far too little could understand children"? Much will doubtless be improved in the future by the alienological study of the evolution of the mind, and the contouring of its various functions

in its different stages of development. But we must not forget that for the imparting of moral discipline there is necessary not only the reasoning faculty, but also a wide sympathy, an implacable evenness of temper, and an intimate knowledge of child-nature. Little service is done by imparting this form of education in the shape of aphorisms and injunctions, but as far as possible every infringement of a moral rule should bring about its natural punishment. The child who dawdles when his parent or nurse is prepared to take him for a walk should be left behind. Instead of lecturing a child at length for wasting his money, further gifts should be suspended for a season. To Luther the mind of the child resembled a sheet of white paper, upon which one can write what one chooses. On the contrary, it might rather be likened to a piece of newspaper, or a sheet upon which much has already been written, which must be effaced. Lying, cruelty, and vanity are far more common among children than among normal adults. Their impulsiveness is as a rule greater, and their power of distinguishing right from wrong less, and it is usually limited to the difference between parental pleasure and displeasure, more particularly if the child receive practical evidences thereof. It should, therefore, be the duty of those upon whom the duty of training the rising generation falls, to do their utmost to create or evolve a conscience, and that one of the highest rectitude. To effect this it is necessary that right doing should be so enforced that it becomes, as it were, part of the constitution of the child, so that moral acts may be performed by habit or reflex action, spontaneously, instantaneously, and automatically, while the difficulty of doing immoral ones is made correspondingly greater.

Of knowledge other than of a purely disciplinary character it may be said that it should be primarily directed towards making the child his own observer, investigator, and thinker upon matters which require thought and research. He should be taught never to rely upon work done by others, which can be equally done by himself. He should not take statements upon trust, but should prove them for himself. It is better for him to work out the interest on a sum of money at a given percentage than to find it in an interest-table. In learning languages he should not be permitted to use the dictionary except when absolutely necessary. Such training should be given for the most part by ear, and as part of his daily life. If he be of scientific tastes he should be taught to make his own electric batteries, his own cameras, and his own collections, to mount his own objects, and he might be worse employed than in binding his own books. Few things can be worse combated than habits of chronic laziness, acquired by too great dependence upon others,

and leading ultimately to mischief, unruliness, and perhaps even crime.

It is the opinion of some that a scientific education should be paramount, and that little attention should be paid to literature and the arts. That such is not the theory put forward here scarcely needs emphasizing. As moral training, many of our great literary works can scarcely be excelled, and their lessons are taught in an English which has become classic, and in a style which has won the admiration of all lovers of our native tongue. Why, indeed, should we boycott old Sir Roger de Coverley because Vauxhall Gardens were not lit with the electric light, or sneer at the rugged prophet of Chelsea, because his economics were sometimes unsound? Nor must we forget that many men have united literature and science. We may recall the names of Bacon and Goethe, Flammarion and Lewes, and few men have done so much to advance the English language in all its manly force and vigor as Professor Huxley and the late Professor Tyndall. There seems to me no adequate reason why the two forms of learning should not be associated together. For exactitude of observation and impartiality of thought, a scientific training is almost a necessity, whereas for extension of sympathy, for keeping alive the sentimental, æsthetic, and altruistic feelings, science must yield place to literature. The statistician might furnish us with a complete list of all the killed and wounded, the thefts, rogueries, and blunders of any great war summed up with exactitude in dollars and cents, yet he would fail to excite our detestation of the "human beast" as a man of war to anything like the same degree as Zola by his novel *La Débâcle*, or Vassilovitch by a few strokes of his brush. There is always, no doubt, a danger that a literary education may degenerate into mere book-learning. A member of a certain university once told me that there the Latin and Greek languages were not learned that the students might read their literatures. The theoretical rules of grammar were simply taught over and over again, and upon them the degrees were practically obtained. On the other hand, a purely scientific education tends to produce callousness and to lead to the conclusion that every problem in nature is to be solved by the telescope, the microscope, the dissecting-knife, or the process of electrolysis. The combination of the two, however, should unite the advantages of both, and neutralise their disadvantages.

When I speak of literary education, I mean more especially the acquisition of a knowledge of the literatures of to-day. The Roman, Hellenic, and Hebrew literatures may be interesting to some, but neither they nor the languages in which they are written, are of utility to the many. One may, therefore, safely leave them to the consideration of specialists, and fill

up their places in modern education by such languages as French, German, and Italian, to which may be added, for commercial and political purposes, Spanish, Russian, and Japanese. In any case, however, it is advisable to teach a dead language through its nearest living representative, to lead the student in a natural way from one in which all things are familiar, gradually back into another in which everything is unfamiliar. Modern Italian and the old Italian literature are the best stepping-stones to Latin, just as Saxon can be most easily learned by one who is conversant not only with modern English and German, but also with Middle English literature, to which may with advantage be added the existing dialects of Yorkshire and Somerset. It must always be borne in mind that a dead language differs essentially from a living one in a most important point, that, whereas the modern can and should be taught mainly by the ear, the ancient can be taught only by its literature. And this introduces us to another reason for combining literature with science. Science is learned chiefly by the eye. A scientific training is pre-eminently a training in accurate ocular observation. A literary education is imparted largely by the tongue and ear, and thus helps to train into correct use and into rapidity and accuracy of observation other organs with which the imparting of science has little concern. From the thesis laid down in the opening paragraphs and from what has since been said, it is evident that the relative value of an educational system depends little or not at all upon the examinations which may be passed under it, but rather upon the more adequate play which it gives to all the senses and to all the functions of the mind. Under the current system the senses are represented by sight alone, and the mental faculties by an overtaxed memory.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

BOOK NOTICES.

Ernst Schröder of Karlsruhe, publishes in the *Mathematische Annalen* an abstruse *Note on the Algebra of the Binary Relative* (Leipzig: B. G. Teubner).

The Sunset Club of Chicago, an institution organized several years ago "to foster rational good fellowship and tolerant discussion among business men of all classes," has just published its *Year Book* for 1893-1894. The *Year Book* contains full reports of the fortnightly meetings and discussions, addresses, etc., and constitutes upon the whole an entertaining volume, from which much information regarding burning questions of the day may be drawn.

The Anthropological Society of Washington publishes, under the title of *The Earth the Home of Man* a part of a very interesting course of lectures prepared for them by Mr. W. G. McGee. Mr. McGee has summarised in a pleasant form, not unmingled with new ideas and a suggestive mode of interpretation, the main results of anthropological research as affecting our physical and intellectual status. The little pamphlet will well repay reading.

We have also received, as extracts from the Proceedings of the Rochester Academy of Science Vol. 2, two little tracts by Dr. M. A. Veeder of Lyons, N. Y., one of which treats of the difficult problem of thunderstorms as connected with auroras, where the author finds that auroras and their attendant magnetic storms occur when spots or faculae, or both, are at the sun's eastern limb, and near the plane of the earth's orbit; and the second of solar electrical energy, which the author contends is not transmitted by radiation, but is to be explained by principles of conduction as they appear under the conditions existing in interplanetary space.

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THE REACTION AGAINST THE PROPHETS.

BY PROF. C. H. CORNILL.

IT WAS Hosea who first perceived that the traditional system of worship which in his eyes was flagrant paganism, constituted the real cancer that was eating the life of Israel. Isaiah shared his view, and, being of a practical nature, acted upon it. The prophecy of Israel openly and hostilely attacks the religion of the people and endeavors to mould it according to the prophetic ideal. That was no easy task and had, in the nature of the case, to meet with a bitter and fanatical opposition. We men of modern days can scarcely appreciate what religion means to a primitive people, how it governs and enters into all their relations and becomes the pulse and motive power of their whole life. On the other hand, the power of custom in religion cannot be too highly rated. Tradition is considered sacred because it is tradition. The heart clings to it. The solemn moments of life are inseparably bound up with it, and every alteration of it appears as blasphemy, as an insult to God.

And now let us consider the feelings of the people of Judah towards the reforms proposed and inaugurated by Isaiah. The ancient and honored relics, which could be traced back to the Patriarchs and to Moses, before which David had knelt, which from time immemorial had been to every Israelite the most sacred and beloved objects on earth, should now of a sudden, to quote Isaiah, be considered as filth to be cast to moles and bats, because a few fanatics in Jerusalem did not find them to their taste! Now indeed, if the new God whom the prophets preached (for thus he must have appeared to the people) had only been more powerful than the older, whom their fathers had worshipped, if things had only gone on better—well and good. But there was no trace of this.

So long as we were confined solely to the Old Testament for our knowledge of Jewish history, it was supposed naturally enough that with the futile attack on Jerusalem in the year 701 the Assyrian domination in Judah was broken for all time, and that Judah had again become free. But that is not the case. As a matter of fact the Assyrian power only attained to the

zenith of its glory under the two successors of Sennacherib, Esarhaddon and Asurbanipal. It is true that Sennacherib did not again enter Palestine, as he had enough to do in the neighborhood of his own capital, and it may be that for a short time a certain respite was gained. But Israel remained as before an Assyrian province, and Judah as before the vassal of the Assyrian monarch, having yearly to send a tribute to Nineveh. In fact, the Assyrian rule became more and more oppressive. Esarhaddon had laid the keystone in the Assyrian domination of the world by his conquest of Egypt. Thrice in rapid succession had the Assyrian army forced its way to Thebes, and Assyrian viceroys governed Egypt as an Assyrian province. Asurbanipal had also fought in Egypt, in Arabia, and Syria, and we can easily understand that in all these attacks Judæa, the natural rallying-port from Asia into Africa, and the natural point of union between Syria and Egypt, was sucked into the raging whirlpool and suffered severely.

Such a state of affairs was not calculated to recommend the reform of the prophets. On the contrary, the religious sentiment of the people could not but see in it all a punishment inflicted by the national Deity for the neglect of his wonted service. The popular religion understood the great danger that threatened it. The prophecies had smitten it with a deadly stroke, but it was nevertheless not inclined to give up the struggle without a blow. It accepted the challenge and soon wrested a victory from the reformers.

It is true, so long as Hezekiah lived, submission was imperative. For the reform had become a law of the kingdom, enacted by him, and was in a certain measure his personal creation. He died in the year 686, leaving the kingdom to Manasseh, his son, a child twelve years old. How it came to pass, will forever remain an enigma, owing to the utter lack of records; but the fact remains certain that under Manasseh a terrible and bloody reaction set in against the prophets. This is the period of which Jeremiah says that the sacred sword devoured the prophets like a raging lion, when all Jerusalem was full of innocent blood from one end to the other. All that Hezekiah had destroyed was restored. No memories of the hated innovations were suffered to remain.

A further step was taken. Genuine paganism now made its entry into Judæa and Jerusalem. The overpowering strength of the Assyrians must have made a deep impression on their contemporaries. Were not the gods of Assyria more mighty than the gods of the nations subjugated by it? And so we find under Manasseh the Assyrio-Babylonian worship of the stars introduced into Judæa, and solemn festivals held in honor of it in the temple at Jerusalem. Even foreign habits and customs were adopted. The healthful simplicity of the fathers was discarded to exchange therefor the dangerous blessings of an overrefined and vitiated civilisation. This also had its effect on the worship of God. The ritual became more and more gaudy and elaborate. Incense, of which ancient Israel knew nothing, appears from this time as an essential constituent of the service, and even that most terrible of religious aberrations, the sacrificing of children, fully calculated to excite with gruesome and voluptuous titillation the unstrung nerves of an overwrought civilisation, became the fashion. King Manasseh himself made his firstborn son pass through the fire, and everywhere in Jerusalem did the altars of Moloch send up their smoke, whilst a bloody persecution was instituted against the prophets and all their party.

These events made on the minds of the devout men in Israel an indelible impression, and the prophecies of Isaiah as to the indestructibility of Zion and of the House of David, were forgotten in their terror. It became the settled conviction of the best spirits that God could never forgive all this, but that, owing to the sins of Manasseh, the destruction both of Judah and Jerusalem was inevitable.

It is a memorable fact that during this whole period, almost, prophecy remained dumb in Israel. We can only point to one brief fragment with anything like assurance, and that is now read as Chapter 6 and the beginning of Chapter 7 of the book of Micah. This fragment is one of the most beautiful that we possess, and still resounds, borne on Palestrina's magic notes, as an impropriety, on every Good Friday in the Sistine Chapel at Rome. God pleads with Israel:

"O, my people, what have I done unto thee? And wherein have I wearied thee? Testify against me."

And as now the people bow themselves down before God in answer to His divine accusations, and are anxious to give up everything, even the first-born, for their transgressions, then speaks the prophet:

"He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?"

This fragment is important, as testifying how during this time of heavy affliction and persecution, piety deepened and became more spiritual; how it retired

within itself and saw itself in an ever truer and clearer light, finally to come forth purified and strengthened.

Prophecy was again aroused from its slumbers by the trumpet tones of the world's history. In 650 the Assyrian empire was, if anything, greater and mightier than ever. But now destiny knocked at its gates. From the coasts of the Black Sea a storm broke forth over Asia, such as man had never before witnessed. Wild tribes of horsemen, after the manner of the later Huns and Mongolians, overran for more than twenty years all Asia on their fast horses, which seemed never to tire, spreading everywhere desolation and terror. Egypt had torn itself away from the rule of the Assyrians, and a new and terrible enemy in the Medes who were now consolidating their forces in the rear of Nineveh appeared. The Assyrian world-edifice cracked in all its joints, and grave revolutions were imminent. At once prophecy is at hand with the small but exceedingly valuable book of Zephaniah. The thunder of the last judgment rolls in Zephaniah's powerful words, whose dithyrambic lilt and wondrous music no translation can render. The *Dies iræ, dies illa*, which the Roman Church and the whole musical world now sings as a requiem, is taken word for word from Zephaniah.

"The great day of the Lord is near, it is near and hasteth greatly, even the voice of the day of the Lord; the mighty man shall cry there bitterly. That day is a day of wrath, a day of trouble and distress, a day of wasteness and desolation, a day of darkness and gloominess, a day of clouds and thick darkness. A day of the trumpet and alarm against the fenced cities and against the high towers. And I will bring distress upon men, that they shall walk like blind men because they have sinned against the Lord; and their blood shall be poured out as dust, and their marrow as the dung. Neither their silver nor their gold shall be able to deliver them in the day of the Lord's wrath; but the whole land shall be devoured by the fire of his jealousy: for he shall make even a speedy riddance of all them that dwell in the land."

The cause of this terrible judgment is the sins of Manasseh, which Zephaniah describes with drastic vividness at the beginning of his book. Only the righteous and the meek of the earth shall escape, who will form at the end of time a people pleasing unto God.

In the time of Nahum events had progressed still further. His book has for its sole subject the impending destruction of Nineveh. It was probably written in the year 625, as the Medes under king Phraortes made their first attack on Nineveh, but did not accomplish their aim. The merited judgment shall now fall upon the Assyrian nation for all the oppressions and persecutions which it has brought upon the world,

and especially on the land and people of God. In a religious and prophetic sense the contents of the book are not important, but its æsthetic and poetical value is on that account the higher, the language full of power and strength, and possessing a pathos and fervor which only true passion can inspire. It is in a certain measure the cry of distress and revenge from all the nations oppressed and downtrodden by that detestable people, which is here re-echoed to us with irresistible power in the Book of Nahum.

The Book of Habakkuk also belongs to this series. The destruction of Nineveh is its subject. But in Habakkuk's Book the Chaldeans appear as the future instruments of the divine wrath. Habakkuk is a master of eloquence and imagery. His description of the Assyrian as the robber who opens his jaws like hell, and is as insatiable as death, who devoureth all people, and swalloweth down all nations, is among the most magnificent productions of Hebrew literature.

"He treateth men as the fishes of the sea, as creeping things that have no ruler over them. He fishes up all of them with the angle, he catches them in his net, and gathers them in his drag; therefore does he rejoice and is glad. Therefore he sacrifices unto his net, and burns incense unto his drag, because by them is his portion plenteous and his meat fat. Shall he then ever draw his sword, and not spare continually to slay the nations?"

In Habakkuk the ethical and religious element is duly treated. Pride causes the fall of the Assyrian, the *hybris* in the sense of Greek tragedy, for, as Habakkuk sharply and clearly defines it, he makes "his strength his God." Might for the Assyrian exceeds right. Because he has the might, he oppresses and enslaves nations which have done him no harm. The universal moral law demands his destruction.

* * *

But now we must retrace our steps for a time. As Zephaniah, Nahum, and Habakkuk form an intimately connected group, it appeared expedient to treat them together. But Jeremiah appeared before Nahum, and between Nahum and Habakkuk an event took place which ranks among the most important and momentous in the history of mankind.

THE BOW IN ART, METAPHOR, AND SONG.

BY GEORGE HENRY KNIGHT.

THAT potent factor in human evolution, the inventive faculty, appears to have been first exercised in the manufacture of weapons and, among weapons, the archer's bow occupied, deservedly, a very conspicuous place. The value set upon it by the ancients appears in their belief in its divine origin and

in the reference to it in sacred and epic verse as a favorite weapon of their gods and heroes. That such estimation was not misplaced will be conceded when it is considered that by this, his earliest machine, the primordial hunter was enabled to take his first accurate and deliberate aim with slight muscular effort from a distant covert without betraying his presence to the weaker or engaging in close mortal combat with the more powerful creatures of the chase. In the missile's easy and certain penetration to a vital part, in the access afforded to such toothsome game as birds and fleet-footed ruminants, in the mastery given over all the hunter's predatory competitors (whether man or brute), and in the prolific field of invention thus opened¹, the archer's craft occupies a high rank among inventions that have inaugurated new eras in human progress.

The substantial identity of form, in all times and places,² and the improbability of a double origin of such an invention among savages, taken in connexion with its prevalence north and its comparative absence south of a definable boundary,³ seem to indicate a single place of origin for the craft of archery. Innumerable collected specimens of indestructible flint arrowheads ranging from almost shapeless chips and flakes to blades having the mathematical perfection of a modern lancet, tell the story of their growth; but of the comparatively perishable bow, we are acquainted only with its last and perfected stage of development. A hint of its pedigree may, possibly, be found in some co-adaptation of the spear-casting thong (*amentum*) and some type of the spear-throwing staff, such as still seen among the Eskimos, the Paru Indians of the Amazon, the Pelew Islanders of the Pacific, the Uganda Negroes of Eastern Africa and certain Australian tribes. One eminent authority, however, suggests that:

"The spring-trap of the Malay Peninsula, described by Pierre Bourienne, is a contrivance that might readily (?) have suggested itself from the use of an elastic throwing-stick. When the spring is fastened down by a string or cord, it would soon (?) be perceived that, by attaching the end of the lance to the string, in-

¹In the bow-rotated fire-drill may be detected the germ and prototype of modern machinery. The crafts of the bowyer and of the fire-maker led to the invention of firearms, thus: the gun-barrel had a twofold suggestion in the groove of the crossbow and the tube of the blow-gun; the stock, butt, sight, lock, and trigger, in like parts of the crossbow; the cock, pan, touch-hole and priming were adaptations of the prehistoric fire-striker, tinder and match. The crossbow was a portable catapult, itself a modification of the bow. Even the "spin" given to the bullet by a modern rifle is but an adaptation to firearms of the action produced by the spiral feathering of arrows of unknown antiquity. The divine arts of poetry and music even are largely indebted to the bowyer's craft, for it was to the accompaniments of the harp and the lyre that the bards of old recited their poems, and these instruments are clearly traceable to the bow.

²*Archery*, by C. L. Longman, p. 1.

³A "great circle" described on a map or globe about a center at or near the present city of London (see map in *Public Works of Great Britain*, by John Weale, 1840) defines very nearly the boundary of that half of the earth's surface to which the navigators of the sixteenth century, A. D., found a knowledge of the bow to be generally restricted.

stead of to the stick, it would be made to project the lance with great force and accuracy. The bow would thus be introduced."

The entire absence of the bow (and, so far as known, of the elsewhere so abundant arrowheads), from certain remote regions of the Southern Hemisphere, e. g. Australasia and the South American pampas may be due to one or more of several causes, such as the reluctance of barbarians to exchange old for new methods or that, long before the invention had penetrated to those parts, such fairly effective devices as the boomerang, the spear-caster and the weet-weet,² in the one case, and the blow-gun, the bolas, and the lariat, in the other case, had become too popular for displacement. Such competent judges, however, as Oskar Peschel³ and N. Joly⁴ have expressed a belief that, in such cases, archery should be regarded as a "lost art" whose disuse had probably arisen from lack of suitable prey; but, opposed to this view, we have the well-known obstinate adherence of savages to wonted usage even in the presence of better methods⁵ and the seeming improbability that a hunting people, having once become familiarised with the use of the far-reaching, deadly arrow, would return to mere hurling devices in regions exceptionally rich in birds, a class of game which the arrow was singularly well fitted to reach. Former use, moreover, seems to be discredited by the lack, already adverted to, of spent arrow-heads.

But, beside its pre-eminence as an instrument of war and the chase and of primitive industrial art, the bow was a not unimportant factor in the birth and early development of the divine arts of music and song. In devices still used by certain primitive peoples,⁶ in numerous antique pictured and sculp-

¹Remarks of Gen. Pitt Rivers in *Cat. Lond. Anthropol. Col.*, p. 41.—With reference to Gen. Rivers's suggestion it may be permitted to inquire whether—conceding the requisite antiquity of the somewhat complex trap referred to—the uninformed mind of the savage would arrive at the bow with the "readiness" which this skilled military engineer, to whom the invention is familiar, thinks it would be?

²*A Study of Savage Weapons. Smithsonian Rep.*, 1879.

³*Races of Man*, 185.

⁴*A Man before Metals*, 222.

⁵"The old Lapp woman, Elsa, sat upon the floor, in a deer-skin, and employed herself in twisting reindeer sinews, which she rolled upon her cheek with the palm of her hand." *Northern Travel*, by Bayard Taylor (1859), p. 108. The mingled indolence and conceit of savages is well illustrated in the following: "The acme of respectability among the Bechuanas is the possession of cattle and a wagon. It is remarkable that, though these latter require frequent repairs, no Bechuan has ever learned to mend them. Forges and tools have been at their service and teachers willing to aid them, but, beyond putting together a camp-stool, no effort is ever made to acquire a knowledge of the trades. They observe, most carefully, a missionary at work until they understand whether a tire is well welded or not, and then pronounce upon its merit with great emphasis; but there their ambition rests satisfied. It is the same peculiarity among ourselves which leads us in other matters, such as book-making, to attain the excellence of fault-finding without the wit to indite a page. It was in vain I tried to indoctrinate the Bechuanas with the idea that criticism did not imply any superiority over the workman or even equality with him." *Travels and Researches in South Africa*, by Dr. David Livingstone, 62. *Races of Mankind*, by Robert Brown, 46 and 118.

⁶For illustrations of existing stringed instruments traceable to the bowsee: *Through the Dark Continent*, by Henry M. Stanley, 413. For a representation of the Bojesman's musical bow, see: *Travels in the Interior of Southern Africa*, by William John Burchell, Frontispiece to Vol. I.

tured records,¹ and even in specimens recovered from ancient tombs,² we have abundant evidence that, in some remote prehistoric past,

"When music, heavenly maid, was young,"

the archer's bow led to the harp and thus to stringed instruments of all kinds; to become, in turn, the recognised symbol of martial prowess and of sovereign power, conspicuously apparent in rock and mural inscriptions of India and of Egypt and other Levantine nations of antiquity. A triumphal pæan from the old Aryan conquerors of India contains the following invocation to the bow:

"May the bow bring us spoils and oxen.
May the bow be victorious in the heat of the fight.
The bow fills the world with fear.
May the bow give us victory over the world."³

All Persian youth of noble birth were practised in archery, and, among all other ancient nations, skill in the use of the bow was regarded as a princely accomplishment.⁴

The annals of ancient Egypt contain frequent allusions to the bow, thus: Sinuhe, an officer attached to the court of Amenem I. (2,400, B. C.) closes his combat with the hero of the opposing host by the following decisive act:

"I shot at him and my weapon stuck in his neck. He cried out! He fell on his nose!"

It gives one no surprise to read that, on observing this condition of their champion,

"All the Bedouins cried out!"⁵

Pentauert ("The Egyptian Homer") puts in the mouth of his patron, Ramses II. (1,400, B. C.), a grandiloquent battle-speech of which the following is a small portion:

"I am as Mont; I shoot to the right and hurl to the left; I am like Baal as a plague upon them. I find the chariot-force of their army lying slaughtered under the feet of my horses. Behold, none of them are able to fight before me; their hearts melt in their bodies; their arms fall down; they cannot shoot."⁶

In a letter addressed to one Nechtsotep by some unknown writer under the New Empire (about 1,200, B. C.) occurs the following passage:

"Thou dost see after thy team. Thy horses are as swift as jackals. When they are let go, they are like the wings of the storm. Thou dost seize the reins. Thou takest the bow. We will see now what thy hand can do. Beware of the gorge with the precipice two thousand cubits deep, which is full of rocks and boulders. Thou dost make a detour. Thou dost seize thy bow and showest thyself to the good princes, so that their eye is wearied at thy hand."⁷

¹*Life in Ancient Egypt*, by Adolf Erman, Chap. XI.

²A harp taken, A. D. 1823, from an Egyptian tomb had several remaining strings which, responding to the touch, awoke from a slumber of 3000 years. *Am. Meck. Diet.*, 1063.

³The *Rig-Veda*, VI., 65, quoted in *Prehistoric Antiquities of the Aryan Peoples*, by Otto Sebrader.

⁴*Encyc. Brit.*, "Archery."

⁵*Life in Ancient Egypt*, 371.

⁶*Ibid.*, 394.

⁷*Ibid.*, 381.

The symbolic use of the bow in the Hebrew scriptures is familiar to every reader, thus: in Genesis, the up-pointed (and therefore pacific) "bow in the cloud" is "the sign" whereby The Elohim vouchsafe assurance of their reconciliation with mankind, much in the same sense as, between aliens and hostiles, at all times and everywhere, the reversed arms or the buried weapon has been the recognised pledge of peace. Thus, The Elohim are made to say:

"This is the token of the covenant which We make between Us and you for perpetual generations: We do set our bow in the clouds, and it shall be for a token of the covenant between Us and the earth, . . . and We will look upon it that We may remember the everlasting covenant between The Elohim and every living creature."¹

The bow and arrow are also spoken of symbolically in the following passages:

"His bow abode in strength². . . I will spend mine arrows upon them³. . . The arrow of Yahveh's deliverance⁴. . . Yahveh will whet His sword; He hath bent His bow and made it ready⁵. . . Thine arrows are sharp in the heart⁶. . . And it shall come to pass in that day that I will break the bow of Israel in the valley of Jezréel."⁷

The following texts seem significant reminders of the antiquity of the barbed arrow-head with poisoned tip:⁸

"Thine arrows stick fast in me.⁹ The arrows of the Almighty are within me, the poison whereof drinketh up my spirit."¹⁰

In the charming story of Ulysses, Penelope imposes on the throng of importunate suiters the following task:

"If I the prize and me you seek for wife,
Hear the conditions and commence the strife.
Who first Ulysses wood'rous bow shall bend
And through twelve ringlets the swift arrow send;
Him will I follow and forsake my home,
For him forsake this loved, this wealthy dome,
Long—long—the scene of all my past delight
And—to the last—the vision of my night."

When it comes to Ulysses's turn:

"Now—sitting as he was—the cord he drew,
Through ev'ry ringlet leveling his view;
Then notch'd the shaft, released, and gave it wing;
The whizzing arrow vanished from the string,
Sung on direct and threaded ev'ry ring,
The solid gate its fury scarcely bounds,
Pierced through and through, the solid gate resounds."

¹ Gen. ix, 12.

² Gen., xlix, 24.

³ Deut., xxxii, 23.

⁴ 2 Kings, xiii, 17.

⁵ Psalms, xii, 12.

⁶ Psalms, xlv, 5.

⁷ Hosea, i, 5.

⁸ The close affinity of certain ancient names for poison and for the archer's bow; the use by many widely separated existing savage tribes of poisoned arrow-tips, and the near resemblance to such tips of numerous prehistoric specimens, indicates an extreme antiquity for a device which thus (like fire-making) combined chemical with mechanical agents. If the bow-and-arrow was a machine, the poisoned form (*τοξον*) was more than a machine—it was an apparatus.

⁹ Psalms, xviii, 32.

¹⁰ Job, vi, 4.

This feat satisfies Penelope of Ulysses's identity:

"Ah no!—she cries—a tender heart I bear,
A foe to pride, no adamant is there;
And now, ev'n now, it melts, for sure, I see
Once more—Ulysses!—my beloved!—in thee,"¹

The frequent allusion, in lyric verse, to Cupid's bow has familiarised the graceful Hellenic legend to all readers, thus: the son of Venus, nettled by Apollo's rebuke on finding the manly bow in the hands of a boy, retaliates by a demonstration of his skill on the god himself:

"Two different shafts he from his bosom draws;
One to repel desire and one to cause.
One shaft is pointed with refulgent gold,
To bribe the love and make the lover bold;
One blunt and tipp'd with lead, whose base alloy
Provokes disdain and drives desire away.
The blunted bolt against the nymph he dress'd,
But with the sharp transfix'd Apollo's breast."²

EDUCATION.

BY THOS. C. LAWS.

[CONCLUDED.]

Education, in whatever direction it may lie, must follow the order of nature, proceeding from the concrete to the abstract, from the simple to the complex. In matters of science, for example, it is usually forgotten that the "laws of nature" are man's laws, and that, in the history of every department of science, the facts have been discovered first, and the laws or generalisations invented later. The child learns science more readily, with far greater interest and amusement, from the working of a battery or from a series of experiments in chemistry, than from learned dissertations upon the laws of Dalton, Ampère, and Boyle. For this reason, the child's early education should be limited to the concrete sciences which deal with facts themselves, through which the abstract ones, dealing with the laws manifested by those facts, may be easily learned. More especially is logic as we know it, with its uncouth terminology and needless mnemonics, to be avoided, and in its place be given a training in reasoning upon facts. The art of reasoning upon social science—a use to which the so-called "history" of our schools, with its long lists of monarchs and its interminable dates, can never be put—may be imparted in the same way. There are few children, indeed, who are not interested in books of travel and adventure, and who might not in this way be taught many facts relating to the social history, evolution, and organisation of their own and other races, and be induced to make comparisons between them. In a walk in the fields a pupil might be taught very much indeed under a competent teacher—he might learn the names and natures of the flowers he gathered, might find "sermons in stones," and gather facts about bird, beast, insect, and fish, as well as the elements of land-

¹ *Odysses*, xxi and xxiii.

² *Ovid's Met.*, i.

tenure, *grande* and *petite culture*, rent and wages, capital and labor, and so forth. And in this simple and graphic way the interdependence among the sciences might be made manifest, and a sure foundation builded, not for the study of physical science alone, but of political science at the same time, and the child would be led to reflect and to value the rights of citizenship which he will possess, and valuing those rights to fulfil the duties which they involve.

Much is said just now about technical education. Its supporters point to the fact that most people have to earn their living at a trade or profession. On the other hand it is objected that technical education tends to produce jacks of all trades instead of good workmen, that it opens up amateur competition with recognised businesses, and that it tends to abolish apprenticeship. For the last there can be little regret except on the part of those employers who are benefited by the premiums paid. Few ways of learning a business could be more unsatisfactory than is in most cases the apprenticeship system, in which the apprentice is often treated as an errand or page-boy, while the master himself (to whom in too many cases, the premium is everything and the pupil nothing) is incapable through want of experience or ability to give the proper training. As to the other objections, a good all-round technical education has usually, where the pupil is free to make his own choice, as its result the selection by him of a branch of business for which he is specially adapted, after a long experience in several crafts, instead of a nominal selection after a month's experience of one only. The better system cannot but produce better workmen, because those workmen will have been trained under masters qualified to give the necessary training, will have been naturally sorted according to their abilities and tastes, and will have been kept abreast of modern requirements and discoveries. The question of amateur *versus* professional involved is not a serious one, and is rarely raised except upon this question. Many a business man in our large cities is an amateur gardener; many a clerk spends his hours of leisure carpentering; many a schoolmaster is his own electrical engineer; and even bricklayers have taken to amateur photography. In small villages, distant from a large town, jacks of all trades are useful workmen, but the increasing complexity of our social life makes division of labor more than ever a necessity, so that actual competition between the two is becoming more and more difficult. But even if amateur work be on the increase, that means simply a redistribution of tasks, for somebody must produce the tools and the books which the amateur requires. Perhaps the only way in which technical education may injure existing trades is by substituting capable engineers for many skilled workmen,

as those in the bootmaking and tailoring trades. But even here the impetus has been given by the tradespeople themselves, and has not been imparted from without. In this connexion reference may be made to the technical education of women. Although the growing equalisation of the sexes cannot but result in women taking upon themselves to some extent the work heretofore performed by men, still to a preponderating extent their position in the household must remain the same as ever. For this reason some experience in the arts of cooking, nursing, household economy, and the like should be obtained as a part of the girl's education.

Something, too, must be said about religious education. This phrase in reality covers at least three distinct questions. Firstly, it is applied to our duty to one another; secondly, to our duty towards the divine powers; and thirdly, to the knowledge and being of those powers. It would certainly be of advantage to dispense entirely with the word "religion" in this connexion. The first question has already been dealt with under the name of moral education; the other two may well be grouped together as theology, and with this I shall proceed to deal. Education should be limited to the imparting, not of guesses, theories, and popular prejudices, but of ascertained facts, and since, in the civilised world, there are so many phases of theological opinion, even within the limits of one's own parish, it may be questioned how far theological ideas are from being ascertained facts, and how far they partake of the nature of hypotheses. It has been observed above that education should begin with the concrete. But it cannot be said that the fundamental notions of theology are such. Strictly they form part of the study of metaphysics, and who would think of instilling Kant, Hegel, or Hamilton into the mind of a child, or of trying to make it acquainted with the theorems of abstract psychology? And when two such orthodox theists as Kant and Dean Mansel knock away all the popular arguments in proof of the existence of the Deity as untenable, upon what grounds shall be based the arguments which we put before the child? The elaborate metaphysical disquisition of Kant upon the necessary existence of God cannot be translated into child language. Doubtless it will be replied that we must teach it as a dogma, and as an unquestionable fact. To this I demur. Putting aside the question of Trinitarianism against Unitarianism, and both against Positivism and Agnosticism, the teaching of a dogma as dogma is utterly opposed to the spirit of this essay. I have all along expounded a theory of education as in verity a process of leading-out, a disciplining of the mind into such order that when facts are obtained they fall naturally into their proper places. I do not doubt that

theological education will continue to be given at home and in Sunday-schools, although I cannot feel disposed to approve even of that. Better by far let the child grow up free and unbiassed, or give him, after the manner already indicated with regard to history and economics, an impartial knowledge of hierology, the comparative and historical science of all religions, new and old, that when his mind becomes fully developed he may select one for himself, as he will do in the case of a profession.

To sum up in a few words the theories herein expounded, a rational theory of education must take into consideration the person to be educated, and must be so applied as to continue the work which nature has already begun, in extending individuality and in bringing into adequate play and thorough discipline all the senses and all the functions of the mind. Examinations for other than specific objects—as sight and sound testing among railroad men—are to be discountenanced. The educationalist must endeavor to better human life in all its relations, and not attempt to create geniuses or walking encyclopædias. In extending the faculties, the true educationalist will seek to supplement memory, observation, and reasoning by sympathy and the æsthetic senses, and give to his charge that physical, mental, and moral discipline which shall insure the greater well-being of the individual, and lay the foundation of a common bond of ethical, social, and political unity, in which the happiness of the one shall be coincident with the well-being of the many.

BAD FOR ME, BUT WORSE FOR HIM.

SAD is the predicament of an author who falls into the hands of an incompetent reviewer, but sadder is the case of the reviewer himself who thus naïvely exposes his incompetence.

A reviewer ought to be familiar with the literature of the subject, but what shall we say of a critic on philosophical literature—a severe critic, of course, and a stern judge—whose knowledge of monism appears to be limited to the dictionary definition of the term.

Mr. George M. Steele, a reviewer of the latest edition of *Fundamental Problems* in the *Boston Commonwealth*, gives his opinion of the book as follows :

"Dr. Paul Carus is a staunch supporter of the theory of *Monism*. Doubtless the believers in this theory have a clear conception of what is meant by this term, but they are not always successful in conveying it to others. As nearly as some of us can make out, it means that there is in the universe but one substance and that this is neither matter nor mind, these last being only manifestations of it. One great obstacle to its comprehension by a considerable class of men will be that they will perversely look upon this substance as a kind of *tertium quid*, so that instead of having but one substance we shall have three! It is a little doubtful whether by this device the subject is much simplified."

It is probable that Mr. Steele resorted for information on monism to Webster; at least the expressions which he uses, are to be found there. Webster defines monism as :

"That doctrine which refers all phenomena to a single constituent or agent. . . . Matter, mind, and their phenomena have been held to be manifestations or modifications of some one substance."

The words "one substance" and matter and mind being manifestations of it do not occur in any one of my expositions of monism; they are Mr. Steele's substitutions.

Had Mr. Steele been familiar with the monism represented by *The Open Court* and *The Monist*, or had he really read *Fundamental Problems*, he would have known that I have again and again objected to the proposition of defining monism as a one-substance theory. One quotation may be sufficient :

"Monism is not 'that doctrine' (as Webster has it) 'which refers all phenomena to a single ultimate constituent or agent.' Monism means that the whole of Reality, i. e. everything that is, constitutes one inseparable and indivisible entirety. Monism accordingly is a *unitary conception of the world*. It always bears in mind that our words are abstracts representing parts or features of the One and All, and not separate existences. Not only are matter and mind, soul and body abstracts, but also such scientific terms as atoms and molecules, and also religious terms such as God and world."

As to the real significance of monism, which is a method rather than a finished system, a plan of comprehending the world and not the hypothetical assumption of any *tertium quid*; Mr. Steele should read the section entitled "Foundation of Monism" (*Fundamental Problems*, pp. 21-25).

The idea of self-evident truths is an old crux, and all philosophers agree that a philosophy which can do without them is superior to those systems that find them indispensable. Concerning the endeavor to discard self-evident truths, Mr. Steele says :

"It is a little interesting to learn that in the present animosity against what is called orthodoxy in theology and philosophy and science, even mathematics are not free from invasion. We are informed that there is a good deal of 'dogmatism' here that is to be discarded. The author, like some others, apparently does not believe in self-evident or necessary truths. His illustrations are very unfortunate. Thus he gives as one of the axioms that will not stand criticism, that "a straight line is the shortest distance between two points"; which is not an axiom at all, but a conventional definition! So we are to have a reformed mathematics with no dogmatism in them. The author is clearly not an intuitionist either in physics or in metaphysics."

Mr. Steele imagines that the attempt to get rid of the assumption of self-evident truths springs from a mere prejudice against orthodoxy! But how ill-informed he is! He says "his (!) illustrations," as if I had invented the problem of a mathematics without the axiom of parallels. In addition, these problems are to him "mere illustrations"! Mr. Steele has appar-

ently never heard of the labors of such men as Grassmann, Riemann, Gauss, Lobatschewsky, and Hamilton. He finds the idea of "mathematics with no dogmatism in them" grandly ridiculous. The very problem of modern philosophy appears to him a good joke. What a picture of innocence abroad seated on the critic's tripod; and to such men the reviewing of philosophical books is entrusted!

Mr. Steele asks many questions which I shall be glad to answer when the proper occasion arises. We read in his review:

"In explanation of certain evolutionary processes he [viz. the author of *Fundamental Problems*] says: 'Under the constant influence of special irritations special senses are created. Given ether waves of light and sensation, and in the long process of evolution an eye will be formed: given air-waves of sound and sensation, and in the long process of evolution an ear will be formed.' This may be all correct, but it will bear a good deal of explanation. The man without much philosophic apprehension and only common sense might inquire why it is that the eye or the ear always develops in a particular place, and why there are two of each and only two, instead of one or a dozen—why they do not break out on the cheek, or on the back of the head or all over the body, or even in trees and stones?"

I have fallen into the hands of an original critic, whose *vis comica* is apparently involuntary and unconscious. Mr. Steele forgets that a book is devoted to the explanation of special problems. No one can expect in a philosophical treatise a discussion of biological or evolutionary topics, and still less the solution of childish conundrums. A reviewer's business is to discuss the book that is before him, and not to ask impertinent questions. No author can be expected to anticipate and explain all the quibbles with which his critics will quiz him. Moreover, one wise critic can ask more questions than all the authors in the world can answer.

P. C.

NOTES.

There are a number of free religious societies in Germany, most of which call themselves German Catholic Congregations. They are, however, in a hard plight, as the government does but partly recognise their religious character, and questions the right of their speakers in their profession. They have been suborned for teaching their religion and for speaking at funerals, while parents are prosecuted for withdrawing their children from religious instruction in public schools for the sake of sending them to their own schools. It is difficult to see on what grounds the Prussian Government can defend its proceedings, which interfere with the conscience and inalienable liberties of their citizens. Even those who do not agree with the tenets of their religion can find nothing in it that is subversive or ultra-radical. Their religion is a kind of pantheism which they uphold with great enthusiasm, summing it up in the sentence, "the world governs itself according to eternal laws." They publish a little sheet, called *Freireligiöses Familien-Blatt*, edited by G. Tschirn, with the assistance of Dr. Völkel and I. Hering, at Chemnitz.

We learn from the *Freireligiöses Familien-Blatt* a fact which has escaped us in the daily press of Germany, or has not, perhaps, received much attention. There is a great number of the clergy

belonging to the State Church of Prussia who are no longer willing to surrender their liberty of conscience. Three years ago the authorities of the Prussian State Church enjoined with reference to the theological criticism of modern times that the clergy are bound to believe the apostolic confession of faith as it stands, and should not be allowed to give it their own interpretation. In reply to this proclamation a number of clergymen have of late made the following statement: "Our allegiance at our ordination was not pledged to the letter, but to the religious spirit of the *apostolicum*, and we shall, whether the new or the old *agenda* be introduced, understand it in the future in this sense, as it is our good right in the Church of the Union (viz., the Union of Lutherans and the Reformed Congregations). It is impossible to derive from the decrees of the general synod a right of binding the conscience of a young clergyman at his ordination, as this has expressly been recognised by the Evangelical Oberkirchenrath in their decree of the year 1892. Even the most venerable confession of faith is subject to a re-examination according to the Gospel." This statement has been signed by forty-five Evangelical clergymen of Silesia.

H. Dharmapala sends us a greeting from Buddha Gaya, the most sacred spot of Buddhism, being the place where the Bodhi tree stood, under which Buddha received enlightenment. The Maha-Bodhi Society proposes a restoration of the sacred building which was erected on the spot when Buddhism still flourished in India, and the intention is to found here a college and to make it the centre for the propaganda of Buddhism all over the world.

The Second American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies will be held June 4, 5, and 6 in the Sinai Temple of Chicago. Arrangements have been made to make the meeting a representative one.

A lecture on *Religion as a Factor in Human Evolution* by E. P. Powell, of Clinton, N. Y., has been published by Charles Kerr & Co., Chicago.

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LEGAL TENDER.

A POSTHUMOUS ARTICLE.

BY M. M. TRUMBULL.

BECAUSE everybody believes it, it is not therefore true, and because nobody believes it, it is not therefore false. That a dogma or a doctrine is accepted by the majority is a strong argument in its favor, but it is not conclusive. I believe that any maxim, rule, doctrine, or expedient in sociology, politics, law, or in anything else that is out of moral symmetry is out of symmetry altogether; and any principle not built upon an ethical foundation is rickety and dangerous, liable to fall under any unusual pressure brought against it. The present monetary crisis that baffles the skill of our statesmen ought to be convincing proof of this. Further, I believe that any dishonest law approved by any people weakens their sense of magnanimity and their consciousness of moral obligation. A government makes itself a teacher of dishonesty, so long as it keeps among its laws the statutes of legal tender.

In studying the evolution of money as a medium of exchange, we shall find that the law of natural selection has been continually interfered with by governments, because they could more effectually pillage a country by an oppressive use of the "money power" than by any other peaceful instrumentality whatever, and I believe that the "money power" in the hands of government has been more potent in the subjugation of the common people than superstition or the sword. I think I am opposed to the money power exercised by the national banks, and to the money power possessed by certain corporate and incorporate monopolies, by numberless trusts, conspiracies, and combines, and to all the other subordinate "money powers," more or less qualified for evil, but all these are to a great extent controlled by the laws, needs, customs, and obligations of business, while the "money power" known as government is unlimited in authority and wholly irresponsible. One of the great masters of statescraft was the man who invented the scheme of legal tender, as the English kings acknowledged with becoming gratitude when they used it for the spoliation and oppression of the people. They encroached upon the innocent coining privilege, and

claimed the right to regulate all money. They corrupted the money while coining it and after coining it, and they debased the currency at will. Then they made it "legal tender" by punishing those who had the presumption to slander the "King's coin" by refusing to take it at its nominal value in payment of debts. And to this day in England the "King's coin" and the "coin of the realm" are metallic and sonorous legal phrases that assume the political character of money, and place its quality and quantity under the control of the "Crown."

The impudent expression "legal tender," when it appears in any law concerning money, puts that law under suspicion, because honest money needs no legislative whip to make it go. The promise of one man to pay another a hundred dollars is not payment, but there are persons who think that "Government" has the magic power to pay ten thousand million dollars with its own promises to pay. They even expand the miracle, so that a citizen debtor can pay his debts by the simple tender of a government promissory note, whether the creditor is willing to take it or not; and there are thousands of men in Chicago still at large who believe in this impossible alchemy.

There have been in our own country, and in other countries, too, many "circulating mediums" of bad character travelling about as money, and they have done a very profitable and extensive business on false pretenses. Certain substitutes for money, having served for a time in that capacity, declare themselves real money under a licence from the law, and they often do much mischief before they can be arrested and suppressed. For this, government is responsible. It asserts the omnipotent power to create something out of nothing, and with false money it has tempted one part of the community to cheat the other, the most helpless victims of the "green goods" monetary system being the men and women and children who work for wages. It was an arrogant assumption of illegitimate power when governments declared money to be a legal tender in the payment of debts. By doing so they made a political standard of honesty, elastic, uncertain, and shifting from time to time. This despotic legislation has thrown the whole system of human dealing into a chaos of moral confusion. Governments

declare gold, silver, paper, tobacco, coonskins, rum, and various other things to be legal tender in payment of debts, and the result is the debasement of the national conscience and the national currency together.

I do not mean to say that it is not within the legal power of a government to close its courts to creditors and declare that certain coonskins, or other legal tenders, having been offered them, their debtors are free and their debts paid; but in the dominion of morals the act is unconstitutional and void. There justice reigns, and a debt is not paid until the moral obligation it contains is cancelled. Great as this government is, it is not able to pay any man's debt by statute. It may declare the debt expunged, cancelled, satisfied, wiped out, even paid, but only the debtor can pay it. The moral confusion in these cases is created by the wrong word, "payment." A debtor, finding that his debts are paid by legal force, is apt to think that the moral as well as the legal obligation to pay has been discharged by the laws of his country, when, in fact, the moral obligation can be discharged by himself alone. "I owe you nothing," said a dishonest debtor to his creditor, "that note was outlawed last week." In like manner the bankrupt, having passed through the court, thinks that he owes nothing, and that all his debts are paid.

It was a fantastic dream of the alchemists that by chemical expedients they could change the baser metals into gold, but it is a more irrational fanaticism that believes in the power of governments to create money that will pay debts. All the resources and skill of the alchemists failed, and there is no political alchemy that can perform this later miracle. Jackson owes Johnson a hundred dollars, and when Thompson steps in and declares what shall be a legal tender in payment of the debt, we agree at once that the interference is an impudent usurpation, and that in law and in morals it is absolutely void. Now, multiply Thompson by a hundred, or a thousand, or ten million, and you have added no moral quality to his interference; but when the ten million Thompsons organise themselves into the corporation called government, they condense themselves into a physical power strong enough to enforce their will and make it the law of the land; but it is the usurpation of Thompson still. What is wrong for one man to do is wrong for ten million men to do.

For centuries mankind has been afflicted with social wrongs because of the political mistake of governments that they possess the prerogative of creating money. Markets, not governments, determine what is money. No matter what nominal value government may give to coins or paper bills, their actual value in exchange is fixed in the markets of the world. The commercial value given to a piece of paper by making

it a legal tender in the payment of debts is a limited and abnormal value, a dishonest coercion of creditors, and the weakness of it appears in the fact that although the government may compel a merchant to accept it in payment for a debt, or get nothing, it cannot compel him to receive it in payment for his goods. Here the fiat becomes impotent, and the legal tender usurpation fails. No fiat of the government can give a dollar's value to a piece of paper, nor will it pass current until commercial vitality is given to it by the express or implied promise of the government to redeem it in metallic money having the same value according to its weight before coining as after, and independent of the image and superscription stamped upon it.

A very good quality of statecraft was utilised when government stamped upon its coins the effigy of the king, because by that bit of political necromancy it stamped upon the popular brain, which is usually rather soft, the fiction of the "King's coin," and it led the people to connect by an easy mental process the king and the coin together. By this device public attention was diverted from the actual value of the coins, and the people were hypnotised into the delusion that it was the king's portrait stamped upon the money that gave it purchasing power, as our Government reconciles the people more easily to paper money by printing pictures on the back of it representing De Soto discovering the Mississippi, or the landing of Columbus. But coinage adds nothing to the value of the metal coined. Gold bullion is equal in value to gold eagles or gold sovereigns weight for weight. I think the four hundred shekels of silver paid by Abraham for the field of Machpelah were not coins, at least, not legal tender coins, for they were weighed, not counted, and yet they were "current money with the merchant." When the sons of Abraham passed under the dominion of Rome, and those shekels bore the image and superscription of Cæsar their value relatively to the other silver round about them was not changed. The coining of them simply dispensed with the trouble of weighing them. The "image and superscription" merely said to the merchants, "You need not weigh these pieces; Cæsar hath already weighed them, and vouches that they contain so many grains of silver." And wherever those shekels are to-day, whether in shillings or in dollars, whether bearing the image and superscription of Queen Victoria, or our own goddess of liberty, the image and superscription upon them testify only to their weight. Whatever additional value they obtain by reason of their legal tender quality is a dishonest value, the measure of their usefulness in cheating creditors and poor men out of their wages.

Kindred in statesmanship to "Legal tender," and the king's effigy on money was the assumed right of

governments to nickname coins in order to give them an arbitrary and artificial character expressive of no quality in the coins. Why not make an honest ounce of silver a monetary unit and truthfully name it an "Ounce"? If the name of every coin expressed the actual weight of it, the multiple or fraction of an ounce, the people would not be so easily deceived by the fiscal tricks of governments. Florins, francs, dollars, and shillings, are deceitful nicknames, intended to conceal the quality of the money they pretend to describe. They may be of different weights at different times, changing their values and keeping their names, but no government could coin three hundred grains of silver, and call it an ounce without being at once detected, nor could such a coin be made available to cheat the workingman out of his labor.

BOSTON, Dec. 14, 1893.

DEAR GENERAL TRUMBULL:

Your note of the twelfth is at hand.

I long since came to the conclusion that legal tender acts must have been born of fraud. So long as money of any kind was true to the weight indicated by nearly all the names of coin or other pieces of money, the conception of an act of legal tender could not in the nature of things have occurred to any one. Evidence of an effort to fulfil contracts with money of full weight being a very different matter from prescribing by a legal tender act what kind of money should be offered. I therefore began a system of inquiry among the learned in the law, from judges of the Supreme Court down to young practitioners. Not until very lately could I get a trace of the origin of legal tender. This trace was given me by Prof. James B. Thayer, of Harvard University, who pointed out the edicts of Edward III. as probably being the first legal tender acts among English speaking people. He debased coin and of course he issued an edict making it a penal offence for any one to refuse the King's money. From that time to the present day acts of legal tender have worked corruption.

If all acts of legal tender were repealed, the conceptions of weight and value would be re-united. Free coinage or the manufacture of round disks of even weight and fineness would be perfectly safe. A given weight of gold would be maintained as the standard of the world's commerce as it is now.

It happens that in the *Forum* for January which will presently be published you will find this subject treated. I had made an arrangement with a young lawyer with whom I had co-operated in writing an article on 'Personal Liberty' some time since, to work up this whole question of legal tender from its inception. But alas! the young man was struck by death, and I know of no one with whom I could renew the undertaking.

Yours very truly,

EDWARD ATKINSON.

I did not need this letter to convince me that Mr. Atkinson had adopted my views on the subject of legal tender, for in his latest book, *Taxation and Work*, he had already surrendered the doctrine of "legal tender" in a rather qualified way. He says: "There is no need of a legal tender among men who intend to meet their contracts honestly." The qualification does not qualify, because if honest men do not need any legal tender, dishonest men ought not to have its aid,

and Mr. Atkinson might as well have said, "There is no need of legal tender at all."

Commenting on Mr. Atkinson's opinions *The Westminster Review* remarks as follows: "That expression 'legal tender,' by the way, is not a well defined one in Dr. Atkinson's mind. He imports into the well-established phrase the idea that a nation is always on the watch to palm off a coin for more than it is really worth—whereas the value of legal tender is to meet the convenience of the community by earmarking the best medium of exchange; and the history of currency shows us over and over again that if the government sets its seal upon an inadequate medium the nation will set it aside."

The above explanation shows that the phrase "legal tender" is much better defined in Mr. Atkinson's mind than it is in the mind of his critic. *The Westminster Review* thinks that the phrase "legal tender" does not include any debt-paying qualities, but is merely an indirect method of "earmarking the best medium of exchange." This may be all there is of it in England, since the government there has adopted the money standard of the markets, but in the United States it means the privilege of paying debts with depreciated coin or currency. For these latter uses "legal tender" is obsolete in England, although the ancient form of it yet lingers in the monetary system of that country. It is like the vermiform appendage, if I get the name of it right, which lingers in the human body, although its uses have long ago ceased; and the vermiform appendage, as I have been told by scientific men, whenever it chooses to become angry, can make itself troublesome, and, perhaps, dangerous. Even the limited and comparatively harmless character of legal tender, as defined by the *Westminster Review*, condemns it, because the *Review* confesses that government sometimes earmarks an "inadequate medium," instead of the "best medium," and this is a very good reason why government should altogether cease the practice of earmarking money. By the "nation," the *Review* means, of course, not the government, but the people in their markets. And here every "inadequate medium" will be set aside, because the government has no power to make anything a legal tender in the purchase of goods. Where, however, the inadequate medium has the government authority to discharge debts, it may work incalculable mischief before the nation can set it aside. There is a little vainglory in the boast of the *Westminster Review*, for England persisted in earmarking an inadequate medium for seven hundred years.

There is much innocent simplicity in the banter of the *Review* where it laughs at Mr. Atkinson for his unreasonable supposition that a nation is always on the watch to palm off a coin for more than it is really

worth; but if the reviewer had thought historically for a moment he would have remembered that nations have been doing that very thing ever since they came into possession of the "money power." Even England has but recently abandoned the practice, and may begin it again at any time.

In tracing the origin of "legal tender," Professor Thayer did not go far enough, because I find that more than two hundred years before the reign of Edward the Third, King Henry the First debased the currency one per cent., and in that way cancelled a debt of a hundred shillings by the payment of ninety-nine. This was a tax of one per cent. upon industry and business, the injustice of which fell heavily on the workingmen, because they constitute the most numerous portion of the creditor classes, for they are compelled to sell their labor on time; and Prof. Thorold Rogers in his great book, *Six Centuries of Work and Wages*, has convincingly shown that the trick of depreciating the currency and earmarking an "inadequate medium" was potent in the oppression of the workingmen of England from the time of the Black Death down to 1834, when the industrial system of England had the advantage of a more sound and stable currency. It will always be a satire on the partiality of human laws that when a citizen mutilated the coin, or debased the currency, and then made it a "legal tender," he was hanged for it; but the king never was.

Much confusion, not only of mental ideas, but of moral ideas, also, has arisen from an innocent use of words and phrases, such, for instance, as "payment," "legal tender," "full legal tender," and the like. Some people mean by "full legal tender" the power to buy goods as well as to pay debts. This was the meaning given to the phrase by the French Republic, and the penalty for giving it a more limited meaning was death. Yet the legal tender of the French Republic could not buy goods, although it had behind it the French nation, the forfeited lands of the nobility and clergy, and the guillotine. Even England, at a later day, decreed by law that no person should give more for a guinea than twenty-one shillings in paper money, and all persons were forbidden to give less for a one pound note than twenty shillings in silver. This was statesmanship in England as late as the nineteenth century. But it was void statesmanship. Men gave the market value for the paper money, and no more. There was not power enough in the British monarchy to compel them to give more, and the reason of it is that omnipotence is denied to man. Neither Parliament nor Congress can create value. They may take value from one thing and add it to another, as in legal tender legislation, but they cannot create value to the amount of fifty cents.

There is no honest reason for "earmarking" gold in order to convince a people that it is a more "adequate medium" than silver. They can learn that for themselves, and the government might as well earmark wheat in order to persuade us that it is worth more bushel for bushel than oats or turnips. For any honest purpose the earmarking is redundant and superfluous. Shortly after I came to America I "hired out," as they call it, on a farm, and one of my first duties was to help my employer feed the hogs. He surprised me a little by the reckless manner in which he threw forty or fifty ears of corn into the pen. Now, I knew nothing about farm life, for I had always lived in London, and had hardly ever seen a four-footed hog in all my life. I knew nothing of its ability and resources, and so I was foolish enough to say to my boss: "Don't you shell that corn for them?" "No," he said, "they shell it." Now, the people of this country are as able to earmark their own money, without the aid of the government, as those hogs were to shell their own corn. Let the Government stop debasing the currency by "legal tender" legislation and there can be no objection to coining all the sand of California into gold dollars, and all the Rocky Mountains into silver dollars, if there is room for them to circulate through the arteries of trade, and when there is no longer any room for them to circulate, the coinage of them will automatically cease. Abandon the whole system of legal tender, and the money problem will soon be solved.

EPIGENESIS OR PREFORMATION.¹

BY PROF. ERNST HAECKEL.

THE phenomena of ontogenesis, or individual development, possess for our knowledge of phylogenesis the highest import; and this holds true of the plant kingdom as well as of the animal kingdom; it holds true of embryology proper as much as it does of metamorphology or the history of transformations which follows it. The former carries us back, in the simple ancestral cell or fertilised ovum, to the primitive unicellular state from which originally all metaphyta and all metazoa phylogenetically sprang. The latter displays before our eyes in the "metamorphosis of the cornus," and especially of its blossom offspring, the most important stages of the ancestral series, passed through by the thallophytic and cormophytic ancestors of the *Anthophyta*. Although in all *Anthophyta* (and in fact more so in the *Angiosperma* than in the *Gymnosperma*) the whole progress of ontogenesis has, by abbreviated heredity, by the transformation of the prothallium into the endosperm, and by other cenogen-

¹ From the new *Phylogenie*. By $\mu\kappa\rho\kappa$. The series of which this article is the conclusion ran through Nos. 387, 391, 394, 396, and 398 of *The Open Court*, where readers are referred for the explanation of difficult technical terms.

etic processes, been greatly altered and contracted, yet the comparison of it with that of the *Diaphyta* and *Thallophyta* enables us to point out clearly the palinogenetic road upon which the former have proceeded from the latter. Our fundamental biogenetic law preserves here in all points its elucidative significance.

For a clear understanding of the history of plants, therefore, the theoretic analysis of such ontogenetic processes must be of the highest importance. Different as the process of thought may have been in all the varied old and new theories of evolution, yet all, so far as they have been clearly and logically thought out, can be classified into two opposed groups—namely, *epigenesis* and *preformation*. The oldest *preformation theory*, formerly also called the *evolution theory*, maintained that the whole organism was already preformed in the germ, and that its development in the true sense was merely an unfolding, *evolutio* (*Auswickelung*), of the preformed, enfolded parts, *partes involuta*. It was believed that germinal tracts existed in the ovum having the power to develop organs and containing the groundwork of all the subsequently developed parts of the body. As a logical consequence of this view came the *encasement* or *scatulation* theory. As the ground-plans of the future germinal organs were also preformed in the germ, so the ground-plans of all future generations must have been preformed and encased a thousand fold one in another in the first “created” individual of each species.

That this old doctrine of preformation which prevailed in the preceding century not only leads to the absurdest consequences but stands in glaring contradiction with the empirically established facts of the history of individual development was, for the higher animals and plants, shown as early as 1759. By painstaking observations it was demonstrated that the germs of animals and plants contain no trace of the multi-form and composite parts of the mature organism, but that on the contrary the latter grew up subsequently by degrees. The separate organs are not preformed but *new-formed* one after another at different times in different manners. The new theory of *epigenesis* resting on the facts last cited was, however, unable for half a century to win a solid footing. It first found recognition, slowly and gradually, when the more delicate processes accompanying the fecundation and development of the ova were more minutely and successfully investigated. A real understanding of epigenesis and its causal import was first effected a century subsequently, by the reform and acceptance of the theory of descent (1859).

Nevertheless, the history of science repeatedly shows that radical errors when associated with fundamental and universal conceptions, are not to be disposed of for all time by plain refutations. From time

to time they appear again and assert on new grounds their old rights. Such is now the case with the doctrine of preformation, which appeared to have been definitively disposed of by the epigenesis theory. On the basis of extensive observations, and by the employment of much acumen, a new theory of heredity has been propounded during the last ten years having for its foundation the conception of the “continuity of the germ-plasm” and reaching its highest development (1892) in an ingeniously constructed organic molecular theory. By its most important phylogenetic consequence, progressive heredity is impugned—in our view the most indispensable precondition of all phylogenesis. Although this new germ-plasm theory avoids the crude conceptions of the old doctrines of preformation and scatulation, and is ostensibly founded on the very delicate and only recently discovered processes in the fertilised ovum, nevertheless it leads in its ultimate consequences to a downright denial of epigenesis and to a new and more refined form of mystical preformation.

It is not the place here to refute in detail this new germ-plasm theory, which has met with the most astonishing success in the last few years; nor is it necessary, for that refutation has been accomplished again and again by competent hands. From the beginning we have stoutly contested this metaphysical molecular theory, as forming in our judgment a momentous retrograde step in the general analysis of the organic developmental processes, and as the opening of a devious path into the domain of dualistic and teleological philosophy. We put together only recently our objections to the doctrine in our *Systematic Introduction to the Phylogeny of the Australian Fauna* (1893), parts of which were published in *The Open Court* (No. 338). But we deemed it advisable now and in this place to repeat our protest, as the lively war between the two opposed theories still continues, and since precisely the ontogeny of the metaphyta furnishes us abundant and decisive refutation of the continuity of the germ-plasm. All that we have advanced in our *New Phylogeny* on the generation, embryology, and metamorphosis of the metaphyta, all the phenomena in the germinal history of the *Thallophyta*, *Diaphyta* and *Anthophyta* speak in our opinion for epigenesis and against preformation.

EPIGENESIS AND TRANSFORMATION.

Epigenesis in the history of the germ, and transformation in the history of the race, proceed everywhere hand in hand; the two processes of organic development are inseparably united and mutually explain each other. This fundamental principle rests on the intimate causal nexus which unites the two chief

branches of the history of organic development, and which has found its precisest expression in our fundamental biogenetic law. The laws of heredity and adaptation, of which the former, as a physiological function, is to be traced to propagation, and the latter to nutrition and metabolism, possess, accordingly, equal significance for the ontogeny and phylogeny of each organ. Hence, also, all the various theories recently set up for the physiological explanation of heredity and adaptation possess immediate importance for ontogeny as well as for phylogeny.

This intimate and inseparable connexion between the ontetic and phyletic development must be specially emphasised here at the close of our phylogeny of metaphyta, for the new molecular theory of the continuity of the germ-plasm which in ontogeny has led us back to the old fallacious theory of preformation, enters in this way into the sharpest contrast with the monistic doctrine of the mechanical transformation of the organic world on which the whole theory of descent and phylogeny rests. The constant and gradual transformation of animal and plant forms which we embrace under the notion of phyletic transformation can be explained in a rational manner only by assuming progressive heredity or the heredity of acquired characters; and it is precisely this most important fundamental process of phylogenesis that is vehemently denied by the present champions of the aforementioned germ-plasm theory, nay, rejected as inconceivable—and from their teleological point of view justly so. Here is the decisive point at which one or another of the two theories, either the monistic epigenesis or the dualistic preformation, must win its victory.

When in 1866, in the nineteenth chapter of our *General Morphology*, we made the first attempt to explain the physiological elements of the theory of descent and selection as mechanical natural phenomena, we distinguished for the first time a number of definite laws of heredity and adaptation. We arranged these "laws," or, if the expression is preferable, modalities, or rules, or norms, into four groups. We distinguished on the one hand the laws of *conservative* and of *progressive* heredity, on the other, the laws of indirect (*potential*) and of direct (*actual*) adaptation. In discussing further the complex reciprocal and co-operative actions of these different laws in the struggle for existence, we expressly emphasised the high import which belongs on the one hand to progressive heredity, and on the other, to actual adaptation. For, only provided the products of the latter can be transmitted by means of the first, is *phylogenetic adaptation* in the true sense conceivable. The phylogeny of the metaphyta, the chief features of which have been discussed in our new work, furnishes for our theories an unlimited supply of examples.

In the further discussion of these relations in our *Natural History of Creation*, we mainly emphasised the significance that *constituted heredity* possesses among the different laws of progressive heredity, and *cumulative adaptation* among the norms of actual adaptation. The alterations of organs, which the organism effects by its own activity, progressive growth by exercise, retrogressive growth by disuse, can be transmitted to descendants by heredity. The trophic effect of functional irritations can, by direct mechanical motions, produce within the tissues in this process the greatest conceivable perfection. That "cellular selection" which is due to the constant struggle of the parts of the organisms is incessantly at work in the tissues of the metaphyta, as well as of the metazoa. The "cellular divergence" which follows of necessity therefrom is the cause of the differentiation of tissues. It is obvious that these cumulative and functional adaptations possess phylogenetic significance only in the event that they can be transferred to descendants by progressive heredity; and since their influence in the histone organism is everywhere observable, since, further, an intimate correlation subsists everywhere between the cells of the propagative organs (*germino-plasma*) and the cells of the other organs (*somato-plasma*), therefore, we have in these facts at the same time an indubitable disproof of the theory of the continuity of the germ-plasm, which asserts a complete separation of the latter from the somato-plasm.

Finally, as utterly futile and valueless must be regarded the attempts which have been recently made to discover a middle path between these two opposed theories, and to blend together the correct fundamental ideas of both. According to our settled conviction, only *one* of the two can be true. Either preformation and creationism, or epigenesis and transformation. If the whole developmental process of organisms rests on vitalistic and teleological principles, that is, is determined by final causes, then we must accept in ontogeny the theory of preformation and scatology, and in phylogeny supernatural creationism or the "creation dogma." If, on the other hand, all biogenesis is based on mechanical and monistic principles, that is, is mediated solely by efficient causes, then we are forced in ontogeny to the assumption of epigenesis, and in phylogeny to the assumption of transformism. The history of the world of plants whose fundamental features we have here laid down, leads us, like that of the animal world, to the conviction that the latter only contains the truth, and the former a vital error. Only by the assumption of epigenesis and transformation is the existing harmony of the general results of palæontology, ontogeny, and morphology—those three grand monuments of systematic phylogeny—to be explained.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"TRILBYMANIA."

To the Editor of *The Open Court* :

Under the head of "Trilbymania," in your issue of April 18, "Outsider" gives your readers a long review and criticism of Du Maurier's *Trilby*. A careful reading gives me an impression that he read the book hastily, and he mistakes important portions in his synopsis of the story.

"Outsider" tells us Trilby disappeared and was gone a long time, concealed in the neighborhood in the house of a friend, but Svengali found her out. In fact she left Paris entirely; took her little brother and went to Vibraye. There the three painters and Svengali wrote to her. In a short time her brother died, and she went back to Paris in disguise. She was subject to neuralgia in her eyes. Svengali had once relieved her by mesmeric treatment. On her return to Paris, having no place to go, being half crazed with grief and neuralgia, she went to Svengali's quarters to have him cure her neuralgia; and this is how they came together.

There is no doubt but Svengali believed that by use of hypnosis he could make Trilby's wonderful voice subject to his own exquisite perception of tune and time. Du Maurier says of him, "He grew to understand the human voice as perhaps no one has understood it before or since. . . . In his head he went for ever singing. . . . as probably no human nightingale has ever yet been able to sing out loud, . . . making unheard heavenly melody of the cheapest, triviallest tunes." Gecko, in his last interview with Taffy in Paris twenty years after, says of him, "Svengali was the greatest artist I ever met, . . . he was a demon, a magician, I used to think him a god! . . . he was the greatest master that ever lived." As to teaching Trilby Gecko said, "We taught her together—for three years—morning, noon, and night, six to eight hours a day. . . . We took her voice note by note—there was no end to her notes, each more beautiful than the other. . . . Let any other singer try to imitate them, they would make you sick. That was Svengali, . . . he was a magician." "There were two Trilbys. There was the Trilby you knew who could not sing a single note in tune. . . . With one wave of his hand over her, with one look of his eye, with a word, Svengali would turn her into the other Trilby, *his* Trilby, and make her do whatever he liked. You might have run a red hot needle into her and she would not have felt it. He had but to say 'Dors,' and she became an unconscious Trilby of marble, who could produce wonderful sounds—just such sounds as he wanted and nothing else. . . . Trilby was just a singing machine, a voice and nothing more, just the unconscious voice Svengali sang with, for it takes two to sing like La Svengali, the one who has got the voice and the one who knows what to do with it. . . . When you heard her sing . . . you heard Svengali singing with her voice."

I bring these scraps of quotation together here as a foundation for saying, first, that Du Maurier makes Svengali a master in knowledge of and in teaching the human voice—not singing himself. I think it is a historical fact that many of the most famous teachers did not sing—had no voice; but with perfect time and tune, knowledge of the anatomy, mechanics, dynamics, and of all the possible means, uses, and effects, they could teach. To this Svengali added mesmeric or hypnotic force.

Second. If what is claimed for hypnosis by very high authority is true, there is nothing improbable in Du Maurier's statements about Svengali and Trilby. That it is not true can be only an opinion, and not demonstrated fact on which one can justly base an assertion that Du Maurier's work is a failure or that his statements are impossible.

Little Billee did not form an attachment in Devonshire after he went back to England. The fact is he had lost the power to love any one.

"Outsider" tells us that Trilby's debut in London was a great success, and Little Billee's love for her had all returned; but at her *second* appearance Svengali died of apoplexy as she came on the stage. In fact Svengali died at her debut, and the debut was a lamentable failure.

"Outsider" tells us: Trilby was insane and had lost her mind and memory after Svengali's death, yet the author makes her argue wiser than a philosopher on theology. The fact is, she was in her right mind and memory. She only had no memory of what happened while under hypnosis. That was her condition most of the time for three years while with Svengali, according to Gecko's statement to Taffy and his wife afterwards. Gecko tells them she was not mad. She did not remember or know what she did when mesmerised. There seems to be nothing deep in her talk about theology. Her ideas of prayer, of death, of the hereafter, as told to Mrs. Bagot, were simply childish faith and belief, based on what she had heard her father say, and in whom she had confidence. Other mistakes about facts leave the inference that "Outsider" read hastily, or imperfectly remembered the facts when he entered on a critical review of one of the most remarkable books of modern times, as it impresses me.

"Outsider" gives us a long extract from his own diary of his views of Mrs. Ward's novel *David Grieve*, which he had condemned, as being unnatural and impossible in incidents and characters; and he finds that judgment applicable now to *Trilby*; giving credit, however, for brilliant and impressive writing, with modifications in favor of *Trilby*; but as a novel, even a psychological one, pronouncing it a "dead failure."

Having read *Trilby* with care (and it must be so read to be comprehended fairly), it seems strange to me that it could impress any one as it seems to have impressed "Outsider," who is evidently a finished scholar and ready writer.

The book impressed me in this way. That any one who is fairly well informed, who has anything of an emotional temperament, or who, as a scientist or philosopher, understands the emotional nature, who has some sense of humor, who can appreciate the beautiful, who can comprehend something of idealism and realism, who loves truth, courage, and generosity, who can feel genuine sentiment and realise the bearings of fact under the glitter of imagination, who has a desire for the elevation of his kind, can take up *Trilby* as a classic, read it many times and find something new in it or in the suggestions it stimulates at every reading. He can find texts for a sermon or an essay in some of its parentheses. It is not a book to be read merely for the story, though that is thrilling and educational. Accidentally or intentionally the author has given us matter for several books in one. It is *sui generis*. It has no model. It cannot be compared with any other work. It is a novel only as it tells a connected story. The story is only a shape on which to display a great variety of things. As well call the human skeleton the body. It has no repulsive character in it. Even Svengali is a hero and full of interest to us. In characters and incidents it is natural and not improbable or impossible. It approaches exaggeration just near enough to add interest without repulsion. It touches more subjects intelligently in rapid succession than any other work of fiction I ever read. It does not keep us waiting impatiently, or break or tangle the thread of regular progress, or in any place tire us or create a disposition to skip. It has no abrupt breaks, or leaps, or lapses, or by-ways, or side tracks. No groupings of incidents and characters to be left behind to go back after and bring up later, and after we have started on a journey with others. No straggling or losing of characters. They are all disposed of in such a way that they drop out and come back again when wanted—if wanted—at the right time

and place, of themselves, in a natural, consistent way, without interrupting the current of our interest and enjoyment. Whatever it touches on it treats without being tedious and in a manner to impress the memory, appeal to the intellect, awaken a sense of humor, or stimulate curiosity and wonder, or excite surprise, or arouse sympathy, create enjoyment, and leave more suggestions and fewer regrets than any creation of modern times.

The pictured illustrations are simply wonderful. Their truthful adherence to personality and situations seem perfect, except as to Svengali. They contradict the personal description given of him, but are speaking likenesses of such a character as he is described—just such a person as one would expect from the character. I read *Trilby* for the story as an engineer would run a preliminary line for a railroad, leaving the critical surveys to be made afterwards, with corrections and estimates. Then I read it for the study of its characters and its own development and maintenance of them. And again for its situations, its philosophy, its idealisms, realisms, romance and fact, in contrast and combined. Once more for its imagery and beauties of description. Finally, for its literary composition, its wonderful language, use of words and sentences to accomplish a purpose, its rhetoric, logic, criticisms, inventions in comparison, its parentheses taken with the text and in their implications alone; each time keeping in view the special object of reading; and afterward I felt inclined to pick it up and read portions of it from time to time. Each character fits its place. Each situation comes naturally. The book is mathematical as a whole. Strike out any character or incident, or course of action and its proportion will be marred or destroyed. It does not seem like a studied design; but as if the author started with some fixed ideas, and after starting it ran off his pen as a sort of inspiration over which he had no control. It has few repetitions.

Of course, the book is not above criticism. What he says about fiddles (p. 231) is a bit of careless writing. His method of securing hypnotic influence on Trilby in her last scene challenges the critics. It was easy to have Svengali's picture produced in a natural way, without any special mystery. As he introduces it, it seems like an unnecessary crook in an otherwise straight road.

The story has been put on the stage. As well try to dramatise one of Paul's epistles and give a correct idea of it. Few read the story for comparison and analysis. Disjointed portions are selected by the supersensitive and moralising to try to find something immoral or heterodox. Reviewers have hurried through it to write reviews. The story was thrilling enough to be popular. But, as it seems to me, to the student it is far more than a story. To him it is a new creation unlike any other production in the world of fiction. He does not compare it with anybody's novel. It is to him simply "*Trilby*, by George Du Maurier," and as such remains in his memory as one of the most enjoyable and curious things that has come to him.

Trilby lives in our curiosity until she ceases to be a model; thence on, she lives in our pity, wonder, and admiration. In thinking it all over it is impossible to form a thought that does not tend to a higher level. Not an immoral thought, or suggestion, or an impulse to say, do, or feel in harmony with, an immoral thing enters the mind. We cannot read any of the classics, or a single daily paper in any day in the year, without finding oceans of matter immorally suggestive, compared to drops in *Trilby*, if any thing in Du Maurier's composition of the latter is considered immoral. It seems to me that only to a prude is a criticism of *Trilby* as teaching immorality possible.

No review should prevent those who have not but would like to read *Trilby*, from reading it; and those who read it most deliberately and carefully will appreciate and enjoy it most.

Such are some of the impressions left with me from the reading of *Trilby*, in contrast with those of "Outsider."

C. H. REEVE.

NOTES.

The Pittsburgh News Company have just published a little pamphlet of eleven pages by C. V. Tiers, under the title *A Gold Standard But Not Gold Money*. The author proposes to change the present ambiguous inscription of the greenbacks which reads: "The United States will pay bearer one dollar" to "This is a legal tender in the United States of America for one dollar for all debts public or private, and has an exchange and debt-paying value equal to 25.8 grains of standard gold (i. e. 900 fine)." Mr. Tiers explains the present trouble in our finances as due to the ambiguity of our treasury notes which were first made in 1862. He shows the unfeasibility of the double standard system. A true double standard ought to make a legal-tender note equal to the combined value of 17.2 grains of standard gold and 275.2 grains of standard silver. The double standard, as usually proposed, would force gold immediately to a premium, drive it out of circulation, and thus really produce a silver standard. It would not, however, raise the value of silver and could only pull down the value of gold.

We are informed that the Second American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies, which is to meet at the Sinai Temple at Chicago on June 4, 5, and 6, promises to be a great success. Dr. Alfred Momerie of London, Rabbi Voorsanger of San Francisco, Rev. Dr. Herron, and President George A. Gates of Iowa College, Grinnell, Iowa, are expected to be present. Dr. Hirsch, Dr. Thomas, Dr. Gould, and Jenkin Lloyd Jones are the leading spirits of the Congress.

Prof. Alcée Fortier of Tulane University, Louisiana, has recently collected and edited a number of *Louisiana Folk Tales*, in French dialect and English translation. The volume is published under the auspices of the American Folklore Society, and is got out in handsome and substantial shape. The tales are printed on the even pages in the Creole, and on the odd pages the English translations are given. (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

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JAMES MARTINEAU.

BY MONCURE D. CONWAY.

I VISITED Dr. Martineau on his ninetieth birthday (April 21), and found him even more vigorous than when I saw him on his eighty-ninth. I was accompanied by Mr. Virchand Gandhi, the Jain scholar from Bombay, who was much impressed by Dr. Martineau's conversation on Oriental religious subjects. Not long ago this eminent minister had to address a number of Nonconformist ministers, many of them orthodox, and his tact was as unflinching as ever, carrying with him the full sympathies of his audience. His latest volume, *The Seat of Authority in Religion*, is generally considered his ablest work, as it is also that most advanced in opinion: many supposed it impossible that an octogenarian could have written any part of such a book, and labelled the whole of it with his prefatory remark, that some of it was early work. But now there has appeared in the *Nineteenth Century* magazine for the same month of April a review of Mr. Balfour's ingenious plea for orthodoxy, just published, and Martineau's genius and learning have rarely been happier than in this same article. What is there in intellectual freedom which thus embalms so many of its children? On April 20 Dr. W. H. Furness reached his ninety-third year. On February the second he journeyed from Philadelphia to New York, on the third he preached a deeply interesting sermon in All Souls' Church, reading his lessons without glasses, on the fourth he made a happy speech at the Unitarian Club banquet, on the fifth united two young people in wedlock (he had married the lady's parents in 1858), and, after chatting pleasantly with the guests for an hour, went off to Philadelphia; though it was the coldest spell of the winter, I hear that he is none the worse for that visit. Furness and Martineau are brother-spirits, and show how beautiful old age may be. To return, Dr. Martineau is almost unique in the steady continuance of his intellectual vitality; he has suffered no arrest in any phase of his faith, has suffered no reaction, and his latest productions have been the largest in their liberalism.

On the occasion of this ninetieth birthday, the representatives of the Unitarian churches and institutions throughout the country presented him with an

address, finely engrossed in an illuminated album. On the cover is a silver plate, engraved with the Martineau crest, a Martin, with the motto, "*Marte nobilior Pallas*" (wisdom nobler than war). In the address they say:

"We now recall, not so much the great works with which you have enriched the literature of philosophy and religion during the past ten years, nor the collection of the rich fruits of earlier toil, as the untiring interest which you have manifested in the principles and the welfare of our churches, in the education of the young, in the training of the ministry, in the progress of religious thought, and the advancement of learning. But we cannot fail to rejoice also, that your words have brought guidance and strength to many hearts in many lands, and we treasure the knowledge that differences in the interpretation of Christianity have not prevented the members of divers communions from profiting by your teaching and feeling the power of your spirit."

To this, and some addresses that were made, Dr. Martineau replied in his touching and gracious way, barely alluding to the altered tone of feeling towards him since the earlier days of his ministry. The South Place Society requested me to convey to Dr. Martineau "their grateful remembrance of his long and faithful services to truth and knowledge. They recognise the honor of a career which has carried the best traditions of English scholarship to the maintenance of a higher standard of intellectual honesty; and they rejoice that Dr. Martineau has lived to see, did his characteristic humility permit, noble harvests garnered, or still ripening, from seeds sown by him in fields his youth found overgrown with superstition and intolerance."

Among the fields so overgrown in Martineau's youth was Unitarianism itself. The prosecution of Richard Carlile in 1817, for selling the works of Paine (a more orthodox man than Martineau), was conducted by a Unitarian. This went on till Carlile, and Jane Carlile, and Mrs. Wright, saleswoman in the book-shop, and even the store-boy, were all shut up in gaol for years. So far as I can learn, Mr. Fox, of the Society now known as "South Place," was the only Unitarian who denounced these persecutions.

South Place has for sixty years been outside the Unitarian and every other organisation, and it has seen Martineau steadily taking up a like position, so far as the denominational character is concerned. I remember witnessing a scene of moral sublimity on an occasion when the Unitarian Association was induced by his solitary but irresistible pleading to renounce a substantial pecuniary bequest on the sole ground, if I recollect aright, that their endowment as a corporation was contrary and perilous to their principles of freedom and progress. Even in the last generation, when his unsectarian attitude was less pronounced than in later years, his utterances were steadily in the direction of a religious unity on the purely spiritual basis,—or what then appeared to him as such. I must find space for one of his eloquent utterances on that theme, which was novel enough at the time:

“The refusal to embody our sentiments in any authoritative formula appears to strike observers as a whimsical exception to the general practice of churches. The peculiarity has had its origin in hereditary and historical associations; but it has its defence in the noblest principles of religious freedom and Christian communion. At present it must suffice to say that our societies are dedicated, not to theological opinions, but to religious worship; that they have maintained the unity of the spirit without insisting on any unity of doctrine; that Christian liberty, love and piety are their essentials in perpetuity, but their Unitarianism an accident of a few or many generations, which has arisen, and ought to vanish, without the loss of their identity. We believe in the mutability of religious systems, but the imperishable character of the religious affections; in the progressiveness of opinion within as well as without the limits of Christianity. Our forefathers cherished the same conviction; and so, not having been born intellectual bondsmen, we desire to leave our successors free. Convinced that uniformity of doctrine can never prevail, we seek to attain its only good—peace on earth and communion with heaven—without it. We aim to make a true Christendom—a commonwealth of the faithful—by the binding force, not of ecclesiastical creeds, but of spiritual wants and Christian sympathies; and indulge the vision of a church that ‘in the latter days shall arise’ like ‘the mountain of the Lord,’ bearing on its ascent the blossoms of thought proper to every intellectual clime, and withal massively rooted in the deep places of our humanity, and gladly rising to meet the sunshine from on high.”

It will be observed that Martineau speaks of “our societies,” not of any general organisation; yet by labelling them all “Christian” he did give them all a common creed, and some sanction for an organisation sufficiently strong to persecute all who did not hold

doctrines considered “essential” by the majority. The vaunted freedom from creeds of Unitarianism has been something like the boasted absence of State religion in the United States,—an absence which leaves us fettered by the Sabbath, taxed for an army of explicitly unconstitutional chaplains, and taxed to support all churches because church property is not taxed. Indeed, the absence of an authoritative Unitarian creed seems to have been once felt by many Unitarians as an incentive to secure conformity by tongue-lynching,—of course I refer to their narrow wing, now very small: there was always a magnanimous Left, and under Martineau’s leadership it has long been the Right.

What Martineau has himself had to endure will probably never be made known. He is a man who would desire to bury such things in oblivion. No reader of experience can fail to recognise the pathetic significance of some utterances of his earlier years. “If you want to find the true magic pass into heaven, scores of rival professors press round you with obtrusive supply: if you ask in your sorrow, Who can tell me whether there be a heaven at all? every soul will keep aloof and leave you alone. All men that bring from God a fresh, deep nature, all in whom religious wants live with eager power, and who are yet too clear of soul to unthink a thought and falsify a truth, receive in these days no help and no response.” “Those on whom heaven lays the burthen of duty, no power on earth may strip of rights.” “If being orthodox you die at the stake, you are a martyr; if being a heretic—why, then, you are a man burnt.” And I will here add an extract from a private letter written by Martineau to myself, in 1860, in answer to a letter of mine, written soon after the annual meeting of the Unitarian alumni of Harvard College had refused to pass a resolution I had proposed, extending our sympathy to Theodore Parker—then dying in Italy. Martineau wrote: “Some painful experience has taught me to estimate these things at their right value, and to see that some of the purest, noblest, and devoutest men of this age have been and are among the excommunicate. What nobler, practical life—nay, in spite of all extravagances, what nobler inner religion has our time seen than Theodore Parker’s? Dissenting from his Christology, and opposing it, nay, strongly feeling the defects of his philosophy, I deeply honored and loved him, and from the first recognised in him one of God’s true prophets of righteousness. But there never was, and never will be, a Stephen whom the Chief Priests and the Sanhedrim at large do not cast out and stone.”

Dr. Martineau once made a practical effort to found an inclusive church, which should embrace those in all other churches who held the ethical element of re-

ligion and the spiritual culture as more important than dogmatic or sectarian partitions. We all met in a public hall, and listened to a most beautiful prophecy by him of the higher unity. It soon came to nothing. Dr. Martineau, with characteristic humility, supposed that the persons who attended his church, some of them eminent, came there from purely spiritual motives, and to worship God: they came there to listen to the prose poem that every week came from his lips. When people have ceased to attend church to please God or to save their souls, they go for instruction or to be charmed by some particular preacher. The eloquent Martineau could only have founded his inclusive church by preaching to it every Sunday, and then it would only have been a duplicate of his existing chapel. He was, indeed, the greatest preacher I ever heard. From first to last he was like some inspired master musician, in whose instrument were strung the chords of every heart before him, from which he evoked harmonies which entranced each individual spirit by turning into melody all its life and its experiences. I remember once meeting Sir Charles Lyall, as we were leaving the door of Martineau's church, and he said, "I cannot understand how it is that people can go to all these churches around us, and spend their time listening to ignorant preachers, when such thought, such truth and beauty is at their doors. Think, too, of their grand temples, and of this dark little chapel where such a man is hidden away." Now that the ministry has ceased, and the world is paying homage to the man whom great universities have honored, how many people have to reflect that though they have grown up near by the place of his long ministry, they never heard or even saw him!

Since the above was sent Mr. Conway has received and forwarded to us the subjoined response of Dr. Martineau to the address of the South Place Society:

"35 GORDON SQUARE,

LONDON, W. C., May 5, 1895.

*To the South Place, Finsbury, Congregation
and Minister:*

"DEAR MR. CONWAY:—You will not interpret, I am sure, the late date of this letter as any sign of tardy gratitude to your congregation for their truly generous greeting on the completion of my ninetieth year. So profuse has been the shower of birthday addresses from the many public bodies with which a long life has connected me that, with my utmost diligence, I have been unable to prevent their overflow into outlying reaches of time.

"So cordial a recognition of my life-work as you have been commissioned to send me is the more valued for being based, as I am well aware, not on any party-sympathy with the cast of my opinions, but on a com-

mon moral approval of careful research and unreserved speech on all subjects affecting either theoretic or historical religion. The attempt to find infallible records in canonical books, and permanent standards of truth in ecclesiastical votes, has so hopelessly failed, that honest persistence in it has become impossible to instructed persons: and therefore, in all competent guides and teachers of men, a continued sanction and profession of it is not simply an intellectual error, but a breach of veracity. And this tampering with sincerity on the part of instructors who know better than they choose to say, not only arrests the advance to higher truth, but eats, like a canker, into the morals of our time. The sophistries of unfaithful minds are as strange as they are deplorable. Whoever smothers an 'honest doubt' creates the Sin, while missing the prelude to Good, of unbelief. And the conventional outcry against 'destructive criticism' intercepts the reconstructive thought and faith which can alone endure.

"I can never cease to be grateful to fellow-'seekers after God,' whose heart is set on following the lead of His realities, and not the bent of their own wishes and prepossessions. And far above all doctrinal sympathies, orthodox or freethinking, do I prize the encouragement which your message presses home upon our common conscience, to 'hold fast our integrity,' and trust *the true and the good* as alone *Divine*.

"Believe me, always,

"Yours very sincerely,

"JAMES MARTINEAU."

DEUTERONOMY.

BY PROF. C. H. CORNILL.

WHEN, in the eighteenth year of Josiah, 621 B. C., Shaphan the scribe paid an official visit to the temple of Jerusalem, the priest Hilkiah handed to him a book of laws which had been found there. Shaphan took the book and immediately brought it to the King, before whom he read it.

The impression which the book made on the King must have been stupendous. He rent his garments, and sent at once a deputation to Huldah, the prophetess, who was the wife of one of his privy officers and evidently held in high esteem. Huldah declared in favor of the book, and the King now went energetically to work. The entire people were convened in the temple at Jerusalem, and the King entered with them into a covenant. Both parties mutually and solemnly pledged themselves to acknowledge this book as the fundamental law of the kingdom, and to follow its commands. Upon the basis of it, a thorough reorganisation was effected and the celebrated reform of worship carried out, of which we read in the Book of Kings.

The events of the year 621 at Jerusalem were ap-

parently of no great importance. But their consequences have been simply immeasurable. By them Israel, nay, the whole world, has been directed into new courses. We are to-day still under the influence of beliefs which were then promulgated for the first time, under the sway of forces which then first came into life. Therefore, we must go into this matter more minutely, for the entire later development of prophecy is quite unintelligible unless we have a clear conception of it.

Our first question must be: What is this book of laws of Josiah, which was discovered in the year 621? The youthful De Wette, in his thesis for a professorship at Jena in the year 1805, clearly proved that this book of laws was essentially the fifth book of Moses, known as Deuteronomy. The book is clearly and distinctly marked off from the rest of the Pentateuch and its legislation, whilst the reforms of worship introduced by Josiah correspond exactly to what it called for. The proofs adduced by De Wette have been generally accepted, and his view has become a common possession of Old Testament research, having afforded us our first purchase, so to speak, for the understanding of the religious history of Israel.

The conceptions and aims of Deuteronomy are thoroughly prophetic. It seeks to realise the hoped for Kingdom of God as promised by the prophets. Israel is to become a holy people, governed by the will of God; and this holiness is to be manifested through worship and justice, so that man shall serve God righteously and judge his fellow-men uprightly. The first point is the more important with Deuteronomy; its chief attention is devoted to the cultus, and here it broke away, in all fundamental points, from the ideas of ancient Israel and turned the development of things into entirely new courses.

The fundamental problem of religion is the relation between God and the world. Ancient Israel had seen both in one; all things worldly appeared to it divine; in everything appertaining to the world it found the expressions and revelations of God. The entire national life was governed and ruled by religion; in all places and all things God was to his people a living and real presence. The result of this naturally was the secularisation of God, which the prophets felt to be an exceedingly grave danger. The right solution of the problem would have been that given by Jesus, who openly recognised the divinisation of the world as the rightful task of religion—to fill and sanctify the world with the spirit of God, and thus to make it a place and a field for God's work, a Kingdom of God, and a temple of the Holy Spirit. Deuteronomy pursues a different course; it dissolves the bond between God and the world, tears them asunder, and ends by depriving the world entirely of its divinity. On the one hand, a world

without a God; on the other, a God without a world. Nevertheless, this last was more the result than the intention of Deuteronomy. At least, wherever it consciously carries out this view it is justified, especially when it requires that God shall not be worshipped through symbols or images, and that every figurative representation of the Godhead, or its simulation by certain venerated forms of nature, must be destroyed root and branch. We have here merely the outcome of the prophetic apprehension that God is a spirit, and therefore must be worshipped as a spirit. But Deuteronomy makes additional requirements. Obviously in consequence of the dogma of Isaiah respecting the central importance of Mount Zion as the dwelling-place of God on earth, Deuteronomy insists that God can only be worshipped at Jerusalem; only there should acts of adoration be permitted, and all other sanctuaries and places of worship outside of Jerusalem should be destroyed.

The idea that the centralisation of worship in a single place rendered it easier of supervision and ensured the preservation of its purity may have contributed to the adoption of this last measure; and it must certainly be admitted that the local sanctuaries in smaller towns were really breeding-places of flagrant abuses. But the consequences of the measure were simply incalculable. It was virtually tantamount to a suppression of religion in the whole country outside of Jerusalem.

Up to this time, every town and village had had its sanctuary, and access to God was an easy matter for every Israelite. When his heart moved him either to give expression to his thanks, or to seek consolation in his sorrow, he had only to go to his place of worship. Every difficult question of law was laid before God; that is, argued in the sanctuary and decided by a solemn oath of purification. And to one and all these sanctuaries granted the right of refuge. Here was the fugitive safe from his pursuer, and he could only be removed from the sanctuary and delivered up provided he were a convicted felon. Moreover, in the old days of Israel all these sanctuaries were oracles, where at any time men could ask advice or aid in difficult or dangerous matters. And many things which have for us a purely secular character, were to the ancient Israelites acts of divine service. Every animal slaughtered was a sacrifice; every indulgence in meat, a sacrificial feast.

All this ceased with the legislation of Deuteronomy. The Israelite was now compelled to carry on his daily life without God, and thus accustomed himself to consider life as something apart from religion, and in no wise connected with God. Religion was reduced to the three great feasts, which Deuteronomy likewise fundamentally reconstituted.

In ancient Israel the three great feasts were thanksgiving festivals. At the feast of the unleavened bread the first fruits of the fields, of the barley harvest, were offered up to God. The Feast of Weeks, or Pentecost, was the regular harvest feast, when the wheat was garnered, and the Feast of Tabernacles was the autumn festival, the feast of the ingathering of the wine and the fruit. This natural foundation of the three great festivals, which brought them into organic relation with each individual and his personal life, and in fact formed for him the real crises of his life, was now destroyed, and an ecclesiastical or ecclesiastico-historical basis given to them. The feast of unleavened bread took place in remembrance of the flight out of Egypt; the Feast of Weeks later in remembrance of the giving of the law on Sinai, the Feast of Tabernacles in remembrance of the journey through the desert, when Israel dwelt in tents. A difference thus was created spontaneously between holy events and secular events, week days and festivals. Routine every-day life was secularised, while religion was made into an institution, ordinance, work, and achievement apart by itself.

A further outcome of Deuteronomy was, that a distinct and rigorously exclusive priesthood now appears as the sole lawful ministers and stewards of the cultus, and it was enacted that all its members should be descended from the tribe of Levy. In olden times the father of the family offered up the sacrifices for himself and household; he was the priest of his house. To be sure, larger sanctuaries and professional priests were already in existence, but the people were not restricted to them. Every house was still a temple of God, and every head of a family a priest of the Most High. Deuteronomy did away with all this, and so first created the distinction between clergy and laity. Man, as such, has nothing to do directly with God, but only a privileged class of men possess this prerogative and right.

In this way Deuteronomy also radically transformed the priesthood. In ancient Israel the priest was primarily the minister of the divine oracle, the interpreter and expositor of the Divine Will. Deuteronomy did away with oracular predictions as heathenish, and converted the priest into a sacrificer and expounder of the law. The character of the sacrifice also was completely altered. The Israelite now only offered up sacrifices at the three great yearly festivals, when he was compelled to be in Jerusalem. He could hardly be expected to undertake a journey to Jerusalem merely for the sake of making a thanksgiving offering. There was, however, a species of sacrifice which allowed of no delay,—the sacrifice of sin and atonement. Here, in restoring man's broken relations with God, no time could be lost. Accordingly, the sin and atonement offerings now assume increasing dominance; the whole

cultus becomes more and more an institution for the propitiation of sins, and the priest, the intermediiator who negotiates the forgiveness.

Still another consequence flowed from the ideas of Deuteronomy—the opposition of Church and State. This also Deuteronomy created. If the whole of human life has in itself something profane, and the religious life is restricted to a definite caste, man is, so to speak, torn into two halves, each of which lives its own life. In ancient Israel man saw a divine dispensation in the public and national life; love of country was a religious duty. The king was the chief high priest of the people; all State acts were sanctified through religion, and when men fought for home and country, they fought for God “the fight of God.” But now all that was changed. The State as such had nothing more to do with the religious life, and we even see the beginnings in Deuteronomy of that development which subsequently set the Church over the State and regarded the latter merely as the handmaid of the former. Civil State life became a matter of ecclesiastical cult. This, in a sense, was providential. By the separation of religion from the State, the religion of Israel was enabled to survive the destruction of the Jewish State which followed thirty-five years later. But its ultimate consequences were direful beyond measure.

Nor was this all that Deuteronomy did. It substituted for the living revelation of God in the human heart and in history, the dead letter. For the first time a book was made the foundation of religion, religion a statute, a law. He who followed what was written in this book was religious, and he alone.

We see, thus, how an indubitable deepening of the religious spirit is followed by a fixed externalism, and how the prophetic assumptions led to thoroughly unprophetic conclusions. Deuteronomy is an attempt to realise the prophetic ideas by external means. This naturally brought in its train the externalisation of those ideas. In Deuteronomy prophecy gained a decided victory over the national religion, but it was largely a Pyrrhic victory. Prophecy abdicated in favor of priesthood. It is worthy of note that Deuteronomy makes provision for the event of a prophet appearing who might teach doctrines not written in this holy book, of which the priests are the natural guardians and interpreters. As in earlier times the monarchy and prophecy were the two dominant powers, so now priesthood and the law ruled supreme.

But Deuteronomy was productive of still other results. The opposition of secular and sacred, of laity and clergy, of State and Church, the conception of a holy writ and of a divine inspiration, can be traced back in its last roots to the Deuteronomy of the year 621, together with the whole history of revealed religion

down to the present time, including not only Judaism but Christianity and Islam, who have simply borrowed these ideas from Judaism.

By whom this book, which is perhaps the most significant and most momentous that was ever written, was composed, we do not know. It represents a compromise between prophecy and priesthood, and might therefore have been compiled by the priests of Jerusalem, as indeed it was a priest who delivered it to the king, and the priests who derived all the benefits from it. It may be regarded as pretty certain that it took its origin in this period.

Josiah regarded the demands of this book with reverent awe. We are not told whether his reforms were opposed by the people, although he carried them out with great severity and harshness. The final establishment of regularity must have been looked upon as a blessing, and the more so as Deuteronomy lays particular stress on civil justice, establishing in this domain also stability and order. Moreover, Josiah was a man who by his personal qualities was fitted to render acceptable the oppressive features of the work, and to win for it able partisans.

THE PREVAILING DESPAIR OF THE REASON.

BY CHARLES L. WOOD.

JUST now we seem to be having a recrudescence of supernaturalism. The old religious systems have temporarily come back into favor as offering some refuge from the intellectual excesses of the time. On occasions of mental trouble and vexation, men are grateful for any shelter and sympathy and are quite willing to waive points which at other times they are scrupulous in regarding as fixed convictions.

It is characteristic of the human mind, when it reaches a certain stage, to despair of the reason. The mind resolutely attacks problem after problem and is urged on to still greater efforts with each crowning success. But the time inevitably comes when for that particular mind there must be a halt—the joyous leap of the idea from the assembled elements no longer follows. The mind struggles, but in vain, and ends by acknowledging itself mastered. Some higher tribunal there must be, and to that and not to the discredited reason must be the ultimate appeal. And so the once strong rationalistic mind transfers its allegiance to the faith that asks no questions, and affects, for a time, to rest satisfied there.

Every epoch has its note of despair, usually very dolefully sounded by those that think they have reached the confines of human apprehension; but those epochs especially which are troubled with many and vexatious problems are most prone to take up the dirge of intellectual despair. The present time is notable for its

problems of far-reaching character. In sociology, science, philosophy, religion, there are questions and questions; and each advance seems, paradoxically, to raise new and more complex issues. And so in all these departments we have a numerous class of writers and apologists, who, with unmistakable disappointment, find themselves called upon to abjure the reason. The two most recent much-talked-of works that betray great travail of thought, namely, Kidd's *Social Evolution* and Balfour's *Foundations of Belief*, are such apologies, and both writers give up the reason and array themselves in the supra-rationalistic camp. But these works belong to a long and growing list of the same sort; and, strange as it may appear, they all are exponents of the availability of reason itself to arrive at high, if not fully satisfactory, conclusions. They are themselves proof, as their authors would have us believe, that the mysteries of life and the universe still lend themselves to the ratiocinative processes of the mind.

Now this recurring tone of despair is thoroughly unworthy those who would constitute themselves leaders of thought. The reason is not to be discredited in this offhand and self-sufficient manner. It is still man's highest faculty and the true distinguishing mark of his unique position as lord of this world. The capabilities of the reason have not been exhausted, nor indeed can they ever be. In every stage of the past, men have cried out: There is nothing more; further exercise of the reason will but confuse itself—and every succeeding stage of progress has proved the falsity of the declaration. There is a limit to every individual mind and in every stage, but that limit is not fixed for all time; and who is quite sure the limit in a given case has ever been reached?

The reason is still the most powerful and effective instrument man possesses; and sufficient, despite all said to the contrary, to guide his life in the right paths, and, with patience and trust in it, able in time to solve all hindering difficulties. Problems themselves are a proof of the triumph of reason; and the advent of the consciousness of a new problem marks an advance in man's intellectual attainments. The reason at present labors under a certain disadvantage due to excess of material, which the scientific observations and analytical researches of the age have accumulated on every side. These countless facts and phenomena must be sorted, arranged and generalised, and then grouped under their appropriate symbols, before they can be well utilised as elements contributing to higher thought. Meanwhile we should be grateful for what has been done in that widespread emancipation of the intellect from superstition and error, which has been the crowning work of the reason during this century. And again and finally, we should

be alive to the work now going on in every field, which, in effect, is the preliminary task that reason has set herself in the noble purpose to work out for man a true and practical salvation.

A REVIVAL OF BUDDHISM.

CHARLES T. PAUL, the editor of *The Tibetan*, a Christian missionary journal, says in his April number:

"A revival of Buddhism is one of the distinguishing features of the close of this century. From the signs of activity everywhere present among the followers of the great Indian Teacher in many Oriental countries, and indeed to some extent, in the West, it is difficult to agree with Mr. W. S. Lillie's statement that 'Buddhism is a moribund faith.' Whatever may have been its temporary signs of decadence in the past, present evidences go to show that it is rejuvenescent. In a word, a great missionary revival is stirring the rank and file of Buddhists, not only in India, but in Siam, Japan, Ceylon, China, and other countries.

"We have already referred to the Maha-Bodhi Society, formed under the direct patronage of the Grand Lama of Tibet. The avowed objects of the Society are to make known unto all nations 'the sublime teachings of the Buddha, Sakya Muni, and to rescue and restore the sight of the holy tree at Buddha-gaya, where the Buddha attained supreme wisdom.'

"'At this thrice sacred spot,' the journal of the M. B. Society announces, 'it is proposed to re-establish a monastery for the residence of Bikkhus (monks) of Tibet, Ceylon, China, Japan, Burmah, Siam, Cambodia, Chittagong, Nepal, Corea, and Arakan; to found a college for training young men of unblemished character, of whatsoever race and country, for carrying abroad the message of peace and brotherly love promulgated by the divine Teacher twenty-four centuries ago.' Buddhists of all countries are exhorted to unite in the work. It is declared also that 'the time is ripe to sow the seed of Buddha's teachings on Indian and American soils, and an appeal is made for young men to give themselves up to this mission. The headquarters of the Society are in Calcutta, and it counts among its honorary and corresponding members the names of many eminent scholars, European as well as Asiatic. Among the former may be mentioned Sir Edwin Arnold, Professor Rhys Davids, and Col. Olcott.

"The General Secretary is Mr. H. Dharmapala, the talented Cingalese Buddhist, who represented his co-religionists at the Chicago Parliament of Religions, and who, since his return to India and Ceylon, has created an almost unparalleled religious enthusiasm among his people. As a result of his recent labors in Ceylon, a pilgrimage of Buddhist ladies started out for the sacred shrine at Buddha-gaya, the first time in several centuries that such a thing has been known to occur.

"Buddhism is alive, and demands more than ever the attention of Christian missionaries. No messenger of the Gospel of Christ can afford at this time of day, to be ignorant of the doctrines, the institutions and the operations of a religion which is coming to be the gentle rival of Christianity. In the May number of *The Tibetan* will begin a series of articles on the Life and Teachings of the Buddha.

C. T. P."

In a similar spirit Mr. F. H. Balfour spoke of the powerful revival of Buddhism in Japan. He said in a lecture given before the Japan Society in London according to the *London and China Express* (quoted in the *Journal of the Maha-Bodhi Society*, III, No. 8):

"If the introduction of Christianity into Japan has done nothing else, it has done this—it has given an impetus to Buddhism

that would have rejoiced the heart of the great King Asoka. Before, Buddhism was asleep; now it is very much awake, and the air rings with controversy.

"In China, Buddhism makes priests, like Jeroboam, of the lowest of the people. It is not so in Japan. Among the priesthood, there, you will find men of the highest families and the deepest erudition, who are not only versed in Eastern and Western metaphysics, but know as much about Christianity as you and I do. Where do you think we shall find one of the completest libraries of Christian evidences in Japan—a library containing all the standard controversial works, from our old friend Archdeacon Paley down to 'Lux Mundi,' and the latest volume of the fervent Farrar? In some theological training school under missionary superintendence? No; but in the great Temple of Reformed Buddhism at Kyoto. All these are healthy signs. The Buddhists are fighting for their faith and for their lives; they do not regard Christianity with indifference, but attack it with honesty and boldness; they are foemen worthy of our steel, and every inroad that is made upon their ranks is a very hard-won victory."

NOTES.

Friends of Mr. Gandhi will be glad to hear good news about his journey. Moncure D. Conway writes from London as follows:

"Mr. Gandhi arrived in London on the 18th and was drawn by a telegram to his steamer straight to my house, where he now is, and will remain until the middle of next week. He gave a deeply interesting exposition of Jain religion at South Place Chapel last Sunday (April 21) and in the same evening at an ethical society in Camberwell. Last evening he was a speaker at the Liberal Social Union, in a discussion on the influence of the Jew on religious thought. He has made the acquaintance of Mr. Benball and other Sanskrit scholars of the British Museum, and has been assisting them to make a more accurate arrangement of their Jain manuscripts and relics. Every one is much pleased with him. He has gone to-day on a visit to Max Müller (at his daughter's house in Kent), and is to read a paper before the Royal Asiatic Society, May 7. He will then visit the Museum of Religions in Paris, visit Weber and other Sanskritists in Germany and in Hungary, and sail for India towards the close of May. Meanwhile he has several receptions and a Hindu banquet on hand, and his too brief sojourn in London will be well occupied."

Among the recent noteworthy donations to the cause of scientific research is that of M. Ernest Solvay, who, after having previously founded for the University of Brussels an institute of physiology, subsequently donated two hundred thousand francs for the erection and equipment of a special institute devoted to the investigation of electro-biological phenomena. We have before us the long address which M. Solvay delivered in December, 1893, on the occasion of the dedication of the electro-biological institute bearing his name, wherein he has laid down his views of how this research should be conducted and what are its objects. He thinks that "the phenomena of life can and ought to be explained by the action of physical forces alone and that among them electricity plays a predominant rôle." No doubt the institute will yield good fruits. The restriction of its aim, however, seems to us calculated to impair its usefulness. The condition implied in the above-quoted sentence of the founder is one which research should end, not start, with. (Brussels: F. Hayez, 112 Rue de Louvain, 1894.)

The Rev. Dr. Kaye, a Congregational minister of Edger-ton, Wisconsin, will contribute a series of articles to the *Free-thought Magazine*, edited by H. L. Green, Chicago, Illinois, on Col. Robert G. Ingersoll's lecture, "About the Holy Bible," and Dr. Felix L. Oswald will reply. The controversy promises to be a lively one.

BOOK NOTICES.

BACK TO THE OLD TESTAMENT FOR THE MESSAGE OF THE NEW. An Effort to Connect More Closely the Testaments, to Which Is Added a Series of Papers on Various Old Testament Books and Subjects. By Anson Barrie Curtis, B.D., Ph. D. Boston: Universalist Publishing House. 1894. Pages, 325.

We have in the work of Dr. Curtis an eminently fair exposition of the state and significance of modern Biblical study, both as a scientific discipline and as an agency in the solution of the crying religious problems of the day. The author's views, though critical, are wisely conservative and never lose out of sight the fact that the higher criticism is not an end in itself, but a means to help us to purer and nobler views of religious life. He expressly maintains that the results of the new research can only confirm and not destroy the essence of true religion. "The discussion presupposes throughout the general correctness of the views of Driver, Cheyne, Briggs, Robertson, Smith, and [the German scholars]. But at the same time our effort is not to establish those results, but to show in some detail how the Christian religion has gained in authority, in attractiveness, and in spirituality by an appeal to the New Bible."

The title of the book means that in religion as in all other things we can find the solution of present problems only by going back to their roots in the past. We must go back to the Old Testament "for its own sake," as a religious and literary masterpiece ranking among the first books of the world; we must go back to the Old Testament "for the doctrine of inspiration," which the author understands in a broad and purified sense; we must go back to the Old Testament "for a valid proof of God's existence," "for a new conception of the Messiah," "for the way of salvation," "for the suffering Christ," and also for corrections, supplementations, and counterpoises to the New Testament, which, viewed in the light of the Old, receives an extended and higher spiritual significance. Other Biblical problems are also well discussed in the book. The following quotation will characterise the position, which the author holds on Biblical matters:

"It is certainly true that the Church should move slowly and with caution in these matters. But to the truly religious man, to the man of faith, there is little to cause alarm in these newer books. If ours is an age of unbelief, it is this unbelief that has caused destructive Biblical criticism; the higher criticism has not caused it. For the modern movement in Bible study is at bottom sincere, profoundly in earnest, profoundly moral, and filled with an intense desire to reach the very heart of our modern life. It is an effort, not to take the Gospel away from the people, but to bring it to them in all its primitive purity and power."

In the three last chapters of the book, "Leisurely Rambles in the Old Testament With Some of Its Friends and Admirers," "Hints for the Pulpit and Devotional Use of the Old Testament," and "An Inexpensive Old Testament Library," we have a welcome and judicious sketch of the available literature on this subject, accessible to English readers, and we can cordially recommend Dr. Curtis's advice here to all who wish to pursue farther the studies suggested by the articles of Professor Cornill now running in *The Open Court*. T. J. McC.

The recent death of Gustav Freytag, the great German novelist, has attracted increased attention to his works, only few of which, besides *The Lost Manuscript*, have appeared in English. Freytag, who is known to us only as a story-writer, was equally powerful as a historian and playwright. In the latter capacity he achieved remarkable success. And, strange to say,—at least, it will appear strange to us,—he accomplished his work by dint of a long-continued and profound study of the origin and principles

of his art, such as one would only have expected from a scientific scholar or critic. Nor did he omit to study thoroughly the practical mechanism of dramatic representation. His results he embodied in a work called *The Technique of the Drama, An Exposition of Dramatic Composition and Art*, which takes high rank as a literary as well as a scientific study, and we are glad to notice now the appearance of this book in an English translation by Elias J. MacEwan (Chicago: Griggs & Co.). Upon the whole, the interest and value of Freytag's work are reproduced, although such mistakes as the following excite a reviewer's suspicion. Speaking of Shakespeare's parallel use of comic and tragic action, this sentence occurs as giving an example: "As when the constables must help to prevent the sad fate threatening *the hero*" (p. 46). Freytag's reference here is plainly to the famous scene in *Much Ado About Nothing*, where the foolish constables unearth the plot against the honor of Hero—the name of the heroine, and daughter of Leonato.

Among the numerous announcements of Macmillan the following are likely to prove of interest to our readers. (1) A new series of Saga translations to be issued under the title of the "Northern Library," the first of which will be a rendering by the Rev. John Sephton of the *Saga of King Olaf Tryggvason*. (2) A new edition of the philosophical poet, Wordsworth, edited by Professor Knight of St. Andrews, to occupy sixteen volumes of the "Eversley Series" and to contain not only the poems, but the prose works and also the letters both of the poet and his sister. (3) A new "Novelists' Library," the first number of which is Mrs. Humphry Ward's *Marcella*, to be published monthly, in paper covers, and costing only fifty cents. Other novels by F. Marion Crawford, Rudyard Kipling, W. Clark Russell, the Hon. Emily Lawless, Mrs. Clifford, and Mrs. F. A. Steel to follow. (4) *The Principles of Sociology*, by Franklin H. Giddings, formerly of Bryn Mawr College and at present professor of sociology in Columbia. Professor Giddings's work, which will treat exclusively of sociological topics, will be issued in the early autumn.

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JEREMIAH.

BY PROF. C. H. CORNILL.

PROPHECY did not experience at once the disastrous consequences of the priestly reforms of 621, but displayed at this period its noblest offshoot in Jeremiah. It is impossible to suppose that Jeremiah had anything to do with either the composition or introduction of Deuteronomy. The rather elaborate account given of the proceedings of this period in the Book of Kings makes no mention of him, and the mental relationship which some have claimed to exist between Jeremiah and Deuteronomy is based on passages of this book which did not belong to the law-code of 621, but are later than Jeremiah, and the direct outcome of his influence.

As the Kingdom of Israel on its downfall bore in Hosea its noblest prophetic fruit, so in the time immediately preceding the destruction of Judah we find the sublime figure of Jeremiah. Mentally, also, these two men were closely related. Sentiment is the predominant characteristic of each. Both have the same tender and sympathetic heart; both have the same elegiac bent of mind; both were pre-eminently devout men. The religious element preponderates entirely over the ethical. It can be proved that Jeremiah was powerfully influenced by Hosea, and that he looked upon him as his prototype.

We are better informed concerning the life and fortunes of Jeremiah than of any other prophet. He received his call to the prophetic office in the thirteenth year of Josiah's reign, namely, in 627. He must have been at the time very young, as he hesitated to obey the divine order on the ground of his youth. We are referred, therefore, to the later years of the reign of King Manasseh, as the period of the prophet's birth. Jeremiah was not a native of Jerusalem; his home was Anathoth, a small village near Jerusalem. He came of a priestly family, and we get the impression that he did not live in poor circumstances. Solomon had banished to his estate in Anathoth, Abiathar, the high-priest of David, and the last remaining heir of the old priesthood of Shiloh. The conjecture is not rash, perhaps, that Jeremiah was a descendant of this family, which could cherish and preserve the proudest and dearest recollections of Israel as family traditions.

The family was descended from Moses. Abiathar had been closely attached to David's person and throne; he had given the religious sanction to all David's mighty deeds, and it was he who helped to found Jerusalem as also to be the first to worship there the God of Israel. How vividly such traditions are wont to be fostered in fallen families is well known, and, besides, Jeremiah shows himself to be thoroughly acquainted with the past history of Israel. Moses and Samuel, Amos and Hosea, they were the men with whom and in whom he lived. No other prophet is so steeped in the ancient literature and history of Israel. Everything that was noble and worthy in Israel was known and familiar to him. We see in this the fruits of a careful education, and can readily imagine how the priestly father or pious mother filled the impressionable heart of the child with what was most sacred to them.

Jeremiah himself mentions his debt to his parents, where God says to him in the vision: "Before thou camest forth out of the womb I sanctified and ordained thee a prophet." Which means: A person born of such parents is, of necessity, consecrated to God.

And still another circumstance is of utmost importance. Jeremiah is the scion of a martyred church. He was born at a time when Manasseh persecuted the prophets with fire and sword, and raged against their whole party. Persecution, however, only serves to fan religion into a more intense flame. With what fervor do men then pray; with what strength they believe, and confide, wait and hope. Under such circumstances was Jeremiah born. Under such impressions he grew up. Truly, he was a predestined personality.

In Jeremiah prophecy appears in a totally new and distinct stamp, noticeable even in his first calling in the year 627. God says to Jeremiah: "See I have this day set thee over the nations and over the kingdoms, to root out and to pull down, to build and to plant." So thoroughly does the prophet feel himself one with Him who sent him, and fancy his own personality identical with God. Likewise, in one of the grandest passages of his book it is he who causes all the nations to drink of the wine-cup of God's fury. And thus the whole life of the prophet is absorbed in his calling. He must even deny himself the joys of matrimony and of home. Solitary and forlorn he must

wander through life, belonging only to God and to his vocation.

It is my duty to state, so as not to draw on myself the charge of false embellishment, that this consciousness of absolute union with God often assumes in Jeremiah a form which has for us something offensive in it. His enemies are also God's enemies, and this otherwise tender and gentle man calls down upon them the heaviest curses: "Pull them out like sheep for the slaughter, and prepare them for the day of throttling." But he is conscious himself that this is something incongruous. In one of his most remarkable passages, where he has broken out into the direst imprecations and cursed himself and the day of his birth, God answers him: "If thou becomest again mine, thou mayest again be my servant, and if thou freest thy better self from the vile, then shalt thou still be as my mouth."

Jeremiah did indeed free his better self from the vile, and such passing outbreaks only make him dearer to us and render him more human, as showing us what this man inwardly suffered, how he struggled, and under what afflictions his prophecy arose. The sorrow he bears is twofold: personal, in that he preaches to deaf ears and only reaps hate in return for his love; and general, as a member of his people. For as the prophet knows himself to be in his vocation one with God, so does he know himself as a man to be one with his people, whose grief he bears with a double burden, whose destiny is like to break his heart.

"My bowels, my bowels, I am pained to my very heart; my heart maketh a noise in me; I cannot hold my peace, because thou hast heard, O my soul, the sound of the trumpet, the alarm of war."

Thus he exclaims in one place, and in another we read:

"O that my head were waters, and my eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people!"

Out of this peculiar and twofold position of the prophet between God and his people Jeremiah drew the practical inference that he was the chosen advocate and intercessor of the nation with God; in his fervent prayers he fairly battles with God for the salvation of his people. This is a totally new feature. The relation of the former prophets to their contemporaries was that of mere preachers of punishment and repentance. Jeremiah, however, in spite of their unworthiness, holds his fellow-countrymen lovingly in his heart and endeavors to arrest the arm of God, already uplifted to deal on them the destructive blow. God at last must all but rebuff his unwearying and impetuous prophet.

The prophetic preaching of Jeremiah naturally often rests on that of his predecessors, out of which it

organically grew. But it is curious to see, and this is noticeable even in the smallest details, how everything is spiritualised and deepened in Jeremiah, and in a certain measure transposed to a higher key. Often it is a mere descriptive word, or characteristic expression, which makes old thoughts appear new, and stamps them as the mental property of Jeremiah. I must forego the proof of this in detail, and limit myself in this brief sketch to what is specifically new in Jeremiah, and to what constitutes his substantial importance and position in the history of Israelitic prophecy and religion.

Now, the specifically new in Jeremiah touches directly the kernel and substance of religion. Jeremiah was the first to set religion consciously free from all extraneous and material elements, and to establish it on a purely spiritual basis. God himself will destroy His temple in Jerusalem, and at the time of the final salvation, it shall not be built up again, and the Holiest of Holies, the ark of the covenant, will not be missed, and none new made. What God requires of man is something different: man shall break up his fallow ground and not sow among thorns; he shall circumcise his heart. God considers only the purity of the heart, its prevalent disposition; it is he who "tries the heart and the reins"—an expression originally coined by Jeremiah, and which we meet with in his book for the first time. Truth and obedience are good in themselves, as denoting a moral disposition.

There was a sect, the Rechabites, who abstained from drinking wine. Jeremiah knew well that the Kingdom of God was not eating and drinking, and that the goodness and worth of man in God's sight did not depend on whether he drank wine or not. Nevertheless, he praises these Rechabites, and holds them up to the people as an example of piety and faith. Jeremiah goes indeed further than this. He is the first to affirm in clear and plain words, that the gods of the heathen are not real beings, but merely imaginative creations of the minds of their worshippers. Yet he holds up to his people the heathen who serve their false and meaningless religion with genuine faith and sincere devotion, as models and examples which put them to shame. They are really more pleasing to God than a people who have the true God, but are unmindful and forgetful of Him. And this is a sin for which there is no excuse, for the knowledge of God is inborn in man. As the bird of passage knoweth the time of his departure and the object of its wandering, so is the longing for God born in man; he has only to follow after that yearning of his heart as the animal after its instinct, and this craving must lead him to God. And this will also be in the end of time when God concludes a new covenant with Israel: then has every man the law of God written in his heart; he has only to consult his

heart and to follow after its directions. Now, if religion, or, as Jeremiah calls it, the knowledge of God, is born in man, then there is no difference between Jews and Gentiles, and this grand thought Jeremiah first recognised:

“O Lord, . . . the Gentiles shall come unto thee from the ends of the earth and shall say, Our fathers have inherited only lies, vanity, and things wherein there is no profit. Can a man make gods unto himself, that are not gods?” And when the Gentiles then learn from converted Israel to worship the true God, as they themselves taught Israel to offer sacrifices to idols, then they, too, will enter into the future kingdom of God.

The ideality and universality of religion—they are the two new grand apprehensions which Jeremiah has given to the world. Every man as such is born a child of God. He does not become such through the forms of any definite religion, or outward organisation, but he becomes such in his heart, through circumcision of the heart and of the ears. A pure heart and a pure mind are all that God requires of man, let his piety choose what form it will, so long as it is genuine. Thus we have in Jeremiah the purest and highest consummation of the prophecy of Israel and of the religion of the Old Testament. After him One only could come, who was greater than he.

But we must now pass on to a consideration of the life and fortunes of Jeremiah, for in them are reflected the fortunes of his people and age.

In the early days of his vocation as a prophet, Jeremiah seems to have worked very quietly. For the first five years, during the occurrence of the extremely important events enacted at Jerusalem in connexion with Deuteronomy, nobody took the slightest notice of him. Perhaps he was still living in his native village of Anathoth. We know from his own accounts that he labored there, as also that he was the object of a rancorous persecution, which aimed at his life. It is possible that it was this that induced him to settle in Jerusalem.

Of his work during the reign of Josiah we know nothing definite. Only one short speech of the collection in his book is expressly ascribed to this time. In fact, we are told nothing of Josiah himself, after the famous reform, except the manner of his death. The second half of his reign must have been on the whole happy and propitious for Judah. The Seythian storm had raged across it without causing much severe damage. The power of Assyria was smitten and had entirely disappeared in the outlying regions. Josiah could rule over Israel as if it were his own land, and in a measure restore the kingdom of David.

But events pursued their uninterruptible course. In the year 608 Nineveh was surrounded by the allied

Medes and Chaldeans, and its fall was only a question of time. The Egyptian Pharaoh Necho held this to be a fitting opportunity to secure for himself his portion of the heritage of Assyria. He set forth with a huge army from the Nile, to occupy on behalf of the Egyptian kingdom the whole country up to the Euphrates. What moved Josiah to oppose him we do not know. A disastrous engagement took place at Megiddo, where Josiah was completely defeated and mortally wounded. This was for the religious party in Israel a terrible blow. Josiah, the first king pleasing to God, had met a dreadful end. He had served God faithfully and honestly, and now God had abandoned him. Could not some mistake have been made as to God's power, or as to His justice? And indeed after this event a change does really seem to have taken place in the religious views.

Jehoiakim, Josiah's eldest son, who now ruled as an Egyptian vassal, was not a man after the heart of the prophet; in him Manasseh lived anew. He also persecuted the prophets. He ordered one of them named Urijah to be executed, and Jeremiah himself was in constant danger of losing his life. Whether the reform of the cultus ordered by Josiah was revoked, we do not know; in any event Jehoiakim took no interest in it, and in no wise supported it. Under him the temporal arm of the church was not available. And now, just at the beginning of his reign, Jeremiah appears with the awful prophecy, at that time doubly monstrous and blasphemous, that temple and city would be both destroyed if a radical improvement and thorough conversion did not take place. Violent scenes arose in the temple; the death of the obnoxious prophet was clamorously called for. He was saved only with difficulty, and it seems was forbidden to enter the temple and to preach there.

In the year 606 Nineveh fell after a three years' siege, and thus disappeared the kingdom and nation of the Assyrians from the face of the earth. The Medes and Chaldeans divided the spoils among them. Now, however, they had another task on their hands. A third competitor was to be driven out of the field. Pharaoh Necho had actually occupied the whole country up to the Euphrates. Accordingly, in 605, a year after the fall of Nineveh, the Babylonian Nebuchadnezzar marched against him. The battle took place at Carchemish and Necho was totally defeated. The Egyptian hosts rolled back in wild flight to their homes and the whole country as far as the confines of Egypt fell into Nebuchadnezzar's hands.

In this critical year, 605, Jeremiah received God's command's to write down in a book all the words which he had hitherto spoken, and at the end of the book we find the vision of the cup of wrath, which the prophet was to cause all nations and peoples to drink, for now

through the Chaldeans God's judgment is fulfilled over the whole earth. Jehoiakim felt the seriousness of the situation. A general fast was ordered, and seizing the occasion Jeremiah caused his young friend and pupil Baruch to read his book of prophecies aloud in the temple. The King heard of it, ordered the book to be read to him, had it cut into pieces and cast into the fire. He ordered the arrest of Jeremiah and Baruch, but they managed to keep out of the way.

Thus Jehoiakim was converted from an Assyrian into a Babylonian vassal, and Jeremiah incessantly urged upon him the necessity of bending his neck to the yoke of the King of Babel. For Nebuchadnezzar was the servant, the chosen weapon of God, appointed by Him to rule over the earth. Natural prudence and insight alone would have recommended this policy as the only right and possible one; for by it relative quiet and peace were assured to the nation. But Jehoiakim did not think so. He arose against the King of Babel, and a storm now brewed around Jerusalem. Jehoiakim himself did not survive the catastrophe, but his son Jehoiachin was compelled to surrender unconditionally to the Babylonians. Nebuchadnezzar led the king captive to Babylon, where he was kept in close bondage, together with ten thousand of his people, the entire aristocracy of birth and intellect; nothing remained but the lower classes. He set the third son of Josiah, Zedekiah, as vassal king over this decimated and enfeebled people.

All this happened in the year 597.

Better days now began for Jeremiah. Zedekiah resembled his father Josiah; he evidently held the prophet in high esteem, and seemed not indisposed to be guided by him. But he had to reckon here with the wishes of the people and with public opinion, and they tended the other way. The sadder the situation and the more dangerous the circumstances became, the higher flared the fanaticism, which was fanned into a flame by other prophets. Here we encounter those biassed and indiscriminating disciples of Isaiah, who, with their boasts of the indestructibility of Jerusalem and the temple, were never weary of assuring the people of divine protection, and of urging them to shake off the detested yoke of the Gentiles.

In the fourth year of the reign of Zedekiah a powerful and widespread agitation seems to have broken out. Ambassadors from all the smaller nations and peoples round about gathered in Jerusalem to plan some scheme of concerted action against Nebuchadnezzar. Jeremiah appears in their midst with a yoke around his neck. It is the will of God that all the nations should bow their necks beneath the yoke of Nebuchadnezzar, lest a heavier judgment should fall upon them. One of the false prophets, Hananiah, took the yoke from off the neck of Jeremiah and broke it, say-

ing: "Even so will the Lord break the yoke of Nebuchadnezzar king of Babylon from the neck of all the nations within the space of two full years." Then said Jeremiah to him: "Thou hast broken the yokes of wood; but in their stead shall come yokes of iron." It was predicted Hananiah should die in that year, for having prophesied falsely in the name of God. And Hananiah died in the seventh month. Finally, nothing definite came of the deliberations, and the nations remained quiet. But even the exiles in Babylon, who were also greatly excited and stirred up by false prophets, had to be warned by Jeremiah to peace and resignation in the will of God. He did this in a letter, which must have been written at the same time with the events above-mentioned.

Of the next five years we know nothing. But adversity takes rapid strides, and now the destiny of Jerusalem was about to be fulfilled. Confiding in the help of Egypt, Zedekiah rebelled against his suzerain and for a second time the Babylonian armies marched against Jerusalem. Zedekiah sent to consult the prophet as to the future. Jeremiah remained firm in his opinion—subjection to the King of Babylon. Whosoever shall go forth against the Chaldeans shall not escape out of their hands, and whosoever shall remain in the city shall die through the sword, hunger, and pestilence, but the city shall be consumed with fire. The people did not listen to him; passion had blinded and rendered them foolish. The siege began. The Egyptians, however, kept their promise. Egyptian troops poured in, and Nebuchadnezzar raised the siege.

The joy in Jerusalem knew no bounds. But unfortunately these days of rejoicing and confidence were darkened by a disgraceful breach of faith. The necessities of the siege had suggested the revival of an ancient custom, by which the Hebrew slaves were set free after six years' service. To obtain warriors willing to fight during the siege, the Hebrew slaves had been solemnly liberated, but now that all danger was over, they were compelled to return to servitude. The enraged prophet hurled his most terrible words at the heads of this faithless and perjured people, but in so doing he made enemies among the ruling classes, who, as he was about to set forth to his birthplace Anathoth, caused him to be arrested, on the pretence that he intended to go over to the Chaldeans; he was beaten and put into prison. But his prophecy was right. The Chaldeans returned, and the siege began anew. That was for Jeremiah a time of affliction. Hated, ill-treated, persecuted by all as a betrayer of his country, he passed several weeks and months of unutterable misery. To the energetic mediation of King Zedekiah he owed his life.

We can now understand, perhaps, the moods which

caused him to curse his birth and to murmur against God, who had only suffered him to be born for misery and wretchedness, hatred and enmity.

But soon the fate of Jerusalem was fulfilled. After being defended with the wild courage of despair, it was finally captured on the ninth of July, 536. This time Nebuchadnezzar showed no mercy. Zedekiah had his eyes put out and was carried in chains to Babylon, after all his children had been murdered in his sight. The city and temple were plundered, burnt with fire, and utterly destroyed, and almost the entire population carried away captive into Babylon. Only a few of the poor of the land were left behind for vine-dressers and for husbandmen. As Babylonian viceroy over this miserable remnant, with a residence in Mizpah, was appointed Gedaliah, a grandson of Shaphan, the scribe who had delivered Deuteronomy to King Josiah.

Jeremiah, who had survived all the terrors and sufferings of the siege and capture, and whom the Chaldeans had left in Judah, remained with Gedaliah, whose father, Ahikam had been a warm friend and supporter of the prophet. And now that his prophecies soared to their sublimest heights and he had just predicted on the ruins of Jerusalem and of the temple, God's everlasting covenant of grace with Israel, he would, perhaps, have still enjoyed a successful activity, had not a band of fanatics with a prince of the royal blood at their head, treacherously attacked and slain Gedaliah and such Chaldeans as were with him. Jeremiah still counselled quiet. Nebuchadnezzar would not visit the crime of a few on the whole nation. But the people would not trust him; they arose and went into Egypt and forced the aged prophet to accompany them.

In Egypt the prophet closed a life full of suffering. Bitter contentions arose with his countrymen. Jeremiah still fearlessly discharged his office as incarnate conscience of his people, and was, according to a Jewish tradition, stoned to death by an infuriated mob.

Thus, breathed out his great soul Jeremiah, solitary and alone on Egyptian soil under the blows of his own people, for whom during his whole lifetime he had striven and suffered, and from whom, for all his love and faith, he had but reaped hatred and persecution. Truly he drank the cup of suffering to its dregs. But undismayed and dauntless, he fell in his harness, a true soldier of the truth. He had become as an iron wall, and as pillars of brass against the whole land. They had struggled against him, but not overcome him. He fell as a hero, as a conqueror; he could die for the truth, he could not abjure it.

Jerusalem destroyed, its greatest son buried in the sands of Egypt, the people dragged as captives into Babylon—what was now to become of Israel? Here

was the opportunity for Deuteronomy to prove itself true, and it did prove true. It saved Israel and religion. And to this end prophecy also helped much. If the songs of the Lord were silent in a strange land, and Israel weeping hung her harps on the willows by the waters of Babylon—yet prophecy was not silent. It found during the exile in Babylon two of its truest and spiritually most powerful exponents.

LIFE.

BY WILHELMINE DARROW.

Out of the dusk, the shadows of night,
Out of the shadows the birth of light.

Out of that light, the life-giving flame,
Out of that light the spirit came,
Out of that light the perfect plan
From the blade of grass to the crown of man.

In the dawn of life earth held thee,
As a mother her nestling at her knee.

As the climbing moon the sea-tides drew,
So fuller and higher thy summit grew,—
From the sun-fed blossoms of childhood's plains
The upland path as manhood gains.

When darkness comes it means but rest
To lie for a while on earth's brown breast,

And out of the dust to live again
In the oak tree's strength or the waving grain;
A cunning fragment of the alchemist's art,
Or to nestle close to a human heart.

Tho' marred by time, tho' tempest tossed
What has been never can be lost.

Of broader brow, of keener view
Thy children thine upward race pursue.

In the songs thy mother sang to thee,
The spirit-age of a nation see,
Deeds of thine in earlier days
Shall be the theme of minstrel-lays.

The spirit of the scholar lies enfolded in the scroll,
The deeds of man the living soul.

THE AMERICAN CONGRESS OF LIBERAL RELIGIOUS SOCIETIES.

THE second session of the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies, held in Chicago on June 4, 5, and 6, has been successful in bringing together a number of liberal thinkers who are full of hopes for building grander religious mansions for mankind. There were all shades of religious and philosophical thought represented, and problems were discussed that are now in the minds of many serious, inquiring people. But we cannot say that the word of solution has been pronounced. On the very last day of the Congress I was asked by a stranger of the audience, "Can you not tell me what is the main intention of the Congress?" "Did you not hear the speeches of the preceding days?" I retorted. And my questioner replied: "I attended all the sessions, but I cannot make out what the Congress means to accomplish, and how they will bring about a closer relation among the various

denominations. Are they limited to Unitarians, Universalists, Jews, and Ethical Culturists, and what do they intend to do together? We feel that something ought to be done, but in these divergencies of opinion we are at a loss to know what can be done."

This expression of public sentiment appeared to me very characteristic. The Congress contains great possibilities, but the main thing is yet lacking,—purpose and definite direction. The agreement of the Liberals is so far only negative. There was a general denunciation of dogmatic religion, there was an eagerness for acquiring more breadth, a tendency towards Universalism ready to sink all sectarianism in world-wide generalities. This tendency, however, was opposed by some calmer minds, especially by the Jews, who had come to the Congress, not for the sake of dropping Judaism, but because they felt that the very principle of their religion gave them liberty of thought and allowed them to seek fellowship with others.

In the absence of Dr. Thomas, the President, Rabbi Hirsch opened the Congress. He introduced several speakers, among them W. L. Sheldon of St. Louis, the Rev. Joseph Stolz of Chicago, the Rev. Dr. J. M. Pullman, Universalist, of Lynn, Mass. Sheldon's conception of liberalism was that of the ethical culture societies, which was identical with subjectivism. He said that he did not come to change the religion of others. He wanted the Roman Catholic to remain a Roman Catholic, the Presbyterian a Presbyterian, the Unitarian a Unitarian, while he stuck to his conception, which was the truth *to him*. He said: "If any one would offer me a solution which claims to have solved the problem I would say: You have no Gospel for me, for the key to the religious problem has been lost. There will always remain the various religions which we have now, or analogous forms, so long as the world stands. One makes this idea or aspiration prominent, while others urge the importance of other ideas. To me duty is the highest religion. To let every one have the liberty of his own conviction is to me the gist of liberalism." Mr. Sheldon was much applauded for his remarks, and there is no doubt that he voiced the sentiment of perhaps the majority of the audience.

After him spoke Rabbi Stolz, claiming that Judaism, the most ancient religion, was still the most modern. That he did not come to surrender his views, but to uphold them, in the confidence that they could stand the test of time. Dr. Pullman spoke very eloquently for Universalism, while the Rev. F. E. Dewhurst represented the Independents.

The subject of these opening addresses was "The Tendency to Unite the Things Held in Common and the Things We Can Do Together." The impression which the various speeches made did not afford the satisfaction of attaining to a closer union, and we would suggest here that if liberalism is what Mr. Sheldon represents it, viz., Agnosticism and Subjectivism, the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies will never accomplish anything worth talking about. Mr. Sheldon says that to him duty is the highest religion, but is not the performance of duty to everybody of whatever denomination he may be the highest religion? The trouble is to find a test-stone of duty. While the Roman Catholic allows himself to be guided by the directions of his ecclesiastical superiors and the Pope, the Protestant relies on the Bible, and the Ethical Culturist on his conscience. But everybody believes in duty. The question is, Can we have a test of duty, or is duty simply a matter of individual preference? Is there a possibility of ascertaining and clearly defining the maxims of moral conduct, or is it a matter of taste, where various opinions may peacefully obtain one beside the other?

The solution of the problem as proposed by *The Open Court* would be that we have, indeed, a means of discovering the moral laws which should regulate our conduct, and while the names of the various denominations are of no account, while ceremonies, tra-

ditions, and symbols may vary, the gist of true religion can only be one, and must be the same under all conditions. The character of this cosmic religion is not indefinite, it is not a matter of taste, or personal preference, but it can be objectively determined and clearly defined. Man's relation to the All, the conditions from which he springs, the laws according to which his soul develops, the potentiality of further progress, the social relations of man to man, his duties to himself, to his fellow-beings, to his posterity, can be made the subject of inquiry; the whence and whither of man is not an insolvable problem. It is accessible to us. A solution is possible, if we only take the trouble to investigate with all necessary accuracy and circumspection. If we do not solve the whole problem at once, we can approach it gradually by resolving it into partial problems, and solving them one by one. In a word, science is applicable not only to lower nature, but also to higher nature. Science is not limited to mineralogy, chemistry, and zoölogy, but can be applied also to the problems of the human soul. The religious needs of man, his aspirations and ideals, too, can be subjected to scientific inquiry, and these most important facts of man's life are the well-springs of his religion. Religion, be it ever so misguided by superstitious notions, is deeply grounded in the nature of man, and only by a painstaking investigation of the facts from which religion springs can we solve the religious problem.

Here, then, if anywhere, is the ground upon which religious societies can come to an agreement, and indeed not only liberal religious societies, but all religious people, churches and individuals, liberal and illiberal, sectarian and unsectarian. Mere negations, such as undogmatic religion, non-sectarian churches, absolute mental liberty, which apparently is understood to mean pure subjectivism, will be an insufficient cement for a religious fellowship, and the limitation of the congress to "*liberal* religious societies" gives it an involuntary flavor of illiberality which is not desirable.

The objection may be made that if the Congress were not limited to liberal religious societies, dogmatic people might join them and obliterate the liberal character by outnumbering the original founders. But of this there would be no danger if the Congress adopted the principle that the facts of life ascertainable by experience, especially the higher spiritual experiences of the human heart, must be considered as the basis of religion, and that all problems have to be decided before the tribunal of science. Science must not be regarded as profane. Science is a religious revelation, and if the will of God becomes known anywhere it appears in the verdicts of science. This is a positive ground to stand on. The nature of science is objectivity. The truths of science are not vague generalities but definite, and these truths are not mere opinions but universal statements that can be proved. The nature of genuinely scientific statements is that they must be accepted by every one who investigates the subject. They can be revised and restated. They can be amended, corrected, and be rendered more and more accurate. Science indeed is the only catholic institution in the world, and if we want catholicity in religion we must fall back upon science.

The name American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies is ponderous, awkward, and inappropriate. Dr. Momerie of London proposed to change it into "The Liberal Congress of Religious Societies," and we would suggest simply "The American Religious Congress."

In order to make the Congress a success it would be desirable to have it conducted according to the plan and principles of the World's Parliament of Religions, which united men of the most different and even opposite convictions in a brotherly spirit, because the liberality of the Parliament was parliamentary and did not make any attempts to replace the definiteness of its sectarian members by vague generalities. If the American Congress

of Liberal Religious Societies were a Pan-Religious Congress affording to its members parliamentary liberty on the ground that whatever opinion can stand the test of scientific critique should have the right of survival, the new organisation would find a great field. It would then be truly liberal, could invite the most dogmatic churches to join, and would without fail purify the religious traditions from which we have to work out a nobler conception of God and man and the ethical duties of man.

* * *

On Wednesday morning, June 5, the Congress heard the reports of the various committees, especially on missionary and publication work. The Rev. A. W. Gould's report was discussed by the Rev. A. N. Alcott of Elgin, Ill. The latter made some valuable remarks as to the policy of missionarising. He criticised the attempts to induce societies to change their names or to sink other sectarian peculiarities which are not antagonistic to federation and friendly fellowship. Dr. E. G. Hirsch made a report on a school of sociology and religion which he rightly declared to be a need of the time. He did not doubt if the plan were made in the right way, the money necessary for its foundation would be forthcoming.

Dr. Orello Cone, President of Buchtel College, spoke in the afternoon on "The Higher Criticism and Its Ethical Relations," and he was followed on the same subject by Dr. Hirsch. Both paid a glowing tribute to the noble efforts of the critics, and especially Dr. Hirsch waxed eloquent in his explanation of the deeply religious nature of the so-called higher criticism. The higher critics have taken the wind out of the sails of Ingersolism. They are the men who rescued the Bible from misinterpretation. They give back to us our sacred Scriptures which we had lost through the misconception of narrow-minded ignoramuses. The dust of centuries has settled upon them, defacing their original meaning and beauty and our critics are doing the work of a thorough house-cleaning by which the original beauty is restored.

In the evening the Rev. George D. Herron of Iowa College, Grinnell, Iowa, spoke on "The Uses and Abuses of Wealth." It was a harangue in which the railroad companies and other great corporations were justly and unjustly attacked, and no remedy was offered to improve the present condition of things. We have no objection to radical views and to the proposition of new sociological theories, but we cannot help thinking that mere denunciations which smack of demagogism are out of place at a religious congress, and it is certain that the Rev. Herron did more harm to the cause of the Congress than any adversary of its cause could have accomplished. Dr. Momerie spoke on the same evening on "The Essentials of Religion." Although he belongs to the Episcopalian Church of England, famous for its dogmatic spirit, he did not spare the old dogmatic conception of religion which he represented as a species of bargain-making for gaining the favor of the deity through sacrifices and flattery.

The Rev. Arthur M. Judy of Davenport, Iowa, proposed in the session on Thursday morning a plan of federation between the various societies which, however, found no strong support in the discussion that followed. As his speech touches the main problem of the Congress, it is to be published in full in *Unity* together with an accurate report of the debate elicited by it.

The Rev. John Faville, Pastor of the Congregational Church, Appleton, Wis., spoke in the afternoon on "The Interchange of Ministerial Courtesies Across Theological Chasms." The rest of the time was filled by twenty-minute addresses on various subjects, among them one on Politics by the Rev. W. R. Lord of St. Paul, Minn., and one on The Public Schools by Col. F. W. Parker of Chicago. The latter's address was very impressive and as he spoke with great enthusiasm it served to kindle and intensify the popular interest for the importance of the educational problem through the instrumentality of our public schools.

The Standard Club of Chicago gave a brilliant reception to

the members and friends of the Congress Thursday evening, where the most prominent leaders of the Congress, Dr. Thomas, Dr. Jones, Dr. Hirsch, and a few guests, Dr. Momerie, Dr. Moses, and the Hon. Lyman Trumbull made valedictory addresses.

We repeat, the Congress has great potentialities but it will be indispensable for the new organisation to become more definite in its purpose and to define clearly the aims and methods of its aspirations.

P. C.

BOOK NOTICES.

THE POWER OF SILENCE. An Interpretation of Life in Its Relation to Health and Happiness. By *Horatio W. Dresser*. Boston: George H. Ellis. Pages, 219. Price, \$1.50.

This book of two hundred and nineteen pages contains a philosophy of life based upon the experiences of Dr. P. P. Quimby, of Belfast, Maine. It is dedicated to the author's parents, who were long associated with Dr. Quimby. The main idea is to attain the right attitude in life by hushing the bustle of the world. There is too much writing upon the subject before a presentation of the substance is reached. Some good ideas are scattered through its pages, but we look in vain for a condensed statement of the gist of the author's thoughts. So far as we can see, his philosophy centres in these sentences (p. 125): "What is God doing with us? What is the ideal toward which the immanent life is moving through us?" The answer is: "Suffering is intended to make men think. Behind all experience moves one great aspiring power developing and perfecting the world. Wherein man is adjusted to it, he is already free from suffering; but wherein he still acts ignorantly he suffers, and is sure to be in conflict until he understands the law of growth."

The Drama of the Apocalypse, by En Dansk, "being meditations on life and immortality," is a new attempt at putting sense and meaning into the Revelation of St. John. To do so, the author says, "it is necessary to transport ourselves in thought to the times in which the author lived, and try to understand the belief and hopes which animated this pioneer of a new faith." He rejects the old-time methods of interpreting the Apocalypse, his own procedure being chiefly psychological and a sort of endeavor "to enter into the mind, expectations, and intellectual environment of the Seer of Patmos." The author has eloquently and vividly described the physical, social, and mental environment of the apocalyptic rhapsodist, and his book will no doubt serve to help many to a rational insight into this enigmatic production of early Christianity. The author does not neglect to emphasise the spiritual importance of the Apocalypse as a symbolisation of the person of Christ and his life-work. (London: T. Fisher Unwin, Paternoster Square. 1894. Pages, 241.)

Mr. Charles W. French, Principal of the Hyde Park High School of Chicago, has just edited and arranged for school use some appropriate *Selections from the Works of Robert Browning*. (New York: A. Lovell & Co. Pages, 112. Price, 50 cents.) The Selections include Saul, Ben Ezra, Pheidippides, Abt Vogler, A Grammarian's Funeral, and The Dead Pan. The editor has written a brief expository and biographical introduction giving analyses of the larger poems, and appended explanatory footnotes to difficult and obscure passages.

Mr. D. Ostrander has written a little book on *Social Growth and Stability, a Consideration of the Factors of Modern Society and Their Relation to the Character of the Coming State*, in which are expressed upon the whole correct and adequate ideas of the social and ethical problems. The book, however, is unsystematic and excursive, and the author's grasp of many questions somewhat naïve. (Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Company. 1895. Pages, 191. Price, \$1.00.)

Dr. Charles Borgeaud's *Adoption and Amendment of Constitutions in Europe and America*, which received the *Prix Rossi* awarded in 1893 by the Faculty of Law of the University of Paris, and is favorably known in juridical circles abroad, has been translated into English by Prof. C. D. Hazen and Mr. John M. Vincent. (Macmillan & Co. Pages, 353. Price, \$2.00.) The present study aims to exhibit the process of constitution-making in States, unlike England, which admit of isolated treatment and supply materials for the construction of a general theory. In the author's view this end can be attained only by a clear understanding of the general principles which underlie the various constitutions, and for this in turn a historical study of the fundamental law of the different nations is necessary. He has sought in this work to show the possibilities of such an investigation, examining (1) The Origin, Growth, and Character of Written Constitutions, (2) Royal Charters and Constitutional Compacts (in Germany, Austria, Scandinavia, and the Latin Nations), (3) Democratic Institutions (in America, France, and Switzerland). What we have in Dr. Borgeaud's work is a brief synoptic view of the *historical development* of the world's constitutions as organic wholes, and not a bare and tedious transcription of their texts. He has compressed a mass of unwieldy material into a very small compass.

Books so elucidative and interesting as *Outlines of English Industrial History*, by W. Cunningham and Ellen A. McArthur, are rare. The authors recount in simple and concise language the main facts of English industrial development, under such heads as Immigrants to Britain, Physical Conditions, The Towns, The Manors, The National Economic Life, Agriculture, Labor and Capital, etc. It is surprising to see what light this little historical sketch throws on modern economic problems. The book is one we can fairly recommend to backward students and beginners of economic history. (Macmillan & Co.: New York and London. Pages, 274. Price, \$1.50)

NOTES.

Mrs. Mary M. Higgins, the Principal of *Mussacus School and Orphanage, Cinnamon Gardens, Colombo, Ceylon*, has with the help of American friends, for three years and a half, devoted her whole time and energy to the education of Singhalese girls. She has built a little hut covered with a palm-leaf roof, in which she lives with twenty-one girls, and there she also keeps school. She receives orphans free of charge. A prominent Singhalese gentleman has donated a suitable site for a better equipped school house, but there are no means to build it. Mrs. Higgins writes to *Dr. Mary Weeks Burnett of Chicago*: "If you could see our dear little brown-faced, bright-eyed girls and could watch their progress in school, I know you would feel that it is worth while to devote oneself to their welfare. I venture to ask you if you will help us to build a home for them. It may be you know among your rich patients some one who would lend us a helping hand. *Dr. Alice B. Stockham of 277, W. Madison St.*, of your city is our good friend and can give any information you need about our work." We are informed that Mrs. Higgins has given the little she has herself for the cause of her life, and has been backed with substantial help and good will by American and German friends, among the latter of whom is the Countess Wachtmeister, who visited Colombo en route to Australia.

The Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle has just announced a very elaborate special course in Jewish history and literature, under the direction of Prof. Richard Gottheil of Columbia College, New York. The syllabus of the course, a copy of which we have received, forms a valuable guide to the study of Hebrew doctrines and culture. Persons interested may address Henry Berkowitz, P. O. Box 825, Philadelphia, Pa.

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HOW TO AVOID STRIKES.

BY F. M. HOLLAND.

A STRIKE is a war; and like other wars it is sometimes necessary; but more often it is simply mischievous, as was the case not many months ago in Chicago. "In time of peace, prepare for war," is a good maxim for trades unions, as well as for nations, to a limited extent. Our own country is wise enough to devote her attention, while blessed with peace, to keeping up such friendly relations with her neighbors as make war impossible. Where employer and operative are friends, there is little danger of strikes. I remember myself how sadly the efficiency of Harvard College was impaired, forty years ago, by the prejudice of students against professors as natural enemies. When we came together for recitation, and found the door closed against us, our general delight was loudly expressed in the sounds by which a hen announces that she has laid an egg. Imitating geese would have been much more appropriate. Of course, the professor, as he called himself, of boxing did not get off from his engagements so easily. There is much less childishness in Cambridge now; the elective system enables a student to choose his own course of study; and this has helped him to see that the professors are really his friends. What is to be done to bring about a similar change of feeling in factories?

This has often been done by giving the entire control to the operatives; but they are apt to be unable to see the necessity of paying high enough salaries to secure officials with sufficient knowledge of business to buy the raw materials and sell the products to the best advantage. Co-operation usually means moral success and financial failure. It goes too far, but it is in the right direction.

Practical men are carrying on conciliatory plans, which may be grouped in two great classes. In the first place, operatives are given a chance to be heard before they strike. The general superintendent of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Company has published an article to remind railway officials that "most valuable information is to be gained by consulting those employees whose duties bring them in daily contact with the service performed." Questions about wages are often settled amicably in such con-

sultations. More serious differences of opinion have often been reconciled by boards of arbitration composed of employers and operatives in equal proportions. This plan has been found very successful in Boston, Chicago, and New York, as well as in some of the English factory towns. In France and Belgium many cases are prevented from coming before such boards by the action of standing committees, each of which contains a workman and an official from every local industry, and meets daily. The only objection to such tribunals is that the members meet as ambassadors from hostile armies, representing interests which they consider almost irreconcilable. They are too much like the knights who fought beneath a shield which one declared to be gold, and the other said was silver, because neither could see more than one side.

Then, second, the operative may be shown both sides of the shield, by various methods of letting him share the profits. The first experiment of much importance was made by a painter of houses in Paris, who called together forty-four of his best men on February 12, 1843, emptied out a great bag of coin on the table, and proceeded to pay each his share of the last year's gains. They received on the average more than \$50 each. This plan was still kept up by the firm at last accounts; and the extra expense had been fully repaid by the care which the men took of their paint and brushes, their constant industry, their willingness to work over hours, and their refusal to join in strikes. More than a hundred such cases may be found in Mr. Gilman's book on *Profit Sharing*, and the effect on the men may be judged from such stories as these. Baggage-smashing suddenly ceased on one of the French railways, for any man who handled it carelessly was called to account by his comrades, who said: "What are you about? You'll cut down our dividend." There had been great breakage of stones in a lithographic establishment; but as soon as the men began to share the profits, one was heard to say to another: "Hold on there; don't break any more stones; that one cost us eight francs." It was also found by the overseers that they could watch the work much more closely than formerly, without giving offence. Of course the plan has its defects; one is that the operatives usually insist on having full wages, in

addition to their share of the profits, and refuse to bear any part of an occasional loss. This refusal is natural enough so long as they have no voice in the management; but some such voice must be given before their sympathy with their employers can become complete.

A safe and practical way of doing this is encouraging operatives to hold shares of the company's stock. Shares have been given in proportion to the profits since 1870 by a Swiss manufacturer of music-boxes named Billon; and the workmen held more than \$15,000 invested in the capital of the company in 1888, when the dividend was six per cent. Another well-known case is that of Mr. Henry C. Briggs, manager of a coal-mine in England, where he had had so much trouble with the men that one of them said: "If Mr. Briggs only had horns on, he would be the very devil." In 1865 he promised to pay the men a yearly bonus in proportion to the amount, not only of the wages they might earn, but of the shares they might hold of the company's stock. Such shares were offered at a reduced rate, and were bought freely after the men had found out that they were dealt with honestly. The very man who had called Mr. Briggs a devil was soon defending him against charges of bad motives. Strikes ceased; when part of the miners asked for more wages, the rest of the men were asked whether the demand were just; and they decided unanimously that it was not. In 1869 one of the men who held shares was chosen director by the other holders, who then numbered one seventh of all the adults employed. The dividends rose a few years later to fifteen per cent., on account partly of the general condition of business, and partly of the unusual care taken by the miners to bring in the coal free from dirt or stones, and in large lumps. Wages, too, were increased, but the market soon changed for the worse. A reduction of wages, together with the arbitrary conduct of the managers, brought on a strike. The arbitrators decided against the operatives, and the other holders of stock voted in 1875, that the new plan be given up. It seems to have been partly the fault of the operatives, and partly of the manager, that success was not permanent. It was sufficiently so in the cases of Godin in Paris and Cassell in London, to enable these establishments to become co-operative. This might safely be done after the laborers had gradually become aware of what their relations really were with managers and capitalists.

Much has been done to produce mutual friendliness by the operatives becoming stock-holders, by their receiving a share of the profits, and by their meeting frequently in consultation with the managers. It seems to me that a good way to avoid strikes would be to combine all these plans into one system some-

what as follows. It is not because all the details are essential that I will give them freely, but because I wish the reader to understand the general features of my plan.

The first step, I think, would be for the employer to announce that, say six months hence, he would give the operatives a fixed percentage of the profits, letting the bonus for each individual correspond to the amount of wages during that time. This bonus should at first be paid in cash, partly to please the operatives and partly to prevent the company from committing itself to them inextricably before they were willing to meet half way. As soon, however, as their labor should improve enough in value to make up for the extra expense, the most intelligent and influential of the operatives, with some leading representatives of the trades unions, should be invited by the managers to help them draw up a permanent plan.

The next bonus would accordingly be paid partly or wholly in scrip, receivable by the company for shares of a special stock which should be redeemable at par when presented, after due notice, by holders then or formerly in the employ of the company, or by their heirs. A dividend in proportion to profits should be guaranteed; and shares of this stock, as well as of the common stock, should always be for sale on the instalment plan. In short, the operatives are to get a share of the profits, not only as a dividend on their stock but as a bonus on wages; and this will give them a personal interest in the company's prosperity. They will not say to a new-comer, "We can't afford to have your machine running so fast as that. The boss will be hurrying us up next. The longer it takes to do the job, the longer the work holds out. I guess the company's rich enough to stand it."

It seems to me further necessary for brotherly feeling between employer and operatives, that those of the latter who hold stock should have some voice in the management. Concession of this right will keep them conscious that they are capitalists, and encourage them to purchase largely. I do not insist on details; but, I think it simply just to have the stock-holders in the factory choose one of themselves as director, and more when their number of shares increases sufficiently. It would also be well to have these operatives decide who of them shall be members, in company with an equal number of managers and superintendants, of an advisory council, which is to meet regularly to decide about wages, regulations, holidays, etc., hear complaints, and deal with other questions likely to give occasion for strikes. The council should also determine what regard ought to be paid to length of service, number of days at work, good behavior, or other circumstances, in the annual distribution of profits.

It might be for the interest of all parties to agree that no operatives enter the council, except those who own a specified amount of stock and have been for a fixed time in the factory; and the representation should be broad enough to correspond to all differences in sex, nationality, party, and relation to the unions; but otherwise there should be perfect freedom of choice by the Australian ballot. It might also be well for one third of the representatives of the operatives to go out of office annually. I insist only on the importance of some representation among the managers for the stock held in the factory. It is hard to say whether employer or operative is likely to learn more in such friendly intercourse about their common interests; and it is certain that they will find every encouragement to remain friends.

The minor arrangements must at first be made rather cautiously and tentatively; and some changes may be necessary before the plan assume a form mutually satisfactory. As soon as this is done, there should be no possibility of alteration, even in details, except after long deliberation and with general consent. It must be understood from the first that there is to be no desertion of the two fundamental principles, namely annual distribution of scrip for stock among the operatives, in proportion to profits, and permanent share in management for those who choose to hold stock.

THE BABYLONIAN EXILE.

BY PROF. C. H. CORNILL.

THE Assyrians were the first people to make use of the exile as a means of pacifying rebellious tribes. Whenever they chanced to come upon an especially strong nationality, which offered determined opposition in its struggle for existence and was not willing to be swept away without resistance by the advancing avalanche, the entire nation was expelled from its land and dragged into the heart of the Assyrian empire, either directly into Assyria itself, or into regions which had been denationalised for generations and already been made Assyrian, whilst the depopulated country itself was filled with Assyrian colonists. The Assyrians had already noticed that the strong roots of the power of an individual as well as of a nation lie in its native soil. Home and country mutually determine each other and form an inseparable union. In those days they did so more than now, for then religion also was an integral part of the nation, and religion, too, was indissolubly associated with the soil. A nation's country was the home and dwelling-place of its national Deity; to be torn away from one's native soil was equivalent to being torn away from Him, and thus was destroyed the strongest bond and the truest source of nationality.

The object of the transportation was attained. Such members of the ten tribes of Israel as were carried away in the year 722 have disappeared without a trace, and if that branch of the Semites commonly known as the Aramaic has been unable to assume a distinct ethnographical type in history, the fact may be ascribed to the five hundred years' dominion of the Assyrians in those regions, who from the earliest times systematically eradicated the nationalities of conquered countries.

In their national sentiments Israel did not differ from the other nations of antiquity. Every country except Palestine was unclean, and to hold there the service of God was impossible. For a man like the prophet Hosea, who did not suffer himself to be governed by prejudices, or allow his better judgment to be impaired, it was quite a matter of course that so soon as the people left the soil of Palestine, all service of God should cease of itself, and this is for him one of the deepest terrors of the threatened exile. He said:

"They shall not dwell in the Lord's land, but Ephraim shall return to Egypt and eat unclean things in Assyria. They shall not offer wine-offerings to the Lord, neither shall they prepare burnt-offerings for Him; their bread shall be unto them as the bread of mourners; all that eat thereof shall be polluted: for this bread serves to still their hunger, and none of it shall come into the house of the Lord. What will ye do in the solemn day and in the day of the feast of the Lord?"

Such also was the thought one hundred and fifty years later, when Judah was carried into exile. The Babylonian government would have had no objection to the exiles building for themselves the altars and temples of their God in Mesopotamia—but it never entered the heads of the Jews to build a temple to God on the Euphrates, after that His own house on Mount Zion had been destroyed. Even the most religious man would have seen in this an insult, a mockery of the God of Israel: better not sacrifice at all than unclean things on unclean ground. And this condition of things was to last a long time. Jeremiah had distinctly named seventy years as the period during which God would grant to the Chaldeans dominion, and had repeatedly and urgently warned the exiles to make arrangements for a long sojourn in the strange land. How, now, did Israel pass this period of probation?

The consequences of the Babylonian exile have been momentous in every way; the exile in Babylon quite transformed Israel and its religion; it created what is known in religious history as Judaism, in contradistinction to Israelitism. To have been the first to clearly recognise that the Judaism of post-exilic times, although the organic product of the Israelitism of the exilic period, was yet something totally new and spe-

cifically different from it, is the great and imperishable service of De Wette, who was indeed the first to have any understanding at all of the religious history of the Old Testament in its real significance and tendencies. That the exile into Babylon exercised this stupendous transformative influence, was the natural result of the circumstances and of the logic of facts.

A later writer of the Old Testament, whose name and period are unknown to us, he who gave to the Book of Amos the conciliatory conclusion already mentioned, compares the Babylonian captivity to a sieve, in which the house of Israel is sifted, through which all the chaff and dust passes, but not the least grain falls to the earth. This comparison is excellent and characterises the situation with a distinctness and sharpness that could not be improved upon.

The Babylonian exile did indeed bring about a separation of the religious from the irreligious section of the people, of the followers of the prophetic religion from the followers of the ancient popular religion. In the fall of Judah and the destruction of Jerusalem and the temple, the prophetic religion won a complete victory over the old religion of the people, and the latter lost every possibility of further existence. The ancient Deity of the nation vanished in the smoke sent up by the conflagration of the temple of Solomon. He was vanquished and destroyed by the gods of Nebuchadnezzar. His want of power had been plainly proved by the destruction of His people and of His house, and He himself lay buried beneath their ruins.

The moral influence of the Babylonian captivity and its attendant features must also be taken into account. Bowed down by the dread blows of fate, all confidence lost in themselves and their God, the Jews came, a despised and oppressed remnant, to Babylon, which was at that time in the zenith of its power and magnificence. What an overwhelming effect must the undreamt-of grandeur of their new surroundings have made upon them! Their once so loved and admired Jerusalem, how poor it must have appeared to them when compared with the metropolis of Babylon with its gigantic buildings, its art, its luxury! The temple of Solomon, at one time their pride and glory, was it not but a miserable village-church when likened to the wondrous edifice raised to the worship of the Babylonian God! As the great unknown writer towards the end of the captivity expresses it, Israel was here but a worm and Jacob a maggot. How irresistible the temptation must have been: "Away with the old trash, let us bow down and acknowledge this new and powerful deity!"

Moreover, it was a decided personal advantage for a Jew to renounce his nationality and to become a Babylonian. We have in the literary productions of the time woful complaints concerning the brutal mock-

ery and heartless derision to which the poor Jews were subjected in exile, nay more, they were subject to ill-treatment and personal violence. An extraordinary strength of character was necessary to remain steadfast and true; only really earnest and convinced religious natures could resist such temptations. And thus the natural consequences of the conditions were that the half-hearted and lukewarm, the weak and those wanting in character, the worldly-minded, who thought only of personal advantage and honor, broke away, and that a refining process took place within Israel which left nothing remaining but the sacred remnant hoped for by Isaiah. Even on this remnant, which was really composed of the best and the noblest elements of the people, the Babylonian captivity had a profound effect. The religion of Israel, in fact, was destined to undergo a deep change.

Deuteronomy had already effected a separation between the State and the Church, between the national and the religious life. Of course, at the outset the reform had to reckon with these as concrete powers and weighty factors, but it is evident they stood in its way and formed serious obstacles to the realisation of its final aims, which were of a purely ecclesiastical character. But now destiny had removed these hindrances. The State was destroyed, the national life extirpated, nothing but the ecclesiastical element remained. The hard logic of facts itself had drawn the conclusions of Deuteronomy, and afforded them the freest play for their growth and operation. Judah as a nation was destroyed by the Babylonian captivity as completely as Israel was by the Assyrian, but it was transformed into Judaism. The State became a Church; a nation was converted into a congregation. And this Judah, which had now become Judaism, had a universal mission to fulfil which was without parallel. The future and entire further development of religion depended upon it.

EVOLUTION AND IDEALISM.

BY ELLIS THURTELL.

HERBERT SPENCER, in his *Principles of Psychology*, has insisted that "should the idealist be right, the doctrine of evolution would be a dream." To this the late Prof. T. H. Green—representing the theistic Neo-Hegelians—demurred. And with him the non-theistic Neo-Hegelians, such as Mr. Belfort Bax and a newly arisen writer, Mr. E. Douglas Fawcett, are in complete agreement. The latter in his recent very suggestive *Riddle of the Universe* has said: "The acceptance of evolution as natural process in time, and as such prior to individual consciousness, is not only consistent with idealism, but constitutes the idealist innovation of the nature-philosophy of Schelling."

The view of evolution indicated here does certainly

coincide with that set forth by Herbert Spencer in his essay upon Professor Green. Herein he writes: "There is necessarily implied by this theory of evolution a mode of being independent of and antecedent to the mode of being we now call consciousness." But he continues: "Consequently this theory must be a dream if either ideas are the only existences, or if, as Professor Green appears to think, the object exists only by correlation with the subject."

And Mr. Fawcett meets the Spencerian demurrer in this way: That the world is by no means a mere appendage to the "mind." Hegelian idealism, he declares, "does not deny that objects and ideas, or mental states, are different." It adds, however, that the former are not things outside the system of experience. Furthermore, Mr. Fawcett asserts that we must not confuse the *psychological* with the *metaphysical* distinction between world and mind. "Though mental and object states differ much, they agree in being states of my experience." And as to Spencer's account of our belief in independent objectivity, he writes: "Accepted *psychologically*, as a *history of the genesis of the belief*, it is, as will be obvious, fraught with great value—the ancestral element being a conspicuously excellent innovation. But construed *metaphysically* as a proof of *independent objective agencies* it is misleading and fallacious." Spencer's vindication of realism is allowed to show "why we must *think* the reality of something out of consciousness, but it does not and cannot establish the something as a fact." And Mr. Fawcett finally insists, "that to maintain *independent objectivity beyond* experience, on the ground of cohesion in consciousness generated by experience, is to confuse psychology and metaphysic."

We may indeed say that metaphysic is by all Neo-Hegelians accredited with validity, as a source of philosophic inspiration far higher than that possessed by pure psychology. But how if metaphysic should be held to be *not superior but subservient to psychology?* *The Riddle of the Universe* truly is described as "an attempt to determine the first principles of metaphysic, considered as an inquiry into the conditions and import of consciousness." But Fleming's *Vocabulary of Philosophy* (4th ed.) defines psychology as "a theory of the nature and powers of the mind, based upon an analysis and interpretation of the facts of consciousness." While metaphysic is declared to be "that department of mental philosophy which is concerned with speculative problems *transcending* those belonging to the nature and relation of the facts of consciousness." Furthermore, it is well known that this is the sense in which Kant used the word when he announced that a metaphysic—an ontological, as distinct from an experiential, theory of the universe—was valueless, if not *rationally* unattainable.

In point of fact, the problem of "the conditions and import of consciousness" belongs essentially to psychology. While as to metaphysic, George Henry Lewes has, I think, satisfactorily settled its place in philosophy after a fashion somewhat different to Mr. Fawcett's. Metaphysic, Lewes has well shown (in his *Problems of Life and Mind*, Vol. I) to be concerned with "the disengagement of certain most general principles, such as cause, force, life, mind, etc., from the sciences which usually imply these principles [the science of psychology, in the case of 'mind']; and the exposition of their constituent elements—the *facts*, sensible and logical, which these principles involve; and the relations of these principles. . . . Its place as a special discipline," Lewes proceeds, "is that of an objective logic. Its method is that of dealing exclusively with the known functions of unknown quantities, and at every stage of inquiry separating the empirical from the metempirical data." And further on he very properly speaks of "the great *psychological* problems of the limitations of knowledge, and the principles of certitude." The important word is italicised by me.

George Henry Lewes has, indeed, interfered to save *intellectual* metaphysic from the annihilation threatened it by the Kantian *Critique*, which left only a metaphysic of morals standing firm. But he has done so upon the clear and positive understanding that it is metaphysic which is to be subservient to science, not—as in pre-Kantian days and among many idealists even now—science to metaphysic. And as to realism and idealism Lewes has declared that according to his system "idealism is vindicated in all that it has of truth, and realism is rescued."

It is certainly matter for mutual congratulations among philosophers of different schools that our most newly-reformed and advancing idealists are willing to stand shoulder to shoulder with our present-day renovated and progressive realists in defence of a consistently evolutionary scheme of thought. Beside this recent and great agreement old controversies between idealist and realist seem trivial. Moreover, these very controversies under the treatment of Lewesian Spencerians on the one hand and Schopenhauerian Hegelians on the other, are steadily tending towards compromise. While under the adequately developed monism for the consummation of which all truly *naturalistic* thinkers are now working, they must inevitably collapse. Yet for all that we do still certainly hear somewhat too much about the competency of purely idealist dialectic and metaphysic in the settlement of strictly *psychological* topics of dispute. A last year's republication of essays, entitled *Darwin and Hegel with Other Philosophical Studies*, by Mr. (now Professor) D. G. Ritchie, affords farther proof of this.

In this book Professor Ritchie writes: "Lewes and Spencer consider it the special triumph of their theory of heredity as a factor in knowledge, that they are able to reconcile the theories of the *a priori* and *a posteriori* schools. This opinion seems to me a complete *ignoratio elenchi*. Kant's critical theory is not psychological but logical. The name *a priori* is of course most unfortunate: it suggests priority in time. What Kant urges is that the possibility of science, or in fact of anything that we can call 'knowledge,' implies certain *necessary* elements. Hume had already shown that sense-experience can never give necessity. Therefore, argues Kant, this necessity comes from the very nature of thought."

Well, I make bold to maintain that Lewes and Spencer are right, and that Professor Ritchie is wrong. Kant did not *only* urge that all knowledge implies necessary elements. He went on to insist that this implication of necessity (and universality) further implied a non-experiential origin of knowledge. And it is at this point that the consistent evolutionist must join issue with him. The question, as Lewes says, "is not whether *a priori* elements can be detected in knowledge, but whether those elements were or were not originally formed out of ancestral sensible experiences." And inasmuch as evolutionary psychology clearly shows that these elements were formed out of such ancestral experience, the Kantian theory falls. There *is* an *a priori* element of knowledge. But this element, instead of being independent of experience, as Kant supposed, is actually the product of experience—the experience not indeed of the individual, but of the race. As to how experience in any form is possible—that is no doubt a mystery. But it is only part of the general mystery of life, a mystery that remains the same for any hitherto existing theory of cosmic order.

Professor Ritchie, indeed, admits (in his profound and subtle essay entitled "Darwin and Hegel") that "all attempts on the part of 'intuitionists' to meet evolutionists on questions of 'origins' are doomed to failure." And the essay concludes with a description of the idealist's position which certainly seems too moderate and reasonable to justify the peremptory lesson its author has elsewhere attempted to teach the followers of Lewes and Herbert Spencer. The idealist, Professor Ritchie, says, "only insists that, after we have had as complete a history as can be given of how things have come to be what they are, we are justified in looking back from our vantage ground and seeing in the past evolution the gradual 'unrolling' of the meaning that we only fully understand at the end of the process." No evolutionists, however uncompromising, need refuse assent to this. And if this is all the acute Neo-Kantian and Neo-Hegelian critics of Spen-

cerian evolutionism mean there can be no inseparable bar to that "idealistic" development of the Spencerian philosophy for which some of our most progressive and suggestive young thinkers appear to be so eagerly upon the watch—toward which indeed some of them have already contributed important work.

HEREDITY AND THE A PRIORI.

MR. ELLIS THURTELL defends the compatibility of evolutionism and idealism, and there can be no question about it that evolution is possible in a world of pure ideas as much as in a material world. That philosophers of different schools stand shoulder to shoulder in defence of an evolutionary scheme of thought seems to me less a matter for mutual congratulations among philosophers than an evidence of the recognition which the doctrine of evolution receives. It is natural that the rising sun has many worshippers, and we dare say that at the present juncture, any world view, be it philosophical or religious, which would be found in an irreconcilable conflict with the theory of evolution, appears to be doomed.

Although we agree with Mr. Thurtell as to the compatibility of evolutionism and idealism, we must object to his condemnation of Professor Ritchie's criticism of Lewes's and Spencer's reconciliation of the *a priori* and *a posteriori* schools. Mr. Thurtell says "I make bold to maintain that Lewes and Spencer are right and that Professor Ritchie is wrong"; but, as a matter of fact, we find that he himself is guilty of the same *ignoratio elenchi* of which Mr. Ritchie accuses Spencer and Lewes.

When Kant speaks of *necessity* he does not mean *certitude*. An instinctive assurance may be inherited; but to explain the universality and necessity of mathematics by heredity (as Spencer and Lewes propose) is simply an evidence of their miscomprehension of the problem.

We explain by heredity the structures of organised beings. By heredity the organ of seizing has been developed in the elephant's trunk, in man's hand, in the monkey's tail, in the lobster's claws. In a similar way tendencies and also dispositions of forming ideas may, by heredity, become firmly implanted in the minds of thinking beings. We have hereditary prejudices, religious as well as political, social, and otherwise. Talents, proclivities, and instincts of all kinds are also inherited. Artistic genius is explainable by heredity. But these products of evolutionary heredity are by no means intrinsically necessary. Under other conditions they would have developed in another way. And what has the idea of inheritance to do with the problem, Why is the equation $1 + 1 = 2$ intrinsically necessary? Why does it hold good always and under all conditions, without any exception?

The proposition is not why is man in possession of a faculty quickly to grasp and apply the proposition of one plus one being two, or why does he easily acquire arithmetic and mathematics? This question I freely grant may be answered by the Lewes-Spencer theory of heredity. Kant's problem is, Why must all the formal theorems of arithmetic, mathematics, logic, and purely natural science (as Kant calls the idea of causation and its corollaries) be conceived as universal and intrinsically necessary truths, and how is it that this assurance never fails?

If the intrinsic necessity of "twice two being four" were indeed a product of heredity there would be a more or less of it, but any one who understands the problem sees at once that mathematical truths either are or are not necessary. There is no middle ground. These truths either are or are not products of sense-experience, whether it be of the race or of the individual, but the fact is that no amount of sense-experience can ever establish a single formal statement that would be universal as well as necessary.

We have to add here that Mr. Thurtell does not appear to know that Kant's usage of the term "experience" is limited to "sense-experience," involving the exclusion of formal thought. Professor Ritchie seems to be well aware of the dubious meaning of the term, for in the passage quoted from him by Mr. Ellis Thurtell, Professor Ritchie expressly speaks of "sense-experience" and not experience in general.

In brief, the Kantian problem of intrinsically necessary truths cannot be disposed of in Mr. Spencer's easy way. The problem lies deeper and has not been antiquated by the acceptance of the doctrine of evolution.¹

THE DIVINITY OF SCIENCE.

BY CHARLES VON FALCK.

The sun is setting, and his rays, like threads of gold
Are touching earth, connecting with the higher region
The world of selfish toil, disturbance, sorrow, woe,
Where purity is rare—still rarer, true religion.

¹ A reconciliation of the *a priori* and *a posteriori* schools is proposed in the *Primer of Philosophy*, in which attention is called to the loose usage of the term "experience," which sometimes includes, sometimes excludes, the "formal" element of knowledge. Experience in the former sense is the total effect that events have upon the sentience of a living being; it constitutes the source of all knowledge. Experience in the latter sense is limited to the sense-element of experience in the former sense.

Reason is not *a priori* to experience in the wider application of the term, although we grant that it is independent of the sensory elements of experience. No amount of isolated sense-impressions can produce reason, but the relations that obtain in sensations, the formal features of experience are the elements from which formal thought naturally originates, and reason is nothing but systematised formal thought.

Mathematics, arithmetic, and logic are indeed, as Kant claims, purely mental constructions, but their elementary building material, purely formal ideas, such as the units of counting, geometrical space, logical relations, etc., far from being latent in the mind and prior to experience, have been derived from experience by abstraction.

Kant's solution is, in our opinion, untenable, but Lewes and Spencer, far from succeeding better than Kant, failed even to understand the problem itself. For further details see the *Primer of Philosophy*, "The Methods of Philosophy Derived from Experience," pp. 51-136.

And in disgust the sun, the mighty source of light
Sinks into ocean's waves, and darkness now envelops
The earth, that has no light, except from higher source,
On which all life depends—by which it grows, develops.

But as all things on earth, that we can comprehend
Subserve God's grandest law, the stern law of all nature,
Thus must the sun return—throw light on wrong and right,
And do its sacred work through all eternal future.

And in the world of mind, there also shines a sun;
Grand, not in outer form, but in its holy mission;
The sun of science which, with beneficial rays
Sheds light on human faults, and wrongs, and superstition.

Sheds light upon the path of universal truth,
And shows the ways and means for human minds' progression,
And with its force divine—with slow but constant growth
It takes of mankind's mind its fore-ordained possession.

It has resolved the creeds, these prisons of man's mind,
Into the mighty folds of healthful revolution;
Not by the sword or blood, but by the might of words,
Disclosing to the world the law of evolution.

The reason you may ask, why science has subdued
The human fancy—earth and ocean's mighty brine?
The answer is, it walks the path of God Himself
Not blinded by a faith. It knows—it is divine.

BOOK NOTICES.

S. C. Griggs & Company of Chicago publish a work on the Opium Habit, entitled *Doctor Judas*, by Wm. Rosser Cobbe, a Chicago journalist who was a victim of the habit for nine years and has treated the subject in all its physical and moral bearings. (Pages, 320. Price, \$1.50.)

The New York State Reformatory at Elmira publishes Year Books which give full reports of the management and work of the Reformatory, and are interesting as being entirely the product of youthful prisoners' labor. The photographs of criminal skulls, footprints, and the tables of statistics will be valuable to criminologists.

The American Commonwealth, by the Rt. Hon. James Bryce (Macmillan & Co., two volumes, \$4.00 net), has recently appeared in its third edition, completely revised throughout and with a few additional chapters. "All difficult and controverted points have been reconsidered, the constitutional changes in the States since 1889 have been (so far as possible) noted, and the figures of population have been corrected by the census returns of 1890, those relating to education by the latest available Report of the Bureau of Education." The four new chapters discuss: "The Tammany Ring in New York City," "The Present and Future of the Negro," "The South Since the War," and "The Home of the Nation." Mr. Bryce enters quite fully into recent politics, takes note of the issues of the last presidential campaign, the effects of public opinion on such questions as the "Force Bill," the "Tariff," the "Silver Question," in deciding the elections, the relations of the political parties to each of these topics, discusses at some length the growth of new parties, and comments on the Hawaiian troubles, new aspects of the agitation for female suffrage, etc. There is scarcely a question now commanding the interest of the nation which is not touched upon, and much wholesome, courageous discussion of the recent abuses of our political system is introduced. Praise of Mr. Bryce's work, which now takes rank with the philo-

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sophic treatise of De Toqueville as a standard manual of reference on American affairs, would be superfluous. The work is an un-biassed and high-minded critical exposition of the main features of American institutions by a man of erudition and culture, and latterly with a wide and successful experience in practical political affairs, and it is a good sign of the tendency of modern American opinion that his book is so widely read and circulated in the United States. It is one which no thoughtful American should leave unread.

In *Socialismus und moderne Wissenschaft (Darwin-Spencer-Marx)*, by Prof. Enrico Ferri, we have a German translation of an eloquent and brilliant exposition of the trend of modern biological and social science as initiated by Darwin and Spencer and culminating in the socialistic theories of the celebrated German writer, Carl Marx. The doctrine of Carl Marx, Professor Ferri contends, is the only socialistic theory which possesses scientific method and importance, and which unanimously guides and inspires the socialistic parties of the whole world. In his opinion, it is nothing more nor less than the practical and natural fruitage in the province of sociology of that scientific revolution which began with the renaissance of modern science in Galileo and has received its highest modern perfection in the works of Darwin and Spencer. The last-mentioned authors hesitated to draw the sociological conclusions which logically flowed from their scientific premises, but left that work to Marx, who with them forms the brilliant stellar triad of modern scientific thought. In socialism, as reared upon the scientific foundations of Marx, the world shall surely find, our author thinks, a panacea for the evils which now threaten what is noblest and best in its life. It cannot be denied that the little book is written with fervor and understanding. Professor Ferri is a member of the Italian Chamber of Deputies, and the translation of his work has been made by Dr. Hans Kurella, well known as the German translator of Lombroso and of other standard criminological works. (Leipsic: Georg H. Wigand. 1895. Pages, 169. Price, M. 1.50.)

NOTES.

Dr. Lewis G. Janes informs us that a conference of evolutionists is to take place on the grounds of the Greenacre Inn, Eliot, Maine, on July 6 to 13, which is to afford an opportunity for consultation and interchange of views among the friends of scientific thought. Among the speakers are Prof. E. D. Cope of Philadelphia, Prof. Edward S. Morse, Peabody Institute, Salem, Mass., the Rev. E. P. Powell, Clinton, N. Y., Miss Mary Proctor, the daughter of Richard Proctor, the Rev. James T. Bixby, Prof. John Fiske, and Dr. Janes. Herbert Spencer has sent a paper which will be read on the first day of the conference.

Prof. Ernst Mach, who needs no introduction to the readers of *The Open Court* and *The Monist*, and who is now well known to the English-reading public at large by his profound and attractive works on scientific subjects, has resigned the chair of Physics in the University of Prague in order to accept a professorship of the History and Theory of Inductive Science in the University of Vienna. (The recent notices in the press which announced his acceptance were premature, and partly wrong.) Professor Mach is to be congratulated on this call to a wider scene of activity. It is significant and rare that a man whose life has been devoted to the practical furtherance of science and who has actually watched and helped its growth, should be selected to expound and elucidate its history and principles of procedure. Both the scientific and philosophical world may expect fruitful and beneficent results from Professor Mach's activity in his new vocation.

Mr. K. Ohara of Otsu, Omi, Japan, 22 Midgugecho, writes in a letter just received that he finds many articles in *The Monist* and in *The Open Court* on psychology and philosophy to be in strict accordance with the teachings of Buddhism, and he promises in time to point out these coincidences in his periodical, the *Shi-Do-Kwai-Ko-Koku*, which is on our exchange list. He has translated in a recent number the "Triangular Debate on Christian Missions" which appeared in the January number of *The Monist*, and states that his translation has aroused wide interest in Japan and has been republished by several religious and scientific journals. The present number of his periodical contains besides an editorial on "The Relative Value of Names," by K. Ohara, two sermons, one on "The Three Virtues," by the Rev. S. Yemura, and one on "Morality and War," by the Rev. K. Yo-Shi-Tami, a scriptural writing on the birth of Buddha, and miscellaneous notes on the lives of eminent Buddhists and Buddhist pagodas in Japan. Besides these religious articles the number contains a contribution by a Japanese scholar on "The Invention of Pen and Paper."

Mr. Ohara sends us by the same mail a booklet written in English called *The War Reader* published by the Keigyosha, Tokio. It contains a number of anecdotes and newspaper accounts of the late war and also a poem by Edwin Arnold. It is interesting to notice the attitude of Buddhist priests. The Chief Abbot of the Hongwan Temple, being prevented by his home duties from joining the warriors of his country, wrote a letter in which the following passage strikes us as characteristic: "Soldiers and sailors are bound to apply themselves to the grave responsibility of conducting either offensive or defensive operations and to prove themselves pillars of the State. And yet, unless they feel confident of their destiny in the life to come they may quail amidst smoke and flying bullets, and may thus fail to bring victory to the army of Japan. It is therefore of the utmost importance for the Japanese soldiers on active service to have no fear about their fate beyond the grave. Now for the inheritance of future glory Buddha underwent a prolonged religious discipline and finally attained Nirvana, and, all who place an implicit faith in the teachings of Buddha and pass out of this earthly existence without entertaining any sceptical doubts of the attainment of a glorious future life, will be rewarded at once with unbounded felicity in another world."

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WAGES OF FOLLY.

BY HUDOR GENONE.

IT is a bitterly cold day in the early spring. The windows of "The Biddle," a semi-genteel flat, are frosted white, and the steam heater, radiating none too well, snaps and thumps as if angry at its inability to compete with the cold.

Wrapped in a frayed and faded shawl, relic of former "gentility," Caroline McLane hovers over it, absorbed in a paper-covered novel. Clara, her younger daughter, suffering from a mild ailment, is in bed in an inner room, while her elder sister, Heloise, a beauty of nineteen, stands before a tawdry looking-glass, arranging her abundant auburn hair.

For a while Caroline continues her perusal; then, suddenly awaking to life's realities, lays the book down, and turning with an impatient twitch of the shoulders, says querulously: "It's high time that man was here."

Heloise making no response, after a pause she adds: "If he's coming, I'd like to know why in the name of common sense he don't come."

"I'm sure I can't tell you," the girl replies indifferently, continuing to untwist her curl-papers.

"He said he'd be here about three, didn't he?"

"Yes."

"What time did you say it was now?"

"I didn't say. I can't be running next door every five minutes to ask the time. It was quarter past a while ago; it must be half past now. Do quit fretting, mother, do; you're forever fretting. He said he'd be here, and I suppose he will. You don't think Mr. Dronloth would lie, do you?"

With another twitch Caroline picked up her novel, saying, half aloud: "Oh! dear, dear; did I ever expect to come to this?"

Almost as she spoke there was a knock at the door, a quick, energetic rap.

"There he is now," said Caroline. "Go to the door, Heloise, and let him in."

But to do this Heloise was indisposed. She had completed her adornments and was tying her bonnet-strings.

"Tell him I've gone out, mother," she whispered,

and with that whisked nimbly into the other room, closing the door softly.

"Come in," said Caroline.

The door opened briskly. Caroline's face fell.

"Oh! is that you, Mary Rowan?" Then she added, none too cordially, after a brief pause: "Won't you sit down? But what brings you to the city a day like this?"

Miss Rowan was tall, thin, and angular, with prominent features and cold grey eyes. She crossed the room and sat down with scant ceremony.

"What brings me to the city?" she repeated, tartly. "That is a pretty question for you to ask. You wrote, saying that you and Heloise would be glad of some plain sewing. I sent a package by express last week, all cut out, basted, and ready. Did it come?"

"Oh! yes; it came," said Caroline, wearily.

"And why didn't you write, as I asked, and acknowledge receiving them?"

"I thought Heloise wrote. She said she would."

"You ought to have written yourself. The least you could have done, after the trouble I took to accommodate you, was to drop a line, if it was only a postal. But it doesn't signify. Are they done?"

"No; they are not finished."

"Well," exclaimed Miss Rowan, indignantly. "I must say it's high time they were. Here you've kept me waiting over a week. You ought to have finished them at once, Caroline, and sent them back, especially as I asked you to be prompt."

"I was prompt," responded Caroline, bridling; "as prompt as I could possibly be under the circumstances."

Miss Rowan sniffed.

"You had a novel in your hand when I came in. Do you call that being prompt,—wasting time over a trashy novel, when you might be sewing? And where, I should like to know, are your girls? They ought to be helping you."

"Clara is sick abed," answered Caroline, shortly.

"And Heloise?"

"Heloise wasn't feeling well, either, so I told her to go out and get a breath of fresh air. Besides (here Caroline's temper got the better of prudence), besides,

I want you to understand, Mary Rowan, that I don't intend to be catechised by you or any one else, nor do I intend to make a slave of myself. It's easy to say the work ought to be finished—mighty easy, and it would have been if I had had the strength. I never neglected a duty in my life—never."

"Where is Heloise?" asked Miss Rowan, stiffly. "You said she had gone out."

"I suppose she has gone to the Philharmonic. She does go sometimes."

"Well! I do think," exclaimed Miss Rowan, vastly irritated, "I do think, after asking for work, the least she could have done was to leave an expensive place like the Philharmonic, or whatever you call it, alone till my work was done."

"Thank you," retorted Caroline; "but we didn't ask for charity. I hope you don't think we've sunk so low as that."

"That's neither here nor there," said Miss Rowan, whose stock of patience, after running low, now gave out altogether, "beggars shouldn't be choosers."

"Thank you," again retorted Caroline, with a toss of the head and much caustic inflexion. "You're civil, I'm sure; but I want you to understand, Mary Rowan, that we're not quite paupers."

* * *

"She bounced up off her chair (this is Mrs. McLane's version, as given an hour later to the Rev. Mr. Dronloth). And oh! the cruelty in her tone. Said she, 'If this is the way you are going to do my work, not another stitch will you get!' Then she went on and abused us all like pickpockets. I never heard such outrageous talk in all my born days. Was it my fault that Clara and I were sick? Why, Mr. Dronloth, all this day I've had such a feeling of distress come over me whenever I move. And you've no idea how my side aches after sewing any length of time. And then to hear her harp upon Heloise going to listen to a little good music. What could be more innocent? And yet you would have thought, to hear her talk, that the poor child had done something morally wrong."

The following day two ladies of the "Aid Society" connected with Mr. Dronloth's church came to the flat. By this time Clara had so far recovered from her indisposition as to be able to sit up, or rather to recline on a lounge in the front room. Heloise was again absent, and Mrs. McLane, her novel discreetly put away, and the plain sewing having been replevined, sat with folded hands.

"Poor thing," exclaimed young Miss Bradford, brimming over with the fervor of good works, "poor thing, how you must have suffered. It is no wonder that you feel these insults keenly. Do you wonder at it, Mrs. Vernon?"

Janet Vernon's sole response (because she had

been connected with organised charity for so many years) was rather in the way of a practical suggestion.

"Oh! of course, Mrs. Vernon," said Caroline, tearfully; "we understand that thoroughly. We do not expect to live in idleness. We must do something, now that all our friends have abandoned us in our poverty. We are ready to turn to anything. As I have said over and over again to Heloise, anything that was respectable."

Miss Bradford was sure this showed the right spirit; and then Mrs. Vernon brought out a blank form of application, explaining that before the Society could take steps to provide employment this must be signed.

"Oh! certainly," said Caroline.

When the form had been filled out, Caroline read it over attentively.

"Of course we will sign it," she said, pen in hand, but nevertheless hesitating; "we will sign it cheerfully, but I do think it ought to state more explicitly the nature of the proposed employment. I should like it to be more distinctly specified that any employment we are asked to accept shall not be menial."

"Yes, indeed," said Miss Bradford, "that, of course, is understood."

"Then it ought to be specified," said Caroline, her courage rising. "My husband in his lifetime was a most excellent business man. How often he used to say to me, 'Caroline, never enter into any agreement that you are not fully prepared to abide by.'"

Mrs. Vernon here lost patience.

"No one expects you to take a place you're unfit for," she said, a little tartly; "and if they did, who's to make you? What object is it to us, except to help you? The word 'suitable' covers it. If you don't like what the Society finds, why you needn't take it; that's all there is to the matter. Just sign, and have done with it."

At this frank speaking, Miss Bradford, quite new to the business of succoring those in indigent circumstances, blushed painfully, and was far more concerned than Caroline, who, without more ado, signed the paper.

"Don't get up, dearest," she said to Clara, who was rousing herself languidly; "don't get up; I'll bring it to you, pet." Adding aside: "She suffers so at times I spare her every exertion."

Clara feebly traced her name.

"Must this be signed by Heloise also?" asked Caroline. "Is that requisite?"

"Certainly," responded Mrs. Vernon, crisply, "if she wants help from the Society. Now, I will leave the paper for her. When she comes in, you and she make out a list of essentials,—wearing apparel, and

things you are in absolute need of,—only absolute necessities, of course,—and let Heloise bring the list with the paper to the rooms of the Society to-morrow."

With this understanding the ladies went away.

* * *

In going so frequently to the Philharmonic, Heloise had not been actuated solely by the love of music. There was a Mr. Augustus Holmes, whom she had met, and who had recently become "attentive," whose attentions had so far progressed as to be "Gus" to Heloise, and her escort, not only to the Music Hall, but to many other places of amusement.

These pleasuring cost the girl nothing, and Miss Rowan erred in assuming that they were—in the way of money, at least—expensive.

It had occurred to Caroline to tell the "prying old maid" something of these economical facts, to have one small triumph, and to say, "That shows how you misjudge," but a certain intuition withheld her tongue, or perhaps she might have been questioned as to Mr. Holmes's "antecedents," and as to whether he was "a fit associate."

The acquaintance was not of long standing. In fact, it was only the previous week that Mr. Holmes had been brought to the flat and duly presented.

"This is my particular friend, mother," said Heloise, making the presentation. Caroline shook hands graciously, and with much emphasis hoped that her visitor would not be "too particular to be seated."

This passed, of course, for a sally of wit, and "Gus" laughed heartily and at other sallies, till in the course of that one afternoon they all got to be on excellent terms.

When he had gone, Caroline fell to discussing him: "So fine looking; so agreeable; evidently has money. Where on earth did you pick him up, Birdie?"

And when Heloise (or Birdie) blushed and was loth to tell, Caroline remonstrated that she ought to tell. "You ought to tell your mother everything. A mother is always a girl's best friend and adviser."

Holmes came home with Heloise that evening and stayed so late that the preparation of the list of necessities was deferred till next day.

I am strongly tempted to give this list entire; but perhaps realism (in this instance, exact truth) may go too far; let it suffice that among the things regarded by Mrs. McLane as "essential" were "one dozen cans corn, ditto tomatoes, and a soapstone griddle."

All the items, which were exceedingly voluminous, were written upon the finest of linen paper, a relic of former "style," both paper and envelope adorned with what passed for the McLane arms. For crest a claymore rampant, and for motto, "So we fought,—all or naught."

Modesty, or some other reason, restrained Heloise from delivering this in person; Clara was still indisposed, so a district messenger boy was sent, charged to bring an answer, and with instructions to "collect."

At the rooms of the Society all this created something of a sensation; but charity, as we know, suffereth long, so in due course a bountiful supply of real essentials was sent to the flat, which however did not include the soapstone griddle.

Accompanying the goods was the following letter:

"OFFICE OF ST. ANN'S AID SOCIETY,

"No. — Oddth Street, March 20, 189.

"MRS. C. McLANE:

"Madam—With some difficulty places have been obtained for your two girls with Messrs. Cheviot and Dellane, No. — Blank Avenue; for the elder as saleswoman in the hosiery department,—wages, — dollars; for the younger in the laundry at — dollars. The work in the laundry will be light, and will not overtask her strength. The girls should apply at the side entrance on Oddth Street at seven to-morrow. Yours, etc., JANET VERNON."

When Caroline received the abundant but frugal store she was indignant, but this letter made her a ravening woman. That evening Mr. Dronloth, not fully informed as to what had taken place, came again to "The Biddle."

He found Caroline alone and in tears.

"Read it," she said, hysterically; "I only ask you to read it," and thrust Mrs. Vernon's letter into his hands. She watched him narrowly, and when he had finished the perusal again burst forth: "Now, do you wonder that you find me weeping? Observe how she speaks of wages and alludes to my daughters as if they were common servants applying for situations. It is enough, quite enough, to make me weep. It is hard to be reduced through force of circumstances to the necessity of seeking assistance, but to be gratuitously insulted is more than a mother can bear."

Mr. Dronloth felt called upon to disclaim somewhat strenuously for Mrs. Vernon any intentional insult; but his disclaimer,—or want of sympathy, as Caroline felt it to be,—only served to make matters worse.

"Oh! did I ever expect to be reduced to this?" she exclaimed, frantically. "Oh! what shall I do? Hounded here, hounded there."

"Have they gone?" inquired the rector, in some perplexity.

"Gone!" exclaimed Caroline, "*my* daughters? I wonder you ask the question. No indeed; sooner than have that happen I'd work my fingers to the bone."

"But what are they to do?"

"Anything. They are willing to do anything. I mean, of course, anything in reason. It was expressly stipulated that nothing degrading should be offered,

and I must say, in suggesting positions as shop-girls, Mrs. Vernon violated her pledged word."

"Have you anything else in prospect?"

"Heloise," responded Caroline, loftily, "has recently expressed an intense longing to fit herself for the stage."

"That is a life full of peril," said Dronloth.

"Yes, I know some are prejudiced,—unduly so, I think. But Heloise has been too well brought up for me to have any fears on her account."

"And what are her qualifications? Has she any aptitude for the profession of a dramatist?"

"Oh!" replied Caroline, airily, "that remains to be seen. It is never well to be too sanguine; though, for my part, I haven't the least doubt of it in the world. Why, Mr. Dronloth, she recites beautifully. You ought to hear her recite; and then, she has such an exquisite figure. Oh! I am sure all that she needs is the chance."

* * *

Poor Heloise. She had the chance. Five years afterwards, one bitter winter's night, she lay dying alone and friendless in the city hospital. They told her she could not live, and asked if she had friends she wished sent for. No, she said, she had no friends. Would she have a clergyman? At first she said "No" also to that; but at last said she wished to see Mr. Dronloth. He came, and his wife, once Miss Laura Bradford, when she heard who it was, came with him.

All that could be done they did for her; but for comforts of this world few days were left.

That night the good man gave her such absolution and remission of her sins as were his to give, praying fervently beside her bed, and then leaving her, wet-eyed, alone with his wife.

The fondest breast on which the parting soul reclines is always a woman's. Tender-hearted Laura would have spared the woman's recital of her story; but Heloise,—in broken words, and sometimes with long pauses,—told it all.

"I thought I was married. For more than three years I called myself Mrs. Holmes. Ah, you remember the name,—Mrs. Augustus Holmes. I was so young when I met him first. He was managing the Melpomene Theatre. Mother let me go out so much alone. I was good then. I never thought to be anything else, God knows. Mother took to the man from the start. He was very kind, and that was a time, you know, when there were few enough to be kind. He used to take me out places—theatres, suppers, and then balls. He was a great deal older than I, and mother always said there was no harm, going as I did,—that I could never be young but once, and Holmes was old enough to be my father. God pity

the girl who goes with a man old enough to be her father. He found out how poor we were and how proud mother was. Poor mother; she was always so proud. Then you offered us places in the store, and mother cried and took on and said it was degrading, and all that. Holmes had heard me recite and sing,—I had a very fair voice then; mother told him I wanted to go on the stage, and begged him to get me on. After a while he did. At first it was in the chorus. But what I wanted was parts. Then he offered to pay for my training. Mother accepted for me. What harm was there? she said. I could pay him back some time.

"By spring, the woman said, I should do well enough. Holmes said so, too. But the company was going 'on the road,' as they call it.

"Oh! after that I had a gay time, plenty of money, lots of fun, and chances to act the parts I liked. I thought I was married; I did; I did truly. Holmes promised sacredly. He said it was a marriage,—that a ring and a promise made a marriage, what they call a common-law marriage.

"What a fool I was! Girls brought up like me are always fools. In a year I found out how he had lied to me,—the scoundrel,—I found out he had a wife already. I could have killed him, and I believe I did try. But,—ah, that was my sin. Holmes swore he never loved the other woman, and that he did love me. He begged and pleaded, and at last I gave in.

"I did it for mother, more, oh! a thousand times more than for myself. Why, I had sent her regularly a hundred dollars a month. Was I to stop that? What else could I do? Yes, I can honestly say I did it for mother.

"We were out West when mother sent me a telegram that she was very ill and could not live. I showed the dispatch to Holmes. He was good-hearted enough when he was himself; but he had taken to drink. He said I shouldn't go. I told him I would go, and then he said,—the cur,—that if I went and left the company in the lurch, with no one to play Mignonne, he would tell every one how it was between us.

"Well, I packed up and took the next train east. Oh! mother wasn't dying. It was only one of her old turns. When I got to New York she was all right,—up and about as usual.

"Of course, I didn't tell her all,—only that Holmes had acted like a brute. She said I must go back at once. But—oh! that man. He had been as bad as his word. I found that out. It almost killed me. But what was I to do? I stayed, mother harping continually about my going back to—my husband.

"One day mother said to me: 'Heloise, you haven't given me my allowance for this month.'

"Then she went on to tell me that she couldn't possibly get along with only a hundred; that she owed then for the rent, and this, that, and the other—bills here and there and everywhere.

" 'Tell me just how much you owe, mother,' said I, my heart almost broken.

"She got paper and pencil and summed it up, item by item, talking all the time, telling what she intended to do in the summer, and complaining how the tradesmen had overcharged her.

"It came to over five hundred dollars. I knew to a cent what I had left in my purse,—a little over sixty dollars. There was one fifty-dollar bill. I gave her that, but she wasn't pleased.

" 'The landlord wants his money for the rent,' she said. 'He is coming for it this afternoon. I promised he should have it, and it would mortify me to death not to keep my word.'

"I made an excuse, and got away by myself to think. What was I to do? I couldn't—oh! I couldn't try for a place on the boards again. I suppose I inherited that kind of pride. Well, I was too proud. Every one in the profession knew how it was by this time, and I had always held my head so high. I went into the park and sat down. But I couldn't think. I couldn't sit still. I got up and walked about,—as poor mother used to say,—distracted. I suppose I must have acted queer, for I heard some one ask me what was the matter. I turned round. It was a man I had known before I went on the stage,—when I used to go out with Holmes.

"Oh! God pity me; what's the use of telling it all? He was rich and generous. I paid mother's debts and made her comfortable. She never knew to her dying day. Thank God for that.

"I had to lie about Holmes. I told mother we had separated, and that I had an allowance.

"Mother was always a great hand to talk about family and good breeding and such things. I hated to hear her tell how respectable we had always been. But what could I do? I had to listen. She never used to be great for going to church, but now she took to going, and tried to get me to go with her. I never would. I didn't dare to. To that man I used to pretend that I didn't believe in religion, or a God, or a hereafter. Oh! it was all a pretence. I did believe. I do believe, not much in churches, but in a good God somewhere and in a pitying Jesus. Am I penitent? I hardly know whether I am that or not. No, perhaps not exactly penitent. If I had it to do over again I suppose it would be the same way. I didn't do it for myself. I did it for mother. I don't suppose you call that being penitent; but I can say truthfully, I am sorry, I am so sorry for it all."

EZEKIEL.

BY PROF. C. H. CORNILL.

EZEKIEL was the son of a priest of the temple of Jerusalem, and had been carried off to Babylon with the first captives, under Jehoiakim, in the year 597. Five years later, 592, he appeared as prophet. His work lasted for twenty-two years, but we know nothing of its details. He was at first a mere herald of the judgment; the approaching complete destruction of Jerusalem was his only theme. But his companions in misery refused to listen to him. National fanaticism, blind confidence in God, who in the end must perforce aid both His people and His temple, had seized possession of their hearts. Derided and maligned, the prophet was forced to be silent, till the fulfilment of his threat by the destruction of Jerusalem loosed the seal from his mouth and from the ears and hearts of his people.

The Book of Ezekiel is the most voluminous of all the prophetic literature, and it is not easy to give in a few brief strokes a sketch of the man and of his importance, but I will try to emphasise at least the chief points.

Personality is the characteristic of Ezekiel. Ezekiel was a man of a thoroughly practical nature with a wonderfully sharp perception of the problems and needs of his age; he understood how to read the signs of the times and to deduce the right lessons from them. In this respect he bears a most wonderful resemblance to Isaiah, with whom he has also a marked relationship of character. The key-note in the character of both is the immeasurable distance between God and man. In the image of God the predominant and decisive feature is His sanctity and majesty, His absolutely supramundane elevation in ethical and metaphysical matters, the consequence being that humility is the cardinal virtue of man. When confronting his God, Ezekiel feels himself to be only the "son of man." When thought worthy of a divine revelation, he falls on his face to the ground, and it is God who raises him up and sets him on his feet. He has, in common with Isaiah, the same terrible moral earnestness, a certain vein of severity and harshness, which does not suffer the tenderer tones of the heart to come into full play.

One of the most learned theologians of the present day has compared this prophet to Gregory VII. and Calvin, in both of whom personal amiability and sympathy are wanting, but who excite our unbounded admiration as men and characters by the iron consistency of their thought and the hard energy of their actions. There is much that is true and befitting in this comparison. Ezekiel—if I may be allowed the expression—is pre-eminently churchman and organiser; as such, the greatest that Israel ever had. He has left,

in this respect, the imprint of his mind on all future ages, and marked out for them the way of development.

As Isaiah transformed into practice the ideas of Amos and Hosea, so Ezekiel is thoroughly dependent on his great predecessor Jeremiah. He drew the conclusions from the religious subjectivism and individualism of Jeremiah, and bestowed upon them the corrective which they urgently needed.

I will now endeavor to group together and to characterise the principal thoughts of Ezekiel in their most important aspects. The first thing Ezekiel is called upon to do is to vindicate God, even as against his most pious contemporaries.

"The way of the Lord is the wrong way," was a remark that Ezekiel must have repeatedly heard. And such views were not urged without a certain amount of justification. Were the people and the period just previous to the destruction of Jerusalem so especially wicked and godless? Had not King Josiah done everything to fulfil the demands of God? Yet this righteous king was made to suffer a horrible death, and misfortune on misfortune was heaped upon Judah. The proverb arose: "Our fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge." This conception appears in a still more drastic form in a remarkable passage of the Book of Jeremiah, where the answer is hurled at the head of the prophet, who is warning and exhorting his people: "When our fathers worshipped Baal and the stars, things went well with us, but since Josiah served the Lord only, things have gone ill." In opposition to such views, Ezekiel had now to bring forward proof that the judgment was deserved and unavoidable.

To this end, he passes in review the entire past of the people, and comes to the conclusion that it had been one long chain of direct ingratitude and shocking sin. Jerusalem is much worse than Samaria, has acted more sinfully than the Gentiles; even Sodom is justified by the iniquity of Jerusalem. Jerusalem is as a rusty pot, whose filthiness cannot be removed by being burnt out, but which must be thrown into the furnace, so that its metal may be purged and rendered fit for a new cast.

This appears heartless and is at times stated by Ezekiel with offensive harshness. But to break up the new land required by Hosea and Jeremiah, the thorns and weeds must first be pitilessly dug out, and the earth upturned to its very depths by the ploughshares. Nothing else is Ezekiel's intention. By this painful process the ground is simply to be loosened for the new seed, for God takes no pleasure in the death of a sinner, but wishes rather that he be converted and live. And this conversion is quite possible; for the relation of God to man adjusts itself

according to the relation of man to God. Now, here is the point where Ezekiel's creative genius is displayed. If religious personality be the true subject of religion, the inestimable value of every individual human soul follows directly from this fact. Here it is that the lever must be applied, and in Ezekiel thus prophecy is transformed into the pastoral care of souls.

The idea of pastoral care, and the recognition of it as a duty, is first found in Ezekiel. Even the Messiah does not appear to him in the pomp of a royal ruler, but as the good shepherd, who seeks him that is lost, goes after him that has strayed, binds up the wounded, and visits the sick and afflicted. Ezekiel considers this pastoral and educating office to be his vocation as prophet, and has conceived it with the sacred earnestness peculiar to himself: he feels himself to be personally responsible for the soul of every one of his fellow-countrymen: "If the wicked man sin, and thou givest him not warning, to save his life, the same wicked man shall die in his iniquity; but his blood will I require at thy hand. Yet if thou warn the wicked, and he turn not from his wickedness, nor from his wicked way, he shall die in his iniquity; but thou hast delivered thy soul." With these words God makes Ezekiel a prophet, or, as he has vividly expressed it, a "watchman over the house of Israel."

Such was the practical conclusion which Ezekiel drew from Jeremiah's religious conceptions, and by which he introduced into the religio-historical development of the world an entirely new force of imperishable importance and of incalculable consequences.

I spoke above, however, of a complement, of a corrective of the work of Jeremiah by Ezekiel, and this brings us to the point by which Ezekiel exercised a determinative influence on the succeeding period. Jeremiah with his religious subjectivism and individualism had spoken the final and conclusive word on the relation of the individual to God. But beyond individualism Jeremiah did not go. The conception of fellowship was altogether wanting in his views. He did not notice that great things on earth are only produced by union. Ezekiel, on the other hand, regarded it as the aim and task of his prophetic and pastoral mission to educate individuals not only to be religious, but also to be members of a community, which as such could not be subjectively determined only, but also needed definite objective rules and principles. The problem was, to preserve Israel in Babylon, to prevent the nation from being absorbed by the Gentiles. To this end Ezekiel insists that his people shall absolutely eschew the worship of the idols of their conqueror. He also discovers a means of directly worshipping God. Temple and sacrifices were wanting in the strange land, but they had the Sabbath, which appertained to no particular place nor land, which they

could observe in Babylon just as well and in the same way as in Palestine. And so Ezekiel made the Sabbath the fundamental institution of Judaism, or, as he himself expresses it, "a sign between God and Israel, by which they shall know that it is God who sanctifies them." On every seventh day Israel shall feel itself to be the holy people of God.

Also in its mode of life Israel must prove itself a pure and holy people. Ezekiel warns his people against the sins of unchastity with greater emphasis than any of his predecessors. If the sanctification of wedded life and the purity of the family has ranked at all times as the costliest ornament and noblest treasure of the Jewish race, it is a possession, in which we cannot fail to recognise, more than any other, the seal which Ezekiel lastingly imprinted upon it. And moreover, Ezekiel urges and inculcates afresh the necessity of love towards brethren and neighbors. Every Israelite shall recognise in every other a brother and treat him with brotherly love, that the little band of dispersed and scattered exiles may be held together in ideal unity by this spiritual bond. If Ezekiel could only succeed in making of every individual a sanctified personality, who at the same time felt himself to be the member of a community and was steeped with the conviction that he could find true salvation only in this community, then would there be some hope of obtaining citizens worthy of the Kingdom of God, which was sure to come.

Ezekiel has given us a description of this future Kingdom of God, which ranks among the most remarkable portions of his book. It is the famous vision of the new Jerusalem, which forms the conclusion of the Book of Ezekiel. Here he essentially follows Deuteronomy. The service and worship of God are marked out most exactly, and the temple becomes, not only spiritually, but also materially, the centre of the whole nation and its life. The priests and Levites receive a definite portion of land as the material foundation of their existence.

Most noteworthy of all, however, is the future picture of the State in the vision of Ezekiel. In earlier speeches Ezekiel had expressed the hope that the future king would come of the house of David, though the king he pictures exhibits quite peculiar ecclesiastical characteristics. Now, however, there is no further mention of a king; he is merely called the prince. And what is his position? In the new Jerusalem crime is unknown, as God bestows on all a new heart and a new mind, and turns them into a people who walk in the way of his commandments, observe his laws, and act accordingly. The administration of justice, then, is no longer needed, and so one of the most important moral functions of the government dispensed with. Should, however, a crime or transgression actually

occur, it must be atoned for by an ecclesiastical penance. Nor has the State need to provide for the external welfare of the people, for God gives all things bounteously now and no one is in want. Neither are measures for the external security of the country required, for this is a kingdom of everlasting peace, where war is no longer possible. Should a heathen nation dare to disturb this peace and stretch forth its hand against the Kingdom of God, God himself will interfere and in the fire of His wrath destroy the offender, so that Israel will only need to bury the corpses, and to burn with fire the weapons of the enemy, as described by Ezekiel in his wondrous vision of Gog, chief of the land of Magog.

In such conditions no function is left for the prince but that of representative of his people, and patron of the church. He has to look after the temple, and supply the materials of worship, for which purpose he can only collect from the people gifts of such things as are needful for the sacrifice: sheep, goats, bullocks, oxen, corn, wine, oil. All taxes are exclusively church taxes. The prince receives, so as not to oppress his people, nor exact unlawful tribute from them, a rich demesne of land, which he tills like every other Israelite. Also each individual tribe receives its determinate portion of the sacred land.

We have here for the first time in perfect distinctness the conception of a Kingdom of God, or, as we might also say, of an ecclesiastical State. The State is completely absorbed in the Church. Such is Ezekiel's new Jerusalem, and its name is "Here is God."

These ideas were feasible as long as the Babylonians, the Persians, and the Greeks deprived the Jews of all secular and governmental functions and discharged them themselves. Theocracy as a fact, for such we are wont to call this conception after a word coined by Josephus.—theocracy as a fact, realised in this world, needed as its complement and as its presupposition the conquest and government of the Jews by a foreign power. So soon, however, as Judah was enabled and obliged to form a national and political State, this contradiction asserted itself, and the tragical conflict arose which five hundred years later brought about the destruction of the State of the Maccabees.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"SARAH GRAND'S ETHICS."

To the Editor of The Open Court:

Mr. Salter has favored me with a brief reply to my article on "Sarah Grand's Ethics," but I cannot see in what way he has thereby improved his position. He takes me to task for a supposition which I do not entertain. I do not expect an innocent young girl of nineteen to have her suspicions about a man of thirty-eight, nor do I think that English gentlemen as a rule take such suspicions for granted. My contention was that Evadne, as

she is described, is a ridiculous and impossible person. She is said to be well versed in anatomy, pathology, prophylactics, and therapeutics; to be not only familiar with *Tom Jones* and *Roderick Random*, but also to be capable of making philosophical reflexions on "young men steeped in vice," the danger to the community involved in their marriage, "the self-interest and injustice of men, and the fatal ignorance and slavish apathy of women." In her opinions she boasts a perfect independence, and she makes her relatives feel it; and if, after all this parade of grace, wisdom, and understanding, she succumbs to "a heavy moustache," it is clear that either her learning or her morality is a sham. Though she may receive our sympathy, I do not see how she can compel it.

Mr. Salter declared that her situation was "a problem in ethics," and if his article was not designed to approve her solution as admirable, there is some difficulty in seizing its exact purpose. He described the theme of *The Heavenly Twins*, and found "its treatment of this theme brave, strong, and in a high sense womanly." If he now considers that the only noble element in Evadne's attitude was the act of rebellion, I take to myself some credit for having assisted him to this conclusion; because, as I think, he cannot logically rest in it, but must be driven on to another of a still less sentimental character and more in harmony with the facts. The solution of a moral problem is not reached by an act of rebellion. That is only the statement of the problem. The solution which Evadne provides shows us that she is immoral in the wide sense of the word; for she is mean and cruel. She takes all she can get in the way of respect, kindness, and attention, and in return ruins the man who gives her what she wants. How is this conduct to be called brave, strong, and womanly?

Mr. Salter remarks that he knows nothing of Sarah Grand's personality, or of her other writings, but I must beg leave to observe that he has transferred his eulogy of Evadne's character to the character of her creator, whose exaggerations he pardons on the score of her alleged youth, and that he has mentioned an article by Sarah Grand in *The North American Review*, and quoted a passage from it. I made my comments on the article. With Sarah Grand's personality I have nothing to do; and I strongly deprecate the idea that, because a lady has written a book, her personal character and private affairs are a legitimate topic for discussion; although, in truth, from the number of interviews forced upon the public, such discussion sometimes appears to be invited rather than discouraged. But Sarah Grand's voluntary appearances in public, whether in a book or article, or in a system of advertisement by interviews or photography, are fair matter for comment, and a critic is perfectly within his rights, if he shows how they must all be taken into account in estimating the moral effect of her work.

T. BAILEY SAUNDERS.

NOTES.

The meetings of the Pan-American Congress of Religion and Education will be held at Toronto, Canada, July 18-25. The outline programme of the Congress comprises a numerous list of attractive and important subjects. Besides the addresses and discussions on the broad general questions affecting religion and civilised progress, there are three special sections devoted respectively to the "Young People," to "Education," including the Religious Parliament Extension, and to "Philanthropy." The Congress will be welcomed by the Mayor of Toronto on July the 18th; on the 19th President Henry Wade Rogers and Archbishop Ireland will speak; on the 20th Miss Jane Addams and the Rev. William Galbraith; on the 22d the Rev. William Clark and Bishop M. N. Gilbert; on the 23d the Rev. A. Lazerus and Mrs. Charles Herrotin. The Hon. C. C. Bonney of Chicago will preside over the department of Religious Parliament Extension, while Dr. Paul Carus and other speakers, too numerous to mention, will either

lead or assist in the general discussions. Reduced railroad fares can be obtained to Toronto during the sessions of the Congress and circulars of general information may be procured by addressing S. Sherin, Secretary, Rossin House, Toronto, Canada.

Macmillan & Co. announce from the University Press of Columbia College an *Atlas of Fertilisation and Karyokinesis*, by Prof. Edmund B. Wilson with the coöperation of Dr. Edward Leaming. The work will contain forty figures, photographed from nature by Dr. Leaming from the preparations of Professor Wilson at an enlargement of one thousand diameters and reproduced, without retouching or other alterations, by the gelatine process by Bierstadt of New York. The photographs are very perfect and convey a good idea of the actual object. They illustrate nearly every important step in fertilisation, from the first entrance of the spermatozöon onwards to the cleavage-stages, and not only present a very clear picture of the more familiar outlines of the subject, but embody many original discoveries as well. They are to be accompanied by an explanatory text, comprising a general elementary introduction, a critical description of the plates, and a large number of text-cuts.

We have in our hands the prospectus of a new "weekly journal of general information and independent comment," called *The Observer*, the first number of which was to have appeared in Chicago on June 15. The paper is to be edited by Mr. John J. Flinn and is to give a brief but accurate synopsis of the news of the week, with critical comments upon municipal, social, administrative, and political affairs, reviews of new books, the drama, amusements, etc. The place which *The Observer* aims to fill is vacant in Chicago journalism and we may look forward to its first numbers with interest.

Philosophical students will be glad to learn of the following important additions which are about to be made to Bohn's Libraries: *Selected Essays of John Stuart Mill*; and *Harriet Martineau's and Comte's Positive Philosophy* in three volumes with an Introduction by Frederic Harrison.

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MAXIME DU CAMP.

BY G. KOERNER.

FRANCIS XAVIER KRAUS has published in one of the last numbers of the *Deutsche Rundschau* (German Review) his recollections of the distinguished French author, Maxime Du Camp. They are written in a masterly style. They do not propose to give us a biography of that writer, they rest upon an intimate personal intercourse with him, and a thorough knowledge of his works. These recollections are somewhat in the nature of Mr. Senior's celebrated conversations with the prominent characters of his time.

The essay of Prof. Kraus presupposes a general knowledge of the history of the first French Revolution, the first Empire, the Bourbon Restorations, of the July Government of Louis Philippe, the second Republic, the second Empire, and the third Republic. It is principally interesting as throwing entirely new light upon some of the most important incidents during those periods and upon some of the characters of the leading actors in that perhaps greatest drama in the history of the world.

If I am not greatly mistaken, a partial translation of the *Rundschau* article will not be quite unwelcome to the readers of *The Open Court*. I say "partial translation," for to give the whole of it would transcend the bounds within which articles for a weekly publication must be confined.

"The end of the century," says Prof. Kraus, at the beginning of his essay, "shows evidently a decadence of *belles lettres* literature—Spain excepted, the very remarkable literary movement of which we hope to see soon presented to us Germans by a competent pen. All the highly cultured countries of Europe manifest this decline, France not the least. There are no more Châteaubriands, Lamartines, Alfred De Mussets, Victor Hugos. Both the Dumas, George Sand, Balsac, and Flaubert are dead. The Chambers are devoid of a Guizot, a Thiers, a Montalembert, or Berryer. No Lacordaire, nor even a Ravnignon or Dupanloup has ascended the pulpit of Notre Dame. Prosper Merrimé, Saint Beuve, and Taine have found successors, but no equals.

"*Transierunt*. And yet he would do injustice to

the France of 1895 who would make the disappearance of the greatest literary stars the only test for judging of her intellectual life. In the domain of the exact and experimental, of the historic and archæological and economical sciences, our Western neighbors within the last quarter of the century have been active in a most remarkable degree. In history and archæology France before 1870 counted great and brilliant names. But they were kept down by the weight of surrounding dilettantism. There were but few learned philologists and students of antiquity. Whole branches of the sciences, such as comparison of languages, even the philology of the Romance tongues, drew their lives from foreign countries. All that has been changed. France abounds to-day in a well-trained staff of eminent philologists, Orientalists, archæologists. The French schools founded within the last twenty years at Rome and Athens have educated a great number of learned men. The monuments of Egypt, Greece, and Mesopotamia are studied by superior specialists. Diligent investigators of inscriptions complete nobly the work of German research in that field. The method of German history of art has been naturalised in France by E. Muenz, De Lastene. Christian archæology reverts, after the death of De Rosse, to the esteemed Edmond Le Blanc, as its Nestor. Theology has also taken a higher stand. Since 1789 it had hardly an existence in France. The abolition of theological seats of learning, and the humiliating dependency of the clergy created by Napoleon's government, prevented the rise of a real theological science. The whole French theological literature, with the exception, perhaps, of the works of Carriere, between 1789 and 1870, will fall into deserved obscurity. From the great Bossuet phrases and declamations were borrowed, but of his genius there was no longer a trace. There was a lack of positive knowledge and criticism. Here, also, a change has taken place. In L. Duchesne French theology possessed the first great critical author since Mabillon. His edition of the *Book of the Popes* remains a masterly work of the science of to-day. His researches into the origin of Christianity in Gallia means the final burial of numerous fables. The Church of the present has for such men neither honors nor use; so much the better,

they will be the more surely preserved for the priesthood of science.

"It is only a section of the vast field of universal knowledge which I can review, but within that space France presents within the last quarter of our century a transition from a generally prevailing dilettante, declamatory, massy, hollow, and indefensible literature to a high, meritorious, intensive intellectual labor, founded upon correct principles and sustained with great energy.

"Such a phenomenon cannot fail to excite a great interest. The French very often imagine that the Germans cannot sleep easy by the side of a France awakened to an intellectual activity, with high aspirations and manifestly prospering. Nothing can be a greater error. What is threatening to us, and always will be so threatening, is the possibility, which, considering the emotional Gallic temperament, ever exists, that a turbulent minority will temporarily seduce or terrorise the good sense of the French nation. We have no fears of the sound, honestly working enlightened people. Everybody with us, I believe, thinks that way, from the Emperor down to the peasant. Of the Emperor every one knows it who wants to know it. If France has no worse enemy than him, she could disband her army and sell her fine navy to the highest bidder. German culture, in which the Emperor shares, is fully conscious what a most important part France has had and still has in the intellectual culture of Europe. Germany knows that it would be almost barbarism to ignore this element or to desire its extinction.

"France at work is our best ally, even if the relations between the Quai d'Orsay and our imperial chancellor are still cool and reserved. Those men, however, who have weaned France from empty phrases and have led it to honest mental labor are the benefactors of France and friends of Germany whether they will or not.

"Amongst those are few who could equal in true merit the academician, who through many years was our guest and almost our fellow-citizen at beautiful Baden Baden, and of whom we have been bereaved sooner than was expected from his robust constitution, on the 8th of February, 1894, on the anniversary of his birth, which happened on the 8th of February, 1822.

"I am not going to write the life of Du Camp. He has done that himself, as far, at least, as his literary career is concerned, for the *Souvenirs litteraires* treat in fact only of his development as an author, of the events and elements which modified his literary existence, of the tendencies to which he devoted himself. The personal incidents of his life, particularly those after the death of his friend Flaubert, and what

refers to his residence in Germany, are left in the background in the *Souvenirs*. The whole of Maxime Du Camp cannot be learned from them. Without having had personal intercourse with him, no one could know him and judge of him as an individual. As an author he has given to the public a great part of himself, but there was enough left which could not be studied and enjoyed except at his home.

"When I saw Maxime Du Camp the last time at Baden Baden in the fall of 1893, I asked him what he then was writing about. 'A book for children,' he replied. A few months after this appeared his *Crépuscule—propos du soir*. This book was his last will and testament. In its way it was in truth a book for the youth, that is, for French youth, in which the author in the evening of a life rich in precious observations preaches most forcibly what the purport of his life has been. 'Submission to the commands of duty, honest and conscientious labor, unselfish devotion to the highest ideals of humanity.'

"These *Propos du soir*, considered from a literary point of view, do not rise as high as the *Souvenirs*, which are fresher and more sparkling, and the colors of which are more varied and more powerful. They by no means represent a systematic work, like his works founded on the most exact researches of a vast material, on *Paris, Its Life and Its Convulsions*, they do not equal the *Charité privée* of Paris, of which some leaves are amongst the noblest produced by the literature of the nineteenth century. Written at an advanced age and under the pressure of a painful disease, the book is nevertheless highly interesting.

"Du Camp has described in a capital manner at the beginning of the *Crépuscule* the mental condition under which these conversations were written. It is that of an old man still in full possession of his mental faculties, but reminded by many things that the night is not far off. Renunciation and submission give to age the peculiar charm; give it the finest adornment of the sage, the indulgence in judging of things and men, so rare in fiery youth. The decline of physical power and increasing infirmities and sufferings, which make life so often a torture, loosen imperceptibly the ligatures by which we are habitually bound to the present. Our thoughts turn to the past. 'Somewhat half drowsy,' says Du Camp, 'we look back to the past. Every one of us thinks it a lost paradise. It is an illusion, just such a one as is the sight of mountains and landscape scenery. From afar one sees only the harmony of smooth undulating lines and of luminous half-subdued colors. On nearer view, the beautiful vision vanishes. Sand, moors, rift and ugly rocks make our wanderings heavy and burdensome.' It is just the same with the good old times. 'If by some miracle we were set back,' remarks Du Camp,

'into the Paris of seventy years ago, with its muddy, ill-paved streets, into a city without gas, without omnibuses, without tramways, with only a few miserable hacks, into a country without railroads, through which one has to travel in slow and mean stage-coaches, with a dear and badly-managed letter-post, into a country that knows not the electric telegraph, nor chloroform, into a time when a short sea-voyage took weeks or months, we would not be inclined to praise the good old times, much less those of preceding centuries.'

Upon death, Du Camp reflected like the dying Tasso. "If there was no death, nothing could be more miserable than man." What he hated about death was "the slow dissolution of the matter. Nothing has been left intact with the poor mortal. Physical pain takes hold of him, torturing him most cruelly. Who witnesses this struggle, in which the immorality of nature manifests itself with all-overpowering force, must he not at the last death-rattle breathe easier, when at last the suffering is over? Certain sects announce the departure of one of theirs in the usual phrase: Our brother is gone to rest. That reminds one of the exclamation of Martin Luther in the churchyard at Worms: *'Invideo quia quiescunt.'* I envy those here, for they do have rest."

"Du Camp, who was an unbeliever, was honest enough to confess that he became irritated at the sight of physical agony. 'When death performed his work, why should bodily torture be added? To cease to live should be sufficient. The rest is superfluous, and therefore rank injustice.'

"Nevertheless he did not fail to acknowledge the value of a religious conviction in this, the heaviest of all hours, and he would not blame those who in that hour resort to prayer. 'Life,' he said, 'is so rich in misfortunes, that everything ought to be preserved that can help man to support it. It is easy enough to deny God, but He has not been supplied as yet in the hearts of those who need faith. If the human race would strip itself of all spiritual ideas and sink into the bestiality of materialism, the individual could not in heavy afflictions restrain from praying, if it was only by an involuntary exclamation.'"

Maxime Du Camp scourges most severely vanity, according to him the first, perhaps the worst, of vices.

Mr. Kraus remarks that he was quite right in this, as it is a vice peculiarly Gallic, from which at all times and particularly since Louis XIV., the self-glorification and self-delusion in politics and literature has grown. From this vanity a great many other vices have sprung, such as intemperance, and gambling.

Du Camp confirms the extraordinary increase of alcoholism, of prodigality, of the race after money, and of the belief that wealth is the test of a man's worth. 'To be nothing but rich,' he observes, 'means

to be nothing.' He also denounces debauchery most bitterly, and in his work on Paris he has devoted a very remarkable chapter to this subject. He did not pose as an immaculate high-priest, but, as he tells us in his *Souvenirs*, he had at an early time rescued himself from the charming circle of the passions, and he frequently declared that from his experiences in life he had come to the conclusion that the man who had become the slave of women was lost to every high aspiration.

□ Amongst the Europeans dwelling on this side of the Alps the French generally travel least. On this point Du Camp differed widely from the mass of his fellow-citizens. He believed the best way to come to rest was to move about constantly. Liberty and sunshine had attracted him three times to the Far East. 'I do not know,' he says, 'what migrating bird beats his wings within me. When the south wind blows I become languid and miserable, like an exile thinking of his far-off fatherland. It is always the South and the Orient to which my dreams carry me. A sort of homesickness forces me back to the Land of the Palms. A family tradition,' he tells us at another place, 'makes his ancestors descend from the Spanish Moors.' His physiognomy harmonised with this supposition. He was tall, strongly built, his head was round, his hair black and woolly, his eyes of sparkling darkness, and his nose somewhat turned up.

"Our present time loses every day more and more the taste for nature. The rush to the large cities, the active business-life, the withdrawal of the higher classes from the simple joys of country-life, has broken the bands which connect us with nature. 'Contemplating nature,' he says, 'intoxicates me.' Yet he does not think it advisable to revisit scenes which gave unbounded pleasure to the youthful traveller. 'What you have seen,' says Du Camp, 'with your young eyes and have loved with your young hearts, let it remain in your remembrance intact, returning to them with an aged heart and without the feverish dreams of youth you will find all changed. *Vieilles amours et vieilles demeures il n'y faut point retourner.*'"

"Du Camp is a decided enemy of bureaucracy. 'The positions of public functionaries,' he remarked, 'are an irremediable evil.' But how was this to be changed? The institutions of the France of to-day, which in great part date from the first Napoleon, have rather magnified than diminished it. The increasing democratisation has not upset it, and has not robbed the people of the enjoyment of millions of functionaries."

With very great satisfaction Du Camp has accepted the principle of universal military service, as the means of a national education, but he regretted that the system of volunteering for one year, introduced

into the French army after the German model, had not been maintained.

"He hated to enter into political life. 'Politics,' he once remarked, 'gives back its adepts exhausted, humiliated, and despairing, when there is no further use for them.' Politics, as Guizot has said, is a repulsive and wicked evil. To play at politics skilfully, it is necessary to get rid of every conviction, for conviction is by its nature an impeding luggage, which makes marching difficult, and may prevent the exercise of political acrobatics and wire-dancing.

"But a man like Du Camp could not entirely escape from entering into some relation with political ideas and events. Strictly speaking, he could not be identified with either of the great parties of the day. It was not of great importance to him in whose hands the government rested. A truly loyal and liberal government, bent to carry on a pure administration, was his ideal. Hence he did not oppose the government of July, and regretted its fall, though he conceded its faults. He had known slightly the prince-president, to whom he had shown his photographs of Oriental monuments and scenery, after he had returned from the East. After the *coup d'état* he never visited the *Elysée*. After the decree of the 17th of February, 1852, which guillotined the free press, he went over to Opposition. He conceded, however, that the France of 1852 was more eager to serve than her new master was eager to rule, and that Napoleon III. frequently regretted the want of ability and the overzealousness of his subordinates. If complaints reached him on that score, he used to shrug his shoulders, saying: '*Ces gens là sont trop bêtes.*'"

In his various visits to Italy, Du Camp had become thoroughly acquainted with the stupid despotisms of Naples and Sicily. Reason enough for him to join Garibaldi's expedition in 1860. He has described this adventure in his *L'expédition de deux Sicilies*. Many years ago he confessed to me that his partisanship for the independence of Italy had been the greatest error of his life.¹ The intimate relation existing between him and Prince Jerome Napoleon and his sister Mathilde may have contributed to bring him nearer to the imperial government towards the end of the Empire. In his *Souvenirs* he does not hesitate to characterise the ministry of Chasseloup-Laubat of 1869 as the best and most liberal he had lived to see in France since 1832. In the ministry of Olivier he had no confidence, yet he accepted a senatorship. The war of 1870 destroyed the prospect of a quiet develop-

¹In spite of the generally sound and liberal political views of M. Du Camp, he still remained a Frenchman of the Richelieu and Thiers school, according to which the safety and greatness of France depends upon the weakness and distraction of her continental neighbors. He might have also thought that Italy had been guilty of ingratitude in not flying to the help of France, when engaged in her war with Germany, and when Italy entered into the *Dreibund*, which certainly every Frenchman bitterly deploras.—*Note of translator.*

ment of public affairs. The revolution of the 4th of September appeared to him as the greatest stupidity France ever committed. He bewailed the shortsightedness of those who thought everything to have been gained by getting rid of the Bonapartes.

"After the year 1871 Du Camp took a most gloomy view of the destiny of France. He put but small trust in the leading republican rulers, since he knew that but shortly before the fall of the Empire the very master-spirits amongst them had offered themselves to the Emperor. I do not know whether it is known what Du Camp told me, that Clément Duvernois and Leon Gambetta were willing to sell themselves to Louis Napoleon. Gambetta asked a domain, and, until he could find a place in the ministry, 100,000 livres rent."¹

After the death of Napoleon, Du Camp thought anything possible. The Orleans, he believed, might have had a chance, if they had been willing to spend ten millions. For a time he thought it not impossible for Boulanger to come to the front, and he felt deeply ashamed of his country that this might happen. Very amusing and not yet published is an anecdote, how Du Camp drew from the 'brave General' the secret of his policy. At one time when the General's star was in its zenith, a lady friend of Du Camp had been invited to a dinner, where she was to have the General at her side. She asked Du Camp how she should conduct herself with the General. He instructed her how to get along with him, who was so fond of women and of the bottle. When he would feel the effect of the wine, she should whisper to him: '*Que ferez-vous, quand vous serez empereur?*' Boulanger fell into the trap, and, half-drunk from the champagne and the charms of his neighbor, answered: '*Bien je ferai la noce.*' (I am going to amuse myself.)²

"Prince Jerome Napoleon saw in Napoleon I. the ideal of the revolution—fraternity and equality—realised, and he considered himself as the true representative of his uncle. His opposition to Napoleon III. was something more than jealousy and caprice; he saw in the second empire on many points a falsification of the genuine empire and of the ideas of 1789. How little he was inclined to abandon these principles, even for the highest price, was shown by a remarkable attempt to negotiate with him, which Du Camp communicated to me, and which, as far as I know, was never made known. The incident must have taken place soon after 1874. The hopes of the

¹Until these charges are substantiated by other credible testimony, they ought not to be taken for granted. Du Camp was very bitter against the men of the third Republic, and a casual remark in a private conversation cannot be accepted as proof of Gambetta's political depravity. He was overambitious, a democratic absolutist, but not venal and mercenary.—*Note of translator.*

²This anecdote, if true, is liable to a different interpretation. The question was really a very indiscreet, if not an impertinent, one. Boulanger, however, may have taken it cavalierly as a mere jest, and may have answered it in the same way.—*Trans.*

Royalists had been wrecked, the Count De Chambord with his white flag had become impossible, the Orleans had missed the moment when the Duke D'Aumale could have taken up the lieutenancy of the Empire. There appeared in the house of Prince Jerome an old prelate of rank. It was the Cardinal of Bonneschose. The Prince knew that the Archbishop of Rouen was the trusted representative of the conservative union, and he asked him what he was bringing. 'I bring,' replied the Cardinal, 'the imperial crown to the heir of Napoleon, if he will consent to promise us, formally and solemnly, the restoration of the Pope to his worldly power.' The Prince answered with a brief and categorical 'No.' Twice the Cardinal returned. He declared that under the circumstances the conservative party would be satisfied with a written promise to be kept strictly secret. On the third visit the Cardinal stated he would be satisfied if the Prince would verbally promise to do what was possible to vindicate the rights of the Holy Father. Every time the Prince met the repeated offer, that if he consented all conservative parties would unite in calling him to the throne, with a decided '*Je ne veux pas.*' This broke up the negotiation, which reminds one of the history of the Cumenian Sybil. Later on Du Camp told me that the Prince regretted his rude refusal.

"In the fall of 1885, when I had become more intimately acquainted with Du Camp, I found him much of a pessimist. He thought that France was lost, that Germany was far more healthy, and he hoped much from the Hohenzollern, though he felt sure that the progress of dissolution of the States of Europe could not be prevented in the long run. Some one had observed to him that the universal suffrage was the bacillus which would infect all monarchies of Europe, and in the end destroy them. In his *Crépuscule* Du Camp admitted that this might be possible, but if the monarchies would not be much edified, perhaps the nations would not fare badly by it.

At another time he remarked that the universal suffrage was the '*revanche*' of France for Sadowa and Sedan. France and the Republic had been defeated, but had had its revenge in having inoculated the German Empire with the universal suffrage, on which every monarchy would founder.

When, as to politics, Du Camp had not taken a decided position, his enthusiasm for literature and the vocation of an author was pure and thorough. He says in his *Souvenirs*: 'I know of no more beautiful occupation than that of an independent and unselfish author.' He remained true to this idea to his last hour and has affirmed it in the *Crépuscule*: 'I owe to this modest profession of a pen-writer (*de plume*) the best joys of my life and the peace of my age. The

God of literature bears to-day the torch which enlightens the human kind.'

"When," remarks Prof. Kraus, "we may hereafter ask for an entry into the portals of heaven, we will hardly be asked, how much we have written, but, certainly, how much good we may have done. Much of our literary baggage will have no weight, but yet there are books which are of themselves a good deed. Du Camp has written one which must have been a very strong recommendation, when, armed with it, he presented himself to St. Peter. This is *Charité privée à Paris*. Who might not envy him for having written those four hundred pages?

"Maxime Du Camp was from his youth a free-thinker, and he has at several times expressed his belief that the future would belong to free thought. But he was not one of the ordinary unbelievers. Above all he was not a materialist. In his *Avant propos*, in his *Charité privée* he openly declared, 'For the nations, as well as for the individual, spiritualism has advanced the glory of the human race; it is the light which has illuminated the noblest and most elevated souls. Of all the motives for altruism, faith is the strongest. I conclude from this that in the labyrinth of life faith is as yet the best guide. I speak of this without any interest of my own, for I myself could never lay hold of it. Charity guarantees the existence of our civilisation. It is contended that morals are sufficient. I am of the opinion of Rivarol, who has said that "morals without religion is what justice is without law-courts." To take God away from us, is to make the world an orphan. Nihilism is of all evils the worst, for he who adores nothing comes very near to adoring himself. I speak of faith and not of the Church, matters that ought not to be confounded. The Church strives to rule the world, hence the opposition. It will be invincible if it will give up such an autocracy.'

Du Camp had the purest and highest conceptions of charity. All alms were to him acceptable, even where the motives of the giver were of a dubious or impure character. But the highest concept of altruism appeared to him to be unselfishness, which found its highest reward in the precious feeling of the spender, that it was permitted to him to mitigate the misery of another, to sacrifice one's self in favor of suffering fellow-beings. Genuine charity he considered as a virtue, which knows of no difference or regard of party, nationality, or confession.

"To the end of his life he believed in the perfectibility of man. 'Perhaps,' he says, 'it is a dream, an illusion, but I will not give it up. It may be an irremediable evil with me, but I would not wish to be cured of it.'

In the year 1860 we learn from Du Camp that he

was stricken down with a most painful disease, almost paralysing him for three years. He resorted to the baths of Baden Baden for relief and was restored to health. 'Those waters have saved me,' he writes in his *Souvenirs*.

"Since that time he has clung to Baden Baden. He could again indulge in excursions, in the pleasures of the chase. He used to pass the winter at Paris. But for a long series of years he resided in a villa of his own in the beautiful Lichtenthaler Avenue. There his Parisian friends called upon him, but there were found in his well-arranged and richly-ornamented home, Germans, Italians, Englishmen, Russians. His *salon* was like Du Camp himself, international. The owner of it, as he wrote himself, had travelled too much to believe with all his love for his own country that he belonged to an *elect* people. For him, in its absolute sense, a *grande nation* did not exist. His heart's desire would have been a union of Germany and France, in which both nations could have exchanged their good qualities and reconciled their defective ones.

His relation to the Grand Duke of Baden was very characteristic. The Grand Duke treated him as he would a confidential friend; Du Camp on his part felt great admiration for his royal host.

In concluding his essay, Prof. Kraus writes: "So lived this Frenchman amongst us, French to the core, and intimate with all of us, intimate more particularly with that Prince, whom the German people have recognised as the most experienced counsellor and as their truest friend. That relation belongs now to history and ought not to be forgotten—in spite of those who stir up hatred and ill-feeling, and for the encouraging example of those who aim at the reconciliation of the great nations. Maxime Du Camp has labored more than many others in that great work. He shall not fail to be honored by us. This thought has caused me to write this memoir, and, I venture to believe, in his spirit; and so may it be dedicated to his memory and to all who are of good-will—*pax omnibus bonae voluntatis*."

THE FOREST.

BY PROF. WILHELM WINKLER.

IN THE fir forest everything is still apparelled in the green, fresh splendor of summer. Like the columns of a mighty dome stands the vast array of trees. Majestically the high tops and crowns are arched, and the morning sun envelops them in a golden web of rays.

What was each of these arboreal monarchs a hundred years ago?

A tiny, winged seed that had dropped from a cone. The rising breath of the valley, warmed by the heat

of the sun, bore it upwards to the heights, and like a descending arrow it buried itself in the earth's soft soil. The tiny water globules that hung on the moss about it, lovingly gave it to drink, and fostered it into life. Out of the dead seedlet a powerful young shoot sprang, later a promising sapling, and finally the forest giant at which we now are gazing with wonderment and joy.

* * *

But how did the tree grow to such greatness and magnificence?

By the harmonious and concerted action of its roots, trunk, boughs, branches, and leaves, by the unselfish labor of the millions of cells that compose its various organs. Every cell labors in its narrow, modest sphere, apparently for itself alone, yet really for the whole. The work of all the cells together redounds to the benefit of the cellular tissues; the latter compose the various organs; and these unselfishly further the growth and prosperity of the proud plant.

Whence has the tree derived the great quantities of materials that form its colossal trunk, its countless powerful boughs?

Delicate rootlets, hardly visible to the naked eye, have conducted water to it, and in this water are held in solution nutritive substances extracted from the soil. The tiny, insignificant leaves have taken from the surrounding air the comparatively diminutive quantities of carbonic acid-gas and split it up into its elements—carbon, the most important building material of plants, and oxygen, the vital gas of man and animals. The cells, however, have retained and applied to the uses of the tree what according to natural law is the primary constituent of the plant kingdom, namely, carbon, and given back to the animal kingdom what is the prime and essential requisite of its life, namely, oxygen.

In ten thousand litres of atmospheric air, there are, as we know, only from three to four litres of carbonic acid-gas. And this petty quantity of gas forms the foundation of so much that is imposing and grand! That whole stupendous mass of forest that stretches before you, as far as the eye can reach, hiding mountains and hills like a solidified ocean, has passed through the little chemical laboratory of the pine needle and the cell.

Hour by hour, day by day, week by week, the needles have gathered their stores; line by line, inch by inch, step by step, the cells have builded, without haste, without turmoil; the prettiest witness of the words: "Pas à pas on va loin."

In the same way everything really great and permanent both in the State and in humanity grows, gradually and little by little.

As the last magnificent outcome, then, of the harmonious and constant collaboration of minute forces,

of the thrifty accumulation of diminutive masses, of patient waiting for the requisite lapse of time, our forest must be conceived, which enraptures our eye, purifies our air, and as the giver of wood and other bounties plays such an important part in the civilised life of man. With a thousand voices the wood seems to call out to the thoughtful lover of nature :

“Despise not small things, they conceal in them the germs of all that is great.”

But the wood has another and totally different significance. It is not only the purifier of the air, and the ornament of a country, but it is also its preserver, fructifier, and supporter.

The trunks, boughs, branches, and leaves of the wood, extending with their myriad arms into the air, hold fast the clouds, chain the snows and the rains, and store them up in their bosom, to send down with wise economy into the plains below the vital element of all life—water—spreading there, life, growth, bloom, and prosperity.

But let a region lose its forests, then the protective garment of the snow becomes its destruction, the blessing of the thunder-storm its curse. Think only of the avalanches which undo the industry of man, of the floods that convert mountains and valleys into barren wastes, plains into swamps.

Fortunate the land that still fosters its forests. Thrice fortunate the people that sturdily defends its forest against its two main foes : unseeing barbarism and an over-wrought civilisation, also rendered blind by a senseless greed of gain.

The narrow-souled commercial spirit of the Phœnicians robbed Lebanon of its magnificent cedar forests and made of the land in which once milk and honey flowed, a waterless desert. The blind, commercial greed of the republic of Venice desolated our Austrian Karst. In the barren, rainless, high plateaus of Spain, magnificent foliage once cast its refreshing shades and made of the home of the Moors a land of paradisiacal fertility.

Thus civilisation begins with making land productive, and ends, when once it enters devious ways, by making it desolate. It begins with barbarism, and ends, as history teaches us, again in barbarism, when the nations, corrupted by avarice and sensual indulgence, lose sight of the lessons of their eternal mother.

* * *

Every tree is a product of united labor. But what happens if the harmonious co-operation of the individual parts of the tree be interrupted in some manner ?

To cite only a single instance : if individual cells or associations of cells of the roots, trunk, or boughs, as the result of manifold influences, but particularly under the blighting effects of various fungi which destroy the

lives of plants, push their growth beyond the limits of their normal form, selfishly increase their size at the expense of other cells, and in accomplishing their end consume nutritive materials which should be applied to the support of the other cells, tissues, and organs of the tree ; in such cases that malignant cancerous affection well known to foresters, makes its appearance in the life of the tree.

The wood no longer grows the yearly rings at the affected spot ; nevertheless, the diseased organ at first swells forth in unwonted fulness. But if the skilful hand of the forester is not applied at the proper moment to set a limit to the new luxuriant growth, it will slowly but surely spread.

Gradually the saps of the tree all deteriorate. The whole tree begins to pine. Frequently its heart is seized with the rottenness produced and disseminated by the cancerous affection inhering in its bark.

The next tempest, that only clears the crowns of the sound trees of their withered leaves and twigs, stretches our tree, to all outward appearances sound, but inwardly rotten, to the ground.

“ Willst du dir und dir nur dienen, nirgends magst du Dank erwerben ;
Schmachten wirst du und am Ekel vor dir selber musst du sterben.”

sings the poet.

* * *

Involuntarily the life of the tree reminds us of the life of that larger co-operative society in which every man performs the office of a single cell—the State.

As in the tree so in the State the existence of the individual parts is conditioned solely by the whole, and the whole can exist only provided its parts flourish. As the individual cell separated from the tree, that is, detached from the community of cells, perishes ; as its life, growth, and prosperity is conditioned solely upon the existence of the tree ; so the tree as a whole can live, grow, and prosper only if its cells are solidly united together, and its organs co-operate unselfishly and harmoniously in the general well-being of the whole tree, and so indirectly in the well-being of each.

The same holds true of the labor of individual men and of individual classes. Here in the cellular community of the tree, perfect equality in the size, form, and function of the cells is absolutely impossible ; for, to make a tree, root-cells, bast-cells, wood-cells, leaf-cells, blossom-cells, and fruit-cells must exist, each of which has its destined functions to perform, in the service and for the welfare both of the tree and of itself.

So it is in the life of the State. Whilst the cells of the roots are gathering, painfully and laboriously, in the dark bosom of the earth, energy for the tree of which it is itself a part, the cells of the leaves are working in the glorious sunshine, the cells of the blos-

soms are scattering broadcast balsamic odors into the soft springtime airs. Similarly in that association of men called the State perfect equality in the functions and duties of individuals is a sheer impossibility, at least if the common ends are to be attained.

How often has not that which many have looked upon as higher privileges in the State, on closer examination turned out to be only an alluring burden, reminding the man of insight of that beautiful fairy-tale of the garment of the Happy One which could not be found, but least of all among those who to all outward appearances seemed the most happy.

Many men are unable their whole life long to see their own real happiness, because their eyes are constantly fixed on the supposed, but oftentimes unreal, happiness of their neighbors.

BOOK NOTICES.

"The Miniature Series," which has been running now since May (Macmillan & Co.), is a paper-bound monthly Library, single copies twenty-five cents each, and will contain for the coming year, to mention only a few numbers: *Shakespeare's England*, by William Winter; *The Pleasures of Life*, by Sir John Lubbock; *The Choice of Books*, by Frederic Harrison; *The Aims of Literary Study*, by Hiram Corson; and *Amiel's Journal*, translated by Mrs. Humphry Ward.

Prof. Richard G. Moulton of the University of Chicago is about to edit, with introductions, a series of books called *The Modern Reader's Bible*, being selections from the Sacred Scriptures. This series has principally literary and educational ends in view, although it cannot fail ultimately of a salutary ethical and religious outcome. It is based upon the belief, or rather fact, that the Bible must be adapted to the needs of the modern reader, if its literary form and religious contents are to be at all appreciated and not misunderstood. The text will be that of the revised version, and will embody the best results of the new criticism, as to the arrangement of the passages, insertion of the names of speakers in dialogue, etc. The first volumes issued will comprehend "Wisdom Literature" and will be made up of Proverbs, Ecclesiasticus, Ecclesiastes, and the Book of Job. Macmillan & Co. are to be the publishers. The same publishing house also announces for early publication, in the same line, Professor Cheyne's new work *Introduction to the Book of Isaiah*.

Among the valuable educational books which D. C. Heath & Co. of Boston publish, is to be noted, as a commendable departure in the line of elementary instruction, *A Laboratory Manual in Elementary Biology*, by Emanuel R. Boyer, lecturer in biology, Extension Department, University of Chicago. This little book (235 pages) is designed to serve as a guide in the practical laboratory study of animal and plant morphology, in preparatory and high schools. Explanations and descriptions of the methods and instruments employed are given, and also directions for sketches and drawings, a list of works of reference, and an index with derivations of technical terms. The studies embrace the Amœba, Fresh-Water Sponge, Fresh-Water Hydra, Star-Fish, Earthworm, Crayfish, Grasshopper, Fresh-Water Mussel, River Perch, Frog, Turtle, Pigeon, Cat, Green Slime, and the Yeast Plant, Brook-silk, Green Felt, Stonewort, Liverwort, Common Fern, Scotch Pine, Trillium, Seeds and Seedlings. Students of intelligence could easily use this book without a teacher, as a full account of the laboratory equipment and technique is given.

Some very practical and sensible suggestions are offered *Towards Utopia* by "A Free Lance" in a book recently published by Swan Sonnenschein & Co., London. "Whilst we have many popular imaginative descriptions of this *completed* future state," the author says, "it is perhaps somewhat less usual to enquire what precisely are some of the individual *natural* processes by which that happy consummation can be brought about; what, if anything, can be done by us of to-day to hasten the progress; and *what price, if any, must be paid for Utopia.*" His book is a *sample* of the kind of answer which he judges must be given to such questions. We mention the titles of a few chapters to show the practical spirit with which the author has addressed his question: "Universal Honesty the Best Policy"; "The Great Servant-Question"; "A Digression Upon Caste-Sympathy"; "On Choosing the Least Evil, with Farther Remarks Upon Luxury and Waste"; "The Problem of Unpleasant Occupations, and the Apotheosis of Manual Work"; "God the Almighty Dollar." The book will bear reading by non-Utopians and even by practical householders.

NOTES.

The Archæological Institute of America and the Managing Committee of the American School of Classical Studies at Athens offer for the year 1895-96 two *Fellowships in Classical Archæology*, each of the value of six hundred dollars. These Fellowships are open to all Bachelors of Arts of Universities and Colleges in the United States. The holders of these Fellowships will be required to prosecute the study of classical archæology in Greek lands for a period of ten months, to follow up during this time some definite subject of research, and to present at the end of the school year a paper embodying the results of his investigations. Application for the coming year must be made on the blank form furnished by the Committee on Fellowships, and must be in its hands before July 15, 1895. For special information about the School, address Prof. T. D. Seymour, New Haven, Conn.; for blank forms of application for a Fellowship, address Prof. John Williams White, Cambridge, Mass.

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THE BRITISH DIAGORAS.

BY DR. FELIX L. OSWALD.

THE philosopher Condorcet, in his essay on the "Value of Public Opinion," remarks that "fame may be achieved without personal effort, since many princes are born with a hereditary claim to immortality."

It is equally true that many of the world's benefactors have acquired their chief claim to distinction in spite of their efforts,—by the failure or unforeseen results of the projects that formed the ideals of their lives. Two alchemists, in quest of the "philosopher's stone," i. e., the secret of turning brass into gold, stumbled upon the invention of gunpowder and porcelain. Columbus achieved his great discovery in the attempt to reach Eastern Asia by crossing the Atlantic and apply the profits of his conquests to the redemption of the Holy Grave. The sectarian fervor of the Mayflower Pilgrims sowed the seeds of that political Protestantism that bore its fruits in the Declaration of Independence, and Professor Huxley, the would-be founder of an agnostic school of philosophy, will be remembered chiefly for the success of collateral labors that helped to extend the realm of the knowable.

Thomas Huxley, during the last ten years of his career, could claim to be at once the "best rewarded and best hated" of all British men of science, and owed his distinction in both respects chiefly to the force and almost unrivalled lucidity of his style that made his name the dread of theological controversialists and a star of the lecture-hall galaxy. His preparatory studies covered a large field of inquiry, but the secret of his literary success is probably identical with that of the remarkably large number of lawyers who, like Scott, Voltaire, Goethe, Brougham, and Ingersoll, eventually turned their attention to miscellaneous literature, viz., the preliminary training in the art of handling abstruse topics in an attractive and intelligible manner.

In 1846, surgeon Huxley, one of the most ambitious young graduates of the Charing-Cross Medical College, applied for an appointment on the scientific staff of H. M. S. "Rattlesnake," a vessel equipped to survey the intricate channels of the Barrier Reef that skirts the coast of Australia for a distance of twelve hundred miles. The application was endorsed by a

number of recommendations that left no doubt of the candidate's competence and his appointment as assistant surgeon eased the strain on his private resources without seriously interfering with his project of scientific researches. His monographs, published in the course of the next three years are as readable as his countryman's "Letters from High Latitudes," though it might be doubted if Voltaire himself could have struck many sparks from such topics as "The Anatomy and Affinities of the Family of the Medusæ," "The Morphology of Cephalous Mollusks," or "Anatomy of the Intertropical Brachiopoda." His treatise on the first of those ultra-dry-as-dust subjects was actually reprinted and popularised by the publishers of *Philosophical Transactions*, and with the addition of chatty foot-notes was made interesting enough to create a demand for a second edition.

After that *tour de force* it was a mere trifle for the ingenious young savant to make his *Observations on Glaciers* as attractive as a novel, and in 1854 he was appointed professor of natural history in the Royal College of Mines, in place of Dr. Edward Forbes, and held that office combined with the curatorship of the Museum of Practical Geology. One of the terms of the Professor's appointment involved the duty of delivering a yearly course of six lectures to workingmen, and the reprints of some of these lectures (on a variety of zoölogical, biological, and sanitary topics) were sold together with Charles Reade's short stories and popular song-books, on the book-stands of the English railway stations. In 1856, i. e., just ten years after the publication of his first essay, he could afford to treat himself to a six month's vacation, and accompanied his friend Tyndall to Switzerland. His notes on that trip furnished material for a large number of treatises and magazine contributions, and on his return to London and the publication of his work on *Man's Place in Nature*, honors were showered upon him till he became the greatest living pluralist of secular office-tenure, and the appointments which the state of his health obliged him to resign in 1885 included that of an Examiner in the University of London, Fullerian Professor at the Royal College of Surgeons, President of the Ethnological Society, President of the British Association, Secretary and Presi-

dent of the Geological Society, Secretary of the Royal Society, Inspector of the Royal Commission of Sea Fisheries, and several educational committees. Besides, he was a member of numerous foreign scientific associations, of the Institute of France, of the Berlin Academy, etc., etc., and received medals from not less than twenty-three different universities and learned societies. His contributions to the periodical press were in great request, and those almost endless demands upon his mental resources may have first suggested the idea of narrowing the scope of discussion by discouraging a certain class of metaphysical controversies.

It has been justly remarked that Freethought ought to have a constructive as well as destructive mission, that no physical or hyperphysical creed can be founded on negative dogmas and that in all branches of human pursuit the knowable concerns us more than the unknowable (or rather unknown), but on the other hand some of the opponents of the accomplished sceptic have gone too far in describing his doctrine as "modern Pyrrhonism."

Pyrrho, the all-doubter, denied the competence of human reason, not only in regard to metaphysical speculations, but as to all problems of cosmology, astronomy, and biology; he ridicules the attempts of star-gazers to solve the mysteries of the solar system, of ethnologists who ponder the origin of autochthones, "that may or may not have sprung from grasshoppers for all that we can know or should care"; he scorns the idea of ascertaining the principles of a true aristocratic administration, "the government of the best," the causes of earthquakes and storms, the origin of life (spontaneous generation having been discussed by some of his contemporaries), and, like Socrates in his despondent moods, holds that the main test of true wisdom is the readiness to admit that we can really know nothing at all.

Huxley's agnosticism had a very different significance. He calls attention to the enormous amount of time, labor, and parchment which the scholastic visionaries of the Middle Ages wasted on purely fatuous topics. He mentions theologians who quarrelled like bull-dogs about the gala-day dress of the Holy Virgin and the comparative speed of winged demons and heavenly messengers. He enumerates scores of theological problems that have been argued with battle-axes, though a vestige of common sense should have recognised them as more unprofitable than a dispute about the age of the man in the moon. He admits that the comparative importance of the various sciences must remain a mooted question, but urges the expedience of avoiding further waste of time by proclaiming a truce in squabbles on plainly unknowable topics—"evasive subjects," as he once calls them in

deference to his critics. Like Kant, he holds that the *Dinge an sich*, the essence of which phenomena are the reflexion, must remain inscrutable, and he admits a misgiving that the Proteus of animated nature, the *Urkeim* of organic life, will continue to evade the grasp of protoplasm-mongers, but his chief protests are aimed against theological wind-mill fights, and it is not improbable that the main motive of his "agnostic" argumentations was the desire to moderate the virulence of hyperphysical controversies by showing the slender basis for dogmatic positivism on either side. He is, indeed, fair enough to rebuke atheistical bigotry in its aggressive forms, as in a remarkable passage of his *Life of Hume*, where he exposes the fallacy of certain ex-cathedra statements of what Heinrich Heine once called the "high clergy of materialism."

It would also seem that Huxley's own tenets as to the limits of the knowable underwent considerable modifications in the course of the last fifteen years. Previous to 1862 he appears to have tried to avoid theological discussions altogether—a maxim which Professor Helmholtz, by the way, contrived to observe to the very end of his literary career. But in his *Lay Sermons* and some of his magazine articles and biographical sketches there occur passages that evince a leaning to his friend Tyndall's type of pantheism, and after the publication of the Gladstone controversy, Huxley stuck to his "agnosticism" mainly as to a shield against the charge of irreligion.

The hue and cry of the atheist-baiters has really been abated, if not silenced, by the plea of neutrality, and Huxley's shibboleth became almost as popular with a certain class of non-aggressive freethinkers as Darwin's "universal solvent of biological difficulties," the "survival of the fittest," "Do you deny the omnipotence of the Creator?" "Dare you question the doctrine of resurrection? Of sheol and paradise?" were questions that had not lost their peril since the abolishment of the Inquisition. "Deny it? No, indeed," the defendant could now reply, with an American disciple of Huxley, "positive denial would be as absurd as positive assertion, but there can be no possible harm in being honest enough to confess the simple truth that we cannot know anything about it."

Gnostics like Plotinus might have suggested the expedience of revising that tenet by approaching the problems of soul-life from a different point of view, but Huxley's friends and foes fell to quarrelling about the duty of belief in the Thirty-nine Articles sense of the word, and in the meantime the patriarch of agnosticism availed himself of the respite to continue his biological studies, and enjoy his intervals of literary labor in the Scotch and Swiss Highlands. But when his personal preference for neutrality was misconstrued

in too provoking a manner, the ex-champion of the Ealing Debating Club decided to try conclusions with a representative orthodox, and adroitly managed to let his opponents bear the odium of the challenge to the Gladstone controversy. In a political arena the sage of Hawarden could have held his own against any European contemporary, but had no reason to thank the friends who had urged him to encounter the great biologist on his own ground. No forensic ability could outweigh that disadvantage, and he proved to be as clearly out of his element as Samuel Johnson arguing on politics.

The result of that controversy secured the victor for years from the risk of direct attacks, but Huxley was far from overrating the significance of that triumph and still further from underrating the difficulties of a general educational reform. In his last years, and after experience had cooled the optimism of his regeneration-zeal period, he often spoke of the hopelessness of his pet projects, and the futility of individual efforts against the power of conservatism, the dead-weight of stolid ignorance, and the influence of personal interest and the female instinct of subordination—all potent allies of the established state of dogmatic affairs.

Still he found solace in the thought that his seed had not all fallen on barren ground, and what the Duke of Argyle called the "dreariness of his Sadduceism" must for years have been cheered by guarantees of an eternal abode in the Temple of Science.

CAN CANADA BE COERCED INTO THE UNION?

A Canadian View.

BY PROF. J. CLARK MURRAY.

MOST of those who read this question will answer it probably at once, and possibly with an expression of some sentiment,—surprise, ridicule, or even indignation. The United States are commonly supposed to have abandoned so completely the ideas and sentiments of military civilisation, that the spirit which seeks national glory in the extension of empire by conquest is conceived to be extinct among the American people. I confess myself one of those who cherish this pleasing view of popular feeling even more strongly than many Americans. The prospect, therefore, of the United States seeking to annex Canada by military force is one that, to my mind, may be left out of account.

But there are other forms of coercion besides that of physical compulsion, and these are sometimes advocated as legitimate and effective means of compelling Canada to sever her connexion with Great Britain and enter into political union with the United States. The peculiar form of coercive policy proposed has

evidently been suggested by the weakening of military sentiment and the predominance of the industrial spirit in American society. It is the international trade between Canada and the United States that is believed to furnish an instrument of coercive action; and the assumption is made that a particular commercial policy of the United States towards Canada would render existence, or, at least, tolerable existence, impossible for the latter, except as an integral part of the former.

In some quarters there is evidence of a disposition to adopt such a policy. The evidence is not confined to unauthoritative utterances of irresponsible individuals, nor even to the electioneering oratory of party politicians carried away by the exigencies of rhetoric or of political partisanship. The proposed coercion is not even a merely temporary "plank" inserted into a political "platform" for the purpose of strengthening a party at the polls. It seems rather to be indissolubly associated, in some minds at least, with the fiscal policy which has directed the government of the United States for many years under Republican rule. That policy proceeds on the theory, that the industrial well-being of a nation requires it to sell as much as possible to other nations, while buying as little as possible from them in return. Access to the markets of the United States is therefore considered a boon for which other nations will always be willing to offer a substantial equivalent; and accordingly it is held to be a wise policy on the part of the United States to reserve this boon as a means of wringing from other nations an equivalent benefit for the American people. As an obvious logical result of this theory it has been repeatedly contended that Canada may be forced into valuable concessions to the United States by the offer of access to their markets; and she has been often explicitly told that, if she wishes unrestricted freedom of trade with the States, she must assume the same political relation to them, which they hold to one another.

This attitude towards Canada has probably never found a more explicit advocacy than in a recent number of *The Forum*. Mr. Carnegie has long been a prominent supporter of the protective policy which has regulated the tariff of the United States. At the same time his eminent practical intelligence has maintained a peculiar moderation in his defence and exposition of the policy, adapting it rather to the wants of his country and of his time than to the requirements of an abstract theory. He has also distinguished himself by the advocacy of very noble views with regard to the employment of wealth; and the splendid munificence of his benefactions proves that his views are not relegated to the domain of idle theory. The fact also, that the beneficiaries of his liberality have often

been foreigners, proves that the obligations of wealth are not, in his mind, fettered by a narrow moral nationalism which would interfere with the wider claims of universal humanity. All this gives a deeper significance to the policy of coercion which he proposes in dealing with Canada. Fortunately he is to be commended for having the courage of his convictions. He makes no attempt to tone them down. He does indeed take care to disavow any hostile sentiment towards Canada in advocating a coercive policy. He claims that the policy is dictated by genuine friendliness. But his friendliness is that of the father who thinks that he would be hating his son if he spared the rod. It is, in fact, in the capacity of a Russian "Little Father" or Czar, that he describes the policy which would govern his adjustment of the United States tariff. But it is only fair to let him explain himself in his own words:

"Although I am opposed to taxing the food and the necessities of the people, I should make an exception in regard to products of Canada, and this without regard to the doctrines of either free trade or protection, but as a matter of high politics. I think we betray a lack of statesmanship in allowing commercial advantages to a country which owes allegiance to a foreign power founded upon monarchical institutions which may always be trusted at heart to detest the Republican idea. If Canada were free and independent and threw in her lot with this continent, it would be a different matter. So long as she remains upon our flank a possible foe, not upon her own account, but subject to the orders of a European power, and ready to be called by that power to exert her forces against us even upon issues that may not concern Canada, I should let her distinctly understand that we view her as a menace to the peace and security of our country, and I should treat her accordingly. She should not be in the Union and out of the Union at the same time, if I could prevent it. Therefore, I should tax highly all her products entering the United States; and this I should do, not in dislike for Canada but for love of her, in the hope that it would cause her to realise that the nations upon this continent are expected to be American nations, and, I trust, finally one nation so far as the English-speaking portion is concerned. I should use the rod not in anger but in love; but I should use it. She would be either a member of the Republic, or she should stand for her own self, responsible for her conduct in peace and war, as other nations are responsible, and she should not shield herself by calling to her aid a foreign power. This is, as I have said, neither free trade nor protection, but it does bear upon the subject of the tariff. I would tax Canadian articles so long as Canada continued the subordinate of a European power."¹

A deeper significance is given to these utterances by another in the same number of *The Forum*. In an article on "Our Blundering Foreign Policy," Senator Lodge says: "The Government of Canada is hostile to us. They lose no opportunity of injuring us. They keep open the question of the fisheries both in the Atlantic and in the Pacific, and complicate constantly our relations with Great Britain. Yet when the Democratic party passes a tariff, they select Can-

ada as the country to be particularly favored. If Canada desires the advantages of our great markets, let her unite with us entirely or as to tariffs. Until she does so, it is our obvious policy to exclude her from our markets and give her no advantages of any kind"; and so on in a similar strain.

We have nothing to do with Mr. Lodge's indictment against either the Government of Canada or that of the Democratic party in the United States; but it is certainly of no little import that in a single number of *The Forum* two writers should give utterance to sentiments of such a similar drift on the policy which the United States ought to adopt towards Canada. For these are the sentiments of men belonging to the party that will rule in the next Congress and probably enough also in the White House, after the next presidential election. This fact seems to imply a call to Americans and Canadians alike to look at the subject with earnest eyes, as one which they may be required to consider practically ere long. It may not be without interest, therefore, to learn how the subject is viewed by a Canadian; but the misgivings, which occur to me in connexion with the proposed policy, are based on universal principles of human nature which may be pleaded with equal propriety from an American point of view. Fortunately, indeed, Mr. Carnegie himself starts from a universal law of international morality, in regard to which he and his opponents must be agreed. He protests against his proposal being viewed as a dictate of hostile sentiment, and contends even that it expresses the truest friendliness to Canada. This position is peculiarly welcome in the present question. The United States and the United Kingdom represent more fully than any other nation the ideal to which the political evolution of society is tending; and the disaster to humanity would be simply incalculable, if, instead of co-operating in their common task of illustrating the practicability of a people governing itself, they were to waste their energies in the infliction of injury upon one another. No greater enemy of the human race could well be conceived than one who should deliberately stir up war between the two countries, whether on a Canadian issue or on any other. All, therefore, who are interested in the present question may be assumed to start with a common desire to maintain the friendliest possible relation between the United States and Canada.

But Mr. Carnegie contends that the present political position of Canada is incompatible with a friendly relation to the United States, and it is upon this ground that he advocates the exercise of a kindly coercion to make her abandon her position. There are thus two questions forced upon us: (1) whether the position of Canada justifies Mr. Carnegie's fears; (2) whether the policy of coercion, which he advocates,

¹*The Forum*, March, 1895, p. 25.

presents any reasonable probability of being successful.

I. The position of Canada as a part of the British empire is described as "a menace to the peace and security of our country." It is not easy to find wherein this menace consists; but if I trace Mr. Carnegie's thought correctly, there are in his mind two facts which make the position of Canada menacing to the United States.

1. The first is, that she may be called upon, at the dictation of a European power, to make war upon the United States, even upon issues in which her own interests might not be involved. In estimating the reasonableness of this fear, it is necessary to observe that Mr. Carnegie does not dread a position in which Canada would be an independent nation—*independent of the United States as well as of Great Britain.* It is simply her connexion with a European power that forms in his mind a menace to American peace and security. In discussing this allegation it is not wholly useless to bear in mind that war is a result, not so much from the external relations of men, as from their internal passions. As long as the unsocial passions of men wield their wide and powerful influence over human life, no ingenuity of statecraft can exclude the possibility of conflict. The closest political alliance has never prevented civil war when the interests of different districts or of different classes in the same country became irreconcilable. The present generation does not require to be reminded that the most terrible war which it has seen was that which raged for years between different States of the American Union. Am I wrong in saying that many a patriotic American fears at times that the divergent interests of North and South, of East and West, of agriculture and manufactures, with the old feud of rich and poor shaping itself into a life-and-death struggle of democracy with plutocracy, form a far more serious menace to the peace and security of his country than the attitude or the ambitions of any foreign power? Even the annexation, therefore, of the Canadian provinces to the United States could not prevent the possibility of war. In truth, under certain contingencies, which will be noticed immediately, such annexation might only add to the disintegrating forces already at work in the Union.

But the plea is that the peril, arising from the position of Canada, would be removed if she separated from Great Britain and became an independent nation. To this it is surely an obvious rejoinder, that the dangers of international friction are very seriously aggravated by nations being independent, and indeed precisely in proportion to the completeness of their independence. This gave a favorite argument to the great economists of the early part of our century, who

advocated the abolition of the restrictions that fettered international trade. They pleaded that, the more completely nations interchange their respective products, they become the more intimately dependent on one another, so that all the inducements to peace, all the deterrent motives against war, must be powerfully strengthened, and the very prospect of war be almost entirely removed from the calculations of international diplomacy. Whatever may be said of this plea, it will at least be acknowledged that a people, maintaining political isolation, may rush into war without regard to the rest of the world; but if they form part of a larger federation, they are checked in all their differences with foreign peoples by being obliged to consult the interests and wishes of the whole federation to which they belong. It would not be difficult to show that, in this respect, the connexion of the different parts of the British Empire has been in the interests of peace with the rest of the world. On the one hand, Great Britain must, in international differences, keep in view the security of all parts of her widely scattered empire, while not a portion of that empire can venture upon a transaction in any way menacing to another nation without considering whether she will be sustained by the empire to which she belongs. At this very moment Canada has adopted a Copyright Act which, in the opinion of many, would lead to unpleasantness with the United States, if not with other nations as well; but as the Act affects the rights of authors in all parts of the British Empire, the Imperial Government has, in the exercise of its constitutional authority, refused to confirm the Act, and has thus prevented the international irritation which it might have caused. There are other instances in which the connexion of Canada with the British Empire has forced her into a more conciliatory attitude towards the United States than she might have adopted if she had been completely independent. The truth is, that the ardor of Canadian patriotism has repeatedly manifested itself in a complaint that the interests of Canada were being sacrificed to those of the Empire. Whether the complaint has been well founded or not, it is at least a proof that the connexion of Canada with Great Britain, instead of being a menace to the peace of the United States, is a far stronger safeguard against any hostile collision between the two countries than could possibly be secured by independence.

2. But the danger, arising from Canada's position, is ascribed not only to the fact that she is subject to another power, but that the power, with which she is connected, is monarchical. It is, we are told, "a foreign power founded upon monarchical institutions, which may always be trusted at heart to detest the Republican idea." Here again it is not easy to follow the writer's thought. I take it that by "the Repub-

lican idea" is meant the essential principle of popular government,—“the government of the people by the people for the people.” But why are British institutions described as in any way out of harmony with this political principle? It is quite true that British institutions are in a sense monarchical; but are they so in any sense that is incompatible with popular government? A monarchy, in the unqualified sense of the term, is of course a government in which supreme authority is vested in the will of a single individual. But it requires no profound knowledge either of political science or of British history to learn that, if this is what we are to understand by monarchy, then the government of Great Britain is *not* monarchical. The form of a monarchy is indeed retained, but the form alone. The question may of course be raised, whether the British people have done wisely in retaining even the form of monarchical government after eliminating its essential principle. But that question does not concern us here. The fact in which we are interested is, that the British people have attained a government which, while carried on under monarchical forms, is yet as completely popular as any people have ever enjoyed.

Moreover it is not to be overlooked that the British constitution is not one that has been formed by a single stroke of legislation and imposed upon a people unaccustomed to the usages which it implies. Its origin is very different from that. All the inspiring traditions of political history in Britain, all the political habits which the struggles of that history have trained, have woven the ideas and sentiments of popular government into the very fibre of British political life. There are not a few Americans who will join me in questioning whether their own constitution furnishes a more effective method of realising the deliberate will of the people than that which is provided by the British constitution and the usages of political life in Britain. Americans, indeed, are apt to be misled by a superficial analogy into the illusion, that the British monarch is, like their president, a real ruler, instead of being merely the *pro forma* head that, standing above all parties and their changes, forms a living symbol of the unity and continuity of national life. A similar analogy seems to produce at times a similar mistake with regard to the real function of the British House of Lords. Not only is the obstructive power of this chamber compared with that of the American Senate, but it is even imagined to be vastly greater in consequence of the fact that the chamber is composed of hereditary peers. But here again the evolution of political life has taken from the Lords as completely as from the monarch all power of permanent obstruction to the popular will as constitutionally expressed in the House of Commons. If the Lords attempted

such permanent obstruction, the constitution provides an easy remedy; the power of the obstructive majority in the Upper House could be swamped by the ministry creating a sufficient number of new peers. A ministry, indeed, which ventured upon such a drastic measure, would require to be very sure of retaining the confidence of the Commons, and the Commons themselves would generally make sure that, in supporting the ministry, they would retain the confidence of their constituents. But in truth the House of Lords shows no desire or purpose to set itself in persistent opposition to the popular will. It does indeed question, and it questions reasonably at times, whether the measures, sent up from the Lower House, would be sustained by the voice of the people; and in this respect it has become an effective safeguard of popular rights against any abuse by the Commons of the power with which they are temporarily entrusted. Notwithstanding all the obloquy that has recently been heaped upon the House of Lords by the advocates of Home Rule, that House is really defending the right of the people to have an opportunity of pronouncing upon such a radical change in the constitution of the United Kingdom before the change is finally adopted.

It is therefore difficult to comprehend how British institutions can be supposed to be in any way calculated to produce a detestation of “the republican idea.” There is probably not a single Canadian who does not believe that, under British institutions, we enjoy a more effective government of the people by the people and for the people than could be secured by the methods of the American Constitution. If ever the Provinces of the Dominion become States of the Union, there is little doubt that they will unanimously demand the retention of their own system of responsible government.

II. But let us waive the conclusion to which the above reasoning points. Let it be admitted, for the nonce, that the position of Canada as a part of the British Empire is a real menace to the United States, and that therefore American policy ought to aim at the annexation or independence of the Dominion. The question is still unanswered, whether the policy proposed by Mr. Carnegie is likely to secure its object. This object may, for clearness of discussion, be viewed under two aspects. The proposed policy aims first at the *immediate* object of injuring the industries of Canada, but with the *ultimate* object of coercing her to sever her connexion with Great Britain, if not to join the United States. Is either of these aims so certain as to justify the policy by which they are to be attained?

1. The *immediate* object of inflicting injury upon Canada is advocated by Mr. Carnegie “without regard to the doctrines of free trade or protection,” but

he acknowledges that "it does bear upon the subject of the tariff." That is to say, the proposed policy of coercion assumes the certainty of particular results anticipated from a protective or prohibitory tariff. Now, it is precisely the uncertainty of the anticipated results that justifies doubt with regard to the success of the policy proposed for the injury of Canada. It is not indeed to be denied that one nation can injure another by an exclusive tariff. American demand may stimulate various industries in foreign countries, and these may thus become dependent on the markets of the United States. They may, therefore, certainly be ruined by a sufficiently restrictive tariff, and sympathetic imagination may be left to picture the suffering which may thus be caused among an industrious and unoffending population. But the injury produced in this way must at worst be temporary. Labor will not continue to be expended in occupations that are not remunerative, and it requires merely time to readjust the employments of the laborers injured. Such readjustments are perpetually rendered inevitable by the numerous vicissitudes to which trade is subject. Indeed, until we adopt a larger measure of concerted action in the production and distribution of wealth, it may be questioned whether the distress caused by a revolutionary invention like the steam-loom is not greater than any which nations can inflict upon one another by hostile tariffs.

Let it be granted then that Canada may be really injured by exclusion from the markets of the United States. The extent of the injury possible or probable cannot be determined without an infinitude of statistical detail in reference to the trade between the two countries; and even after the most industrious study of statistics the conclusion would be uncertain. We find it difficult to compass the manifold complications of existing social phenomena, and we are completely baffled in trying to calculate the contingencies that may arise when men are driven by the struggle for existence, or allured by the temptations of luxury, or stimulated by heroic endeavor and self-sacrifice. But in any case, Mr. Carnegie's party has already gauged pretty accurately the extent of the damage which can be inflicted upon Canada by their policy. No administration is likely to venture farther in this direction than the tariff associated with the name of Mr. McKinley. But it is a patent fact that during the years which have passed since that tariff was adopted, the people of Canada have suffered less from industrial depression than the people whom it was designed to benefit. Evidently coercionists must harden their sympathies to face a much wider desolation among the people whom they intend to coerce.

2. But grant that the industrial life of Canada could be completely paralysed by a sufficiently restric-

tive tariff in the United States, and that thus the immediate object of a coercive policy could be attained with certainty: still the question is undecided, whether this result would secure the *ultimate* object of coercing Canada to separate from Great Britain. It must be borne in mind that a tariff, thus expressly designed as an attack upon Canada, would be *hostile*; it would certainly, in its ethical import, though not in the technical definitions of international law, be an act of *war*. It is useless to plead that there is no intention to make any military or naval demonstrations against Canada. In its spirit the policy of coercion would be an act of war as thoroughly as if the United States were to send armies and gunboats to shatter the factories and ravage the fields of Canada. Nor is the policy rendered less truly hostile by the plea that the rod of coercion would be used, "not in anger, but in love." Probably most of the great military conquerors, certainly many, defended their conquests by a similar philanthropic plea. They claimed the right to decide what political alliance was best for the country invaded, and to coerce it into the acceptance of their decision. Such an assumption was not out of harmony with the ideas of the militant civilisations of the Old World; but it is an anachronism amid Anglo-Saxon civilisation at the close of the nineteenth century, and a political solecism on the continent of North America. For the usurpation by the United States of a right to decide the polity of Canada would be treason to the immortal truths out of which they took their origin. If the American colonies, in declaring their independence, did not proclaim the inalienable right of all peoples to secure life, liberty, and happiness under such forms of government as they voluntarily elect, then the history of the Revolution has been wholly misread.

But even if the proposed policy of coercion were justifiable in the light of the highest righteousness, what effect might it be expected to produce upon Canadian sentiment towards the United States? To forecast the effect Americans are not left entirely to conjecture. They know that, about the middle of last century, the thirteen colonies, out of which the United States have grown, seemed so divergent in their interests, that their union was very generally believed to be an impossibility. But whenever a policy of coercion was adopted by the British Government with the view of imposing on them political measures to which they had not given their consent, they became at once united against a common foe. History is not without parallel instances. One of these may be specially signalled as likely to come home to Mr. Carnegie himself. At the beginning of the thirteenth century the word Scot was but the name of one among a number of heterogeneous races inhabiting North Britain. Ere the century closed these had been welded

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into one by the great Plantagenet, whose curious epithet fitly dubs him the Hammer of the Scots—*Malleus Scotorum*. Few will deny that the main idea, which governed Edward's policy, was in the interests of general peace and prosperity. It evidently aimed at uniting under one government all the different parts of the island,—Scotland and Wales as well as England. But the mistake of Edward lay in the method adopted for realising his idea. And Mr. Carnegie has no reason to anticipate that the spirit, which resents coercion even for a good purpose has died out in Canada or among men in general. It is a matter of serious concern with many Canadians, that the Provinces of their Dominion are so divided, not only by geographical situation, but by racial, linguistic, and religious differences, that it is difficult to evoke or sustain among them a sentiment of national union. Is it not just possible that the storm of indignation, stirred by a deliberate attempt at foreign coercion, might fan the national sentiment, smouldering in the heart of Young Canada, into a fierce white heat, such as would fuse all differences into one resolute will: "We may differ in opinion as to what the future of our country should be, but there is one point on which we are all agreed: our future, whatever it is to be, shall be decided by our own free election; it shall not be forced upon us by the dictation of a foreign power." And there is no genuine American who would not generously acknowledge, that the Canadians resisting coercion, not the politicians adopting it, were the true representatives of the spirit that animated the heroes of the Revolution. Of course Mr. Carnegie may question whether there is a sufficient number of heroic natures in Canada to accept the poverty inflicted by his policy in preference to national humiliation. On that I hazard no rash assertion. But men have often, before this, preferred poverty with honor to riches with disgrace; and they can do it again. The advocates of coercion must therefore calculate on the possibility of being confronted with a competent number of ardent leaders in Canada, who would refuse to sell their birthright as free men for any mess of the richest pottage which the markets of the United States could supply.

But now, to bring the whole argument to a close, suppose the worst comes to the worst with Canada, and the policy of coercion accomplishes all that its most hopeful advocates anticipate. The Canadian people struggle for industrial existence for a time; and, realising at last the hopelessness of the struggle, yield to what appears an inevitable fate. The United States would then have, along their northern border, instead of a friendly foreign power, a number of new States with some five millions of people sitting in sullen discontent at having been unwillingly forced into the Union by the rod of tariff coercion. Is it to be

supposed that, with the disintegrating forces already at work in the Union, the new States would be no longer "a menace to the peace and security of our country?"

Throughout the above argument I have followed Mr. Carnegie's lead, and avoided complicating the discussion by reference to the doctrines of free trade and protection; but it is obvious that the question would be completely altered if either the United States or Canada or both were to adopt a policy of free trade. I have also avoided all discussion on the desirability of annexation or independence for Canada. The truth is, if I were an American citizen, patriotically eager to see the Canadian Provinces becoming States in the Union, I should have felt myself free to condemn, in stronger language than I have used, any attempt to attain the object desired by coercive methods. I believe that such an attempt would simply tend to create a feeling of irritation on both sides, which might not only defer the political union of the two countries for generations, but even mar the pleasantness of intercourse which they enjoy at present.

NOTES.

The Tibetan Organ of the Tibetan Mission Union, Toronto, Canada, begins a series of articles on "The Life and Teachings of the Buddha," in the hope of dispelling the ignorance and indifference regarding both the founder and the religion of Buddhism. We read in this article: "We shall never gain the non-Christian nations until we treat their religions with justice, and until courtesy, respect, and love take the place of the contempt which is now so general, and the only excuse for which is, that it is largely based upon ignorance."

The Tibetans will be benefited by Christian missions sent in this spirit, and it is to be hoped that they will learn through Christian missionaries how far their present religion is removed from the original teachings of Buddha. Their trust in ritualism, their superstitious fears, their hierarchical institutions are un-Buddhistic, and the Christians who come to them are nearer to Buddha than their own lamas. Let the Tibetans receive the Gospel of Christ, and let Christian countries receive the Gospel of Buddha. Only by keeping our minds open to all views, can we learn to discriminate and to hold fast that which is good.

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CHINESE EDUCATION ACCORDING TO THE "BOOK OF THREE WORDS."

THE CHINESE CIVILISATION.

The Chinese are the most conservative people in the world. Their very language and modes of writing impress their thoughts with a stereotype rigidity and make the rise of new ideas extremely difficult, if not practically impossible. It is natural that under these conditions, reverence for the past has become the highest virtue and a criticism of the traditional philosophy and ethics is almost looked upon as a crime.

China reached a high state of civilisation several centuries before Confucius, who lived about 500 B. C.; yet in spite of the ability displayed by many of their scholars the Chinese have during these twenty-three hundred years made comparatively little progress. Confucius was himself so overawed with the greatness of the classical books of his time that he has produced no original works of his own. His life-work is that of a moral reformer, his literary products, however, are limited to writing history and editing the books of ancient sages and poets. His *Lün Yü*, or "Sayings and Talks," were not written by him, but by some of his disciples. All the authors of later centuries, among them many able minds, are so impressed with the perfection of their ancient traditions that they have never ventured to be anything more than epigones. There is no attempt at independence of thought, no aspiration for attaining

higher aims; the very notion of progress seems to be excluded. Consider only that the soil in China is tilled to-day according to prescriptions given in a book written more than two thousand and three hundred years ago, and the plan of education is based upon a treatise written by Wang Po Heu in the thirteenth century of the Christian era.

The Chinese language is atomic in its nature; inflexion is unknown. Every word consists of a syllable which is and always remains an unchangeable unity. Chinese writing is not phonetic, but ideographic; every word has its own sign. This condition makes the Chinese language at once difficult and easy, and we can learn the meaning of Chinese characters without knowing their pronunciation. However, while a beginner may be delighted with the facility with which he can understand the significance of isolated characters, he will soon be confronted with a string of them, all of which he may singly know perfectly well, but he is baffled at their combination. We might as well try to find out the meaning of an English word such as *adorable* by considering the etymology of *ad*=to, *os, oris*=mouth, and *able*=capable. It is

chiefly by means of fixed rules of precedence or sequence that the unwieldy characters are woven into definite phrases, sentences, and periods. Here practice alone can help in unravelling their meanings.

The Chinese possess several classical books on education, among which we mention "The Juvenile

子	養	寶	昔	苟	人	三
不	不	燕	孟	不	之	字
學	教	山	母	教	初	經
非	父	有	擇	性	性	
所	之	義	鄰	乃	本	
宜	過	方	處	遷	善	
幼	教	教	子	教	性	
不	不	五	不	之	相	
學	嚴	子	學	道	近	
老	師	名	斷	貴	習	
何	之	俱	機	以	相	
爲	情	揚	杼	專	遠	

Instructor" or *Siao Hioh*, "The Complete Collection of Family Jewels," extracts from which Dr. Morrison has published in the Chinese repository (Vol. IV., p. 83-87, 306-316), "The Odes for Children" or *Yin Hioh Shi-tieh*, and "The Twenty-four Stories of Filial Piety." "The Woman Instructor" by Luh Chan is of a comparatively recent date. All these books contain occasional gems of fine sentiment but very little useful information.

In the *Siao Hioh* we read :

"Let children always be taught to speak the simple truth ; to stand erect in their proper places and listen with respectful attention."

In "The Complete Collection of Family Jewels" the author insists on the maxim which the Romans expressed by *multum non multa* ; he says :

"Better little and fine than much and coarse."¹

In "The Odes for Children" we find this beautiful passage :

"In all the world nothing is impossible, if the heart of man only is resolute."

The literary primer of China is the *Ts'ien-tsz'-wen* or the book of a thousand characters, which every Chinese pupil has to learn by heart so as to be able to read and write it. The book consists of two hundred and fifty rhymed verses, each one containing four characters so arranged as to give sense. In the whole book not two characters are alike, and yet it contains comparatively few obscure passages. The legend goes that one of the Chinese emperors of the Liang dynasty had ordered his minister of State, Wang Hi Chi, to select the one thousand most important characters and arrange them in good order. The minister instructed Chen-Hing-tsun (surnamed Sz'-tswan) of Hiang to put them in verse ; this scholar did so in one night and received a handsome *honorarium* in gold and silk, but his hair had turned grey in his lucubrations. The book begins :

"The heaven is blue, the earth is yellow, the universe² was vast and formless (viz. in the beginning)."

Here are a few quotations from the same source :³

"Do not speak of other people's faults.—

"Cease to brag of your own superiority.—

"Let your promises be such as may be fulfilled.—

"If your body is erect, your shadow will be straight.—

"A foot of jade is not to be valued, but an inch of time must be appreciated.—

"The husband commands, the wife obeys.—

"Leave behind none but purposes of good.—

"Know, judge, and control thyself !—

¹ Quoted from Williams's *Middle Kingdom*, I., pp. 522, 524, and 533.

² The idea universe consists of two characters, of which the first means "wing," the second "from the beginning until now." By "wings" the Chinese understand not only the wings of a bird but also the two ends of a roof. The combination of the two words suggests the idea of utmost limits in space and time.

³ Translated into English mainly with the help of Stanislaus Julien's French transliteration of the *Ts'ien-tsz'-Wen*. Paris, 1864.

"A correspondent should be brief and concise.—

"The heart if troubled wears out the mind.—

"When satirised and admonished examine yourself, and do this the more when favors increase."—

The resources of China are untold and the potentialities of the various nations who live in that vast territory are great, if but the spell of their conservatism could be broken. Possibly there is no remedy but dire affliction, and, taking this view, we anticipate that the late war with Japan, apparently so disastrous to the Chinese, will mark the beginning of a new era in the civilisation of Eastern Asia. It will open their eyes and lead them, against their will, but for their own advantage, out of their narrowness upon the path of progress to a nobler unfoldment of life and national prosperity.

Girls are educated in China in a different way than boys as we learn from "The Girl's Primer." They are as much as possible separated and are not allowed to sit together on the same mat or eat together. Even the reply "yes" is different for both sexes : a boy says *wai*, a girl *yeu*.

The fault of the Chinese is rather over-education than lack of education. There are schools everywhere. Even as far back as in the days of Confucius, as we read in the "Book of Rites," every village had its school, every county seat its academy, every provincial metropolis its university. High positions are open only to those who have passed through a severe ordeal of innumerable competitive examinations. Thus the literary class alone hold the honors of nobility and the prerogatives of the administration.

"THE BOOK OF THREE WORDS."

As we expect that our readers are deeply interested in the subject we here present a translation of the famous Chinese treatise on education, which has never been completely translated into English. The original being written in verses, of three words each, alternately rhyming, is called the book of three words. Its author, Wang-Po-Heu, lived under the Song dynasty which flourished till 1277, A. D. At the same time we reproduce the first seventy-two characters in the original Chinese from C. Fr. Neumann's edition, and transcribe their pronunciation according to W. Williams's *Syllabic Dictionary*, adding a brief explanation of their meaning.

I take this occasion to express publicly my indebtedness to Dr. Heinrich Riedel of Brooklyn, N. Y., who in many ways has greatly aided me in my Chinese studies. Without his kind assistance I could have done nothing. The following translation is based mainly on the authority of Stanislaus Julien, whose Latin version is very literal. I have partly compared it with the original, and utilised at the same time C.

Fr. Neumann's German translation and the fragments found in Williams's *Middle Kingdom*, Vol. II., pp. 527 et seq.

TRANSLATION OF "THE BOOK OF THREE WORDS."

The following translation, although awkward, is as literal as a translation from the Chinese into English can be. The historical material in the footnotes is based upon the information given by C. Fr. Neumann in his *Lehrsaal des Mittelreiches*, München, 1836.

- 1- 6. From the beginning of man, his nature is rooted in goodness.
- 7- 12. Naturally men comply with their immediate duties; training adapts them to wider spheres.¹
- 13- 18. If not educated their nature is changed (for worse).
- 19- 24. Education in its methods chiefly acquires value by close attention.
- 25- 30. Of old, Mencius's mother selected on account of the neighborhood a residence.
- 31- 36. Because her son did not learn, she moved away with her loom and shuttle.
- 37- 42. Teu of Yen Shan was in possession of the rule of justice.
- 43- 48. He educated five sons and all their names became famous.
- 49- 54. To raise (children) without education, is a father's fault.
- 55- 60. And if instruction is not strict it exhibits the teacher's indolence.
- 61- 66. If a boy does not learn, his behavior is improper.
- 67- 72. And if a youth does not study what will he do as an old man?
- 73- 78. A gem, if not cut, is a thing of no use.
- 79- 84. And if a man does not study he will never learn his duties.
- 85- 90. If a man has a son he must take him in his youth
- 91- 96. To a teacher and a friend so as to teach him propriety and urbanity.
- 97- 102. Hiang when nine years old could warm the blankets (of his parents).
- 103- 108. Respect for parents is what must be observed.
- 109- 114. Yung when four years old could renounce a pear.
- 115- 120. To show reverence to your elder brother is necessary to learn early.
- 121- 126. The most important thing is piety toward parents, and reverence of younger brothers toward elder brothers. In the second place only stands learning and comprehension.
- 127- 132. Learn first a few numbers, then a few words [characters].

¹As to the second double triad (words 7-12) the commonly adopted interpretation reads as follows: "By nature men are mutually akin; by practice they are mutually estranged."

Dr. Riedel, my Chinese instructor, writes as follows: "I differ in my interpretation not only from all translators but also from the Chinese commentators; and yet I venture to defend it. I grant that at first sight we may read: 'By nature (men) are drawn close together, by practice (habit, custom) they are distanced.' But is this idea in place in a marvellously concise *éγχαριδιότης* of Chinese education, standing between the two propositions that man's fundamental disposition is good and that education is indispensable. I believe the author means to say that man's good disposition acts satisfactorily in the narrow sphere of life, viz. in the family circle, etc., but is not sufficient to ensure proper behavior in the more distant sphere of public duties. I construe *siang* in numbers 8 and 11 in a verbal sense, 'to be mutual; to interact; to blend with; to lead on to,' a translation justified by grammar and dictionary." Accordingly we had better translate: "By nature men adapt themselves to their near relations; but practice (education) is necessary to adapt them to their distant duties."

- 133- 138. From one to ten, from ten to one hundred,
- 139- 144. From one hundred to one thousand, from one thousand to ten thousand.
- 145- 150. There are three powers: heaven, earth, and man.
- 151- 156. There are three lights: the sun, the moon, and the stars.
- 157- 162. There are three bonds: between prince and minister, justice;
- 163- 168. Between father and son, affection; between man and wife, concord
- 169- 174. There are spring and summer, there are autumn and winter.
- 175- 180. These four seasons follow one another without end.
- 181- 186. There are South and North; there are West and East.
- 187- 192. These are the four quarters which have to be referred to the Middle.
- 193- 198. There are water, fire, wood, metal, and earth.
- 199- 204. These five elements are based upon number.
- 205- 210. There is humanity, justice, propriety, prudence, and truthfulness.
- 211- 216. These five norms must not be trespassed.
- 217- 222. There are rice, millet, maize, wheat, sorghum, and tsi-grass.
- 223- 228. These are the six species of corn on which men subsist.
- 229- 234. There are horses, cattle, sheep, fowl, dogs, and swine
- 235- 240. These are the six domestic animals which men raise.
- 241- 246. There are joy and wrath, there are pain and fear,
- 247- 252. Love, hatred, and desire. These are the seven emotions.
- 253- 258. Gourd, terra cotta, leather, wood, stone, and metal,
- 259- 264. Silk fibre, bamboo, produce the eight notes.
- 265- 270. The great-great grandfather, the great grandfather, the grandfather, the father, and myself,
- 271- 276. Myself, my son, my son and my grandchild,
- 277- 282. My son and my grandchild, and also my great grandchild and my great-great grandchild,
- 283- 288. These are the nine degrees of direct consanguinity among men.
- 289- 294. The affection between father and son, the concord between man and wife,
- 295- 300. The elder brother's kindness, the younger brother's respect,
- 301- 306. Reverence between seniors and juniors, friendship among associates
- 307- 312. On the part of the sovereign, regard, on the part of the minister, loyalty,
- 313- 318. These are the ten virtues which constitute human society.
- 319- 324. Whoever educates children must go to the kernel of things and must be searching,
- 325- 330. (He must) investigate the etymology, make clear periods and punctuation.
- 331- 336. Those who learn must make a beginning in this way:
- 337- 342. When the book *Siao-Hioh* (the primer¹) is finished one proceeds to the "Four Books."
- 343- 348. The *Lün-Yü* (the book of colloquies), contains twenty chapters.
- 349- 354. All disciples learn by heart the noble words (of the master, viz. Confucius).
- 355- 360. Mencius then (is to be studied), in seven chapters complete.
- 361- 366. He discusses righteousness (Tao) and virtue (Teh); he speaks of humanity and justice.

¹The primer contains instruction in the first rules of decency and propriety.

- 367- 372 The author of the book *Chung-Yung* (viz., keeping the middle path with constancy), was K'ung-Ki.¹
- 373- 378. The middle that does not decline, that is constant and does not change.
- 379- 384 The author of the book *Ta-Hioh* (the text-book for the adult) was Tseng-Tsz'.²
- 385- 390. He begins with self-culture and home management, proceeding to administration and government.
- 391- 396. As soon as *Hiao King* (the book on the child's love of parents) is mastered and the four books are learned by heart,
- 397- 402. Then the six canonical books must be attacked and one must begin to study them.
- 403- 408. The *Shi-King*, the Book of Hymns, the *Shu-King*, the Book of Annals, the *Yih-King*, the Book of Changes, the Books of Rites (being the *Cheu-Li* and *Li-K'i*), and *Ch'ün T'sü* (spring and autumn).³
- 409- 414. These are called the *Six King* (viz. canonical books), which must be explained and studied.
- 415- 420. We have the *Lien-Shan* (the vapor-emitting mountain) and we have the *K'ooi-Ts'ang* (the treasure chamber).⁴
- 421- 426. We have the *Cheu-Yih*, having three parts which must be accurately pondered on.
- 427- 432 We have laws and counsels, we have precepts and exhortations.
- 433- 438. We have edicts and mandates: the *Shu-King*, the contents of which are the annals.
- 439- 444 Our Cheu-Kung has written the *Cheu-Li*, the Book of Ceremonies of the Cheu dynasty.⁵
- 445- 450. He instituted the six classes of magistrates⁶ and established the body politic.
- 451- 456. The elder and the younger Tai interpreted the *Li-K'i*,
- 457- 462. Which recorded the words of sages, the rites, and the rules of music.
- 463- 468. There is the book of the morals of the kingdoms. There are the *Ya*,⁷ the Books of Praises and Song, the Book of Hymns.
- 469- 474. These are called the four poetical books which must be read and sung.
- 475- 480. Where the *Shi-King*, the Books of Songs, stops, the Book of Spring and Autumn begins.
- 481- 486. It contains praise and blame. Discriminates between good and evil.
- 487- 492. As the three commentators (viz. of the *Annals of Lu*) we have *Kung-Yang*,
- 493- 498. We have *Tso-Shi* and we have *K'u-Liang*.
- 499- 504. As soon as the canonical books are clearly understood then the philosophers must be read.
- 505- 510. Grasp of them that which is essential, and remember their doctrines.
- 511- 516. As the five philosophers we have Sün,¹ Yang,²
- 517- 522. Wen-Chung-Tsz'³ Lao,⁴ and Chwang.⁵
- 523- 528. If the canonical books and the philosophers are mastered one must read the historians.
- 529- 534. One must learn the tables of successive generations, and note their end and beginning.
- 535- 540. From Fuh-Hi and Shin-Nung to Hoang-Ti.
- 541- 546. These are the three illustrious ones who lived in ancient times.
- 547- 552. T'ang and Yeu-Yü are the two emperors.
- 553- 558. One with greetings left to the other the empire. Their age is called the time of prosperity.⁶
- 559- 564. Yü of the Hia dynasty, T'ang of the Sbang dynasty.
- 565- 570. Wen-Wang and Wu-Wang of the Chen dynasty are called the three great emperors.
- 571-576. In the Hia dynasty the imperial power was transmitted from father to son. The government remained in the family.
- 577- 582. After four hundred years the rule of the Hia dynasty was transferred to some one else.
- 583- 588. Ch'ing T'ang overthrew Hia and its rule is called the Sbang,
- 589- 594. Which staid six hundred years until Cheu and then expired.
- 595- 600. Wu-Wong of the dynasty Cheu began his reign by killing Cheu-Sin,⁷
- 601- 606. The dynasty Cheu lasted eight hundred years, an extremely long time.
- 607- 612. When the dynasty Cheu transferred the government to the East the royal power began to decay.
- 613- 618. People took to shield and lance. The great went about intriguing.
- 619- 624. This is the beginning of the book of spring and autumn (the annals of *Lu*) after which the era of the warring kingdoms began.⁸
- 625- 630. Five usurpers arose to power, seven heroes appeared.
- 631- 636. Ying-Ts'in-Shi began to reunite the empire.
- 637- 642. And handed it over to 'Rh-Shi. Ts'u and Han contended against each other.
- 643- 648. Kao-Ts'u rose, and the dynasty Han became founded.
- 649- 654. When it came to Hiao-P'ing, Wang-Mang usurped the empire.
- 655- 660. Then Kwang-Wu rose, and his government was called the Eastern Han.

1 K'ung-Ki is the grandson of K'ung-tsz' (Confucius) generally known under the honorary title of Tsz'-Sz'. He died in the year 453 B. C. in the sixty-second year of his age, leaving one son of the name Tsz'-Shang, who is the ancestor of the K'ung-Tsz' family that is flourishing to the present day. The purpose of the *Chung-Yung*, or the path of the unchangeable middle, a book so much admired by the Chinese, is to show that he only who walks in the middle path can be happy.

2 Tseng-tsz', the most famous disciple of K'ung-Tsz', born about 505 B. C. and regarded as the best commentator of the master's doctrine. The first part of the book is ascribed to K'ung-Tsz' himself and is regarded as a model of high style. Tseng-tsz' added his explanations in ten chapters.

3 The Book on Spring and Autumn contains the history of the empire Lu, narrating events from 722-481 B. C. It was written by Confucius who uses the historical material in an educational way for his political purposes. The book is regarded as a model of historical style.

4 "Vapor emitting mountain" is the name of the dynasty Hia because the comprehension of the nature of things arose from it, as vapors rise from mountains. The Shan or Yü dynasty is called treasure chamber because under their rule the essence of all things was well preserved. The books are now lost.

5 It is said to contain expositions of astrology and magic.

6 The six classes of magistrates are the magistrates of heaven, earth, spring, summer, autumn, and winter. Each class had its own implements which had to be used in a special way.

7 The Books of Praises, the two *Ya*, contain songs of the Cheu dynasty in praise of virtuous men in a distinguished position, and also in the humbler walks of life.

1 Sün-Tsz', whose proper name is Hoang-Chang, lived under the dynasty Cheu, belongs to the school of Confucius. His work, so far as it is extant, consists of two parts. He moralises on diligence, study, and virtue.

2 Yang-Tsz' or Yang-Hiang lived in the Han dynasty and wrote two books on "What Is Right?" (*Fa-Yen*), and on "The Great Norm" (*Tai-Hien-King*).

3 Wen-Chung-Tsz' lived under the dynasty Sui and at the beginning of the dynasty T'ang.

4 Lao-Tsz' is the well known author of the *Tao-Teh-King*.

5 Chwang-Tsz' and Liu-Tsz' are prominent teachers among the Taoists. They lived in the fourth century A. D.

6 T'ang or T'ang-Yao began to rule in 2357 B. C. Yeu-Yü (commonly called Shün) was nominated by him as his successor in 2285 B. C., but was unable to secure the empire for his son. Accordingly, the emperor Shün nominated Yü, who became the founder of the dynasty Hia in 205 B. C.

7 The battle in the plains of Mo-Yeh in the year 1123 terminated the fate of the Shang dynasty, the last emperor of which was Cheu-Sin.

8 About 440 A. D.

- 661- 666. After 400 years it ended with the Emperor Hien-Ti.
 667- 672. Wei-Sho and Wu contended about the possessions of Han.
 673- 678. These are the three kingdoms which lasted until the two Tsin.
 679- 684. Sung and Ts'i came next, and Liang and Ch'in followed.
 685- 690. They were the sovereign kingdoms having as a capital Kin-Ling-Wu.
 691- 696. The kingdom Wei of the North was divided into an Oriental and Occidental part.
 697- 702. The Cheu of the family Yü-Wen and the Ts'i of the family Kao.
 703- 708. They came down to the dynasty Sui, which reunited all parts of the empire.
 709- 714. They in their turn did not transmit the empire, but lost the inheritance of the government.
 715- 720. Kao-Tsu of the T'ang dynasty led the patriotic troops,
 721- 726. And discontinued the disorders of the Sui rule, laying the foundations of his dynasty.
 727- 732. Twenty times the government changed in the three hundred following years.
 733- 738. The Liang destroyed the T'ang, and the empire was changed.
 739- 744. The Liang, the T'ang, the T'sin, the Han, and the Cheu
 745- 750. Are called the five imperial families, each one having its own peculiar origin.
 751- 756. Now the glorious Sung rose in succession to the Cheu.
 757- 762. Eighteen rulers followed one another. A Southern and a Northern part were consolidated.(?)
 763- 768. The seventeen historical chapters contain all this.
 769- 774. They relate times of peace and disturbance. Through them we can learn the beginning and end of dynasties.
 775- 780. He who writes history and examines its true narratives.
 781- 786. Will penetrate the past and the present as if he had seen them with his own eyes.
 787- 792. With your mouth (viz., aloud) you must read, and in your mind you must weigh.
 793- 798. In the morning be at work; in the evening be at work.
 799- 804. Once Chung-Ni¹ (that is, Confucius) was the disciple of Hiang-Tob.
 805- 810. The saints and sages of antiquity were all diligent students.
 811- 816. Chao, called Chung-Ling (viz., the imperial scribe), studied the book *Lün-yü* (the Confucian Dialogues).
 817- 822. Although he held a high office, he studied, nevertheless, assiduously.
 823- 828. The former straightened the leaves of the P'u plant, the latter stripped off bamboo bark (viz., for writing).
 829- 834. Both lacked books and yet devoted themselves to science.
 835- 840. The one (lest he might fall asleep) suspended by (the hair of) his head to a rafter of the ceiling. The other one wounded his thigh with an awl.
 841- 846. Although both had no instructors, they trained themselves by their own exertions.
 847- 852. One read by the glow-worm's light, another by the snow's reflexion.
 853- 858. Although their home was poor, they never ceased studying.

- 859- 864. This one carried wood, that one put his books on the horns of the cattle.
 865- 870. Although both sweated, yet they studied hard.
 871- 876. Su-Lao Ts'iu'en, when twenty-seven years old,
 877- 882. Was seized with a love of study and began to read books.
 883- 888. When he became old he was sorry for having begun so late
 889- 894. You, who are young scholars, should in season consider this.
 895- 900. When Liang Hao was eighty-two years old,
 901- 906. He replied in the imperial hall to all questions and obtained the first place among the learned.
 907- 912. At late years he made such great progress that all regarded him as a prodigy.
 913- 918. You, who are young scholars, should impress it strongly upon your mind.
 919- 924. Yung when eight years old could recite the odes.
 925- 930. Li-Mi, seven years old, could play chess.
 931- 936. These men were highly gifted and people called them distinguished
 937- 942. You who study in your youth should imitate them.
 943- 948. Ts'ai Wen-Hi could play well on the k'in (a musical instrument).
 949- 954. Sié-Tao-Wen could write poetry.
 955- 960. These women were also clever and gifted.
 961- 966. You, my lads, should distinguish yourselves.
 967- 972. Under the dynasty T'ang Lieu Yen, seven years old,
 973- 978. Was praised as a spiritual boy, and was appointed literary censor.
 979- 984. Although of tender age, he obtained a position.
 985- 990. You, who study in your youth, aspire and you will succeed.
 991- 996. All those who are diligent will acquire like honors.
 997-1002. The dog watches at night, the cock announces the dawn.
 1003-1008. If you do not study, how can you become men?
 1009-1014. The silk-worm spins silk. The bee gathers honey.
 1015-1020. If men do not study they will be inferior to beasts.
 1021-1026. He who studies in his youth will be prepared to act when of age.
 1027-1032. High he can rise to princely honor, and can below be a blessing to the people.
 1033-1038. Extend your fame for the honor of father and mother.
 1039-1044. Glory you may add to your ancestors, and transmit it to your posterity.
 1045-1050. Some men bequeath to their children gold-filled boxes,
 1051-1056. But I instruct children only with this one booklet.
 1057-1062. Diligence is meritorious. Play brings no returns.
 1063-1068. Beware; rouse all your energies.

EXPLANATION OF THE FIRST SEVENTY-TWO CHARACTERS.

三

san, three.

字

tsz', character (a written word).

經

king, canonical book.

Title of the book.

人¹

chin, man, (humanity).

之²

chi, (a character used to refer to the preceding, indicating a relation which we commonly express by the genitive case.)

初³

ts'u, beginning.

性⁴

sing, nature, character, disposition, naturally.

本⁵

pen, root (radically).

善⁶

shen, good, virtuous.

¹Confucius was the second son of his father, on account of which he was surnamed Chung. And because his mother after her marriage made a pilgrimage to the Mount Ni-Kieu, where she prayed for a son, his second surname was Ni. Confucius's family name is K'ung; his personal name is Kieu, the second part of the name of the mountain. Tsz' (scholar) is his title.

性⁷ *siŋg*, nature (see 4).
 相⁸ *siang*, mutually (comply with, adapt to).
 近⁹ *kin*, near (in time or place).
 習¹⁰ *sih*, habit, practice.
 相¹¹ *siang*, mutually comply with (see 8).
 遠¹² *yuen*, distant (in time or place).
 苟¹³ *keu*, if.
 不¹⁴ *puh*, not (compare 64).
 教¹⁵ *kiao*, instruction, teaching.
 性¹⁶ *siŋg*, nature (see 4).
 乃¹⁷ *nai*, then.
 遷¹⁸ *ts'ien*, change.
 教¹⁹ *kiao*, instruction (see 15).
 之²⁰ *chi*, its (see 2).
 道²¹ *tao*, reason, norm.
 貴²² *kwei*, precious, chiefly.
 以²³ *i*, through, here a verb, to go through, to use.
 專²⁴ *chuen*, bent on, attentive to (here singleness of purpose).
 昔²⁵ *sih*, anciently (the Latin *olim*).
 孟²⁶ *Meng*, Mencius (the name of a well-known Chinese philosopher).
 母²⁷ *mu*, mother.
 擇²⁸ *tseh*, select.
 鄰²⁹ *lin*, neighborhood.
 處³⁰ *ch'u*, dwelling.
 子³¹ *tsz'*, son, boy, child (also used in the sense of "heir of ancient wisdom," or "sage.")
 不³² *puh*, not.
 學³³ *hioh*, learn, study.
 斷³⁴ *twan*, break off, remove.

機³⁵ *ki*, loom.
 杼³⁶ *shu*, shuttle.
 竇³⁷ *Teu*, the name of a man; the word means the hole bored by a drill.
 燕³⁸ } *Yen-Shan*, the name of a hamlet (*yen* means "swallow," and *shan* "mountain."
 山³⁹ }
 有⁴⁰ *yeu*, having.
 義⁴¹ *i*, right, law, justice.
 方⁴² *fang*, square, lot, allotted part.
 教⁴³ *kiao*, educate, teaching (see 15).
 五⁴⁴ *vu*, five.
 子⁴⁵ *tsz'*, boys, sons (see 31).
 名⁴⁶ *ming*, name.
 俱⁴⁷ *kin*, all.
 揚⁴⁸ *yang*, rising high.
 養⁴⁹ *yang*, nourish.
 不⁵⁰ *puh*, not (see 32).
 教⁵¹ *kiao*, educate (see 15).
 父⁵² *fu*, father.
 之⁵³ *chi*, his (see 2).
 過⁵⁴ *kwo*, transgression.
 教⁵⁵ *kiao*, instruction (see 15).
 不⁵⁶ *puh*, not (see 14).
 嚴⁵⁷ *yen*, severe, stern, rigorous.
 師⁵⁸ *sz'*, teacher.
 之⁵⁹ *chi*, his (see 2).
 情⁶⁰ *te*, indolence.
 子⁶¹ *tsz'*, boy.
 不⁶² *puh*, not (see 14).
 學⁶³ *hioh*, learn (see 33).

非⁶⁴ *fei*, not (the "not" in 14 and 62 is a single negation, the "not" in 64 implies regret or blame)
 不⁶⁵ *puh*, not (see 14).
 學⁶⁸ *hioh*, studying (see 33).
 老⁷⁰ *lao*, old man.
 何⁷¹ *ho*, who, what (interrogative pronoun; compare 65).
 爲⁷² *wei*, to do.

The etymology of the characters is principally based on ideographic combinations, partly upon phonetical considerations, often obscure, not seldom quite arbitrary. In many instances it exhibits pictures of things, and is sometimes very curious on account of the peculiar thought-ingredients of an idea. Here are some striking examples.

The character *tsz'* (see word 31 *et alibi*), which means "son, boy, or sage" (*viz.*, heir of old wisdom), is a conventional abbreviation of the picture of a child with a head and two arms. If this same sign is roofed, as in *tsz'*, the second word of the title of this treatise) it means "letter, character, word, or ideogram." It represents the "sage housed" in the stable form of writing.

Word 3 of the title, *king*. Its radical is the left part "silk," the material worked upon; the upper half of the right part shows it in the proper arrangement for the "working hand," that is meant by the lower half. The whole literally "the warp of a web," then by metaphor: "canon, law, the constitutional parts of a system or doctrine." Its alliance with its correlative *wei*, "woof," is used to designate any complete system of exposition, "constitution and by-laws," as it were. It is interesting to notice that our "canon," *ὁ κανών*, according to some philologists, is also originally that part of the loom over which the warp is arranged.

Word 3, *ts'u*, "beginning," consists of the characters "clothes" and "knife," meaning the time when the dress was cut for being made.

Word 4, *siŋg*, "character," is a compound of "heart" and "to grow."

Word 10, *sih*, "practice," shows in its upper part the character "feathers or wings," in its lower part the character "white." A bird shows the white part of his wings in spreading them, *viz.*, he practices flying.

Word 15, *kiao*, "education," is peculiarly interesting, as it reveals to us the educational methods of the ancient Chinese. On the left hand below, the symbol "boy" is at once recognised, the upper part is an abbreviation of the "old man," and that on the right hand symbolises "whipping or beating."

There are some symptoms which indicate that the

inventors of these characters must have been shepherds. The upper part of No. 6, *shen*, "good," of No. 41, "right" or "justice," and of No. 49, *yang*, "nourish," is the same radical meaning, "sheep." The sense of the lower part of No. 6 is not clearly established, of No. 41 it means "mine," of No. 49 "feed." Thus goodness is expressed somehow in terms of a shepherd's main property; nourishing is conceived as the feeding of lambs, and right and justice is represented as the personal ownership of a sheep.

The character *hioh*, "studying or learning," in Nos. 33, 63, and 69, consists in its lower part of the radical *tsz'*, "character or word-symbol," in its upper part reminds one of a rat's head. No doubt, it means to gnaw at characters persistently, in order to insure complete digestion. Dr. Riedel quotes an old Chinese admonition: "Characters¹ must be masticated, ruminated, and re-masticated." Does not the appearance show that in "learning" [viz., in the character "learning" as it appears in Nos. 33, 63, 69] the knob of the "lid" above the character "boy" has already been chewed into a pulp by the sharp teeth of the rat?

The character *yeu*, "youth," No. 67, consists of the radicals "immature" on the left hand and "strength" on the right hand.

The radical symbolising "progress" is of frequent occurrence. We find it in these few verses not less than five times, in Nos. 9, 12, 18, 21, and 54. The Chinese are fond of comparing it to a gondola, carrying that part of the character which gives it its peculiar application; so in No. 9 as "near," in No. 12 as "far," in No. 18 as "change," in No. 54 as "beyond the limit," in No. 21 as "the head or the beginning," which means the path of reason. P. C.

THE LITERARY ACHIEVEMENTS OF THE EXILE.

BY PROF. C. H. CORNILL.

IN THE generation succeeding Ezekiel no prophet appeared in Babylon. Literary work followed other paths and other aims. The task which now devolved on the nation was the inventoring of the spiritual property of Israel; possibly the people also began at this time the collecting of the prophetic writings; at any rate they busied themselves extensively with the historical literature of the past.

The great philosopher Spinoza had observed that the historical books of the Old Testament, as now known to us, form a continuous historical whole, narrating the history of the people of Israel from the creation of the world to the destruction of Jerusalem, and marshalling all materials under causal points of view of a distinctively religious character. This biassed but magnificent account of the past life of the chosen peo-

ple was undertaken during the Babylonian exile, as we can discover from indubitable literary evidence.

At the time in question all the outward and specifically psychological conditions existed which favored such a bent of the mind. The destruction of State and nationality awakened a new interest in the past. As in the time of Germany's profoundest national disgrace, under the compulsory dominion of Napoleon, the love of the nation's all but forgotten past was re-aroused to life, and people buried themselves with loving discernment in the rich depths of German minstrelsy, beginning once more to understand the German art of bygone days; as the Germans recalled to mind the names of Henry the Fowler, Frederick Barbarossa, Walther von der Vogelweide, and Albrecht Dürer: so, during the captivity in Babylon, the Jews lost themselves in the stories of Moses and David, Samuel and Elijah. They wanted to lift themselves, by a study of their ancient greatness and by memories of the past, to a plane where they could resist the present, and preserve themselves for the future.

In thus contemplating the past, however, it was necessary to explain above all how the dread present had come to pass. For those exiled compilers and expounders of the ancient historical traditions of Israel, as for Ezekiel, the problem of all problems was the vindication of God, that is, a *theodicy*. And this theodicy, as in the case of Ezekiel, was conducted to show that all must have happened exactly as it did. All the evil which befell Israel is a punishment for sins and especially for the worship of idols. The sins of Jeroboam, who exhibited two golden calves at Dan and Bethel, hastened the destruction of Israel, and the sins of Manasseh, who had offered sacrifices in the temple of Jerusalem to Baal and to the stars, could only be atoned for by the destruction of Judah, despite the radical conversion and reforms of his grandson Josiah. Thus arose this prophetic exposition of the history of Israel, which converts the historian into a prophet with his eyes turned to the past.

But this historical writing has not only a theoretical side, looking back to the past, but also an eminently practical side, looking forward to the future. The Jews have a firm hope in the restoration of the nation, for which they possessed an infallible guarantee in the prophetic promise. Ever since Hosea the prophets had distinctly announced the judgment, but only seen in the judgment the necessary transition to the final salvation. On this latter they counted, and prepared themselves for its arrival. And this prophetic history of the past shall be both a warning and a guidance for the future: the new Israel risen again from the tomb of captivity shall avoid the sins and errors of the old Israel, which caused her destruction. We have thus in the historical work of the exile a sort of applied

¹The sign for "character" (see word 3 of the title) exhibits, as mentioned above, the symbol of a child under a roof.

prophecy, whose influence and efficacy were perhaps even greater than that of prophecy itself.

We see thus that the exiles lived in constant hope. Nor had they long to wait for its fulfilment. Seventy years was the time fixed by Jeremiah as the period of the Chaldean rule. But forty-eight years after the destruction of Jerusalem the kingdom of Babylon had ceased to exist, and, in the year following, the new king granted to the exiles the long-wished-for permission to return to the land of their fathers. The Babylonian kingdom rested wholly on the person of its founder, and only survived his death twenty-three years.

Nebuchadnezzar is styled by modern historians, not unjustly, "the great." He is the most towering personality in the whole history of the ancient Orient, and a new era begins with him. The greatness of the man consists in the manner in which he conceived of his vocation as monarch. Nebuchadnezzar was a warrior as great as any that had previously existed. He had gained victories and made conquests equal to those of the mightiest rulers before him. But he never mentions a word of his brilliant achievements in any of the numerous inscriptions we have of him. We know of his deeds only through the accounts given by those whom he conquered, and from strangers who admired him. He himself tells us only of buildings and works of peace, which he completed with the help of the gods, whom he worshipped with genuine reverence. The gods bestowed on him sovereignty, that he might become the benefactor of his people and subjects. He rebuilt destroyed cities, restored ruined temples, laid out canals and ponds, regulated the course of rivers, and established harbors, so as to open safe ways and new roads for commerce and traffic. We see in this a clear conception of the moral duties of the State, where its primary object is to become a power for civilisation.

Forty-three years were allotted to Nebuchadnezzar, in which he reigned to the welfare of humanity. He died in the year 561. Destiny denied to him a befitting successor. His son, Evil Merodach, was murdered two years after, for his atrocities and dissoluteness, by his brother-in-law, Nergalsharezer, who must have been a descendant of the older line of Babylonian kings. At his death four years later, Nergalsharezer was able to bequeath the empire intact to his son Labasi-marduk. But as this king, according to the Babylonian historian Berosus, exhibited a thoroughly bad character, he was slain by his courtiers after nine months of sovereignty, and Nabu-nahid ascended the throne, 555 B. C., as the last of the Babylonian kings. Nabu-nahid, or Nabonidus, appears to have been a personally mild and just ruler, with literary and antiquarian tastes, to which we owe much that is important. But a storm lowered over

his head, which was soon to destroy with the rapidity of lightning both himself and his kingdom.

Cyrus, the Median viceroy of that primitive and robust nation of hunters and horsemen, the Persians, had shaken off the Median yoke. In the year 550 he had conquered and taken prisoner Astyages, the last Median king, and captured his capital Ecbatana. Four years later, Lydia, the powerful neighboring empire of Cyrus, succumbed to his resistless courage and energy. And now the destruction, or at least the conquest, of the Babylonian empire was but a question of time. A mighty seething was taking place among the Jewish exiles. Anxiously and full of confidence they awaited the saviour and avenger who would destroy Babylon and again restore Jerusalem. And in this period of the gathering storm, the stillness before the tempest, prophecy again lifted up its voice in one of its noblest and grandest representatives, the great Unknown, who wrote the concluding portions of the Book of Isaiah, and who is therefore called the Second, or Deutero-Isaiah.

NOTES.

We are in receipt of a long and interesting letter from the Hon. M. Hameed-Ullah, a Mohammedan scholar of high standing, late editor of the *Allahabad Review*, and now judge of the high court at Hyderabad, Deccan. He writes: "As far as I know the God of the Moslems is a superpersonal Deity, that is to say, He is 'one, eternal, begetteth not, neither is He begotten: and there is not any one like unto Him.' The above are the words of Chapter CXII. of the Koran. Our commentators have written long dissertations on these few words; but unfortunately none of them are available for English scholars. The Mohammedans are taught to believe that God can hear but has no ears, he can see but has no eyes, he can smell but has no nose, he can taste but has no tongue, and so on. It is by means of negatives that the attributes of God are explained to us. As far as my conception of God is concerned, and I believe it is the Moslem conception, there is no Personality, strictly speaking. I do not think that the belief of 'people being gathered together before Him on the Day of Judgment,' or that 'the Prophet's having received revelations from God,' or that 'His sitting upon a throne' will make God personal. In short, my idea is that your Religion of Science contains nothing which is not equally to be found in Islam in a somewhat modified form. And no wonder that it is so, because Truth is one."

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ADVENTURES OF A PARABLE.

BY M. D. CONWAY.

THE parable of the talents is believed by Professor Jacobi to have originated in India. In Volume XLV. of the *Sacred Books of the East*, devoted to Jain Scriptures, the Professor translates the *Uttarddhyana*, which contains a parable of "The Three Merchants." Of this Mr. Virchand Gandhi made for me a more careful translation, as follows :

"Three merchants set out on their travels, each with his capital. One of them gained much; the second returned with his [original] capital; the third returned, having lost his capital.

"The capital is human life, the gain its perfection. Losing that capital, man must be born the denizen of a degraded world, a brute animal. There are two paths the evil man must tread,—physical degradation, moral misery. For the slave of lust forfeits both outer and inner life: having forfeited these he must suffer those two conditions of unhappiness; and it will be difficult for him to attain an upward course for a long time. He who returns with his capital unincreased, is born again, an unimproved man. Those who through exercise of various virtues become religious householders are the twice-born men; for all beings reap the fruit of their actions. But he who increased his capital is to be compared to one who practises eminent virtues. The excellent man attains with joy the state of the most perfect beings in the universe."

Such is the Jain parable, uttered pretty certainly before our era. The next trace of it is in "The Gospel According to the Hebrews." The exact words are lost, but the substance is preserved by Eusebius (*Theophania*):

"The Gospel which comes to us in Hebrew characters has directed the threat, not against the hider [of his talent], but against the abandoned liver. For it has included three servants, one which devoured the substance with harlots and flute-women, and one which multiplied, and one which hid the talent: then that one was accepted, one only blamed, and one shut up in prison."

There is here evidence that in one (and, I have no doubt, the earliest) use of the parable by Jesus it contained a feature of the "Prodigal Son," whose elder

brother said, "He hath devoured thy substance with harlots," the phrase "abandoned living" (Luke) pointing to the same conclusion. In this earlier version, the Prodigal was not welcomed home again, but imprisoned. This continues the purely moral lesson of the Jain parable, but when we next meet the story, it is strangely altered. This is in Matthew XXV., where neither of the three servants has lost the money entrusted to him: punishment is awarded to the servant who was given least, and who merely kept that without increasing it. The ethical significance of the Hindu and Hebrew versions, which applied the parable to personal conduct, is in Matthew detached by the curious order that the one talent (\$1000) shall be taken from him who did not multiply it, and given to him who, with five times as much capital, had doubled it. But the servant with two talents had also doubled them, and why was the larger capitalist favored? It is no explanation to say, "For unto every one that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance; but from him that hath not shall be taken even that which he hath." Why? This version of the parable diverts it from equitable human affairs, and the only thing it seems to fit is the issue between the Jewish and the Gentile converts. Matthew was written in the interest of the Jewish Christians, who claimed supremacy in the coming Messianic dominion. They were the servant given five talents, the Gentile converts, not being under the Abrahamic covenant, receiving only two; while the unconverted Gentiles, who were given one talent, in being offered the Gospel, but did not improve their opportunity, must be cast into outer darkness. This unimproved talent is transferred to the Jewish Christians, because they added acceptance of the Messiah to the advantage of being the chosen people. That the Matthew version was aiming at something of this controversial kind is confirmed by the fact that the parable is here connected with descriptions of the coming of Christ to judge and rule the world. I need hardly remind your readers that these notions and issues belong to a time long after the death of Jesus, and that he could not have spoken any such parable as that recorded in Matthew.

In Luke, written in the interest of Gentile Christians, the parable presents another remarkable change.

Here we find human equality: each servant is entrusted with the same sum,—one *mina* (about \$16). One increases it by ten, and rules ten cities; another by five, and rules five cities; while the third, who hid his *mina*, simply loses it. Here also the unincreased money is given to the servant who had earned ten, but in this case there is no unfairness: this one had received no more than the others, and had shown twice as much industry as the servant who, with the same capital, had earned only five *minas*. In Luke the Gentile Christian reminds the Jewish that if he receives more it must not be by favoritism, as the version in Matthew implies, but by larger service: the tribal Jehovah has made way for the equal Father of all.

It is noticeable that in the three Christian versions given above, the number of traders in the Hindu parable persists,—three. In Luke the parable sets out with ten servants, to each of whom a *mina* is given, but only three are called to account. In Matthew this parable is immediately preceded by that of the ten virgins, in which also, perhaps, there may be a fling at the Gentiles, as having no sacred oil in their classical lamps. And it may be that the number ten, with which the parable in Luke begins, may be a relic of some version of the ten virgins cut out by a Judaiser for not being harmonious with that in Matthew, its place being supplied by a weak little story of the servants' rebellion, obviously interpolated. However this may be, the parable of the talents is in Luke humanised again, after being wrested in Judaising Matthew to a quasi-ecclesiastical purpose. But it was presently perverted again, and this time by a fatalistic theology. At least it appears to me to have influenced the parable of the willow boughs in the apocryphal "Shepherd of Hermas." An angel cuts rods from a willow tree, and distributes them among a number of people, who plant them. When the rods are redemanded, some are brought back dry, some rotten, others half green, others again green, as they had received them, while a certain number are returned covered with leaves, and a few with fruit,—even willow fruit being possible with angels. But these varied results are due to different outpourings of the Holy Spirit, under divine predetermination, and by no means to the different degrees of human enterprise, as taught in Luke and in the Hindu parable.

There is good ground for believing that Jesus did really, in some form, use this ancient Oriental parable of "The Three Merchants." There could hardly be three independent versions ascribed to him,—for they are too different to have been copied one from another,—had he not said something of the kind. But which of them did he utter? That in Matthew may be set aside, for the reason above given: it is an anachro-

nism. It lies then between that in the early Aramaic Gospel, as preserved by Eusebius, in which the rejected servant is he who wasted his substance in immoral indulgences, and the version in Luke, which fixes the stigma on him who hid his capital in a napkin. (Perhaps there is in this napkin, *σουδάριον*, some connotation of the prodigal's sensualism, at once the temptation and the arrest of spiritual talent.) Although the Hebrew version is nearer to the Hindu, being like it a purely ethical instruction, and no doubt earlier than the version in Luke, which upholds self-truthfulness, there are some literary indications, obvious to exact readers, that the two represent varied phases of one mind. Probably Jesus modified his views, as many a thinker does after beginning with a remorseless attitude towards all offenders against a sanctified standard of morality, which he subsequently discovers to be largely theological. The young prophet had a great deal to learn: he had to see the erring woman kneeling at his feet, to be shielded or to be delivered up to the cruel death ordered by Yahveh: he was to feel the spikenard of another sinful woman on his head, her tears upon his feet, and contrast these with the Pharisee's self-righteous scorn. Many experiences may have led the zealot to lay aside his whip of small cords, to take out of prison the prodigal thereto condemned in his earlier parable, and weave a happier fable around him, and ascribe the only irremediable loss to the hider of his talent, the indolent or cowardly concealer of his truth, the faithless mind.

DEUTERO-ISAIAH.

BY PROF. C. H. CORNILL.

It is now generally admitted, and may be regarded as one of the best established results of Old Testament research, that the portion of our present Book of Isaiah which embraces Chapters 40 to 66, did not emanate from the prophet Isaiah known to us, but is the work of an unknown prophet of the period towards the end of the Babylonian captivity.

In many respects this Deutero-Isaiah must be accounted the most brilliant jewel of prophetic literature. In him are gathered together as in a focus all the great and noble meditations of the prophecy which preceded him, and he reflects them with the most gorgeous refraction, and with the most beauteous play of light and color. In style he is a genius of the first rank, a master of language, and a proficient in diction equalled by few. One feels almost tempted to call him the greatest among the prophets, were it not that we find in him the most distinct traces that the Israelitish prophecy had reached once for all its culminating point in Jeremiah, and that we are now starting on the downward slope. These traces, it is true, are scattered and sporadic in Deutero-Isaiah, but they are the

more striking in connexion with a mind of such pre-eminence. Prophecy has now a drop of foreign blood in its veins, which the first Isaiah or Jeremiah would have repudiated with indignation. The influence and views of Deuteronomy, which first disintegrated and then completely stifled prophecy, now begin to make themselves felt.

The fundamental theme and the burden of his message is told by Deutero-Isaiah in the first words of his book, which also form the beginning of Händel's *Messiah*, and are well-known to every lover of music in the wondrously solemn strains of the master :

"Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God. Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem and cry unto her that her day of trial is accomplished and that her iniquity is pardoned; for she hath received of the Lord's hand double for all her sins."

In the wilderness the way shall be prepared for God and his people returning to their home :

"Prepare ye in the wilderness the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a highway for our God. Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low; and the crooked shall be made straight and the rough places plain. For now the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it, for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."

And all these wonders shall be fulfilled, for no power in man can hinder God's work, because his promise remains eternally.

"All flesh is grass, and all the splendor thereof is as the flower of the field. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth: because the spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, but the word of our God shall stand forever."

And now Jerusalem lying in its ruins is addressed, and the joyful message shouted to the other Jewish towns that were demolished :

"O Zion that bringeth good tidings, get thee up into a high mountain. O Jerusalem that bringeth good tidings, lift up thy voice with strength; lift it up, be not afraid; say unto the cities of Judah, Behold your God! Behold the Lord God will come with strong hand and his arm shall rule free in his omnipotence: behold his reward is with him, and his recompense before him. He shall feed his flock like a shepherd; he shall gather the lambs in his arms, and carry them in his bosom, and shall gently lead those that are with young."

What fills the prophet with this hope, that which has given him the assurance that now the salvation promised by God is about to be accomplished, are the victories and deeds of Cyrus, by which the king had proved himself to be the chosen weapon, the executor of the divine judgment on Babylon.

"Who hath raised up the man from the east, in

whose footsteps victory follows, hath given the nations before him, and made him rule over kings? hath given them as dust to his sword, and as the driven stubble to his bow? He pursueth them, and passeth on safely, even by ways that his feet have never trodden."

"I have raised up him from the north and he shall come: from the rising of the sun shall he call upon my name, and he shall come upon princes as upon mortar, and as the potter treadeth clay."

"I have raised him up for victory and I will make straight all his ways; he shall build my city again, and he shall let my exiles go free."

"I shall call a ravenous bird from the east, and the man that executeth my counsel from a far country; yea, I have spoken it, I will also bring it to pass; I have purposed it, I will also do it."

God loves him, and has chosen him to perform his pleasure on Babylon and execute his judgment on the Chaldeans.

"I, even I, have spoken; yea, I have called him, I have brought him hither, and his way shall be prosperous."

Cyrus is even called directly by name, so that there may not be the slightest doubt as to the upshot of the matter :

"I am the Lord that saith of Cyrus: He is my shepherd and shall perform all my pleasure, even saying to Jerusalem, Thou shalt be built, and to the temple, thy foundation shall be laid again."

"Thus saith the Lord to his anointed, to Cyrus, whose right hand I have strengthened, to subdue nations before him; and the doors shall open before him, and the gates shall not be shut. I myself will go before thee and make the rugged places plain; I will break in pieces the gates of brass, and cut in sunder the bars of iron; and I will give thee the treasures of darkness, and hidden riches of secret places, that thou mayest know that I, the Lord, which call thee by name, am the God of Israel."

Here the prophet calls the Persian conqueror by the most honorable names, "Shepherd," even "anointed of God," and here must be considered the curious fact, that he nowhere speaks of a future Messiah of the house of David, but that he is always concerned simply with God on the one hand, and with Israel and Jerusalem on the other. This seems to have met with lively opposition from his first hearers. They cannot bring themselves to find in a Gentile the executor of that, which according to general expectation the ideal Son of David should accomplish; and thus Deutero-Isaiah in a very remarkable passage chides their questionings and anxieties, which is tantamount to a criticism of the plan of God, who has decided upon this Persian king as his shepherd and as his anointed. And that leads us to a cardinal feature in Deutero-Isaiah,—

namely, the stress he lays on the omnipotence of God, and which the prophet never wearies of repeating in ever newer and loftier variations :

“Who hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and meted out heaven with the span, and comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure and weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance?”

“Behold the nations before him are as a drop of a bucket and are counted as the small dust of a balance : behold he weigheth the isles as dust. And Lebanon is not sufficient for wood to burn, nor the beasts thereof sufficient for a burnt offering. All nations before him are as nothing : and they are counted to him less than nothing, and vanity.”

“It is he that sitteth upon the circle of the earth, and the inhabitants thereof are as grasshoppers ; that stretcheth out the heavens as a curtain, and spreadeth them out like a tent to dwell in.”

“Lift up your eyes to heaven. Who hath created this? He that bringeth out their host by number and calleth them all by names ; for that he is strong in power, not one faileth.”

This omnipotent God of Israel is the only God in Heaven and on earth, everlasting, eternal, the first and the last, and beside Him there is no God. Deutero-Isaiah lays special emphasis on this point. No one has held up to scorn more bitterly than he the idols of the heathen, and proved their emptiness and impotence.

“The workman melteth a graven image, and the goldsmith spreadeth it over with gold, and casteth thereon silver chains. He that is too impoverished for such an outlay chooseth a tree that will not rot ; and seeketh unto him a cunning workman to prepare a graven image, that shall not rock.”

“They helped every one his neighbour and every one said to his brother, Be of good courage. So the workman encouraged the goldsmith, and he that smootheth with the hammer him that smiteth the anvil, saying of the soldering, It is good : and he fasteneth it with nails, that it should not be moved.”

“They lavish gold out of the bag, and weigh silver in the balance, and hire a goldsmith, and he maketh it a god : they fall down, yea, they worship it. They bear him upon the shoulder, they carry him, and set him in his place and he standeth ; from his place shall he not remove : yea, one shall cry unto him, yet he cannot answer, nor save him out of his trouble.”

And, again, in the principal passage :

“Who hath formed a god, or molten a graven image that is profitable for nothing? Behold all his fellows shall be ashamed, for the workmen they are men. The smith with the tongs both worketh in the coals and fashioneth with hammers, and worketh it

with the strength of his arms ; he groweth hungry and his strength faileth : he drinketh no water and is faint. The carpenter stretcheth out his rule, he marketh it out with a line, he fitteth it with planes, and he marketh it out with the compass, and shapeth it after the figure of a man, according to the beauty of a man, to dwell in a house. He heweth him down cedars and taketh the holm-tree and the oak which he strengtheneth for himself among the trees of the forest ; he planteth a fir-tree and the rain doth nourish it, that it shall be for a man to burn. And he taketh thereof and warmeth himself ; yea, he kindleth it and maketh bread ; yea, he maketh a god and worshippeth it ; he maketh it a graven image and falleth down thereto. He burneth part thereof in the fire ; with part thereof he eateth flesh ; he roasteth roast and is satisfied ; yea, he warmeth himself and saith, Aha, I am warm, I have felt the fire : And the residue thereof he maketh a god, even his graven image : he falleth down unto it and worshippeth it, and prayeth unto it, and saith, Deliver me ; for thou art my god. . . . And none considereth in his heart, neither is there knowledge nor understanding to say, I have burned part of it in the fire ; yea, also I have baked bread upon the coals thereof ; I have roasted flesh and eaten it : and shall I make the residue thereof an abomination? shall I fall down to the stock of a tree?”

And the exclusive divinity of this God of Israel is now proved by Deutero-Isaiah most characteristically from the prophecy : he is the only One who has previously foretold the future :

“Thus saith the Lord, the King of Israel, and his redeemer, the Lord of hosts. I am the first and I am the last ; and beside me there is no God. Who is as I? Let him stand forth and say it and declare it, and set it opposite to me. And the things that are coming, and that shall come to pass, let them declare. Fear ye not, neither be afraid : have I not declared unto thee of old, and shewed it? ye even are my witnesses, whether there be a God, whether there be a rock beside me?”

This God of prophecy, whose predictions never fail, had long foretold that Babylon must fall, and He, the Almighty, before whom the people are as nothing, He will now carry out His plan, through Cyrus, His shepherd and His anointed. The impending destruction of the Babylonian tyrant, of his kingdom, and of his city, is described in the most vivid colors of hatred and scorn. And then shall take place the return of Israel to the land of its fathers. God himself heads the procession and makes in the wilderness a safe way through shady trees and rippling fountains, that they may build at last the new Jerusalem, whose splendor the prophet depicts in the most gorgeous colors.

“For the mountains shall depart and the hills be removed, but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee. O thou afflicted, tossed with tempests, and not comforted, behold I will set thy stones in fair colors and lay thy foundations with sapphires. And I will make thy pinnacles of rubies, and thy gates of carbuncles, and all thy border of precious stones. And all who build thee shall be taught of the Lord and great shall be the peace of thy children. In righteousness shalt thou be established; thou shalt be far from oppression for thou shalt not fear, and from terror for it shall not come near thee. If bands gather together against thee, it shall not be from me: and whosoever shall gather together against thee shall fall because of thee.” “I will make thy officers peace, and thine exactors righteousness . . . and thou shalt call thy walls Salvation, and thy gates Praise. 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 people also shall be all righteous; they shall inherit the land forever, the branch of my planting, the work of my hands, that I may be glorified.”

Brilliant as all this is, however, it is in a manner only a secondary achievement of Deutero-Isaiah. His special and fundamental conception is different, and infinitely more profound than this. He adopted the idea, first clearly conceived by the original Isaiah, of a world's history, but widened it and deepened it by a combination with one of Jeremiah's thoughts. According to Jeremiah, all men and all nations are destined and called upon to turn to God and become His children. Deutero-Isaiah sees in this the final aim of the history of the world, towards which its entire development and guidance strives. “My house shall be called a house of prayer unto all nations.”

Now, this gives to him an entirely new foundation for his contemplation of Israel. Israel alone knows and possesses the true God. Only through Israel can the other nations learn to know Him, and thus Israel becomes the servant and messenger of God, the laborer and herald of God to man. Israel is to mankind what the prophet is to Israel. God is the God of the whole earth, and Israel His prophet for the whole earth. Thus may we sum up most succinctly the theology of Deutero-Isaiah. He says:

“But thou, Israel, my servant, Jacob whom I have chosen, the seed of Abraham, my friend; thou whom I have taken hold of from the ends of the earth, and called thee from the corners thereof, and said unto thee, Thou art my servant; I have chosen thee and not cast thee away; fear then not for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God: I will strengthen

thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness. Behold all they that are incensed against thee shall be ashamed and confounded: they that strive with thee shall be as nothing, and shall perish. . . . For I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not; I will help thee. Fear not, thou worm Jacob, thou maggot Israel; I will help thee, saith the Lord, and thy redeemer, the Holy One of Israel.”

“It is too light a thing that I should raise up the tribes of Jacob, and restore the preserved of Israel: I will also give thee for a light to the Gentiles, that thou mayest be my salvation unto the ends of the earth.”

“Behold my servant, whom I uphold; mine elect, in whom my soul delighteth; I have put my spirit upon him; he shall bring forth judgment to the Gentiles. . . . A bruised reed shall he not break, and the smoking flax shall he not quench: he shall bring forth judgment in truth. He shall not quench, nor shall he bruise, till he have set judgment in the earth, and the isles shall wait for his law.”

And here Deutero-Isaiah obtains a clue to the enigmatical history of Israel. All Israel's sufferings have been borne in its vocation as servant of God. “Who is blind, but my servant? or deaf, as my messenger that I send? who is blind as my trusted one, and deaf as the Lord's servant?”

But this also did God will and suffer. In the unworthiness of the instrument does the splendor, the greatness of God disclose itself, who knows how to fulfil His plans in mysterious ways. Even in Israel those only become the servant of God who have returned to Jacob, who are of broken heart and contrite spirit; and thus the tribulations of Israel serve the great universal plan, in that they educate Israel for its mission in the world, its everlasting, high vocation. Israel is the suffering servant of God, on whom the punishment falls, that the salvation of the world may come to pass, and through whose wounds all shall be saved. Israel's forced sufferings were borne for its own and for the world's salvation, that Israel, purified and refined through sorrows, might become a light to the Gentiles and a blessing to the whole world.

A more magnificent theology of history, if I may be allowed the expression, than that of Deutero-Isaiah, has never been given.

And yet this sublime mind cannot withdraw itself altogether from the influences of the time, and so Deutero-Isaiah falls short of the eminence of Jeremiah, and begins the declining line of prophecy. Jeremiah's circumcision of the heart becomes in him the circumcision of the flesh; to him the sanctity of the new Jerusalem mainly consists in that it shall not be inhabited by the uncircumcised and the impure; the converted

Gentiles he looks upon only as Jews of the second order. In that Israel had to suffer for the world, shall it in the concluding age of salvation rule over the world. Kings shall lie prostrate before this people and lick the dust from off their feet. All the nations shall bring their treasures and riches to Jerusalem. The people or kingdom which does not do homage to Israel shall perish; yea, all nations shall worship Israel, and do menial service for Israel, tend its flocks, and till its fields and vineyards, whilst Israel shall consume the riches of the nations, and be made a praise in the earth. Jeremiah could not have written such sentences. Here we remark that with Deutero-Isaiah we are no longer in Israel, but have reached Judaism.

The deliverance of Israel so fervidly hoped for and foretold with such assurance by Deutero-Isaiah did in reality take place. With the lightning-like rapidity peculiar to him, Cyrus had also overthrown the kingdom of Babylon. On the 3d of November, 538, he made his triumphal entry into Babylon. The kingdom of Nebuchadnezzar ceased to exist. And within a year after the capture of Babylon the new ruler actually gave the exiles permission to return to Jerusalem. In the spring of 537 B. C. they began their journey, and with it begins a new chapter in the history of Israel and of prophecy.

DICKENS IN AMERICA.

BY F. M. HOLLAND.

ON THE last day of January, 1842, he wrote thus to his friends from Boston, where he had just arrived: "I can give you no conception of my welcome here. There never was king or emperor upon the earth so cheered and followed by crowds, and entertained in public at splendid balls and dinners, and waited upon by public bodies and deputations of all kinds. I have had one from the far West—a journey of two thousand miles. If I go out in a carriage, the crowd surround it and escort me home; if I go to the theatre the whole house (crowded to the door) rises as one man and the timbers ring again. You cannot imagine what it is. I have five great public dinners on hand at this moment, and invitations from every town and village and city in the States. . . . I have heard from the universities, Congress, Senate, and bodies public and private; of every sort and kind. 'It is no nonsense and no common feeling,' wrote Dr. Channing to me yesterday. 'It is all heart. There never was, and never will be such a triumph.'"

An invitation to a public dinner in New York was given by her merchants on account of his "labors in the cause of humanity"; and the Hartford draymen turned out in their blue frocks, because they had read

his novels and knew what right he had to say, as he did in 1860, "I have been the champion and friend of the workingman all through my career." Webster declared that he had done more for the relief of the poor than all the British statesmen; and Channing called attention to what he had done "to awaken sympathy with our race," and especially "towards the depressed multitude," disregarded elsewhere, but allowed a fair chance to develop and prosper in America. The novels he had already published, and especially the *Old Curiosity Shop*, *Nicholas Nickleby*, and *Oliver Twist*, are even more interesting on account of the vigor with which Dickens denounced oppression of children, than of the delight with which he pictured the innocent amusements of the masses. Enjoyment of Christmas, for instance, had been recommended by the *Pickwick Papers*, in a story about Gabriel Grub and the Goblins which was a foretaste of the *Christmas Carol*. What did most to make Dickens popular in America was the pathos with which he had drawn a character whose name might have been given to the *Old Curiosity Shop*, if the publication of that story as a serial had not led to the selection of a title before many chapters were written. It was pre-eminently as the author of *Little Nell* that Dickens was welcomed to America.

The first interruption of these pleasant relations was made by his protesting against the refusal of our nation to enable him and other British authors to derive any profit from the sale of their works in the United States. He had just ground for complaint. The refusal of international copyright has been defended by the plea, that America needed cheap books; but there was still greater need of her maintaining honesty. The cost of reprinting would not have been much increased, if the British author could have collected a royalty; and popular works were already published so cheaply by English printers, as to prove that American copyrights would have induced these men to supply our people at very low prices. Dickens had a right to think that books which brought him honor in America, ought also to bring him money; but was it wise to say so at a complimentary dinner? Is that the best place for a gentleman to try to collect a debt of his host? Dickens was rightly said by Irving to be the guest of the nation; and I fear that he abused the privilege. Great Britain wronged him in much the same way, by forcing him to let his novels be dramatised and travestied without permission or compensation; but all he had to say in complaint, I think, had been put into the mouth of *Nicholas Nickleby*. He might easily have disposed of the international copyright question where Mr. *Pickwick* is advised to write a book pitching into the Americans: and whatever he said on this subject in print would have been

seen by those publishers who were most to blame. He preferred to make his complaints at dinner-parties, where he says "I felt as if I were twelve feet high, when I thrust it down their throats." He was severely censured in anonymous letters as well as in the newspapers; and when he came to New York, the dinner-committee, "composed of the first gentlemen in America," he says, begged him to let the subject rest, though they all agreed with him. He refused to follow their advice; a public meeting was held in opposition, by men who argued that international copyright would make it too difficult to expunge attacks on slavery; and the justice which he demanded was not granted until long after he had given up agitation.

It was after this disappointment that he decided not to accept any more public dinners, and that he began to complain of many discomforts. He could not go out without being followed by such crowds that he saw nothing else. He was preached at when he went to church. His rooms were overrun by curious visitors; he was forced to give receptions where he answered questions and shook hands until he was tired out; and a Philadelphia politician took advantage of a permission to introduce a few friends, and gave out such general invitations in the papers as brought together crowds of citizens, before whom Dickens was shown off as coolly as if he had been a hippopotamus. To these trials, was soon added that of a long journey by stage and steamboat westward, among people whose habit of chewing tobacco was extremely annoying. These troubles were certainly serious; but I suspect that Dickens would have been much more patient, if he had felt sure of his copyrights. It is also probable, that his spirits had already been impaired by overwork. He had complained often of ill-health before leaving England; and he was obliged soon after his return to take more than two years for comparative idleness. All these circumstances prevented his seeing America at her best. Indignation at slavery did much to make him say in his letters: "I don't like the country. I would not live here on any consideration. . . . I think it impossible for any Englishman to live here and be happy." It must be remembered, that Miss Martineau was more of an abolitionist than Dickens, and had done at least as good work for international copyright; that she travelled much longer than he did in the United States; and that she came very near deciding to become an American.

Dickens called his account of his travels *American Notes for General Circulation*; but they ceased to circulate long ago. *Martin Chuzzlewit* is well worth reading, if only for such inimitably funny characters as Sarah Gamp, Pecksniff, and Tapley; whose hopefulness and readiness to help others keep him always jolly, even in America. This country is not described

in his spirit, but decidedly in that of the exacting and irritable young Martin, whose selfishness has to be cured by severe sickness in the poverty-stricken swamp, where he had sought a home, and by the additional infliction of the detestable society of such swindlers and bores as constituted the population of a typical western city according to this novelist. And yet he tells us in the *American Notes* that he met gentlemen at St. Louis who were "the soul of kindness and good humor," and adds, "I shall not easily forget, in junketings nearer home with friends of older date, my boon companions." That, in his own words, he "made them all stark, staring, raving mad across the water," can easily be understood, if only on account of his descriptions of American newspapers and journalists.

Twenty-five years went by between the first and second visits of Dickens to America; and in this interval he published *Dombey and Son*, *David Copperfield*, *Bleak House*, *Hard Times*, *Little Dorrit*, *A Tale of Two Cities*, *Great Expectations*, *Our Mutual Friend*, and many short stories. Some of these latter, for instance, the *Cricket on the Hearth*, gave extremely popular pictures of his favorite scene, a happy home. The pathos of *Dr. Marigold's Prescriptions* secured a sale of two hundred and fifty thousand copies in the first week. No one can calculate what was done by the *Christmas Carol* in both England and America, for the observance of that festival of domestic happiness and neighborly charity which was condemned by the Puritans because it gave too much pleasure.

America welcomed him, in November, 1867, as kindly as before, and more considerately. He acknowledged that there was great improvement, especially of the newspapers, and confessed he had changed for the better himself. His readings were so fascinating that crowds waited twelve hours in the streets, on winter nights, for a chance to buy good seats. No hall was large enough; and his profits amounted to nearly one hundred thousand dollars. He was claimed to be better known here than in England; and the *Forum*, for December, 1893, tells how the most popular novel, even at this recent date, in America is found to be *David Copperfield*. This unrivalled success was due to indefatigable and systematic labor, but scarcely to any advantages of birth or education. He was particularly deficient in Latin and Greek, as was also the case with Irving, Howells, Lincoln, and Frederick Douglass. Perhaps they wrote all the better English for this. Schiller found that he lost skill in his own language, when he paid too much attention to foreign tongues. How little Dickens cared about ancestry, may be judged from the frequency with which good people are said to have been illegitimate. It is a curious question, by the way, whether the original

intention was to make Quilp the father of the Marchioness.

Better education might have made Dickens more instructive, but not more interesting. His ideals are too spontaneous and impulsive; his favorites are sometimes dissipated; and he is too ready to couple dishonesty with business habits. But these are trifles, compared with what he has done to help us do our daily duty cheerfully, and sympathise with all the unfortunate and oppressed. Already we hear of a new religion, to consist mainly in a sympathy which shall make all mankind one happy family. Such a religion would be better than all the others; and it might receive these novels among its sacred books.

THE STANDARD DICTIONARY.

BY THOMAS J. M'CORMACK.

THE second volume of Funk & Wagnalls's new *Standard Dictionary* of the English language, which completes one of the most extensive and useful lexicographical undertakings of the century comprises the letters from M to Z, together with the matter usually embraced in the appendixes of modern dictionaries. In the present case this appendix is very rich, and constitutes one of the most valuable features of the new dictionary. As it is an element which largely determines one's choice of a dictionary, we may devote a few words to it. It consists (1) of a language-key which gives the pronunciation and accents of the letters of the principal ancient and modern languages; (2) of a statement of principles and explanations of the new scientific alphabet which has been adopted by the American Philological Association and the American Spelling Reform Association, and which has been used in giving the pronunciation of words in the *Standard*; (3) of a comprehensive vocabulary of proper names of all kinds, with their pronunciations, and much definitive etymological, historical, and statistical information; (4) of a useful glossary of foreign words, phrases, etc., current in English literature, where we notice a new departure in the reception of German phrases and proverbs, and also in the idiomatic renderings which the editor has given of foreign adages; (5) of examples of faulty diction, a department which greatly enhances the usefulness and convenience of the work, and which has been edited with much discrimination and common sense; (6) of an exhaustive collated list of disputed spellings and pronunciations; and (7) of a list of abbreviations and contractions, arbitrary signs and symbols, used in the sciences, in commerce, in typography, together with a vocabulary of symbolic flowers and gems.

We may be allowed to recall to the notice of our readers (for a fuller review see No. 345 of *The Open Court*) the chief distinguishing features of the *Standard Dictionary*, as the work is one which in practical convenience and cyclopædic scope is, for its limits, perhaps unexcelled. The Dictionary contains 2,318 pages, 5,000 illustrations, 301,865 vocabulary terms, which is more than twice the number of terms in any single-volume dictionary, and 75,000 more than in any other dictionary of the language. It should be mentioned, however, that the large number of words which it contains in excess of the other dictionaries has been obtained by admitting all neoterisms, slang, and dialectic words discoverable in literature of good standing and all obtainable technical and scientific terms, which latter are being invented nowadays with such startling rapidity that no dictionary can hope to keep pace with them. Two hundred and forty-seven editors and specialists, and five hundred readers for quotations were engaged upon the work, and its cost was nearly \$1,000,000. In typographical execution and economical arrangement it leaves nothing to be desired. The excellent plan has been adopted of giving the most common definition of a word first, placing its etymology and remoter meanings last. The sources of quotations are indicated, which is also a decided improvement on the old method. For the first time in dictionary making, it is claimed, an attempt has been made to reduce the compounding of words to a scientific system. The hyphen and diæresis in the middle of words have been done away with, and a much wished for simplicity and uniformity obtained on this head. Especially noteworthy are the colored pictorial illustrations, the copy and plates of which were prepared by Tiffany of New York, Kurtz of New York, and Prang of Boston. To the latter also belongs that masterpiece of lithographic art found in Volume I., under *Gem*, and the plates of flags. Prang also prepared the color-plates of the spectrum. Synonyms and antonyms have received careful attention,—the work here, in fact, is excellent,—and it is also pleasing to note that some sort of a system has been observed in the elaboration of the definitions, based on a reasoned view of knowledge as an organic whole, so that we have a "Standard" scheme of nature, a "Standard" scheme of the supernatural, a "Standard" scheme of science, a "Standard" scheme of philosophy, etc., which, if artificial and oftentimes perilous, at least affords a good working basis for concise and harmonious presentation.

In a broad sense the Dictionary is essentially a people's book, and arranged almost entirely with practical ends in view. In cases of doubtful orthography, pronunciation, etc., the final decisions of the Dictionary have, it would seem, gone, with the popular current, but in the more radical lexicographic movements of late times, where they affect the form of language as a whole, the editors have exercised a wise and laudable conservatism. There is no question but the *Standard Dictionary* is the most useful and practical word-book which the general student or reader could have. Price, single-volume edition, \$12, \$14, and \$18; two-volume edition, \$15, \$17, and \$22, according to binding. Funk and Wagnalls Co., New York.)

NOTES.

The Christian Unity Conference is now in session at Oak Island Beach, Long Island, N. Y. The idea of the Conference is to bring the various denominational divisions of Christianity in the United States closer together, and to effect some kind of organic Christian unity. Addresses will be made by the Rev. Josiah Strong, the Rev. Madison C. Peters, the Rev. Franklin Noble, the Rev. J. Winthrop Hegeman, the Rev. James DeWolf Perry, and many others. Swami Vivekananda and Dr. Paul Carus will speak on the World's Religious Parliament Extension. The officers of the Conference have chosen as their place of meeting one of the pleasantest resorts on the Atlantic Coast, and a large attendance may be expected, as also beneficent results.

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NOT IRRELIGION, BUT TRUE RELIGION.

"I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil."

A PAMPHLET lies before me entitled "*Religion and Science, the Reconciliation Mania of Dr. Paul Carus of The Open Court Analysed and Refuted by Corvinus.*" It is a reprint of a series of articles which appeared in the *Freethought Magazine*, published and ably edited by H. L. Green at Chicago, Illinois. Corvinus is a *nom de plume* which hides a man of obviously serious conviction and earnest intentions. The real name of the author of the pamphlet is unknown to me, and I have reason to believe that I never met him. Why he selected the pseudonym *Corvinus*, i. e. ravenlike, whether in honor of John Hunyady, the hero of Hungary and the collector of the famous library of manuscripts which was destroyed by the Turks, or of some member of the Roman family of the Valerians, who distinguished themselves as generals and protectors of literature, remains a mystery to me. May be that my critic wrote under this name that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophet Horace, who said:

"Publicola atque
Corvinus, patriis intermiscere petita
Verbis foris malis—"

Which for the present purpose we venture to translate "Publicola and Corvinus mixed up their Latin and Greek pretty badly."

Identifying the negativism of his peculiar freethought with Science, and Religion with superstition, Corvinus denounces every attempt at reconciliation between Religion and Science, and condemns my expositions of a religion that would be in accord with Science as a "conglomeration of self-contradictory ideas," which display "inconsistency" and "ambiguity." He calls me a "freethinker in disguise," and contrasts such passages in which I appear as "virtually a freethinker" with others in which I maintain the existence of God and the immortality of the soul.

There are plenty of misrepresentations in Corvinus's criticism, but they are apparently involuntary. It is true that I use many old words, such as Religion, God, soul, and immortality, in a new sense, but I have always been careful to explain what I mean. Had I ever tried to dodge the truth, or leave people in doubt as to my opinions, there would be some justice in the

accusations of Corvinus. The fact is that my definitions are more definite than those handed down to us by tradition.

My method of conciliation consists in showing the dogmatic believer a way out of his narrowness. I undertake to instruct him in the meaning of his religion, pointing out how he can decipher the symbols of his creed and transfigure them into exact truth. At the same time I give to the freethinker the key which will unlock the mysteries of traditional religion, and exhibit the significance of their peculiar forms, so full of beauty and comfort to the believer, and so grotesque to the uninitiated.

That Corvinus judges rashly of the work which I do, is, in my opinion, simply due to the fact that he never felt the need of a reconciliation of religion with science, and science with religion. He knows neither the real character of the religious people of to-day, nor does he understand the historical import of religion. He only knows the little circle of his own society, in which freethought prevails, and he has probably never investigated the evolution of moral ideals, which, without religion, would never have been disseminated or enthusiastically received among the masses of mankind. Morality without religion, and of course we mean here religion in the highest sense of the word, would have simply been fear of the police and nothing more.

I cannot enter here into a detailed exposition of all the misconceptions of which Corvinus is guilty; but I shall point out that he has misunderstood the most important side of my position. He sees the negations alone of my philosophy, which ally me so strongly with the freethinker party, but not its affirmations, and I would say, that if to be a freethinker means to be purely negative and to reject wholesale everything that has been established by the millennial evolution of religion, I am not a freethinker, but I am an orthodox among the orthodox; nay, an arch-orthodox, for while the old-fashioned orthodoxy claims to be a system of belief, the new orthodoxy which is implied in the Religion of Science claims to be based on a firmer foundation than mere belief. It is built upon evidence which can be refused only by those who are unable to comprehend the import of facts.

To Corvinus, all religions, and especially Christianity, are errors and unmitigated nonsense, while I see in them the development of that most important side of man's nature, which determines the character of his life. In my opinion, the very idea of "a system of pure ethics" is unscientific. Ethics is always the expression of a world-conception. Every religion and every philosophy has its own ethics. Cut ethics loose from its basis, and it remains an arbitrary system of rules without either *raison d'être* or authority. The *raison d'être* of moral commandments is the most essential part of ethics; it is the root from which morality springs, and whatever this *raison d'être* be, it is the religion of the man who owns it. If there are men who have no other *raison d'être* for moral conduct than their own personal welfare, I would say that their religion consists in the attainment of happiness. If they recognise no authority to which they bow save their own pleasure or displeasure, their God is Self. Now, it has been maintained by some freethinkers that the very nature of freethought consists in this unshackled freedom, and I would say that if their conception is truly legitimate freethought, I am no freethinker, for I believe, nay, I know, that there is a power in this world which we have to recognise as the norm of truth and the standard of right conduct; and, indeed, there are conditions in which our personal happiness may seriously come into conflict with our duties. In this sense I uphold the idea of God as being a supreme authority for moral conduct, the presence of which in life can only be denied by men whose opposition to the false dogmatism of the traditional religions leads them to deny also their truth, which is the very essence and the cause of their continued existence.

Religion, as it originates among the various nations of the world, is not the product of systematised investigation, but of race experience. It is natural that truths of great importance were, long before a scientific investigation could explain their nature, invented by instinct. Thus the Egyptians invented implements, the use of which is based upon laws utterly unintelligible in those days. In the same way moral truths were proclaimed by the prophets, who felt their significance without being able to explain them by a philosophical argumentation, and it is to the enormous practical importance of these truths that they owe their survival. To show justice and mercy to enemies appears at first sight foolish, but experience has taught that the men who insisted on this principle were right, and the belief in their divine mission became by and by established. The prophets of almost all nations were persecuted, but their doctrines survived, and led naturally enough to the foundation of institutions such as the synagogue of the Jews, the church of the Christians, the sangha of the Buddhists.

The religious conception which it is my life-work to uphold, is simple enough, yet I find that Corvinus has radically misunderstood its main significance, without which all my writing would indeed be a mere quibbling of words and an ambiguous display of old phrases, not in a new sense, but without any sense.

One instance will be sufficient to point out the misconception of Corvinus. Corvinus declares that God is with me "only an idea," implying that it is no reality. He says (p. 31):

"If God is being defined simply as abstract thought, an idea, as something *existing only in imagination and not in reality*, it is meaningless to say science is a revelation of God."

And he adds:

"Science is the achievement of man and nothing else."

In opposition to his statement I say that the idea of God is an abstract thought, but God himself is a reality. There is no abstract thought but it is invented to describe a reality.¹ If the term "God" did not describe an actual reality, it would be meaningless to speak of Science as a revelation of God. I grant that Science is "the achievement of man," but that is one side only of the truth. Far from being "the achievement of man *and nothing else*," Science is in its very essence superhuman. Man cannot invent mathematics; he must discover its theorems. He cannot make the laws of nature; he must describe them. He cannot establish facts; he must investigate, and can only determine the truth. Nor can he set up a code of morals, but he must adapt himself to the eternal moral law which is the condition of human society and the factor that shapes the human of man.

Here is the point where Corvinus radically differs from my position. He says, quoting a misunderstood passage from Haeckel:

"Constantly to speak of the moral laws of nature proves blindness to the undeniable facts of human and natural history."

Corvinus adds:

"All moral laws from their beginning in the dim past among our rude, savage-like predecessors up to the noblest conceptions of modern ethics, were conceived, proposed, and consequently established by man."

Corvinus says that "necessity gave birth to these moral laws," meaning probably by necessity "the needs of man." I accept his reply, and would say that the needs of man indicate the presence of a higher necessity, viz., of that necessity which we trace in the harmony of natural laws and in the peculiarly complicated simplicity of mathematics. This higher necessity is the ultimate *raison d'être* of the moral law, and it is a characteristic feature of that omnipotent presence which we can trace everywhere. Intrinsic

¹An apparent exception to this rule is the conception of the irrational in mathematics. The irrational is a symbol representing a function which cannot be executed. Root-extraction from -1 is as impossible as the squaring of the circle.

necessity means eternity, immutability, stern and inflexible authority—in a word, it means God.

Corvinus confounds two things: moral injunctions, and the natural law of morality. Moral injunctions are proposed and established by man in his anxiety to adapt himself to the moral law, exactly as an architect may write down the rules for building bridges so that according to the material which he uses the law of gravitation should not be infringed upon. If the architect's rules are in conformity with the natural conditions such as scientists formulate in what is called laws of nature, he will be able to build boldly and yet securely. And if the laws of legislators are based upon a correct conception of the moral law of nature, the nations who adopt them will prosper and progress.

It appears that, according to Corvinus, the moral law of nature is a nonentity, while the injunctions of law-givers are all that can be called a moral law. The fact is just the reverse. The moral law of nature is the eternal abiding reality, while the laws and injunctions of man are only its transitory and more or less imperfect expressions. The moral law of nature alone partakes of that feature which in all religions is attributed to God. It is eternal, it is omnipresent, it is irrefragable. Certainly the moral law is not a concrete object, not an individual fact, not a personal being, but for that reason it is not a nonentity. It cannot be seen with the eye, or heard with the ear, or tasted with the tongue, or touched with the hands. It is one of those higher realities which can only be perceived by the mind. The senses are insufficient to encompass it, but any normal mind can grasp it.

There was in the Middle Ages a philosophical party called the Nominalists, who denied the objective existence of ideas, declaring ideas to be mere names without any corresponding reality. Their adversaries, called the Realists, believed in the reality of ideas. And while the nominalistic philosophy was rejected, it began to flourish again and found its mightiest expression in the transcendental idealism of the great sage of Königsberg. Spencer's agnosticism is its most modern offshoot. In him Nominalism reached its final *reductio ad absurdum*. On this line of thought the whole universe has become intrinsically incomprehensible.

Corvinus is apparently a nominalist. Ideas are to him mere ideas, i. e., subjective inventions without objective reality; and science, that most methodical system of ideas, is not a revelation of objective truth, but "the achievement of man and nothing else." It is, accordingly, in the same predicament as the names of the nominalists, and he who studies science is like Hamlet in one of his erratic moods reading, as he says, "Words, words, words." Science would be mere words without any objective significance.

Now I will not quarrel with Corvinus about names. He has an inherited objection to the very word "God." I will not now apply the name God to that peculiar presence of superhuman reality which the various sciences reveal to us in parts, but I insist on its being a reality; indeed, I maintain that it is the most real reality in the world. We may call it cosmic order, or law (*Gesetzmässigkeit*), or necessity, or the eternal, or the immutable, or the omnipresent, the absolute, or the prototype of mind, or the standard of rationality, or the universal Logos, or the authority of conduct. But it exists, in undeniable objectivity. We cannot mould it or shape it, but, on the contrary, we are the products of its handiwork. Every arithmetical formula, every law of nature, every truth, is a partial revelation of its character, and there is nothing in the infinite universe but is swayed by its influence. It encompasses the motions of the infinitesimal atoms and of the grandest suns; it is the logic of man's reason and the nobility of man's moral aspirations.

It is true that I deny the existence of an individual God. In this sense I am an outspoken atheist. Nevertheless, I declare most emphatically that *God is a reality*, and indeed, God is a super-individual reality. In Mr. Corvinus's opinion this is a flat contradiction and he has no other explanation of it than by considering it as a tergiversation. He puts it down as a mania through which I try to reconcile the errors of the past with the truths of modern times. By truths of modern times he understands negations of all and any positive issues in religion, so that as soon as I attempt to formulate freethought in positive terms, which is tantamount to recognising the truth in our traditions, he decries me for pandering to popular superstitions.

In my opinion freethought has been barren because of its negativism and it is left behind the times because it has failed to come out with positive issues, and now that The Open Court Publishing Co. is propounding a constructive freethought, its work is suspected, criticised, and rejected. In spite of the negations of Corvinus, I insist that the reality of God is an undeniable fact, scientifically provable by unfailing evidence. It can be established so surely that Corvinus, as soon as he grasps the meaning of the idea, would say that it is a truism.

Philosophical materialism has so strongly affected our ideas that the average mind is incapable of believing in immaterial realities. First, the immaterial realities of natural laws were represented as personal beings, then as metaphysical essences, and now since we know that metaphysicism is untenable their very existence is denied, and, being recognised as immaterial, they are declared to be unreal. But the objective reality of form and the laws of form is exactly the truth which we must learn to appreciate.

That which the senses do not perceive, but is discernible by the mind, is not non-existent but possesses a higher kind of existence. It constitutes the unity of the universe and the harmony of its order. Without it, the world would not be a cosmos but an incoherent chaos; nature would be matter in motion, without any regularity of mechanical adjustment and the system of thought-forms which constitutes the superiority of the human mind would never have developed. Without it, Science would be mere verbiage, Religion meaningless, and ethics an impossibility.

The new philosophy which I represent—call it Monism, or the new Positivism (for it differs from Comtean Positivism), or the philosophy of science, or the new Realism—insists on the reality of form, of relations, and the significance of ideas. The soul of man is not in his blood but in his mind. He is not a mere heap of atoms. He consists of ideas. His existence is not purely material. It is also, and principally, spiritual. We grant that there is no ego-soul. There is as little a metaphysical thing-in-itself of man as there is a thing-in-itself of a watch, or of a tree, or of a natural law. But nevertheless, just as much as that combination which makes of a spring, cogs and wheels, an instrument called a watch, is not a non-entity but a reality, in the same way man's soul in spite of the non-existence of a metaphysical ego-soul is not a nonentity but a reality; and the mould into which we have been cast is that divinity of the world which was at the beginning and will remain for ever and aye.

If there is anything that deserves the name of God-head, it is this peculiar supersensible Reality, the various aspects of which are revealed in glimpses that we receive in Religion, in Ethics, and in Science. For here alone the attributes of divinity are found, viz., omnipresence and universality, immutability and eternity, intrinsic necessity and irrefragibility. It is one and the same in all its various revelations, in mathematical theorems and in ethical injunctions. There is no wisdom, but it is a comprehension of *its* truth. There is no virtue, but it is a compliance with *its* dispensations. There is no genuine piety, but it is a devotion to *its* beauty and sovereignty. If there are gods of any kind, *it* is the God of gods, and if the word supernatural has any sense, here is it applicable; for here we have the conditions for all possible worlds, and it would remain such as it is, even if nature did not exist. The simplest formulas of arithmetic as much as the noblest moral laws, which constitute the superiority of love over hate and of compassion over ferocity, hold good for this actual world of ours not less than for any possible world.

Thus we learn that if God is not wise like a sage, he is infinitely more than wise; he is that which con-

stitutes the essence of all wisdom. God is not good like a well-meaning man; he is more than a philanthropist. God is the measure of goodness and the moral law of life.

When Corvinus speaks of God he means the God-conception of average Christianity. But we can assure him that the masses are not responsible for the religion which they espouse, while many leaders in the churches are far from believing in an individual God. They may not be clear as to the nature of God. They believe in Him without comprehending his Being; but I maintain that upon the whole they have an aspiration toward a higher conception and that in the long run of the historical evolution of mankind they will more and more accept the idea of God as I conceive it now. They try to conceive the idea of God as a truly superpersonal God, and at the same time think of him still as an individual being, a huge world-ego. But I venture to say that this combination is self-contradictory. If such an individual God, a kind of world-ego, a distinct and single being, existed, if this God were a being who had been the creator of the universe and is now its governor and supreme ruler, I would say that that superpersonal God whose revelation we find in science, and whose essence is that indescribable presence of law and cosmic order, must be considered superior to him.

Suppose we call an individual God, after the precedent of the gnostics, "Demiurge" or world-architect and represent him, not as the prototype of all personality, but as an actual person like ourselves, only infinitely greater. Now, suppose that it was he who made the world as a watchmaker makes a watch, that he regulates it as we wind and set our watches, and that he owns and rules it, and keeps it in order. Must we not grant at once that the Demiurge, though infinitely greater than man, would not be the supreme Reality? He would have to obey those supernatural laws of nature which constitute their intrinsic necessity. He would not be the ultimate ground of morality and truth. There is a higher authority above him. And this higher and highest authority is the God of the Religion of Science, who alone is worthy of the name of God. The God of the Religion of Science is still the God of the Demiurge. The Demiurge could have created the world only by complying with the eternal and unalterable laws of being to which he would be not less subject than all his creatures.

Taking this ground, we say that the God of the Religion of Science alone is God, and not the Demiurge in whom a great number of the Christians of today still believe. The Demiurge is a mythical figure, and belief in him is true paganism. Monotheism in this sense is only a polytheism which has reduced the number of its gods to one single god-being. The God

whom the Religion of Science proclaims is not a single God-Being, but it is the one, the sole, the self-consistent, universal sameness of divinity that is the all-pervading condition of any possible world as a cosmic universe.

The God whom the Religion of Science proclaims is not a new God, but it is the old God proclaimed by every genuine prophet, among the Jews and also among the Gentiles, only purified of its paganism.

The philosophy of science is not an absolutely new philosophy, but only a more distinct formulation of the principles which have long been practiced among scientists. In the same way, the Religion of Science is not a radically new religion, but a religious reform which, according to the needs of the time, matures the old religions and opens a vista into the future, in which the most radical freethought is reconciled with the most rigorous orthodoxy. And this is not done by artificial phrases or by tergiversation, but by fusing religion in the furnace of science, and by sifting our religious traditions in the sieve of critique.

As the God of the Religion of Science is not a mere idea without reality, so the immortality of the soul is not purely imaginative but actual. Corvinus declares that

"It is perfectly immaterial to man as regards his own person, whether the truths and noble sentiments, which he cherished during his life, are still with mankind, after death or not, if he does not enjoy self-consciousness."

That the truth and noble sentiments which a man cherishes during his life should remain with mankind after his death is, in my humble opinion, whether or not his consciousness continues, not immaterial, but of the utmost importance. Corvinus says:

"It is preposterous to assume that the fruits of the practice of virtue will benefit him in the least if he ceases to live as a conscious being."

I make bold to say that there is no man, not even Corvinus himself, who would be so utterly indifferent about his sympathies concerning the fate of his children, of mankind in general, and above all of his aspirations. It is a fact that men who do not believe in the immortality of their individual self gladly die that their ideals may live, and, verily, our ideals are the better part of our selves; they are our spiritual life. If they continue, we can truly say that we continue to live in them.

* * *

Corvinus has recognised that there is dross in religion, and therefore, to him, religion is unmitigated superstition. Because like him I discard the dross he calls me a freethinker, but because I keep the gold he declares that I suffer from the reconciliation mania.

P. C.

THE RETURN FROM THE CAPTIVITY.

BY PROF. C. H. CORNILL.

CYRUS, the conqueror and new ruler of Babylon, at once gave to the Jewish exiles permission to return to their native land, and supported and helped them in every way. We have no reason to doubt the assertion that he provided the means for rebuilding the demolished temple from the funds of the Persian treasury, and that he ordered the sacred vessels of the ancient temple which had been plundered by the Chaldeans, so far as they still existed or were recognisable, to be returned to the homeward-bound Israelites.

The question has been raised, why Cyrus should have exhibited such sympathy for the Jewish exiles and espoused so cordially their cause, and the reason of it had been sought in a certain supposed affinity between the Ahura-Mazda religion avowed by Cyrus and his Persians, and the God-belief of the Israelites. In point of fact a certain similarity may be traced between the pure and profound Persian worship of light and the belief of the Jewish exiles in Babylon, whilst, on the other hand, to a Mazda-Yasnian, like Cyrus, the Babylonian cult must have appeared in the highest degree unsympathetic and ludicrous.

But Cyrus was not a sentimental man, and religious fanaticism was as foreign to him as to his people. We have to recognise in the liberation of the Jews merely a political action, the reason of which is very apparent. Now that Babylon had been overthrown, there existed but one powerful state bordering on the kingdom of Persia, and that was the old land of the pyramids—Egypt, which just at this time was enjoying a new lease of vigor under the long and prosperous reign of Amasis, and was taking an important part in politics. As early as the year 547 Egypt had joined a powerful coalition against the young and rising kingdom of Persia; long before, the Assyrians had fought against Egypt and temporarily subdued it, and likewise Nebuchadnezzar had waged war with this country. It lay in the logic of facts and circumstances, accordingly, that sooner or later hostilities between the two neighboring powers must break out; and therefore it was the most natural thing in the world that such a clear-sighted and far-seeing man as Cyrus should prepare for it. The restoration of Jerusalem and of Judah, then, was a mere link in the chain of these preparations. Judæa was the province bordering on Egypt, and Jerusalem the natural basis of operations for a campaign directed against the valley of the Nile. We can, therefore, well understand that it appeared desirable to Cyrus to know that a people dwelt there who was bound to him by the most powerful ties of gratitude, and on whose faithfulness and devotion he could confidently rely.

If Cyrus laid stress on the religious element and

proved himself a worshipper of the God of the Jews, his attitude in this respect simply coincides with his maxims of government, as we may show by documentary evidence. A considerable number of inscriptions concerning Cyrus exist, which he as king of Babylon ordered to be made in the old Babylonian cuneiform character, and in these Cyrus appears as the most devout servant and sincere worshipper of the Babylonian gods. He returns thanks to Merodach and to Nebo for the protection accorded to him, and grants special privileges to their temples and priests. The conduct of Cyrus towards the Jewish exiles must be considered from this twofold point of view, which does not exclude the additional possibility that in their fervid expectation of the fall of the Babylonian tyrant, the Jews took an active part in the operations and both countenanced and aided Cyrus and his Persians in their enterprise against Babylon, for which the Persians showed themselves thankful.

In the spring of the year 537 B. C. the Israelites began their homeward march. They numbered about 50,000 souls and were evidently members of all the families of the house of Judah. They were under the leadership of the Persian commissary Sheshbazzar. The government and management of internal affairs was lodged in a council of twelve confidential advisors, among whom and occupying the highest offices were Zerubbabel, the grandson of King Jehoiachin, and Joshua, the grandson of Seraiah, the last priest of the temple of Jerusalem put to death under Nebuchadnezzar.

It has often been supposed that the worldly-minded of the Jewish nation remained behind in Babylon in assured and comfortable positions, and had no desire to risk the dangers of the march, or the hardships of laying out and newly settling a devastated country. But this view is totally false and in contradiction to well-established facts. We shall soon see that the ones who remained behind, in the end really led the work of reform, and victoriously carried out the rehabilitation and completion of the religious system against the will of those who returned in 537.

Immediately on the arrival of the exiles the altar was erected on the sacred spot where once had stood the sacrificial altar of the temple of Solomon, and the autumn festival of the year 537 could therefore be celebrated with a solemn oblation to the God of Israel. Unfortunately we have only meagre and incomplete details regarding the 370 years which intervene between this event and the outbreak of the Maccabæan revolt; only isolated moments and events are at all well known to us, and these, although they throw a ray of light now and then into the dense obscurity of this period, yet oftentimes present more puzzles than they solve.

In 537 the cult was restored, but the most definite and indubitable evidence forces us to conclude that no attempt was made to rebuild the temple for seventeen years. On the other hand, highly momentous transformations must have taken place within the priesthood; for in the year 520 we suddenly find a high-priest of whom there is no premonitory trace in the Israel of the pre-exilic period, and of whom absolutely nothing is known either in Deuteronomy, or by Ezekiel. I regret that I am unable to enter more minutely into this matter, for it is as important as it is interesting. It is to be observed that in the year 520 prophecy once more awoke. And here again a great historical crisis was its origin. Cambyses, the degenerate son and successor of the great Cyrus, had indeed subdued Egypt in 525, and thus inserted the keystone in the arch of the Persian empire; but he was very near destroying it by his cruelty and tyranny. In 522 the Magus Gaumata gave himself out to be the brother of Cambyses whom the latter had secretly put to death, and called upon the Persian people to rid themselves of this monster. Cambyses marched against him, but committed suicide in Hamath in Syria, leaving no son. The Magus ruled for nearly a year unmolested, till Darius, who was directly connected with the royal house through a branch line, claimed his rights as heir, and aided by the noblest families of Persia, put the Magus to death in the autumn of the year 521. That was the signal for uprisings throughout the whole of the empire. Excitement reigned everywhere. Two full years Darius had to struggle with difficulties of every kind, till at last he succeeded in restoring order and consolidating the kingdom of Persia, a consolidation which lasted more than two centuries.

In this restless and seething period prophecy was again aroused. Suddenly Zerubbabel of the house of David appears as the Persian viceroy in Judæa. It is possible that Darius did this to win over the sympathies of the Jews, and to assure himself of their help at a period when his sovereignty was gravely threatened.

In the year 520 a bad harvest seems to have brought famine and hunger into the land; and at this crisis appeared an aged and venerable man, Haggai, who had seen with his own eyes the old temple and the old Jerusalem, and who must therefore have been in his seventies, with words of warning and exhortation. The famine had been the punishment of God for that the people dwelt in ceiled houses, whilst His house lay waste. Undaunted and unconcerned should they go to work, for a grand future was in store for this new temple, and Zerubbabel himself should be their Messiah. Saith Haggai:

“Yet now be strong, O Zerubbabel, be strong, O

Joshua, be strong all ye people, and work, for I am with you, saith the Lord of hosts . . . and my spirit remaineth among you . . . For thus saith the Lord of hosts: Yet once, it is a little while, and I will shake the heavens, and the earth, and the sea, and the dry land. And I will shake all nations, and the valuable things of all nations shall come, and I will fill this house with glory. The silver is mine, and the gold is mine, and the latter glory of this house will be greater than the former, and in this place will I give peace."

And to Zerubbabel specially He saith:

"I will shake the heavens and the earth, and I will overthrow the throne of kingdoms, and I will destroy the strength of the kingdoms of the heathen; and I will overthrow the chariots and those that ride in them, and the horses and their riders shall come down, every one by the sword of his brother. In that day will I take thee, O Zerubbabel, my servant, and I will make thee as a signet: for I have chosen thee."

As we are told by Haggai, the cornerstone of the new temple was actually laid on the 24th of December, 520. We can plainly see the influence and reflexion of the ideas of Isaiah and Deutero-Isaiah in Haggai. Haggai has given us nothing of his own; yet in its simple and unpretentious style his little book has something peculiarly touching in it, and brings before us vividly and immediately the feelings and views of the time.

Contemporaneously with Haggai appeared another prophet with the same views and with the same aims—Zechariah. His book has the same subject as that of Haggai: the rebuilding of the temple and the future Messianic kingdom of Zerubbabel. But in a literary point of view Zechariah is highly remarkable and unique. He has abandoned the old style of prophecy, which was that of the discourse or sermon, and depicts in its stead visions which he has seen, and which are explained to him by an angel. Zechariah clothes his ideas in mysteriously symbolical events, which is indubitable proof that prophecy has loosed itself from its natural soil and developed into a purely literary creation. It may be compared to a book-drama of to-day. In all these productions of art the emotional and passionate elements are wanting which are to be found in the older prophetic writings, and which Haggai himself still knew how to preserve. Just as religion since Deuteronomy had become a book-religion, so now prophecy became purely literary in form. The thought of a personal and direct influence has totally disappeared.

The altered relation of the prophet towards God is also noteworthy. Whilst the older prophets feel themselves to be completely one with God, who is ever present and living in them, God now grows more

and more transcendent; the direct personal intercourse of the prophet with God ceases; an angel steps in between, who communes with him as intermediary. Zechariah has at his disposal a rich and lively fantasy, and his book is highly interesting and in its kind excellent; but it is nevertheless a clear witness of the growing deterioration of prophecy.

Especially typical of the conceptions of the time is the first of his visions. A man stands among myrtle trees, to whom come four apocalyptic riders on four horses of different colors. These horsemen have been sent to walk to and fro through the earth and bring news of what takes place. And they answer and say: "We have walked to and fro through the earth, and behold, all the earth sitteth still and is at rest." Then the angel who explains the vision to the prophet exclaims: "O Lord of hosts, how long wilt thou not have mercy on Jerusalem and on the cities of Judah, against which thou hast had indignation these threescore and ten years?"

From the revolution, from the overthrow of all existing circumstances, Israel expects the realisation of its hopes of the future, the destruction of the kingdoms of this world and the foundation of the Kingdom of God. The events of the world were followed with anxious curiosity; whenever a storm gathered on the political horizon, men believed they saw in it the signs of the great future. Thus was this unrestful and critical period of the Persian empire a time of great excitement among the Jews, and was looked upon by them all in the same way. We learn from Zechariah the remarkable fact that the Jews who had remained behind in Babylon sent at this time a golden crown to Jerusalem to be worn by Zerubbabel as the future Messiah King. It is the electrification, so to speak, of an atmosphere heavy with storm, which we feel in the Book of Zechariah.

But all hopes were in vain. Darius proved himself equal to the situation; the Persian empire stood firmer than ever, and all remained as before. In the meanwhile the building of the temple made rapid progress; the Satrap of the province, on the other side of the Euphrates, to which Judah belonged, named Tatnai, asked officially for orders. Darius expressly permitted the completion and also promised state-aid. The Satrap Tatnai took the matter up, and on the third day of March, 515, the new temple was completed after four and a half years' work.

THE BUTTERFLY.

BY PROF. WILHELM WINKLER.

ON the ruddy cheek of a ripening apple a brilliantly colored butterfly sits. It is a peacock butterfly. Playfully it opens and shuts its gorgeous wings,

on which its bright dappled eyes glitter like jewels in the sunshine.

Below, on the prickly nettle-bushes, along the rough stalks, black caterpillars are creeping, equipped with huge spines. On the branches of the garden hedge, polished angular pupæ hang, with their heads downwards, scarcely exhibiting a symptom of life. The butterfly now rises, and in rapid zigzag, now soaring, now flying, it alights on a nettle-leaf, where it lays its eggs.

Egg—caterpillar—pupa—butterfly! With marvelous instinct, the butterfly selects the spot and plant where its offspring, which it is never to see, can find the requisite conditions of life and development. The egg, so diminutive and insignificant, braves the rigor of the winter, and in the warm days of spring it gives life to the caterpillar. Like a tube constantly expanding, the caterpillar creeps along on its sixteen feet from one nettle to another, unmindful of the stinging hairs. Leaf after leaf falls under its sharp jaws.

At last the caterpillar becomes a pupa or chrysalis, and from the pupa, as from a coffin, arises the gorgeous daughter of the sun.

Like a flower endowed with life, the butterfly soars from blossom to blossom, sipping only the nectar.

Involuntarily we are reminded here of the words of the great Königsberg philosopher, Kant, who says:

"I make bold to say that the constitution of all the bodies in the heavens, the cause of their motions, in brief, the origin of the whole present structure of the universe, will be understood before the production of a single caterpillar, of a single common weed shall be clearly and perfectly explained on mechanical grounds."¹

Certainly, no other development in nature has furnished the reflecting mind of man with more material for portentous comparisons than the development of the butterfly.

FABLES FROM THE NEW ÆSOP.

BY HUDOR GENONE.

The Neighbors.

SOMEWHERE in Argolis, near the sea, two men dwelt with their families, side by side, in cottages of much the same style and furnishing. After dwelling thus in amity for several years a day came when the two set forth as usual at dawn to provide for their families. "I go north to fish," said one. "And I," said the other, "go south to trap game." So each went his own way; but by nightfall their fate (thus far strangely even) divided altogether; for the fisher who went north found no fish, and lost his net, and stumbled and fell upon the rocks and hurt his leg so badly it was a full month before he went forth again. But the

¹ *Allgemeine Naturgeschichte und Theorie des Himmels*. 1755. Vorrede.

other who went to set traps, set them so well that he caught much game, so weighty, that on the way home he stumbled and fell; but, far from injuring him, his fall caused a rock to move, and lo! beneath it a great carbuncle, which, taking home, in a month he sold. The neighbors are not neighbors now, because nothing estranges more than change of fortune.

WHENCE?

BY J. ARTHUR EDGERTON.

I do not know. I seem a child at play
Before the viewless mystery of life,
And know not it is there: except at times
There comes to me a sense unnamable;
The veil seems just a little drawn; I see
An awful glimpse that shakes my inmost soul.
It may be but a look, a word, a face,
A strain of music, or a laugh, a song,
And all the world goes fading into dream.
I seem to feel all this has been before.
There rises up a something in my soul,
A something of unutterable age,
As old as life, aye, and as old as death,
That gazes through my eyes upon the world,
And brings a sense of loneliness, a gleam
Of fearful knowledge, then it fades away.

It was more frequent in my early years,
Before I clogged my soul with flesh and sin;
But even yet it comes to me at times;
And once—I know not what the cause—it came,
And in the frenzy burst from out my lips
The one involuntary cry, "I know";
And then it left me helpless as a child;
The dream died from me; and I went my way
Into the world of toil and commonplace.

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GREATNESS AS A FINE ART.

BY S. MILLINGTON MILLER, M. D.

I THINK I can present a series of facts, which, taken together, indicate that it is possible, comparatively speaking, to make a Napoleon out of an idiot. This should be entirely too sensational as the title of an article written for a serious periodical, and yet I do not know of any other collection of words which so clearly expresses what I have in mind. The only proof of my theory would be the actual construction of a very high type of man out of a very low one, and as I cannot do this in sight of the public, I am constrained to rely upon a narrative of facts which go far in my estimation to prove, not only the possibility, but also the likelihood of such an accomplishment.

In order that I may be thoroughly understood, it will be necessary that I give a preliminary description of just what the brain and central nervous system of man includes. In doing this I will try to be as brief and clear as possible. The various senses, have, primarily, "end-organs," as they are called, such as the retina of the eye, the taste-buds of the tongue, and an equally complicated apparatus in the ear. These "end-organs" receive and condense the impressions obtained from the outer world. Between these "end-organs" and the sense-centres in the cortex of the cerebrum, (which sense-centres have of late years been quite accurately localised,) extend the various nerves of sense, such as the optic, auditory, olfactory nerve, etc.

These nerves consist of an endless number of fibres contained within an enveloping sheath. Each fibre has what is known as an "axis-cylinder,"—a central tube of microscopical dimensions, filled with still more microscopical cells. These cells are free to move within certain limits, and able to transfer impression the one to the other, in a way not entirely known to us, but much resembling in point of routine the conduction of electricity along an iron wire. These incoming or *afferent* nervous fibres end each of them in a grey tissue-cell of the sense-centre. From this grey tissue-cell of the sense-centre other fibres extend to the cells of the motor centres, and from these motor-centre cells still a third set of nervous fibres (the *efferent* nerves) carry messages or orders to the muscles all over the body. The whole passage-way,

from the "end-organ" of one fibre of the optic nerve in the retina, to the "other end-organ" of the fibre of a nerve, supplying, we will say, a muscle in the thumb, is an open canal. Its long and narrow channel is filled with the cells above described, and widens at two places into what we may describe as a lake full of cells. These two lakes correspond to the sense-centre and the motor-centre cells in the brain. The human body is a system of wheels within wheels. Big cells have an endless number of little cells floating more or less freely within them, just as "big fleas have little fleas to bite them."

The color of the rose is focussed on the retina of the eye, and an impulse of its color and shape flows along from particle to particle in the "axis-cylinder" of some particular optic nerve, and is discharged into the small sea of particles in its particular sense-cell in the cortex. Here a process takes place which we do not understand, but which we call a "sensation of the rose," and either in this sense-cell or in the motor cell with which it is connected, or in the fibre connecting the two cells, a *thought* originates and an order is sent down the efferent nerve of action to the muscles of the thumb and hand, bidding them pluck the rose and hold it to the nose that we may smell it.

That afferent and efferent nervous fibres differ only in their function of carrying messages in different directions is best illustrated by the fact that if a rat's tail be cut off short at its junction with the body, and the pointed end denuded of skin and united by suture with the body, the former base will be the tip, which will curl up as soon as this appendage, called a tail, has healed in place.

In the spinal cord itself there are what is known as reflex nervous centres, which have themselves the power of receiving impressions and changing them into muscular action without the necessity for mental thought. If we sit down on a pin, the sensation of pain is carried at once to the brain, but a centre in the spine first receives the impression and sends out a sharp command which lifts the body out of the chair simultaneously, if not before we are cognisant of pain in the pinprick. The action of this reflex centre in the spinal cord is as easy a one for us to understand, as it is for us to pull a rope or wire in one direction

knowing that there is an apparatus fitted to its other end so constructed as to pull another rope or wire in an opposite direction.

But when that thing which we vaguely call *thought* or *will* is brought into the by-play, an element is introduced which is entirely without our comprehension of the correlation of mechanical or physical forces.

As there are an enormous number of "rods and cones" in the retina of the eye, and an enormous number of fibres in the optic nerve, and an enormous number of sense and motor cells in the cortex of the cerebrum, it is quite reasonable to take it for granted (at least until a more accurate knowledge has shown the supposition to be a false one), that each particular impression of sight may employ one fixed fibre debouching into the same sense-cell in the cortex, each time that that particular sensation affects the brain. And that the particular motion or motions which that sensation produces may come from one particular motor-cell centre connected by the same fibre with the same sense-centre which originally and always receives the same impressions. Physiological investigation gives considerable color to this partial explanation of *thought*.

This subject is naturally a difficult one to explain understandably, and I have done my best to make it as brief and as clear as possible. With this introduction I think it will be in order to introduce my facts.

It is evidently a function of the will in each individual to send out certain orders to the muscles, or to reach such mental conclusions as may be justified by the understanding. And it is a well-established fact that the concentration of this *will* upon any particular portion of the body can and does produce physiological and pathological changes there. The thin, tightly drawn lips of the ascetic are brought into this condition of tenseness and constant contraction by his own will power. Duty and high thoughts banish all ideas of sensuality and pleasure from his mind, and his lips are but a reflex of the sternness of his purpose, and of the narrowness and straightness of his path.

The truth of the Biblical query as to who can add a cubit to his stature by the thought of it, is open to serious question. There seems to be no good reason why a man by constantly stretching his body, and by keeping his thoughts all the time fixed on that purpose, may not in reality cause the very condition of affairs that he desires to come to pass.

There is unquestionable authenticity in medical literature for the fact that heart disease is frequently and actually produced by a state of mind which not only dreads but anticipates such an occurrence. And the saying is well known that ninety-nine people out of a hundred, who die of the plague, never have it.

Whatever cures may have been, or may be, effected

by "Christian Scientists" are undoubtedly produced by this undeniable dominion of the will over the tissues of the mind and body. There is also truth in phrenology and physiognomy. The truth is twofold, not only that certain conditions of head and face indicate the possession of certain mental qualities, but also that the will itself, by repeated blows of itself on certain parts of the body, can and does by the very act cause blood to tend to those parts, and so produce an entirely original and phenomenal development there.

Scattered all over the tactile surfaces of the body, and particularly numerous and highly developed on the inner surfaces of the fingers and thumb are the "end-organs" of the sense of touch, the so-called Pacinian corpuscles. These bulbs contain within them a nerve stem and a venous and arterial distribution. Post-mortems made on the congenitally blind, or upon those who have been blind for a considerable portion of their lives, have shown that these Pacinian corpuscles are wonderfully developed in this afflicted class. Instead of their main nerve-stem an infinite number of delicate nervous tendrils are found branching off from this trunk—as fine a mesh as that of the floating sea-weed, with every fairy thread awake, and ready to grasp its food.

The explanation of this extreme state of development is simply this. The Mutual Aid Society of the Senses, whose principal business it is to provide the best possible crutch for a disabled sister—(any one of the five senses which may be lost) provides for the blind man an eye in his sense of touch, and the constant concentration of the blind man's mind upon his finger-tips. And the very double duty which these organs are led to perform, has given rise to a much greater and more efficient sensitiveness on their part than they conserve in the average individual.

The "end-organs" of hearing in the blind man show a like extraordinary condition of development. His ear for music is very much truer on general principles than is the case in the average man. And he hears much softer and finer sounds than cause any noticeable impression on our ears. The waves of sound which beat upon every wall and tree like billows upon the shores of the sea, and are thrown back in sound echoes from these walls and trees, produce a distinct sensation upon the tympanum of the blind man's ear. He will tell you that he hears a tree or a wall as he approaches it. This is but another example of the development of tissue and function by extraordinary necessity for use.

Laryngological examination of the throat of those who are congenitally deaf, and who grow up without using the voice articulately, invariably discloses a flabby and toneless condition of the vocal chords.

They hang down like a sagging rope, and are not tense and taut like the strings of a piano. But when such a child is placed in an institution for the oral education of the deaf, and is put through the course of instruction now so admirably pursued in such schools, these vocal chords, which originally lacked tonicity, are gradually developed and brought into a condition of practical usefulness for articulate speech. This is done by causing the little pupil to place one hand on the lips and the other on the throat of his instructress, and so, at the same time, to feel the vibrations produced by the "a" sound, and notice the movements of tongue and lips to which it gives rise. After receiving these sensations of touch and sight for a longer or shorter period, he is persuaded to try and imitate them, and when, after repeated efforts, the sound which he makes is the same as the true sound of the "a," some little reward is given to the child, in the shape of a flower, or toy, or piece of candy.

This process of education is continued until the pupil has mastered all the vowel and consonant sounds and finally the word sounds, which they form when uttered together. Here, again, the concentration of the will upon undeveloped organs has by patience and in time developed them, and at the same time caused the deaf child to find a new ear in the shape of its eye and sense of touch.

A gentleman connected with one of the largest institutions for the education of the deaf in this country has recently corroborated over his own signature the report of an interview in which the statement was made that he could cure not only dumbness, but deafness, by hypnotism. As the hypnotic influence is usually believed to be carried to the motor centres in the brain through the auditory nerve, and as the auditory nerves of his pupils are congenitally defective, I do not understand what medium he employs to establish the power of his own will in the motor centres of the child's brain.

This slight (?) difficulty obviated, however, there is no earthly reason why his will, working through these motor centres on the toneless vocal chords of the congenitally deaf child, should not stimulate them first into action and then into genuine and constant growth. The orally educated child learns this method of development by methods which I have already described, but which necessitate the employment of his own volition. If some means has been found by which a stronger volition than his own may beat upon his brain-centre, the education of such a child is by this very power of interference immeasurably simplified.

All that will be necessary in passing is simply to refer to Herr Sandow and to the very admirable book which he has written, showing how the muscles of the body of man may be so educated and developed by

the scientific concentration of the intelligence and the will upon them, as to create a giant out of a weakling—other conditions, such as environment, type, food, etc., being satisfactory.

This brings me finally to the consideration of man's power over brain-tissues, and to the narration of a certain line of facts which show that it is easily possible for an intelligent will to take hold of very poor brain-material, in the shape of exceedingly simple or coarse sense and motor cells, and educate them in time into very complex and very fine organs of reception and performance.

There is an institution at Elwyn, Pennsylvania, which affords a school and home for over a thousand "castaways of the mind." The idiots that enter this institution are, most of them, more deficient in moral sense than the dog, and far more poorly provided with physical senses than that intelligent animal.

There are two classes of idiots admitted into this institution—the *nervous* and the *apathetic*. The former class are capable of immeasurable improvement, but the present methods of education are only able to partially improve the latter. It is considered "a good day's work" if an apathetic idiot is turned into a man who can be relied upon to peel a certain quantity of potatoes skilfully every day, or to drive a herd of cows out to pasture at dawn, watch them during the day, and drive them back again at evening.

The other class—the nervous idiots—may be quite as poorly equipped mentally as the apathetic when they enter the institution. The taste of salt may give them more pleasure than the taste of sugar. The smell of the onion produce a greater ecstasy of olfaction than the odor of the rose. They may gaze on the full brightness of the sun without winking. They may run their finger carelessly along the edge of a sharp knife and stare in amazement at the curious flow of blood which follows the act. The sharp severance of the flesh has given them no appreciable pain.

These children are taken in hand and developed sense by sense. Repeated blows of sight are sent through the optic nerve, until the sight centre in the brain takes upon itself development. The same course is pursued with the sense of hearing and of smell. This kind of education requires infinite patience and a long, long time, but it bears rich fruit in the end. The sense cells in the brain, useless at first, and incompetent of intelligent performance, do actually grow in size and capacity, and ten, fifteen, or twenty years as the case may be, finally produce, at least an average, if not a superior, member of society.

I have read with great pleasure an article in the October issue of the *New Science Review*, by Professor Jordan, in which he takes very proper and scientific exception to the present methods of so called educa-

tion, and shows that the tendency of the prevalent system is simply to stuff the child's mental storehouse with facts which never blossom or ripen into practical expression. His epigram is that the effort of this method of education seems to be simply to produce impression, without an adequate expression.

I think Dr. Jordan would secure a very much more lasting foundation for his just criticism of what is practically all wrong, if he were to say that there is not *enough* impression produced to give rise to the proper expression. The sense and motor centres of the brain, in order to give rise to intelligent and practical action, need to have a habit formed, the habit of knowing that a certain sense-impression calls for just one particular kind of action. This rule is, of course, equally applicable to those processes which we call "memory" and "thought."

WHY BUDDHISM?

BY C. PFOUNDERS.

THE hold which Buddhism has upon the majority of Asiatics is deeply rooted in the inner life of its devotees and appears prominently in the obsequies, memorial services, and ancestral rites, which form an integral part of their monotonous existence. The arguments against Buddhism are so very easily applied to other competing forms of religion, that, as a rule, the propagandists of alien creeds are more successful in destructive criticism than in constructive work. Real converts are rarely met with, while perverts to materialism, scepticism, and irreligion are many—not quite the chicks the missionaries desire to hatch.

During the present century very large sums have been expended annually in Asia, as well as elsewhere, in mission-work, and a great many more or less competent and enthusiastic men and women from Europe and America have devoted their lives to the work of proselytising. Others enter upon the work with less noble and more mercenary motives. Of late years much of the money and material hitherto devoted to the Pacific Islands, etc., has been diverted to Asia. Japan and other countries having a civilisation, religion, and literature of their own, are receiving much attention, to the neglect of other lands where none of these good things exist. The needs of those "nearer home" have been ignored, whilst those afar off are courted and petted.

Foreign missionaries in Asia, in Japan, for instance, are now very numerous, and representatives from nearly every civilised nation and of nearly all the numerous Christian sects are competing keenly for converts. The inducements held out to the young of both sexes are too attractive, the temptation is too strong, especially to the indigent classes, to be resisted. The opportunities for obtaining an education, which is in

itself a sure highroad to lucrative employment, attract the young Japanese, especially the scions of old feudal retainers, who still cling to the traditions of superior birth, and whose pride makes them unwilling to learn a trade or to keep a shop, and whose ambition is official employment, military or civil, as school-teachers, interpreters, or clerks.

It is not to be wondered at, therefore, if the mission schools are crowded with pupils, and if more applicants than can be accommodated wait outside. Of the pupils, however, it is an admitted fact that but a tithe really become sincere converts, though many, for the time being, profess to believe.

A constant weeding out of the less zealous and suspected pupils makes room for others; and those so turned adrift become the most active and bitter opponents of the introduction of the alien creed. Whilst there is but a very small percentage of families in the country who wholly ignore Buddhist rites, there are many individual members who have not been sufficiently instructed in Buddhism, or who have imbibed a dislike for the ancient faith, from having seen isolated cases of misconduct amongst the bonzes, or from having observed the activity and zeal, superior education, and purer life of the foreign missionaries as a body. It is not proposed to put forward here the arguments for and against Christianity; but a brief outline of the native attitude towards it, some of the native objections, may not, perhaps, be altogether out of place.

As to the controversies amongst the Christians themselves,—to say nothing of anti-Christian arguments,—the natives refuse to accept the translations of the Old and New Testaments as correct, the originals as authentic, or the Bible, in whole or in part, as divinely inspired. Enough is now universally taught and widely known of science, history, philosophy, and logic to preclude the blind acceptance of the Scriptures, which the natives know that the Jews themselves reject.

The prophecies, it is said, are doubtful from the historical point of view and very suspicious of "being wise after the event." The ethics are challenged, from the Buddhistic and Confucian standpoint, as well as from a modern point of view.

As to the scheme of redemption, it is true that in both Japanese and Chinese Buddhism, the saving help of the Amido (Amitayus) and other Buddhas and Bôdhisattvas is invoked, but the dogma of each and every Christian sect does not appeal to the native mind as logical, reasonable, or at all necessary; it is even ridiculed by the educated. The blood and fire methods of the Salvation Army disgust the better class. Puritanism will never get a footing in the Far East; and the prevalence of the Mahâyâna Buddhism

is a ground in which it is not easy to plant the seed of weedy Calvinism, of the "dour" Presbyterianism, or of the lurid and sombre Lutheranism. The sacrament of the mass, prayers for the dead, have their counterparts and similitudes in Buddhism, but the Eucharist, the bread and wine, have no parallel. The aid of the bonze is not invoked in marriages, although he is usually invited to partake of the feasting, but the infant is taken to the temple and to the shrine of the tutelary deity of the family.

The Christian priest has certainly some hold on the parishioners, especially in the old Catholic Church, from birth to death, and after; but the Buddhist bonze enters more closely into the home life, each family having a domestic altar, before which the bonze most acceptable to the family periodically officiates.

In some sects the memorial tablets of deceased relatives are lodged in the temple, others retain them on the family altar. For some period after the decease of a member of the household services are held at the domestic altar, as well as at the temple and in the cemetery; each family having its own section, tombs, etc. In the case of cremation, the ashes are consigned to the receptacle under the tombstone, if not conveyed to some more hallowed spot, celebrated shrine or temple, for deposit there.

In contrasting Buddhism with other competing creeds, the history of Buddhism in the East is compared with that of Christianity in the West, for example, in Spain, America, or Russia. Whilst some of the theories of the Western creed are stamped as admissible, it is claimed that all that is good therein may be found to a fuller extent in Buddhism, unfettered and unalloyed by much of what is objectionable in Christianity.

The fact that Buddhism has grown up amongst the people and adapted itself to their needs and sentiments, appealing to the emotional phases of their character, and that patriotism, loyalty, etc., form salient features of it, is of itself evidence of the stability, in one or other of its numerous forms, of this creed. With all the imperfections that it may appear to possess to the Occidental mind, Buddhism has been a great power for good throughout all Asia during more than twenty centuries. Art, literature, civilisation, skilled labor, agriculture, all have been advanced by the introduction of Buddhism; its advent being coeval universally with peace, prosperity, and progress; its decline having been followed in every country by the downfall of the people.

Recently the Christian missionaries have been "making a bid" for native popularity—a desperate struggle to arrest the decline dating from years gone by, when the old-time prohibitions were relaxed, after more than two centuries of hostility and persecution,

and meteor-like, a brilliant but transitory prospect opened up for the propagandists. The warlike spirit lately aroused is now loudly applauded, and the Japanese conquest of China encouraged. Do these missionary people hope, and really expect, to benefit by the defeat of the Chinese government, that they are so ready to go out of their way, and instead of being men of peace, turn their coats inside out and assume the Jingo character! No one with a knowledge of China and of Japan can do otherwise than sympathise with the Japanese in their struggle and hope that they will be successful in giving the Peking government and its Manchu hordes a much needed, even if severe, lesson; so as to open up the vast territories of Eastern Asia to progress and civilisation. But the representatives of foreign missionary societies appear to be going somewhat out of their way, straying far from the legitimate path of their duty, in blatantly and persistently advocating an aggressive, warlike policy. Is the hope father to the thought, that there is in the near future a "good time" coming for missionaries in China, etc., as the result of a sanguinary conflict?

The attitude of the Buddhist theocracy, the sacerdotal class, forms a strong contrast to all this. Whilst patriotic in no less a degree than their lay compatriots, they have been busily occupied in holding services in honor of those who have fallen on the field, in addressing those going to the front, in organising local societies to send to the men in the field extra comforts, reading matter, warm underclothing, etc.; in aiding the wives, children, old people, and others dependent upon the men under arms, and in providing for those deprived of their bread winner by death or disability.

Whilst the Christian clergy expend much time and energy on polemics, in attacking not only Buddhism, Hinduism, Mohammedanism, etc., but also in controversy amongst themselves; the Buddhist bonze of each sect attends to his own duties, and, with rare exceptions, is on friendly terms with the bonzes of other sects, as well as with those of his own.

It is all too true, and more the pity it is that it is so, that the converts (nominal) to Christianity are largely natives whose conduct is such that by the general opinion of foreign residents such converts are not the most desirable class to employ. The true Buddhist has ever in mind the fear of punishment hereafter for misdeeds, not to be lightly atoned for. "The naughty little boy who is always ready to say he 'is sorry,' if he is assured that this will obtain forgiveness," has no counterpart in true Buddhism; and the too easily purchased pardon of Christian mission teaching is viewed as a danger, from the ethical standpoint, by the educated and intelligent Asiatic.

A religion that has no preventive power, no deterrent influence to check wrong doing, becomes little

more than gross superstition; and like a too complaisant bankruptcy court, that facilitates the whitewashing of dishonest traders, leaving the victimised sufferers without redress, the hostile competitors of Buddhism offer too cheap and too easy a path to future bliss and pardon for all transgressions. The native creed offers something better, more logical, and supported by higher ethical doctrine.

The missionary who cleverly evades the weak points in the older sectarian Christian dogmas, and puts more prominently forward the "up to date" teaching of the more advanced liberal sects, gains a hearing; but he has to jettison nearly everything that the churches have fought for, which myriads have battled for, even unto death. Western civilisation and progress, the mechanical arts, medicine, chemistry, etc., are held up as the *results* of the Western creed, the truth is concealed, "that it is in spite of, rather than in consequence of, religion" that the Occident is in advance of the Orient; and the true condition of the toiling masses of Europe, America, Australia, etc., is never hinted at, indeed, the pupils in the missionary seminaries are usually kept ignorant even of the fact that Christianity is itself divided into numerous hostile sects, that revile each other with unmitigated animosity.

The foreign missions undoubtedly benefit the natives of the countries where they are located. The money spent in building, maintenance, wages, etc., circulates large sums. Cheap and superior education (with certain limitations) is afforded, and not a few select pupils are subsidised. Decidedly the natives have the best of the bargain; they win on the toss, heads or tails. Now, if the subscribers could see the facts for themselves, and also examine the condition of their own locality, would they not find much nearer their own homes the opportunity of exercising their charity—the aged, the hopelessly downtrodden, the sick, the groan of the bread-winner, seeking for honest work in vain, whilst those dependent upon him are in dire need; the wail of the poor woman, with her little ones, the cry of the hungry and ragged in the cold! Do not such sounds reach the donors to foreign missions?

Personal observation of the relative position of the missionary abroad and the worker at home (say the curate of an East End parish, of such a district as, unfortunately, may be found in any large city in Europe, America, or the Colonies) enables a comparison to be drawn.

The missionary, invariably well housed, and, with few exceptions, well paid, duties light, away from irksome observation and criticism, and with ample leisure for study and recreation. Such conditions of life are infinitely superior to those of the poor curate, ill paid

and overworked, neither too well clothed nor too well fed, working amongst the lowest of his race, amidst constantly harrowing scenes, squalor, want, wretchedness of the most abject kind, where indescribable filth accumulates, and sickness, contagions, and infections abound. The missionary and his family, sent out at great expense, maintained for years whilst gaining experience and learning the vernacular, and finally, frequently just when he may begin to be useful, returning to his native land, and dropping into a "fat" living, a good income, and comfortable home, with congenial surroundings. The poor curate, too often an early victim to the life led during his apprenticeship, as a worker in slums. And of the two which has been the most useful? Is it really not a matter for public consideration, this misdirection of means and work?

And this *à propos* of "Why Buddhism?" Instead of trying to pull down, without any prospect of being able to put in its place a better structure, might we not do something more and better with Buddhism? Instead of uprooting the old, and planting in its stead that which may run to weeds and be barren of good fruit, might we not cultivate the old well-rooted stock and engraft and develop good fruit therefrom?

The faults of modern popular Buddhism lie partly with the incumbents of the temples, their juniors and pupils, and partly with their lay-followers and supporters.

Buddhism in Japan is now, as it has been for a score of years, entirely dependent upon the public: the families who call in the bonzes to officiate, and whose members attend the services in the temples. The bonze is now at the mercy of public opinion, and is, therefore, much more careful than of old not to commit any act to bring him into disrepute. A better system of recruiting, and better education of the youths who are to become bonzes is imperatively needed.

Schools have long existed, and of late years preparatory seminaries have been established in many districts, besides colleges at the head centres of the principal sects. But there is yet much to be desired.

The sacerdotal class have yet to learn the much-needed lesson that "the congregations and temples do not exist for the benefit of the clergy," hereditary or otherwise; but "that the temples and their incumbents exist for the benefit and welfare of the people," that the temples and their furniture, art treasures, curiosities, etc., are not the private property of the bonze, but public property of which he is merely the custodian.

Whilst too close alliance of all the priests of all the sects might become, in a certain sense, a danger in certain contingencies, yet more harmonious and concerted action is desirable, and a good strong "United Action Committee" is an urgent need, especially for

work in other countries. Certain of the sects and subjects desire to work independently and are adverse to co operation, which weakens all their good endeavors, and makes such competition as exists not of a healthy character.

Instead of costly foreign missions, secular education might be left to the existing public schools, which are rapidly progressing in the quality of instruction and native teachers, and increasing in number.

A central theological university is a want to be supplied in the future, and the sooner the better; the existing sectarian colleges exhibiting a very narrow curriculum. Examination and a test limit, to be steadily raised year by year, should be enforced, and the ordinary secular subjects made compulsory.

Whilst interference with the existing rites and ceremonies, handed down from ancient times, is to be deprecated, yet a higher standard in preaching, in lectures, and in the general teaching of the laity is urgently needed.

It must be understood that religion is something more than donations to temples, attendance at service, employing bonzes at home, giving to them money and clothes, or entertaining them. Not mere prostration before the altar and shrine, the repetition of invocations, nor the "telling" of beads over and over, but something more than this is true religion, true Buddhism. "Ceasing to do evil, striving to do good, being mindful of our fellow human beings, loving kindness to all creatures, remembering the four truths, observing the five great precepts, not to violate the prohibitions, to walk in the eightfold path,"—in these alone consists true Buddhism.

And so we get our answer to the question, "Why not some other creed?" That answer is, because in Buddhism we find all that is needed for the foundation of a pure ethical religion that will be helpful and hopeful, making the world we live in brighter, and its people happier. We ourselves are better and more able to make the world and our fellow-beings happier for that we have been now once more born into it.

All this lies in the name of Buddhism, which translated means "enlightenment of the intellect," "awakening of the conscience." And hereby and herein is answered the question that heads this article, "Why Buddhism?"

FABLES FROM THE NEW ÆSOP.

BY HUDOR GENONE.

The Serving Spy.

A CERTAIN rich man had a handsome estate, but wishing to take a journey into a far country, he did not care to let his estate to a stranger. So he be-thought him of a man and his wife, who though not possessing a fortune were yet well bred. Them he

entreated to come and dwell in his palace and care for his estate so long as he should be gone.

The two agreed with alacrity, for they had lived in a mean way, and here they could have luxury without cost, and for return all they had to do was to see that no one entered upon the estate or despoiled it.

"One thing only I ask you to favor me with," said the rich man. "I have a tried and faithful servant called Conscience, and him I desire you to retain in your service."

They agreed readily to this; but after the rich man had gotten away, the wife began to misuse his goods, to go away on visits, and to entertain guests who were careless and wasteful. The husband tried to control his wife, but could not. One day she came to him in a rage. "That serving man, Conscience," she said, "I observed writing down something daily, perhaps for the purpose of acquainting my lord of our doings. I am going to circumvent him; I shall send him away."

"That you cannot do," replied the husband, "his sort are not so easily gotten rid of."

"Well, at least," continued the woman, "I shall watch carefully, and some time when he is asleep I shall come unawares, and take what he has written and destroy it."

"That you cannot do," said the husband, "for folk like him are not to be taken unawares, and they never sleep. I will tell you a better way, and, indeed, the only way to circumvent him."

And when his wife asked what that way might be, he answered: "Let us see to it that we do nothing that we should be ashamed our lord should know,—so when he returns from his journey we shall not be unwilling, but rather glad, that our servant may show him all that was written."

The Puzzled Philosopher.

A PHILOSOPHER dwelt in a house owned by Cleon. But one day Cleon came to the philosopher and said: "Why have you not sent me the money for last month's rent?" The philosopher said he knew of no reason except that he had no money, having gotten to the bottom of his purse.

"You will have to move out," said Cleon, "to make room for a cordwainer I know, who wants this house and has money."

"Would you then," said the philosopher, "turn me out, when I am so comfortable here, having dwelt in this house thirty years?"

"It is my comfort," said Cleon, "and not yours, that I consider."

"Then you prefer a cordwainer, I conclude, to a philosopher."

"No," said Cleon, "a landlord has no preference, except to prefer rent-money to no rent-money."

So the cordwainer moved into the philosopher's house, and the philosopher went to live in the mean hovel of the cordwainer.

But, once there, although contented enough, (because he was a philosopher,) yet he could not avoid the obtrusive facts of the absence of all those things which in his former habitation had grown habitual to him.

This was the first thing that puzzled him: How that which was not could be so obtrusive. "What," said he, "can be so entirely non-existent as a negation? And yet here I am confronted with an obtrusive negation."

"I miss," said he again, "a chest of drawers, a table, a fire-place, and the scenery from the window where I used to sit. I wonder if it will be so after we are driven out from our bodies, because Death, the final, inexorable landlord, demands a rental we cannot pay."

In time, however, the philosopher gradually ceased being oppressed by the obtrusive memories, and grew accustomed to new associations.

"I wonder," said he, "if it will be so when we are immortals,—after death at first painful regrets for what we have lost, and in the end nothing of the old but faint memories and a new set of associations. I wonder always, and wonder most, if philosophy will ever be anything better than clever, wondering about the wonderful."

CREEDS.

BY PROF. E. EMERSON.

Long years I've spent in study over creeds;
Perplexed by questions deep beyond reply;
Now tempted to affirm, now to deny;
Sad, paralysing influence on good deeds.

What joy to follow where calm nature leads!
And roam in woods or fields which round us lie;
To gather flowers, or behold the sky;
And thence invoke that peace the spirit needs.

All nature speaks to man with tranquil voice;
He, too, her child, is nurtured on her breast;
She shows, full oft, for him a smiling face.
But not alone for him. The fields rejoice,
Birds sing, sun shines, vexed ocean sinks to rest,
Bright stars roll on in the vast sea of space.

NOTES.

We remind our readers that Mr. C. Pfoundes, the author of the article "Why Buddhism?" in the present number of *The Open Court*, is a native Englishman now residing in Japan, and a duly initiated member of several of the most prominent Buddhistic sects of that country. He has lectured both in the United States and Great Britain.

In mathematics we have recently received several brochures,—all of an abstruse character and not adapted to the comprehension of the average reader,—from Professor H. Schubert and Professor V. Schlegel, both of Germany. They refer to questions in the theory of numbers and the geometry of *n*-dimensional space.

The attention of teachers, educationists, and school-trustees, as also of the public at large, should be called to a little circular letter, *Are Our Schools in Danger?* by Mr. Edwin Ginn, the head of the well-known school-book house of Boston. Mr. Ginn comments severely on the methods employed by the American Book Company to crush out free competition in the school-book trade, and adverts to the grave social and political dangers which are involved in the practices of the Company, for instance their offer of their own books free in exchange for those of other publishers already in use in the schools. Mr. Ginn's pamphlet deserves consideration from all who would exclude politics from our educational system.

The first number of a new quarterly, *The American Historical Review*, to appear October first, is announced by Macmillan & Co. The Board of Editors includes George B. Adams, Professor of History, Yale University; Albert Bushnell Hart, Professor of History, Harvard University; Harry P. Judson, Professor of Political Science, University of Chicago; John Bach McMaster, Professor of American History, University of Pennsylvania; William M. Sloane, Professor of History and Political Science, Princeton, and H. Morse Stephens, Professor of Modern European History, Cornell University, and is represented by Professor J. F. Jameson, Providence, R. I., Managing Editor. The *Review* is to be made the vehicle of matter interesting and valuable to intelligent and educated people who are not specialists; but is particularly designed to aid those engaged in the study or teaching of history to reach the most recent literature of their subject and to place before other historical scholars the results of their own investigation.

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EZRA AND NEHEMIAH.

BY PROF. C. H. CORNILL.

LET us now try to picture to ourselves the feelings with which the Jewish people contemplated this new temple of their God. Elated they were not, they could not be. On the contrary they must have felt deeply depressed, knowing themselves in a certain measure to be disappointed in all their hopes. The worst of all was not that this new temple in no way rivalled the magnificence and splendor of the old temple of Solomon. A still heavier sorrow weighed down their hearts. God had broken his word, had not fulfilled his promises, had abandoned his people. What had not the prophets foretold, as destined to happen after the Babylonian captivity? What brilliant images had they not drawn of the future Israel and the new Jerusalem? Deutero-Isaiah especially had forced these hopes to the topmost pitch, and a reaction could not fail to take place,—a reaction of the saddest and most painful kind. When the reality was compared with the gorgeous predictions of the prophets, the effect must have been overpowering.

Where had any alteration taken place? Nowhere. The Persians had taken the place of the Babylonians, but the Gentile power remained as firm as ever. Returned to the old land of their fathers, they had to struggle hard for existence; the conditions of life were extremely meagre; only a very small part of Jerusalem had been rebuilt, a wretched, unfortified country-town with an indigent population, not even the shadow of what it once had been, which in the fantasy of this posthumous generation assumed ever more brilliant colors. And this God who had not kept his promise, who had in no way shown his power, demanded yet more at their hands. He called for a costly cultus and ritual, and a mode of life governed by the harshest laws. Was it not then better to become even as the Gentiles, whose power flourished unabated and who enjoyed unbounded happiness? Thus must disappointment and bitterness have filled the hearts of the Jews, and showed itself in indifference or even in enmity against this deceitful, powerless Deity. And that these moods gradually did gain possession of the majority of the people in Jerusalem and Judæa, and that particularly the leading men and priests were dominated by

them, we have classic proof in a book of prophecy written fifty years after Zechariah, and known to us as Malachi. Malachi describes to us most faithfully the temper of the Jews who had strayed from God, and who sought through careless indifference or frivolous mockery to disregard the misery of their time.

“Ye have wearied the Lord with your words. Yet ye say, Wherein have we wearied him? In that ye say, Every one that doeth evil is good in the sight of the Lord and he delighteth in them; else, where is the God of judgment? . . . Your words have been stout against me, saith the Lord. Yet ye say, Wherein have we spoken against thee? Ye have said, It is vain to serve God: and what profit is it that we have kept his charge, and that we have walked mournfully before the Lord Zebaoth? And now must we call the proud happy; yea, they that work wickedness are built up; yea, they tempt God and are delivered.”

And how in such moods religious duties were performed, Malachi relates most drastically:

“A son honoureth his father, and a servant his master: but if I be a father where is my honour? and if I be a master, where is my fear? saith the Lord Zebaoth unto you, O priests, that despise my name. And ye say, Wherein have we despised thy name? Ye offer polluted bread upon mine altar . . . thinking, The table of the Lord is contemptible. And when ye offer the blind for sacrifice it is no evil, and when ye offer the lame and sick, it is no evil. Present it now unto thy governor; will he be pleased with thee? or show thee favour? . . . Ye have brought the blind, the lame, and the sick: thus ye bring the offering: should I accept this of your hand? saith the Lord. Cursed be the deceiver which hath in his flock a male beast that he has vowed, but sacrificeth unto the Lord a blemished thing; for I am a great King, saith the Lord Zebaoth, and my name is honoured among the nations.”

On the other hand, Malachi lays great stress upon the judgment, which is sure to come, and which will show that devotion and fear of God are not empty dreams. But first, God must cause a purifying and refining of his people to take place, and will send Elijah, the prophet, for this purpose, prior to the coming of the great and dreadful day.

We cast here a glance into an exceedingly momen-

tous crisis. Should such moods gain full sway, should they succeed in laying hold of all the people, then there was an end of Judah and of religion. But Malachi speaks of men who fear the Lord, who are inscribed in God's remembrance-book, of a party, who in opposition to those moods and strivings clung all the more closely to the despised and rejected religion. These did not deny the events and causes on which this indifference and scepticism were based, but drew from them quite different conclusions.

"The proud and they that work wickedness," as Malachi terms them, sought to lay the blame of the non-fulfilment of the hoped for prophecies on God, who either could not or would not perform them; the devout lay the blame on themselves. They did not ask what it was incumbent on *God* to do, but what *they* should and could have done. It was foolishness and sin to doubt God's omnipotence. If he had not performed his promise, he had been unable to do so on Israel's own account, the nation itself was not yet fully worthy of its great future. Therefore, they must strive to repair their shortcoming by redoubled piety. This is the legalism and the "salvation by works" of the later Judaism.

We shall never rightly understand, nor rightly value this tendency, until we thoroughly comprehend its origin. That origin was the Messianic hope. Israel lives entirely in the future, entirely in hope, and is determined to leave nothing undone to hasten that future; it will, so to speak, wrest it from God, compel him to perform his promises, by sweeping away the only impediment to their fulfilment.

But this little band of devout men in Jerusalem could not have brought about of themselves the triumph of their intentions; help was necessary from outside. That help was granted, and from Babylon. The Jews who had remained in Babylon had outstripped those who had returned to Jerusalem. An entire school of men had been established there, who worked out the ideas of Ezekiel, and drew the last conclusions of Deuteronomy. The work of this school had found its literary embodiment in the juridical parts of the first books of the Pentateuch, usually known as the fundamental writing, or priestly code, to which, for example, the whole of the third book of Moses, Leviticus, belongs. This is the legislation, which is usually regarded as the specific work of Moses, and which naturally comes first to mind when we speak of Mo-
saism.

This book was written in Babylon about 500 B.C., and was regarded there as important and sacred. The hour was soon to come in which it should accomplish its mighty mission. The Jews of Babylon were thoroughly acquainted with the events that happened in Judæa; and thus the extremely serious turn

that matters were taking there could not remain concealed from them. They determined on taking an active part. Ezra, a near relative of the high-priest's family in Jerusalem, and sprung from the same tribe, placed himself at the head of the undertaking. He obtained from the Persian king, Artaxerxes (Long-hand), a decree giving him full power to reform matters in Judah and Jerusalem, "according to the book of the law of God, which was in his hand" (that is, the so-called priestly code).

On the 12th of April, 458, the Jews left Babylon and arrived in Jerusalem on the first day of August. They numbered about 1700 men; the figure of the women and children is not given. Ezra found matters in Jerusalem to be far worse and more comfortless than he had feared. Nevertheless, he began his work of reformation, but had to quit the field owing to the violent and bitter resistance which he met with, till thirteen years later a man after his own heart, Nehemiah, a Babylonian Jew who had attained the position of favorite and cup-bearer to King Artaxerxes, begged for the post of Persian governor of Judæa, which had become vacant. And now the strong arm of the law was placed at the disposal of the work of reform, and both Ezra and Nehemiah took up with vigor and zeal the neglected task. In October, 444, a great gathering of the people was held. Here the nation bound itself by oath to Ezra's book of the law, as it had done 177 years previously under Josiah to Deuteronomy. Still many a hard and bitter struggle was to be fought, but Ezra and Nehemiah carried their cause through, and broke down all opposition. Those who could not adapt themselves to the new condition of affairs, left the country to escape elsewhere the compulsion of the law.

These events are of immeasurable importance and of the greatest interest. Through them Judaism was definitively established; Ezra and Nehemiah are its founders.

It is not to be denied, much less concealed, that this Judaism of Ezra and Nehemiah displays few engaging traits. If soon after its establishment we notice that the Jew is everywhere an object of hatred and distrust, the fact is owing to the distinctive stamp of his religion. When the Jew cut himself off brusquely and contemptuously from all non-Jews, when all men who did not belong to his religious community were for him but heathens, unclean persons with whom he could not eat, or even come in contact, without thereby becoming himself unclean, when he appeared before them with the pretension of alone being the good man, the beloved of God, whilst all others had only anger and destruction to expect at God's hand, and when he thirsted for this as the final object of his most fervent wishes and his devoutest hopes, it is not to be won-

dered that he did not reap love, but that the heathens retorted with direst hatred and detestation. Here, too, we will recall to mind the picture which Deutero-Isaiah drew of Israel, where, as the servant of God, it is despised and contemned for the welfare of the earth. That the development of Judaism took this special direction was a necessity of the history of religion.

For the heaviest struggle of Judaism still awaited it; the struggle against Hellenism. One hundred and twenty-five years after Ezra, Alexander the Great destroyed the Persian empire and made the Greeks the sovereign people of the Eastern world. Through this a profound transformation was begun, which spread with startling rapidity and irresistible might, and led finally to the denationalising of the East. That which the Assyrians had undertaken by brute force, the Hellenes surmounted by the superior power of mind and culture. Greece destroyed the nationalities of the East by amalgamating them with itself and conquering them inwardly. Only one Eastern nation withstood the process of dissolution, yea, more, absorbed into itself the good of Hellenism, and thus enriched and strengthened its own existence; and that was the Jewish. If it were able to do this, it was because Ezra and Nehemiah had rendered it hard as steel and strong as iron. In this impenetrable armor it was insured against all attacks, and thus saved religion against Hellenism. And therefore it behooves us to bless the prickly rind, to which alone we owe it, that the noble core remained preserved.

OTHER WORLDS THAN OURS.

BY HUDOR GENONE.

PART I.

I HAVE been a great traveller, not only about this little planet of ours, where I have seen strange places, but in various directions within and without the solar system. Travel of the ordinary sort has a tendency to broaden the mind. That all admit; how much broader then must his mind be who has journeyed through space and seen, as I have, the great processes of nature developing under other conditions and circumstances radically different from those prevalent here.

First and last, a great deal of nonsense has been talked and written and printed about Nature, as if any one had the qualifications to treat that great subject properly who had not tested facts, witnessed operations, and investigated processes.

A friend of mine, who is really very well read, and who is the author of an admirable treatise on asparagus-beds, undertook to write a work on Rome. He called his book: *Rome, Her History, Palaces, Ruins, and Ecclesiastical System.*

He lives in Schenectady. Happening to meet him soon after I had finished reading his book, I asked him where he stopped when he was visiting Rome.

"Stopped?" said he, "I never stopped anywhere. I never have been in Rome."

It turned out that he had written his book in Schenectady. Think of that,—written all about the palaces, ruins, and ecclesiastical system of Rome in Schenectady, without stopping at all in Rome.

I did want awfully to tell him where it was he ought to have stopped, which was before he began; but civility, that bane of veracity and boon to peace, prevented me.

Recently another friend,—a clergyman,—delivered a lecture in aid of the cushion fund of his church, his subject being: "Are the Stars Inhabited?" He sent me a complimentary ticket to the lecture, so I went to hear it. My friend is a fine speaker, and his discourse was not lacking in sprightliness. He had a great deal to say about the power and wisdom of the Almighty; but he certainly told us no new facts, and his ideas of the limitations of the Almighty's power and the nature of his wisdom were utterly vague and mostly erroneous. As a clergyman, of course, he ought to have known something about these things, but it appeared he didn't. He could not even answer his own question.

Now, as it happens, there are a great many questions which a minister of the Gospel cannot answer that are easy enough for a traveller.

Are the stars inhabited? No, they are not; the stars are not inhabited, unless by beings capable of inhabiting a dynamo. That is what the stars are,—dynamos,—dynamos of electricity, light, heat, activity, all forms of energy; in one word, they are dynamos of—influence. That is what our sun is, and the stars are similar. Don't take my word for it,—I'll want your faith for my word further on,—ask the spectroscopist.

As to that word "inhabited"; do you fully realise its significance? The inhabited locality must be a "habitat," must it not, a place fitted for an inhabitant? It was not so many years ago that you would have been smiled to scorn to have called a drop of water "inhabited," and yet the microscope proves that it is.

"But," you say, perhaps, "an inhabitant,—at least, as applied to this and other worlds,—means for the purposes of our inquiry rational beings like, or at least not unlike, ourselves."

Let us call it that. And assuming that the word "inhabitant" is practically equivalent to human being, note the circumstances of our own solar system. We have seen that the sun is incapable of sustaining the kind of life we know as human. Salamanders

might perhaps live there, if there were salamanders ; but not men.

Yet we have an inhabited earth. Between us and our dynamo there are two planets ; of Mercury we know little, and that little unfavorable ; but Venus would need only a trifling change of density in its atmosphere to fit it for the residence of intelligences. Beyond the earth the planetoids seem to lack reasonable conditions of life, but Mars appears even more favorably situated than Venus. Jupiter and Saturn, if the best reports are to be relied on, are in a state of igneous fluidity, and it is probable that the same state of affairs exists in Neptune and Uranus. So much for the solar system.

Perhaps you may think I was unwise to use the expression "limitations on the power of the Almighty." I may have been unwise ; I admit that, because of all foolish things the most foolish is for any one to defy the opinion of every one.

Yet explanation is quite different from defiance, and it is one thing to be unwise and another to be untrue. I myself believe in the Almighty, but I also believe in His limitations.

These I do not get entirely from my observations of nature, extensive as they have been. I get them quite as clearly and less laboriously from the "revealed word"—the Bible. There we are told God cannot change, cannot lie, and is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever.

That seems to be a reliable sort of an Almighty, wholly different from the God of nature, of which we now and then hear so much.

I learn also (from that same Word of God) that we mortals are made in God's own image ; and therefore I conclude that in myself I have a sample, so to speak, of divinity. Inestimable advantage, is it not, to have a sample ? In geometry the triangle, for instance. How sure we are that the properties of that, or any other regular figure, are permanent properties of all similar figures, no matter what their size.

Another important piece of information I got from the Bible : that the kingdom of heaven was within me. Before thoroughly understanding all these great principles I was bewildered in the contemplation of the multitude of phenomena of life. Now, while I have not ceased to seek for phenomena, a new fact is no longer a new mystery. I understand that as in myself, while my body changes daily, and is wholly renewed every few years, and while my mind vacillates most unreasonably, there is something about me which has up to this time remained permanent—my life. I know, of course, that there is a limit to its permanence, but it is a great comfort to me (and it ought to be to all) that, like the triangle of chalk on a blackboard, though the chalk may be rubbed off, its properties

endure, and that it and we are images (or functions) of the larger life which is conclusively permanent.

I infer therefore that life is composed of two factors, one continually changing ; the other continuously the same.

I find myself limited physically. I certainly had no power over myself that I could elect what my stature should be, or the color of my eyes or hair ; and it appears equally evident that I could not have endowed myself with faculties different from those I possess. I might study music till I contrived to play tunes quite passably ; I could perhaps by diligence learn to put paint onto canvas, but I could never really be a musician, or an artist, because the faculty of music or art has been denied me.

So you see there are degrees of ability in a human being, and that there must also be degrees in the divine being. The Almighty could perhaps have created worlds that were square instead of round, but if he had created a square world he could not have created one in which the diagonal was not the longest right line.

There is no need to multiply examples ; but, as was suggested previously, there might possibly be salamanders capable of inhabiting a dynamo, but for men constituted anything like ourselves, conditions similar to those on this earth are essential.

These conditions I have found prevail everywhere throughout the universe. Every star that you see twinkling nightly in the sky has an invisible retinue of worlds formed like itself by the operation of that changeless sequence which men call "law," but whose better name would be cosmic life. Among these stellar families always one or more members have evolved conditions suitable for intelligent existence, and (as effects always inevitably follow causes) suitable conditions invariably produce products fitted for their utilisation.

I tell you these things so that you may see clearly that what I profess to have witnessed in other worlds may not seem so utterly incredible as otherwise it might.

At first it occurred to me to make a catalogue (like Groombridge's) of those planets which I had visited in the course of my journeys ; but, deeming this on the whole likely to prove tedious, I substitute a brief account of the more salient characteristics of a few remote orbs, planets of other suns than ours, but where I found life existed in the main as it exists upon this world.

In the planet Amoris, fourth from Antares, that red star which in summer nights may be readily described near the zodiac in the south, civilisation has progressed far beyond the crude system that prevails with us.

Life goes on in all essential respects as our own, with some singular exceptions—at death no property can be willed. All that any one dies possessed of reverts at once to the uses of the community—to the State, as we should call it, although there I found practically no State, nor anything that a citizen of Earth would be likely to consider as government.

The consequences are not, as one might think, a luxurious life for his family who had acquired wealth, and then a sudden descent into a poverty more deplorable for the luxury, but, on the contrary, he whose foresight, industry and sagacity have enabled him to acquire fortune, invariably distributes it judiciously, not, as we do, at death, but during his life time.

Then the knowledge that their parents' or relatives' fortunes are not in any event, either by devise or inheritance, to be theirs, becomes the highest possible incentive to thrift, industry and diligence to the young.

There is nothing like grinding poverty in Amoris, and the instances of very large aggregations of wealth are exceedingly rare.

But while the devise of tangible property is unknown, a testator possesses the power and right to bequeath possessions of inestimably more value.

I happened to become very friendly with a legal practitioner in that planet, and, on my expressing an interest in the subject, he kindly loaned me a certified copy of a will which he had recently offered for probate.

Perhaps I can not do better than to quote from the will its chief provisions :

“IN THE NAME OF GOD AMEN, I Felix Spese, being of sound mind, do make and publish this as my last WILL AND TESTAMENT.

“First, I give to my wife Dora my administrative ability, together with all the tenements, hereditaments and appurtenances thereunto belonging or in any wise appertaining.

“Second, I give to my eldest son Agra my amiable disposition.

“Third, I give to my daughter Marah my love of children, commonly called my philoprogenitiveness, for her use during her natural life, with remainder to my granddaughter, Clara, daughter of the said Marah.

“Fourth, I give to my son Foibel my courage and determination.

“Fifth, I give to my youngest daughter Dactyl my literary faculty and command of language.

“Sixth, I give to my niece Jane my organ of appetite, commonly called my aliamentiveness, she being destitute of proper nutrition, owing to her inability to assimilate food.”

I made a copy of the will at the time, so that I can certify to its correctness.

A few weeks after this, that is about six months after Mr. Spese's death, my friend, the lawyer, took me to call upon the family.

My friend, knowing that I was a stranger on the planet, and therefore naturally interested in its civilization and especially in those matters where theirs and ours differed, took occasion to ask Miss Dactyl about what he called the investment of her mother's right of dower.

“Oh! Doctor,” exclaimed the young woman with animation, “mama has done so well. It is wonderful how much better she keeps house than formerly. She knows now fully a day ahead what there is to be for meals, always has change ready to pay for things sent home, and invariably has a place for everything and keeps everything in its place, and—would you believe it?—never puts pins in her mouth.”

“I am so glad,” replied the doctor (did I mention that ethical practitioners were called doctors in Amoris? Well, they were). “I am so glad. But tell me about your sister Marah—”

“Oh! Marah. She is very comfortably situated. She nurses her baby now herself, and little Georgie is allowed to come to the table and goes driving with her daily. But you ought to see brother Agra. He used to be so cross and unkind, but now he is a changed man—so benevolent, why, now he will even go with me to garden and theatre parties. Think of that!”

“And Foibel?”

“Foibel, too, is quite changed. You know he was proposing to marry Miss Tart, and we all feared that her family would make his life a burden. But with his present patrimony (she added with a smile) there is no danger of that. It is amusing to see him spunk up to his prospective father-in-law.”

Perhaps you may smile at this, and some may even accuse me of drawing upon my imagination. It is contrary to custom here that property in goods and chattels could not be bequeathed; but this you understand, not as quite probable, but as possible. The other statements, of course, you totally disbelieve. Why should you? You reply that such things are inconceivable, because contrary to experience. That is, I admit, a reason to doubt, but none for unqualified disbelief. Why, in another planet I stopped at, the inhabitants were all of one sex (babies being produced directly from certain protoplasmic geysers) and refused utterly to credit my assertion that upon earth there were two kinds of human beings differing not only physically but mentally; that they were in almost all respects the exact opposites of each other.

“Such a state of affairs,” these people said, “was

absurd, because nothing was better ascertained than that opposition meant antagonism. If ever two sets of inhabitants could have been created," which they claimed uncivilly, and in spite of my word, was impossible, "the inevitable result would have been war, and in the end the extermination of the weaker."

How guarded we ought to be in forming opinions concerning matters of which we have had no experience! As to the custom in Amoris of devising property in capacity, which you find so difficult to credit, that was, after all, only natural under the circumstances. Observe that with us what we call natural law provides by heredity for the transmission of qualities. The workings of this law are obscure, but the results are surprisingly certain, while they seem to be exceedingly capricious.

The province of reason is especially to remedy the caprice of nature, or rather (as the jurists of Amoris say) to thwart the malicious and unconscious design of the natural order. That is, I think, only another way of putting the edict which the Bible declares to have been given to our progenitors to subdue the world.

The Amorite children, having been taught from their early youth to expect no patrimony in goods, but to expect that of brain-power, received this expectation in the spirit of faith, and the natural result of faith followed: what they believed in they attained.

The same law as to mentality prevailed with them, as with us applies to physical things. For instance, one may believe (after a fashion) that his father will leave him his fortune; but until he actually does leave it, and actual possession is entered upon, the "belief" lacks its real value. Such "belief" is only hope or expectation, and no sophistry can make of it anything else. But the belief in the ability of the father to devise is of quite a different order. That is the real article.

In the one case "faith" was only the substance of hope; in the other it was evidence.

LORD PALMERSTON'S BOROUGH.

An Incident of the Chartist Movement, with Reminiscences of Mr. George Julian Harney.

BY THOMAS J. M'CORMACK.

A HIGHLY unique book has recently come under our notice relating to the history of a man and movement which have both a high title to fame in English annals. It is entitled *Palmerston's Borough, A Budget of Electioneering Anecdotes, Jokes, Squibs, and Speeches*,¹ illustrative of the methods and spirit of the English elections of the middle part of this century, and is replete with accounts of rare and laughable incidents,

¹ By F. J. Snell. London: H. Marshall & Son, 125 Fleet St., E. C., 1894.

political retorts courteous, the tricks of partisan controversy, and biographical reminiscences which have far more than a mere local value, and throw a strong but not unpleasing light on the personality and character of one of England's greatest statesmen. Despite the German couplet,

"Hat der Teufel einen Sohn,
So ist er sicher Palmerston,"

the traits of the sturdy prime-minister as here reflected give a quite different impression of him.

But our object in referring to this book here is not to emphasise the character of Palmerston so much as to notice the historical movement known as Chartism, with which was connected at this time Mr. George Julian Harney, an old and esteemed friend of *The Open Court*, and now well known, apart from his political and other work, as the contributor of graceful and vigorous sketches to the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*, one of the foremost and most influential journals of England. Mr. Harney was the candidate opposed to Lord Palmerston in the ancient borough of Tiverton in 1847. Let us hear Mr. Snell's own relation of the matter, and afterwards Mr. Harney's account of the Chartist Movement proper, about which little is known in this country. Certainly no one can fail to be interested in this historical episode of the old and beautiful borough of Tiverton. The following matter in small print is from Mr. Snell's book.

PALMERSTON'S ANTAGONIST.

Lord Palmerston's connexion with the borough of Tiverton brought him into frequent conflict with a Mr. William Rowcliffe, who was by trade a butcher, and in politics a Chartist. At the elections of 1841 and 1846 Mr. Rowcliffe put himself in evidence, by plying Lord Palmerston with questions as to various points in the Chartist creed; but his first notable speech on the hustings was at the general election of 1847. Mr. Heathcoat and Lord Palmerston presented themselves, as usual, to the burgesses of Tiverton; and no one, save Mr. Rowcliffe, was bold enough to dispute their claim. Through Rowcliffe's instrumentality Mr. George Julian Harney, editor of the *Northern Star*, and a colleague of Feargus O'Connor, came to Tiverton for the express purpose of inveighing against Palmerston before his own constituency. The contest was regarded as of national importance, and the London newspapers sent special reporters to the scene of the fray. The excitement as the day of nomination drew near was great indeed.

MR. HARNEY'S DRAWN SWORD.

Respecting this memorable episode Mr. Sharland writes:— "Mr. Harney's headquarters were at the house of one of his friends in Fore street, from a window of which he nightly harangued an immense crowd. Some amusement was caused by one of his supporters marching to and fro in front of the house with a drawn sword, ostensibly to protect Mr. Harney from imaginary foes during his campaign. On the night before the nomination Mr. Harney delivered one of his most telling speeches in defence of the 'Five Points,' and finishing with an attack on the policy of the Government in general, and Lord Palmerston's conduct as foreign minister in particular. In a vigorous peroration Mr. Har-

ney said, "And now, gentlemen, when I next address you, it will be from the hustings to-morrow when I will prove him to be devoid of true patriotism, a breaker of pledges, and a foe to the liberties of the people, whose dearest rights he would trample in the dust. Yes, gentlemen, to-morrow I will confront him, and while I shall ask for your hands to be uplifted in my favor—(alas! my friends are chiefly among the down-trodden non electors) be assured I will dress him down!" Tremendous cheering followed this outburst of eloquence, and it is more than probable that Lord Palmerston heard its echoes in his apartments at the Three Tuns a few yards off."

THE NOMINATION OF '47.

It was on a bright morning in August, 1847, that Lord Palmerston, Mr. Heathcoat, Julian Harney, and William Rowcliffe found themselves face to face on the historic hustings in front of Tiverton parish church. Mr. Sharland, an eye-witness of the scene, describes it as follows:—"Lord Palmerston, preceded by the town band, and accompanied by his proposer and seconder, looked jubilant as usual—as if going to a pleasant picnic rather than to a passage of arms with a political antagonist. The usual formalities having been gone through, the noble Lord was duly proposed and seconded, as was also his colleague, Mr. Heathcoat. Then came Mr. Rowcliffe to introduce as 'a fit and proper person' George Julian Harney, 'the friend of the people and champion of popular rights.'"

ROWCLIFFE ON THE SEPARATION OF THE SEXES.

Rowcliffe's speech, in proposing Mr. Harney, was a vigorous onslaught on Palmerston, whom he denounced as a Tory in disguise. He said his (Rowcliffe's) object was economy and retrenchment, and he contended that the people at large had got nothing from those who called themselves Liberals, Reformers, or Whigs since the passing of the Reform Bill, for which, he added, they were none the better. Turning to Mr. Anstey (Lord Palmerston's seconder), he asked him, whether, if an old servant had robbed them, they were to let him do it again. Then he drew a highly imaginative picture of a great Bastille which, he said, the Whigs had built, "big enough to hold the whole country," where even aged couples were separated, the husband from the wife. "What would the noble lord say, if he and Lady Palmerston were treated so?" (laughter, in which the noble Lord joined heartily). Mr. Rowcliffe commented on the fact that the noble lord had given only £50 for the relief of the local poor, whereas Mr. Heathcoat had come down with £100; and he concluded by proposing Mr. Harney—a nomination which was seconded by Mr. Burgess, shoemaker.

HARNEY'S INDICTMENT OF PALMERSTON.

Mr. Heathcoat having addressed the assembly, a discussion took place on the question who should speak next. Ordinarily, as he was one of the sitting members, it would have been Lord Palmerston's turn; but, as it was understood that Mr. Harney was about to deliver a grand attack on his policy, the noble lord expressed his willingness, and indeed his desire, to waive his privilege, so that he might be able to reply after hearing what Harney had to say against him. The Chartists having agreed to this course, Mr. Harney addressed the meeting for more than two hours. His mode of speaking was very voluble, and he occasionally refreshed himself by copious draughts from a blue jug. About three thousand persons were present, and with at least two-thirds of that number Harney appeared to be in great favor. Lord Palmerston's courteous request of a fair hearing for his opponent was, therefore, unnecessary. Harney began with *nositur ab amicis* innuendo. He referred by name to various well-known statesmen with whom Palmerston had been associated, and stuck them all over with epithets. Perceval was a constitutional tyrant, and

no man who had anything to do with his measures could ever be forgiven. Canning was "a clever jester, a talented buffoon, the able and brilliant flunkey of the aristocracy." The name of the Duke of Wellington was "allied to despotism." Censure and derision, unqualified by the slightest tincture of remorse or pity, was poured out on Lord Melbourne and "the profligate Whig Government," the only person he was willing to make exception of being Lord Morpeth, to whom he begged Lord Palmerston to present his compliments when he met him in town. [The noble lord here bowed in polite acknowledgment of the commission.] Mr. Harney then entered into a minute criticism of the policy of the Whig profligates, in Spain and Portugal, in Canada and China, in Afghanistan, Syria, and Cracow; winding up with a piece of passionate declamation against the metropolitan bakers whose frauds, he said, Lord Palmerston had been base enough to assist by dexterous manipulation of the Parliamentary machine.—This was hitting below the belt, and it roused Lord Palmerston's wrath. Hence he set himself to the task of reply with unwonted vigor, speaking for upwards of an hour on the foreign and domestic policy of the Government, and winding up with an attack on the Charter in all its "points."

SUBSIDISING LOCAL CHARITIES.

In the course of his speech Lord Palmerston said;

"Allusion has further been made to those small sums, that is small though proportioned to my means, which from time to time I have offered to the charities of the borough. The mover of the nomination of Mr. Harney objected to the amount of those contributions, and he also furnished an argument which, if you accept as just, is much more in favor of your electing me than Mr. Harney—(cheers and laughter). He said, 'Lord Palmerston holds a valuable office, and is bound whenever there is a subscription at Tiverton to send down a quarter's salary.' I cannot admit that obligation, and therefore, gentlemen, if any man here purposes to vote for me on the understanding suggested by Mr. Rowcliffe that I am to give a quarter's salary to any subscription going on at Tiverton, I beg that he will reconsider the grounds of his support"—(cheers and laughter).

Finally the evergreen Viscount disposed of his antagonist by complimenting Mr. Rowcliffe, "his old friend," on his vigor and health, and hoping that he (Rowcliffe) would live to alter his political opinions. In the course of his speech he was frequently interrupted by ejaculations from the crowd, but so far from being disconcerted by these ebullitions of feeling, he folded his arms and smilingly enjoyed the fun.

THE RESULT.

The show of hands being decidedly in favor of Mr. Heathcoat and Julian Harney, Lord Palmerston repeatedly pressed the Chartist candidate to "try his strength and test his principles," by going to the poll. Mr. Harney declined the invitation, protesting that he had been duly elected, and refusing to take part in any further proceedings. The result of the polling was as follows:

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As the practice referred to in the last paragraph is probably unfamiliar to our readers, we may quote the following from a letter from Mr. Harney explaining it:

"There was a custom originating probably in the most remote times of *nominating* candidates in open meeting and generally in the open air. That was the case in London when I was a boy. Covent Garden was a famous nomination place for Westminster. In counties the nomination took place in great open spaces. The

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riotous proceedings at these meetings was the nominal pretext for curtailing the county franchise in the days of Henry VI. Still the nominations were so continued. It is easy to see that at least some voteless men could and would attend the nominations. And when the High Sheriff (county), or Returning Officer, usually the Mayor (borough), took the show of hands, there was nothing to hinder voteless Hodge or Jack from holding up his hand (sometimes two). But the defeated candidates (least show of hands) would say: 'We dispute—we demand a poll' (pole). That originally meant counting the polls (heads—head-tax, poll-tax—Wat Tyler) of all present; but with the restriction of the county suffrage another meaning arose—to count only the qualified electors. But as the qualified electors might not all be in attendance, places were provided for the recasting of their votes. The same system was pursued in cities and boroughs—save where the corporation made an election—but wherever there was an extension of voting outside the corporation, the nominations were followed by demand for a poll (or polling), and with the frequent result of the popular candidates finding themselves at 'the bottom of the poll;' the 'candidate,' or 'candidates' with the fewest hands being elected by a majority of the qualified electors.

"Tiverton had shaken off the corporation yoke, and when I went there, was a borough returning two members on the Reform Bill of 1832 qualification of electors. I knew I had not the ghost of a chance. Nearly all those who had held up their hands for me had *no votes* at the *polling booths*. My show of hands considerably exceeded that of Heathcoat, the local capitalist and employer of some hundreds of work-people (lace-mills and other works), and was greatly in excess of the show for Pam. But Pam demanded 'a poll.' I protested and handed a written protest, prepared beforehand, to the Returning Officer, the Mayor. In vain. The polling took place next day. The merest farce, because there was no opposition. I had withdrawn. And after that withdrawal the 'election' of Heathcoat and Palmerston would have been quite legal without any polling, because there was no opposition."

In a subsequent article we shall give Mr. Harney's own reminiscences of this election with his brief history of the Chartist movement.

PEACE.

BY PROF. E. EMERSON.

Come! gentle peace! dwell with me evermore!
Too long I've wandered up and down the world;
And known its losses, felt its trials sore;
From blissful heights been deep to anguish hurled.
But, since I use philosophy to cure,
I see how vain are all our petty throes,
Where things must ebb and flow sublimely sure;
Now bringing joy, and now unsealing woes.
For what is man amid this wond'rous scene,
Where countless suns and planets hang in space?
How measure his brief life which in between
Two dread eternities completes its race?
Now the calm goddess, peace, reigns in my soul;
For I perceive I'm part of one great whole.

BOOK NOTICES.

The American Book Company have been recently issuing a useful series of *National Geographic Monographs* on the physical features of the earth's surface, to be used as aids in teaching geography. The monographs appear monthly at twenty cents each, and at an annual cost of \$1.50. All are by eminent scientists. The first three, which we have in our hands, are by Major J. W. Powell, late Director of the United States Geological Survey, and

treat of (1) Physiographic Processes; (2) Physiographic Features; and (3) Physiographic Regions of the United States. In the first, Major Powell discusses the three great moving envelopes of the earth,—air, water, and rock,—and studies the three sequent processes by which the earth's surface has been moulded into its present form. The second sketches the physiographic features of the earth, showing how fire, earthquake, and flood have been involved in fashioning the land and sea. These monographs form excellent introductions into the study of general geology and are written in a style well adapted to popular apprehension. Illustrations and maps accompany the monographs.

In a pamphlet entitled *The Relations Existing Between Authors and Publishers of Scientific and Technical Books*, Mr. C. A. Stetefeld, of Oakland, Cal., makes an appeal to "scientists and engineers, who are or contemplate becoming authors" to throw off the unbearable yoke imposed upon them by rapacious publishers." He asks them to unite and form an "Authors' Publishing Company." In Mr. Stetefeld's case, who tried the experiment with a book of his own, the difference in the receipts was 4 to 1 in his favor. Only in rare cases, however, is the *whole* of an edition of a scientific book sold, so that usually the publisher must regain his entire outlay on a sale of three or four hundred copies. This consideration should also be borne in mind in the organisation of an authors' publishing company. Undoubtedly, for individuals who are willing to run the risk the idea is an excellent one; while its corrective influence in summarily limiting the production of bad or mediocre books cannot be overrated.

Charles H. Kerr & Company, of Chicago, issue a little tract of thirty-six pages on *Religion as a Factor in Human Evolution*, by Mr. E. P. Powell, author of *Our Heredity from God*. The paper which was read before the Brooklyn Ethical Association, deals with the question historically and analytically, and is full of instructive matter.

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IN MEMORIAM.—ROBERT LEWINS, M. D.

Born 28th August, 1817. Died 22nd July, 1895.

A SOMEWHAT striking figure in London literary circles has passed away in the person of the above.

Dr. Lewins was known to the readers of *The Monist* and *The Open Court* as an occasional contributor. In the thought-world generally, he was known as the excogitator, and unwearied advocate, of the philosophic faith commonly called *Hylō-Idealism*; as the accomplished friend and mentor of the late Miss Constance Naden, and also as the writer in 1873 of a recently republished essay, entitled *Life and Mind on the Basis of Modern Medicine*. When it is added that Dr. Lewins was a retired Surgeon Lieutenant-Colonel, that he had served in the Crimea, the Indian Mutiny and in several other campaigns; that he was mentioned in the famous "Letters," by the irate Carlyle, as "an army-surgeon who writes me incessantly from all quarters of the globe" (upon philosophic matters, presumably), almost all has been told that is specially notable about this now-ended life. He was not given to push himself into prominence. The man himself was too much overshadowed by the doctrine which he expounded, in and out of season. But those who have once met this philosophic and scientific thinker are not likely to forget him!

Wisdom is justified of her children, and Robert Lewins was exceeding *wise*. He was a fine example of what culture, world-wide travel, and intercourse with men and things will accomplish, even when conspicuous genius is lacking. This man had, apparently, been almost everywhere on the surface of our planet, seemed to know everybody worth knowing, to have seen nearly all that it is possible to see, and to have inwardly digested all available intellectual nourishment. If on this account alone, he was a most fascinating companion. His was a most amiable nature—strong, steadfast, self-sacrificing to a fault, ever generous and noble.

I do not know of any purely intellectual friendship more touchingly beautiful than that which existed between him and that rare latter-day personality Miss Constance Naden. He was interested in her from her

early years, discerned instinctively her surpassing genius, watched her career, directed her studies, arranged for her foreign travel,—cherished this opening flower which promised so highly, until her blossoming life became so much bound up with his own, that her untimely death affected him as deeply as if she had been his only daughter. I shall never forget his letters at that sad time. If ever there was a purely intellectual passion without baser alloy, it was that which existed between these two. He wrote to me after her death: "This world for me, now, has its *Gethsemane*, and its *Golgotha*!" And what does she say to him, in that pathetic last letter of hers? "The thought that my illness gives you pain, is almost more than I can bear." There were unfathomed depths in these two master-minds. Now, both are not. Lovely and pleasant in their lives, in death they were not long divided.

During the last ten years, I have probably corresponded with Dr. Lewins more frequently than any other person. How full of wisdom these, often barely decipherable, letters of his are—marvels of compressed and microscopic handwriting! They range in tone from grave to gay, from lively to severe—for, like his fellow countryman Carlyle, he could, upon occasion, blight and blast with an epithet. Always circling round in the end however, to his pet theory of solipsism. "*See all in Self and but for Self be born,*" was his refrain. Naturally, he was misunderstood. No man has been less perfectly understood. Rigid definitions he abhorred. And there was a certain amount of tautology in his exposition which repelled many.

But I, for one—I, who in every way have gained so much from him, am persuaded that this man's feet were resting on the *true* "Rock of Ages"—the rock of truth, and that the world, in time, will come to see itself as he saw it. This is not a proper occasion for discussing his world-scheme. I try to think, now, in this life which, without him, and without that other fair spirit who companied with us both for a time, to me is so lonely,—I try to think how patient *he* was in this respect, and how, if any one spoke to him of lack of appreciation for his teaching—of the difficulty of persuading the Philistinism of his day, he would smilingly say: "*Wait!*" Everything comes to him who

can wait, and a faith which is true can afford to wait—*endlessly!*

With faltering hand, I lay this poor wreath upon the coffin-lid of my lost friend.

GEORGE M. McCRIE.

THE LATER PROPHETS.

BY PROF. C. H. CORNILL.

THE narrow Judaising tendency of Ezra and Nehemiah must have exercised a fatal influence on prophecy, as the issue soon proved. The next prophetic book is that of Joel, which some people in consequence of an almost inconceivable confusion of ideas still declare to be the oldest of all. Few results of Old Testament research are as surely determined and as firmly established as that the Book of Joel dates from the century between Ezra and Alexander the Great.

In Joel for the first time that distinctive note is wanting which in all the older prophetic writings without exception, from Amos to Malachi, was the chief concern of the prophets, namely, censure, constant reference to the sins of Israel. Joel describes Israel as devout and pleasing in the sight of God; all is as it should be. In the regularly and conscientiously conducted ritual of the Temple, Israel has the guarantee of the grace of God; the most beautiful promises are held out to it, while the heathen will be destroyed by God and his angels as the harvest is cut down by the sickle and grapes trampled in the press; and moreover, the Jews shall turn their "ploughshares into swords and their pruning-hooks into spears." The celebrated pouring-out of the spirit will only affect Jewish flesh; the Gentiles will no longer be considered.

The small Book of Obadiah, written probably at an earlier date, has the same aims; it is the revision of an older prophecy concerning Edom already known to Jeremiah. To this book are appended the hopes and expectations of the time.

The next great universal catastrophe, however, was to find a more joyful echo, even in prophecy: the destruction of the Persian empire through Alexander the Great. The extremely remarkable coherent fragment, which we now read as Chapters 24 to 27 of the Book of Isaiah, dates, according to sure indications, from this time. We again find in this a reflexion of the old prophetic spirit. The dissolution of the whole earth and the judgment passed over its inhabitants is the chief theme. But this dissolution is thoroughly justified through the sinfulness of the world, and there, as in Kaulbach's Hunnenschlacht (the battle of the Huns), the decisive struggle takes place, not on earth, but on high. God conquers the host of the high ones; takes them prisoners, and shuts them up for many days in the prison. Israel itself takes no part in the struggle;

it merely waits on God as a psalm-singing community, and receives this command:

"Come, my people, enter thou into thy chambers, and shut thy doors about thee; hide thyself for a little moment, until the indignation be overpast. For behold, the Lord cometh forth out of his place to punish the inhabitants of the earth for their iniquity."

The final object of this judgment is the conversion of the earth. Even the imprisoned spirits will be pardoned, when they have lived out the time of their punishment.

"With my soul have I desired thee in the night; yea, with my spirit within me will I seek thee early: for when thy judgments are in the earth, the inhabitants of the world learn righteousness. Let favor be shewed to the wicked, yet will he not learn righteousness: in the land of uprightness will he deal wrongfully, and will not behold the majesty of the Lord."

Then will God prepare on Mount Zion a great feast for all these converted nations and will destroy the face of the covering that is cast over all people and the veil that is spread over all nations, and the kingdom of peace shall begin, whose walls and bulwark are salvation. Only Moab will be excluded from this general salvation, and its destruction is described in revolting imagery—and thus we find again in this usually pure blood a drop of poison.

The most remarkable of all in this fragment is, that the resurrection of the dead appears for the first time as a postulate of faith, though indeed only that of the pious Israelites. Now, this postulate, too, takes its origin in the Messianic hypotheses. Among those devout dead will be many a martyr who has suffered death for his God and his faith. Are these, who deserve it before all others, to be excluded from the glory of the kingdom of the Messiah? The justice of God demands that they shall rise again from the dead. Moreover, the living Jews are far too few to become in reality the sovereign and dominant people in the Messianic kingdom; to fill up this want, all the devout Jews who have previously departed must live again. An enlivening dew sent by God shall drop upon these mouldering bones, the dead arise again, and the earth give back the departed spirits.

We find in single sentences of these four chapters much that is beautiful and deep. They show upon the whole a magnificent picture, which shines all the more brightly, when compared with the production which follows next in point of time.

This is the fragment which we now read as Chapters 9 to 14 of the Book of Zechariah. It dates from the beginning of the third century, from the time of the struggles of the Diadochi, when it certainly seemed as if the dominion of the Greeks established by Alexander the Great would fall to pieces. This fragment marks

the lowest degradation of the prophetic literature of Israel. The fantasy of the writer positively wades in the blood of the Gentiles; their flesh shall consume away while they stand upon their feet, their eyes shall consume away in their sockets, and their tongues in their mouths, while the sons of Zion, whom God has aroused against the Greeks, will drink their blood like wine and be filled with it like bowls at the corners of the altar. Jerusalem alone shall remain grand and sublime, and even the bells of the horses and every pot shall be holy unto the Lord. The remaining heathen will indeed turn to God, but how will this conversion show itself? By eating kosher (i. e. after the manner of the Jews) and by going up every year to Jerusalem to keep the feast of tabernacles.

It is impossible to turn the mind of an Amos or a Hosea, of an Isaiah or a Jeremiah, into a worse caricature than is done here. The unknown author of this fragment in the Book of Zechariah will not even be a prophet: we find a very remarkable passage in this fragment, which shows that men distinctly felt that prophecy was at an end, and that the prophetic inspiration in Israel was dying out.

"And it shall come to pass in that day, said the Lord Zebaoth, that I will cut off the names of the idols out of the land, and they shall no more be remembered: and also I will cause the prophets and the unclean spirits to come out of the land. And it shall come to pass, that when any shall yet prophesy, then his father and his mother that begat him shall say unto him: Thou shalt not live, for thou speakest lies in the name of the Lord: and his father and his mother that begat him shall thrust him through when he prophesieth. And it shall come to pass in that day, that the prophets shall be ashamed every one of his vision, when he hath prophesied; neither shall they wear a hairy mantle to deceive: but he shall say, I am no prophet, I am an husbandman; the field is my possession and my trade from my youth up. And if one shall say unto him, What are these wounds thou bearest? he shall answer, . . . I was wounded in the house of my friends."

The prophets deceivers of the people, who must be put to death, prophetic inspiration an unclean spirit, put on the same level with idols—what a change, what a transition! Here we have the whole difference between Israel and Judaism.

Nevertheless the prophetic genius of Israel had not yet utterly died out; it had still sufficient health and strength to enter a strong protest against this caricature of itself, and to pronounce upon it the sentence of its condemnation. This is the special and lasting significance of the little book, which we must look upon as the last of prophetic literature, the Book of Jonah.

LORD PALMERSTON'S BOROUGH.

Mr. Harney's Reminiscences.

The Tiverton election described in the last number of *The Open Court* took place in 1847. Mr. Snell in the book we are noticing publishes the following communication from Mr. George Julian Harney, written in 1894—forty-seven years after the event:

WHO WERE THE CHARTISTS?

Having been courteously invited to narrate my recollections of the stirring episode of 47 years ago, I comply with the request, understanding that my statement must be brief, and (I will add) fair, and, as far as may be, impartial. It may first be well to answer the question: "Who and what were the Chartists?" They were the direct political descendants of the men who, dissatisfied with the merely mob-ebullitions of those who shouted themselves hoarse with cries for "Wilkes and Liberty," began to band themselves together soon after the commencement (and more especially after the termination) of the American war, to obtain a Reform of Parliament. Subsequently arose the "Society of the Friends of the People," and other patriotic associations, led by such men as the then Duke of Richmond, Earl Stanhope, and several Parliamentary celebrities, with such efficient auxiliaries as Major Cartwright, Horne Tooke, Thelwall, and other "men of light and leading" who subsequently, and after the commencement of the excesses of the French Revolution, were stigmatised as English Jacobins. A reign of terror, the opposite to that in France, consigned the Scottish Martyrs—Muir, Palmer, Gerald, Margarot, and Skirving—to penal transportation; and in England wholesale arrests, severe punishments for political "libels," sentences of imprisonment for sedition, and on the other hand a signal triumph in the acquittal of Hardy and other members of the "Corresponding Society," marked the varying fortunes of the Reform movement in its first stage.

THE FIRST RADICALS.

A lull ensued. But the first decade of the Nineteenth Century was hardly over when new actors appeared on the stage. The people were tired of the long war, and again the cry for Parliamentary Reform was heard in the land. In Parliament the moderate Reformers were led by Grey, Brougham, Russell, Mackintosh, Romilly, Whitbread, and others, including Burdett, who, however, may be also classed with the outside leaders. Of such leaders the most marked were Cobbett, Hunt, Hone, Wooler, and many more. The poetry of Byron and Shelley largely contributed to fan the flame of reforming enthusiasm. It was about the time of Waterloo that these Reformers began to have applied to them the nickname of "Radicals," or men who proposed to make a root and branch reform, and tear up the abuses of the representative system by the roots. The repressive measures of the Castle-reagh-Sidmouth Administration, including the tyrannical "Six Acts," the "Manchester Massacre," the executions in Glasgow, Derby and London; the nefarious acts of spies spreading distrust and terror; these and other causes again brought collapse and apathy; and so ended the second stage of reform.

"THE BILL, THE WHOLE BILL, AND NOTHING BUT THE BILL."

The French Revolution of 1830 awakened public spirit from its torpor, and contemporaneously with the Belgian Revolution, the popular movements in Germany and Italy, and the sanguinary and heroic, but unfortunate struggle in Poland, the third stage of Reform commenced. Soon the cry of "The Bill, the whole Bill, and Nothing but the Bill" reverberated through the land, and

England seemed to be in the very throes of Revolution. This time, despite lamentable scenes at Nottingham and other places, and the ever-to-be-deplored, disgraceful, and disgusting anarchy of which Bristol was the theatre, the cause of Reform triumphed. The middle classes were practically unanimous. They were aided by the Liberal section of the aristocracy, and had at their back the support of the working classes. The movement was as spontaneous as national. There were Unions of various names, the most famous of which was the Birmingham Political Union; but the immense gatherings of the people were not got together by any caucus-like machinery. Reform was in the air. The vast majority of the people obeyed the inspiration. The opponents of Reform saw that further opposition was useless, and the Reform Bill became the Reform Act on the 7th June, 1832.

THE PEOPLE'S CHARTER.

But soon the voice of disappointment was heard. There had been all along an "extreme Left" among the Reformers, who, with Henry Hunt, demanded Universal Suffrage. That section was represented by a small but active and organised body. During the stress and storm of the agitation, 1831-32, there had been in London two popular organisations:—"The Political Union," mainly representative of the middle classes, and "The National Union of the Working Classes." On the passing of the Reform Bill the Political Union was dissolved, or died away. The Union of the Working Classes struggled on. But the general enthusiasm had evaporated. The National Union of the Working Classes had ceased to be heard of, when in 1836 William Lovett, a native of Newlyn, Cornwall, and by trade a cabinet maker, conceived the idea of establishing what he called Working Men's Associations to accomplish a Radical Reform of Parliament, and for other legal, constitutional, and praiseworthy purposes. The movement spread. Working Men's Associations were formed in various parts of the country; other associated bodies also came to the front, including the revived Birmingham Political Union, and the Northern Political Union, the headquarters of which were at Newcastle-on-Tyne. It was determined by Lovett and his associates to formulate their demands in the shape of a Bill to be enacted by Parliament.

The leading principles of that measure were:

1. Universal Suffrage.
2. Equal Electoral Districts.
3. Vote by Ballot.
4. Annual Parliaments.
5. No Property Qualification.
6. Payment of Members.

There was nothing novel in these demands; they had been those of ultra-reformers for over fifty years. In the main they had been endorsed by the Duke of Richmond, Earl Stanhope, Cartwright, Burdett, and other past leaders. The only novelty was their embodiment in a Bill which quickly received the name of "The People's Charter." Its author was William Lovett, though Mr. Roebuck supplied the preamble; and that gentleman with one or two more assisted to lick the Bill into the rigmarole shape, which seems to be indispensable in manufacturing Acts of Parliament. In my humble room a sheet copy framed and glazed hangs by the side of Magna Charta.

"THE NORTHERN STAR."

Toward the end of 1837 Feargus O'Connor founded *The Northern Star* at Leeds. It quickly obtained a large circulation. Subsequently other Chartist newspapers appeared, but none of them achieved the success commanded for some years by the *Northern Star*. Published at four-pence-halfpenny a copy, at the height of the agitation it had a circulation of over 40,000 a week. It probably had half a million of readers.

THE NATIONAL CONVENTION.

In the course of 1838 great meetings were held in all the principal cities and towns at which the Charter and a National Petition were adopted, and delegates were elected to what was commonly termed the "National Convention"—the actual name being "The General Convention of the Industrious Classes." One of the three delegates elected at Newcastle-on-Tyne was G. J. Harney, destined to make the acquaintance of the people of Tiverton nine years later. He was the youngest member of the Convention, being not quite 22 when the delegates held their first meeting on the 4th of February, 1839.

It is impossible to give in this place even the briefest sketch of the proceedings of the Convention—its lofty aspirations, mistakes, and failure; nor can more than mention be made of the unhappy affair of Frost at Newport, the wholesale arrest and imprisonment of Chartist leaders and speakers. Suffice it to say that in spite of manifold errors, and the repressive effects of political persecution, Chartism was still a power in the land when the writs were issued for the General Election in 1847.

CHARTIST INTERVENTION IN ELECTIONS.

The intervention of the Chartists in Elections was quite legitimate, and politic on their part. When their candidates were nominated, they had the opportunity to address audiences not obtainable at any other time; and lords, esquires, manufacturers, farmers, and shopkeepers had to listen to expositions of the "Six Points" and other matters, to which at other times they would have turned a deaf ear. Chartist candidates had appeared at some of the most important elections in 1841; and a greater number came forward in 1847. Mr. Harney had shared in the West Riding nominations in 1841, when the candidates were Lords Morpeth and Milton, and Sir John Stuart Wortley and Mr. Becket Dennison. Harney was now Editor of the *Northern Star*, which four years previously he had joined as sub editor. More than any Chartist leader he had given attention to foreign politics, and so it came to pass that he elected (and was selected by the Tiverton Chartists) to oppose Lord Palmerston. Of all the Chartist candidates in 1847 only Feargus O'Connor was elected at Nottingham as the colleague of Mr. Walter of the *Times*.

"GETTING AT" LORD PALMERSTON.

Mr. Harney knew that the election of a Chartist at Tiverton was impossible; but that was not his object. His purpose was to "get at" Lord Palmerston; and in that he was not disappointed. Mr. Harney arrived from London at Tiverton, July 27th, 1847, and was met at the entrance to the town by a large concourse of his friends and conducted to Fore street; where from a window of the house of Mr. Norman, draper, he delivered his introductory speech, taking for his text Lord Palmerston's Address to the Electors. His comments elicited much enthusiasm. On the evening of July 28th Mr. Harney again addressed his friends at the same place, speaking on the topics of the day; and with much acceptance as far as the Chartist element in the town was concerned. A third meeting, also in Fore street, followed on the evening of the 29th, when Mr. Harney was supported by Mr. Wilkinson, an ex-Mayor of Exeter. The town was now in a very lively state; some thousands were at the meeting, and the enthusiasm of the Chartists rose to the highest pitch when Mr. Harney concluded a lengthy and impassioned appeal with the somewhat grandiloquent sentence—"To-night we sleep upon our arms; to-morrow we march to battle and to victory!"

THE COMBATANTS.

Mr. Harney was then 30 years of age, and though he had experienced some warnings of the loss of voice which ultimately, and not long afterwards, befel him, he was at the time in good

"fettle" for the fray—indeed better than if he had been five or ten years younger. Lord Palmerston was much older, being his opponent's senior by 33 years. All the advantages were with his lordship: a collegiate training, great natural talents perfected and adorned by culture, early entrance into public life, a parliamentary experience of 40 years, and an official experience of 38 years. A fluent, if not an eloquent, speaker, dowered with the gifts of witty repartee and keen, but never ill-natured, sarcasm; Palmerston's varied attainments were completed by an air of easy non-balance and winning *bonhomie*. Mr. Harney's equipment comprised little more than his comparative youth, and an earnest, if ill-regulated, enthusiasm; but when was genuine enthusiasm ever well-regulated?

THE NOMINATION.

Friday, July 30th, was the day appointed for the nomination. The candidates and their leading supporters assembled at the Guildhall, where the Mayor, Mr. T. W. T. Tucker, and the Town Clerk went through some preliminary performances, warning all concerned to avoid "bribery and corruption." Then the proceedings were adjourned to the hustings in front of St. Peter's Church—an edifice for its size and beauty almost worthy of being counted with the cathedrals. The two former members took their stand on the right of the Mayor, and the Chartist on the left. (A joker might have said "the extreme left.") After a short address from the Mayor, Mr. Heathcoat was first put in nomination by Dr Kettle, seconded by Mr. Gemlen. Lord Palmerston was nominated by Mr. Hole, seconded by Mr. W. Anstey. In a characteristic speech Mr. Rowcliffe nominated Mr. George Julian Harney, seconded by Mr. Burgess.

Mr. Heathcoat, who was cordially received, delivered a brief address, defending Parliament as then constituted from the charge of class-legislation, and enumerating measures of reform and amelioration adopted by the late Parliament. He looked to the diffusion of education as the best means of paving the way for an extension of the suffrage. A little by-play then ensued. According to wont and usage Lord Palmerston should then have spoken, but his lordship said as he understood he was to be attacked he would waive his right to speak now. He would first hear the attack and then make his speech in reply.

Many of the Chartist candidate's friends urged him not to forego his right of speaking last, he having been proposed last. But Mr. Harney, addressing the Mayor, said he wanted only fair play; he would therefore speak first; his lordship might then make his reply, and he (Mr. Harney) would then make a second speech restricted to the topics of the Charter and other necessary reforms. After some debate, principally engaged in by a few of Lord Palmerston's supporters, who evidently were disinclined to show much fairness to the Chartist candidate, the arrangement proposed, as above, was agreed to.

HARNEY'S SPEECH AGAINST PALMERSTON.

Mr. Julian Harney, who was received with loud and prolonged cheering, commenced his speech. Now comes an insurmountable difficulty. It would not be more difficult to pour the full contents of a gallon-jar into a pint-pot, than it would be to give a fair idea of a speech of two hour's duration within the compass of a paragraph, or even a page or two. It must suffice to say that the speaker—after some compliments to Mr. Heathcoat on his speech, and complimentary reference to one Whig philanthropist, "the late Joseph Strutt of Derby,"—began at the beginning with Lord Palmerston, to-wit the noble lord's entrance upon public life under the Perceval administration. Remarking that in the course of his political career Lord Palmerston had been, like St. Paul, "all things to all men," Mr. Harney proceeded to stigmatise the Tory chiefs—from Perceval to Canning, under whom Lord Palmerston had served, describing Canning as "a

clever jester, or brilliant buffoon, a tax-eater almost the whole of his life, and the determined enemy of all reform." He then proceeded to pay his respects to the Duke of Wellington, Lord Melbourne, and others—all under the Chartist ban. Proceeding, he commented on the prosecution suffered by the Unstamped Press, on the New Poor Law, Ireland and the Irish famine, &c. In the course of his onslaught on the then Whig administration of which Lord Palmerston was a member, Mr. Harney referred to Lord Morpeth as "the best of the lot." "I remember," said he, "that six years ago I had the pleasure of opposing the noble lord at the West Riding election, and I remember the unaffected courtesy of that nobleman's manner throughout the contest. I am about to ask Lord Palmerston a favor, most likely the only favor I shall ever ask of him. It is this, that on his return to town he will be good enough to give my compliments to Lord Morpeth." Here Lord Palmerston took off his hat and bowed in token of his acceptance of the mission confided to him; the people meanwhile laughing and cheering. After comments on some more domestic matters, Mr. Harney proceeded to tackle the foreign policy of the Whigs and Lord Palmerston's conduct as Secretary of State for foreign affairs, taking a wide range over Holland and Belgium, Spain and Portugal, China, India, and Afghanistan. He was especially vehement in denunciation of the policy which, he alleged, was responsible for the utter destruction of the unfortunate British troops in their terrible and memorable retreat from Cabul. Strongly condemning the conduct of the British Government in India and Afghanistan, he yet took care to disassociate himself from the Manchester School of "Little Englanders" of that day (1847), protesting against any separation, but urging that colonies and dependencies should be held to the mother country by links of justice, and then the world might see the whole "floating down the stream of Time, one happy, one free, one triumphant British nation." Immense cheering greeted the sentiment. Mr. Harney then turned to Turkey, Egypt, Poland, and the recently absorbed Republic of Cracow. Other topics commented on cannot be repeated here. Mr. Harney's speech occupied over two hours in the delivery, and was favorably, indeed enthusiastically, received by over two-thirds of the large assemblage.

THE REPLY AND THE RESULT.

Lord Palmerston in reply spoke for upwards of an hour. Some, though necessarily a very imperfect, idea of his address has been furnished in the preceding article. Mr. Harney then delivered a second speech mainly in vindication of the points of the People's Charter. The show of hands was then taken, with the result announced by the Mayor:—"I declare that the show of hands is in favor of John Heathcoat, Esq., and Julian Harney, Esq." A tumult of cheering broke from the great majority of the crowd. On its subsidence Lord Palmerston demanded a poll. Mr. Harney then read a written protest against any poll being taken, affirming that Mr. Heathcoat and himself had been rightfully elected in accordance with the spirit of the constitution and the ancient usage of this country. Mr. Harney then moved a vote of thanks to the Mayor, which was seconded by Lord Palmerston, and adopted by acclamation. The Mayor acknowledged the compliment, and the proceedings, which had continued seven hours, terminated. The polling took place next day with the result which has been stated. The chairing of the members followed, and Lord Palmerston returned to London on the Saturday evening. Mr. Harney remained two days longer, and on Monday evening addressed a large meeting on the ground at the back of the White Ball Inn. On Tuesday, August 2nd, 1847, he left Tiverton for London.

MR. HARNEY'S PRESENT VIEWS.

Mr. Harney has requested publication of the following over his signature:—

After 47 years I cannot regret the part I played on that 30th of July. On the contrary that is one remembered incident of my Chartist career on which I can look back with unalloyed satisfaction. Of course my speech—from beginning to end—was not all words of wisdom; but in that respect certainly no worse than other election speeches. My views on most of the foreign topics discussed are much now as they were then. Called upon (were that possible, but it is not) to undertake a like part again, some phrases and forms of expression used 47 years ago, I would not care to repeat now. I cannot find any fault with Lord Palmerston's bearing on that July day. With all his natural tendency to caustic criticism, he was courteous and fair; and so, with but a few exceptions, were his supporters on the hustings. Mr. Heathcoat's bearing was not less gentlemanly. The Mayor presided with perfect impartiality. The conduct of the crowd of Electors and Non-electors was admirable. No rowdiness, no brutalities of Nottingham "lams," or Westminster "roughs." Every speaker was accorded a fair hearing. For my part I regret the suppression of the old-time constitutional procedure of open nominations. Now a Parliamentary Election is less interesting than that of a Parish Beadle. Lord Palmerston was an aristocrat; no doubt about that. But he was genial, frank, and generous. Moreover he abhorred cant in every form. I had never seen Lord Palmerston before I went to Tiverton, having never been in the gallery of "the House," for which I had but little respect and have still less to-day. In the Tiverton Guildhall I sat next to, without knowing, his lordship, and he engaged me in a momentary conversation, I only finding out who had been my interlocutor when we reached the hustings. After the Election I never met or saw Lord Palmerston again. In 1863 I went to the States. Coming over to England in 1878, I was told the following incident of Lord Palmerston, then dead some 13 years. It happened that some of the working class Radicals of the time were in the lobby of "the House" with the view of soliciting subscriptions from Liberal members for some unfortunate of the "advanced" corps, stricken down by disease, and suffering from that other and too common ill—impecuniosity; when the Premier was seen approaching. Said one of the party—"Here comes Pam, let us try him." The idea was pooh-pooh'd, but it was carried out by the suggestor. Lord Palmerston patiently listened to the story and responded with his usual kindly liberality, accompanying the gift by some pleasantry as was his wont. He had faced toward the chamber of the Commons, when suddenly turning back, he enquired, "Can you tell me what has become of an old Chartist acquaintance of mine, Mr. George Julian Harney?" The person addressed could not tell, but an older man of the group said he believed Julian Harney was in America. Lord Palmerston rejoined, "Well, I wish him good fortune: he gave me a dressing down at Tiverton some years ago, and I have not heard of him since; but I hope he is doing well."

I tell the tale as it was told to me. That must have been within a year or two of Lord Palmerston's death, and though a trifling incident, attests the geniality of his character.

GEORGE JULIAN HARNEY.

RICHMOND-ON-THAMES, 1894.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"HEREDITY AND THE A PRIORI."

To the Editor of *The Open Court*:

In regard to your comments upon my "Evolution and Idealism" article of the 20th of June, I have no wish to attempt a reply within the limits of a letter. But perhaps you will permit me to say a few words upon the relationship of the views you have expressed

to those of a better philosopher than I can ever hope to be,—George Henry Lewes, to-wit.

You write (in the note to your "Heredity and the A Priori" column) that such purely formal ideas as units of counting and geometrical space, "far from being latent in the mind and prior to experience, have been derived from experience and abstraction." Well, this is what Lewes, in the same connexion, says: "The objects of mathematical study are reals, . . . although they are abstractions. . . . They are intelligibles of sensibles: abstractions which have their concretes in real objects."

And again: "Our purpose will be to reverse Kant's procedure, and to show that the mathematical judgments are absolutely and entirely dependent on experience, and are limited to the range of experience, sensible and extra-sensible."

I am pleased to be able to point out an agreement between Lewes and yourself, where you are inclined to insist upon a difference.

The knowledge of Lewes's works which enables me to do this may possibly serve to suggest that you do me somewhat less than justice in imagining that I am ignorant of Kant's confined, not to say confused, use of the term "experience." Probably no one has pointed out more clearly and cogently than Lewes, how bewildered and bewildering Kant's usage of "experience" is. It is indeed because of Kant's avoidable blundering in terminology, as well as because of his unavoidable ignorance of the doctrine of organic evolution, that so many thinkers of to-day find Spencer and Lewes, in certain respects, more surefooted and consistent as philosophic guides than even the sage of Königsberg himself.

ELLIS THURTELL.

RETRIBUTION.

BY VIROE.

Across their lives men heedless go,
Like thieves o'er freshly fallen snow,
Who think,—if e'er they think at all,—
That through the night much more will fall
To cover up their footprints; so
With booty laden home they go.

But far away from sound or sight
The Power to whom the dark is light
Bids Nature send detectives forth,—
The swift, cold bloodhounds of the North,
To freeze their footprints in the snow
And tell the world which way they go.

BOOK REVIEWS.

LA RECHERCHE DE L'UNITÉ. Deuxième édition. By *E. de Roberty*. "Bibliothèque de Philosophie contemporaine." Paris: Félix Alcan, éditeur. 1894.

AUGUSTE COMTE ET HERBERT SPENCER; contribution à l'histoire des idées philosophiques au XIX. siècle. Deuxième édition. By *E. de Roberty*. "Bibliothèque de Philosophie contemporaine." Paris: Félix Alcan, éditeur. 1895.

M. de Roberty is a philosophical writer of no mean standing. He has previously published quite a series of similar contributions on sociology, ancient and modern philosophy, the unknowable, agnosticism, etc., which indicate the range of his philosophical powers. In the first of these two later works he treats of negative concepts in monistic theories, the unity of science, Spencer's universal postulate or test of truth, the inconceivability of the negation, the concepts of quantity, relativity, motion, transcendentalism, etc. He is a thorough-going monist, or at least, believes himself to be such, and lays down the three following definitions:

1. Rational unity is the product of *logical thought aided and controlled by direct observation or experience*, i. e. by "intuition," or "subjective research."

2. Scientific unity is the product of *logical thought aided and controlled by indirect observation or experience* (objective research).

3. Transcendental unity is the product of logical thought not controlled, or insufficiently controlled, by observation and experience, either direct or indirect.

He pronounces himself in the main in favor of the second of these, or scientific monism, and considers the relations of body and mind, or mind and matter. He roundly, and, as we think, justly rebukes the tendency of so many writers and thinkers of eminence to insist that after we have learned all that is known or ever can be known of these relations the two fields are still as far apart as ever. This form of dualism which goes beyond the *ignoramus* and postulates the *ignorabimus* is unworthy of the name of philosophy. His own position is summed up in the following words:

"We could fill pages and pages in explaining what we understand by true monism. We shall do this in a few words. All general distinction between mind and matter strikes us as pure logical nonsense."

The later and slightly smaller work on Comte and Spencer was, says M. de Roberty, originally intended to be embodied in the other, but was finally made a separate contribution. It deals entirely with what he calls their monism. It is doubtful whether the word *monism* (perhaps first used by Wolff, but long lost sight of till revived by Haeckel and Hartmann) occurs once in the writings of either of those authors. I remember recently reading a book on Hegel in which occurred the statement that he strongly condemned agnosticism! a word of Huxleyan mintage. Of this Roberty's treatise on the monism of Comte and Spencer naturally reminded me. Of course it may be said that the principles of agnosticism and monism existed long before their names, yet this use of a modern terminology in discussing older writers and philosophies in which a different terminology is employed verges too close upon anachronism to be approved.

Roberty, like too many other monists, makes monism a sort of creed, and speaks of dualism, or anything that is opposed to monism as essentially heterodox and unsound. That is, he makes his monism, instead of truth the norm, and seems to think the falsity of a doctrine sufficiently shown if it is proved to stand opposed to monism. In view of the fact that those who call themselves monists do not all agree as to what monism is, and have generally failed to give the rest of the world a definite idea of it, it would seem to be too early to set it up as the embodiment of all truth.

Barring this slight tendency to monistic partisanship, these little books of M. Roberty are very pleasant reading. The author's style is spicy and tends to be flowery, perhaps a little too much so for the character of his topics, but on the other hand it prevents them from becoming heavy and uninteresting. In his treatment of Comte he has proved one of the few Frenchmen who adequately appreciate the labors of their great countryman. He classes him with Socrates, Aristotle, Bacon, Descartes, Locke, Hume, and Kant, thinkers whose monism is accompanied by a mild form of agnosticism, in which latter doctrine he always scents some trace of the dreadful dualism. He calls him "the least sceptical, the least delicate, the least refined, but also the least calculating, the most sincere, the most naïve of philosophers." There certainly ought to be a common bond between positivism and monism. If the latter is nothing but the unintelligible dogma that mind and matter are the same thing, of course Comte has nothing to say about it, but if it means the great principle of the uniformity and invariability of nature's laws, this is the cornerstone itself of the positive philosophy, as it is of all science. True

monism ought to be simply the highest generalisation of known facts and phenomena. It ought to mean the great law which embraces all other laws. Now while Comte discarded as metaphysical, and therefore sterile, the vain search after *causes* he made the most thorough and successful search for laws that has been undertaken. On page 495 of Vol. I. of the third edition (1869) of the *Philosophie Positive* may be found an equation which, he says, may be regarded as embracing all the equations necessary for the complete determination of the various circumstances relative to the movement of any system of bodies acted upon by any forces whatever. It was in the same spirit that he attacked every other science, and although he admitted that the applicability of mathematics to the several sciences of the hierarchy diminishes as their complexity increases, still it was his aim in each case to reach an expression of the highest law that could be formulated. M. de Roberty has not wholly ignored this great service which Comte has rendered to science, and he justly gives him credit for having established a new science, that of sociology, upon the broad principles of historical development and human motive. He also recognises the importance of his law of the three stages of thought, of his classification of the sciences, and of his determination of the principal methods of reasoning in general.

To Herbert Spencer's monism he gives less space, and apparently somewhat less countenance. He classes Spencer along with Democritus, Bruno, Spinoza, Leibnitz, Fichte, Hegel, and Schopenhauer, "spirits bold enough to undertake the task of correcting agnosticism by monism, an excess of prudence by an excess of temerity." It is hard to say which would be the more indignant, Schopenhauer at being thus classed with Hegel, or Spencer at being called Comte's "*successeur en ligne directe*." Yet, as a matter of fact the latter *faux pas* is not as wide of the mark as Mr. Spencer's repeated and vehement disclaimers might lead some to suppose. The most that can be said is that their two systems, beginning and ending at the same points and passing through the same intermediate phases in the same order, were doubtless in the main elaborated independently of each other, although Comte's was completed and published (1842) at least ten years before Spencer's was begun.

Spencer's great sin is his "agnosticism," which somehow in our author's eyes constitutes a form of dualism, difficult as it may seem to others that no belief at all can be converted into two beliefs. Like most other attempts to analyse the synthetic philosophy, this one gets entangled in the meshes of the unknowable and scarcely gets beyond the first third of the first volume of the ten which make up this vast system. The most that lies outside of this relates to his *Principles of Psychology*, which, as has often been pointed out, was written out of its natural order, before the *Biology*, and therefore neither properly affiliated upon that nor made the basis of *Sociology*, though placed between these two in the system. It is the most metaphysical of Mr. Spencer's works.

In discussing the monism of Spencer M. de Roberty considers the following five essential points: (1) An ultimate criterion of all experimental truth. (2) Classification of the facts of consciousness subjectively (internal states), and objectively (external states.) (3) Hypothesis of a reality outside of consciousness. (4) The two hypotheses derived from the postulate of the unknowable or "transcendent." (5) Classification of the facts of consciousness as in time and space. This discussion is highly metaphysical and needs to be closely followed to be understood.

Less space is given to the great unitary law of evolution with which Mr. Spencer's name is more closely connected than that of any other philosopher. He asks the question: "Is the unity realised by mechanics and physics of the same nature as logical unity?" and answers it by saying that "the unity of the inorganic world presents itself in its turn (in the form of *knowledge*) as an aspect of logical unity." Our author deserves special credit for perceiving

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and pointing out that Spencer's evolution consists in fact of two different processes, one for the inorganic and another for the organic world. I called attention to this eighteen years ago,¹ but, so far as I have been able to learn, no other author before Roberty has treated it. Instead of dismissing it as a "dualism" I attempted to reconcile it with the law of unity, and, as I still think, successfully, although it certainly does require that all evolution be explained as the result of the interaction of the two decidedly dualistic principles of gravitation and radiation.

Enough has perhaps been said to indicate the general scope of these works as well as the character of M. Roberty's writings as a whole. One cannot too strongly commend the manner in which this and other publishing houses in Paris, and to a less extent in other cities of the Continent, bring out works of this class. It is inexpensive and highly satisfactory both to authors and readers. We Americans might well imitate it and thus make it possible to issue a great many excellent books that are never even written. The brochure style is good enough for this class of solid reading, and there is no excuse for the wretched fine type and thin sleazy smeared paper that are used in this country for the so-called "cheap editions" of our books. LESTER F. WARD.

An interesting collection of politico-economical debates has recently come to us from England in the shape of the second volume of *Transactions of the National Liberal Club, Political Economy Circle*, edited by J. H. Levy (London: P. S. King & Son). The discussions cover a vast variety of topics, such as the economic effects of an eight-hour day for coal miners, pensions for the aged, agricultural distress and its remedies, the land question, the monetary situation, etc. The debates have all the zest and spirit of free parliamentary discussion, and in most cases are the utterances of prominently known men. The lack of a table of contents and index is partly made up by bold-faced marginal titles. The same publishers and editor also issue *A Symposium on Value*, a little brochure of fifty-eight pages, consisting of papers by Mr. Ernest Belfort Bax and others on the conception of economic value.

The *Freidenker Publishing Co.* of Milwaukee have just published a little German pamphlet by Dr. Adolf Brodbeck, *Die Existenz Gottes*, being a commentary upon an address delivered by the Very Rev. Augustin F. Hewitt at the Chicago World's Fair on the "Being of God." The Rev. Mr. Hewitt's address was a demonstration of the existence of God from the Roman Catholic point of view. Dr. Brodbeck gives a synopsis of the speaker's arguments, and answers each critically. The author would not reject the term "God," because of the deep and just problems which it contains. His sole effort is to clarify the idea. The pamphlet is a good one and the argument well conducted.

Fully as significant as the new reaction against the scientific method are the able replies which that movement has called forth. No doubt the attack will have little other effect than the salutary repair of the defences of science. Two noteworthy rejoinders to M. Brunetière's *Bankruptcy of Science* reach us from distant lands: one from Prof. Enrico Morselli of Italy, entitled *La preteso 'Banca-rotta della scienza'* (Palermo: Remo Sandro); and one from Hungary by Sigmund Bodnár, translated into German under the title *Ueber den Bankrott der Wissenschaften. Offener Brief an Ferdinand Brunetière* (Budapest: Eggenberger).

The *Nachrichten von der Königlichen Gesellschaft der Wissenschaften zu Göttingen*, Philologico-historical Department, 1895,

¹ "Cosmic and Organic Evolution." *Popular Science Monthly*, Vol. XI., New York, October, 1877, pp. 672-682. See also, *Dynamic Sociology*, New York, 1883, Vol. I., p. 247 et seqq.

No. 2, contains an article of considerable interest to biblical scholars, on *The Return of the Jews from the Babylonian Exile*, by J. Wellhausen.

NOTES.

It is with deep regret and sorrow that we receive the sad news of Dr. Robert Lewins's decease. He was an unusually deep thinker, thoroughly versed in all schools of philosophy, and representing a school of his own which he called hylo-idealism, or solipsism. He was radical in his opinions, even to extremes, and seemed to take delight in the denunciation of theism in any form. He was a severe adversary of religion and repudiated its very name. Nevertheless, in his personal friendship, as well as in his philosophical convictions there was a deeply religious love of truth, and the religious influences of his early youth could easily be traced in his emotional life. He was by birth and blood a Scotchman, by education a German, and a pupil of the Moravian Brotherhood at Neuwied on the Rhine. He loved to speak German, and introduced more German, Greek, and other foreign expressions into his articles than any other English author. He studied at the Universities of Heidelberg, Vienna, Paris, and Edinburgh. In his philosophy he appears to have been mainly influenced by Schopenhauer, and perhaps also by Fichte. He found enthusiastic admirers and expounders of his theory in Miss Naden and Mr. McCrie. Articles and letters from Dr. Robert Lewins's pen appeared from time to time in both *The Monist* and *The Open Court*. In spite of a strong agreement as to the monistic principle in philosophy, we could not accept his identification of the universe with self, and have on various occasions presented the reasons for our disagreement. Perhaps the tersest explanation of his theory is contained in his article "The Unity of Thought and Thing" (Vol. IV., No. 2, of *The Monist*). We shall publish a few posthumous papers of his in subsequent numbers.—P. C.

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IN MEMORIAM.—H. R. H. CHOW FA MAHA VAJIRUNHIS, CROWN PRINCE OF SIAM.

His Majesty, the King of Siam, the same noble monarch who shows so much zeal for the religion of Buddha that he presented to several of our best known university libraries an edition de luxe of the stately collection of the sacred books of Buddhism, and who, at the same time, gave a large donation to Prof. Max Müller for the continuation and completion of the *Sacred Books of the East*, has been visited of late by a grievous bereavement. A few months ago he lost his eldest son and heir to the throne, H. R. H. Chow Fa Maha Vajirunhis. We find in the *Journal of the Maha-Bodhi Society* the report of the memorial service held in honor of the departed prince, a young man distinguished by rare talents and a sterling character.

We here reproduce in an English translation the brief sermon which was delivered by the Buddhist highpriest of the kingdom in the throne-room of the Tusita Maha Prasad, on Friday, the 19th of April, 1895:¹

“Blessings on the august pure and just person of His Majesty the King! May the realm increase in prosperity, may His Person enjoy happiness!

“I approach Your Majesty’s person on this solemn day to offer in accordance with our sacred creed consolation in remembrance of the death of His Royal Highness Chow Fa Maha Vajirunhis, the late Crown Prince of Siam. May what I state redound to the glory and be in commemoration of the august Prince, now departed; may I bring consolation to the person of the King in this assembly of the Royal House, of the Representatives of Foreign Nations, of Nobles and Officials.

“A great grief has befallen us all: His Royal Highness Chow Fa Maha Vajirunhis, Crown Prince of Siam, has departed this life. His illness would not yield to the efforts of physicians; before we could grasp the fact, he was taken from us. Truly a real cause for grief for all of us. From the time the sacred water rite was performed on His Royal Highness, when almost a child, to confirm him in the exalted position which he should occupy, the Prince showed assiduity in acquiring such wisdom and knowledge as

was becoming to the position which his august father, His Majesty the King, had prepared for him. Spiritual and temporal matters he made his own; he became acquainted with the tenets of our sacred religion; he acquired knowledge in Government work; he studied the science of his own and foreign countries, ornaments worthy of an exalted personage! He showed modesty towards those of His Royal family who were his elders, he showed condescension to his spiritual teachers, and whilst himself firmly established in and propagating the faith of the Buddha, he had due reverence for those who held different tenets.

“And now, the victim of a treacherous illness, he is taken from us in the flower of his youth, and well may we recall the word of our Great Teacher, when He expounded the law of separation; for changes and misfortune have come to us at this time. And thus He spoke the ‘stanzas on death’ so that our sorrow might be alleviated, and this truth will last unto the end of time.

“In the life of sentient beings there is no certainty. We know not when or how life will be extinguished; no one is able to guarantee existence; short is our life and swiftly are we extinguished, and our sorrow never ceases. As the potter’s work will be broken, so our life will come to an end, and whether children, young or old, whether foolish or wise, all fall under the sway of death. We may speak of days, months, and years; but we cannot say when our existence will come to an end. No one is spared, whether of kingly origin or a Brahmana, whether a Vaisya or a Sudra, whether of the highest caste or a slave; all fall under the sway of death. When we depart from one existence to another, the parents cannot protect their child, nor will the love of the kinsman avail aught to his kin; the lamentations and grief over the departed do not benefit us, nor him. Death is the natural consequence of existence, and our life is like that of the cow which the Brahmana leads to the altar for sacrifice. Knowing this, what will lamenting over the departed avail us. The dead are not benefited by our grief. The dead have no consciousness of our acts, and they have prepared their destiny by their own deeds. Everything is subject to change, although we may think it permanent; this is the law of the Universe.

¹ Cf. the *Journal of the Maha-Bodhi Society*, Vol. VI., No. 2 (June 1895).

“Thus having listened to the words of the Fully Enlightened One, we know that the dead cannot come to life again; therefore let us cease lamenting and turn our attention to the living, so that the country may prosper; work for the living! For such is the work of the living, when death has not yet reached them.

“We are born and die, this is the way of the world; but the good works we do in this world, they will bear fruit in future, they will last!

“And now brethren recite ye the stanzas on death which our Blessed Lord has spoken; may they bring consolation to the King’s Majesty, may those assembled here find comfort in them.

“Thus let it be.”

JONAH.

BY PROF. C. H. CORNILL.

AN involuntary smile passes over one’s features at the mention of the name of Jonah. For the popular conception sees nothing in this Book but a silly tale, exciting us to derision. When shallow humor prompts people to hold the Old Testament up to ridicule Balaam’s ass and Jonah’s whale infallibly take precedence.

I have read the Book of Jonah at least a hundred times, and I will publicly avow, for I am not ashamed of my weakness, that I cannot even now take up this marvellous book, nay, nor even speak of it, without the tears rising to my eyes, and my heart beating higher. This apparently trivial book is one of the deepest and grandest that was ever written, and I should like to say to every one who approaches it, “Take off thy shoes, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground.” In this book Israelitish prophecy quits the scene of battle as victor, and as victor in its severest struggle—that against self. In it the prophecy of Israel succeeded, as Jeremiah expresses it in a remarkable and well-known passage, in freeing the precious from the vile and in finding its better self again.

The Jonah of this book is a prophet, and a genuine representative of the prophecy of the time, a man like unto that second Zechariah, drunk with the blood of the heathen, and who could hardly await the time when God should destroy the whole of the Gentile world. He receives from God the command to go to Nineveh to proclaim the judgment, but he rose to flee from the presence of the Lord by ship unto Tartessus (Tarshish) in the far west. From the very beginning of the narrative the genuine and loyal devotion of the heathen seamen is placed in intentional and exceedingly powerful contrast to the behavior of the prophet; they are the sincere believers; he is the only heathen on board. After that Jonah has been saved from storm and sea by the fish, he again receives the command to

go to Nineveh. He obeys, and wonderful to relate, scarcely has the strange preacher traversed the third part of the city crying out his warning than the whole of Nineveh proclaimed a fast and put on sackcloth; the people of Nineveh believed the words of the preacher and humiliated themselves before God. Therefore, the ground and motive of the divine judgment ceasing to exist, God repented of the evil that He thought to do them, and He did it not. Now comes the fourth chapter, on account of which the whole book has been written, and which I cannot refrain from repeating word for word, as its simple and ingenuous mode of narration belongs essentially to the attainment of that mood which is so stirring to the heart, and cannot be replaced by paraphrase.

“Now this (God’s determining not to destroy Nineveh because of its sincere repentance) displeased Jonah exceedingly and he was very angry. And he prayed unto the Lord and said, I pray thee, O Lord, was not this my saying, when I was yet in my country? Therefore I hastened to flee unto Tarshish: for I knew that thou art a gracious God, and full of compassion, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy, and repentest thee of the evil. Therefore, now, O Lord, take, I beseech thee, my life from me; for it is better for me to die than to live. Then said the Lord, Doest thou well to be angry? Then Jonah went out of the city, and sat on the east side of the city, and there made him a booth, and sat under it in the shadow, till he might see what would become of the city. And the Lord God prepared a gourd and made it to come up over Jonah, that it might be a shadow over his head. And Jonah was exceedingly glad of the gourd. But God prepared a worm when the morning sun rose the next day, and it smote the gourd that it withered. And it came to pass, when the sun did arise, that God prepared a sultry east wind; and the sun beat upon the head of Jonah that he grew faint, and requested for himself that he might die, and said, It is better for me to die than to live. And God said to Jonah, Doest thou well to be angry for the gourd? And he said, I do well to be angry even unto death. Then said the Lord, Thou hast had pity on the gourd, for the which thou hast not labored, neither madest it grow; which came up in a night and perished in a night. And should not I have pity on Nineveh, that great city, wherein are more than six score thousand persons that cannot discern between their right hand and their left hand; and also much cattle?”

With this question closes the last book of the prophetic literature of Israel. More simply, as something quite self-evident, and therefore more sublimely and touchingly, the truth was never spoken in the Old Testament, that God, as Creator of the whole earth, must also be the God and father of the entire world,

in whose loving, kind, and fatherly heart all men are equal, for whom there is no difference of nation and confession, but only men, whom He has created in his own image. Here Hosea and Jeremiah live anew. The unknown author of the Book of Jonah stretches forth his hand to these master hearts and intellects. In the celestial harmony of the infinite Godly love and of the infinite Godly pity, the Israelitic prophecy rings out as the most costly bequest of Israel to the whole world.

I have spoken as if with the Book of Jonah the prophetic literature of Israel had come to an end, and thereby created no doubt considerable surprise. For up to the present no mention has been made of a book which ranks among the best known, or, to speak more accurately, among those of whose existence we know something—namely, the Book of Daniel. Daniel in the den of the lions, the three men in the fiery furnace, the feast of Belshazzar with the Mene Tekel, the colossus with the feet of clay, are all well known, and have become, so to speak, household words. Surely, the reception of such a book into the prophetic literature cannot be disputed. Yet I must remark that according to the Jewish canon this book is never reckoned among the prophetic writings. This was first done by the Greek Bible, and thus it became the custom throughout the whole Christian Church to designate Daniel together with Isaiah, Jeremiah, and Ezekiel as the four great prophets, in contradistinction to the so-called twelve minor prophets.

It would take me too long to explain the reasons which induced the Synagogue to enter upon this at first sight strange proceeding. However, I cannot withdraw from my plain duty of including the Book of Daniel in my comments upon the Israelitic prophecies. And it well deserves consideration; for it is one of the most important and momentous that was ever written. We still work with conceptions and employ expressions which are derived immediately from the Book of Daniel. The entire hierarchy of heaven, with the four archangels, the doctrine of the resurrection of the dead, the idea of a kingdom of heaven, the designation of the Messianic ruler in this kingdom as the Son of Man, are found mentioned for the first time in the Book of Daniel. The Book of Daniel dates from the last great crisis in the history of the religion of the Old Testament, and the most important and difficult of all—its life-and-death struggle with Hellenism.

In the year 333 B. C., through the great victory at Issus, the whole of Asia Minor had fallen into the hands of Alexander the Great, who thereupon immediately turned his attention to the conquest of Syria, Phœnicia, and Palestine. Thus Judæa came under the Grecian sway. When, in the year 323, Alexander died, at the age of thirty-four, the long struggles and

strife of the Diadochi ensued, who fought for the inheritance of the dead hero. The battle of Ipsus, 301, put an end to these dissensions. Out of the great universal empire founded by Alexander four Hellenistic kingdoms arose: Macedonia, the parent country, which was lost to the house of Alexander after unspeakable atrocities, the Pergamenian kingdom of the Attalidæ, the Syrian kingdom of the Seleucidæ, and the Egyptian of the Ptolemies.

Judæa and Coelesyria were annexed to the kingdom of the Ptolemies, and remained an Egyptian province for over a hundred years. And the first half of this period, outwardly viewed, was the happiest that Judæa had experienced since the loss of its independence. The three first Ptolemies were powerful and talented rulers, who were extremely prepossessed in favor of the Jews and supported and encouraged them in every way, because, as Josephus tells us, the Jews were the only people on whose oath they could implicitly rely; what a Jew had once sworn he abided by without deviation.

Soon, however, the complications of war arose. The Seleucidæ stretched out their hands covetously towards the province of Egypt, and after varying conflicts it was finally incorporated in the year 193 in the kingdom of Syria. At first the Jews seemed to have hailed the new government with delight, but the Syrian domination was soon to show itself in all its terribleness. Antiochus IV., Epiphanes, a man of violent temper and limited ideas, was anxious to accelerate by violence the process of Hellenising, which was already going on satisfactorily, and set himself the task of totally eradicating, by the police power of the State, the Jewish nationality and the Jewish religion. Then began that terrible persecution of the orthodox Jews, which the Book of Maccabees describes on the whole correctly, though with some exaggerations. Antiochus, however, only aided thereby the holy cause against which he fought; he shook the righteous from their slumbers, forced the wavering to decision, and thus gave to Judaism the last blow of the hammer which was to weld that which Ezra and Nehemiah perhaps had not sufficiently forged.

From this date Judaism appears to us as Pharisaism. Who knows whether without this violent interference matters would not have taken another course? We know by undeniable evidence that Hellenism had already made vast strides, that especially the cultured and aristocratic circles, and even the priesthood, were completely under its influence.

But this brutal attack aroused the opposition of despair. The Jewish people carried on the struggle thus forced upon them with almost superhuman efforts. The mightiest Greek armies fled in dismay before the frenzied courage of these men battling for what was

most sacred to them; and thus they finally succeeded in shaking off the heathen rule, and in once again founding a national Jewish State under the house of the Maccabees.

In the fiercest moments of this contest, in January, 164, we know the very day almost, the Book of Daniel was written, in which the clear flame of the first holy inspiration still burned. When we picture to ourselves the unspeakable sufferings of the Jewish nation, we can only wonder with reverent admiration at the unknown author of the Book of Daniel, who knew how to keep himself clean from all the baser human national passions, and only to give enthusiastic expression to the final victory of the cause of God. There is the difference of day and night between the Book of Daniel and that of Esther, written but a generation later. As in Jonah, so in Daniel Israelitic prophecy flared upwards like a bright flame for the last time, to die in a manner worthy of its grand and magnificent past.

* * *

We have now reached the end of our task. We have followed the prophecies of Israel from their beginning to their conclusion, and I should be glad if I have succeeded in producing upon my readers the impression that we have been treating here of the organic development of one of the greatest spiritual forces which the history of man has ever witnessed, and of the most important and most magnificent section of the history of religion previously to Christ. If Israel became in the matter of religion the chosen people of whole world, it owes this to prophecy, which first clearly conceived the idea of a universal religion, and established it in all its foundations. Prophecy lived again in John the Baptist. And Jesus of Nazareth in contrast to the pharisaical Judaism of his time purposely links his own activity to the prophecy of ancient Israel, himself its purest blossom and noblest fruit. Jewish prophecy is Mary, the mother of Christianity, and the Christian church has known no better designation for the earthly pilgrimage of its founder than to speak of him in his office of prophet. As far as the influence of Christianity extends, so far also the effects of the Israelitic prophecy reach, and when the oldest of the literary prophets, Amos, speaks of prophecy as the noblest gift of grace, which God gave to Israel and only to Israel, a history of two thousand five hundred years has but justified his assertion.

The whole history of humanity has produced nothing which can be compared in the remotest degree to the prophecy of Israel. Through prophecy Israel has become the prophet of mankind. Let this never be overlooked nor forgotten: the costliest and noblest treasure that man possesses he owes to Israel and to Israelitic prophecy.

THE RELATION OF MATTER AND SPIRIT.

BY THE REV. RODNEY F. JOHONNOT.

ACCORDING to the Biblical idea, man is composed of two elements: the body, made from the dust, and a soul, breathed into this dust, whereby it becomes a living personality. At death the body returns to the dust as it was, and the spirit unto God who gave it. (See Gen. II., 7, and Eccles. XII., 7.)

This is perhaps the common idea to-day; but the objections to it are many and weighty.

It is difficult to think of spirit or mind as coming to man in this way. We know spirit only in connexion with matter, with a physical body. While this is no proof that it cannot exist independent of matter, we have no right, without some evidence, to assume this; no right to assume it exists in space somewhere and is injected into man's body. We can scarcely conceive how a Universal Spirit can separate some bit of itself and make it an individual human soul; nor can we think of God as creating a spirit outright, *ab nihilo*, and passing it into the body; nor have we any right to affirm the pre-existence of souls, which in some sphere await the birth of a human body, so as to enter into it, as do some of the theosophists. Yet only in one of these three ways can a spirit, distinct from the body in origin, be accounted for.

Besides these *a priori* difficulties, the knowledge of the development of the individual in the ontogenic series does not admit of fixing upon any point of the development for the introduction of soul. Man begins as a single cell, which cannot be distinguished from the cell which develops into a fish or a bird. There is a steady evolution from this cell to the matured individual. Where in this development does the soul enter? Some theosophists say at two years after birth. But this is pure assumption. Birth may be selected as the most probable moment. But birth effects only a change in nutrition and respiration. What right have we to assume a miracle at this point? Is it not far more likely that mind existed in connexion with the body before birth, though dormant, making ready for future manifestations, than to assume it was introduced from the outside at birth? Does not all knowledge of gradual development point to the former conclusion?

The same difficulty in assuming the introduction of mind from the outside meets us if we study the phylogenic series of life, the history of life on the globe. It may be accepted as established that species originate by descent or filiation, and not by direct creation. From protista to man is a complete chain of life, though some of the links may still be missing in evidence. Now, where in this series does mind or spirit come in? Not with man. Great as is his superiority to the other animals, the difference is one of

degree, and not of kind. Says Darwin in his *Descent of Man*: "The senses and intuitions, the various emotions and faculties, such as love, memory, attention, curiosity, imitations, reason, etc., of which man boasts, may be found in an incipient state, or sometimes in a well-developed condition, in the lower animals." Romanes agrees with this in his work on *Animal Intelligence*. Below the advent of man in the series there is no point where we can find the least reason for saying, Here mind comes in, and below it there exists no mind. In the phylogenic as in the ontogenic series, mind develops gradually, and its origin is not to be found.

It seems evident, therefore, that there is no distinct, individual soul, ready formed, introduced into man's body at birth, or at any other point of time. Neither can we find ground for believing that mind as an element distinct from matter is introduced at any point in the ascending scale of life. If it is in any way breathed into matter, it must be done gradually or constantly in an increasing degree as life advances in complexity of organisation. Whether held to be done gradually, or all at once, this idea that mind or spirit is introduced into physical bodies from without rests upon no foundation except pure assumption. Mind, so far as we know it, is always associated with a physical body, and does not exist freely without body.

It might seem that this reasoning would force us to hold that spirit is a product of matter, and hence when the human body dies the soul perishes with it. This would be pure materialism. But this crass materialism is no more scientific than is the crude spiritualism which forms the faith of most people. Neither are we logically driven to any such conclusion.

That spirit is not a product of matter may be proved in many ways; but I restrict myself to a single argument. Nothing is more certain than that something cannot be evolved out of nothing. If mind is here as the result of evolution, it must either have been supernaturally bestowed upon matter, or else it must have been potentially present from the beginning. We have seen reasons for rejecting the former alternative and hence are forced to conclude, not that matter has produced mind, but that mind has in some way been bound up with matter from the first.

It is vain to inquire for ultimate origins, but a synthesis more comprehensive than that which is ordinarily made, may help to clear this point and to give hint of the origin of both mind and matter. The course of modern science has brought us to the thought of the unity of all things. Different species are now traced back to a common ancestor. Vertebrate and invertebrate have a single ancestral source. The animal kingdom does not spring out of the vege-

table, but, as Haeckel tells us, both arise from a form of life which is neither animal nor vegetal; both are branches from a common trunk or root. In the sphere of physics, heat, light, electricity, magnetism are but modes of molecular motion, more or less interconvertible. Without going into fuller detail, the deeper syntheses of physics, chemistry, and biology all point to the conclusion that matter and mind are abstracts from the same reality. Mind is not a product of matter, nor is matter a product of mind, but both arise out of a common ground-work which embraces them both and manifests itself in both and has in itself all the powers, qualities, and possibilities which belong to both. Here is ultimate resting-ground for human thought, and here the the starting-point for all sound philosophy and theology.

Whoever will start with this thought and work consistently with it will find much light on matters otherwise dark and mysterious. Nor will the world and human life grow less divine, but more so.

IS THERE A GOD?

BY E. P. POWELL.

I CAME to talk with you about theology. I don't see as I can believe even in God and immortality. You say those are fundamental notions of religion.

And you do not believe in a God. Do you suppose the universe to be matter and force?

Yes, I can't see anything in life but mechanics.

Yet you are yourself intelligent—and there is all about you the intelligible?

Yes, I don't deny mind of course, and will, and purpose—but only as phenomena.

So we, intelligently examining all things, find intelligibility universal; and intelligently decide that intelligence is not intelligent in origin. Do you hold to the creation of matter *ab nihilo*?

Certainly not. Science has put that notion thoroughly to flight. Nothing can come from nothing.

Yet to me it seems quite as difficult to create intelligence *ab nihilo* as to create matter *ab nihilo*. The latter you assume; the former you deny.

I had hardly put it that way. I was looking at material things as the only real existences; but you speak of mental facts as quite as real as material.

It makes no difference whether you allow mind to be a secretion of matter or not; all we need to see is that intelligence is, and that its applicability is universal. What if it is a consequence of brain life, or protoplasm, still it is;—and it is not *ab nihilo*; and that which it is must be eternal. If you allow life to be of without origin, or beginning, intelligence is a manifestation without origin. But you must add one more point; there is nothing of matter but is formed; form

means no more nor less than an idea in shape. A snowflake is a form which exhibits purposiveness.

You mean that, after all, the primal idea of the universe is spiritual, and not material?

Yes, I don't care about words; and if you choose I will drop the word God; but I think science defends the monistic conception of Paul; "There is one God over all; interpenetrating all."

Is not that practically pantheism?

It is a sort of Christian or Biblical pantheism, possibly; but it is science also. Science as psychology you know has been lately bringing us to a monistic conception of ourselves. It no longer speaks of a human being as soul and body; but as a single idea, a unit. Theology, according itself to science, is speaking of the universe in the same terms. "God *and* the universe" are now "The Living Universe." God the infinite subject is revealed eternally in an infinite object. The one great fact about us is not stuff, but stuff *used*—put to use.

Yet we never see God?

Why can you and I never get over the demand to see God, as we see a stick? We do not see the American Constitution that operates the United States as a unit; yet that Constitution permeates (interpenetrates) the whole forty States, and is operative invisibly from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The most vital certainty in America to-day is this same Constitution. Do you demand to see me at this moment? You see the organism—the body—but you do not see the impalpable me. Yet you do not deny my personality, my at least present reality. Cut open my flesh, and you cannot find me. Yet you love me; you honor me; you believe in me.

Do you mean that we see a God as we see a man?

Can it be otherwise? Cut open a tree, split a stone; you see no more than if you cut open a skull. The personality eludes your physical senses—but not your intelligence. You are as sure of its existence as of your own identity; yet your physical senses see only the physical results of personality. So the infinite universal intelligence; the sum of the purposing is discernible in the whole as you yourself in the part. As you are to your body, so is God to the universe. Frederick Robertson in his most brilliant sermon says: "The universe is the body of God." It seems to me that the grandeur of a true soul is a growing capacity to see the soul of things—the interfused will—and so by degrees to find itself to be a child of infinite purpose.

Then as you have come to see we really live in a spiritual universe; and material form is but an expression of operation of mind?

Yes, in Him, the Eternal and Infinite, we live and move and have our being. Each flower, each tree is

like a pen stroke of a friend. The Persian was right in kissing his hand to a star. We need not say of the world "It is beautiful," but "He is beautiful." Each velvet knoll is where one may lie on the bosom of God.

But this is poetry surely—merely a poetical way of saying what only a few can conceive.

My friend, all truth is a poem. When at last you get past the jangling of logic, you come to rhythm and music. Before men argued they felt; before they talked they sung. All early religious and political life was expressed in song. Not till data accumulated enormously was it necessary to invent prose. When now we have worked through the period of categories, we come once more to the poem. Life and living, sociology, politics, theology, are not always to be mere argument; they end in poetry as they end in love.

I will think of these things. I had not thought that all ideals were possibles. But surely if there is God then most important to us is it that there be godliness.

That is it, my brother. Wrong thinking and wrong believing do not concern us except as involving us in wrong living. Our creeds should be only guide books.

But is this vision of the God body all that we can get? Is there no way of seeing, soul to soul? I feel a longing to know as I am known. I could not rest content to be loved as a mechanism. You have your boy's arm around you now—does he not think of you as being spirit—something above muscles, tendons, and organism?

Indeed but this is the beautiful charm of human life; that it lives so largely, or may live so largely in this upper consciousness. The lowest animal life has only sensation. It receives impressions and makes responses. As these sensations multiply in character they are compared one with another and so arises consciousness or comparison of sensations. These bundles ever increase as animal life rises; and become what we call consciousness. One bundle becomes consciousness of self, or self-consciousness. But there is another bundle that constitutes consciousness of that which is not ourselves, but is like ourselves. No human being ever was able to escape some idea of self; nor was any one not an idiot unconscious of Him in whom we have our being. Consciousness, bearing on our relation to duty, is conscience; and we have also conscience toward others, and toward the supreme other. So we do face not only toward ideas of brotherhood, motherhood, fatherhood in ourselves and others—but toward a larger fatherhood, which we cannot conceive to be limited in space or time. Dropping all the philosophy of the case, we learn to say, "Our Father who art in the heavens"—and then we add to

the Golden Rule that we ought to love God with all our hearts.

At least I will ponder these things, for a merely material life is intolerable.

Is it not intolerable simply because you are not merely material?

But we have said nothing of immortality.

Let us defer it to another time when we can talk of it more freely.

FORM AND FUNCTION.

BY S. V. CLEVENGER, M. D.

FROM many Alpine peaks stream out, thousands of feet in length, what are known as cloud-banners. They seem to be perfectly steady, even though a strong wind may be blowing over the mountain-tops.

"Why is the cloud not blown away?" asks Tyndall. "It *is* blown away," he answers; "its permanence is only apparent. At one end it is incessantly dissolved, at the other end it is incessantly renewed: supply and consumption being thus equalised, the cloud appears as changeless as the mountain to which it seems to cling. When the red sun of the evening shines upon these cloud-streams, they resemble vast torches with their flames blown through the air."

Every one who profited by the writings of Gustav Freytag felt a sense of personal loss in his death. But his influence remains with us and future generations, in verification of his claim that "a noble human life does not end on earth with death. It continues in the minds and the deeds of friends, as well as in the thoughts and the activity of the nation."

In many instances Freytag may but have given expression to what was already in the hearts of his readers, have formulated in beautiful language what they felt; probably they did not realise their ownership of such sentiments till they saw them thus poetically worded. So much of their lives and souls he found already prepared to be put in shape. More than this, in his adding to the world's stock of noble promptings he gave new material to his readers, and by moulding what he found in them with what he brought to them they were truly great debtors for the betterment experienced in Freytag's having lived and written. "Again, what he has produced, has in some sort formed other men, and thus his soul has passed to later times."

Individuals in myriads, of all nations, will be born, live, and die. Most will not know of what work has been done to make them better, but an ever-increasing number will do so, and "those who have long ago ceased to live in the body daily revive and continue to live in thousands of others."

The cloud-banner is formed of frozen vapor. Infinitesimal drops floated invisibly toward the peak

that condensed, congealed, and presented to sight grand streaming cloud-forms; each drop is swept onward by the same gale that brought it, till the air beyond the influence of the peak's temperature claims and apparently extinguishes it and its numberless associates that constituted the cirrus of the moment before; but the cloud is still there, new vapor is condensed, whitened, and swept onward, as the social swarms persist even after the death of members, and as they existed before such members were born. It is the aggregation of atoms in certain ways that make the molecule; and the peculiar combinations of molecules in other shapes that make inorganic substances. All that exists, living or inert, depends for what it can do upon what it is made of, and how it is put together. Function is not possible without structure; the plough cannot do the work of the locomotive, even though placed upon the track. Given the structure and the environment, which is structure again, and function will take care of itself.

From the chemical and physical standpoints, nothing can be truer and stronger than Mr. Hegeler's mechanical conception of mental action and the universe. The drops that form the cloud-banner, as well as other meteorological appearances, pass on, and new drops come, but the original form is there so long as the environment, the influences, are unchanged that called the form into being. We die, but our places are filled by others, who act as we did, think as we did, because they resemble us, and the closer the resemblance the greater is the probability of identical action. Twins often think alike, act the same, and are subject to the same ailments, particularly if subjected to the same conditions. It is but a superficial objection that this is not true in all instances, for where the rule apparently fails it is because there are unknown failures in resemblance, internal perhaps, but none the less potent in causing like forms to have like functions, unlike to have diverse workings.

A convincing proof that physical resemblances entail similarity of character is observable in Dr. Ernst Schmidt, of Chicago, and his sons. He made his presence felt in both Germany and America, as a soldier of freedom, and his individual benefactions are numberless. His boys are veritable "chips of the old block," and were the turbulent times in which the father lived to recur, the sons would be heard from as fearless advocates of right and justice, for it is in them through being paternal copies.

The mere matter of descent does not necessarily involve inheritance of feature or disposition of the immediately preceding generation; reversion sometimes takes place to remote and unknown ancestry likeness, but wherever resemblance extends to minute details of brain, heart, blood-vessel, and other structure, the

two who are thus made alike will act alike, and that they do so is a matter of common knowledge.

And so it is in all things concrete and abstract: "Like causes produce like effects." Freytag was a character builder, and those he influenced revive his work and cause him to live again to perpetuate his sentiments to peoples and nations not yet born; exerting the same good, in the same way upon similar individuals.

The cloud-banner of the Alps has endured for ages and will be seen as long as present conditions exist upon earth, but the material which go to make up its form momentarily change, as good men die, but leave conditions, coherent systems, in which they figured for others' benefit; or, without risk of mixing or involving the metaphor, we may claim that in many senses Freytag was comparable to the mountain-peak that called the cloud-banner into being.

A CHINESE FABLE.

ABOUT two years ago a New York newspaper recorded a curious incident that happened in New York Bay on the oyster beds. Some fishermen suddenly saw a wild duck swooping down and splashing the water in great excitement. When they approached the spot they found the duck dead, her head being tightly held in the closed shells of an oyster. The duck apparently had seen the oyster and was tempted to swallow the fat morsel, but the oyster closed so suddenly that the duck could not withdraw her head. The fishermen took up the oyster and the duck and showed them to their friends and to the newspaper reporter as a curiosity.

Similar occurrences may be rare, but they must happen again and again, and it is curious that we find a proverb in China which relates to a similar incident. The Chinese say: "When the bittern and the mussel fall out, the fisherman gains a prize." This proverb, as we read in Mayer's *Chinese Reader's Manual*, refers to a fable which is ascribed in the narrative of the Contending States to Su Tai, who counselled a peaceful policy to two rival powers, and illustrated his argument by the following tale, which is probably the oldest specimen of a complete fable on record in Chinese literature. The fable is as follows: "A mussel was sunning itself by the river-bank when a bittern came by and pecked at it. The mussel closed its shell and nipped the bird's beak. Hereupon the bittern said: 'If you don't let me go to-day, if you don't let me go to-morrow, there will be a dead mussel.' The shell-fish answered: 'If I don't come out to-day, if I don't come out to-morrow, there will surely be a dead bittern.' Just then a fisherman came by and seized the pair of them."

P. C.

BOOK NOTICES.

We have on our table two able papers by Mr. Lester F. Ward: one on *Static and Dynamic Sociology* and one on *The Relation of Sociology to Anthropology*. Both are reprints from periodicals. In the first, Mr. Ward insists upon the distinction of sociology into static and dynamic. Static actions leave matters where they were before; dynamic actions create new states. The routine work of the housewife is static, the invention and organisation of new methods of housekeeping is dynamic. The author shows what light this distinction, which was originally due to Comte, throws on the mechanism and significance of social progress. As to the second subject, Mr. Ward finds that anthropology is essentially a concrete science, that is, a descriptive science dealing with a particular species of animal, while sociology is essentially an abstract science, being concerned chiefly with the laws and principles of association, which is not a material thing but a condition.

To judge from a recent pamphlet entitled *A Few Facts About Turkey Under the Sultan Abdul Hamid II.*, by an American Observer (New York: J. J. Little & Co., 1895), there would seem to be another side to the Armenian question. This pamphlet is a recountal of the reforms and progress of Turkey under its present Sultan, which seem indeed to be remarkable, considering the tremendous difficulties that had to be overcome. The author states facts which, if not overdrawn, disprove the assertion that the Turkish government wishes to exterminate the Armenian race and religion, and show that it is solely the revolutionary intrigues of the Armenians, oftentimes encouraged by the foreign missionaries, that have caused the troubles. The pamphlet presents the reverse side of the picture which we have been seeing in the dispatches from Armenia and in the public meetings called in America and England for interference in the administrative affairs of the Turkish government.

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FRANCES WRIGHT.

BY F. M. HOLLAND.

WHATEVER else the next century may do, it is not likely to begin as badly as this one did. Our country was much the happiest on earth, but was cursed by slavery and darkened by the ignorance, superstition, and vice which reigned elsewhere. Europe suffered under the burden of continual war and universal despotism. Great Britain felt these evils less than her neighbors, but she was governed by an oligarchy of noblemen, millionaires, and bishops, whose purpose was to keep themselves rich and the people poor. Pauperism, illiteracy, and crime were terribly common; reformers were treated as public enemies; and many leading champions of liberty had abandoned her cause in despair.

Such was the world when a girl of seventeen made up her mind to separate from what she calls "the rich and haughty aristocracy" in which she had been brought up. Frances Wright was born at Dundee, on September 6, 1795, of parents with liberal views; but she became an orphan in early infancy, and was removed by her grandparents to England. There, while still in her teens she made, as she says herself, "a vow to wear ever in her heart the cause of the poor and helpless."

About this time she happened to read a history of the United States, and could scarcely believe that there really existed any country which was so free, happy, and enlightened. She looked for it in an atlas, but found nothing there for North America but British colonies. Was it all a dream of an impossible Utopia? Looking again at the atlas, she noticed that the date was earlier than the revolutionary war. After much search she found maps which proved that there really was a land of liberty and light. She came here in September, 1818, and travelled during the next eighteen months over the country lying between Niagara Falls, Lake Champlain, and the Potomac. Her impressions were generally satisfactory; but she blamed the American ladies for dressing with more regard to elegance than to health in cold and wet weather. She was especially pleased with the determination of the people to enforce the laws they had made; and among many interesting anecdotes in the

Views of America, published in 1821, is an account of the suppression of a revolt of the felons in the Philadelphia jail by the citizens in the neighborhood, who promptly mounted the walls, musket in hand. Another interesting particular is that the Democrats constantly spoke of Franklin, as one of their founders, while he was less praised by their opponents. Elections were conducted quietly. Women had more liberty than even in England, as well as much better education. Religion was already growing more liberal, especially as regarded Sabbatarianism. She was shocked at the vice and wretchedness of the free blacks in Maryland, and Virginia, but ascribed it to their inability to get high wages, where slaves could be hired cheaply. She says the Virginian planters were too easily satisfied with gilding the chain; but she consoled herself with this assurance by President Monroe: "The day is not very far distant when not a slave is to be found in America." Thus closed a book which was widely circulated in many languages, and did much to correct false accounts published by less friendly travellers.

Her ablest book, published in 1822 and entitled *A Few Days in Athens*, is a complete vindication of the life and teachings of Epicurus against slanders not yet extinct. She shows how plainly he distinguished between pleasure and vice; her style is that of a novelist; and she draws a charming portrait of herself as one of the disciples of a philosopher who has been sadly misunderstood.

When this sprightly book appeared she was at Paris, where she and her friend La Fayette were keenly interested in the unsuccessful rebellions in Spain and Italy. When these struggles for liberty had failed, she returned to our country, in 1824, and gave her main attention to studying the laws which upheld slavery, and observing the character of the negroes. For the latter purpose she bought several families of slaves, as well as a great tract of land, on which now stands the city of Memphis. She hoped to show how easily the blacks might be prepared by education for freedom. Unfortunately her health broke down so completely, and her white assistants were so false to their trust, that she was finally obliged to send the negroes to Hayti and sell the land. She had now

made up her mind that "slavery is but one form of the same evils which pervade the whole frame of human society"; that the source of all these errors is ignorance; and that the only remedy is "the spread and increase of knowledge." What was then called education took little heed of the conditions of social progress, and it was scarcely accessible to girls except in its rudiments. Both these defects were vigorously attacked by the *Free Enquirer*, which Miss Wright began to edit in 1828 in company with Robert Dale Owen. The latter had previously carried on the paper under another name in his socialistic community at New Harmony, Indiana. The little weekly was published thenceforth at New York; but he continued to be the most active editor.

His colleague was busy in a field where few women had yet trod. In the summer of 1828 a revival was carried so far in Cincinnati as to destroy many a woman's reason or life. The news brought Frances Wright to the city, and there she delivered that autumn the first course of public lectures ever given by a woman in America. The court-house was crowded with gentlemen and ladies, and one of the latter has said that she had never seen anything so striking as the orator's "tall and majestic figure, the deep and almost solemn expression of her eyes, her garment of plain white muslin, which hung around her in folds that recalled the drapery of a Grecian statue." Her dark brown hair was worn in ringlets, though the fashionable style was much more artificial. She was then thirty-three, and her cheeks were still rosy; but her forehead was already furrowed with deep lines of thought. She reminded those who denied the right of a woman to speak in public that truth has no sex. Her main theme was the duty of studying the world in which we live. Her tone was always ladylike; but she ascribed the origin of all knowledge to sensation; and in subsequent lectures she admitted her inability to discover any but earthly duties and interests. She held that education was too much under clerical control, that the children ought to have "schools of industry," where useful trades could be taught, as was done at New Harmony, and finally that there should be public halls of science with libraries and museums. This part of her plan was attempted during her lifetime, at New York, though with only temporary success. In conclusion she presented a plan for having all children of two years old and upwards brought up by the State.

These lectures were delivered that winter in Baltimore and Philadelphia, then in New York, in Boston next August, and often afterwards. They attracted much attention; and printed copies may be found in large libraries. What seems most remarkable is the hatred which was called out. Her second course,

which began at Cincinnati in May, 1836, contained a lecture on "Chartered Monopolies" and another on "Southern Slavery." She said she had spent the best years of her life and half her fortune in studying the condition of the bondmen, but that their own welfare required that they should be educated before they were emancipated, and that they should be colonised in the level districts of what were then the slave states. Her attempt to deliver this lecture at Philadelphia, on July 14, caused the mayor to forbid her to speak there again on this or any other subject; but he finally gave way.

It was between the delivery of these two courses that she married a Frenchman whose acquaintance she had made at New Harmony, and whose name she wrote thus—Darusmont. Her married life is said to have been unhappy; but she complains that her biographers seldom gave the facts. Her busy life ended on December 14, 1852. Her success as lecturer, journalist and author was more brilliant than permanent, though the novelette about Epicurus is still worth reading. Her most complete failure was as a poet. Her influence in destroying intolerance and slavery, as well as in reforming education, was very great, and we can feel sure of the fulfilment of her generous wish, published in the *Free Enquirer*, on August 12, 1829: "Let death conquer my memory, and let the world preserve those principles which it is the object of my life to establish."

CHRISTENING IN CYPRUS.

BY MONCURE D. CONWAY.

THE subjoined letter was written to a friend of mine (Mrs. Seamur) in London by Mrs. Catharine Grigsby, wife of a judge residing at Papho, Cyprus, where the letter was written. It possesses a good deal of interest for those interested in the history of religious ideas and symbolism. Without going in any detail into the large subject of baptism, I will merely indicate some conclusions to which my own studies have led me. Nothing corresponding to the significance of the Christian rite of baptism existed among the ancient Jews, but in the Oriental world there was some such significance, especially in baptisms in the Ganges and in the Jumna. When John the Baptist instituted his baptism, there was enough importance in the usage of washing and cleansing proselytes to enable the populace to comprehend the process; but proselytes had never been initiated in this way into the Jewish covenant. There is some ground for supposing that John the Baptist may have got his rite from some Oriental source, if indeed he was not himself an Oriental dervish. In the "Gospel According to the Hebrews" it is said: "Behold the mother of the Lord and his brothers said to him, 'John the Bap-

tist baptiseth for remission of sins: let us go and be baptised by him.' But he said to them, 'Wherein have I sinned that I should go and be baptised by him? except perchance this very thing that I have said is ignorance.' When the people had been baptised, Jesus also came and was baptised by John. And as he went up the heavens were opened, and he saw the Holy Spirit descending and entering into him. And a voice out of the heaven, saying, 'Thou art my beloved Son, in thee I am well pleased'; and again, 'I have this day begotten thee.' And straightway a great light shone around the place."

This day begotten. The Holy Spirit (*ruach*) is here feminine, and in this fragment we probably have the origin of the myth of immaculate conception and the star. There is further ground for believing that this fragment influenced Paul, for there was a book known in the second century called the *Preaching of Paul*, concerning which a tract printed among Cyprian's works says: "This counterfeit and actually interne-cine baptism has been promulgated in particular by a book forged by the same heretics in order to spread the same error: this book is entitled the *Preaching of Paul*, and in it, in opposition to all the Scriptures, you will find Christ, the only man who was altogether without fault, both making confession respecting his own sin, and that he was driven by his mother Mary almost against his own will to receive the baptism of John." Paul's idea seems to be that of a "new creation" of the child of Adam, rather than of second birth; the new creature was to breathe a new spiritual atmosphere, and consecrated food. The tone of severance ascribed to Jesus when speaking of or to his mother—"Mistress, what have I to do with thee?"—may be an indication of the development of the idea represented in the Aramaic fragment above cited, "This day have I begotten thee"; followed by the descent and *entrance* of the (feminine) Holy Spirit. It will be noted that in the rite described in the subjoined letter the child's natural mother is excluded from the room.

"You ask me to tell you about the Greek christening to which I went a short time ago. It is a truly elaborate ceremony, too much so from the poor infant's point of view, I should think. The hour at which we were invited was five o'clock in the afternoon, the temperature 85° to 90°. When we arrived we were met by the host and hostess with all due ceremony, and ushered into the drawing-room, where a large party of friends were already assembled. In the middle of the room was a small square table, upon which was placed a white pillow, and upon that was laid a large metal-bound copy of the Gospels, and a large silver-plated cross. By the table was a chair with two candlesticks on it, with native wax tapers;

these were lighted when the service commenced, and were much trouble, for being somewhat thin and attenuated (not quite so thin as one's little finger) they were constantly bowing themselves down with the heat and having to be propped up again. The proceedings commenced by the old priest reading a homily to the unconscious infant at a galloping pace, out of a dirty tattered brown prayer-book, to which nobody paid any particular attention—that being the baby's business! Before long the baby grew restless, and the godfather, who held it in his arms, "sitting up straight and tall," (it was nearly three months old) promptly seized the cross and held it for the baby to play with, who clasped it with its little fat hands and conveyed one corner of it to its mouth, sucking it with much satisfaction; and so peace reigned as far as baby was concerned. This finished, the baby was handed back to its nurse, who took it from the room. Then followed a lengthy exhortation to the godfather, and while this was going on the assembled company chattered and gossiped in undertones one to another, it being nobody's business apparently but that of the godfather to listen to the priest. A round copper, which served as a font, stood on a chair next to the one with the candles. Into this warm water was poured, and blessed by the priest; then more prayers were read, and oil was brought in and added to the water, which was again blessed. By this time the infant reappeared on the scene, wrapped in a new towel and entirely divested of clothing, and was again handed over to the godfather. Then the priest handed the cross to the godfather to kiss, and then placed it across the baby's face. More prayers were galloped through, then lighted tapers were given to each member of the assembled company to hold, which did not add to one's comfort, as the temperature was considerably raised thereby. With my fan I extinguished mine (accidentally for the purpose), hoping it would pass unnoticed, but it was promptly lighted again with the greatest politeness by the gentleman next to me. The tapers being lighted, was the signal for business. Now the priest took the infant, and, holding it up aloft for a second, naked and terrified, plunged it three times into the hot oil and water, in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, forcing it deep down into the water, and smearing its poor head and face, in no wise disconcerted by its piercing shrieks. This done, it was handed back to the godfather, who rolled it up in the towel and did the best he could with the wailing, greasy bundle, while more prayers were read by the priest. The next part of the programme was cutting off three locks of the baby's hair with a little bright pair of scissors, new for the occasion; each lock was severed in the name of the Trinity, and the hair thrown into the font. This baby had splendid thick

dark hair (I presume this part of the ceremony would have to be dispensed with in case of a bald baby!). This done, a little gold cross on a piece of blue ribbon was blessed by the priest and put over its head; then its new clothes were all consecrated one by one and piled on the 'bundle,' which wailed unceasingly. This finished, they walked three times round the room, chanting and burning incense. The godmother at this point in the proceedings relieved the victimised godfather of his burden and dressed the infant in the presence of the assembled company in its new clothes, oily as it was, not attempting to dry it in the least, and custom demands that these clothes should not be changed for *three* days! While the child was being dressed, the priest continued reading, the folks talked, and the victim screamed its loudest. When dressed, it was handed back to its godfather once more, and, the priest leading the way, still reading and chanting, they went into the adjoining room to hand the baby over to its mother, and this concluded the lengthy ceremony. The mother is never allowed to be present at the baptismal service, for the child is supposed to be born in sin, in which she is a participator, and by virtue of its baptism it is given to her regenerated—a new creature. Light refreshments, jam, cake, wine, etc., were then served, after which we took our leave, after being much thanked for coming! All I hope is, that the next baptism I am required to attend will take place in the *winter* time! I ought to say that the water in which the infant is baptised is taken to the church and poured upon a consecrated spot, over which the foot of mortal may never tread. A wedding and a funeral are equally elaborate ceremonies, the former painfully so—lasting for *three* days.”

THE ETERNAL RELIGION.

BY GEORGE M. MCCRIE.

FAMILIAR to most of us is the story of the mortal who yearned to explore the vastness of the universe. How he dreamed that, in the company of an angel, he was permitted to soar, for what seemed to be countless ages, through star-system after star-system of the heavens, through galaxies of suns and worlds innumerable, until the burden of infinitude weighed upon his very soul. “There is no ending,” he exclaimed, in utter weariness, “*no ending* of this universe of God!” Then the angel threw up his glorious hands to the heaven of heavens, and cried aloud, “Even so. Lo, also there is *no beginning*!”

As the march of the universe is eternal, so is its choric song—a theme without beginning or ending, a rhythm dateless and everlasting. Such is the conception which science gives us of the eternal religion of the universe.

Is it not a sublime conception? Some are accus-

tomed to boast of the antiquity and universality of their own particular system of religious faith, how its foundations were laid in the remote past, how it has had its prophets, apostles, saints, and noble army of martyrs, its traditions, sacraments and ceremonies hallowed by the use of ages. Christianity is such an ancient organisation, consecrated by centuries of tradition, by prayers and tears unnumbered, by the testimonies of its confessors, the blood of its martyrs—the oblations of the faithful. Yet, after all, it is but a part of a greater whole, an anthem only in an endless choral service, an epoch simply in the history of religion universal and eternal. Christianity, and all other so-called religions, are but phases of the one eternal faith, which embraces them all, as the greater includes the less. The phase will pass away—will some day have its ending, even as it had its commencement, but the cosmic process, of which it forms a stage, is unending, even as it had no beginning.

This is not a heated dream. It is plain, sober, matter-of-fact reality. That we cannot do more than approximately define the eternal religion, goes without saying, for to define anything exactly is to point out its limits, and of limits the religion of eternity knows nothing. We may view it, however, in one light, as the purposive march of evolution, not only the evolution of life on our little planet,—a mere sand grain in the vast,—but the evolution of worlds, and systems of worlds and suns, in a word, the story of the universe.

This view is, distinctively, the birthright of modern science. Thinkers of old may have dreamed of it, but, to them, it was little more than a dream. They could not see, as we, nowadays, are able to see,—thanks to that light of science, now-enlightening every man that cometh into the world,—that the veriest mote dancing in the sunbeam, the infinitesimal atom itself, is bound with links that cannot be broken, not only to every other particle in the present universe of time, but also to everything else that has been, or will be, in a word, to the past and to the future, as well as to the present.¹ We who live and move and have our being here and now, are the direct offspring, the incarnate representatives of everything preceding us in the long procession of the past, even as we are the precursors of everything ahead of us in the dim files of the future. As we are, literally, one with the essence of the boundless universe, we are infinite and eternal as itself. No apocalyptic seer was ever vouchsafed such a transcendent vision as this. Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, anything more divine.

The petty religious faiths of the past—for petty they are compared with that grander system which enshrines

¹ We see the applicability of the term *Religion* to this all inclusive bond, if the word be derived, as it presumably is, from the verb *religare*—to bind together.

them—have mostly their dark side. They have their ideas of retribution as well as of recompense, of punishment, as well as of pardon and peace; of hell, as well as of heaven; of lost, as well as of ransomed souls. These dreams pass away. Fitted, it may be for the times which gave birth to them, they are current realities no longer. For cosmic evolution cannot suffer the veriest atom to perish, or to become "a castaway." Everything is wanted, nothing can be spared, in order that the account of the eternal jewels may be made up. None of us can barter his immortal birthright if he would. None of us can "fall away" from that scheme of literal redemption, which summons our very ashes from the grave, in that continuous resurrection of the material which goes on every moment. "I believe in the resurrection of the flesh, and the life everlasting" is a part of the scientific, as well as of the Christian, symbol.

And our thoughts—what of them? Are they also deathless, like the component parts of our organism, like our deeds done in the body? Yea, verily! The old idea of a book, wherein all human deeds, words, and thoughts were inscribed, waiting the last assize, has a foreshadowing of the truth in it. The dynamic of thought may indeed be incalculable by the most delicate instruments. Scales may not weigh it, but the most fleeting thought, no less than the spoken word, is imperishable, leaves its indelible trace within what Shakespeare, with prophetic insight, calls "the book and volume of the brain," and hence also in that greater book of life—chronicles these which the tears of no recording angel may blot or erase; seeing that in the eternal religion there is "no remission." Our deeds, words, and thoughts live for ever and ever. Mortality, truly, is thus swallowed up of life.

It is a deeply impressive reflexion that, even now, we stand at what is manifestly a turning-point, a transition stage, in the history of the eternal religion. Eternity stretches behind and before us. To this crucial stage, everything in and of the past has insensibly, yet unmistakably, led. By this stage, everything in the future will be, more or less, influenced. For the moment, we are protagonists on the arena of being. That old motto of the Bruce was a proud one—"Fui-mus"—we have been! Ours is a still nobler one, for we both have been and shall be evermore. Our feeblest efforts help to shape the future; even as they, in turn, have been moulded by the past.

Unalterably, irrevocably, we are helping *now* to build the universe temple, that imperishable fabric which rises, day by day, though without sound of axe or hammer. Perhaps we are wont to plume ourselves unduly on the perfection of our own share of the endless task. Every new and enlightened view which we now hold is an unquestionable advance on what

obtained before, for it contains its predecessor, and something more, added by experience, by sober judgment, in conformity with the eternal principle of growth. But, just in the same way, will the view of the future which we are now helping to fashion be better every way and nobler than the creed of to-day.

Thus, for us, there remains the now-time alone, the working day, wherein it behooves us to labor diligently as fellow workers for eternity. The far-off summers that we shall not see will doubtless behold, literally, new heavens and a new earth, wherein righteousness will dwell. It is not optimism, this view, even as it is not pessimism. Let us rather call it *Meliorism*—the conviction that the unceasing, unceasing march of evolution leads ever onward and upward, as the shining light which shineth more and more "unto the perfect day." Ever onward it stretches, this prospect, and yet the goal is never reached, for perfection would involve a limit, and of limits there are none.

Some latter-day philosophers flout this assurance of ours, pointing, with warning finger, to the possible disappearance of life from this planet, in consequence of the dwindling of the sun's light and heat. A few million years more or less, they tell us, will see the end of man's existence here, with all his hopes and dreams. Eternal snows will lap the last expiring effort of animal life on this globe, and solemn silence mock the busy turmoil of the past. The very delusion of delusions is this short-sighted view! For would the universe cease because life chanced to expire on the surface of one of its atoms? Assuredly not. Such an idea is really based upon that old and narrow belief that this earth was the sole theatre of man's being, and that the myriad orbs that roll in space were merely specks of tinsel fixed to light its midnight darkness. Science has changed all that. The unnumbered worlds of space are doubtless tenanted by intelligences, different it may be from our own, but akin to them nevertheless, perhaps our superiors in knowledge and acquirements. But even if every vestige of human life were to be deleted from the universal plan, the potentialities of life would yet remain, and after countless ages, it may be, a new race of beings would spring into existence, just as, far back in the history of the universe, they once did before. For nothing is ever lost, but everything, through continual metamorphosis, evermore perdures.

Some speak of the existence of sin and suffering as tending to make them despair of a coming "better day." Doubtless these evils are to be faced, not discounted, as if they were trifles. Owing to sin and suffering this fair world has, for many of us, its Gethsemane, even its Golgotha. "The heart knoweth his own bitterness," and there are woes and pangs, mental and bodily, which are immedicable, save by the healing sleep of the grave. Suffering, however, in our

midst is mainly due to error, to ignorance, to mistaken ideals. These will right themselves in time; the suffering from disease, again, is being slowly, but surely, lessened. Ultimately, as we believe, death will only result from accident, or old age; all forms of disease being eliminated. Sin is a different matter, but it is not incurable. It will not be remedied by penal laws, or by threats of everlasting burnings. In the Christian faith sin is described as "any want of conformity unto, or transgression of the law of God." Sin, in the universal religion, is a similar want of conformity unto, or transgression of, the great evolutionary law, which makes for righteousness, including defects of will, sloth, perversity, anything which hinders, or attempts to hinder the onward march sublime. This, too, will eliminate itself in time, naturally and completely.

Our manifest and bounden duty, then, is to be workers, rather than preachers, of righteousness—to be doers not hearers only of the veritable Word of Life. Building as we are for eternity, a great responsibility lies upon us. The builders of the glorious cathedrals of old were careful to finish their work, not with eye-service, but in singleness of heart. Even the hidden recesses of their edifices were carved and enriched with the same art as those which were most conspicuous, for they said to themselves: "God's eyes see everywhere." Let us see to it that, in our building of the fane which is to be imperishable, we use the same jealous care!

FABLES FROM THE NEW ÆSOP.

BY HUDOR GENONE.

The Wise Widower.

A CERTAIN widower had a small family of young children, to whose education and improvement in health and learning and goodness he devoted all his energies. How it would have fared with his methods had he not been a widower none can tell. Some wives, with the best of motives at their command, thwart the efforts of the noblest men.

A visitor came to the house one day, and to entertain him the host prepared a drive into the country.

"You will not object to the children?" he inquired. "On the contrary, I should be glad of their company," replied the guest, "and I confess to being much pleased at your thoughtfulness for them,—poor motherless things."

Soon the horses and carriage were at the door, and the two men took their seats, as also three of the four children. But the fourth was tardy.

"Drive on," said the father, and although his friend remonstrated and desired him to wait for the delinquent child, he would not.

While they were in the country they all descended

and strolled about in the shadow of the woods and among the fields. While thus enjoying themselves one of the boys came running to the father. He had a bright-colored berry in his hand. "May I eat this, father?" said the lad, and when his father (after looking at the berry carefully) answered "Yes," he ate it; but in a few moments was taken violently ill.

When the friend anxiously inquired the cause of this sudden malady, the father replied coolly, "Oh! it is nothing; he will soon recover."

Again, for amusement, they built a fire of fagots and roasted some nuts they had gathered. These, when thoroughly roasted, were spread out to cool, and while still very hot, the youngest child came up and was about to take one in his hand.

"Do not let the child touch the hot nuts," said the guest; "he will burn himself."

"And why should he not burn himself?" asked the father, unconcerned.

So the child took a nut in his hand, but dropped it with a great outcry of pain.

The father said nothing till the child came to him for help, when he wetted the little fingers with glycerine and wrapped a rag about them, saying that the hurt would soon heal, which proved to be the case.

On the way home the two friends fell to conversing upon education and kindred themes.

"My method," said the father, "is that of nature. My eldest child was not prepared to go with us on our drive, so she was left at home. Nature, I have observed, never waits."

"But was it not cruel to let another child suffer because of eating the berry?" asked the friend; "and even as much so to permit the youngest to burn himself?"

"No," replied the father, "it was far from cruel, but the greatest kindness. I knew the berry was the nux vomica and not deadly, and the hot nut was a salutary experience. In the latter case the child prayed for relief, and I provided it.

"So it is ever with nature. She leaves bright-colored berries and hot nuts, and, let me tell you, also leaves antidotes and reliefs. Nature not only tempts our foolishness and rashness, but answers our reasonable prayers."

The Big Beast and the Little Worm.

A TRAVELLER in a strange country, finding himself alone and belated, was plodding on towards the lights of a distant settlement, when suddenly he heard a great howling, and in a moment perceived in the gloom of the coppice two great, glistening eyes, and, advancing stealthily toward him, a big beast.

By a species of instinct the traveller knew at once that this was the ravenous monster of which he had

heard tales told as like to be encountered in his journey.

It was the beast Incapacity. What to do at first he knew not, but, half palsied with fright, he sought a tree, up which he climbed and clung to the branches, whilst the beast watched below.

All night by moonshine, all day by sun-glow, still the beast kept watch. Fortunately he had provender and a flask of wine, and the second night, having managed to get some sleep, next day found him refreshed. To solace himself, our traveller pulled out a book he had by him,—a little book on science which a learned bonze had given him not long before.

This he read and read, and grew so entertained that half the day slipped by, and then, chancing to look down, he was amazed to notice that the big beast had grown small and puny, and his tusks had disappeared and his sharp claws.

Then for the first time he noticed that the title of his little book was *Knowledge, the Destroyer of the Beast Incapacity*.

Courage regained and not now one whit affrighted he leaped down out of the tree, ready to grapple with the beast, which, however, not waiting for him, slunk off into the forest, and left the traveller to pursue his way unmolested.

Not long after in his journeyings he met his friend, the bonze, and thanked him fervently for the book, explaining what great service it had done him.

"There is a worse beast than that," said the bonze, "and him you'll meet sooner or later. Safety from him you'll not get from a book, nor will you know him by name, nor even see him, so tiny is he; a very worm for size, but more than a beast for strength."

"And what," said the traveller, "shall I do to master him? Have you no other book to give me?"

"No," replied the bonze, "in his case books are of no avail. For mastery of that kind of monster all you can do is to pray."

Now the traveller had begun his journey with gods of his own country, but the more he journeyed the more kinds of gods he found, and all equally false and futile. So he had given over praying, and,—although he had found the bonze trustworthy once,—now concluded he was a bigot, and went his way.

A year after he returned to that locality, and the good bonze entertained him. Our traveller had much to relate of the perils he had encountered. He was afraid, he said, of this district infested by robbers, but he plucked up a spirit, armed himself, and got through safely. And of that mountain pass he spoke as unwilling to venture over, because of the avalanches, but finally he concluded that caution and care might avail, and so it did, and he passed through unscathed. In a certain city noted for its beautiful and giddy wo-

men he doubted if his virtue could withstand such allurements, but he bethought him that his mission was to journey not for dallying or sloth or luxury, but for the discoveries to be made. So he passed through that city untempted.

"And never once," said he, gayly, "did I encounter that little worm of which you warned me; so I had no need of prayers, which, indeed, to be candid with you, I do not believe in."

"Ah, indeed!" replied the bonze, "no little worm. I doubt not you met him a score of times, but I can name three out of your own mouth; there was your fear of robbers, and again of avalanches, and then of the sirens in the city. As for prayers, for one you prayed to the god of courage, for another to the god of prudence, and for the last to the god of chastity. And now, I beseech you, pray to the greatest of all the gods, him of duty, and give him due meed of gratitude for all your escapes and conquests, especially your escape from your own self and your conquest over self."

"Then it seems," stammered the traveller, "that I ought to be grateful, not to any god, but to—myself."

"Just be grateful," replied the bonze, "for to feel gratitude is to be grateful to God."

Casting the Golden Ball.

A SAGE happened to be present at some games. A score of youths standing in line, the first threw a ball to his next neighbor, and he to his, and so till the last one in the line had caught the ball. The young men were expert at this amusement, and caught with ease and cast with celerity and accuracy.

"How would it be, I wonder," said the sage to one of his disciples, who was with him, "if the ball, instead of being made of leather, were of gold? I will try them," he said, "and thus make an experiment in humanity."

So he gave to the first player a golden ball, and to all the players he said: "Try and catch the golden ball, and if you all catch it, you may share it equally, but if one shall fail to do so, he shall pay to me a fine equal in value to the ball."

They all agreed, for they said among themselves, "Surely this must be a simple fellow and a spendthrift, for as we found no difficulty in catching the leathern ball neither shall we the golden."

But, one by one, each dropped the golden ball, for—whether they were overanxious, or greedy, or the ball being of gold slipped easily out of their hands, I know not, but they could neither cast it safely, nor hold it certainly.

At the end of the game the sage held coins to the

value of twenty golden balls, and the ball itself was restored to him.

Then he called the youths about him and said: "Young men, learn a lesson from this game; that it is easy to play at life if you concern yourselves with common things to which you are used, but with nobler things much thought and careful practice is needful, lest the treasure slip that might else have been readily held. And also learn that ye who cast the ball are like men who cast their lives. That which was tossed to them by their forefathers they take and hold, or miss, fortune, character, all merit; and when in their turn they are required to throw, the cast is feeble and ineffectual, and their children, to whom a goodly inheritance should have gone, are left beggars.

"This is what the gods would have us understand as the meaning of Elysium and Tartarus,—success or failure, happiness or misery, hope or despair, good or evil."

Two Sorts of Murder.

Argone was passing by the house of a young man who had recently married and overheard him uttering an unkind word to her whose sincere love he had won. Argone reproved the young man, who, excusing himself, said it was but once.

A kid happening to be tethered hard by, Argone drew his long knife and plunged it into the kid's heart.

"Alas!" cried the young man, "you have killed my wife's pet kid. How cruel."

"It is but once," said Argone, and while the young man looked at him in amazement, he continued, "why do you appear so confounded, for which is the worse, to slay a pet kid with a long knife, or a loving wife with an unkind word? Which is the more cruel, to kill an animal or to kill love?"

Another time Argone passed by the young man's house and his wife was singing merrily. "I perceive," said he, "that you must be a happy woman." "Why not," replied the young matron, "for my husband loves me and never is angry with me unjustly. Why should I not be happy?"

Fittest, Not Best.

Macron was blessed with a large family, both boys and girls; the maids were all virtuous, and of the lads all were bold and lusty but one, who was a coward and puny.

In due course the daughters were married, but one after another died in child-bed. Macron's sons, too, one by one, came to an untimely end. One, so kind of heart that all distress moved him greatly, when a neighbor fell ill of a malignant fever, went and nursed him, but was taken by the infection and died. Another, when the king wanted soldiers, took pike and buckler and went out to battle for his country and was slain.

A third, in time of famine, to provide food for the household, foraged the forest and fetched daily of game a larder full, till at last, encountering a wild boar, was pierced by its tusk and died.

But all this time the weakling and coward stopped at home and throve and grew fat. Not being a woman he could not die in child-bed. Not being kindly disposed towards his neighbors when the fever ravaged the land he kept his carcass at a safe distance from infection. Having no stomach for war, no king's soldier was he, and while his brother hunted that he might eat he was quite content to let him. So he survived, and his sisters and brothers, one by one, in the way of duty, died.

"I cannot help thinking," said the wise man, "that the rest, although what men call dead, were more truly alive than he, and that mere survival can hardly be called life.

Two Brothers.

They were born twins; but as soon as they could walk and talk they went divers ways; one played and romped as a child; as a youth he frequented the inns and disported with all the maids till he found the one of the world for him and her he married, and she bore him children. He worked seldom, only enough to provide a bare subsistence, and he and she and their children loved one another and passed their lives in gay living.

The other brother despised play, and instead of disporting at the inns or merry-making, kept by himself, toiled by day, and burned oil by night to get learning. He was frugal and saved his pence, and having no liking for women did not marry. When he was old he had gotten a great fortune, and when his time came to die knew not how to dispose of it. Two brothers, neither over wise.

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IMMORTALITY DISCUSSED.

BY E. P. POWELL.

SOME time ago we agreed to discuss the question of immortality. Is this hope of man anything more than a wish or a desire? It has, so far as I know, never been demonstrated.

To demonstrate immortality is to make it certainty to rational minds—not to prove it by the senses.

Certainly; but what has a beginning can have an end; and we know that our lives do have a point of beginning.

They most assuredly do not. They have a point of beginning to operate the organism called the body—a mere flux of atoms. But the life in which we share is without beginning. We do not need to repeat our argument that nothing can originate *ab nihilo*.

But that proves only that our egos are of the Eternal Mind, and may either go back into the Infinite, or go forward in an infinite chain of causations.

Have you ever thought what your own life is—except as a chain of causations? You are not what you were twenty years ago. You barely remember a few scraps of your life of that date—most of it is forever lost to your power to recall. If it were obliterated your happiness would hardly be affected.

But do you not mean to say immortality is at best only eternal sequences; and we live at only one of these at a time—and that to be immortal only means I am constantly being blotted out for another I? And what I now am is really *not* to live on?

Clearly you have a power to beget a successor self—and he another—and so on *ad infinitum*. It is the indestructibility of the power to beget that we contend for.

This seems to me to rob immortality of all its glory and value. Will our friendships inevitably fade? and our loves?

Except as they hourly beget new love they most assuredly do fade. That is the fate, as you well know, of most friendships—lacking power to re-live in new purpose and conception.

But immortality as generally taught is something quite different, I am sure. It is essentially to live forever in a second life; not a continuity of lives. To

believe in such a great future far ahead of this world-life is held to be all-important.

It is doubtful if such a belief has been of any value whatever to men either morally or intellectually. Accepted not as a first choice, its value has invariably been associated either with extravagant and unwholesome joys or with terrible fears. This has enabled the priest to take as his favorite stand the threshold of undying existence, and by pictures of bliss and pictures of misery to buy the services of his hearers or terrify them into submission.

You hold then that the essential immortality is the power—indeed the necessity of change. *We* die that another *we* may live. But why may not this generation of selfs cease? Even allowing that evolution is eternal, is it provable that man holds any more certain place than that missing link, which for ages existed, and then was so absolutely obliterated that we cannot find its record even among the fossils?

For thousands of years evolution has proceeded by means of man, and there are no signs of any higher organism ahead. With man began a reign of moral purpose. The secret of eternal life lies in our ethical being. He that wills ethically becomes one with the eternal Ethical Purpose. The question is, whether our spirits do by free choice enter into the immortal life of truth and love which is indestructible. The true conception of immortality is that of a survival of the fittest. While we are the fittest by our own resolve, there is no power in nature to undo us. There is every reason to believe that man is the object reached after by organic evolution. Henceforth the end will be ignorance surmounted by man, weakness mastered by man, ideals touched—"God in man."

I have been accustomed to read Tennyson with considerable pleasure, but of late with less satisfaction. It is a puzzle to me that religious people seem to believe that the very best hope and faith they can get is found in such passages of In Memoriam as

"I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,
And gather dust and chaff, and call
To what I feel is Lord of all;
And faintly trust the larger hope."

This is not faith; it is not knowledge; it is hardly hope. Is this all that we have reached in our reasoning and soul-reachings? The whole thing is in a nut-

shell. I am a child of God. God is my Father. We have love one for another. He will not fail me; I will not fail Him. I stand as firm as God, because I stand with God. My friend, no one yet has ever got beyond the sublime truth, "I and my Father are One." Only we need to see that this is true of every up-looker on earth. But if one will take in all of In Memoriam from first to last he will find the real immortality in such a passage as this:

"So many worlds, so much to do!
So little done, such things to be!
How know I what had need of thee,
For thou wert strong as thou wert true?"

But there is more than I can see;
And what I see I leave unsaid,
Nor speak it, knowing Death has made
His darkness beautiful with thee."

But let me go back to your valuation of immortality as a theoretical power. I am surprised that you consider it of no great value as a belief in affecting an amelioration of human character. I have been accustomed to think with those who consider the value of a belief in another life as among the highest motives to virtue.

Agnosticism is a mental flatulence that I do not intend to encourage in myself or others; but there is such a thing as neglecting more important knowledge for less important. It has been the history of mankind that to undertake to live for another life has been largely at a sacrifice of good wholesome living of this life. It has led to contemptuous creeds concerning this world, the body, and our duties here and now. To save the soul in a next existence has involved a furious struggle, and rituals abhorrent to humanity. The inquisition was born of this doctrine. It abolished humanity; and the French Revolution, reacting, abolished Divinity.

A good This-worldliness is then what you advocate in place of other-worldliness.

Yes, a person may live accursedly for this life, or he may live accursedly for the next life. The all-important idea seems to be to live nobly and honorably the days that are ours; and to comprehend that these days are seeds determining the days to come.

CENTRALISATION AND DECENTRALISATION IN FRANCE.

BY THEODORE STANTON.

Since the days of the Gauls, France has been swinging like a pendulum between the two extremes of centralisation and decentralisation. During the past century the complaint has been frequently heard that there existed "apoplexy at the centre and paralysis at the extremities." This *mal* was so taking that it has often been repeated, although the nation's le-

gal representatives under three different régimes—the July Monarchy, the Second Empire, and the Third Republic—have, since 1830, newly organised and more broadly developed local self government in France. Of course, much still remains to be done, especially when the subject is viewed from an American standpoint. But as the pendulum is just now oscillating in the direction of decentralisation, there is fresh hope for still greater progress.

In fact, decentralisation is rapidly becoming a "live question" in this country. The reviews and newspapers are full of it, it is agitated in the Chambers, it is the subject of lectures in various parts of France. Mme. Adam's *Nouvelle Revue* has made it one of the "features" of the renovation which that periodical underwent last winter, and the "Chronique de la Décentralisation" and "Les Provinces" are now regular departments in this progressive semi-monthly. M. Marcel Fournier's new monthly, the excellent *Revue Politique et Parlementaire*, fairly teems with the *pros* and *cons*—especially the former—of decentralisation. "Theoretically decentralisation is a question that is more than ripe," said the *Temps* a short time ago in a leader favoring the reform; "further discussion and more articles and reports threatening to add only waste paper to the already overwhelming mass of materials on this subject."

But perhaps the most significant of these many fresh manifestations of this anti-centralising order is the foundation at Paris of the National Republican Decentralisation League. Senator de Marcère, the veteran statesman who played an important part in French public life during the critical days of MacMahon's presidency and who then showed himself as Minister of the Interior a pronounced and practical advocate of administrative decentralisation, is president of the organisation, while its membership includes such men as M. Léon Say, the political economist; Senator Bardoux, the ex-Minister and Member of the Institute; M. Léon Bourgeois, ex-Minister and Deputy; M. Flourens, Deputy and formerly Minister of Foreign Affairs; M. de Vogüé, Deputy and Member of the French Academy; Senator Adrien Hébrard, editor-in-chief of the influential and quasi-official *Temps*; and M. René Goblet, Deputy and ex Prime Minister, who says in a recent note: "I am a rather early partisan of decentralisation, for, when Minister of the Interior in 1882, I introduced two bills on this subject, one of which would have developed the organisation of the canton, and the other would have handed over to the Councils General the authority over the communes now exercised by the Central Government; nor have I changed my mind on these questions."

Just what are the reforms these men would accom-

plish? In an "Address to our Fellow Citizens," issued by the League, we read:

"On account of the abuse of functionarism, which is causing the ruin of our finances, and on account of the lack of local liberties which weakens the force of the parliamentary régime, France is on the point of succumbing to a fatal disease,—anemia, in the provinces, and hypertrophy, at Paris. But the growth of the evil has called attention to the pressing need of reform, which, as it will save France and consolidate the Republic, ought to be demanded energetically by the country at large."

The principal remedy which these doctors in politics offer for the trouble is "administrative decentralisation," which strikes one as rather a mild dose for such a deadly disease.

We are further told in this same Address that the aim of the League is "to give life to the provinces and to favor the blossoming forth of all the artistic, literary, industrial, commercial, scientific, financial and political forces which lie hidden in the provinces and exhaust themselves by the enervation of inaction;" while the second article of the Statutes of the League is more explicit in the statement of its purposes, which are "to organise throughout the country a system of decentralising propaganda, whose aim shall be a diminution of the powers of the Central Government, without, however, threatening national unity, but rather strengthening it, and the increment of the authority of the communes, the department and other territorial divisions; thus to contribute in the interest of the French *patrie*, to the awakening of local life in all its forms, and to the development of public liberties; and to bring about, for this purpose, a reform of the various administrative services."

But this extract from a letter of the secretary of the League, M. Alfred Guignard, Editor-in-chief of the *Etendard*, gives the best account of the scope of the work of the new society:

"We have not drawn up a definite programme, lest it might awaken discussion and, consequently, division among our members, each of whom is now at liberty to propose and discuss, on his own responsibility, any views which he may chance to hold on this question, ranging from the most moderate kind of decentralisation up to federalism, which, according to my mind, is the true sort of decentralisation and, at the same time, the true form for a republican government.

"The aim of the League is to awaken a public sentiment favorable to local liberties. This is to be accomplished by the formation of branch societies in all the departments, arrondissements, and cantons, even; by means of lectures, books and pamphlets devoted to the principles of self-government of which we

French know so little. When a free expression of opinion shall have been secured and these views shall have been carefully examined; when a net work of branch societies shall have been spread over the whole surface of France, then we shall convene a congress and promulgate a platform whose acceptance we shall try to secure from every candidate for an elective office."

But it must not be concluded from the foregoing accounts of this energetic revival of a decentralisation crusade, that that rather sentimental dream and oft-expressed hope of some French publicists, the restoration of the old historic provinces, whose names still live in popular speech and print though their boundary-lines were obliterated over a hundred years ago, will soon, if ever, be realised. "We do not think," writes M. Guignard in the letter from which an extract has just been given, "that France, so backward in the practice of liberty, and bowed for a century under the disgraceful and humiliating yoke of bureaucracy, is prepared for federalism."

It occurred to me that it would be interesting and instructive, if some of the leaders in this movement were to state briefly in writing their views on this subject,—which several have been kind enough to do. The divergencies of opinion revealed in these communications—*tot homines, quot sententiae*—prove the wisdom of the League in leaving perfect freedom to its members in the initiatory period of the organisation. I give two of them, and they are the most unisonous of the budget.

One of the Vice-Presidents of the League, M. Charles Beauquier, Deputy of the Doubs, writes:

"I understand by decentralisation the development of local liberties and the extension of the powers of the various elective bodies at the expense of those monopolised by the Central Government. Thus, I should have at the base a commune with a budget of its own, a municipal council managing all municipal affairs, and an executive committee, as in Switzerland, sharing with it the various powers now exercised exclusively by the mayor.

"After having suppressed the Council of Arrondissement and the Departmental Council, or General Council, I should place between the commune and the Central Government a Région, formed by several of our present Departments and provided with a grand Regional Council. A committee, chosen by this council, would exercise about the same powers as those enjoyed to-day by the Prefect. The sole duty of the representative of the government at the capital of the Région would be seeing that the laws were duly respected. He might even be given a veto on the decisions of the council, if it should infringe upon the reserved rights of the Central Government.

"The Central Government would have to care only for general interests. Everything relating to local matters would be managed by the municipal councils, while Departmental and Regional affairs would be treated by the Regional Councils. In this way the State would realise a considerable saving of money, for, instead of having a representative and all his subordinates at the capital of each Department, as is the case to-day, there would be but one such establishment in each Région, or group of Departments. If this plan were adopted, it would be much the same thing as restoring the old provinces."

After thus offering his panacea, M. Beauquier takes this rather pessimistic view of the situation:

"To be exact, I ought to add that there is no chance of decentralisation being realised at present. The plan sketched above is a dream of the future, although this sort of decentralisation exists in Italy and Belgium. The question is not yet ripe enough in France. During the last legislature I introduced a bill whose purpose was to reduce notably the number of Departments; but it never got before the House. All we can now hope for is to slightly cut down the army of office-holders, to simplify administrative routine, and to augment in modest proportions the powers of the Municipal and General, or Departmental, Councils, at the expense of the authority of the Prefects. That would be something. But we cannot count on more, considering the state of the public mind and the drift of the Government. For my own part, however, I do not consider a republic solidly established unless it enjoys decentralisation. Centralisation is of monarchical essence."

Here are the views of M. Henry Maret, a leading Deputy of the Extreme Left and Editor-in-chief of the *Radical*:

"Being an impenitent liberal, I am a partisan of the greatest possible decentralisation. Where exists centralisation, I believe there can be neither liberty nor a true republic. I consider that we could create Regional Assemblies, invested with powers now exercised by the Prefects, without endangering national unity. As it would be difficult, with over 36,000 communes, to realise communal autonomy, I would substitute for it cantonal autonomy. In other words, the canton and not the commune would be the unit. To my mind, parliament would gain in force and authority if its attention were confined solely to grand national questions and if it left to the Régions and Cantons the care of their own administration. I should even go so far as to let them decide how they should raise their taxes. The republican régime will be indestructible only when political life circulates everywhere. Until then, we will always be at the mercy of a *coup de force*."

In a word, the present advocates of decentralisation in France declare that they desire in no wise to lift the hand against national unity secured after so much effort and waiting, nor to deprive the Central Government of any of the authority necessary for the defence of the country against foreign enemies and for the preservation of order at home. They admit that the laws should be uniform throughout the nation, and that they should be uniformly enforced; and that the treasury and the army should be in the untrammelled control of the central power. Their attack is directed only against the excesses of centralisation.

In France this theme is almost as old as the hills, as M. Léon Aucoc, of the Institute, one of the most learned of French authorities on administrative questions, has just shown in an instructive pamphlet (*Les Controverses sur la Décentralisation Administrative: Etude historique*) called forth by this revival of the subject under discussion.

He describes how the Gallic cities possessed considerable independence under the Romans prior to the reign of Trojan; how, after the anarchy out of which the feudal system arose, there was a tendency towards the reconstitution of central authority and local liberties, at one and the same time; how the royal power finally destroyed these liberties and the feudal system, till the king could truly say, *L'Etat c'est moi*; how, on the very eve of the French Revolution, there was a return towards decentralisation; how the Constituent Assembly of 1789, while continuing the political centralisation of the old régime, inaugurated so decentralising a policy in administrative affairs as to produce utter confusion, which the convention checked and then went to the opposite extreme; how the first Empire carried still further the centralising system; how it was not till Louis Philippe's reign that the pendulum began to swing in the other direction; how the work of the Second Empire in this field was "deconcentration," as M. Aucoc prefers to call it, rather than decentralisation, and how under the third Republic, within the last quarter of a century, we have had examples of both excessive centralisation and excessive decentralisation.

A study of this past would seem to indicate that France is, in fact, about to enter upon a decentralising period; for, though Taine unquestionably expresses the sentiment of a large body of Frenchmen when he says, "Authoritative centralisation has this that is good about it,—it still preserves us from democratic autonomy," the "*nouvelles couches*," whose coming Gambetta announced, are slowly gaining the upper hand and democratic autonomy is likely to be attained along with that federative form of government which advanced French republicans dream of, and of which Proudhon wrote: "Who says liberty and does not

says federation, says nothing; who says republic and does not say federation, says nothing; who says socialism and does not say federation, still says nothing."

SOME DEFINITIONS OF INSTINCT.¹

BY PROF. C. LLOYD MORGAN.

THE phenomena of instinct are of interest both to biologists and to psychologists; who respectively approach them, however, from different standpoints. Whether the divergences of opinion concerning these phenomena, and the diversities of definition of the terms "instinct" and "instinctive," are mainly due to this cause, it is perhaps difficult to decide. That marked differences do exist is only too obvious.

1. *Relation of Instinct to Consciousness.*—"Instinct," says Professor Claus,² "may be rightly defined as a mechanism which works unconsciously, and is inherited with the organisation, and which, when set in motion by external or internal stimuli, leads to the performance of appropriate actions, which apparently are directed by conscious purpose." Here, then, we have instinct defined as essentially unconscious. Mr. Herbert Spencer³ regards instinct in its higher forms as probably accompanied by a rudimentary consciousness; but he does not consider the presence of consciousness essential. Professor Baldwin speaks⁴ of a "low form of consciousness which has not character enough to be impulsive"; while Professor Calderwood⁵ holds that instinctive activities cannot be attributed to mental power. "The entire chapter on Instinct in Darwin's *Origin of Species* must," he says, "be read in an altered form, consequent on the deletion of the references to 'mental faculties.'"

On the other hand, Romanes commences his definition of instinct with these words⁶: "Instinct is reflex action into which there is imported the element of consciousness." "The term comprises," he says, "all those faculties of mind which are concerned with conscious and adaptive action, antecedent to individual experience." "The stimulus," he adds, "which evokes an instinctive action is a perception." Professor Wundt also emphasises the conscious accompaniments of instinctive activities, which, he says,⁷ "differ from the reflexes proper in this, that they are accompanied by emotions in the mind, and that their performance is regulated by these emotions."

Thus, even if we exclude the extreme views of those who hold that instinctive activity is due to connate ideas, and inherited knowledge,⁸ there is a wide range of opinion on this head.

2. *Relation of Instinct to Impulse.*—Prof Wm. James speaks⁹ of "instinctive or impulsive performances." "Every instinct," he says, "is an impulse," and he implies that every impulse is instinctive. Professor Wundt¹⁰ and Herr Schneider¹¹ also regard instinctive activities as prompted by impulse; the last-named author distinguishing between sensation-impulses, perception-impulses, and idea-impulses. But other writers use the term in a

more restricted sense. Professor Höffding, though he holds¹ that "instinct is distinguished from mere reflex movement by the fact that it includes an obscure impulse of feeling," also tells us² that "impulse [here used in the narrower sense] involves a contrast between the actual and a possible or future. This," he adds, "is what distinguishes it from reflex-movement and instinct, where the excitation may perhaps cause a sensation, but where no idea asserts itself of what must follow." Professor Baldwin distinguishes³ between those stimuli and the reactive consciousness which, as originating mainly from within, may be called in general *impulsive*, and those which, as originating mainly from without, may be termed *instinctive*; but he admits that the distinction is inexact.

In introducing therefore into a description of instinctive activities any reference to impulse, the exact sense in which this word is employed itself needs definition.

3. *Relation of Instinct to Intelligence and Volition.*—Mr. H. Spencer describes⁴ instinct as compound reflex-action. Although he states clearly⁵ that "the actions we call rational are, by long-continued repetition, rendered automatic and instinctive"; yet his main thesis is⁶ that instincts are developed on the path of upward development from reflex-action toward volitional activity. Others, who are not prepared to follow Mr. Spencer in his main contention, still regard instinctive actions as essentially involuntary. Such views may be contrasted with the opinions of G. H. Lewes⁷ and Herr Schneider,⁸ who regard instinct as due to lapsed intelligence; habits formed under intelligent guidance being inherited in the form of instincts. Professor Wundt seems to go yet further when he says:⁹ "Instinctive action is impulsive, that is voluntary action; and, however far back we may go, we shall never find anything to derive it from except similar, if simpler, acts of will. The development of any sort of animal instinct, that is to say, is altogether impossible unless there exists from the first that interaction of external stimulus with affective and voluntary response which constitutes the real nature of instinct at all stages of organic evolution." Thus, while Mr. Herbert Spencer regards instinct as primarily not yet voluntary; and while many writers regard it as no longer voluntary; Professor Wundt asserts that it is at no time involuntary.

4. *Relation of Instinct to Habit.*—The word "habit," like so many others in this connexion, is used in different senses. Many writers describe all the activities of animals as their habits. In this sense we speak of habit as correlated with structure. But the term is generally used in psychology in a more restricted sense, and is applied to those activities which have become stereotyped under the guidance of individual control. A habit is, in this acceptance of the term, an acquired activity, the constancy of which is due to frequent repetition by the individual, in adaptation to special circumstances; and a distinction is drawn between such habits, as individually acquired, and instincts as connate.¹⁰ Those who accept the Lamarckian hypothesis of the origin of instincts through "lapsed intelligence" regard them as the connate effects of the inheritance of acquired habit. Darwin¹¹ and Romanes¹² be-

¹ *Outlines of Psychology*, p. 91.

² *Op. cit.*, p. 322. Cf. also H. R. Marshall's *Pain, Pleasure, and Aesthetics*, pp. 275-277.

³ *Feelings and Will*, p. 304.

⁴ *Principles of Psychology*, Ch. XII., § 194.

⁵ *Op. cit.*, § 204.

⁶ *Op. cit.*, § 211.

⁷ *Problems of Life and Mind*, "Instinct."

⁸ *Der thierische Wille*.

⁹ *Lectures on Human and Animal Psychology*, p. 409.

¹⁰ See, for example, Professor Sully, *The Human Mind*, Vol. II., p. 181.

¹¹ *Origin of Species*, p. 206; *Descent of Man*, Vol. I., p. 102, quoted in *Mental Evolution in Animals*, p. 264.

¹² *Mental Evolution in Animals*, p. 200.

¹ Reprinted from *Natural Science*, of London, with subsequent corrections of the author's.

² *Text-book of Zoology*, Eng. trans., Vol. I., p. 94.

³ *Principles of Psychology*, Ch. XII.

⁴ *Text-book of Psychology. Feelings and Will*, p. 308. He also speaks of instincts as "inherited motor intuitions," p. 311.

⁵ *Evolution, and Man's Place in Nature*, p. 190.

⁶ *Mental Evolution in Animals*, p. 159.

⁷ *Lectures on Human and Animal Psychology*, Eng. Trans., p. 401.

⁸ *Instinct and Acquisition. Nature*, Vol. XII., p. 507. Oct. 7, 1875. The passage is quoted *infra*, p. 4636, § 6.

⁹ *Principles of Psychology*, Vol. II., p. 382. See also the passage quoted *infra*, p. 4636, § 6.

¹⁰ *Op. cit.*

¹¹ *Der thierische Wille*.

lieved that instincts were in part due to this mode of origin. Professor Wundt, however, gives to the term a wider meaning, and so defines instinct as to include acquired habit. "Movements," he says,¹ "which originally followed upon simple or compound voluntary acts, but which have become wholly or partly mechanised in the course of individual life, or of generic evolution, we term *instinctive* actions." In accordance with this definition, instincts fall into two groups. Those, "which, so far as we can tell, have been developed during the life of the individual, and in the absence of definite individual influences might have remained wholly undeveloped, may be called *acquired* instincts."² They have become instinctive through repetition. "To be distinguished from these acquired human instincts are others, which are *connate*."³ "The laws of practice suffice for the explanation of the acquired instincts. The occurrence of connate instincts renders a subsidiary hypothesis necessary. We must suppose that the physical changes which the nervous elements undergo can be transmitted from father to son. . . . The assumption of the inheritance of acquired dispositions or tendencies is inevitable if there is to be any continuity of evolution at all. We may be in doubt as to the extent of this inheritance: we cannot question the fact itself."⁴ "Darwin's explanation of the development of instinct as being mainly the result of passive adaptation seems," says Professor Wundt,⁵ "to contradict the facts." Now the majority of writers on instinct distinguish it, as we have seen, from individually-acquired habit. And it is hardly necessary to state that Professor Wundt's explanation of the origin of connate instincts on Lamarckian principles, is not accepted by Professor Weismann and his school. "I believe," says Professor Weismann,⁶ "that this is an entirely erroneous view, and I hold that all instinct is entirely due to the operation of natural selection, and has its foundation, not upon inherited experiences, but upon variation of the germ." In view of the biological controversy as to the inheritance of acquired characters, it would seem advisable so to define instinct as not in any way to prejudice the question of origin.

5. *The Instincts of Man*.—"The fewness and the comparative simplicity of the instincts of the higher animals," said Darwin,⁷ "are remarkable in contrast with those of the lower animals." Romanes⁸ held that "instinct plays a larger part in the psychology of many animals than it does in the psychology of man." "Recent research," says Professor Sully,⁹ "goes to show that though instinctive movement plays a smaller part in the life of the child than in that of the young animal, it is larger than has been generally supposed." Professor Preyer¹⁰ tells us that "the instinctive movements of human beings are not numerous, and are difficult to recognise (with the exception of the sexual ones) when once the earliest youth is past."

On the other hand, Professor Wundt¹¹ regards human life as "permeated through and through with instinctive action, determined in part, however, by intelligence and volition." And Professor James tells us¹² that "man possesses all the impulses that they (the lower creatures) have, and a great many more besides." The higher animals have a number of impulses, such as greediness

and suspicion, curiosity and timidity, all of them "congenital, blind at first, and productive of motor reactions of a rigorously determinate sort. Each of them, then, is an instinct, as instincts are commonly defined. But they contradict each other—'experience' in each particular opportunity of application usually deciding the issue. The animal that exhibits them loses the 'instinctive' demeanour, and appears to lead a life of hesitation and choice, an intellectual life; not, however, because he has no instinct—rather because he has so many that they block each other's path." This is in tolerably marked contrast with the statement of Darwin's which stands at the head of this section!

6. *The Plasticity and Variability of Instinct*.—"Though the instincts of animals," said Douglas Spalding,¹ "appear and disappear in such seasonable correspondence with their own wants and the wants of their offspring as to be a standing subject of wonder, they have by no means the fixed and unalterable character by which some would distinguish them from the higher faculties of the human race. They vary in the individuals as does their physical structure. Animals can learn what they did not know by instinct, and forget the instinctive knowledge which they never learned, while their instincts will often accommodate themselves to considerable changes in the order of external events." It will be noticed that there are here two groups of facts: (1) Variations, analogous to variations in physical structure; and (2) accommodations to changes in the external order of events. Professor James² says, "the mystical view of an instinct would make it invariable"; and he formulates two principles of non uniformity of instincts, (1) that of the inhibition of instinct by habits; and (2) that of the transitoriness of instincts. The variation analogous to that of physical structure is not here explicitly recognised. Romanes, who defines³ instinct as a generic term comprising "all those faculties of mind which are concerned with conscious and adaptive action, antecedent to individual experience. . . . and similarly performed under similar and frequently recurring circumstances by all the individuals of the same species," appears to lay stress on their invariability; but his subsequent treatment⁴ shows that he fully recognised the connate variability of instinct. Under the head of "plasticity" he also⁵ insisted on "the modifiability of instinct under the influence of intelligence." He quotes, with approval, Huber's exclamation: "How ductile is the instinct of bees, and how readily it adapts itself to the place, the circumstances, and the needs of the community." There seems, however, some want of logical consistency in first defining instinct as connate and antecedent to individual experience, and then implying that, as modified under the influence of experience, it still remains instinct. For example, Romanes says⁶: "There is evidence to show that the knowledge which animals display of poisonous herbs is of the nature of a mixed instinct, due to intelligent observation, imitation, natural selection, and transmission." Other writers render the term "instinct" indefinite by including the effects of individual experience. Mr. A. R. Wallace, for example, says⁷: "Much of the mystery of instinct arises from the persistent refusal to recognise the agency of imitation, memory, observation, and reason as often forming part of it. Yet there is ample evidence that such agency must be taken into account." But would it not be well, one may ask, so to define instinct as to distinguish it from these agencies, and to say that the habits or ac-

¹ *Lectures on Human and Animal Psychology*, p. 388.

² *Op. cit.*, p. 397.

³ *Op. cit.*, p. 399.

⁴ *Op. cit.*, p. 405.

⁵ *Op. cit.*, p. 409.

⁶ *Essays* (1899), p. 91.

⁷ *Descent of Man*, Vol. I., p. 101.

⁸ *Mental Evolution in Man*, p. 8.

⁹ *The Human Mind*, Vol. II., p. 186.

¹⁰ *The Mind of the Child: "The Senses and the Will,"* p. 235.

¹¹ *Lectures on Human and Animal Psychology*, p. 397.

¹² *Principles of Psychology*, Vol. II., pp. 392, 3. Italics the author's.

¹ E. g., Douglas Spalding. "Instinct and Acquisition." *Nature*, Vol. XII, p. 507.

² *Principles of Psychology*, Vol. II., pp. 391-394.

³ *Mental Evolution in Animals*, p. 159.

⁴ *Op. cit.*, p. 190. Cf. Darwin, in the same work, pp. 372 and 383.

⁵ *Op. cit.*, p. 203.

⁶ *Op. cit.*, p. 227.

⁷ *Darwinism*, p. 442.

tivities of animals are of mixed origin, the term instinct being reserved for particular types of connate activity?

7. *The Periodicity and Serial Nature of Instinct.*—Little need be said on this head, since most writers recognise the facts as, at any rate in many cases, characteristic of instinct. The sexual instincts, nidification, incubation, and migration, exemplify the periodic nature of instinct; and the fact that this periodicity involves internal as well as external determination suggests the rejection of Professor Baldwin's distinction between impulsive and instinctive, not because it is logically incorrect, but because there is so much overlap, many instincts involving an impulsive factor. That instincts are very often serial in their nature and involve a chain of activities is also commonly admitted, and is well brought out by Herr Schneider.¹

8. *Suggested Scheme of Terminology.*—From what has gone before, it will be seen that there is a good deal of diversity of opinion and of definition in the matter of instinct. Let us summarise some of these diversities.

Instinctive activities are unconscious (Claus), non-mental (Calderwood), incipiently conscious (Spencer), distinguished by the presence of consciousness (Romanes), accompanied by emotions in the mind (Wundt), involve connate ideas and inherited knowledge (Spalding); synonymous with impulsive activities (James), to be distinguished from those involving impulse proper (Höfding, Marshall); not yet voluntary (Spencer), no longer voluntary (Lewes), never involuntary (Wundt); due to natural selection only (Weismann), to lapsed intelligence (Lewes, Schneider, Wundt), to both (Darwin, Romanes); to be distinguished from individually acquired habits (Darwin, Romanes, Sully, and others), inclusive thereof (Wundt); at a minimum in man (Darwin, Romanes), at a maximum in man (James); essentially congenital (Romanes), inclusive of individually-acquired modifications through intelligence (Darwin, Romanes, Wallace).

It is scarcely probable that in the face of such divergence of opinion unanimity is yet within the bounds of reasonable expectation, and the following scheme must be regarded as provisional and suggestive. Certain points must be borne in mind in endeavoring to frame satisfactory and acceptable definitions of the terms "instinctive" and "instinct." Since the phenomena are in part biological and in part psychological, any definition should be such as to be of biological value and yet such as to be acceptable to psychologists. Since the question of origin is still *sub judice*, the definition should be purely descriptive, so as not to prejudice this question. And since the phenomena of instinct can only be rightly understood in their relation to automatism, congenital and acquired, to impulse, to imitation, and to intelligence, our definition of instinctive activities should find a place in a scheme of terminology. Such a scheme is here set forth.

It may be premised:

1. That the terms "congenital" and "acquired" are to be regarded as mutually exclusive. What is congenital in its definiteness is, as prior to individual experience, not acquired. The definiteness that is acquired is, as the result of individual experience, not congenital.

2. That these terms apply to the individual. Whether what is acquired by one individual may become congenital through inheritance in another individual is a question of fact which is not to be settled by implications of terminology.

3. That the term "acquired" does not exclude an inherited potentiality of acquisition under the appropriate conditions. Such inherited potentiality may be termed "innate." What is acquired is a definite specialisation of an indefinite innate potentiality.

4. That what is congenital and innate is inherent in the germ-plasm of the fertilised ovum.

Our suggested terminology then is as follows:

Congenital movements and activities: those, the definite performance of which is antecedent to individual experience. They may be performed either (a) at or very shortly after birth (*connate*), or (b) when the organism has undergone further development (*deferred*).

Congenital Automatism: the congenital physiological basis of those activities the definite performance of which is antecedent to individual experience.

Physiological rhythms: congenital rhythmic movements essential to the continuance of organic life.

Reflex movements: congenital, adaptive, and co-ordinated responses of limbs or parts of the body; evoked by stimuli.

Random movements: congenital, more or less definite, but not specially adaptive movements of limbs or parts of the body; either centrally initiated or evoked by stimuli.

Instinctive activities: congenital, adaptive, and co-ordinated activities of relative complexity and involving the welfare of the organism as a whole; specific in character, but subject to variation analogous to that found in organic structures; similarly performed by all the like members of the same more or less restricted group, in adaptation to special circumstances frequently recurring or essential to the continuance of the race; often periodic in development and serial in character.

Imitative movements and activities: due to individual imitation or similar movements or activities performed by others.

Impulse (Trieb): the affective or emotional condition, congenital or acquired, under the influence of which a conscious organism is prompted to movement or activity, without reference to a conceived end or ideal.

Instinct: the congenital psychological impulse concerned in instinctive activities.

Control: the conscious inhibition or augmentation of movement or activity. While the power of control is innate, its special mode of application is the result of experience and therefore acquired.

Intelligent activities: those due to individual control or guidance in the light of experience through association (voluntary).

Motive: the affective or emotional condition under the influence of which a rational being is guided in the performance of deliberate acts.

Deliberate acts: those performed in distinct reference to a conceived end or ideal (volitional).

Acquired movements, activities, or acts: those, the definite performance of which is the result of individual experience. Any modifications of congenital activities which result from experience are, so far, acquired.

Acquired automatism: the individually modified physiological basis of the performance of those acquired movements or activities which have been stereotyped by repetition.

There is certainly some overlap in the definitions, and it is difficult to see how such overlap is to be avoided. The physiological rhythms—such as the heart-beat, respiratory movements, and peristaltic action—are in part automatic, in the physiological sense of originating within the organ which manifests the rhythm; but they are also in part reflex. The line between reflex movements and instinctive activities cannot be a very rigid one; instinctive activities are indeed in large degree organised trains or sequences of co-ordinated reflex movements.

Although the psychological aspect of instinctive activities falls under the general head of impulse, yet impulse is broader than instinct—that is, if we adopt the definitions above suggested. On the one hand, some reflex movements are probably accompanied by impulse. On the other hand, when intelligent activities pass into habits through repetition, the performance of these habits is prompted by impulse. Impulse may, in fact, be either con-

¹ *Der thierische Wille*, v. g., p. 208.

genital or acquired, and may be associated both with automatism and with control. Instinct is a form of congenital impulse. As such it may be counteracted or modified by an acquired impulse due to pleasurable or painful experience. A chick, for example, which has run after and seized a cinnabar caterpillar, acquires through experience a counteracting impulse due to the disagreeable effect. The congenital impulses, termed instincts, may thus be modified by acquired impulses which result from experience; but there is seldom or never a conflict of instincts, as these are above defined.

Whether the objective activities termed instinctive are *always* accompanied by the subjective congenital impulse termed instinct is a question which is open to discussion.

A wider definition of instinct by which it would be synonymous with congenital impulse may be suggested as an alternative to that above given. This would, perhaps, be more in accord with the popular use of the word "instinctive," but it appears to be less satisfactory as a definition of the technical term.

It is well to distinguish motives, as the determinants of deliberate acts, from the acquired impulses which are the determinants of intelligent activities as above defined. As the intelligent activity is often the outcome of a conflict of impulses, so is the deliberate act the outcome of a conflict of motives.

Imitative activities are due to an imitative impulse. Some of them are probably involuntary and due to congenital impulse; but others are certainly due to intelligent imitation. They form a group sufficiently well-defined to warrant the distinct place assigned to them in the suggested scheme.

The habits of animals are in very many cases of complex origin. It is claimed that such a scheme of terminology as is above suggested may serve to aid us in discriminating between the several factors, instinctive, imitative, and intelligent. The fact that many instinctive activities are subject to modification through imitation and experience clearly indicates that they at least are accompanied by consciousness. But it is submitted that, when thus modified, they cease to be instinctive, that is, if *congenital* is to take its place as an integral part of the definition of instinct. They should be termed habits.

The distinction between congenital, on the one hand, and acquired, on the other hand, is a definite one. Objectively considered, those activities, the performance of which is, so far as they are concerned, antecedent to and irrespective of individual experience and guidance, are congenital, no matter at what stage of life they are performed; while those activities, or modifications of activity, which are performed as the result of individual experience, are acquired—any modification of congenital organic structure correlated therewith being an acquired character. Subjectively viewed, those impulses which are nowise dependent on antecedent experience of pleasure or pain are congenital; while those which are due to individual experience are acquired. In any given case of animal habit it may be difficult to determine how far it is due to congenital activity, and how far there is acquired modification. But this difficulty is more likely to be overcome by observation and experiment, if the exact terms of the problem are kept clearly in view.

NOTES.

We are in receipt of a beautiful Buddha statue which was sent by the Rev. Shaku Soyen, of Kamakura, Japan. The statue is a piece of exquisite art, made by an unknown artist of the last century. It is carved wood, delicately emblazoned with gold, and stands in a lacquered shrine about one foot high. The calm and noble attitude of Buddha gives evidence of both the artistic taste and the religious devotion of the Japanese artist. We here express publicly our heartiest thanks to the distinguished Buddhist priest for his kind remembrance and beautiful gift.

Dr. Eduard Reich is a prolific writer who discusses the practical sides of social, religious, and philosophical questions in simple and straightforward language and with considerable scientific knowledge. His latest production is now in our hands under the title of *Philosophie, Seele, Dasein und Elend* (Amsterdam and Leipzig: August Dieckman), constituting Vol. II of his *Philosophical Reflexions and Studies in Hygienic Sociology*. Dr. Reich's distinctive point of view is the hygienic. The close connexion of spiritual with bodily and social health is his main theme, which is developed in all its multitudinous aspects. Dr. Reich stands aloof from the accredited scientific circle of Germany, but his books are full of suggestive if not striking ideas, simply presented.

A new monthly magazine devoted to university interests and general literature, under the title of *Bachelor of Arts*, published its first number in May last. Mr. Walter Camp will edit the athletic department, Mr. W. D. Howells will write literary critiques, Mr. Albert Stickney will contribute articles on political and economical questions, and others equally well known are expected to contribute. The *Bachelor of Arts* gives every indication of attaining a high standard of excellence, and should be widely patronised by college men. (15 Wall St., New York.)

SWINBURNE.

BY CHARLES ALVA LANE.

Incarnate Son of Song, 'mid battles born
Of Freedom's womb! whose bosom menward yearns
From crystal heights where manhood's lordship spurns
The shackling shams of grievous dogmas worn
From erring eld! who, voiced as with the morn,
Before the portal of the morrow turns,
Singeth, Apollo-like, a song that burns
With sovereign Soulhood round a faith forlorn!

We hail thee o'er the sea, where Liberty,
Like Memnon touched, gives echo to thy song,
And Art, with palms prest, pants in ecstasy
Amid thy wafted wealth of melody,
Whereof hath prescient music dreamed for long,
With sense that hearkened toward the spherly throng.

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THE BEAUTY OF DEATH.

BY WOODS HUTCHINSON, A.M., M.D.

HUMANITY has a faculty for ignoring and abusing its benefactors which amounts almost to a genius. Scarcely an age can be mentioned which has not starved its Homer, poisoned its Socrates, banished its Aristides, stoned its Stephen, burned its Savonarola, or imprisoned its Galileo. Nor is the strange perversion of sentiment confined to our fellow-mortals. The great, calm, stern, yet loving forces of nature have constantly fallen under the unjust stigma, and though we have outlived many earthly misconceptions or misrepresentations of most of these, a ghastly, repulsive, lying mask is still permitted to conceal the kindly, though stern features of Pallida Mors albeit both religion and science are striving hard to tear it away. Let us endeavor to lift up a tiny corner long enough to catch a glimpse of what lies behind it.

I regard the prevailing conception of death as false in three important particulars: First, that it is in some way an enemy of, or opposed to, life; second, that it is a process of dissipation or degeneration involving and associated with a fearful waste of energy, time, and material; third, that it is a harsh, painful ordeal, from which every fibre of organic being shrinks in terror.

I am aware that my first contention will seem like a flat contradiction in terms, but a few illustrations will probably make my meaning plainer. Let us take those earliest and lowest results of formative tendencies in matter, the crystals, "the flowers of the rocks," as Ruskin beautifully calls them. Here we have individual units which for beauty, variety, and definiteness of form, brilliancy of color, and purity of substance, stand absolutely unrivalled in all the higher walks of life. Watch them forming, and see with what certainty atom seeks atom, here a diamond, there a cube, again a prism or rosette, each substance having its own definite, peculiar shape, with an utter disregard of all alien materials in the mass. Mark how crystal seeks crystal and proceeds to weave its own warp and woof, in column, in truncated cone, in spire, in lace-like web of slender needles, each according to its kind. See how the advance columns of the various ingredients of the mass, cut through, ride over, or

yield to one another, in regular social order of rank, dependent not upon bulk or hardness, but upon purity of substance and organising power, upon crystal vitality in fact, and suppress if you can the conviction that these organisms are alive. The only thing they lack is the inherent faculty of dying. Drown and dissolve them by fluid, fuse into shapeless masses by volcanic heat, and on the very earliest opportunity they will promptly and surely resume their former shape and beauty. Gentler influences they defy. So long as they exist they are indestructible, and their lifetime is that of the everlasting hills. Here, if anywhere in the universe, is eternal life, in the popular sense of the term, but it were better named eternal death.

Crystal life is a bar of adamant to progress. Beautiful in itself, it is utterly barren, inhospitable, hopeless as regards future growth. It can neither grow itself, nor assist anything else to grow, save in one way, by dying.

The old earth shrinks a little in cooling, and our mass of crystals is suddenly elevated from cavernous depths to the top or side of one of those long wrinkles we call mountain ranges; the sun heats it, and the rains pour upon it, the frosts gnaw at its edges, until at length its vitality becomes impaired, and it succumbs to the elements. The whole structure crumbles into a shapeless mass of dull, damp, colorless, lifeless clay. Here, indeed, to all appearances is the desolation of death in all its hopeless repulsiveness. But wait a moment; here comes a tiny descendant of some crystal which has stumbled upon the faculty of dying and improved thereon unto the fifty-thousandth generation, a lichen spore, drifting along the surface of the rock. It glances forlornly off from the flinty faces of the living crystals, but finds a home and a welcome at once upon the moist surface of the clay. Filmy rootlets run downward, tiny buds shoot upward, the new life has begun. It ensnares the sunlight in its emerald mesh, entangles the life-vapors of the air in its web, and grows and spreads until the valley of crystal death becomes transformed into a cushion of living green in the lap of the gaunt, grey granite.

But what as to further progress? The lichen is green and beautiful, but as an individual it can never develop into anything higher. Here again progress

is absolutely barred by life, and must call death to its aid. The lichen dies, and its dust returns to the earth, carrying with it the spoils of the sunlight, the air, and the dew, to enrich the seed-bed. A hundred generations follow, each one leaving a legacy of fertility, until the soil becomes capable of sustaining a richer, stronger, higher order of plant-life, whose rootlets push into every crevice and rend the solid rock; the living carpet spreads; grass, flower, and shrub succeed one another in steady succession, until the cold grey rock-trough is transformed into the lovely mountain glen with its myriad life. As the poet sings, the crystals have risen "on stepping stones of their dead selves to nobler things," and of any link in the chain the inspired dictum would be equally true that "except to die, it abideth alone."

But, says some one, this is all very true as to the surface of Mother Earth; but how about the deeper structures, her ribs and body bulk?

Every layer of the earth was part of the surface at one time, and the more intimately death has entered into their composition, the more highly organised the corpses of which they are composed, and the more useful and important they are.

Come back with me a few hundred years to the great tree-fern period, and gaze upon the matted jungle of frond and stem, thirty to sixty feet in height, which covers mile after mile of swamp. Here, indeed, is life in all its glory, yet it is a living shroud. No hum is there of insect-life or twitter of birds that build their nests in the branches; for there is neither flower, berry, nor seed to support the tiniest life. No animal can live on its stringy, indigestible fodder. The rank growth crushes out any possibility of nobler, more generous plant-life. The old earth gives a tired sigh, her bosom heaves and sinks, and the waters rush in and cover the jungle, drown it, crush it, bury it with silt, compress and mummify it, and it is numbered with the "has-beens," until one day man stumbles upon a fragment of its remains in the face of some sea-cliff, and coal, the food of the steam-engine, the motive power of latter-day commerce and civilisation, is discovered. Alive, it was a worthless weed; dead, it becomes "black diamonds."

There is another illustration very much in point, indeed, but so familiar through the medium of Sunday-school literature, and so nearly worn threadbare as a text for sermons, that I hesitate to allude to it. I refer to that exemplary being, the coral insect. This sturdy little polyp anchors himself to the surface of the sunken reef, and with an industry and devotion that would do him infinite credit, if we could for a moment imagine that he was actuated by any other motive than that of filling his own greedy little stomach, he swallows and deposits in his tissues the lime-salts until his whole

substance becomes literally petrified and forms a stepping-stone of adamant for the succeeding generation. This process is repeated a few million times, and the lovely coral island, with its lofty palms, emerald verdure, silver sands, and glittering bird and insect life, breaks the surface of the howling waste of waters. Alive, he is a flabby, shapeless atom of greyish jelly; dead, he is a rainbow-hued crystal of loveliest outline—a thing of beauty in himself and the rock-ribbed support of countless other forms of life and beauty above the surface. Alive, he is an insignificant, slimy little salt-water slug; dead, he is a part of the framework of the universe, and a saintly creature, whose value as a moral example can hardly be overestimated.

When we turn to the higher forms of being, the dependence of life upon precedent death is so self-evident as to have been formulated into a truism. That the grass must die that sheep may live, and that sheep must die that man may live, are facts as familiar as the multiplication-table. If the command, "Thou shalt not kill," were to be interpreted to extend to our animal cousins and our vegetable ancestors, it might as well read at once, "Thou shalt starve."

In this sense death is as important and essential a vital function as birth, and the highest aim of many an organism is attained, not by its birth, but by its death. Literally: "He that loveth his life shall save it," in the world to come. Without this power of the lower life to forward the higher life by dying, progress of any sort would be absolutely impossible. There be forms which when they are devoured refuse to die, but we call them parasites, and should hardly choose the tape-worm as a symbol of progress.

Even when we reach the human stage where no such direct digestive transformation into higher forms is possible, the same necessity is still apparent.

To permit progress in the social, political, or moral worlds it becomes ultimately just as sternly essential, cruel as the fact may seem at first sight, that the old generation should die, as that the new should be born.

Now let us look for a few moments at the second prevailing misconception of death as a destroyer and waster. This is apparently supported by a vast array of facts, ranging from the tremendous loss of life among the eggs or young of the lower forms to the sudden cutting short of existences in which meet the labor and preparation of generations of the past and the hopes of the future. What is the use of being born only to die, of laboriously building up an organism or character only to have it destroyed, annihilated, scattered like smoke?

To the first part of the question the answer almost suggests itself, viz., that this destruction is only apparent. Nothing is really lost at all. Merely the form

is changed, and as it is necessary that life should be produced in great abundance in order to give nature, figuratively speaking, a wide field for selection, some method becomes absolutely indispensable by which the elements of the unfit, incompetent, non elect forms can be promptly returned to the great crucible of nature, there to be available for use in new and improved patterns. So far from being a waster, death is the great economist of nature, enabling her to conduct her most extensive experiments with a mere handful of material.

But, you will reply, this accounts only, so to speak, for the materials used. Are not the vantage grounds so hardly won, the wonderful organising power, the long years expended, utterly lost and hopelessly wasted? I answer, no; but rather secured thereby. They become an immutable part of the history of the race. The upward growth of the race is not an even, continuous line, but a series of ever-ascending tiny curves, each the life of an individual, and the tiny shoot of the curve of the life that is to follow is given off from near our highest point.

Death is the great embalmer, the casket into which our loved ones are received in the very flower of their beauty and the glory of their strength. A sheaf of corn fully ripe is a beautiful, dignified, inspiring sight and memory, but it must be *reaped* to make it so, and not left on the stem to rot and freeze.

And it should not be forgotten that so long as life lasts, not only is growth possible, but degeneration also; and that the further the zenith of power is passed, the more probable does the latter become. Nothing can imperil the good that a man has done save his own later weakness, treason, or folly; and when the mortal dart pierces him it transfixes him where he stands and secures the vantage-ground he has won. Death's function here is, as it were, a ratchet upon the notched wheel of human progress, to secure every inch gained as a starting point for the life to come.

But the crowning beauty and noblest impulse of the process is that it is intrinsically a burying of the old life to enrich the new. The parent form falls with all the scars, the weariness and grime of the conflict, into the gentle lap of Mother Earth, in order that the new life may rise, fresh, pure, triumphant. Old errors are buried, old failures forgotten. The good of all the past is inherited, the evil falls by its own weight. The race takes a fresh start every generation. We are all but drops in the grand stream of life, which flows with ever-widening sweep through all the ages.

We are immortal, if we but form a true, sturdy link in the great chain of life. It is this unbroken continuity of life, ever rising to nobler levels from the ashes of apparent death that is so beautifully typified by the Phœnix and similar traditions. We should

cheerfully pay the debt of nature, proudly confident that she will be able to invest the capital to better advantage next time, from the interest we have laboriously added to it.

There need be no shrinking dread of the "pangs of dissolution," the "final agony," for such things have no existence save in disordered imaginations. Ask any physician whose head is silvered over with grey, and he will tell you that while disease is often painful, death itself is gentle, painless, natural, like the fading of a flower or the falling of a leaf. It is literally true that there is a time to die as well as to live, and when that time comes the event becomes not only tolerable, but, like all other natural processes, desirable; every fibre of our tired, worn-out being demands it.

The overwhelming majority of such records of authentic "last words" as we possess, re-echo the saying of Charles II. on his death-bed: "If this be dying, nothing could be easier."

Even in such an extreme case as death under the fangs of wild beasts, all those who have gone very near the Valley of the Shadow from this cause unite in testifying, incredible as it may seem, that after the first shock of the attack there is absolutely no sensation of pain.

For instance, Livingstone, upon one occasion, was pounced upon by a lion, which felled him to the ground, and, making his teeth meet in his shoulder, dragged him a considerable distance into the jungle before his followers could come to his assistance. Livingstone asserts most positively that he was perfectly conscious of what was happening when he was being carried, could hear the cries of his friends, and wondered how long it would take them to reach him, but that he felt no pain or fear whatever, nothing but a strange, drowsy, dreamy sensation. And yet his shoulder was so severely injured that he never fully recovered the use of it, and his body was identified after death by the scars.

Sir Samuel Baker reports a similar experience with a bear which he had wounded. The great brute felled him by a stunning blow from its paw, and he was aroused to consciousness by its crunching the bones of his hand; it continued the process up his arm, and had almost reached the shoulder before the rescuing party could reach him, and yet Sir Samuel declares that he felt no pain whatever, and that his only sensation was one of intense resentment against the beast for seeming to enjoy the taste of him so much. Nor are these by any means exceptional instances, as many other such reports could be collected, and it is almost an axiom with surgeons that the severer the injury the less the pain. Many a man has received his death-

wound and never known it until his strength began to fail.

But nature is even more merciful than this. Contrary to popular impression and pulpit pyrotechnics, the fear of death, which is so vivid in life and health, absolutely disappears as soon as his hand is laid upon us. Every physician knows from experience that not one person in fifty is afraid or even unwilling to die when the time actually comes, and in the vast majority of instances our patients drift into a state of dreamy indifference to the result as soon as they become seriously ill. So universally is this true that we seldom feel any uneasiness as to the result of a case in which a lively fear of death is exhibited. The highest sensibilities are the first to die; so that both pain and fear are usually abolished, literally rendered impossible, hours, days, or even weeks, before the end comes. Our dear ones drift gently out into the sea of rest, on the ebbing tide of life, with a smile upon their sleeping faces.

For every minor injury nature provides a remedy; for every hopeless one, a narcotic.

In not a few instances this indifference becomes changed into positive longing for death. Days of suffering and nights of sleepless weariness quickly bring men to stretch out their arms to the great Rest-bringer. Fever parched and pain weary men and women long for death as tired children long for sleep. Ask your own family physician and he will tell you that as a matter of fact he has heard five prayers for death to one for life, when fate is trembling in the balance.

Because the thought of Death in the noon-tide of life sends a chill through them, people never stop to think that their feelings may entirely change with the circumstances, and will not understand, as the good old Methodist elder shrewdly expressed it, that they "can't expect to get dying grace to live by."

* * *

The ghastly *in articulo mortis*, or "death-struggle," of which we hear so much in dramatic literature, religious or otherwise, does not occur in one case in ten, and then usually long after consciousness has ceased. When death comes near enough so that we can see the eyes behind the mask, his face becomes as welcome as that of his twin brother, sleep.

THE OLD SHOEMAKER.

BY VOLTAIRINE DE CLEVRE.

HE HAD lived a long time there in the house at the end of the alley, and no one had ever known that he was a great man. He was lean and palsied and had a crooked back; his beard was grey and ragged, and his eyebrows came too far forward; there were seams and flaps in the empty, yellow old skin, and he gasped horribly when he breathed, taking hold of the lintel

of the door to steady himself when he stepped out on the broken bricks of the alley. He lived with a frightful old woman who scrubbed the floors of the rag-shop, and drank beer, and growled at the children who poked fun at her. He had lived with her eighteen years, she said, stroking the furry little kitten that curled up in her neck as if she had been beautiful.

Eighteen years they had been drinking and quarrelling together—and suffering. She had seen the flesh sucking away from the bones, and the skin falling in upon them, and the long, lean fingers growing more lean and trembling, as they crooked round his shoemaking tools. It was very strange she had not grown thin;—the beer had bloated her, and rolls of weak, shaking flesh lapped over the ridges of her uncouth figure. Her pale, lack-lustre blue eyes wandered aimlessly about as she talked: No,—he had never told her, not even in their quarrels, not even when they were drunken together, of the great Visitor who had come up the little alley yesterday, walking so stately over the sun-beaten bricks, taking no note of the others, and coming in at the door without asking. She had not expected such an One; how could she?

But the old shoemaker had shown no surprise at the Mighty One. He smiled and set down the teacup he was holding, and entered into communion with the Stranger. He noticed no others, but continued to smile, without speaking, into the dark, fathomless Face. He was smiling still, and the infinite dignity of the Unknown fell upon him and covered the wasted old limbs and the hard, wizen face, so that all we who entered bowed and went out and did not speak. But we understood, for the Mighty One gave understanding, without words. We had been in the presence of Freedom! We had stood at the foot of Tabor and seen this worn old world soiled soul lose all its dross and commonplace and pass upward, smiling, to the Transfiguration. In the hands of the Mighty One the crust had crumbled and dropped away into impalpable powder. Souls should be mixed of it no more. Only that which passed upward, the fine white playing flame, the heart of the *long, life*-long watches of patience, should rekindle there in the perennial ascension of the great Soul of Man.

GOOD AND EVIL AS RELIGIOUS IDEAS.

THIS world of ours is a world of opposites. There is light and shade, there is heat and cold, there is good and evil, there is God and the Devil.

The dualistic conception of nature has, it appears to us, been a necessary phase in the evolution of human thought. We find the same views of good and evil spirits prevailing among all the peoples of the

earth at the very beginning of that stage of their development which, in the phraseology of Tylor, is commonly called Animism. But the principle of unity dominates the development of thought. Man tries to unify his conceptions in a consistent and harmonious monism. Accordingly, while the belief in good spirits tended towards the formation of the doctrine of Monotheism, the belief in evil spirits led naturally to the acceptance of one supreme evil deity, conceived to embody all that is bad, destructive, and immoral.

Monotheism and Monodiabolism, brought into being the one by the side of the other through the monistic tendencies of man's mental evolution, are not, however, the terminus of human mental development. As soon as the thinkers of mankind at this stage become aware of the dualism which is implied in the recognition of both these ideas, the tendency is again manifested towards a higher conception which is a purely monistic view.

Mankind as a whole is at present in the stage of monotheism, and has almost outgrown the dualism implied in monodiabolism. A truly monistic view is now dawning on the mental horizon.

Dualism is generally regarded by dualists as the cornerstone of religion and the basis of ethics. The break-down of dualism will, in their opinion, usher in an era of brutal immorality; and many of those who call themselves monists because they reject dualism on account of several of its most palpable errors seem to justify this prejudice among dualists, for monism is often directly identified with irreligion and religion with dualism.

Those who do not appreciate the mission of dualism in the evolution of human thought, and only know its doctrines to be untenable, naturally expect that the future of mankind will be irreligious, and free-thinkers declare that atheism will supersede all the different conceptions of God. But this is neither desirable nor probable. The monistic tendencies of the age will not destroy, but purify and elevate religion. The animism of the savage is a necessary stage of mental evolution: it appears as an error to the higher developed man of a half civilised period; but the error contains a truth; it is the seed from which the more perfect conception of the surrounding world grows. Similarly, the religious ideas of the present time are symbols. Taken in their literal meaning, they are nonsensical errors, but understood in their symbolical nature, they are seeds from which a purer conception of the truth will have to grow. The tendencies of philosophic thought prevailing to-day lead to a positive conception of the world which replaces symbols by actual facts, implying not a denial of religious allegories but their deeper and more correct conception.

A state of irreligion in which mankind would adopt

and publicly teach a doctrine of atheism is an impossibility. Atheism is a negation, and negations cannot stand. Yet our present anthropomorphic view of God, briefly called Anthrotheism, which as a rule conceives him as an infinitely big individual being, will have to yield to a higher view in which we shall understand that the idea of a personal God is a mere simile. God is much more than a person. When we speak of God as a person, we ought to be conscious of the fact that we use an allegory which, if it were taken literally, can only belittle him. The God of the future will not be personal, but superpersonal.

But how shall we reach this knowledge of the superpersonal God? Our answer is, with the help of science. Let us pursue in religion the same path that science travels, and the narrowness of sectarianism will develop into a broad cosmical religion which shall be as wide and truly catholic as is science.

Symbols are not lies; symbols contain truth. Allegories and parables are not falsehoods; they convey information: moreover, they can be understood by those who are not as yet prepared to receive the plain truth. Thus, when in the progress of science religious symbols are recognised and known in their symbolical nature, this knowledge will not destroy religion but will purify it, and will cleanse it from mythology.

* * *

From a surveyal of the accounts gleaned from Waitz, Lubbock, and Tylor on the primitive state of religion, the conviction impresses itself upon the student of demonology that Devil-worship almost always precedes the worship of a benign and morally good Deity. There are at least many instances in which we can observe a transition from the lower stage of Devil-worship to the higher stage of God-worship, and it seems to be natural that fear should be the first incentive to religious worship. This is the reason why the dark figure of the Devil, that is to say, of a powerful evil deity, looms up as the most important personage in the remotest past of almost every faith. Demonolatry or Devil-worship is the first stage in the evolution of religious worship, for we fear the bad, not the good.

Mr. Herbert Spencer bases religion on the Unknown, declaring that the savage worships those powers which he does not understand. In order to give to religion a foundation which even the scientist does not dare to touch, he asserts the existence of an absolute Unknowable, and recommends it as the basis of the religion of the future. But facts do not agree with Mr. Spencer's proposition. The proverb says:

"What I don't wot
Makes me not hot."

What is absolutely unknowable does not concern us, and the savage does not worship the thunder be-

cause he *does not know* what it is, but because he *does know* what it is. He worships the thunder because he is afraid of it, because of the known and obvious dangers connected with it, which he feels unable to control.

Let us hear the men who have carefully collected and sifted the facts. Waitz, in speaking in his *Anthropologie* (Vol. III., pp. 182, 330, 335, 345) of the Indians who were not as yet semi-Christianised, states that the Florida tribes are said to have solemnly worshipped the Bad Spirit, Toia, who plagued them with visions, and to have had small regard for the Good Spirit, who troubled himself little about mankind. And Martius makes this characteristic remark of the rude tribes of Brazil:

"All Indians have a lively conviction of the power of an evil principle over them; in many there dawns also a glimpse of the good; but they revere the one less than they fear the other. It must be thought that they hold the Good Being weaker in relation to the fate of man than the Evil."¹

Capt. John Smith, the hero of the colonisation of Virginia, in 1607, describes the worship of Oki (a word which apparently means that which is above our control) as follows:

"There is yet in Virginia no place discovered to be so Savage in which they have not a Religion, Deer, and Bow and Arrows. All things that are able to doe them hurt beyond their prevention, they adore with their kinde of divine worship; as the fire, water, lightning, thunder, our Ordnance peeces, horses, &c. But their chiefe god they worship is the Devill. Him they call *Okee*, and serue him more of feare than loue. They say they haue conference with him, and fashion themselves as neare to his shape as they can imagine. In their Temple they haue his image euill favouredly carved, and then painted and adorned with chaines of copper, and beads, and covered with a skin in such manner as the deformities may well suit with such a God."²

Religion always begins with fear. The religion of savages may directly be defined as "the fear of evil and the various efforts made to escape evil." Though the fear of evil in the religions of civilised nations plays no longer so prominent a part, we yet learn through historical investigations that at an earlier age of their development almost all worship was paid to the powers of evil, who were regarded with special awe and reverence.

Actual Devil worship continues until the positive power of good is recognised and man finds out by experience, that the good, although its progress may be ever so slow, is always victorious in the end. It is natural that the power that makes for righteousness is by and by recognised as the supreme ruler of all powers, and then the power of evil ceases to be an object of awe; it is no longer worshipped and not even propitiated, but struggled against, and the confidence prevails of a final victory of justice, right, and truth.

P. C.

¹Quoted from Tylor, *Primitive Culture*, II., p. 325.

²Tylor, *ib.*, p. 347.

LIFE AND DEATH.

BY CHAS. A. LANE.

I.

The heart of Life is sweet, O, questioning soul!
It findeth honey in the senses' play,
And Beauty smiles to all the wandering thought.
The sheen of pleasure down the memory,
To doubtful glimmer tempers sorrow's gloom;
And e'en when thought strains backward thro' the life,
And merges off in silences beyond,
Forgotten ecstasies seem lingering there,
That fan the soul thro' gaps of ancient deaths.
A voiceless promise haunts eternity;
And when our longings pierce the yawning years,
Hope guides their wildered wings to halcyon calms
Where beaded eons meet and weld the soul
To truth and beauty and the good for aye.

When childhood's throbbing thought outgrows the toy,
Fond Nature meets th' advancing soul, and charms
The hope with dreams of rainbow-tinted lives;
And when the crowding world doth close us round
With mid-life's toil, ambition fires the will,
And drugs the weariness of Labor's brain;
While inner sense pours meed of noble deeds
In richer draughts than Ganymede dispensed
From dædal cups to laughing gods in times
Of old; and evermore the evening lures
With sunset glories and the rest of peace.
So Nature guardeth Life from stage to stage,
Adjusting pleasures to his shifting modes:
At eventimes, to hide the outworn world
She draws the robe of memory 'round the heart,
And throneth Hope upon the tomb to harp
Alluring lays, and tempt the thought beyond
The ken.

In beat of blood and pulse of breath
And sway of living limb—in stress of will
And thrill of dream and sense of very deed
A subtle ecstasy applaudeth life.
E'en thro' the myriad hordes of under-lives,
Whose reach of thought the narrow vision rims,
Some joy of being is that vigil keeps
Against encroachments of insidious death:
The charge of Nature's bliss escapes the bird
In noonday songs, or trickles from his throat
In muffled notes, which wakeful impulse breeds,
When thro' the sleep a sunny vision breaks
Of flowers that listen to a streamlet's song.
The butterfly gives back the floral sweets
In tinted glories flashing to the sun
From iris wings a-twinkle in the meads:
Yea, e'en the subtle souls of flowers have sense
Of pleasure in their lives: Doth not the vine,
In soft, alchemic wooings of the light,
Seek lengths to move it from the shrouding glooms
Where Death sits, working out his fateful will?
And Grief, can she not reach adown the life,
And win the consolation hid in tears?
Aye! even Sorrow hath a luxury:
For Joy, who thrills as with the lightning's pulse,
And Grief, who breathes the moans of midnight winds,
Alike find fullest language in a tear.

II.

Who calls thee cruel, Death? Thou dwellest not
 With evil things that wage against the life
 Inexorable war! Thou art not kin
 To fell disease, nor friend to ruthless pain.
 What though the grave-gloom broodeth in thine eye,
 And at thy touch the frozen winter chill?
 What though the doom that smiteth in thy deeds
 Seem crueler than evil's utmost curse?
 What though thou dwellest in the ebon halls
 Where darkness guards his brood of mysteries?
 Thou yet, O Death, art Life's most gracious friend;
 And vigilant as waiting love thou art:
 On blood and brain thou keepest watch and ward
 Thro' all the throbbing world, with tender ken;
 And when disease her poison-viol pours
 Of mad'ning fevers and the per-meant plagues;
 Or when the maniac demon, Pain, with throes
 Unmitigable scourges quivering flesh;—
 When fire or flood or dire Olympic bolt
 Drives nature to the bourn of agony;
 When age sits waiting mid the wintry winds
 With suppliant hands beside a sepulcher,
 Imploring rest for senses weary grown,
 And blood that feels the burden of its tide—
 Thou comest, kindly Death! and at thy call
 Life leapeth, welcoming thy folding arms.
 But sorrow weepeth in the empty place
 With eyes that backward turn across the world,
 Recking the grave as rottenness and feast
 Of carrion worms.

Thou breakest but to mend
 O Death, with wider life or ancient rest!
 But Faith looks not from out the eyes of Grief,
 And Hope builds not her promise-bow across
 The storm of tears. Yet ever, evermore,
 From out the utmost reaches of the heart,
 Where life holds rapport with the Mystery,
 Are waftings felt that touch the doubts of grief,
 And wooings heard that lure the eager thought.

Yea, questioning soul, the heart of Life is sweet!
 Tears of the Christ and sighing of the Buddha
 Cure not the outer evils of the world:
 While bodies hold and nature hath her sway,
 Some sorrows will there be—some pains to rack—
 Some seeming evils in the elements.
 But deeper than the passion's plummet sounds
 A tossing waste of rare and radiant dreams
 Is hungering upward ever toward the life;
 While calling, calling thro' the old disease
 Whose virus is the passion of the lives
 Where thro' the blood hath coursed that serveth man
 A voice is heard, that, underneath the thought,
 Beside the fountain of the soul hath dwelt
 And learned the sweetness of the Mystic Spring.

NOTES.

The Pan-American Congress of Religion and Education which met at Toronto, Canada, was not as well attended as the Parliament of Religions which convened during the year of the World's Fair at Chicago, but it was nevertheless a great success and carried along with it the enthusiasm for a broader comprehension and a deeper sympathy. It proves that the religious spirit is still alive and

that even among those churchmen who emphasise the importance of dogma there is a demand for catholicity such as was never felt before. While the intention had been to limit the Congress to the religions represented in America, which are the various Christian denominations and Jews, the committee had arranged a special meeting in the St. James Square Church for the Religious Parliament Extension, and we are happy to say that, although there was a lack of foreign delegates, the speeches made on this occasion were not only very interesting, but also elevating and satisfactory. Of non-Christian religions Buddhism alone was represented by Professor Choyo, a native of Japan and at present a resident of Chicago. We hope to be able to present a report of this meeting by one of the delegates who was present.

The most important action taken by the Pan-American Congress of Religion and Education was the resolution that was passed at the last session. It reads as follows:

Resolved, That we recognise a vast movement, both human and divine, in such gatherings as the Parliament of Religions in Chicago and the Pan-American Congress at Toronto.

Resolved, That we recognise the importance of continued organisation and agitation in behalf of religious fraternity and a human brotherhood in truth and love, and to further this end we appoint the following gentlemen as an executive committee to determine time, place, and methods of future meetings:

Rev. David J. Burrell, D. D., President; Hon. C. C. Bonney, Rev. John Henry Barrows, D. D., Rev. M. U. Gilbert, D. D., Rev. Samuel J. Smith, D. D., Very Rev. W. R. Harris, Rabbi Isaac Wise, Rabbi J. Gottheil, Rev. F. M. Bristol, D. D., Rev. Lyman Abbott, D. D., Rev. F. W. Gunsaulus, D. D., Prof. William Clarke, D. C. L., Rev. George Dana Boardman, D. D., Rev. Henry K. Carroll, D. D., Rev. Everett Hale, D. D., and Dr. Paul Carus.

Bishop Samuel Fallows, President of the newly founded People's Institute of Chicago, has started a movement which proposes to extend the spirit of the Religious Parliament through the establishment of local centres. He called it at first the University Association, but he has now changed the name into the World's Congresses Extension. The success which crowns his enterprise is beyond all expectation. There is a hunger in the country for spiritual food and a desire to grow and to broaden.

The movement of broadening our religion is not limited to America. We are just informed that in Ajmere, an important railroad station and a central city for the people of the Panjab, Bombay, and the Northwestern provinces of India, a congress is to be held on the 26th, 27th, and 28th of September, under the name of Dharma mahotsava, which is similar to the World's Religious Parliament of Chicago. The most important passage of the statement runs as follows:

"The main objects of this religious movement are threefold:

"1. To promote the true religious spirit among all faiths.

"2. To afford a common platform for the advocates of different religions, where each can show to the best advantage the vital principles of his faith, without in the least entering into controversy with or hostility to any other faith.

"3. To place within easy reach of enlightened and educated men, trustworthy information about every form of religion, and leave them to judge of the merits of the same."

The committee request through their circular every one to see to it that the best advocate of his religion be sent as a representative, and they hope that the movement will tend to promote union among people of different faiths. The subjects announced are:

(1) God, (2) Soul, (3) Sin, (4) Transmigration, (5) Bodily Health, (6) Family Life, (7) Social Life, (8) Revelation, (9) Mediator, and (10) Salvation. The circular is signed by the President,

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Salig Ram Shastri, Professor of Sanskrit, Ajmere Govt. College, and the Secretaries Fateb Chand Mehta, B A., L.L.B. (Cambridge), Barrister-at-law, etc., and Bithal Nath Misra.

The authoress of the article, "The Old Shoemaker," does not offer us a piece of sentimental imagination, but a description of a real event of her life. In an accompanying letter she writes as follows:

"A man is just dead,—a nobody,—a poor, old, miserable shoemaker,—not a good man nor a bad man; only seventy-five years of hard old suffering clay, with but one virtue, uncomplaining patience, and with all the vices of the squalid poor. I did not know him, only he was my neighbor. But his death is the most pathetic thing—the hard, old, silent death—with no one in the room.

"I have written some lines, out of the gladness and the pathos in me; it is a sermon for us, for us only, who believe that out of the body of pain the painless life welcomes the immortal good, and the rest—passes to soul-ashes. I have written though I know you are crowded with work. It seems to me you will care to read what I have written, though it is of the lives I know you do not know—lives out of your sphere, out of your sight altogether. Yet these are they to whom the new gospel of immortality best applies, for what hope is there in the *old* for these sad ironies of existence, within whom there dwells so little of the divine spirit—so much of that which *must die* utterly—for the race-hope!"

George F. Day, of Lansing, Mich., a lawyer who enjoyed the confidence of his fellow citizens, died suddenly in the bloom of life. Judge M. D. Chatterton, a friend of his, in an address to the court expressed his sorrow, and after a brief outline of Mr. Day's life, he said:

"From the known qualities of our deceased brother, no other but a pure, honorable and upright character could have been expected. During his life he selected only those desirable qualities which develop into noble manhood. His life was the natural outgrowth of the combination formed by the union of such principles.

"It has been said of George Washington that 'he couldn't tell a lie.' Why not? The answer is plain. His selections for the guide of his conduct had been from the manly side of life; he had none of the qualities which produce falsifiers or a dishonorable character.

"I can compare this life of ours to nothing which seems to me more appropriate than a kaleidoscope. If we place in this reflexion only the purest of gems, no matter which way it is turned, the picture is beautiful; but if we put in only spiders, snakes and scorpions every turn of it exhibits the hideous and the vile, nothing else can be produced. If we put in both good and bad it is uncertain what the picture will be.

"What was it about Mr. Day we so much admired? It was not his manly form. It was not the evidence of animal life he exhibited. It was the I, the ego, the man which manifested itself through his body. We read and admire Blackstone and Shakespeare. It is not for the printer's ink, the paper and binding that we have this high opinion, but for the immortal truths they contain.

"Several years ago I had the pleasure of passing through the King's palace of Italy. We went through the banqueting hall and through his bed-chamber. The silken sheets of his bed were turned down, so we could see where the King slept; but the King was not there. So we might take the surgeon's knife and search the body, or the apothecary's scales and weigh the gray matter of the brain, and not be able to find the man. Socrates, Seneca, and Epictetus spent their lives searching for the human soul.

"The unseen is more potent than the seen. The principles

which lie behind the action are of more consequence than the act itself. The existence of the elements of love, hate, revenge, honesty and dishonesty, are as surely known as the existence of the mountains.

"The great and absorbing question which has agitated the human race for centuries is, "Is man immortal?" Does our deceased brother continue to exist? To be immortal is to be everlasting. Whatever has a beginning, will end. Principles alone are immortal. The great moral and educational truths always existed. Before the laying of the corner stones of the pyramids was thought of, geometrical truth existed. Man searches out and appropriates to himself these eternal truths. The individual collection constitutes the I, the ego, the man, by which he is and will be known, and either be admired or condemned.

"Will we continue to retain collectively this selection of immortalities, and thus preserve our personal identity? Or will this combination dissolve and go back to the ocean of truths from whence they came? Are we only waves dashing against an uninhabitable shore? I think not. We transmit to our posterity the general elements of our characters, we impart to our associates the substance of our mental accumulations. Our ego continues to live in the persons by whom we are surrounded, and with whom we are associated. The immortal principles of which we are composed existed separate and apart from our bodies before they were known to us. . . . From these facts and many more we might point out, we draw the satisfactory conclusion that our departed brother still lives.

Well may the engineers of this country be proud of their comrade George Peppet, who ran the passenger train on the Michigan Central which was wrecked on Friday last about one mile east of Marshall, Mich. While running at usual speed, the engine jumped the track with its front wheels, probably caused by the blowing out of a piston head. The fireman, naturally enough, jumped off the train, but the engineer remained on the engine, which ran for about two train lengths on the ties and then turned over completely, burying the brave man alive in the cab, where he was jammed against the door of the boiler. The mail car was completely wrecked, but no lives were lost. The fireman at once poured buckets of water through the grates and extinguished the fire, thus rendering the engineer's position less dangerous. After an hour and forty minutes' work the latter was brought to light again, and it was found that his hip was badly broken. The first word he spoke was a question whether any one on the train had been killed or injured, and when assured that all but himself were safe, he was satisfied. What would have been the result if he had left his post to save his life in a moment of imminent danger?

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RELIEF BY WORK.¹

BY CAPT. CORNELIUS GARDENER.

“RELIEF by work” is the name given to a practical philanthropic movement which has for its object the assisting of the poor and unemployed, by permitting and encouraging them to cultivate idle lands in and adjacent to cities.

The city of Detroit last summer was the first to try the experiment which has since been copied and is now in operation in a number of cities in the United States. To the Mayor of Detroit, the Honorable Hazen S. Pingree, belongs the honor of having conceived of this plan, and by his encouragement and assistance it was successfully carried out in Detroit last year, and again this year is in active operation. In view of the fact that it is now being tried in many cities, and that it differs so radically from the usual forms of charity in this country, it may be of interest to review this experiment in Detroit from its incipency. It was about the 10th of June last year that it occurred to Mr. Pingree while driving along the Boulevard in Detroit, that could but the poor and unemployed get a chance to cultivate some of the vacant and idle lands there, it would give them something to do, and what they would raise, would be that much saved to taxpayers, who, as it was, would be called upon to help, besides the regular poor, many families of the unemployed, through the winter. There are in Detroit some ten thousand Polish and German laborers who have generally large families and whose average rate of pay does not exceed one dollar per day when working. Due to the financial crisis and to other causes, nearly all the manufacturing establishments were at a standstill, and but few public improvements were being prosecuted. Being principally employed at day labor by these establishments and by the City in its public improvements, and having been for a long period thrown out of work, it became a serious question how to assist these people so that they could pull through the winter. With a view to bringing the people and the land together, the Mayor appointed a committee of which I had the honor to be named chairman. As active manager in the sum-

mer of 1894, and again as honorary member of a similar committee this year, I became thoroughly conversant with all the details of the plan of “Relief by work,” which bids fair to take the place to a great extent of the existing methods of charitable relief. I make mention of my connexion with this experiment in order to explain why it was that I was requested by the President of the Congress to address you upon the subject of “Relief by work,” sometimes known as the “Detroit Plan,” and by newspapers which are fond of alliteration spoken of as “Pingree Potato Patches.”

METHOD OF PROCEDURE.

After the committee had been duly organized, about the middle of June, 1894, it advertised in the newspapers for contribution of money and seeds, and asked for the use of land for purposes of cultivation. Quite a sum was subscribed by charitable people which was added to by voluntary contributions from the Mayor and from city employes and by other methods, sufficient to defray the cost of the experiment.

Land was offered in more than sufficient quantities by owners and real estate agents, in parcels from the size of a single lot to a hundred acres in a piece.

Detroit is a city more compactly built than is the case with many other cities in the United States, yet within its limits there lie idle and unused and held for purposes of speculation or for other reasons, over eight thousand acres of land. A tract of land known as the Brush Farm, lying transversely through the most populous part of the city, still contains over a hundred acres of land which have never been occupied. The committee accepted of the lands offered such as were nearest those portions of the city where the majority of the unemployed lived, and in blocks ranging from one to sixty acres. A great portion of the land accepted consisted of subdivisions laid out into lots. The soil was generally poor, having been formerly used for truck gardens and abandoned. It being so late in the season before work was begun, to-wit: the middle of June, the only crop that could still be raised and mature, was late potatoes and perhaps beans and turnips, and the plowing, harrowing and preparing of the ground was, owing to the extreme drought, attended with more than the usual difficulties and expense.

¹Address delivered before the Pan-American Congress of Religion and Education. Toronto, Ontario, July 22, 1895.

The committee opened an office, and it was announced in the daily papers that applications for land would be received, and that seed potatoes and other seeds would be furnished by the committee, and that persons not availing themselves of this offer, would be denied assistance from the Poor Commission during the remainder of the year.

The land was plowed, harrowed, and staked off into parcels of from one-third to one-fourth of an acre by the committee's foreman, and these lots were assigned to applicants living in the vicinity. About three-fourths of the applicants were such as had previously received aid from the regular organised City Poor Commission, and by whom they were referred to our committee. The remainder were people who had never received such aid, but being out of work, were in want and anxious to avail themselves of this opportunity to raise food.

Some three thousand applications were received, but for want of sufficient funds and time, the committee was able to provide land for but nine hundred and forty-five. These were all people with families, many of whom had not had work for months, and even did they have continuous employment, had a hard struggle to get along; among the number being thirty widows with half-grown boys. As fast as pieces of land were ready for planting, assignments were made to it, and the potatoes and other seeds were planted by the people under direction of a foreman, the potatoes and seeds being delivered on the ground and immediately planted. Some persons spaded the lots assigned them, whenever the tract was too small to profitably plow, and furnished their own seeds and plants, while large numbers bought seeds additional to those furnished. Following the example of the City, quite a number of persons gave pieces of land upon private application to poor people, or to their own employés, for purposes of cultivation. With the exception of such persons as were employed by the committee, the entire management was gratuitous, and the cost of the experiment was about three thousand six hundred dollars, or, deducting cost of plows, harrows, etc. purchased, three dollars and forty-five cents per lot. Each occupant planted at least two-thirds of his piece in potatoes and the remainder with such seeds as were preferred. Nearly all kinds of garden truck were raised and consumed during the summer months and many families from dire want were obliged to dig up for consumption portions of their potatoes before they had attained any size. Nearly all the land was unfenced and at first there was some trespassing, but, after the police, who materially assisted us, had made a few arrests, this annoyance stopped.

The summer of 1894 was a season of unusual drought, lasting in Michigan for about nine weeks,

which caused some of our people to become discouraged, yet in spite of this fact, about nine-tenths of the plots were well taken care of. Such as failed to properly care for their plots, were notified to do so at once or their plots would be assigned to others. When the rains came in September, the crops began to do well and prospects became bright for a fair return for our investment. It was understood from the beginning that each person would be permitted to harvest what he had planted, and none were in any manner interfered with who took proper care of their crops. The work was done upon the land at any and all times, most often in the early morning before working hours, by such as had subsequently obtained employment, and in many cases by women and children who would bring their babies and their lunch to spend the day upon the plots.

In all cases it was not practicable to assign plots near to where applicants lived and many lived three or four miles from their plots. This, however, did not seem to make any difference as to the care which was taken of the crops.

From what has been stated it will be seen that to have kept an exact account of what was raised, was impracticable; what was being raised was daily to a great extent being consumed and only an approximate idea of the final amount of potatoes harvested was possible. The average of these for all the pieces was about fifteen and one-half bushels per family, some harvesting as many as thirty-five bushels while others on poorer soil, obtained only eight or ten bushels. Large quantities of white beans, squash, turnips, etc., were also raised. It is fair to say that the venture netted to the cultivators food to the value of fourteen thousand dollars, at a cost to the committee of three thousand and six hundred dollars. Considering that the land used was in many cases an abandoned truck garden or very poor soil; that there was an unusual drought during the greater portion of the summer; that in every case the land was covered with a thick sod or with weeds, when plowed in the month of June, and that no organisation existed to carry the plan into effect until the second week in June, it can be said that the experiment was attended with much success. Although this experiment partook somewhat of the nature of a charity, yet each person obtained the fruits of his own labor, and it is certain that the expenditure of a like amount of money in any other way for the benefit of the recipients, would not have accomplished as good results. A large proportion of the cultivators had already some experience in raising vegetables, yet a great many learned something about gardening and truck-raising. Such as worked at day labor, for which, because of the hard times, they were paid only from eighty cents to one dollar a day, were materially

benefited during the summer, and in most instances enough potatoes were harvested to last them through the winter.

The committee found from experience that about one-third of an acre is sufficient land for a family to raise enough potatoes on to last them through the winter and furnish vegetables through the summer. Those familiar with gardening appreciate how much food can be raised on a small piece of ground. There seemed to be many cases where the applicants, although in need, dreaded to go to the Poor Commission for help, who, by being aided on this plan, did not lose their self-respect, and would be able together with what they could earn to provide for themselves, and thereby be prevented from becoming permanent objects of charity.

This year, in Detroit, we have gone at it more systematically, a committee of citizens of which Mayor Pingree is chairman and Mr. John McGregor is secretary and actual manager has the matter in charge, and have begun earlier in the season. We have four hundred and fifty-five acres, as surveyed by the city surveyor, under cultivation, nearly all of this lies within the city limits, and which land is divided up into parcels some of one-third and some of one-fourth acre, making a total of one thousand five hundred and forty-six allotments to heads of families; of this number one thousand two hundred and eighteen had been on the books of the City Board of Poor Commissioners either this year or the year before. Of the remainder one hundred and one paid fifty cents each for the use of their lots. The cases of those not recommended by the Poor Commissioners were investigated and found to be worthy of assistance. The allotments are well taken care of, and are as free from weeds as market gardens. The people exhibit a degree of thankfulness for the opportunity afforded, which can only be appreciated by those who come into contact with them. The city appropriated for the work this year five thousand dollars, of which probably about four thousand and five hundred dollars will be expended, which will make each allotment cost two dollars and ninety cents. All kinds of vegetables are being raised and daily consumed. The principal crops, however, are potatoes and beans. The yield of the former promises to be very large and will average over one hundred and fifty bushels per acre. In conversation with the cultivators it appears to be their intention to trade any surplus potatoes they may have, with their grocer for groceries and other necessities.

The experiment in Detroit has demonstrated the following facts: since the largest item in the cultivation of vegetables is labor, furnished by the people themselves, that much good may by this plan be ac-

complished with small expense to charitable people or the taxpayers.

That any wholesale robbery and trespassing predicted, even upon the land unfenced, did not take place.

That it is best to get tracts of as many acres in a piece as possible, and if the same be poor land, to collect in central localities, during the winter, the sweepings of the streets to be put upon the land in the spring, or carry it upon the land to be cultivated from time to time, as collected, in order to enrich the soil of those poor lands. That the poor are glad to get land for cultivation even where it lies three and four miles from their homes.

That many poor and unemployed persons in cities are glad to avail themselves of an opportunity to raise potatoes and other vegetables for their own subsistence, provided, the land be furnished and they are assured that the results of their labor will accrue to them.

That especially to day-laborers with large families, the opportunity to cultivate a small piece of land is a God-send, as it enables them, together with what they can earn, to get along without other assistance and that to the class who are constant recipients of charity and are practically continuously so supported, the cultivating of the soil and obtaining food other than by gift, is a valuable lesson which tends to wean them from pauperism and restore instincts of self-dependence and manhood.

In beginning this experiment, in order to encourage the people and because of their great poverty, the committee thought it best to plow the land and furnish part of the seed, but I am convinced that should this method be permanently adopted it would not be necessary to do so, except in cases of great destitution. It is, however, of great importance that foremen be employed to teach those not familiar with it, the first rudiments of truck gardening, and to superintend the proper care of the crops until harvested, and that the active manager be a person who will give the plan his constant attention during the entire season.

The results of last year's work in Detroit has been that a large number of families, as testified to by one of the members of the Board of Poor Commissioners, have gone out in the country and are working small abandoned or untilled farms on shares for the purpose of raising potatoes, beans, and other crops.

It has further resulted that a large number obtained the use of land within the city limits from the owners and are cultivating the same this year.

As regards the merits of this Detroit plan. Were we not so wedded to existing conditions and methods, we would at once see the incongruity of the situation, which makes it possible for thousands of people in

large cities to live in a state of semi-starvation in times when thrown out of employment, and of a smaller number living constantly so, and at the same time often thousands of acres lying idle close by, for no other purpose than those of speculation.

As all means of subsistence must in the first instance come from the soil of the earth, by the exertion of man's labor, it would seem just and according to natural laws that no man who is in need and willing to labor, should be denied the opportunity of raising food from land not in use for this purpose. Were it legal for him at any time to do this without depriving his neighbor of anything rightfully his, it would seem that his being permitted to cultivate idle land would go far towards solving the question of wages, which political economists say, tend constantly towards the lowest limit of subsistence. The squeezing could only go so far and no further, and the employé would go to truck raising or farming. But aside from this line of argument the method of "relief by work" teaches men to rely upon the results of their own labor for whatever they obtain and instead of being a charity, in reality is but an opportunity offered.

I am convinced from my observations of the effect of our work in Detroit and from conversation with the people who were benefited by this plan there, that relief by work is a practical charity of far greater value than support without work, and that if carried on in the way now begun, it will do much to relieve distress in workingmen's families and help along those who with large families and low wages can now but barely get along, and that as regards the permanent poor and those supported entirely by the community, it will wean them and their children from relying upon this method of obtaining a living and instead teach them habits of industry and thrift. Direct charity creates paupers. Relief by work tends constantly to reduce their number.

ALBERT HERMANN POST.—OBITUARY.

WE ARE in receipt of the sad news that Albert Hermann Post, a well-known justice of the courts of Bremen and the founder of ethnological jurisprudence, died on August 25th of this year. Having become dissatisfied in his younger years with the prevalent philosophy of law, which was mainly built upon Hegelianism, he gradually reached the conviction that the philosophy of law ought to be based upon the facts of life. Man's ideals of right and justice should be established upon a comparative description of the jural usages of all the nations of the world. Instead of *beginning* with the idea of right, which is a mere logical abstraction, Judge Post urged that man's conscience and legal sentiments were just the thing to be explained in the philosophy of law, and not its founda-

tion. Thus, he found it necessary to combine the philosophy of law with ethnology and modern psychology. Judge Post was one of our contributors. He outlined his system of the philosophy of law in an article entitled "Ethnological Jurisprudence," which was published in *The Monist*, Vol. II., No. 1. This article contains in terse outlines the gist of his life's work.

Dr. Theodor Achelis, himself an author of repute in a related province,¹ recapitulates and characterises the life-work of his departed friend in the latter's own words, as follows:

"My aim is (thus Judge Post was wont to defend himself against the violent attacks of his adversaries) to build up a universal science of law on the inductive method, and accordingly the whole manner of my scientific procedure is different from the traditional one. I do not start with the assumption that there is an absolute Good or Right inborn in man, or that my individual moral and jural consciousness is an infallible measure of good and bad or of right and wrong; but it is my object to ascertain from the varying forms of the ethical and jural consciousness of humanity in the customs of all nations of the earth, what the good and the right really are, and to establish in this circuitous manner what the real upshot is of my own moral and jural consciousness. In the place of the individual psychology, therefore, on which the jural philosophy of the present is almost exclusively based, it is my purpose to substitute an ethnical psychology. I take as the starting-point of my jural inquiries the legal customs of all the peoples of the earth, viewed as the living precipitates of the living jural consciousness of humanity, and upon this broad basis pose the question, What right is. If I succeed in this manner in ultimately reaching the abstract concept or idea of right, the whole structure which I have erected will be composed from foundation to roof of flesh and blood; whilst the philosophy of the law which proceeds deductively from an abstract concept or idea of the right arrives necessarily at a system of ideas which can frequently be brought into only very arbitrary connexion with the living law as that operates socially in the individual man, and as it is precipitated in the legal customs of mankind. Such an edifice of sheer theories invariably produces the impression of emptiness and bombast, and the small amount of vital substance with which these shadowy ideas are filled out is not calculated to obliterate this impression."

Dr. Achelis adds:

"Ethnology and modern experimental psychology teach us that our conscious ego represents only a very meagre chapter of our entire mental existence, and that, as Post writes, it is not *we* that think, but *it* that thinks in us. If this proposition be correct, we are not able to explain the world from our ego, but must seek for the causes of our ego in the world. Our world is therefore our soul, mirrored out into the sphere of sense. Carried over into the philosophy of law, the laws of all the peoples of the earth thus appear as the precipitate, thrown down by the national mind, of the universal human consciousness of law. For our world is a reflexion of the mind which lives and works in man, and from this reflexion or image it will one day be possible to arrive at certitude regarding our own nature. In the place of pious pan-psychistic immersion in the depths of our individual souls, we shall then be able to look out into the broad myriad formed All, and shall see from every point of it our deepest and innermost spirit

¹We have published articles of his in *The Open Court* on the aims and results of ethnological research, Vol. IV., Nos. 145, 146, 147 (1890).

advancing to meet us. Then will that have become a demonstrable truth which a pious child's tale always dreamt of. The highest conceptions of the nature of man that the heroes of thought of the human race have ever surmised or expressed as hopes, will then no longer be believed by us, but known, and we shall begin to understand our place in the great universe, over which hitherto a veil of the deepest mystery has been spread." P. C.

ACCAD AND THE EARLY SEMITES.

ABOUT the year 3000 B. C., long before the rise of the Semitic nations, among whom the Babylonians, Assyrians, Israelites, and later the Arabians, were most prominent, there lived in Mesopotamia a nation of great power and importance, which is known by the name of Accad. And strange to say, the Accadians were not a white, but a dark race. They are spoken of as "black-heads" or "blackfaces"; yet we need not for that reason assume that they were actually as black as the Ethiopians, for the bilingual tablets found in the mounds of Babylonia speak also of them as *Adamatu*¹ or red-skins, which makes it probable that they were reddish dark or brown. How much the Semites owe to the Accadians, whose dominion ceased about 1500 B. C., and whose language began to die out under the reign of the Assyrian king Sargon (722-705), we may infer from the fact that many religious institutions, legends, and customs were of Accadian origin.

Thus we know for certain that in their mode of determining the time they already possessed the institution of a week of seven days, and that the Sabbath was their holy day of rest. The literal meaning of the original Accadian word is explained as "a day on which work is unlawful, and the Assyrian translation *Sabattu* signifies "a day of rest for the heart." Further, the legends of the creation, of the tree of life, and of the deluge, mentioned in Genesis and also in Assyrian records, were well known to the Accadians, and from the conventional form of the tree of life, which in the most ancient pictures bears fir-cones, we may infer that the idea is an old tradition which the Accadians brought with them from their former and colder home in the fir-covered mountains of Media. In addition we have reminiscences of Accadian traditions in many Hebrew names, which prove beyond the shadow of a doubt the long-lasting influence of the ancient civilisation of Accad. The rivers of paradise, mentioned in Genesis, are Babylonian names. Thus, the Euphrates, or *Purat*, is the curving water; Tigris is *Tiggur*, the current; Hid-Dekhel "the river with the high bank," is another name for Tigris which in inscriptions is called *Idikla* or *Idikna*; Gihon has been identified by some Assyriologists with *Arakhtu* (Araxes), and by Sir H. Rawlinson with *Jukhá*; and

King Sargon calls Elam "the country of the four rivers."

The names of the rivers of Eden indicate that the people with whom the legend of paradise originated must have lived on the banks of the Euphrates and Tigris. Under these circumstances we are surprised to find that the cultivated portion of the desert lands west of the Euphrates was called *Edinna*,¹ a name that sounds very much like Eden.

About the time of Alexander the Great, a Babylonian priest by the name of Berosus wrote an interesting book on the history and religion of Babylon. It is now lost, but as various Greek authors, Alexander Polyhistor, Apollodorus, Abydenus, Damascius,² and Eusebius have largely quoted from his reports, we know quite a good deal about the information he gave to the world concerning his country.

All this was very interesting, but there was no evidence of the reliability of Berosus's records. The Babylonian legends might have been derived from the Old Testament. However, since the successful excavations of Assyrian stone-libraries we have the most positive evidences as to the source and the great age of these traditions. A great part of them came down to us from the old Accadians.

We know that the Babylonians possessed several legends which have been received into the Old Testament, the most striking ones being the legend of the deluge, of the tower of Babel, of the destruction of corrupt cities by a rain of fire (reminding us of Sodom and Gomorrah), of the babyhood adventure of King Sargon I. (reminding us of Moses), and of the creation of the world. The name of Babel, which is in Assyrian *bab-ilani*, or *bab-ilu*, i. e. the Gate of God, is a Semitic translation of the Accadian *Ka-dingirra-ki*, with the same meaning; literally: "Gate + of God + the place." The etymology of the name Babel from *babel*, "to confound," which is suggested in the same way in the Assyrian account of the story as in Genesis, is one of those popular etymologic errors which are frequently found in ancient authors.

In the legend of the destruction of the cities there occur several names which indicate an Accadian source. The legend of the deluge is the eleventh part of a larger epic celebrating Izdubar,³ a sun-hero, who goes through the twelve signs of the Zodiac, the eleventh being Aquarius, corresponding to the eleventh month of the Accadians, called "the rainy." Sargon I, king of Agade (who according to a tablet of king Nabonidus lived 3754 B. C.), built a temple to Samas,

¹ Sir Henry Rawlinson believes that Gan Eden or the Garden of Eden is Gan-Duniyas (also called Gan-Duni), meaning "enclosure," which is a name of Babylonia in Assyrian inscriptions.

² See Cory's *Ancient Fragments*, pp. 51-56.

³ This is the commonly adopted form of the name, the proper transcription is still doubtful. He is also called "Gistubar."

¹ A popular etymology connected this word *Adamatu* with *Adamu* or *Admu*, "man," which latter, as Rawlinson pointed out, reappears in the Bible as the name of the first man. See *The Chaldean Account of Genesis*, by George Smith p. 53.

had an experience in his childhood which reminds us of the story of Moses's being exposed in the Nile. Mr. E. A. Wallis Budge says in his *Babylonian Life and History*, p. 40:

"A curious legend is extant respecting this king, to the effect that he was born in a city on the banks of the Euphrates, that his mother conceived him in secret and brought him forth in a humble place; that she placed him in an ark of rushes and closed it with pitch; that she cast him upon the river in the water-tight ark; that the river carried him along; that he was rescued by a man called Akki who brought him up to his own trade; and that from this position the goddess of Istar made him king."

While these four legends must be regarded as Accadian in their origin, the fourth one, the most interesting of all, the story of the creation, is, according to Professor Sayce, probably of Semitic origin. Assyriologists commonly hold that at least in its present form it is not older than the seventh century B. C.

The story of the creation, which reminds us strongly of the Mosaic report in Genesis, is only one among several creation stories, and we are in possession of another Assyrian account of the creation which is widely different from the heptameron. The former, however, is of special interest to us, not only on account of its being the main source of the first chapter of the Old Testament, but also because we possess in it one of the oldest, if not the very oldest, document, in which the existence of the Evil One is mentioned. Nay, more than that! We are even in possession of his picture. He is called in Assyrian *Tiamatu*, i. e. the deep, and is represented as the serpent that beats the sea, the serpent of the night, the serpent of darkness, the wicked serpent, and the mighty and strong serpent.

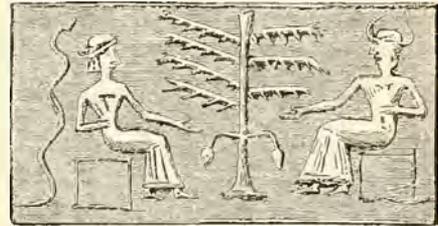
The derivation of the Biblical account of creation and of other legends from an Assyrian source cannot be doubted, not only because of their agreement in several important features, not less than in many unimportant details, but also because sometimes the very words used in Genesis are the same as in the Assyrian inscriptions. We find in both records such coincidences as the creation of woman from the rib of man and the sending out of birds from the ark, in order to try whether the waters had subsided. First they returned at once, then they returned, according to the cuneiform tablet inscriptions of the Assyrians, with their feet covered with mud; at last they returned no more. Further, the Hebrew *Mehûmah*, confusion, chaos, is the Assyrian *Mummu*, while the Hebrew *tehom*, the deep, and *tohu*, desolate, correspond to the Assyrian *tiamtu* (= *Tiamat*), which means "chaos."

Our excavators have not as yet found a report of the fall of man and of the serpent that seduced Adam and Eve to taste the fruit of the tree of life. There is, however, a great probability that some similar legend existed, as we are in possession of pictures

which represent two persons seated under a tree and a serpent near by.

There is, however, this very important difference, that while the Assyrian tablets are polytheistic and mythological, the Hebrew text is monotheistic. The mythological ornaments of the original story have been chastened and simplified. Without being blind to the poetic beauties of the original, which in its way is not less venerable than the younger Hebrew version, we must say that the latter is a decided improvement. Its greater simplicity and freedom from fantastic details gives it a peculiar soberness and grandeur which is absolutely lacking in the Assyrian myth of the creation.

While unequivocally recognising the superiority of the Hebrew account, we must, however, mention in justice to the Assyrian and Babylonian civilisation that monotheism was by no means an exclusively Jewish belief. There were monotheistic hymns of great strength and religious beauty both in Egypt and in Babylon long before the existence of the people of Israel, and it is not impossible that "the monotheistic



SACRED TREE AND SERPENT.
From an ancient Babylonian cylinder. After Smith.

party"¹ of Babylon or their brethren in Egypt were the founders of Jewish monotheism. It is certain that they were not without influence upon the development of the Israelitic religion.

Egyptian and Babylonian monotheists apparently suffered the popular mythology as a symbolical expression of religious truth, while in later periods the religious leaders of the Jews had no patience with idolators, and, becoming intolerant of polytheism, succeeded in blotting out from their sacred literature the popular superstitions of their times; some vestiges only were left which are now valuable hints indicating the nature of the text before it was changed by the hands of the various redactors.

Tiamat is the original watery chaos from which heaven and earth were generated. Babylonian philosophers see in it the mother of the world and the source of all things, while in mythology it appears as the representative of disorder and the mother of the monsters of the deep.

After a long struggle Tiamat was conquered, as we read in the fourth tablet of the creation-story by the

¹This is an expression used by Sir Henry Rawlinson.

n-god, Belus or Bel-Merodach. The struggle, however, is not finished; for the demon of evil is living and Bel has to fight the seven wicked storm demons who darken the moon. He kills dragons and evil spirits, and the reappearance of divine intelligence in rational creatures is symbolised in the myth that Bel commanded one of the gods to cut off his, i. e. his, head in order to mix the blood with the earth for the procreation of animals which should be able to bear the light.

We here reproduce a brief statement of the Babylonian story of creation, which is made by Professor Sayce (Records of the Past, New Series, Vol. 1, pp. 128-131):

"A good deal of the poem consists of the words put into the mouth of the god Merodach, derived possibly from older lays. The first tablet or book, however, expresses the cosmological doctrines of the author's own day. It opens before the beginning of time, the expression 'at that time' answering to the expression 'in the beginning' of Genesis. The heavens and earth had not yet been created, and since the name was supposed to be the same as the thing named, their names had not as yet been pronounced. A watery chaos alone existed, Mammu Tiamat, 'the chaos of the deep.' Out of the bosom of this chaos proceeded the gods as well as the created world. First came the primæval divinities Lakhmu and Lakhamu, words of unknown meaning, and then An-sar and Ki-sar, 'the upper' and 'lower firmament.' Last of all were born the three supreme gods of the Babylonian faith, Anu the sky-god, Bel or Illil the lord of the ghost-world, and Ea the god of the river and sea.

"But before the younger gods could find a suitable habitation for themselves and their creation, it was necessary to destroy 'the dragon' of chaos with all her monstrous offspring. The task was undertaken by the Babylonian sun-god Merodach, the son of Ea, An-sar promising him victory, and the other gods providing for him his arms. The second tablet was occupied with an account of the preparations made to ensure the victory of light over darkness, and order over anarchy.

"The third tablet described the success of the god of light over the allies of Tiamat. Light was introduced into the world, and it only remained to destroy Tiamat herself. The combat is described in the fourth tablet, which takes the form of a poem in honor of Merodach, and is probably an earlier poem incorporated into his text by the author of the epic. Tiamat was slain and her allies put in bondage, while the books of destiny which had hitherto been possessed by the older race of gods were now transferred to the younger deities of the new world. The visible heaven was formed out of the skin of Tiamat, and became the outward symbol of An-sar and the habitation of Anu, Bel, and

Ea, while the chaotic waters of the dragon became the law-bound sea ruled over by Ea.

"The heavens having been thus made, the fifth tablet tells us how they were furnished with mansions for the sun, and moon, and stars, and how the heavenly bodies were bound down by fixed laws that they might regulate the calendar and determine the year. The sixth tablet probably described the creation of the earth, as well as of vegetables, birds, and fish. In the seventh tablet the creation of animals and reptiles was narrated, and doubtless also that of mankind.

"It will be seen from this that in its main outlines the Assyrian epic of the creation bears a striking resemblance to the account of it given in the first chapter of Genesis. In each case the history of the creation is divided into seven successive acts; in each case the present world has been preceded by a watery chaos. In fact the self-same word is used of this chaos in both the Biblical and Assyrian accounts—*tehom*, *Tiamat*—the only difference being that in the Assyrian story 'the deep' has become a mythological personage, the mother of a chaotic brood. The order of the creation, moreover, agrees in the two accounts; first the light, then the creation of the firmament of heaven, subsequently the appointment of the celestial bodies 'for signs and for seasons

and for days and years,' and next, the creation of beasts and 'creeping things.' But the two accounts also differ in some important particulars. In the Assyrian epic the earth seems not to have been made until after the appointment of the heavenly bodies, instead of before it as in Genesis, and the seventh day is a day of work instead of rest, while there is nothing corresponding to the statement of Genesis that 'the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.' But the most important difference consists in the interpolation of the struggle between



FIGHT BETWEEN BEL-MERODACH AND TIAMAT.
From an ancient Assyrian bas-relief, now in the British Museum. After Budge.

Merodach and the powers of evil, as a consequence of which light was introduced into the universe, and the firmament of the heavens was formed.

"It has long since been noted that the conception of this struggle stands in curious parallelism to the verses of the Apocalypse (Rev. xii, 7-9): 'And there was war in heaven: Michael and his angels fought against the dragon; and the dragon fought and his angels, and prevailed not; neither was their place found any more in heaven. And the great dragon was cast out, that old serpent, called the Devil, and Satan, which deceiveth the whole world.' We are also reminded of the words of Isaiah, xxiv. 21, 22: 'The Lord shall visit the host of the high ones that are on high, and the kings of the earth upon the earth. And they shall be gathered together, as prisoners are gathered in the pit, and shall be shut up in prison.'"

The Babylonians worshipped many deities, but their most favorite god was Bel, who is frequently identified with Merodach. He is one of the great trinity of Anu, Ea, and Bel. Merodach is spoken of as

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the son of the god Ea, the personification of all knowledge and learning; and we read that:

"The omnipresent and omnipotent Marduk (Merodach) was the god 'who went before Ea' and was the healer and mediator for mankind. He revealed to mankind the knowledge of Ea; in all incantations he is invoked as the god 'mighty to save' against evil and ill."¹

The struggle between Bel-Merodach and Tiamat was a favorite subject with Assyrian artists. In one of them, which is now preserved in the British Museum, the Evil One is represented as a monster with claws and horns, with a tail and wings, and covered with scales.

Of the Evil One and of hell Mr. Budge says that "their Hades was not so very far different from Sheol, or the 'pit' of the Bible, nor the Devil so much to be distinguished from the Satan we read of." He continues:

"The Babylonian conception of hell is made known to us by a tablet which relates the descent of Istar thither in search of her lovely young husband, Tammuz. It has been stated that the same words for Hades, i. e. Sheol, as that used in the Hebrew Scriptures, has been found in Babylonian texts; but this assertion has been made while the means for definitely proving it do not at present exist. The lady of the Babylonian Hades was called Ninkigal, and the place itself had a river running through it, over which spirits had to cross. There was also 'a porter of the waters' (which reminds us of the Charon of the Greeks), and it had seven gates. The tablet mentioned above tells us that—

1. To the land of no return, to the afar off, to regions of corruption,
2. Istar, the daughter of the Moon-god, her attention firmly
3. fixed, the daughter of the Moon-god, her attention fixed
4. the house of corruption, the dwelling of the deity Irkalla (to go)
5. to the house whose entrance is without exit
6. to the road whose way is without return
7. to the house whose entrance is bereft of light
8. a place where much dust is their food, their meat mud,
9. where light is never seen, where they dwell in darkness
10. ghosts (?) like birds whirl round and round the vaults
11. over the doors and wainscoting there is thick dust.

"The outer gate of this 'land of no return' was strongly guarded and bolted, for the porter having refused to grant Istar admission, the goddess says—

'Open thy gate and let me enter in;
If thou openest not the gate, and I come not in,
I force the gate, the bolt I shatter,
I strike the threshold, and I cross the doors,
I raise the dead, devourers of the living,
(for) the dead exceed the living.'

"There is another name for Hades, the signs which form it meaning 'the house of the land of the dead.' A gloss gives its pronunciation as *Arali*. Such, then, is the Babylonian hell. It is difficult to say where they imagined their Hades to be, but it has been conjectured by some that they thought it to be in the west."

A BUDDHIST CATECHISM.

The fact that Subhadra Bhikshu's *Introduction to the Teachings of the Buddha Gotamo* (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York) has gone through four German editions shows an increasing interest in the subject and speaks well for the way in which it is treated. We may mention here that the work has also appeared in French, Dutch, Swedish, Russian, Japanese, Bohemian, and Hungarian.

The preface tells us that "the little book presented here is a

¹Budge. *Babylonian Life and History*, p. 127.

concise representation of Buddhism, according to the oldest and most authentic sources, the Ceylonese Páli manuscripts of the Tipitakam. It contains the fundamental outlines of the Buddha's true and simple doctrine, omitting all the legendary, mystic, or occult accessories, with which his teachings have been adorned and encumbered in the course of centuries, by superstition, extravagant imagination, and ignorance."

The subject is treated, as the title indicates, in the form of questions and answers, and, where necessary, footnotes explain the answers more fully. It is divided into an "Introduction"; "The Buddha," giving a short history of his life; "The Doctrine," which interests us most and explains the fundamental teachings of Buddhism; and "The Sangha," containing information on the order of Buddhist mendicants.

We can best explain the manner in which the subject is treated by a few quotations. To the question, "What is Nirvāna?" we get the answer, "A condition of the mind and spirit when all will to live, all striving for existence and enjoyment, has become extinct, and with it every passion, every desire, all covetousness, every fear, all ill-will, and every pain. It is a condition of perfect inner peace, accompanied by unswerving certainty of salvation gained, a condition words cannot describe, and which the imagination of a worldly-minded person would strive in vain to paint. Only one who has himself experienced it, knows what Nirvāna is."

We see that Nirvāna is a condition of the mind, not as is commonly supposed, a place like heaven, or else annihilation. "What is Karma?" is answered as follows: "Karma is our actions, our merit, and our faults, in a moral sense;" in other words, the law of cause and effect on the moral plane.

Most people not thoroughly versed in Buddhist psychology think that Buddhism teaches the continued rebirth of a soul-monad in different bodies, the so-called transmigration of the soul or metempsychosis, thus confounding Brahmanism (Hinduism) with Buddhism. We are told that what is reborn, or rather what continues to live, is our moral character, our individuality, and that "the belief in an immortal soul, that is, an undivided, eternal, and indestructible essence, which has only taken its abode temporarily in the body, Buddhism considers an error"; thus agreeing with the latest investigations of Western science.

We may also mention that this work denies the claims of the so-called Esoteric Buddhism, or Theosophy, to be real Buddhism, or that Buddha taught any esoteric doctrine. Altogether we can recommend this volume to all interested in this and kindred subjects, and by treating the subject in a different manner, but without arriving at the same conclusions, it forms a fitting companion treatise to *The Gospel of Buddha* by Dr. Carus. C. T. S.

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OTHER WORLDS THAN OURS.

BY HUDOR GENONE.

PART II.

THE circumstances of life in the planet Azzo, third of Arcturus, will not perhaps tax your credulity so greatly. Some little acquaintance with the facts of physical astronomy will suffice to show you how disproportionate are the sizes of the various planets and stars. In that view the earth, to our unenlightened senses so bulky in comparison with her surroundings, dwindles to a petty ball compared to the outermost members of the system and to a mere speck of revolving dust in comparison to the vast and fiery sun.

But even that same sun of ours, apparently so enormous, sinks into complete insignificance when we contemplate Arcturus, a globe so gigantic that its photosphere could engulf a thousand such stars as our own, and yet barely disturb the serenity or equipoise of forces of her stupendous system of attendant worlds.

As I have stated, the planet Azzo is the third in this system of Arcturus. The so called nebular hypothesis, with which you are doubtless familiar, finds verification in the circumstances of motion of this body; but because of the great size of its primary, its own dimensions and distance, the day in Azzo, that is the period of time required to make one revolution on its axis, is equivalent to upwards of one hundred years of actual time,—to be exact, one hundred and four years, eight days and six hours.

As the Azzotic day exceeds our own, so in a different proportion does the year, the time required for Azzo to make a complete revolution around its primary being not less than a thousand of our own years.

Day and night succeed each other as with us, and the seasons follow in due and orderly succession, but upon a scale of duration so immensely more lengthened.

Humanity as we know it exists upon Azzo. The orderly course of nature, so extraordinary in the foregoing particulars, proceeding along lines practically identical with our own, has evolved a race of beings in most respects like ourselves. Yet their advances in practical science have not in some ways equalled ours. They are unacquainted with the uses of steam;

in consequence railroads are unknown, travel is greatly restricted and like the ancient Peruvians, although possessing a high degree of civilisation, the inhabitants of the district that I visited were entirely isolated from all the rest of their world.

This district, which they call Thanatos, is limited in extent and sparsely peopled; but the race I found peculiar in their physical beauty and a strength of mind and power of abstract thought altogether unequalled.

Travellers like myself, cosmopolitan in the largest possible sense, learn to adapt themselves easily to the strangest conditions and to ingratiate themselves quickly with those around them. It was not long, therefore, before I became well acquainted with a number of very interesting people. With one, a young girl, daughter of the elderly couple in whose household I was invited to dwell, a strong friendship was soon formed.

Stella (for so she was named) seemed from the first strongly attracted towards me, which was the more singular as she was in the very bloom of beauty, and furthermore was the evident object of affection of a young man not far from her own age. This youth, called Ardent, was all one would have thought desirable in a lover, and yet, far from encouraging his devotion, Stella treated him with the utmost coldness, and rather than linger in his company seemed invariably to prefer my own.

One favorite spot we used to seek together; she eager to learn from my experience, and I continually imbibing fresh ardor and delight from the contemplation of her purity and innocence. This spot was the crest of a hill facing the glowing west, where on the soft turf we reclined, drank in the balmy breath of the parting day and revelled in that communion of spirit so sweet to mortals, and yet so rarely found uncontaminated with the alloy of passion.

On one of these occasions I said, "Why is it, Stella, that you so persistently avoid Ardent? Is he not agreeable to you? You are at an age when love ought to prevail; why, then, is it that seemingly you cannot love him?"

Stella turned her large violet eyes full upon me. "My friend," she said gently, "I can hardly think

you understand what you ask. But I will answer frankly as you have spoken. I do love Ardent, or perhaps," she added with a rosy blush, "I ought to say more truthfully I could have loved him, if—"

She paused. I waited in silence. In a moment her eyes still fixed upon me filled with tremulous tears, her pretty white hands clasped nervously, her lips and voice trembled as she continued slowly and sadly,—“if only we were living in a more fitting time; but alas! my friend, for both Ardent and me, we were born into the world too late, ah me,—too late.”

She sobbed pitifully. Poor child, I thought. I could comfort you, but you would not understand. No, centuries yet must come and pass away, each learning a little, each gathering a trifle of knowledge till knowledge, broadening precedent by precedent, shall establish that wisdom which is the sole progeny of the ages. Truly, indeed, had Stella spoken, all unfit for love was that time in the star of Azzo.

Recovering herself at last, Stella arose quietly and stood on the sward of the hill below me, her soft eyes on a level with mine.

“You have invoked the spirit,” she said mournfully, “the spirit of truth, of all things most sad. You have asked the question, and the answer that I could not restrain gushed forth. Listen now while I tell you the reason,—the cold, cruel, implacable reason for my denial of my love. Long, long ago, my grandparents, born in the early morning of this beauteous autumn day, lived and loved and bore children into the world. In the day’s full noon my father and mother were wed. I am, as you know, their only child. The only one, and it is well. Thankful am I that no brother lives to woo a maiden; that no sister was born to share with me the temptation of love and the desolation of life.

Is not this indeed desolation? This, perhaps the last of the balmy hours invites us here. But soon, too soon, the chilly breath of the northwind will invade the loveliness around us; the gold and scarlet foliage will turn dusky and sere; the fields yet green with pasturage; the last shocks of corn taken away upon the wains to yonder vast graneries; it will be the end of the autumn day; the beginning of the cold night of winter.

“See yonder sun; see between dark lids of cloud, banked along the horizon with one blank, blazing eye, how it mocks at love and derides the misery itself has made. Only a few, a very few hours more (’twas thus she spoke of years), and for most that live, his beams will sink down forever. Yes, he will rise again, but long, long hence, and then I and Ardent will be old, if indeed we live. We have seen the star of day; we have tasted if but a portion of the delayed fruits of summer; but now the night comes. There will be

other days, but on the next, when this one cruel night is ended, that sun will rise upon an icy world.

“Could I, dare I love and live to wed, and live to bear children into the night and the winter? Ah no, my friend; Ardent and I were born too late.”

It was some time before I found words to reply. Stella’s sombre mood was upon me. I also felt the cold clasp of icy desolation, the utter hopelessness of the future as she had pictured it.

“And does Ardent feel as you do, Stella?” I asked.

She laughed, not a happy laugh of joy, but one of ironical, cynical mirth.

“Oh no!” she replied, “Ardent of course believes as I do, but he feels differently. Between feeling, you know,” she added coyly, “and believing is an impassable chasm. Ardent is a poet. He would love and live for love, reckless of consequences, inhuman in his poetical humanity. He sent me a poem a while ago. The burden of it was just that—to love for love’s sake, and to live for the sake of life. I cannot recall the entire poem, but he called it “The sable sea,” and two of the stanzas I remember:

“From all the dreams behind us,
And all the fears before;
From gleams of light that blind us
The darkness shall restore.
From sullen sound and silence,
From cruel calm or vi’leuce,
We’ll seek the sable islands
Where thought shall vex no more.

“Free from the glint and glowing,
To fret or fear no more;
Before the death blast blowing
We’ll seek the sable shore;
Beyond the murk and splendor,
The pageants cold or tender,
The wan white flags surrender,
And thought shall vex no more.”

The poem, even the fragment as it was recited by Stella, affected me strangely,—it was a poem of despair. In my own world I had never met one, atheist or agnostic, unbeliever or doubter, who held not somewhere, deeply hidden though it might have been, some glimmering of immortality. In the night of death hope had always seen a star. While I was pondering how best I might convey to this sweet girl the assurance that was all hope and yet far better and more glorious, a step was heard upon the sward, and Ardent stood beside us. His face was aglow with health and vigor, and now also with happiness in the presence of the woman he loved. A sudden blush rose upon Stella’s cheek, but for a brief instant only, and then the wan, white flag surrendered, and thought vexed once more.

“We were talking of the end, Ardent,” she said gravely, “and I have repeated what I could remember of “The sable sea.”

“And does our friend like it?” said Ardent.

"The poem is beautiful," I answered, "but it is not true."

Ardent made no response, but Stella said instantly, "Not true, my friend? It is the truth of it that makes it beautiful. Without that it would be hideous. Ardent and I believe alike."

"Impossible," I said resolutely, "forgive my plain speaking, but it is impossible that you can believe alike, because you do not feel alike. You have told me, Stella, that between feeling and believing was an impassable chasm. That is not true, for that is not belief, which is less than knowledge, and true feeling and knowing are the same.

"Truth may be hideous, and beauty may be false. It is only that which combines both, truth and beauty, that is really true or can be really beautiful. The spirit of truth is trust. It is always beautiful. It is never sad."

"And yet," said Stella sorrowfully, "what could be sadder than the end?"

"Nothing," I answered, "if it were an end. Listen. I have as yet told you nothing of myself. I came to you a stranger, and you received me—"

"Yes, my friend, and trusted you."

So speaking, Stella smiled into my face and laid her little hand caressingly in mine.

"And yet," she continued, "all we behold proves to us the end. Can there be a sadder thought? Is it possible that among all the countless worlds of space there is a sadder world than ours?"

"Yes," I answered, "my own is sadder."

Then, in as few words as possible, I told them of that world whence I came. Wonderful as the story was of my long journeying, they both believed me, for in the star of Azzo there is a thrill to the sound of truth that never fails.

I told them of the doubt worse than despair that overhangs the earth; of the sublime revelation of eternal life that came to be crucified by his own age, and worse than crucified—misunderstood by all other ages; of immortality in life, eternity in time, God in man.

I told them too of how unconsciously we lived in the midst of so great an uncertainty; of the vast and varied religious systems naturally evolved from those very uncertainties; of the worship of the myth credulity, and of how effectual it was, and yet effectual only through ignorance.

Then I portrayed the sunny side of mortal life; of those lives that were lived earnestly, hopefully, helpfully, naturally; of happy married love, and of children born to bear the burdens we had borne; to continue the good that we had wrought, and to carry on, and expand, and elevate in the way designed by nature the good of the universe.

Ardent listened, at first with profound amazement and then with most intense joy. But to Stella my narrative brought little of surprise.

"I can understand, my friend," she said quietly, "how in your world the gleams of light that, as you have told us, shine so often may be enough for happiness, but to be as it will be, as it must be to those who shall follow us, all night, all cold, where is the possibility of happiness, where is the hope?"

"But," I said, "they too can find, if they will, a balmier climate. When the night begins to fall, and the cold to deepen, they can leave this valley."

"Leave the valley! Leave Thanatos!" both exclaimed.

"Ah friend," said Ardent gloomily, "we leave it but to die."

"Not so," I answered, and then, as a patient teacher might to little children, I explained, telling of the rotundity of the planet Azzo, and of those marvellous facts of science of which they, great minds as they were, were entirely unacquainted.

It was not so strange, for a few centuries ago our forefathers were equally ignorant.

They listened with the most intense interest while, pointing to the fiery sun in the scarlet west, I told them how life and day and summer might be found following him.

Ardent leaped to his feet.

"And so we have lived all these years, and our forefathers before us, and never knew this. Stella, this is life indeed.

"From dark that seems to blind us
The gleams of light restore;
We'll leave the gloom behind us,
And hope and trust for more.
Then speed to the life wind blowing,
To the silver waters flowing,
To all souls gladly going
To seek some fairer shore."

Gravely I rose to my feet, and releasing Stella's hand, laid it in Ardent's, and without a word left them alone together with the happiness my truth had given.

AN EGOLESS MAN.

THE *Deutsche Rundschau* (No. 11 of the present year) contains, under the title "Ein Räthsel," a psychological sketch by Isolde Kurz. The article is not only peculiar, but very suggestive, and we deem it worthy of a brief recapitulation.

The authoress tells us that she found in a marble quarry of Italy a diary in reversed handwriting, which, however, could easily be deciphered with the help of a mirror. The writer of the diary suffers from a loss of the memory of his ego conception. He has forgotten his name; and all his personal recollections of the

past are wiped out; but his consciousness is left, his habits, and his command of language.

Thus the diary contains the description of a strange pathological case written by the patient himself. His disease is a problem, and indeed an important one, for its solution will throw light upon all the main problems of psychology, ethics, and religion.

The patient is apparently young, for he feels full of strength. Only his soul is still beclouded by dim notions, and his limbs feel stiff, as if he had slept long and deeply.

"What a mysterious condition," the unknown author of the diary writes; "I know not who I am." He continues: "There is no doubt about it *that* I am, but *who* am I? Through my name I am distinguished from other creatures. Where was I before? What do I want here?" In this mood he enters a baptistery which stands open. He approaches the door of the Campo Santo, the burial-ground, and rings the bell. The custos appears and opens the door. But the man at the door continues to ring, "for," says our patient to himself, "the ring of the bell gives me pleasure; I take it as an evidence of my existence." The custos is apparently startled by the stranger's odd behavior; he says: "Signore, signore, the door is open." "All right," the patient replies; "let us enter."

The intruder walks through the Campo Santo, stares at the inscriptions on the tombstones full of envy at the sight that every one of the poor fellows that lie buried here have left a name which continues to lead an empty existence upon these stones; he himself alone has no name. He can walk, sing, dance, can react upon his surroundings, but does not know his name. He searches his pockets for a visiting card or a passport. There is nothing except a purse full of money and an empty notebook, which does not even bear an initial.

While thus musing on himself, the nameless man observes a stranger, who apparently watches him, and converses with the custos. Our patient approaches the stranger and asks why he stares at him, but the stranger excuses himself saying that he thought he recognised in him an old acquaintance. "Why should I not be that acquaintance of yours?" says the egoless man, and a dim hope of finding out something about himself flashes up in his mind. But the stranger evades a conversation and assures him that his acquaintance had died a long time ago. "In that case it is scarcely probable that it is I," replied the egoless man, meditatively, and leaves the Campo Santo. Noticing the key, he locks the door from the outside and walks away, with a secret joy that he had imprisoned the inquisitive stranger.

Finding a railroad station, our patient boards a train, but comes in conflict with the conductor because he has no ticket. He leaves the train at the

next station and enters a hotel. There he dines in the dining-room and takes up a paper, where he finds a notice of a strange pathological case which resembles his. In Hamburg a man was found who had no knowledge of his antecedents; he apparently belonged to the better classes, but no clue to his personality could be found. "What a terrible condition!" said the egoless man to himself. "If they find me out they will send me to an asylum and put me in a strait-jacket. I must be on my guard." Observing that some of the guests were slyly looking at him he withdrew to his room.

The waiter came and smilingly laid before him the register, for him to sign his name. The egoless man was horrorstruck. He suspected that people had found him out, and at once threw the book angrily at the frightened waiter, shutting the door after him.

Full of satisfaction at his victory, the egoless man lit two candles and stepped with them to the mirror. He proposed to see with his own eyes that he exists, but what a terrible appearance has he! His eye-balls bulging out and burning like fire, cheeks sunken, hair bristling, beard not shaved for some time. "And that is I; that is the ego from which I cannot escape?" With this idea he struck the glass with his fist and shattered it into a thousand pieces.

After some time there was a knock at the door, and two gentlemen stepped in. They asked him politely to join them and to accompany them to the quæstor, where they expected him to identify himself. He followed without remonstrance.

When the quæstor asked his name, the question appeared to the egoless man immensely ridiculous, but he remained quiet. As no answer was made, the quæstor said: "There are reasons which make it desirable to know your name. You are suspected of being the same person who murdered a woman yesterday morning in San Rossore. You have been seen at the baptistery in Pisa, where your strange behavior attracted attention. You left on the train without a ticket, in order to escape the private detective, who was on your track. Unless you can prove an alibi we will have to detain you."

As the egoless man could make no reply he was locked up. Whether or not he was the murderer, appeared to him quite indifferent. What had that to do with his present condition? He said to himself: "Probably I committed the murder, for I am implicated in everything that happens. And if I am found guilty and have to die for it, what does it matter? It does not concern man *in abstracto*."

The scene changes again. The diary speaks of three visitors that come into the cell, who assert that the authorities have incarcerated an innocent man. They are extremely polite and regret what has hap-

pened. Mentioning his hotel, they promise to bring him to a better residence. Among his visitors is one who is called "Doctor," a pleasant little man, whose company appeared to him most desirable. They ordered a hack and when the Doctor and the patient were seated, he heard one of his remaining visitors instruct the driver to drive to San Salvi. "O ye galley-slaves of the ego," said the egoless man to himself, "can you offer to one who has become emancipated nothing better than an insane asylum?"

Pondering on his fate, the patient entertained his companion, the Doctor, so well that he became confident, and while they were passing through a lonely place, he suddenly seized him, gagged his mouth with a handkerchief, and tied his hands. This accomplished he jumped quietly out of the carriage and walked into the mountains.

The diary concludes as follows: "It is quite natural that a man who has lost his ego has no place in this police-regulated society. Neither do I care for it. I wander about and think the unthinkable. I live in all ages from the origin of being up to this day. I see the coils of the gold green serpent of eternity twining round the tree of knowledge. Standing on the precipice I think the highest and the last thoughts. The crickets chirp, the frogs croak, the night is soft, and full of yearning. The stars make their appearance, but they are without radiance and look maudlin, for the moon is full and swallows their light. I am full of anxiety and long for the dear unknown ones whom I have forgotten. Also the murdered woman of Pisa is near and stares at me as though she wanted to ask me something, but I do not know her. I suffer from a relapse, a homesickness, such as the sailor must have on the ocean, but I do not want to go back to the shore. What have I to do with these strange people? I have broken through the ego, and I wish to penetrate deeper still into being, deeper and deeper."

Thus, the authoress informs us, the manuscript ends, and adds that all inquiries as to who might have written it were in vain.

* * *

A pathological case like this, in which a man loses the conscious recollection of his antecedents, is quite possible, nor is it more enigmatic than any other case of loss of memory. There are instances in which one or another recollection is lost without any apparent hope of recovery. Some patients cannot pronounce certain letters, others cannot think of certain words, still others lose the memory of their nearest and dearest relations. Why may it not happen that an inflammation of the brain should wipe out all those recollections which constitute the antecedents of a person's life including the knowledge of his home, the faces of his family, and the very sound of his name? The disease of los-

ing one's ego is neither impossible nor inexplicable; and indeed there are many cases which are quite analogous in which the patient can be told who he is and where he would find his home, yet he only smiles indifferently, for the memory structures that naturally would respond to these dear names are obliterated.

One point in Isolde Kurz's story is open to criticism; and it is exactly that point upon which the whole plot hinges.

Any person who by a loss of the memory of his personal reminiscences has lost the consciousness of his personality, would, naturally, by asking himself "Who am I?" establish at once a new chain of recollections which would develop a new personality-consciousness. Asking himself, or being asked, who he is, the patient would soon begin to call himself by some name, either "the nameless one," or "the unknown one," or "the egoless one," or "he who is here," or "the eternal one," or perhaps "the Creator of all things," "the great centre of Being," or even "God the good Lord." Instructive instances may probably be found in almost any great asylum. From the moment the patient calls himself by a name he ceases to be the egoless, or the nameless, and the new chain of memories attached to his name would constitute his new personality. The fact that a patient keeps a diary, proves that his case is not a loss of personality, but of a secondary personality. The activity of his brain being unimpaired, a new growth of his personality appears; for personality naturally develops from the intercourse of the ideas which inhabit an individual brain. Personality finds expression in self-consciousness, which is the consciousness of one's own identity; and the peculiar nature of self-consciousness is that it is a re-representation of the whole mental community of representations, constituting that system of ideas which we call "self." The man who asks himself "Who am I?" is possessed of the consciousness of his personality, and if he lost it, he recovers it by this very question. No patient who is without the consciousness of his own identity, who has lost his ego, or the notion of his personality, can keep a diary.

Let that be as it may, the story is suggestive, and the leading idea, which I take to be the loss of the personality-consciousness, is a disease that can, and sometimes does, occur, even though the patient could not present us with a self-diagnosis.

What is the moral of the story?

The importance of that memory-structure which says "I," cannot be overrated; but former psychologists have misinterpreted its meaning. To the neglect of the ideas and impulses that are the actual constituents of man's mental existence they have taken the ego of a man, which is a mere centre of centralisation, as

his very soul. They imagined the ego in possession of thoughts and regarded it as a metaphysical entity that was doing all the actions of a man. Thus the immortality of the soul was identified with the preservation of this suppositional ego. We now know that the word "I" is one idea among many other ideas, and is, just as they are, embodied in a definite cerebral structure. The "I" idea is a very important idea, for it forms the natural centre round which all the other ideas are grouped, but in itself it is as empty of soul-contents as the centre of a circle is void of space. The centre of a circle is a mere point, which, in spite of its importance for purposes of reference, possesses no extension.

Only when we comprehend that our soul is not the empty and indefinite word "I" which is indifferently applied by millions of people, but that it is a system of quite definite and individual motor-ideas, we are prepared to answer the question, Who are we? Whence do we come? and Whither do we go? The ego-philosophy of the old school confines our conception of self to our present individuality and prevents us from looking beyond its barriers. But now we can trace the history of the ingredients of our soul. We can see how our existence was shaped and can trace our life back to the remote past of mere amœboid existence. We did not rise into being from nothing. Before Abraham was, we were. And, in the same way, when this body dies that bears at present those impressions which we call our soul, we shall continue to exist in the measure that our soul is impressed upon the generations to come.

The old ego-philosophers loudly clamor for a proof of the immortality of the ego-soul and are greatly distressed at not being able to find it. But, in fact, it is the very ego-conception which renders them blind to the recognition of the immortality of our soul that actually exists.

Man naturally yearns for immortality; and his hope is not disappointed; for indeed he possesses what he desires. It is a wrong psychological theory only that shows his soul to him in the distorted image of an ego-entity, which, being an illusion, makes his immortality, too, appear illusory; but as soon as the illusion is removed, the grand vista of immortality opens before our mental eyes.

P. C.

THE PARLIAMENT OF RELIGIONS AT PARIS IN 1900.

A PARISIAN paper, *L'Eclair*, of Monday, September 9, 1895, descants on the possibility of a Congress of Religions in Paris during the next World's Exposition of 1900. As it is a question of unusual interest to Americans, for the idea of a Parliament of Religions was conceived and realised in this country, we present below a translation of the article:

"The religious world, at present, is bestowing its attention upon a vast project which for believers, philosophers, and scholars

of all stripes is fraught with considerable interest. The question is the organisation of a Universal Congress of Religions at Paris in the year 1900, after the precedent of the Parliament of Religions held in Chicago in 1893.

"The principles underlying this conception were set forth a few days ago in the *Revue de Paris* in an article which is attracting much notice in the press. The project has given rise to numerous discussions and has been the cause of unfortunate misunderstandings. We have thought a precise statement of the situation would be desirable.

"A group of young French clergymen, in whom profound study and literary and scientific courses at the Sorbonne, pursued simultaneously with their attendance at the Catholic Institute, have infused a spirit of large tolerance, were the first to take decisive steps towards the realisation of this Universal Congress of Religions in Paris. The clergymen in question are the Abbé Félix Klein, professor in the Catholic Institute, the well-known author of *Tendances nouvelles en religion et en littérature*, the Abbé Joiniot, Vicar General at Meaux, the Abbé Pierre Vignot, Instructor in the Fénelon School, and the Abbé Charbonnel, the same who recently gave us the beautiful description of this project, of which he is one of the most ardent promoters."

THE PROMOTER'S VIEWS.

The Abbé Charbonnel, whom we asked for a precise statement of the aims of the Universal Congress of Religions, said:

"The idea is simple. There are a few of us here who are desirous of resuming the evangelical and democratic tradition, who are desirous of going out to meet the people, who believe that for the people religion ought to be above all things a moral stay. But to attain that end religion must not be imposed, it must be *proposed* simply, dignifiedly, and in all sincerity, that the people may accept of it what is good and useful. Note, however, that in taking this view, no one for a moment thinks of questioning the right of truth to its eventual establishment, but we simply hold that in the present state of matters and practically it behooves us above all things to respect liberty of conscience and to offer only the moral lessons of religion.

"We shall not examine—for this we firmly believe—whether the Catholic religion has a moral worth which will ultimately crown its efforts with victory; nor shall we examine, on the other hand, the possibility of a new era different from the present, in which the data of socialism will furnish their solutions. In practice, and without need of further search, we have already religious education. This is already here and awaiting our use and has the advantage of centuries of experience, and of a hereditary imprint on the masses."

THE AIM OF THE CONGRESS.

But how is this endeavor to be evidenced? How are the promoters of the project going to make people understand that they are not sectarians, who are seeking to impose upon them a religion with all its dogmas, but wish to plant the seed of a wide moral influence? To this the Abbé makes the following reply:

"We have thought that a Parliament, to which all religions were honestly invited, in which the ministers of those religions should have every facility for expounding their doctrines, and of explaining them to all hearers, would be the best means of proving to the people our sincerity when we propose to them a religion.

"You see what our motive has been and what we aim to accomplish in convening a Universal Congress of Religions after the model of that held in Chicago. But observe, this does not preclude others from coming here with different ideas and different intentions.

"We held an interview on the subject of the meeting of this Congress over a year ago with M. Bonet-Maury, delegate of the Reformed Churches of Europe to the Chicago Parliament. The

idea was also submitted to Cardinal Gibbons, who showed himself an ardent partisan of it."

A memoir on the meeting of the Congress in France, setting forth the support which it had already received from various quarters, was addressed to Leo XIII. The Pope gave to the project his absolute approbation, but in order to insure its complete success, did not think it wise to give to it his direct patronage; lest the Parliament of Religions, which should be independent and open to all, might give the impression of being a "Congress of the Pope."

THE AUSPICES.

The Abbé continues: "To tell the truth, the news that a meeting of this character was to be held in France, has produced some surprise in the Catholic world, which, generally speaking, has hitherto been somewhat reserved in its attitude. We have, unhappily, preserved in this old world of ours the antipathies which the old religious quarrels created. The representatives of the various religions are not in the habit here of visiting each other and exchanging their ideas. They avoid, as much as possible, all contact."

"In America, matters are altogether different. The representatives of the opposed religions are, on certain points, always willing to enter upon concerted action. Cardinal Gibbons and a Protestant clergyman have both addressed a public outdoor meeting from the same platform, and according to his maxim we should have separation in dogma, but union in moral action."

In this spirit, we are told, the Congress of Religions is to be held. The project is not to be confounded, as has several times been done, with that of a "universal and international exposition of the history of Christianity during the last nineteen centuries," where panoramas, dioramas, reproductions of all sorts, costumed figures, etc., occupy the largest share of attention. It is no Street of Cairo, like that of the last Paris and Chicago Expositions, which "we desire to imitate in the matter of religion, but we propose to hold a strictly scientific Congress."

The project will meet with earnest support abroad, particularly in India.

The Congress will guarantee to the different confessions all parliamentary rights and privileges, that is, the liberty to each of setting forth its views and propagating its doctrines by all the means of persuasion in its power.

The meeting of the Congress will comprise two sections: in the first section, each religion will severally ventilate the theses of public discourses. In the second section each religion will, by its orators, justify its claims before the people.

The Congress will be held in the amphitheatre of the new Sorbonne. There, beneath the frescoes of Puvis de Chavannes, in that edifice of science which has replaced the haunts of fruitless theological quarrels, the Parliament will be held which shall seek to unite all religions together for common moral action.

Well! There is a long time between this Parliament and St. Bartholomew's.

THE USURPER'S ASSASSIN.

BY VIROE.

Yes, it was true; I died and found it true,
There was a God, imperial one of all.
Before his throne I stood, by demons led,
And manacled with gyves of sophistry,
And heard him ask in awful thunder tones
Had I believed in Jesus upon earth.

And when I answered, Nay I never did;—
Not as my God, but as a man like me,—
A man who lived and loved, suffered and died
For truth, God's face grew grave. Go hence, he said,
And tarry where departed spirits stay,
Worthy and worthless till the arch-angel's trump.

I bowed my head. 'Tis futile to resist
Resistless Power. And yet, O God, I said,
Thou, knowing all things know'st I loved the true;—
So loved I Jesus. Dost thou dare to damn
That sort of lover? If thou dost I go
Following Jesus,—crucified for truth.

But God said nothing, and around the throne
The choired seraphs chanted forth his praise.
Heard I their music as I sped away,
Dragged forth from Paradise whilst devils grinned,
And leered, and mocked, and whispered in my ear,
Too late, too late, earth was the home of fate.

Far from God's court in Alcione's halls I dwelt
A myriad years. How can I tell to flesh
Of fleshless things, of spirits disenthralled?
I dwelt, and toiled, and learned of spirit things
Oh! I was patient, waiting, hoping still,
And ever frugal, saving thought for use.

The cycles sped; but every day and hour
Fresh denizens came in. From every star
And planet of th'unmeasurable void,
And from my home—the earth—came mournful in,
All manacled with thought, in dire despair.
They dropped their chains; I saved them every one.

And whilst the crowd in helpless, hopeless shape
Dallied with Destiny and scowled at chance,
In the recesses of my hopeful soul
I lit the fires of reason, built a forge,
And, after ages of the weariest work,
Fashioned a dagger made from thoughts of men.

When it was done I hid it underneath
The mantle of my soul, and waited still,
Waited and watched for freedom,—that grand right
Of free-born souls that not e'en death,
Nor demons, fires of hell, nor God
Himself, dare trifle with nor take.

Then the time came (for howsoever watched
And guarded, bolts, nor bars, nor any power
Can stay the righteous spirit in its flight,)
Forth through the abyss of space I flew,
Armed with my dagger, on and on and on,
Till, in the heart of Paradise, I stood
Once more before the throne of Deity,

God sat unconscious, dealing out their doom
To countless new immortals,—maids and men;
To all he asked that question, full of fate,
Had they loved Jesus? Oh! the wails that mixed
With the angelic chorus would have moved
A rock; they did far more; they moved a soul.

That soul was mine. Oh God, I cried, relent;
Forego thy wrath, and let thy children live.
And when God would not, all at once leaped up
The dagger I had forged, and of itself
Sprang from my grasp and hurtled 'gainst God's heart,
And smote him on his throne, and there he died.

The wailing music ceased, and for a space
A mighty silence. In the holy hush,—
So vast I heard a child that prayed for light
In the far earthland,—rose a sweet, fond voice,

Saying, my brother, welcome, welcome here;
Brother Redeemer, thou canst love me now.

For he who sat upon my father's throne
Was an usurper crowned by rebel thought;—
Satan his name, not God, for in my heart
He reigns, in thine, and in the hearts of all
Who trust and love and serve and follow truth.
For faith in truth was ever faith in God.

Then seraphs came and angels bright and pure,—
All the innumerable host of heaven—
Brought forth the royal diadem, and crowned
Jesus the God-man, to his throne restored.
So Power fulfilled what love of truth began.
And universal mercy reigned and peace.

A JAPANESE BUDDHIST PRIEST ON CHRISTIANITY.

WILLIAM E. CURTIS of Chicago is at present travelling in Japan and letters from him are being published in *The Chicago Record*. In one of these letters he presents us with an interesting interview with Renjo Akamatzu, a Buddhist priest, attached to the Nishi Honganji temple of Kyoto, which belongs to the Shiu-Shin-Monto sect. Mr. Akamatzu said:

"We recognise Christianity as a permanent institution. I think, judging from observation alone, that the Christian church here can get along without aid from abroad. Formerly there was a great deal of friction and distrust. The Buddhist did not know what Christianity is, and very few Christians now understand what Buddhism is. They came here with violent prejudices, which have been exaggerated by contact with indiscreet and unreasonable persons, but many of the ablest of the Christian teachers and many of the ablest of the Buddhist priests recognise that there is merit in both religions, and that both are capable of doing good. There is no reason why Buddhism and Christianity cannot exist in Japan without friction, because both appeal to the hearts and minds of men and there are those who would be better satisfied with one than with the other. The Christians have gathered in a great many Japanese who had left the Buddhist church and were without a religion.

"The Christian religion has attracted many men who left our church and were drifting into materialism. They have adopted Christianity and amended their lives. Christianity has also been influential in the introduction of modern methods and the sciences of civilisation, but it has not been necessary to accept the Christian religion to enjoy those advantages. The Buddhist colleges now teach modern science. We encourage the study of all modern methods and are glad to have foreign teachers. The more a man learns the more liberal he will be in matters of religion, just as he will be more useful as a citizen. It was not necessary, however, to import a new religion into Japan, as Buddhism was sufficient for the spiritual wants and moral education of the people. Nevertheless, Christianity has benefited the country and I am glad the missionaries came.

"I am sorry to say that the Christian and Buddhist clergy do not associate with each other. I hope that by and by, after the new treaties go into effect, that the clergy of both religions will intermingle in a friendly manner, just as the representatives of the different denominations do in America. Let each preacher preach his own doctrine and let the people choose that which is best.

"Religion should make men friendly and charitable, as they were taught both by Christ and Buddha. It is incomprehensible to me when I hear of violence used in propagating or defending religious doctrines. True religion as Christ taught it is peace and love, yet his followers have been fighting each other for eighteen centuries. The followers of Buddha have not done that. We

have had bad men in our church and there has been much fighting among Buddhists, but it was only about worldly matters, and not concerning doctrines. Our church is divided into several sects also, representing different shades of belief, but they have never used violence against each other.

"I encourage all of my students and friends to study Christianity and other religions, because it makes them broad-minded. It can do no harm to any intelligent man to investigate other religions than his own. I would never ask a Christian to become a Buddhist, but if he should come to me and ask me to explain the creed and the principles of my religion I should take great pleasure in doing so. I believe, too, that it is fair and proper for the different churches to send out missionaries capable of teaching the principles upon which they are based, but I do not think it is right for a Buddhist or a Christian missionary to try and coax people to leave one religion and accept another. I should simply encourage all men to study all religions and adopt that which is most suitable to their tastes, just as travel develops a man and enables him to choose the most agreeable country to live in. I have travelled in the United States and Europe, but I returned to Japan satisfied with my own country. A little couplet says:

"Go east or west,
But home is best."

"In the same way I have studied all religions and have come to the conclusion that I will remain a Buddhist."

NOTES.

M. F. de Gissac's artistic eye has found a strange mistake in the old Assyrian bas-relief representing Bel-Merodach's fight with Tiamat. He writes: "The hands of Merodach are transposed; the right is in the place of the left, and *vice versa*. Why is it so? Such is not the case with Tiamat. The high artistic value of the bas-relief scarcely permits us to suppose that this anomaly is the result of some unconscious mistake, either of the engraver or of the old Assyrian sculptor; it appears intentional, and must in that case have some import or mythical significance. Can it be explained?" The picture referred to, in *The Open Court*, No. 422, on page 4653, is an exact reproduction of a cut that appears in George Smith's *Chaldean Account of Genesis*, edited by Prof. A. H. Sayce, and also in *Babylonian Life and History*, by E. A. Wallis Budge, one of the curators of the British Museum. Mr. Budge stated in a letter that a photograph of the original slab, which is in the British Museum, can be had from Messrs. Mansell, 271 Oxford Street, London, but we have not been able to procure it or find it in their catalogue.

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A HIGH-PRIEST OF NATURE.

BY DR. FELIX L. OSWALD.

WHEN the electric message from across the Atlantic announced the death of Louis Pasteur, an American critic, with a propensity for side-hits at free-thought, remarked that the discoverer of marvellous remedies deserved a higher place in the halls of fame than those "who left behind them only disturbing words and theories."

It would be more correct to say that men like Pasteur supplemented the life-work of the great encyclopædists. While to Voltaire and Diderot belongs the immortal honor of having exposed the shams which for ages masqueraded in the guise of religion, Franklin, Davy, and Pasteur accomplished the equally important, though less risky, task of compensating the wreck of exploded dogmas by contributions to the true religion of the future. The author of the *Philosophical Dictionary* proved that the time and treasures wasted on the mummeries of Jesuitism are worse than wasted. The discoverer of disease-conquering specifics showed what sort of prayers nature can be relied upon to answer.

Louis Jerome Pasteur was the son of a Vieux de l'Empire, an old scar-covered sergeant who had followed the Corsican Cæsar in all but the last of his desperate campaigns, and who in 1819 settled in the little country town of Dole. Here Louis was born in the winter of 1822, and received the rudiments of education at the town school of Arbois, where his father had purchased a small tannery. His thirst for miscellaneous knowledge soon attracted the attention of his teachers, at whose advice the book-worshipping youngster was sent to the college of Besançon and three years after to the École Normale at Paris.

In the library of a curate of Arbois the young student had come across a book which henceforth became the loadstar of his intellectual life. It was a life of Benjamin Franklin whom the Parisians of the eighteenth century lionised both as a chief of sceptics and a chief adversary of their British enemies, but in whose career the son of the old soldier saw the realisation of very different ideals. Here was a champion of freedom whose campaigns had led to abiding re-

sults, and a philosopher who had eclipsed the cathedrals of faith with a temple of science.

For a time the young hero-worshipper was haunted by day-dreams of the possibility to rival the constructor of lightning rods on his own field. He thought of collision-proof railway engines and unsinkable ships, but the cholera epidemic of 1841 reminded him that diseases claim a hundred victims for one sacrificed to the fury of the elements, and from the moment of his admission to the Normal College he devoted himself passionately to the study of organic chemistry.

The superintendent of the chemical laboratory renounced a part of his own salary to secure the services of the Besançon enthusiast as a permanent assistant, but at the death of his friend, Pasteur went to Strassburg, and in the course of the next twenty years turned out chemical specifics as Edison evolves electrotechnic contrivances, and derived an income from patents that would have secured his financial independence if he had not expended thousands on costly experiments, before the value of his researches was generally recognised. Still, he had already become an honorary member of half a dozen academies when in 1865 the government recalled him to Paris to superintend the labors of a committee for the investigation and possible abatement of the silkworm plague which was then ruining the silk industry of southern Europe at the rate of half a billion francs of loss per year.

Pasteur began by investigating the cause of the epidemic, and after tracing it to the action of microscopic parasites, devoted eight months to the study of the habits of the ruinous microbes. He then announced the discovery of a method for their extirpation. The details of his plan at first provoked the ridicule of his brother savants, but a practical test soon established its efficacy and within three years the plague was practically stamped out.

He then turned his attention to the study of anthrax, a cattle-plague marked by the appearance of malignant boils, and the gangrene of the cellular tissue. "He took up the question with his accustomed vigor," says a reviewer of his scientific labors, "and established the fact that the small filiform corpuscles found in the blood of animals killed by anthrax were a terrible parasite, capable, in spite of their infinitely

small dimensions, of killing sheep, cattle, and men. Finally he took the closing step in the matter by examining the question why anthrax is perpetuated in certain countries. The germs of anthrax, buried at a depth of fifty centimetres, or a metre, with the body of their victim, become mixed with the earth and live for years in the state of spores. But how do they come back to the face of the soil and spread the disease? It is the earthworms that are the mediators of the mischief. From the depths of the soil they bring to the surface particles of earth mingled with the germs of the malady and these germs, or spores are thus scattered over the fields, and become a constant source of contagion for grazing cattle. Hence the deduction that it is necessary to set aside for the burial of animals killed by anthrax a space enclosed with care, into which healthy animals shall never penetrate, and to choose, as far as possible, dry and calcareous ground, in which earthworms will have difficulty in living."

With equal ingenuity Pasteur solved the phylloxera problem, and freed the vineyards of France from parasites that had threatened their destruction throughout a region of fifteen thousand square miles. No greater benefactor of mankind had appeared since the invention of gunpowder secured the supremacy of civilised man over savages and wild beasts, and the countrymen of the great scientist recognised his services by voting him a life-annuity of twelve thousand francs, which the following year was increased to eighteen thousand. He was also made Grand Officer of the Legion of Honor, and the seventieth anniversary of his birth was celebrated by an unanimous vote of the French Academy.

But, incidentally, his labors led to far more important results. It has been said that the victories of Frederick the Great were more effective than his sarcasms in undermining the strongholds of orthodoxy. The trust in the practical assistance of heaven had reconciled the nations of Europe to the infinite burden of the established prayer-syndicates, and that trust was fatally shaken by the career of a scoffer, who by purely secular methods of self-help contrived to beat his orthodox adversaries in four out of five battles, even after the champion of the hostile alliance had been formally consecrated by the supreme pontiff of his creed. They might interdict his books and persecute his converts, but there was no resisting such arguments as the victories of Rossbach and Leuthen. Marie Antoinette was perhaps right in deploring his successes as those of a man who with or without the avowed intention of such results had "done irreparable damage to the cause of faith." "Say 'Orthodoxy,'" comments Thomas Carlyle, and it is equally certain that the life-work of Pasteur has in no way injured the interests of

true religion, though superstition rarely received a more deadly blow.

For centuries—almost ever since the introduction of viticulture in Southern France—the French peasants had invoked the aid of the Church against the enemies of their vineyards. They had sprinkled their vines with consecrated water; they had wasted days and weeks on processions and pilgrimages to the shrines of plant protecting saints. They had prayed and fasted; they had paid their tithes at the risk of having to starve their children. The frequent failures of those prescriptions were ascribed to their theological shortcomings. They had failed to treat their priests with sufficient reverence. Some of their neighbors had intermarried with heretics without being ostracised. Many owners of withered vineyards had failed to join in lengthy pilgrimages. Their donations had not been liberal enough, nor their conversation strictly orthodox. Others were told that they were bearing the burden of their neighbors' sins. The grape-blight must have started in the vineyard of a misbeliever.

Centuries of stultification could not prevent the converts of such dogmas from exulting in the discovery of the secular specialist. At a quite nominal expense the microbe remedy achieved results beyond the reach of the most influential saints. Its benefits were prompt, complete, and permanent to a degree never attained by the mystagogues of Jesuitism under the most favorable auspices of submissive faith. And moreover, those blessings were vouchsafed alike to heretics and true believers. Science had evidently contrived to conquer an evil, which theology had failed even to abate. The French writers who discussed the omens of a new era did not always risk to emphasise its significance from that point of view; but French peasants are no fools and could be trusted to draw their own conclusions.

During the last ten years of his life, Professor Pasteur busied himself with experiments in quest of an antidote of hydrophobia virus, and the means employed for that purpose exposed him to the severe criticisms of moralists, who had tried in vain to impeach him on other charges—such as the absurd objection to remedies that tended to counteract providential visitations, and thus, as it were, wrest the means of punishment out of the hands of an irate Deity. Protests of that sort were actually heard in 1866, and again five years later, though fainter, and with specious modifications; but the charge of extreme cruelty to animals could be urged from a more tenable moral standpoint. The results of the inoculation-plan, it was pointed out, left its prophylactic value rather doubtful. The percentage of those who survived under the influence of the antidote was only

slightly larger than that of spontaneous recoveries, and that trifling difference could possibly be ascribed to the tendency of an expectant state of mind—in other words, to faith-cure impressions. And for the sake of that dubious advantage in the treatment of an at all events rare disorder, hundreds, nay, thousands of innocent animals had died in agonies, while the author of their sufferings tabulated their symptoms like the variations of an inanimate instrument, un pitying and unrelenting. To such critics Pasteur could only reply in the phrase of Mirabeau, that revolution, whether in the field of politics or of science, cannot be achieved with *eau de lavande*. For mere curiosity, he said he would never torture a single rabbit, but in the service of science and the interest of mankind he was relentless, indeed. The principle of avoiding the infliction of suffering under all circumstances would not only preclude the most righteous wars, but toilsome journeys of exploration and coercive measures in the reformation of criminals. But, granted that evil may sometimes be done for the prevention of other evils, the question might be reduced to a calculation of preponderance, and even the risk of individual human lives in the interest of the human species might assume a strong semblance of duty. Superintendent Schomberg, of the Melbourne Zoo, tried a variety of dietetic experiments both with monkeys and their Australian keepers, feeding them exclusively on vegetables for a while, and then on flesh food, or watching the effects of a mixed diet. "You have no right to trifle thus with the comfort of your fellow-creatures," said a captious moralist. "Look here, my pious friend," said the Professor, "do you know anything about the object of my inquiries? Suppose they should establish the fact that an animal-diet is ill adapted to the digestive organs of apes and all their relatives, including candidates of theology, don't you think it would be worth while to endure gastric discomforts for a little while, in order to save millions of our fellow-creatures from the knife of the butcher?"

Moreover, Pasteur could demonstrate from the very evidences of his dissection-room that the organism of the lower animals is far less sensitive than that of a human being, and that, weighing suffering against suffering, it is perhaps more merciful to kill a hundred guinea-pigs, than risk the martyrdom of a single human hydrophobia-victim.

In 1870 Pasteur availed himself of a memorable opportunity to refute the charge of truculence. "You have celebrated the butchery of your neighbors as a holiday," he wrote to the dean of the university of Bonn, when the Germans bombarded Paris, "and I must ask you to erase my name from the list of your honorary doctors. I feel impelled to demand this as a mark of the indignation felt by a French savant for

the barbarism and hypocrisy which, to satisfy criminal pride, persists in the massacre of two great nations"—a protest which recalls the scorn of the composer Beethoven, who renounced the patronage of an Austrian prince rather than degrade his art in the service of his country's enemies.

Two years before his death the utility of Pasteur's hydrophobia specific reached a phase of demonstration that silenced adverse critics, and it became then evident that the great physiologist had from the beginning pursued his inquiries in a direction which ultimately led to the desired solution of the problem. He had, in fact, developed the same "instinct for anticipating truth," which enabled the mathematician Euler to divine at a glance the best modes of simplifying the conventional methods of calculation. Nature, as it were, finds means to "meet intense desire half-ways," and it is a strange reflexion to what heights the triumphs of science could have been raised if knowledge instead of theological conformity had been the object of the convent-dwellers who in the course of the Middle Ages used up several million tons of parchment, and by the intensity of volition forced their organism into the semi-miracle of stigmatisation.

Pasteur's address before the French Academy suggests reflexions of that sort, and still plainer hints of his private doxy were revealed in his comments on the unfair treatment of the dissenter Reclus. "I have always held," he says, "that a very fair substitute for the established system of ethics could be construed from the data of positive science, i. e. from propositions as demonstrable as the theorems of Euclid, but under the circumstances of the present transition-period we ought to be very careful how we curtail the right of denial." "And would it not be more discreet," he adds, "to inquire in how far the heresies of this man transcend those of other champions of science?" "In the interest of scientific clearness," he quotes from Huxley, "I object to say that I have a soul, when I mean all the while that my organism has certain mental faculties, which, like the rest, are dependent upon its chemical composition, and come to an end when I die; and I object still more to affirm that I look to a future life, when all that I mean is that the influence of my sayings and doings will be more or less felt by a number of people after the physical components of my organism are scattered to the four winds."

The chief lesson demonstrated by the life-work of the great inquirer is the superiority of science to devotion and a purely mystic moral enthusiasm—a superiority as great, from a utilitarian point of view, as that of light to the sweetest incense.

Jeremy Bentham's formula has, however, not solved

all the problems of regeneration, and none of its verifications preclude the possibility that sweetness and light will be united in the altar-fires of the future.

THE CONCEPTIONS OF DEATH AND IMMORTALITY IN ANCIENT EGYPT.

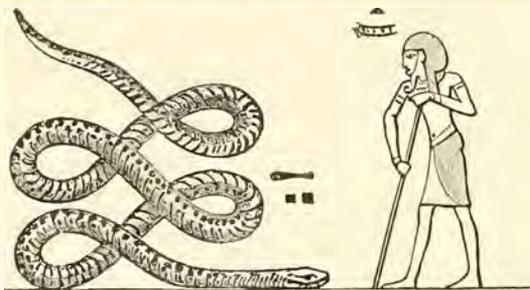
SET or Seth, whom the Greeks called Typhon, the nefarious demon of death and evil in Egyptian mythology, is characterised as "a strong god (*ā-pahuti*), whose anger is to be feared." The inscriptions call him "the powerful one of Thebes," and "Ruler of the

South." He is conceived as the sun that kills with the arrows of heat; he is the slayer, and iron is called the bones of Typhon. The hunted animals are consecrated to him; and his symbols are the griffin (*akhekh*), the hippopotamus, the crocodile, the swine, the tortoise, and, above all, the serpent *āpapi* (in Greek "apophis"), who was thought to await the dying man in the domain of the god Atmu (also called Tmu or Tum), who represents the sun below the western horizon.

Set's pictures are easily recognised by his long, erect, and square-tipped ears and his proboscis-like snout, which are said to indicate the head of a fabulous animal called Oryx.



SET.
(After Brugsch.)



APAPI (APOPHIS) AND ATMU. (After Rawlinson.)

The consort and feminine counterpart of Set is called Taour or Taourt. She appears commonly as a hippopotamus in erect posture, her back covered with the skin and tail of a crocodile.

Set is often contrasted with Osiris. Set was the deity of the desert, of drought and feverish thirst, and of the sterile ocean: Osiris represents moisture, the Nile, the fertilising powers and life. Plutarch says:

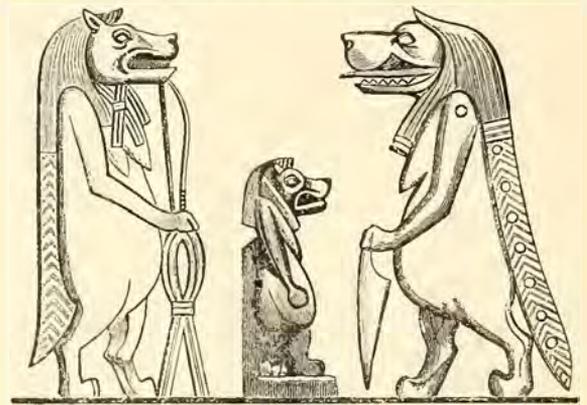
"The moon (representing Osiris) is, with his fertilising and fecundative light, favorable to the produce of animals and growth of plants; the sun, however (representing Typhon), is determined, with its unmitigated fire, to overheat and parch animals; it renders by its blaze a great part of the earth uninhabitable and conquers frequently even the moon (*viz.* Osiris)."

As an enemy to life Set is identified with all destruction of forms. He is the waning of the moon, the

decrease of the waters of the Nile, and the setting of the sun. Thus he was called the left or black eye of the decreasing sun, governing the year from the summer solstice to the winter solstice, which is contrasted to the right or bright eye of Hor, the increasing sun, which symbolises the growth of life and the spread of light from the winter solstice to the summer solstice.

Set was not always nor to all Egyptians alike a Satanic deity. He was officially worshipped in an unimportant province west of the Nile, but here was the natural starting-point of the road to the northern oasis. The inhabitants, who were mostly guides to desert caravans, had good reasons to remain on good terms with Set, the Lord of the desert.

Further, we know that a great temple was devoted to Set, as the god of war, in Tanis, near the swamps



FORMS OF TAOURT. (After Rawlinson.)

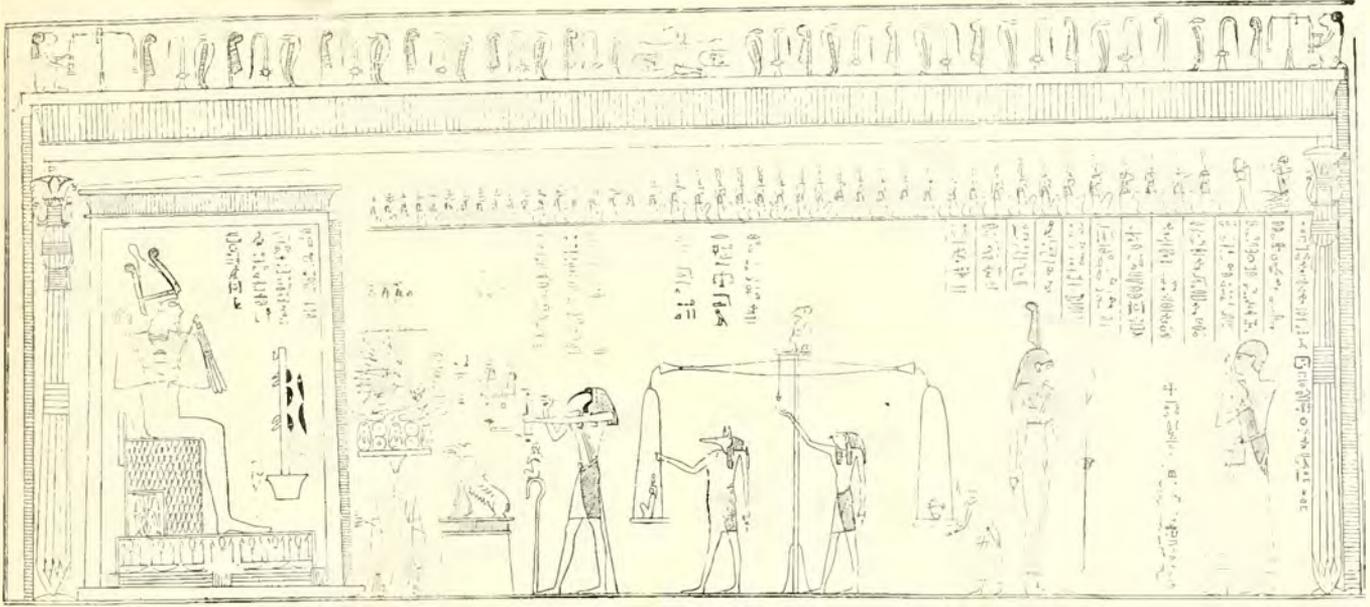
between the eastern branches of the delta, an important town of the frontier, and during the time of invasion the probable residence of the foreign rule of the Hyksos and the Hittites, who identified their own god Sutech with the Egyptian Set. But even among the Hyksos, Set was revered as the awful God of irresistible power, of brute force, of war, and of destruction.

There is an old wall-picture of Karnak belonging to the era of the eighteenth dynasty in which the god Set appears as an instructor of King Thothmes III. in the craft of archery.¹

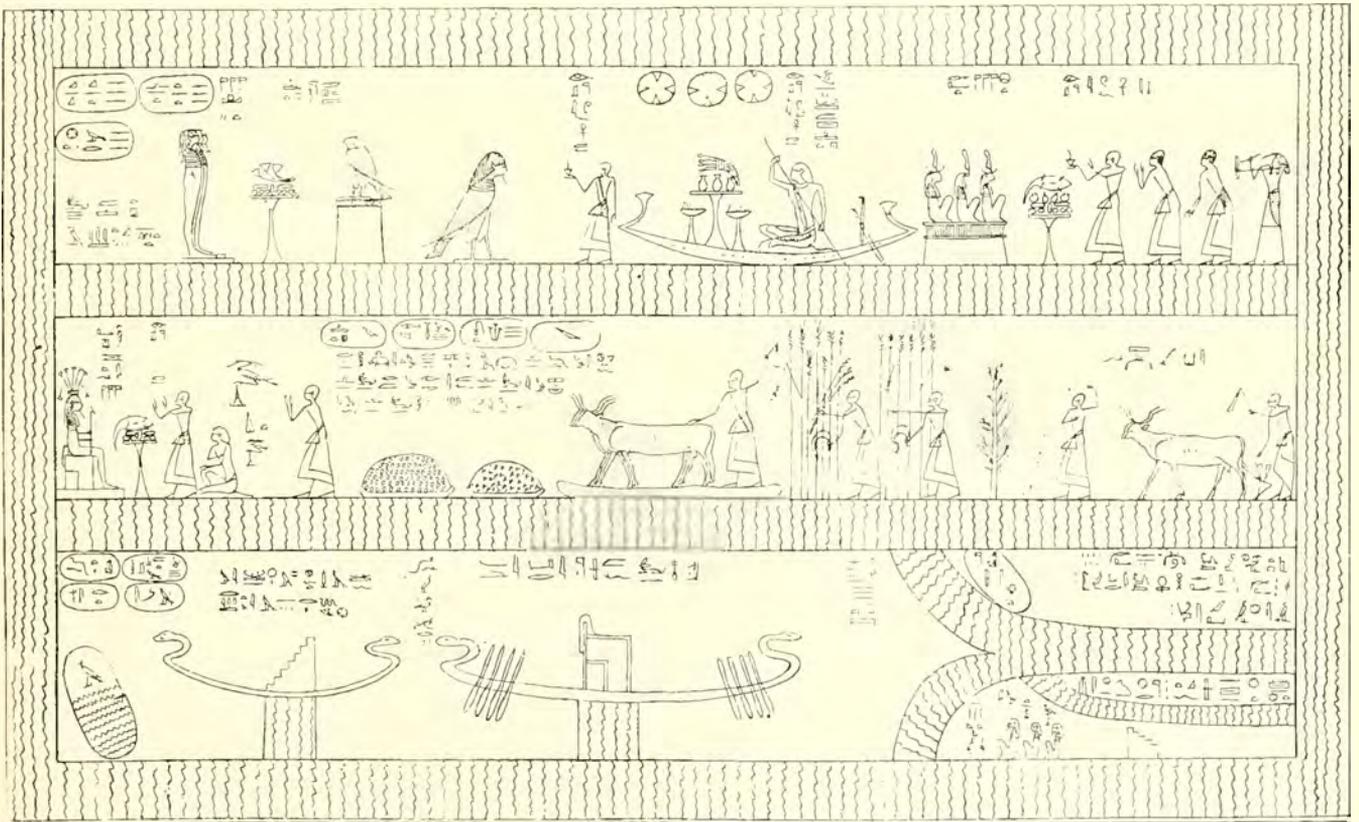
Sety I., the second king of the nineteenth dynasty, the shepherd kings, derives his name from the god Set—a sign of the high honor in which he was held among the shepherd kings; and indeed we are informed that they regarded Set, or Sutech, as the only true God, the sole deity, who alone was worthy to receive divine honors.

If the time of the shepherd kings is to be identified with the settlement of Jacob's sons in Egypt, and if the monotheism of the Hyksos is the root of Moses's religion, what food for thought lies in the fact that the same awe of a fearful power that confronts us in life

¹ See Lepsius, *Denkmäler*, Vol. V., p. 36. The picture is reproduced in outline by Adolf Erman in his *Life in Ancient Egypt*, Engl. trans., p. 282.



THE WEIGHING OF THE HEART IN THE HALL OF TRUTH. (After Lepsius's reproduction of the Turin papyrus.)



THE ABODE OF BLISS. (After Lepsius's reproduction of the Turin papyrus.)

changes among the Egyptians into the demonology of Set and among the Israelites into the cult of Yahveh!

In spite of the terror which he inspired, Set was originally one of the great deities, and he was the most important god, who had to be feared and propitiated.

Says Heinrich Brugsch (*Religion und Mythologie der alten Aegypter*, p. 706):

"The Book of the Dead of the ancient Egyptians and the numerous inscriptions of the recently opened pyramids are, indeed, nothing but talismans against the imagined Seth and his associates. Such is also, I am sorry to say, the greater part of the ancient literature that has come down to us."

When a man dies, he passes the western horizon and descends through Atmu's abode into Amenti, the Nether World. The salvation of his personality depends, according to Egyptian belief, upon the preservation of his "double," or his "other self," which, remaining in the tomb, resides in the mummy or in any statue of his body.

The double, just as if it were alive, is supposed to be in need of food and drink, which is provided for by incantations. Magic formulas satisfy the hunger and thirst of the double in the tomb, and frustrate, through invocations of the good deities, all the evil intentions of Set and his host. We read in an inscription of Edfu (Brugsch, *Religion und Mythologie der alten Aegypter*, p. 707):

"Hail Ra, thou art high in thy height;
While Apophis is deep in its depth!
Hail Ra, thou art radiant in thy radiance,
While there is darkness in the eyes of Apophis!
Hail Ra, good is thy goodness,
While Apophis is bad in its badness!

The dread of hunger, thirst, and other ills, or even of destruction which their double might suffer in the tomb, was a perpetual source of fearful anticipations to every pious Egyptian. The anxiety to escape the tortures of their future state led to the embalming of the dead and to the building of the pyramids. Yet, in spite of all superstitions and the ridiculous pomp bestowed upon the burial of the body we find passages in the inscriptions which give evidence that in the opinion of many a thoughtful man the best and indeed the sole means of protection against the typhonic influences after death was a life of righteousness. This is forcibly expressed in the illustration of Chapter CXXV. of the Book of the Dead, which is here reproduced according to Lepsius's edition of the Turin papyrus. (Republished by Putnam, *Book of the Dead*.)

Ma,¹ the goddess of truth and "the directress of the gods," decorated with an erect feather, which is her emblem, ushers the departed one into the Hall of Truth. Kneeling, the departed one invokes the forty-two assessors by name and disclaims having committed

¹Also called Ma'at, or, "the two truths," i. e., of the upper and of the nether worlds.

any one of the forty-two sins of the Egyptian moral code. Omitting the names of the assessors, we quote here an extract of the confession. The departed one says:

"I did not do evil.—I did not commit violence.—I did not torment any heart.—I did not steal.—I did not cause any one to be treacherously killed.—I did not lessen the offerings.—I did not do any harm.—I did not utter a lie.—I did not make any one weep.—I did not commit acts of self pollution.—I did not fornicate.—I did not trespass.—I did not commit any perfidy.—I did no damage to cultivated land.—I was no accuser.—I was never angry without sufficient reason.—I did not turn a deaf ear to the words of truth.—I did not commit witchcraft.—I did not blaspheme.—I did not cause a slave to be maltreated by his master.—I did not despise God in my heart."

Then the departed one places his heart on the balance of truth, where it is weighed by the hawk-headed Hor and the jackal-headed Anubis, "the director of the weight," the weight being shaped in the figure of the goddess of truth. Thoth, the ibis-headed scribe of the gods, reads Hor's report to Osiris, and if it announces that the weight of the heart is equal to truth, Thoth orders it to be placed back into the breast of the departed one, which act indicates his return to life. If the departed one escapes all the dangers that await him in his descent to Amenti, and if the weight of his heart is not found wanting, he is allowed to enter into "the boat of the sun," in which he is conducted to the Elysian fields of the blessed.

Should the evil deeds of the departed one outweigh his good deeds, he was sentenced to be devoured by Amemit (i. e. the devourer), which is also called "the beast of Amenti," or was sent back to the upper world in the shape of a pig.

The picture of the Hall of Truth as preserved in the Turin papyrus shows Osiris with the atef-crown on his head and the crook and whip in his hands. Above the beast of Amenti we see the two genii Shai and Ranen, which represent Misery and Happiness. The four funeral genii, called Amset, Hapi, Tuamutef, and Kebhsnauf, hover over an altar richly laden with offerings. The frieze shows twelve groups of uræus snakes, flames and feathers of truth; on both sides scales are poised by a baboon who is the sacred animal of Thoth, and in the middle Atmu, stretches out his hands over the right and left eye, symbolising sunset and sunrise, death and resurrection.

While the double stays in the tomb, the soul, represented as a bird with a human head, soars to heaven where it becomes one with all the great gods. The liberated soul exclaims (Erman, *ib.*, p. 343 et seq.):

"I am the god Atum, I who was alone,
I am the god Ra at his first appearing,
I am the great god who created himself, and created his name,
"Lord of the gods, who has not his equal."
I was yesterday and I know the to-morrow. The battlefield of the gods was made when I spoke

I come into my home, I come into my native city.
 I commune daily with my father Atum.
 My impurities are driven out, and the sin that was in me is
 conquered. . . .
 Ye gods above, reach out your hands, I am like you, I have
 become one of you.
 I commune daily with my father Atum."

Having become one with the gods, the departed soul suffers the same fate as Osiris. Like him, it is slain by Set, and like Osiris, it is reborn in Hor who revenges the death of his father. At the same time the soul is supposed frequently to visit the double of the departed man in the tomb, as depicted in the tomb of the scribe Ani.



THE SOUL VISITING THE MUMMY IN THE TOMB. FROM THE ANI PAPYRUS. 1

The Abode of Bliss (in Egyptian *Schnit aanru*; also written *aahlu*), as depicted in the Turin papyrus of the Book of the Dead, shows us the departed one with his family, and Thoth, the scribe of the gods, behind them, in the act of sacrificing to three gods, the latter being decorated with the feather of truth. He then crosses the water. On the other side, he offers a perfuming pan to his soul, which appears in the shape of a man-headed bird. There are also the three mummy-form gods of the horizon, with an altar of offerings before the hawk, symbolising Ra, "the master of heaven." In the middle part of the picture the departed one ploughs, sows, reaps, threshes, stores up the harvest, and celebrates a thanksgiving with offerings to the Nile. The lower part shows two barks, one for Ra Harmakhis, the other one for Unefnu; and the three islands: the first is inhabited by Ra, the second is called the regenerating place of the gods, the third is the residence of Shu, Tefnut, and Seb.

A very instructive illustration of Egyptian belief is afforded us in the well preserved tomb of Rekhmara,

the prefect of Thebes under Thothmes III. of the eighteenth dynasty, the inscriptions of which have been translated into French by Ph. Virey and published in 1889 by the *Mission Archéologique Française*.

The visitor to the tomb enters through a door on the eastern end: when proceeding westward we see Rekhmara on the left wall pass from life to death. Here he attends to the affairs of government, there he receives in the name of Pharaoh the homage of foreign princes; further on he organises the work of building magazines at Thebes. He superintends the artists engaged at the Temple of Ammon and is then buried in pomp. At last he assumes the appearance of the Osiris of the West and receives sacrifices in his capacity as a god. We are now confronted with a blind door through which Rekhmara-Osiris descends into the West and returns to life toward the East as the Osiris of the East. Through funeral sacrifices and incantations his double is again invested with the use of the various senses; he is honored at a festival and graciously received by Pharaoh; in a word, he acts as he did in life. When we return to the entrance where we started, Rekhmara receives the offerings of his family and inspects the progress of the works to which he attended in life.

In the tomb of Rekhmara, Set receives offerings like other great gods. The departed one is called the inheritor of Set (Suti), and is purified by both Hor and Set. As an impersonation of Osiris, the departed one is approached and slain by Set, who then is vanquished in the shape of sacrificial animals which are slaughtered. But when the departed one is restored to the use of his senses and mental powers, Set again plays an important part, and appears throughout as one of the four points of the compass, which are "Hor, Set, Thoth, and Seb."¹

According to the original legend, Set represented the death of the sun, and as a personality he is described as the murderer of Osiris, who was finally reconciled with Hor. He remained, however, a powerful god, and had important functions to perform for the souls of the dead. Above all, he must bind and conquer the serpent Apophis (Apap), as we read in the Book of the Dead (108, 4 and 5):

"They use Set to circumvent it [the serpent]; they use him to throw an iron chain around its neck, to make it vomit all that it swallowed."

In the measure that the allegorical meaning of the Osiris legend is obliterated, and that Osiris is conceived as a real person who as the representative of moral goodness, succumbs in his struggle with evil and dies, but is resurrected in his son Hor, Set is more and more deprived of his divinity and begins to be regarded as an evil demon.

¹ *Le Tombeau de Rekhmara*, by Ph. Virey. Paris: Le Roux. 1889.

¹ Both pictures, "The Weighing of the Heart in the Hall of Truth," and "The Abode of Truth," are frequently represented in tombs and papyri. There is a beautiful reproduction in color in the Book of the Dead. *Fac simile of the Papyrus of Ani in the British Museum*, London, 1894. See vignettes 3 and 4; and also 35. The illustration on this page, "Ani's Soul Visiting the Mummy in the Tomb," is reproduced from Vignette 35 of this same book.

The reign of Men-Kau-Ra, the builder of the third pyramid of Gizeh (3633 B. C., according to Brugsch, and 4100 B. C., according to Mariette), must have changed the character of the old Egyptian religion. "The prayer to Osiris on his coffin lid," says Rawlinson (Vol. II., p. 67), "marks a new religious development in the annals of Egypt. The absorption of the justified soul in Osiris, the cardinal doctrine of the Ritual of the Dead, makes its appearance here for the first time."

According to the older canon Set is always mentioned among the great deities, but later on he is no longer recognised as a god and his name is replaced by that of some other god. The Egyptians of the twenty-second dynasty went so far as to erase Set's name in many of the older inscriptions and even change the names of former kings that were compounds of Set, such as Set-nekht and others. The crocodile-headed Ceb (also called Seb or Keh) and similar deities, in so far as their nature was suggestive of Set, suffered a similar degradation; and this, we must assume, was the natural consequence of an increased confidence in the final victory of the influence of the gods of goodness and virtue.

Plutarch, speaking of his own days, says (*On Isis and Osiris*, Chapter XXX.) that:

"The power of Typhon, although dimmed and crushed, is still in its last agonies and convulsions. The Egyptians occasionally humiliate and insult him at certain festivals. They nevertheless propitiate and soothe him by means of certain sacrifices."

Set, the great and strong god of prehistoric times, was converted into Satan with the rise of the worship of Osiris. Set was strong enough to slay Osiris, as night overcomes the light of the sun; but the sun is born again in the child-god Hor, who conquers Set and forces him to make the old serpent of death surrender its spoil. As the sun sets, to rise again, so man dies to be reborn. The evil power is full of awe, but a righteous cause cannot be crushed, and, in spite of death, life is immortal.

P. C.

NOTES.

There is a humorous controversy going on now in Chicago concerning the fatherhood of God. Dr. Alfred J. Canfield, as would be natural for a Universalist minister, has insisted on the belief that we are all children of the Almighty, and Dr. Hensen, the well-known and eloquent Baptist minister, whose church is in the immediate neighborhood of Dr. Canfield's, insists that the mass of mankind are the children of the Devil, in so far as the Devil and not God inspires their thoughts, and Dr. Hensen defies the whole world to prove that there is any passage in the Bible that guarantees the Universalistic belief. Almost all the clergymen have taken up the subject, and Dr. Barrows actually proposes Bible passages which are a clear evidence that according to Christians notions God is to be considered as the father of all, and not the Devil. An irreverent reporter of one of the Chicago papers suggests that if the mass of mankind are really children of the Devil, it would be their moral duty to give themselves up to devil-

¹ Rawlinson quotes from Birch, *Ancient Egypt*, p. 11.

tries, for it is written in the Bible, "Children obey your parents." It goes without saying that we sympathise with the clergymen who insist on the fatherhood of God, but at the same time we cannot help admiring the ready wit and humor, sometimes involuntary, with which Dr. Hensen defends the idea of the fatherhood of the Devil.

We think we are very much advanced beyond the Dark Ages, and yet we have not only in the Far West all kinds of lynching and all kinds of crime that naturally creep out in half civilised communities, but the proposition to introduce a whipping-post for wife-beating, chicken-stealing, and other petty crimes has been of late seriously made in the District of Columbia, the seat of our Government. The idea is the invention of a grand jury, and Judge Bradley, when informing them that it was not their business to make such propositions, indorsed it at the same time and recommended that it be proposed to Congress, adding that, in his opinion, it would be the most effective means of stopping a number of petty crimes, with which under present circumstances the courts of Washington are unable to deal. The institution exists in Delaware, but as the crimes for which it was intended have rapidly disappeared, it has fallen into disuse.

There is at present an exposition of the drawings of the children of the Chicago public schools in the Art Palace, which it will be worth while for every citizen of Chicago to inspect. While visiting the World's Fair in Paris in 1889 I had occasion to notice a greater freedom and better artistic taste in drawing and painting in the French schools than in either the German or English schools. In travelling through France I happened to inspect school exhibitions made in the City Hall at Nancy, which convinced me that the specimens of the school exhibition in Paris were genuine. The disadvantage of the German and English schools lies in their strict application of the method of outline drawing, which imparts to the picture a rigidity that reminds us of the categorical imperative of Kant. It gives the impression of obedience to prescribed duty but is not a reproduction of the soft transitions such as are actually before us in nature. There is something of the stiffness of the corporal on parade, and the natural nonchalance of reality is wanting. In a word, precision is exaggerated, and method has become pure technique. The schools of Chicago have of late adopted the French method, and have successfully amplified and improved its application. Drawing-lessons are no longer a mere exercise of the hand. They have become a training of the whole mind of the child. It is taught in connexion with both natural science and lessons in imagination. The children are told a story and they illustrate it. Beginners are apt to make illustrations in Indian fashion but further progress is rapid. They learn in natural history the transformations of the caterpillar and they draw the chrysalis and the butterfly. A few toy blocks in definite positions are presented to them and they draw what they imagine them to be, rocks, or houses, or churches, or barns, giving them such additional decoration as they see fit.

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THE SONG OF SONGS.

BY THE REV. T. A. GOODWIN, D. D.

I. HISTORY OF THE BOOK.

TO THE common reader of the Bible, and little less to the careful Bible student, the book known as the Song of Solomon is a perpetual enigma. Not seeming to meet any of the supposed purposes for which the Bible was written, many good men, including many whose business it is to teach Bible truth, seldom if ever read it as they read other Scriptures, and not a few hold that its incorporation into the sacred canon is somebody's blunder. It is not difficult to account for this, when we call to mind the once prevailing opinion of what the Bible is and what it is for. Being found in that collection of histories and prophecies and songs, which by the way of pre-eminence we call the Bible, and which is held sacred by devout and learned Christians and Hebrews as the repository of correct doctrine and of safe rules of conduct; and seeming to contain nothing that may be regarded as either doctrinal or didactic, Bible students as well as the common Bible reader have been put to their wits' end to find a place for it.

During the Middle Ages the dogma of the plenary inspiration of the Scriptures was promulgated with such pertinacity, that long after the Bible became the property of the common people this figment held a place in their thoughts. Even as late as the days of King James this was the case to such an extent that the translators whom he had chosen to prepare an authorised version so rendered Paul's language to Timothy as to read, "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God." This practically settled the question with the common reader, so that the Song of Solomon and the Book of Ruth were placed on a level with the prophecies of Isaiah and Daniel and the writings of Moses and of David, as being designed to teach doctrine or to administer reproof, or to instruct in right living.

All down the ages following, individual scholars protested against this rendering, but their protests went unheeded, as unworthy of acceptance in the face of the opinion of the learned commission of the king, who, in the popular thought, were little if any less inspired than the sacred writers themselves. This compelled Bible scholars to adapt the "Song" to the

general purpose of inspired Scripture, so that it might be profitable in some way "for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, and for instruction in righteousness."

One can hardly review with complacency the many schemes of Bible teachers to bring this book into line with Isaiah and Daniel and the Psalms, so that with them and other inspired books it may refer to the Messiah, and may instruct the Church in things spiritual. By some it has been regarded as an allegory, by others a parable, whose hidden meaning might be guessed at, if not comprehended. In keeping with this thought almost from the first edition of the authorised version, the editors of the several editions have seemed to vie with each other in ingenious suggestions as to the signification of this or that sentence or paragraph; and preachers, from the unlearned rustic, in ministering to his uneducated and emotional flock, to the profound doctor of divinity in his city pulpit, preaching to men of culture, have found spiritual "instruction" in such passages as "I have put off my coat, how can I put it on?" "Thy teeth are like a flock of sheep." "The head upon thee is like Carmel." "We have a little sister and she hath no breasts."

The sermons may all have been good enough and may have conveyed important lessons to the hearers, but they might have been "founded" as well upon some passage in Milton or Shakespeare or Dante as upon these. Not the least objectionable use of this Song, or parts of it, is that made by hymn-writers. Who can enumerate the hymns that find their chief attraction in poetic changes upon the rose of Sharon, the lily of the valley, the turtle dove, the one altogether lovely, or some other similar phrase in this book? If all the hymns which are inspired by some passage from the Song of Solomon were expurgated from some collections of hymns there would be little left worth singing. Many of them are beautiful, but their beauty does not consist in the thought of the text as it stands in its proper meaning.

It is positively ludicrous, if the following exposition of the Song be the correct one, to read the headings of the chapters and the running titles in our common family Bibles, which are intended to give a clue to the meaning of the text. They run thus: "The Church's love for Christ," "She confesseth her de-

formity," "Christ directs her to the Shepherd's tent, and showeth His love to her," "Having a taste of Christ's love, is sick of love," and so on, calling the lover's passionate description of his affianced, "Christ showing the graces of the Church, and His love towards her," though elsewhere they have the Church confessing her deformity.

It is plain that any intelligent exposition of this book, or, for that matter, of any part of the sacred Scriptures, must be along the line which repudiates the figment of Plenary Inspiration, at whose doors most, if not all, the obscurity which envelops this Song of Solomon lies, as well as do many indefensible dogmas, which have the same paternity. Not only does the Bible nowhere make such a claim for itself, but the structure of the book as a whole, and of its contents taken separately, are evidences against the assumption.

The advent of the revised version, the product of a ripe scholarship that cannot be gainsaid, has greatly aided in the proper understanding of this Song, as well as of many other parts of our sacred Scriptures. There is a far-reaching difference between "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God," as the authorised version has it, and "Every Scripture, inspired of God," as it appears in the revised version. The scope of this treatise does not require the elaboration of this difference. It is sufficient for its purpose to state that the plain inference is that Paul and the Jews of his period, and of course the Christians also, held that some portions of the sacred writings, as they then possessed them, were not so inspired as to be specially profitable for doctrine or for reproof, or for instruction in righteousness.

The assumption that Solomon was himself the author of the Song has very little to sustain it. That it is called the Song of Solomon, or the Song of Songs, which is Solomon's, proves nothing. He could not have written it, unless the remorse which possessed him towards the close of his misspent life, and which led him to pronounce that life a failure, implied more than remorse usually does. The author was not even a friend of Solomon's. The whole poem is a scathing rebuke to all his social and domestic methods. It is quite as likely to be the product of some man or woman a hundred years or more later than Solomon's time, and more likely to be that of a woman than of a man, judging from the tender pathos of many portions of the poem which very few men could exhibit. The author, whether male or female, whether living near Solomon's time or much later, gave birth to this undying poem and then died leaving nothing else worth preserving, not even a name.

It was probably founded upon some fact in the life of that lecherous king, which had been transmitted

through generations by authentic history or by tradition or both, out of which the gifted poet built this most admirable production as Longfellow built his Miles Standish out of the traditions and history of the early pilgrim fathers. Its being called the Song of Solomon no more proves or even suggests that Solomon was its author than will the *Song of Hiawatha* prove or suggest three thousand years hence that Hiawatha was the author of the poem which this generation knows was written by another.

Neither is it difficult to account for its place in the sacred canon. Books in those days were few and only those that struck the popular heart had the distinction of a reproduction through the expensive process of being copied by hand; hence few ever reached the second edition, much less a general circulation through multiplied copies, so as to be preserved through succeeding ages.

When Ezra and Nehemiah returned to Jerusalem after the long captivity in Babylon their first duty was of course to provide for immediate physical wants; hence they addressed themselves heroically to the rebuilding of the temple and the reconstruction of the walls of Jerusalem. When this had been done they found another work of not less piety and patriotism, though so much less ostentatious as hardly to find mention in the annals of the Hebrew people. When they and those who followed them looked around they found that most of the literature of their nation had been "lost by reason of the war." To recover this as much as possible seems to have been a chief aim of Nehemiah, hence he set about "founding a library, gathering together the acts of the kings and the writings of the prophets, and of David and the epistles of the kings" (2 Macc., 2, 13).

It needed not to be specifically mentioned by the historian of that period that this lover of the literature of the fathers included other songs than the songs of David, for others are included in the collection of pious songs called the Psalms. In their quest they found among other books this poem, and it, too, was incorporated into the national library, and thus it was preserved through the succeeding ages, and thus it has come down to us.

It had then been preserved through probably not less than four hundred years in manuscript alone, and had probably been recited during all those years of tribulation, in which, according to the prophet, the nation had been "scattered and peeled and meeted out and trodden down." From the Assyrian captivity ten of the tribes never returned sufficiently organised to retain their tribeship. Finding this book thus preserved they gave it a place in their collection and thus it became a part of the Sacred Writings. And no wonder. It had vindicated its right to immortality. When

read or recited as the Hebrew people read and recited it, before it had been allegorised out of all significance, it could not fail to interest every true heart. It delineates the triumph of true love over all the allurements of wealth and lust in such a manner as to strike all pure men and women as above praise.

It was never claimed by those compilers or for them by others until long after the coming of Christ that all these books were inspired in the sense inspiration is used in modern theological discourse. It was only a collection of history and prophecy and song. It was the beginning of a public library which was by no means completed during the lives of its founders, but was continued through succeeding generations by the Great Synagogue. At no time was it claimed for this collection as a whole that it had such divine sanction that whatever it contained should have the authority of a "Thus saith the Lord."

In the time of the Maccabees this library was to be "read with favor and attention" (Prologue to Ecclesiasticus), and we have no record that as a whole at any time down to and including the times of Christ it had any other sacredness than that veneration which is due to any collection of ancient writings. Hence the significance of Paul's distinction in his letter to Timothy, between the Scriptures which were given by inspiration and those that make no claim to that origin, when speaking of what is profitable for doctrines and reproof and instruction which is in righteousness.

It matters nothing one way or the other that neither Christ nor any of his disciples ever quoted from this book, so far as the meagre record of their sayings show; for many other books of Ezra's canon are in the same category and some of these books are of much historic importance. It is much more significant as relating to the question of inspiration that they quoted from books then in common use, no copy of which has come down to us, among our Sacred Writings. No book is extant which details the contention between Moses and Jannes and Jambres, nor have we any part of the Prophecy of Enoch from which Jude quoted as something with which the people of his time were familiar. It is even more significant in relation to the plenary inspiration of the sacred writings of apostolic times that when Christ opened the understanding of his two disciples who met him on their way to Emmaus, that they might understand the Scriptures that he quoted only from "the law of Moses and the Prophets and the Psalms."

That such a book should be placed in the "Library" of Ezra and Nehemiah and be preserved in it through succeeding centuries is no wonder. Neither is it any wonder that centuries later, when the Christian fathers were compiling their collection "to set forth in order the things which we believe," this thrilling book should

be retained, though not conspicuously adapted to doctrine, or reproof, or instruction. The Bible as a light to human feet along every pathway of life would be incomplete without it. We have the personification of faith in the story of Abraham; of patience, in the story of Job; of filial love, in the story of Ruth; of endurance, in the story of Moses; and here we have a photograph of ardent conjugal love, the most holy sentiment of humanity, in the story of a humble shepherdess and her equally humble and faithful lover; a constant rebuke to that pietism which teaches that ardent conjugal love is only a sensual passion which must be foresworn or tethered if one would attain the highest type of moral character—a most detestable heresy.

THE END OF EDUCATION.

BY THOMAS ELMER WILL.

WHEN I was a boy on the farm, my father, as I remember, was famous for the straightness of his corn-rows; they ran across a forty-acre field like the ruled lines across a sheet of writing-paper. This fact was to him a matter of great pride, and he used to tell me how he did the work. To run a straight corn-row, he declared it was necessary that one should free his mind from all distracting influences, look neither backward upon the work already done, nor to the right hand, nor to the left; nor yet to the nearest stake in front; but, fixing one's eyes upon the stake at the farthest limit of the field, and holding a firm and steady rein, one must drive resolutely toward that goal. If this were done, the rows would be found to have taken care of themselves.

The ambitious and conscientious teacher desires to make a straight track toward the educational goal; but the name of his distractions is legion. There is order to be preserved; there are lessons to be assigned and taught and heard; there are school-room tasks innumerable that must receive attention. Examination papers must be read and their value estimated; percentages must be computed, and promotions made or withheld. The teacher's personal studies, too, must not be neglected; professional literature must be kept track of; county superintendent's tests must be prepared for and met; positions must be won and held; and in the midst of these multitudinous cares and distractions, the teacher, of all persons, is most liable to forget the prime object of his strivings. It is therefore well that he pause at times and heed the wise old maxim of the Greeks, "*Consider the end.*"

What is the end of education? If the question were put to the whole body of the patrons of our educational system, doubtless the reply from a large per-

centage would be, "To fit the boy or girl to make a living."

That livings must be made, and that education should contribute to this end, I would be the last to question. The lines of Schiller are only too true, that

" Until philosophy sustains the structure of the world,
Her workings will be carried on by hunger and by love."

Human history shows with startling distinctness how large a part the struggle for life has played in motiving human activity. Primitive man, born into the midst of a world unknown and inexplicable to himself and to his fellows, scorched by the heat, pinched by the frost, chilled by the blast, hounded by fierce beasts and fiercer men, must have felt that, to keep his slippery footing on the planet, to avoid being killed and eaten, and to find somewhat to eat, would keep him fairly busy; while the education that best fitted him to find food and to save himself and those near him from becoming food, was the education for him.

Times change, but fundamental human requirements remain constant. To-day, as in the days when man strove for the mastery with the anthropoid ape, he who would live must eat, wear clothes, and find shelter; and education seeks to help him find the wherewithal. Machine industry calls into being the technical school; that mines may be economically exploited, schools of mines are established. Lest the country fall behind in the race with the city, the agricultural college is founded. Teaching must be scientifically done; hence, normal schools are established; at the same time, the more ancient professions of pleading and judging and preaching and healing must enlarge their facilities for instruction; and all, to a great—too great an—extent, that the Almighty Dollar may be won, and the individual student may be enabled to keep his head above the daisies.

I realise, I say, that livings must be made. I realise that, however high the oak would rear its head toward heaven, it must still strike down its roots into Mother Earth; and the higher it would tower, the deeper and stronger must be its grasp upon *terra firma*. But, if the physical existence be all, is the life-struggle worth while? Why should one toil and strive and mourn, and bear the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, merely to exist and to call into existence others to repeat the same dreary round? If the mere material existence be all—the keeping together and in running order of the human machine—I can readily understand how one, battered by the storm, wounded in the strife, and mortified by failure, should elect the swift plunge into eternal sleep by way of the bare bodkin or the pistol; and I am not surprised that one who sees no more in life should appear in periodical literature as a defender of suicide. Why not?

But man is more than this, as we shall see; hence life and education mean more.

Man is organic. As root, stem, branches, leaves, flower, and fruit of the majestic tree are enfolded in the tiny seed, so powers and faculties, physical, intellectual, æsthetic, social, moral, and religious, are enfolded in the little child; and to child, as to tree, nature issues her fiat: Develop, expand, unfold.

Education means physical development. The hand, the eye, the whole body, must be made the ready and responsive servant of the mind. We are gradually recognising this truth; wood-pile and buck-saw practice may send the blood coursing through its channels; it may harden the muscles, and steady the nerves, and tone up the digestive system; but for all that a skilful and efficient wood-sawyer, if he be no more than a wood-sawyer, may appear at times at an exceedingly great disadvantage, whether in the drawing-room, on the floor of Congress, or wherever else men congregate; and, in the sharp competition of modern life, he may find that he could well afford to exchange a modicum of the brawn born at the wood-pile for some of the easy grace of the stripling whom he could readily throw over the fence. Physical culture, then, is a normal and healthy product of nineteenth-century development.

But, oblivious as some college men seem to be to this fact, man is more than body. Man, we are taught, has a mind, a soul. I amend by declaring that man is mind; he is soul; the thing he has is his body.

The intellect demands unfoldment. It must be taught to perceive, to discriminate, to weigh. It must be taught to read. Carlyle declared that the most any college or highest fitting school can do for us is to teach us to read. The mind must be taught to read with understanding and appreciation the records that are found in books. "Books are the treasure-houses of the ages. They are the vehicles which gather and bring the accumulated knowledge of the past to our doors. By distributing knowledge they become the handmaids of progress. They are the fountains from which all must drink who would be of the elect." They "are the legacies which genius leaves to mankind." How much of all that is good and great, instructive and ennobling and inspiring that has descended to us from the past is hidden away in musty and dusty tomes piled, tier above tier, upon the shelves of libraries! Yet to the illiterate these treasures are as blocks of wood; they are as an art-gallery to the blind, or as a symphony to the deaf. They are as the Eternal City to Vandal and Hun.

But to read printed books and manuscripts is not all. One may be able to do this, and yet be but a book-worm. We must learn to read the book of nature. How majestic are the records the Infinite, as with

iron pen and lead, has written in the rocks forever! Yet, though men have trodden upon and wrestled with these rocks since the beginning, geology is a new science. Astronomy is called the oldest of the sciences. Chaldean shepherds, watching their flocks by night, observed the courses of the stars; they called these mystic specks by name; and, handing down from father to son their scraps of knowledge, they laid the foundations of the noblest of the inorganic sciences. The seer and bard of ancient Israel could exclaim: "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork. When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers; the moon and stars that thou hast ordained, what is man!" Yet only yesterday we believed the earth to be the centre of our system, while round it, stuck on transparent, concentric spheres, coursed sun and moon and stars! Or we believed it rested on an elephant, which, in turn, stood on the backs of turtles, who went "clear down." Verily, man has halted and stammered in his attempts to read the book of nature.

But man should learn to read, also, the book of humanity, whose records persist in stones and ruins and tombs; in myths and traditions and writings; and in the daily deeds of nations, of organisations, and of individual men. Who of us knows what history is? Young people learn the story of Romulus and Remus; of King Alfred burning the cakes; of Pocahontas rescuing Captain John Smith; they wrestle with chronological tables; tell of royal scandals and court intrigues, and give the statistics of killed and wounded in battle; and we say they are studying history! The so-called "statesman" snatches here and there a leaf from the book of history; uses it as a missile with which to pelt an adversary or as an agency wherewith he may legislate money out of the pockets of the people into the coffers of some corporation; and flatters himself, forsooth, that he is using the "historic method."

What is history? It is the record of the life of the race upon the planet; of men's attempts to live; to live together; to live like men rather than like beasts. History pictures the development of human institutions, political, social, military, ecclesiastical, industrial. It records man's experiments, his successes, his failures. It is therefore filled with lessons of vital moment to those men and nations competent to learn. Would that we could read the history of Rome! that we might see, for example, how the people, in their ignorance, sought to govern an imperial domain by means of the machinery adapted to the wants of the village by the Tiber; how this machinery naturally fell into the hands of the residents of Rome and vicinity—nay, rather, into the hands of a trifling minority consisting of those who had the wit and the will to

seize the machinery which they now turned into an engine for their own aggrandisement, thus running the ship of State upon the rocks!

Lessons, too, that are invaluable for our own time and country, might be learned from the history of old France. Institutions there, once socially serviceable, had outlived their usefulness. Classes, armed with a power that was once coupled with some measure of responsibility, possessed of privileges that had once been matched, in some slight degree, at least, by duties, now played the part of parasites and drones. From those whom they should have served, they extorted unrequited service; and, when the thunders of revolt began to mutter in the distance, they hugged still closer their privileges and used still more despotically their power—till the flood came and swept them all away. Could we but read the records of history, we might steer more surely our own ship of State through the breakers that now rumble and wash about her keel.

Finer than his intellect, man possesses faculties that respond in the presence of beauty and harmony. How many of us inherit the old Puritan contempt for the beautiful, and regard the æsthetic sense a mark of effeminacy? Yet man possesses by nature an æsthetic sense as truly as he possesses powers of physical perception or intellectual insight. And all without him lie in nature the objects upon which this sense may exercise itself. What Raphael or Michael Angelo can paint a sunset, or a mountain glen; or an Arctic night, illumined by the Aurora? What human art can rival the heavens with their ceaseless panorama of cloud and sunshine and stars? Yet we pass unmoved amidst these scenes like owls at midday through a flower garden: and we call ourselves "educated"!

Man's social nature, too, demands development. How many of us from social converse, can give and get, in even small degree, the good commensurable with the possibilities of the case? How many of us appreciate, even in faint measure, the enormous gains accruing to each and all from such association and co-operation in industry as we have now attained? How many appreciate how absolutely dependent upon his fellows is the civilised man; and how utterly, abjectly helpless would he be if cast adrift in a wilderness? Yet our national creed, our real, work-a-day "orthodoxy" is, "Each for himself. Look out for Number One. Get all you can, by whatever means you can, taking care only to keep clear of prison walls; and keep all you get. The only debt owed by social classes to each other is civility and the prompt meeting of bills when due. Cash payment is the sole nexus between man and man. Charity begins at home—and ends there. The chief end of man is to mind his own business." In so far as we deviate from these articles

of faith, we show ourselves to be well meaning, perhaps, and pious, but "sentimental" and "impractical." And so slightly as yet is our sense of social solidarity developed, that we imagine we can individually flourish in the midst of adversity; and be happy while our fellow-men, all about us, are wretched. One of the prime needs of the time is social education.

But social relations, if they are to endure, must be ethical relations. They depend on an equilibrium between rights and duties. What are human rights? Shall we say with Pope, that whatever is, is right? Then every abuse, however hoary, and however rank, though it smell to heaven, must stand unchallenged. Ruthless Might may have enthroned itself in legislative halls, and seated itself on the judge's bench, and elbowed itself into the executive chair. It may have possessed itself of the means of communication, of the organs and agencies for the diffusion of intelligence; and, like the abomination that maketh desolate, it may even stand in the holy place. Yet, backed by man-made laws and by armies, it may trample in the dust helpless innocence, devour widows' houses, despoil the laborer of his earnings, and then, drunk with power, declare that "there is nothing to arbitrate," and demand of an outraged people "what they are going to do about it?" And the answer must be "nothing"; these things exist; they are backed by law; they are therefore right. Since the law was against him, the slave had no rights.

And are human duties, too, simply such as are marked out for us by statute, supplemented by a conventional local code? Or is it true that man is in duty bound to know what his real rights are; and, like a Hampden or an Otis, maintain them, if not for his own sake, then for that of his children? Is it his duty to defend the rights of the helpless? Is man indeed his brother's keeper? Have we civic as well as individual duties? Is the respectable citizen morally blameless when he attends so diligently to his own business that he cannot find time on election-day to vote for clean and honorable men; and so by his neglect permits his city, like the traveller on the Jericho road, to fall into the hands of thieves? Is patriotism a virtue exclusively military? In time of peace, is the citizen justifiable in maintaining a sleepy indifference toward public affairs, while the nation is being plucked and bled by men who seek public office for revenue only? Nay, rather, does patriotism in time of peace in fact consist, as a great New York daily recently declared in its editorial columns, in standing up for what it was pleased to call one's "rights"; in taking advantage of the necessities of an embarrassed government, and aiding in the work of looting the national treasury? One might suppose, to read certain newspapers, that unless education in rights and duties

is speedily begun, even in high places, and vigorously pushed, we may have cause to rue our neglect.

True education must not simply train us to answer categorically questions in formal, conventional ethics; it must cause us to know the basis upon which rights and duties actually rest; it must implant in us convictions; it must give us the courage of these convictions, and must make of us men of action as well as of thought.

But above the body; above the intellect; above the æsthetic, the social, and even the ethical sense, is the religious nature. Man is born religious. Among the lowest types we see him standing in awe of the Infinite and worshipping His crude manifestations, if perchance he may find Him. Trace him a little further, and we discover him seeking that unity with the Infinite, that harmony with the Universal Order, and the Universal Mind and Spirit, in finding which man realises himself and fulfils his destiny. But how, through ignorance and priestcraft and blind leadership, has he stumbled and groped in the thick darkness! Yet man's religious nature must be unfolded before he can in any true sense be called a man. What then shall we say of systems of public "education" in which the religious nature is ignored and the vast field of religious truth is left uncanvassed? The State in many countries, and rightly, assumes to educate her youth. She provides for them kindergartens, manual training schools, primary, secondary, high schools, technical, military, and naval schools; and she provides a university, which, by its very name, professes to investigate the whole field of knowable truth; and she maintains professional schools, in which, in theory, one may fit himself scientifically for the learned professions. Yet the State leaves untouched that department of the field of universal truth in the light of which only all other isolated truths may be correlated. And the student who has swept the gamut of our public educational system from the kindergarten to the doctorate, and who from the day of his toddling entrance to the taking of his final degree has, nominally, at least, been instructed and trained by scientific methods, must now, if he would supply his lamentable deficiencies and study religious truth, turn from State institutions to institutions provided by ecclesiastical bodies, or by private voluntary associations; institutions, moreover, that in most cases do not even profess to be scientific, but do profess to be sectarian; and do, in many cases, look upon science and scientific methods with undisguised hostility. Who dare affirm, in the face of such facts, that our "system" of public education is complete and symmetrical!

I know full well the meaning of the separation of Church and State in America. I have not read in

vain the history of the Huguenots in France; of the career of the Duke of Alva in the Netherlands; of the Thirty Years' War in Germany; nor of the Protestant Reformation in England, and the reign of Thorough; and none would resent more quickly nor more strenuously than I the reinstatement of ecclesiastical despotism backed by and working through the strong arm of the State. Yet I lay it down as philosophical truth, and I challenge contradiction: first, that man is by nature religious; second, that his religious nature, like his intellectual or his æsthetic nature, is capable of development; third, that nature demands that every normal faculty and power of man be developed, and developed harmoniously and symmetrically with every other faculty and power; fourth, that one function of education is thus to develop the man; and last, that therefore any educational scheme that ignores a normal part of man, and makes no provision for its development, must stand in the light of philosophy as partial and incomplete. If this be treason, make the most of it!

That, to the failure of society at large thus to provide for genuine religious education, is due much of the childish and humiliating "warfare between religion and science"; and the often-assumed irreconcilability of these two fields of truth, I have no doubt.

But it is not enough that man's powers shall be developed; they must be at his command. His education must be "liberal": that is, it must *liberate*. His body must be not only sound and strong and supple, it must be prompt to respond to the dictates of his will. His mind, too, must be freed from the thrall-dom of tradition and conventional prejudice and infallible authority. It must be ready to stand alone, and to hew its way through the wilderness of current notions and dogmas; though the world rise in arms, or bread and butter be threatened. The soul must be freed from the black winding-sheet of superstition; and, like that of a Luther, must step out into God's sunlight, and issue its declaration of independence. All this must be before the man may profess to be educated.

Authority, it is true, has a place in human development. History is sown knee-deep with the records of its acts; authority of the State, authority of the Church, authority in the army, in the world of fashion, in industry, in science, in education, and in art. A king, ruling by divine right, able to do no wrong, himself the State, summons "his" people on pain of death to slaughter their neighbors across the line, and themselves risk slaughter. A Cæsar Augustus issues his decree that all the world must be taxed; and thereby, without hint of popular assent, drafts into his coffers the wealth of the producing millions. A church-council informs the faithful that tweedle-dum and not tweedle-

dee is the one true faith, which all must accept on pain of eternal fires. An Aristotelian may rival a Calvinistic orthodoxy in inflexibility. A blundering official orders a charge at Balaklava. An unknown potentate at Paris informs the race that boot-toes must be broad or pointed, as the case may be; that hats must or must not be bell-crowned; that "the trousers must be exceedingly tight across the hips" and very tight, or very loose, at the knee; and that "it is permitted to mankind, under certain restrictions, to wear white waist-coats."¹

And authority has not only a place, but a rightful place. Before men have become fitted for self-government, the fittest, slight though his fitness be, must govern them. Until we have learned to think for ourselves, whether in ordinary affairs, in science, in politics, or in religion, some one must do our thinking for us; and, if need be, force upon us the results of his thinking. Until men learn freely to co-operate, and equitably to distribute their products, the Industrial Captain must occupy the field, and discipline them by force into fitness for a higher social state. That authorities are often tyrannical, follows from the fact that they are human and fallible.

But, with the progress of the race, the time comes when the people slowly emerge from the darkness and damps of ignorance; grown up children slowly assume the estate of men. Authority now, in corresponding ratio, loses its reason for existence. Monarchs, as in England, are gradually shorn of a political power that the people assume for themselves. With the progress of science comes the "theological thaw"; and, despite the thunderings and maledictions of clerics of a certain type and temper, the husk of error is stripped from the kernel of religious truth and the old truth is brought into harmonious relations with the new. In science Aristotle falls before Bacon, and Bacon before Darwin and Spencer; and each new "authority" lives but his brief day, to wither and fade before the spirit of free inquiry. Even in industry the reign of the autocrat, in advanced nations, is doomed; and time and light alone are needed to place him along with kings and prelates in the category of social functionaries who have outlived their usefulness.

But individual progress runs parallel with race-progress. With individual as with race, law must be the schoolmaster to bring us to freedom. The teacher's function with respect to the individual student is "to make himself useless"; to wipe out, like the king, the reason for his existence; in short, to prepare the student for liberty.

Lessons, exercises, tasks of whatever kind assigned by the teacher, stand, let it be remembered, for a vanishing category: while plays, independent

¹ Carlyle in *Sartor Resartus*.

reading, society work, spontaneous, voluntary activities of the student, of whatever character, so that they be constructive rather than destructive, represent the permanent category, if the student is to be educated for the highest type of manhood. These activities, then, instead of being eyed askance, or reprobated, should be regarded by the teacher as the most hopeful aspects of the student's life; the genuine, man-making portions of his work.

But the end of education is not yet. To develop and liberate powers and then stop there may be to give the rein to the spirited horse; or to pull open the throttle of the steamed-up locomotive, and leave it to its own sweet will. Education does not end in anarchy.

The exercise of human faculties and powers must be under restraint; yet the controlling force must be something deeper and higher than mere social convention or individual caprice. What must it be?

The development of science everywhere brings us uniformly and infallibly to one goal: it brings us to law. Not so frail and fickle a thing as legislation, which the first breath of popular disfavor may change or nullify; not the thing the purse of the millionaire may buy as it would buy a residence or a railroad; not the product of the log-rolling of politicians; nor of the coercion and bribes of an executive; nor of the decision of a venal or prejudiced judge; not these, but the divine, unchangeable thing that pervades the universe.

Look where we will, we may find it; in the rocks, the skies, the winds, the waves; in vegetal and animal life; in human society; in the workings of the human mind, and even of the soul. It is the thought of the Infinite; it is God's way of working. The cosmic process is the bringing of all things, animate and inanimate, under the domain of law. Man, it is true, by virtue of relative freedom of will, may be in some degree free; but liberty, he may read licence. But if he reads licence he must pay the price. He cannot play with fire and not be burned; he cannot defy gravity and not be crushed. Human power must submit to the domain of law; human liberty must be liberty under law. Until this great lesson is learned, learned not in theory but in very truth; burned, as it were, into his deepest consciousness, is man in the fullest sense a creature of law.

Let him stop one step short of this and he may become an Aaron Burr, sweeping almost without effort the honors of his college, and then going forth to prey upon society, and perhaps to betray his country.

But let one be thus educated, prepared honestly to earn his bread, and perform some needful social function, whether ploughing corn or driving a locomotive, or enacting legislation, or proclaiming divine truth; developed in body, in intellect; in æsthetic,

social, ethical, and religious nature; let his powers be freed to obey instantly and perfectly his will; then let that will be inspired with loyalty to the Infinite Will, and consecrated to the task of helping on in any way and in every way the process whereby the Mind of the Divine is realising itself in the individual, in society, and in the universe; and the man thus educated may face without fear this world and all others, and feel that he is indeed, though it be in small degree, a worker together with God.

BOOK NOTICES.

WHY I AM A VEGETARIAN. An address delivered before the Chicago Vegetarian Society, Great Northern Hotel, March 3, 1895. By *J. Howard Moore*. Chicago: The Ward Waugh Publishing Co.

This pamphlet denounces animal food in most vigorous terms on purely ethical grounds. We read on page 32: "All the highest mammals of the earth preach kindness and reciprocity with a noise and enthusiasm that are well-nigh vindictive, but in practice deny them to all except to their pets. They make the Golden Rule the cardinal measuring-rod of all morality, and then freckle the globe with huge murder-houses for the expeditious destruction of their associates. If the sub-human myriads had no nerves and were not fond of existence and had no choice of emotions and were totally without destiny, they could with difficulty be treated more completely as personal nonentities. Millions are hourly massacred by pitiless and professional assassins, and their corpses hacked and flayed and haggled, and then hurried away to be ungracefully interred in the stomachic sepulchres of men and woman who have the pedagogical temerity to teach each other that they are not terrific."

Miss Flora J. Cooke of the Cook County Normal School of Chicago has published a little volume of about one hundred pages, entitled *Nature Myths and Stories for Little Children*. All kinds of legends and fables, Greek, Indian, and Teutonic, are here so popularised that kindergarten teachers can use them for children of about six years of age. The book is the product of practical experience, for these stories are the same tales which she tells the little ones entrusted to her care, and they will prove valuable for any one who, like the author, understands how to hold the attention of children. She has added sketches of drawings that can without great difficulty be imitated by a child, and will thus be a great assistance in instruction.

P. C.

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A UNIVERSAL CONGRESS OF RELIGIONS IN 1900.

BY ABBÉ VICTOR CHARBONNEL.

(Translated from *La Revue de Paris* by Callie Bonney Marble.)

"I SEE already in thought the next Parliament of Religions, more glorious and full of promise than the first. I propose that we should hold it at Benares, in the first year of the twentieth century."

It was in these words that the Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones closed, two years ago, the Parliament of Religions at Chicago.

Everybody knows that it was a grand event of philosophic as well as religious importance. During seventeen days, in special conference and in public assemblies, in the immense Hall of Columbus, representatives of all the religions of the world peaceably presented their doctrines, embracing "the religious harmonies and unities of humanity, as moral and spiritual factors of human progress."

The Parliament of Religions dispelled the traditions of those conferences and councils, where of old the theologians engaged in controversies which ended in anathemas, revolts, and wars. It was truly a congress. The delegates of the various faiths had not to defend their creeds from ferocious attacks or against crafty critics. But by a loyal tolerance, without contradiction or conflict, all, on different days, had an opportunity of expounding what light their particular form of belief offered to man's intellect, which the problems of his destiny are disquieting, what support to his will, which unstable philosophies abandon to hesitation and incertitude, and lastly what exaltation for his heart, which mundane life does not satisfy, and which pushed hope beyond the visible horizon of the world.

It was the grandest event of religious peace and conciliation of minds that any century has seen. Old Europe comprehended it in the first news which arrived of the solemn opening of the Parliament of Religions. Cardinal Gibbons, before an assembly of eight thousand persons, with his gentle presence, rose in the purple of the cardinal, amid the varied costumes of a hundred and seventy representatives of the principal religious bodies, his eyes radiant with celestial joy, and in the silence of the sanctuary recited the

words of "Our Father, who art in heaven," and all joining recognised this as the "universal prayer."

Was it possible for such an event to be repeated? Could there not be held in the same spirit of tolerance and liberty, but more complete, a new Congress of Religions, which would be truly universal? This wish was upon all lips when the delegates separated. Regret would live in their hearts if they were forced to say that on one day only men had met in a bond of fraternity with God, and that, dispersing, the old "denominational walls," to quote the words of a well-known prelate, would again be reared to the skies. Some men of noble wish have sought to renew the work of religious unity and intellectual fraternity of the Parliament of Religions. Catholics, Protestants, representatives of various Christian faiths, of Israelite worship, and even of Oriental worship, are endeavoring to gain the support of all adherents of tolerant creeds and of all freethinkers for the idea of a universal Congress of Religions to be held in Paris in 1900, during the next universal exposition.

* * *

A Universal Congress of Religions at Paris in 1900! Already I see the light race of humorists imagining to themselves all sorts of consecrated parades, variegated shows of costumes and tinsel, theatrical representations of rites, a pontifical tournament of Protestants and priests. They deceive themselves. The neo-Buddhists will not experience there the mysterious emotions which were excited in them at the Esplanade des Invalides, by the ceremonies of the Temple of Buddha. The frequenters of the Musée Guimet will be disappointed. No *impresario* will show lamas or fakirs. They will not have there the invocation of the lotus, or offering to the "Trois Joyaux."

Some journals have tried to launch the project of "a universal and international history of Christianity during the last nineteen centuries." The temple at Jerusalem would be reconstructed. A panorama would represent the various evangelical countries. Something like a tableau of Gerome would depict the Coliseum with Nero, the beasts, and the martyrs. Then the crusades, then Lepanto, and even a council, or a pontifical office in Saint Peter's. And in this comedians would play the "mysteries" of the Middle Ages, and

the peasants of Oberammergau "The Passion." All of which would well be worthy the famous "Street in Cairo." But is it necessary to say a religious congress would have nothing to do with such a scheme of panorama and opera comique?

A Congress of Religions should not even be a congress of scholars, who would expose the history of dead religions, the religious life of the past, the evolution of beliefs, or the actual religious idea among the barbarous countries. These might interest the savants and psychologists. They scarcely touch the minds of the people who reflect principally upon the conditions of moral and social life for present humanity.

* * *

The Universal Congress of Religions should be a congress for accurately expounding the religious idea, a congress largely apologetic in its nature.

"We believe," wrote the Rev. Dr. Barrows, in a letter in which he submitted to the various religious bodies the project of a Parliament of Religions, "that God exists, and that nowhere is he without testimony. We believe that the influence of religion tends to advance the general welfare, and that it is the first factor in social organisation. . . . We propose to examine the foundations of religious faith, to review the triumphs of religion in all ages, its position with all the different nations, and its influence on literature, the fine arts, commerce, government, and family life; to show the power of religion in promoting temperance, social purity, and its harmony with true science; the importance of a day of rest—in a word, to contribute to those forces which will bring about the unity of the race in the worship of God and the service to man."

During the Parliament of Religions, this programme was carried out, and it was in this spirit that the orators of the various faiths treated the following grand subjects: "God, his existence and attributes; universality of the belief in God; Man, his origin, nature, soul, and destiny; Religion, the relation between God and man; the needs of humanity satisfied by religion; the systems of religion, or comparative study of religions; the chief religions of humanity; the sacred books of the world;—finally, the relations of religion to the individual, to the family, to civil society, to social problems, to the love of humanity, to the arts and sciences."

These are the questions of all time, and the Congress of Paris also will take them up.

We need not lay down in advance a rigorous plan for this Congress, which cannot be realised save by the co-operation of all. One thing only is of importance to state; viz. in what spirit of friendliness and religious union our savants and thinkers will have to assemble. Their duty will be to extricate from the numerous forms which the religious idea has assumed among the peoples of the world, and from the dogmatic

symbols in which they are expressed, what is permanent and universal in this idea.

The majority of men meet in a belief in the Divine, in a faith in God, which they affirm by their devotions. This God they regard as the Father and Judge of mankind. And if this notion was for a long time confused among the Orientals, it has day by day been more and more clarified by Christianity. Professor Bonet-Maury, in a remarkable article on the Parliament of Religions at Chicago, has shown that the Oriental religions are making rapid evolution toward the Christian ideal. Monotheism is the faith of the world. And it seems as if all humanity would some day be united in a supreme religion, the religion of the *Fatherhood of God and the Fellowship of Man*.

From this religion a moral law is deduced which places *en rapport* God and man, and men with each other. Whatever may be the differences of application in practical cases, the existence and consciousness of this law are a universal fact. And always, with all people, a necessary relation of cause and effect, of principle and consequence, is established between the religious sentiment and the moral sentiment, between the faith and the rule of life.

It is on such unanimity, which recognises God as father, and all men as brothers, and on that duty which springs from the fatherhood of God and the fraternity of man, that a religious congress should set its solemn seal; and not on diversities of doctrines, or formalities of sectarian creeds. Now, the religion of the fatherhood of God and the fraternity of man is only the religion of the Gospel. At Chicago, Brahmans and rabbis proclaimed Jesus Christ "the true Saviour of humanity," and his Word "the foundation of all the religions of the world." Bishop Keane said: "All the means which serve the All-High to unite man culminate in Jesus Christ. The great religious leaders of the world were only the forerunners of the aurora which should be the light of the world. Christ will be the centre of religion forever."

But how shall Christianity draw to itself in unity the diverse creeds of the world, if she herself is divided? Christ has said: "There shall be one fold and one shepherd." Christians have broken this unity. Little by little, and from various motives, deep separations have been caused. The dividing of the Christian family is the greatest crime against the Gospel. The Congress of Religions, where mainly representatives of Christianity will stand, should seek to recover that unity of Christ. As Canon Freemantle of Balliol College, Oxford, has said: "It is unity of spirit, that is, sympathy on certain subjects, which will lead to co-operation. Faith in its true form is less the adherence of the intellect to certain dogmas than a moral and sympathetic faculty. We should apply this fac-

ulty, not to dogmatic symbols which we devise, but to those objects of religion on which we are unanimous—God, Christ, and Eternal Life.”

The last two days of the Parliament at Chicago were consecrated to the study of grave problems—first, religious union of all the human family; and, secondly, religious union of Christianity. It was a noble sign of the times, that such subjects, the mere statement of which indicates a remarkably generous impulse of the human mind, should be presented to an assembly of believers. The universal congress will regard it as its highest aim to revert to these subjects, and affirm a new spirit, truly evangelical, of charity and union.

But union is not fusion. Not one sacrifice of faith will be asked, no tacit abandonment of convictions, nor vague compromise with conscience. “We ask no one to renounce his beliefs,” said Mr. Charles Bonney, President of the general assembly, in his greeting of welcome to the members of the Parliament at Chicago; “here the word ‘religion’ signifies love and worship of God, love and service of man. We would wish to unite all religions against irreligion, and all meet in fraternity for the public good to advance charity and mutual respect.”

At the next Congress, the representatives of each religion will be free, in the special congresses, to set forth their creeds and the doctrinal interpretation which they have given them. And at the same time a scientific section will be established, where, in the ordinary manner of learned congresses, the statements of each religion on points of dogma, critical exegesis, history of beliefs, of morals and social justice, will be presented in essays, discourses, and discussions. But in the solemn sessions which will properly constitute the Congress no controversy will be permitted. By successive representatives the different churches or societies of believers will declare their solutions of the problems of man’s final destiny, and of the moral and social life, which are now chiefly agitating humanity.

* * *

The first result to be expected of a religious congress is the restoration of the religious idea. Why is the intellectual and social movement of the world being effected outside the Church? It is because, in the words of Bishop Ireland, “the ministers of Christ have withdrawn into the winter quarters of their own sanctuaries and sacristies.” It would seem as if religion had no longer anything to say to the world, and as if it were fleeing, in a sort of confession of weakness, from the disagreeable test of opposition. But if religion will come out of this somnolence of its catacombs, if it will appear before the people, and offer to them the doctrine without the unpopular paraphernalia of an authority which would seek merely to impose,

it would be astonishing if souls remained hostile to its instruction while there are so many needs, so many anxieties calling for divine comfort.

No other moment will human thought find more favorable for the restoration of the religious idea. All minds now are occupied with social problems. As these problems touch all the conditions of life, they appeal to the simple and the profound. New times are announced by philosophies, by statesmen, and poets of evolution. The old society crumbles, we say. A new society is forming in the aspirations of men, and the hour approaches when it will mount upon the ruins of the past. But what will that society be if life is regulated only by confused dreams of social revolution or anarchy? Criticism may contest the religious sentiment, and revolt against its oppressive dictations. It remains none the less true that religion has formed the soul of humanity in the past, that that humanity has thought and lived religiously, that thus a general fashion of education has become prevalent, and that a hereditary stock of ideas has thus been formed, of which it is imperative to take account in all dreams of social reorganisation.

From this it appears that the social question is pre-eminently a moral question, and that necessarily involves the religious question. The present conditions, then, are peculiarly favorable to what may be called the moral and social test of religion.

* * *

Christianity, and especially the Catholic Church, is in the act of making this test: “Religion,” said Carlyle, “is a living thing and therefore moving.” Religion must adapt itself to the needs that each day awakens. Though doctrines are immutable in their essence, there is nevertheless a development, and, in a certain sense, even an evolution of doctrines, in virtue of the interpretation which applies them to changing circumstances. At the present hour, then, Christianity has set for its work and apologetics a social aim; it is proclaiming among modern peoples the democratic spirit of the Gospel; it is reviving the obligations of charity, justice, and piety. By the example of its great Pope, the Catholic Church is a veritable leader in social movements. Its theologians and orators are seeking practical means of bringing about a more just social order.

Social reformers lay down for the solution of the social problem, scientific rules, which, being established upon the analogies of natural history, only reach the animal nature of man. Socialists lose themselves in a Utopia of universal happiness by the absorption of the individual in the State. Anarchists aim at individual development, whose unrestrained liberty destroys all society. Both propositions are chimerical.

Christianity recognises the partly just aspirations

which are blended in these chimeras. But, to cure the imagination of man of preposterous illusion, it widens the range of our earthly vision and turns our minds to the mysteries of eternal hope.

When, then, the Christians of the Congress of Religions shall say what they accept of the social movement, what curb shall be put upon its excesses, no mind can deny the importance of such a declaration. And it is believed that the teachings of Christ, loyally presented in all their democratic sincerity, will touch the hearts of all who seek a religion of "human solidarity." But especially the humble will feel the divine pity of Christ, alive in all his true believers, when a great assembly of Christians shall repeat on high the *misereor super turbam*.

* * *

"At Benares, in the first year of the twentieth century," said the Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

That name of Benares, of the holy city of the Brahmans, of the city of gold, resting upon the trident of Siva, might come to the thought of a clergyman, moved by the farewell speeches of the last session of the Parliament of Religions. But it was sentiment.

After the United States, it is France, that other land of tolerance and liberty, where we look to see produced the most magnificent tribute which has ever been rendered to the liberty of conscience. It is in the centre of a learned civilisation, in the face of academies which will subject them to the most rigorous criticisms, that the religious bodies should form their holy line, and proclaim, against all positivistic or materialistic negations, the indestructible law of the mystical phenomena. And, finally, it is in this most ancient and glorious branch of Christianity that the grandest religious conclave of all the centuries should assemble. After the Parliament of Religions at Chicago, the Universal Congress of Religions at Paris!

The date chosen will be that of the Universal Exposition, where will be glorified the marvels that the energy, art, and genius of man have produced. Here the religious idea will be presented and expounded by an assembly of believers. Is it not plain that religion accepts as beatitudes all the victories of science, only fighting against scientific positivism or materialism. It is the ideas of the soul, of a moral ideal of God.

* * *

It is a inevitable objection from the timid and conservative Congress of Religions for all the world," they would say, "is good for America, a new country with a new history, but not for Europe." It is true that Europe has had in the past religious troubles, the remembrance of which is guarded by prejudice and sectarian bonds. Spiritual power, by long tradition, has acquired the habit of domination and of exclusion.

Will all be forgotten in an outburst of reconciliation? What was possible in the country of Channing—will it be so in the land of Calvin? and will Catholics, Protestants, and Jews not find themselves embarrassed by a meeting which follows so closely on the dissensions of yesterday?

We reply, It would be doubting the efficacy of the Gospel of peace and love to believe that approach between Christians is impossible. Irreligion is at our doors. We have more important things to accomplish than to quarrel. And, when irreligion seeks to destroy the Christian heritage, we must save the least fragment, wherever it be, must gather as a necessary reserve the least crumb falling from the table where are seated the disciples of the Christ.

The sectarians, and I mean thereby the sectarians of faith, have an objection even more grave. They contest the principle even of a Congress of Religions. Recognition to all forms of religion, according to dogmatic tradition, would be a slight to "the only truth in the one Church," and might imply the heretical idea "that all religions are good and of equal value."

A Congress of Religions is a reunion of men of various beliefs, where each has the right to present his faith, where all admit the value of incomplete truth, and where they credit even error with good faith and sincerity.

A Congress of Religions is a congress of religious men. Neither the deficiencies of one belief nor the superiority of another are denied. Nothing is affirmed by the fact of a congress as to the absolute value of the credos. Our purpose is less to compare their absolute or objective value, than to recognise their relative and subjective value. The religions will be considered from a human standpoint. They will be considered less as abstract doctrines than as an element of moral personality, and the issue will be not so much creeds and truths as the sincerity of the believers.

* * *

The Catholic Church should make to this grand idea of a universal congress the most generous concessions.

In the Parliament at Chicago, in a Protestant country, the first place and rôle was given to the Catholics. "In all the assemblies," said Bishop Keane, "the originators of the Congress expressed, by a unanimous voice, not only the desire to receive the counsels of the Church, but to be guided by them. They asked our opinion on the choice of subjects to treat, and introduced into their programmes modifications which we suggested to them. In order to study religion under all its aspects and in all its relations to human life, it was decided that the Congress should convene seventeen days, each day devoted to a subject of general interest. The commission decreed that at

least one Catholic delegate should be heard each day. It was arranged in the beginning that a series of conferences should be held simultaneously with the regular congresses, where each religion should have a day to expound its doctrines, and the Catholic Church held in these the first place. Lastly, Cardinal Gibbons was asked to open the Congress by a prayer and a discourse.

This full and respectful deference permitted him to appear in this memorable assembly without any sacrifice of his dignity or divine rights. And the great prelate rendered as follows his judgment upon the work at Chicago: "Thus for seventeen days the Church held its place in the midst of this singular assembly, as did St. Paul of old in the midst of those who questioned him in the Areopagus. They listened with respect, often with enthusiasm and applause, which formed a consoling contrast to the distrust and sectarian rancor of the past centuries. What will be the result? Who can say, except the God of goodness, who gives all blessing! Amiable critics, who find nothing good save in the stereotyped dogmas of the old *régime*, will undoubtedly expect only evil from the new step. They believe that the Church lowers itself in having appeared in the midst, not only of the faithful, but of the unbelievers. As to the beloved Master, who has said that his Church should produce in the great day "new treasures as well as old," and who made her, according to St. Paul, the debtor of all those who were wandering afar from her in search of the truth, he will not fail to judge all aright. It is for him alone that the work has been undertaken and performed."

To the Protestant Church belongs the honor of having taken the initiative in the Congress at Chicago; but it can be said that its success depended very largely upon the adhesion of the Catholics. Among the Catholics it needed the powerful authority of Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop Ireland to win over the timid ones.

"The Congress at Chicago is the most beautiful and happy event in the whole history of our young Church in America," said Cardinal Gibbons. The Church of France can do what the Church of America has done, and be sure of the same advantages; and, since it is an act of generosity, or, if you will, of courtesy, she should bestow on the enterprise the good graces of her full co-operation.

* * *

The idea of a Universal Congress is already more than a hypothetical project. It has been submitted to the criticisms of the great prelates of the Catholic world. Cardinals, bishops, theologians, editors of journals, savants, and writers have given their opinions. Suffice it to say that a universal congress of unity has the approbation and effective support of

two French cardinals. M. Bonet-Maury, professor of a Protestant theological faculty, and delegate from Protestant Europe to the Parliament at Chicago, has secured the co-operation of the reformed churches of France. The Grand Rabbi Zadoc Kahn has communicated by official letter his support and that of the Israelite consistory.

When the union of the three great cults of France was thus effected, a testimonial was sent to the Pope in the name of a number of Catholics, with this title: "Memoir on the Project of a Universal Congress of Religions at Paris in 1900." Cardinal Gibbons, going to Rome, consented to present this memoir.

When the Parliament of Religions was opened at Chicago, by the prayer that Cardinal Gibbons offered, much astonishment was felt in France and Rome, and even indignation; all expected an official act of disapproval and condemnation. The condemnation did not come. The Pope gave his sanction. Ever afterwards whenever visitors recalled to Leo XIII. the remembrance of the Parliament of Religions, his deep, clear eyes beamed with joy. He had seen a little of his dream realised—the Pope of the people, the reconciliation of society through evangelical justice; the union of the churches in the universal peace among men.

A few days ago we asked Cardinal Gibbons, on his return from Rome, what his impressions were in the matter. They were as follows: The Pope will not convoke officially a Congress of Religions. He wishes to leave free the initiative to Catholics, and in this manner leave this grand idea to their patronage. Above all, he does not wish to engage in the organisation of a congress which should bring together all religious faiths, the prestige of his person and authority as head of the Church. But to us the Cardinal declared:

"Write, act, do not be timid in France. Interest in your project those who think, those who believe. Create a strong movement of public opinion. The Pope will be with you. Of that I am sure."

PERSIAN DUALISM.

RELIGION in its origin is based upon the fear of evil, and by evil the primitive man understands that which hurts him, or that which is unpleasant. Says Tylor (*Primitive Culture*, Vol. II., p. 318):

"This narrow and rudimentary distinction between good and evil was not unfairly stated by the savage who explained that if anybody took away his wife, that would be bad, but if he himself took someone's else, that would be good."

Whenever man, in the course of his moral evolution, begins to discover that that which gives him pleasure, or appears to him good, is not as yet *the* good, that *the* good, viz., the morally good, is much higher and greater than the pleasurable, that it is a

power in the world which to struggle for is his main duty in life, he becomes civilised. And among the nations of antiquity, the Persians seem to have taken this step with conscious deliberation, for they most earnestly insisted upon the contrast that obtains between good and evil, so much so that their religion is even to-day regarded as the most consistent form of dualism.

The founder of Persian dualism was Zarathuſtra, or, as the Greeks called him, "Zoroaster."

Zarathuſtra, it is rightly assumed, was not so much the founder of a new era, as the concluding link in a long chain of aspiring prophets before him. The field was ripe for the harvest when he appeared, and others must have prepared the way for his movement.

Zarathuſtra is in all later writings represented as a demi-God, a fact which suggested to Prof. Darmesteter the idea that he was a mythical figure. Nevertheless, and although we know little of Zarathuſtra's life, we have the documentary evidence in the "Gathas" that he was a real historical personality.

The Gathas are hymns written by Zarathuſtra; in which he appears as a struggling and suffering man, sometimes elated by the grandeur of his aspirations, firmly convinced of his prophetic mission, and then again dejected and full of doubt as to the final success of the movement to which he devoted all his energies. Says Prof. L. H. Mill, the translator of the Gathas.

"Their doctrines and exhortations concern an actual religious movement taking place contemporaneously with their composition; and that movement was exceptionally pure and most earnest.

"That any forgery is present in the Gathas, any desire to palm off doctrines upon the sacred community in the name of the great prophet, as in the Vendidad and later Yasna, is quite out of the question. The Gathas are genuine in their mass."

There were two religious parties in the days of Zarathuſtra: the worshippers of the daēvas or nature-gods, and the worshippers of Ahura, the Lord. Zarathuſtra appeared in the Gathas as a priest of the highest rank who became the leader of the Ahura party. Zarathuſtra not only distinguished the old nature gods, but he also distinguished them and also regarded them as representatives of a hidden power which he called *Angrô Mainyush*, or *Ahriman*, which means "the evil spirit."

Zarathuſtra taught that Ahriman was not created by Ahura but possessed of an independent existence. The evil spirit, to be sure, was not equal in dignity to the Lord, nor even in power; nevertheless, both were creative and both were original in being themselves created. They were the representatives of contradictory principles. And this doctrine constitutes the dualism of the Persian religion which is most unmistakably expressed in the words of the thirtieth Yasna.¹

"Well known are the two primeval spirits correlated but independent; one is the better and the other is the worse as to thought, as to word, as to deed, and between these two let the wise choose aright."

Says James Darmesteter, the translator of the Zend-Avesta.

"There were two general ideas at the bottom of the Indo-Iranian religion: first, that there is a law in nature, and secondly, that there is a war in nature (*Sacred Books of the East*, IV., p. lvii).

The law in nature proves the wisdom of Ahura, who is therefore called Mazda the Wise. The war in nature is due to the intrusion of Ahriman into the creation of Ahura.

After death, according to the Zoroastrian doctrine, the soul must pass over *cinvatô peretush*, i. e. the "accountant's bridge," where its future fate is decided. Evil doers fall into the power of Ahriman and are doomed to hell; the good enter *garô demdna*, the life of bliss; while those in whom good and evil are equal, remain in an intermediate state, the *Hamēstakdns* of the Pahlavi books, until the great judgment-day (called *akū*).

To characterise the noble spirit of the religion of Zarathuſtra, we quote the following formula which was in common use among the Persians and served as an introduction to every liturgic worship:¹

"May Ahura be rejoiced! May Angrô be destroyed by those who do truly what is God's all-important will.

"I praise well-considered thoughts, well-spoken words, and well-done deeds. I embrace all good thoughts, good words, and good deeds; I reject all evil thoughts, evil words, and evil deeds.

"I give sacrifice and prayer unto you, O Ameshâ-Spentâ!² even with the fulness of my thoughts, of my words, of my deeds, and of my heart: I give unto you even my own life.

"I recite the 'Praise of Holiness,' the *Ashem Vohu*.³

"Holiness is the best of all good. Well is it for it, well is it for that holiness which is perfection of holiness!"

"I confess myself a worshipper of Mazda, a follower of Zarathuſtra, one who hates the devils (daēvas) and obeys the laws of Ahura."

We have little information concerning the origin of Zarathuſtra's dualism, but we can nevertheless reconstruct it, at least in rough outlines. For there are witnesses left, even to-day, of the historical past of

¹ Cf. *Sacred Books of the East*, Vol. XXIII., p. 22.

² The six Ameshâ Spentâ (the undying and well-doing ones) are what Christians might call archangels. Originally they had been seven, but the first and greatest among them, Ahura Mazda, came to overshadow the divinity of the other six. They remained powerful gods, but he was regarded as their father and creator. We read in *Yast*, XIX, 16, that they have one and the same thinking, one and the same speaking, one and the same doing, one and the same father and lord, who is Ahura Mazda.

At first the Ameshâ Spentâ were mere personifications of virtues, but later on they were entrusted with the government of the various domains of the universe. *Haurvatât* and *Ameretatât* (health and immortality) had charge of waters and trees. *Kshathrm Vairim* (perfect sovereignty), whose emblem as the fire of lighting was molten brass, was the master of metals. *Asha Vahita* (excellent holiness), the moral world order as symbolised by sacrifice and burnt-offering, ruled over the fire. *Spenta Armaiti* (divine piety) was the goddess of the earth, according to old traditions, since the Indo-Iranian era; and *Vohu Manô* (good thought) superintended the creation of animated life.

³ Says Darmesteter: "The 'Ashem Vohu' is one of the holiest and most frequently recited prayers."

¹ See *Sacred Books of the East*, XXXI., p. 29.

the old Persian religion. A sect called the Izedis, are the fossil representatives of the Devil-worship that preceded the purer notions of the Zoroastrian worship prevailing in the Zend-Avesta. Following the authority of a German traveller, Tylor says (*Primitive Culture*, Vol. II., p. 329):

"The Izedis or Yezidis, the so-called Devil-worshippers, still remain a numerous though oppressed people in Mesopotamia and adjacent countries. Their adoration of the sun and horror of defiling fire accord with the idea of a Persian origin of their religion (Persian "ized" = God), an origin underlying more superficial admixture of Christian and Moslem elements. This remarkable sect is distinguished by a special form of dualism. While recognising the existence of a Supreme Being, their peculiar reverence is given to Satan, chief of the angelic host, who now has the means of doing evil to mankind, and in his restoration will have the power of rewarding them. 'Will not Satan then reward the poor Izedis, who alone have never spoken ill of him, and have suffered so much for him?' Martyrdom for the rights of Satan! exclaims the German traveller, to whom an old white-bearded Devil-worshipper thus set forth the hopes of his religion."

This peculiar creed of the Izedis is in so far similar to the religion of Devil-worshipping savages as the recognition of the good powers is not entirely lacking, but it is, as it were, a merely negative element; the positive importance of goodness is not yet recognised.

It is probable that the Persians in prehistoric times were as much Devil-worshippers as are the Izedis. The daêvas, the deities of the irresistible forces of nature, were pacified with sacrifices. A recognition of the power of moral endeavor as represented in the personified virtues was the product of a slow development. Thus in Persia the Devil-worship of the daêvas yielded to the higher religion of God-worship; and this change marks a step of progress which brought it about that soon afterwards the Persians became one of the leading nations of the world.

THE OCTOBER MONIST.

The late Prof. George J. Romanes, "upon whose shoulders," Max Müller says, "the mantle of Darwin fell," considers, in the leading article, called *The Darwinism of Darwin, and of the Post-Darwinian Schools*, the question whether natural selection has been the sole or but the chief cause of the progressive modification of living forms. It will be remembered that Cope and the Neo-Lamarckians emphasise almost exclusively the influences of the environment in evolution, while Wallace and Weismann lay sole stress upon the principle of natural selection. Romanes thinks that Darwin's view, which admitted all factors, but laid chief stress on natural selection, will eventually prove the most accurate of all.

Dr. Paul Topinard, the distinguished French anthropologist, in the article *Man as an Animal*, being Part I. of a series on *Science and Faith*, attempts to determine man's place in animate Nature. His conclusion is that man is not a creature apart in the world, but is primarily an animal like all the others, the only difference being that he is adapted and perfected to intellectual life. The statement in this article that Professor Cope adopts the hypothesis that man is descended directly from the Lemurs without

the intervention of the Anthropoid Apes, is not correct in the light of Professor Cope's actual discussions of the subject. (See his article on "The Genealogy of Man" in *The American Naturalist* for April, 1893.) Professor Cope had simply stated the probability that the Anthropoid Lemurs of the family Anaptomorphidae are the ancestors of the Anthropoid Apes and man. Dr. Topinard was probably led to misunderstand his views on the subject by the fact that the group which includes the two latter families is termed the Anthropomorpha. For Professor Cope's exact and final views on the phylogeny of man, the reader may be referred to his forthcoming book on *The Primary Factors of Organic Evolution*.

Readers interested in pedagogy will find in the same number an important article by the renowned Italian criminologist, Prof. C. Lombroso, on *Some Applications of Criminal Anthropology to Practical Education*, where Professor Lombroso gives unmistakable and suggestive hints as to the method of discovering the criminal type in children and points out the measures which should be taken for the care of such patients. He also wisely draws attention to the practical limitations of his doctrine.

Students of natural logic will be especially interested in G. Ferrero's article on *Arrested Mentation*. By "arrested mentation" Ferrero understands that ingrained tendency of natural thought which leads us in our search for causes to stop short at phenomena falling under the notice of the senses, and not to go beyond the striking features of events for their real invisible causes. He gives a host of historical illustrations in support of his view, which is practically tantamount to a law of least effort for the mind.

An able defence of science, as opposed to the recent animadversions of Mr. Balfour, is made in the article *Naturalism*, by Prof. C. Lloyd Morgan of Bristol, England, who was said by an eminent naturalist to be "the shrewdest as well as the most logical critic in the field of Darwinian speculation." Professor Morgan claims that Mr. Balfour has totally misconceived the moral and religious upshot of the naturalistic tenets, asserting that any naturalistic interpretation of man's ethical and æsthetic ideals which tends in any measure to rob them of their worth and dignity is false in the highest degree. "I for one," he says, "should be sorry to believe that the noble deed, the unselfish action, the lofty ideal have no intrinsic worth and dignity, but shine only with a borrowed lustre, no matter what the source of that lustre." Yet "if it be asserted that the naturalist's conceptions of the worth of human endeavor are the spurious heritage of a creed that is not his, the counter-assertion may be made with at least equal plausibility, that the dignity of their supposed extrinsic source is but the reflected and hypostatised glory of their own inherent nobility."

The editor of *The Monist*, in the article *The New Orthodoxy* (which is an address delivered before the Pan-American Congress of Religion and Education), criticises the fashionable philosophy of the times as producing religious indifference and contributing to the spread of the agnostic doctrine of the vanity of all faith, scientific or religious, and formulates the demands of an orthodoxy which must be based on objective facts, sifted with critical judgment, and reached by objective criteria of truth. He sums up, "What we need most dearly is orthodoxy, but let our orthodoxy be genuine."

In a fervid and brilliant article on *The Fifth Gospel*, Dr. Woods Hutchinson, a rising author of Des Moines, Iowa, proclaims a new evangel—the Gospel according to Darwin. Instead of destroying the religious spirit, this Gospel, Dr. Hutchinson maintains, reanimates it and places it upon stronger foundations than ever before. The author's interpretations of the ethical outcome of the doctrine of evolution are aglow with genuine religious enthusiasm.

More than fifty-four books on philosophy, science, psychology, ethics, the history of religion, etc., are reviewed in the October

Monist, not to mention *résumés* of the contents of all the most prominent philosophical periodicals. (Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Co. Single copies, 50 cents; per annum, \$2.00.)

NOTES.

The present number contains an article by the Abbé Charbonnel on the proposed repetition of the Chicago Parliament of Religions at Paris in the year 1900. We need scarcely add that we sympathise with the plan, and hope that the brotherly spirit in 1900 will be the same as it was in 1893; while with the experiences of the first Parliament, and having several years of preparation, the *mise en scène* can be considerably improved.

The first Parliament was a success mainly on account of the tact with which the Hon. C. C. Bonney managed its affairs. He possesses a peculiar talent for bringing together the most heterogeneous opinions on one platform and keeping them there in brotherly harmony. In the place of acrimonious debate, which reverberated through the centuries of the past, we had in those noted assemblages a friendly exchange of thought, and every one in presenting his views was confident that the truth should and would prevail in the end. We had glowing tributes to the grandeur of the Védas by a Hindu monk. The Roman Catholic Church set forth all the attractions of her uninterrupted traditions and the glorious beauties of her institutions. The most radical free thought that yearned for religious utterance was freely admitted. Buddhists of Ceylon and Japan in unpretentious modesty preached the nobility of compassion for all suffering beings, including the lowest grades of animal life. A representative of the Presbyterians, that church which is noted for its earnestness of conviction and the sternness of its dogmatology, and is imposing as a consistent system of rigid and clean-cut thought, stood at the helm and executed with remarkable ability the plan of the Congress. The Jews showed no animosity towards Christianity, but reminded the Christians that their Saviour had sprung from the Jewish race, and one of the most prominent rabbis of America concluded the Parliament with the Lord's Prayer.

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Many of the daily papers construe the Pope's letter to Mgr. Satolli on religious conventions as hostile to religious parliaments. If that were so, how could he have spoken to Cardinal Gibbons as he did, and how would the Parisian clergy venture to propose a second Religious Parliament in 1900? Considering the popular misconception of the very idea of a religious parliament, which is often supposed to imply that all faiths are equally good, it is but natural that the Pope is anxious lest his flock be carried away with a mania for fraternising with those of other forms of belief. But remember, first, that the Pope speaks of Roman Catholic conventions only, not of religious parliaments, and secondly, that his advice is to admit dissenters even there, and to reply to their questions. Archbishop Ireland said, in an interview with a representative of the Associated Press: "The words of the Pope are in no manner a condemnation of parliaments of religions." As to the religious parliament to be held at Paris in 1900, he added: "It will no doubt lead to a great success. Catholics may well take part in it. Indeed, the Pope's letter has cleared the way for it by marking out the conditions under which it may be held even in punctilious Europe."

* * *

When some nine years ago *The Open Court* was first brought out, its founder planned nothing else than a Parliament of Religions in the shape of a periodical. The new periodical was intended to be an open court for the ventilation of religious problems, especially of the central problem,—the nature of man's soul and the ethical import of its proper comprehension. The founder of *The Open Court* is confident that if the several solutions are presented side by side, the truth will unfaillingly come out in the

end. The nature of a scientific solution of any problem is to let every possible conception be represented and investigated, to let them be tried in the furnace of criticism and tested by experience. That solution which covers the whole field and leaves no surd, which satisfies all the demands of theoretical considerations, and is at the same time serviceable in its practical application, will ultimately be victorious. In a word, the methods that are applied in science should be applied also to the solution of religious problems, and in this sense the religious tenet of *The Open Court* is called *The Religion of Science*.

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THE PARISIAN BUDDHA.

BY MONCURE D. CONWAY.

IN THE course of one year two theatres in Paris have drawn vast crowds by representations appealing to the half-awake interest of Europe in Buddha. One of these was "Izeyl," a drama in four acts, by Messrs. Armand Silvestre and Eugène Morand; the other "La Princesse Idæa," a ballet in two tableaux. After seeing both of these, I have remembered an unfulfilled desire of Renan, namely, to compose a philosophical ballet on the legend of Krishna's appearance with his flute among the rustic cow-maidens. The god, as a handsome young herdsman, set them all dancing to his music, and each maiden believed she had him for a partner. Renan found in this the secret of every divine figure, the infinite self-multiplication by which the god or teacher becomes to each that personally beloved one for which each individual spirit longs. But they respond to the several genii of each people also. The English conception of Buddha is now so Christianised that it is doubtful whether either of these French dramas would be favorably received in London, whereas in Paris the great Oriental teacher has been adapted to the emotional and passionate sentiment which has not yet been permitted to take Jesus for a partner,—or not by name. The authors of "Izeyl" have, however, availed themselves of the story of Ambapâli (told in Dr. Carus's *Gospel of Buddha*, p. 201) and the parable of Vâsavadattâ (*ib.* p. 179), to give an Oriental disguise to a tender romance between Jesus and Mary Magdalen. It is an indication of the extreme antiquity of the story of Ambapâli, probably true, that in his discourse in the mansion of this courtesan Buddha spoke no word that could be construed into a reproach of her way of life; nor is there any intimation that, after presenting her mansion and park to the teacher and his friends, she forsook her previous occupation. In a region and time when polyandry, polygamy, and infant marriages were familiar and respectable, the courtesan's occupation could hardly have been one calling for the exhortations given in another age to Vâsavadattâ, and to the two courtesans of the New Testament, whose sins have been laid by legend on Mary Magdalen.¹

¹ There is not a whisper in any text against the character of Mary Magda-

In the drama of "Izeyl," the heroine, powerfully impersonated by Sarah Bernhardt, seeks to fascinate the Master (Scyndya, a Christ-like make-up), is herself converted, and bestows all her wealth on the poor. In defending her recovered virtue from a prince, she slays him in a desperate encounter, and is condemned to living burial. The Master (Scyndya) is really in love with her; he manages to enter the vault where she is slowly perishing; there, torn by grief, he turns with rage on his "mission," which has brought them desolation; he entreats Izeyl to live, they will be happy together, and the world may find another apostle. Izeyl restores his spiritual strength, and he talks with rapture of the radiant future opening before mankind, and the azure realm of repose above; but in the intervals of his utterance she says: "Master, place thy dear hand on my heart; bend thy beloved head on me; ah, give me thy lips! It is in time that I am dying?"

So dies Izeyl in the arms of her beloved, under the kiss of a human love. For she is not dying in that radiant future of the race—not in any azure vault:—she is a woman, dying in *time*, needing love and a heart to lean on. The scene recalls the wonderful picture in Florence of "The Passing of Mary Magdalen," where the infant Jesus appears in her cavern, and extends a crucifix to receive her expiring kiss.

If you can imagine Sakya-Muni so taught by this tragedy that he reaches the belief that Nirvâna is a happy marriage with the beloved man or maid, to have found Izeyl resuscitated and melancholy in her loveless solitude, and wedded her, you have the *motif* of the magnificent ballet, "La Princesse Idæa," at the Folies-Bergère. Idæa, the beautiful and only daughter of the Maharajah, is first seen reclining on her sofa, surrounded by her slaves, who vainly seek to dispel her profound melancholy, bringing beautiful stuffs, jewels, and birds. The Maharajah, as a last effort to cure his daughter's prolonged depression, orders grand *fêtes* in the palace gardens. These, of course, are characterised by Parisian splendor, and Idæa, to please her father, joins in the dance; but

len, but her legend, however started, has survived by its pathetic sentiment, and has been forever fixed on her by the uncritical mention of her name, in the heading to Luke vii., in the old English version.

presently she sinks in the arms of the bayaderes. At this moment, when the king is desperate at his failure to make her smile, a Buddhist hermit, coarsely clad, appears, kneels at his feet, and implores permission to attend the princess. Receiving a disdainful permission, the hermit, on a lyre made of an antelope's skull, executes a plaintive melody. At this the princess half rises, and listens. Then heavenly voices, as if summoned by the hermit's incantation, are heard singing of Sakya Muni, in Nirvâna's sublime repose, unruffled by any breath, his soul sleeping in the infinite. "Let the virtue of his sacred word chase from thee every impure doubt, that thy spirit may ascend and soar, and find rest in the azure!" The princess, under the hermit's spell, approaches him, and the mysterious voices, with accents somewhat less celestial, sing: "O marvellous prodigy! Under the shining heaven what is there that can thus control this fainting heart, changing its deep night to radiant day? It is the Master of the World—victorious Love!"

After a struggle to free herself from the spell of the hermit, the princess falls in his arms. Indignant at this, the Maharajah orders his officers to seize the hermit and put him to death. But in the moment when the guards touch the hermit, he throws off his religious vestment, and stands revealed as a young and powerful prince, who had long loved Idæa and took this means of reaching her. The gloom of the princess is dispelled; Sakya Muni, taken to her heart, becomes her partner for life; and the spectator is left to his own speculations as to whether the celestial voices are to be ascribed to a lover's ingenuity or to some fresh interest these inhabitants of the "Azure" are taking in the warm and tender affairs of earth.

This, then, is the form under which the Buddha is approaching Paris. He is to become what Jesus, from having been too long deified, too long ecclesiasticised, can never become in France; but he (Buddha) can become this only in combination with Jesus.

It is indeed doubtful whether, to any but a few philosophical minds, any great religious teacher of another race can ever find approach, except in this same way: that is, by leaving at home his local and official investiture, and bringing his real and beautiful human character into alliance with the like humanity of the similarly invested and hidden being in the country to which he comes.

When travelling in Ceylon, I found the Buddhists personally lovable and thoughtful, but their Buddha appeared to me too distant, too perfunctory, too much like the Christ of many Europeans, and I had a feeling that those whose "Messiah" was a human Jesus can see deeper into Buddha than the majority of Buddhists can.

Meantime there is a largely ignored Jesus in Eu-

rope, a great-hearted man veiled by traditions, forbidden to the genuine treatment of literature and art, which can only approach him by clothing him with alien name and costume. Is Buddha coming to reveal Jesus and Mary Magdalen and the rest to us? And are we ever to have a humanised Jesus able to journey abroad, and put the Parsee and the Buddhist in fuller possession of their own great teachers?

The two plays which I have briefly described, however unsatisfactory, appear to me noticeable as a gesture or sign of our time.

They are also occasionally mounting the Passion Play in Paris: it may be that the art which has gained freedom to raise a Christ on the Cross will presently be free enough to manage his Descent, and give him, like the legendary Krishna, to human hearts to become to each its near friend and partner.

THE SONG OF SONGS.

BY THE REV. T. A. GOODWIN, D. D.

II. THE CHARACTER OF THE POEM.

The true place in literature for this Song of Songs is that of a Love Story in verse. To call it a drama is hardly to classify it intelligibly to popular thought, yet it partakes of most of the elements of a drama, and is more of a drama than anything else. It certainly belongs to the drama family. If it were allowable to build a word out of recognised material at hand, I would call it a drama-et. While it lacks the scenic touches which are necessary to adapt it to the stage, yet when read or rendered even in the less pretentious form of a dialogue it is necessary to change time and place and the *dramatis personæ*, in order to catch its significance.

In the following rendering I have followed in the main the text of the revised version as bringing out more nearly the meaning of the original, and because the metrical arrangement is more suggestive of poetry. But in comparing even this with the original the Bible student feels at every step, as he feels a thousand times elsewhere in such a comparison, that the revisers were too much handicapped by a well-meant agreement at the start, to retain the phraseology of the authorised version wherever possible without too much injury to the sense of the original. Here as elsewhere they have confessedly often failed to give the best possible rendering, perpetuating thereby not a few incorrect notions if not also in some cases some doubtful doctrines.

While therefore scholars readily recognise many changes for the better in the rendering of this Song by the revisers, they also detect not a few instances where the meaning might have been greatly improved by a departure from the old phraseology. Take, for example, Chapter 7, verse 2, in the Song. It is not a

matter of delicacy merely which induces me to substitute the word *waist* for the word *navel*, and the word *body* for the word *belly*. There is nothing in the navel alone to suggest a round goblet full of wine, while, by the aid of a little poetic fancy, the waist may suggest it. Neither is there anything in the belly alone, as that word is now used by all English speaking peoples, to suggest a heap of wheat encircled with lilies, while a well-formed body, as that word is now used to include the central and principal parts of the human frame, may easily suggest the figure used. These several words in the original mean what the translators have given as their English equivalents, but they mean also *waist* and *body* respectively. I am sure that the reader will appreciate the change.

Again, the Hebrew text can never be translated into our language literally so as to be intelligible. For that matter no dead language can, and very few living languages, hence in all translations explanatory words are frequently used of necessity. In the following rendering I have availed myself of this necessary prerogative, supplying adverbs and prepositions and other words that seem necessary to bring out the meaning of the original by making the text correspond with the idiom of the English language. For example at Chapter 2, verse 6, the heroine is made to say both in the old and in the new versions: "His left hand *is* under my head and his right hand *doth* embrace me." There is no verb in the original from which our *is* can be obtained and the tense of the verb to be supplied can as well be in the future as in the present; besides, it avoids a false statement not justifiable even by poetic licence, for as a matter of fact no left hand was under her head nor was any right hand embracing her. But even this change of tense still leaves the meaning obscure, or rather leaves the sentence meaningless. The shepherdess is protesting against the caresses of the lecherous Solomon and saying of her shepherd lover: "*Only* his left hand shall sustain my head and *only* his right hand shall embrace me;" meaning that none but her virtuous Shulanmite shepherd shall be allowed the liberties of a lover; hence, in addition to changing the tense I have supplied the necessary adverb.

In all cases I have omitted such distinctive marks as italics and quotations. The curious reader may easily compare the text here given with the text of the revised version if he wishes to see how far and wherein I have departed from it; while the scholarly reader may compare it with the original Hebrew if he wishes to see what liberties I have taken in order to bring out the meaning of the poem. I have also wholly ignored the artificial chaptering and versing of the text. In no other way can the connexion be preserved which is necessary to a right understanding of the book.

It will be observed that I have not followed the suggestions of those who would dignify the poem by making it a drama and introducing acts and scenes accordingly. To so construe it involves too many difficulties. One of these is so great that no two of those who have attempted to divide it into acts have ever agreed where one act ends and another begins, neither can they agree as to the *dramatis personæ*. I have simply sought to restore it to its original form as nearly as that can be ascertained after the lapse of so many centuries, as it was read or recited by the common people, three thousand years ago, whether they were captives by the rivers of Babylon or of Assyria, or were slaves on the banks of their own Jordan, with only such equipments as might be improvised for the occasion, by slaves and captives. Classifying it with the unpretentious dialogue places it within the reach of the common people, who could read or recite it without the expensive paraphernalia of the theatre.

The scene opens in the gorgeous country seat of the wealthy and dissipated King Solomon, where were houses and vineyards and orchards and gardens, with much silver and gold and cattle and men servants and women servants and all the peculiar wealth of kings, including many women and much wine. It was early in the reign of that famous monarch. His harem at that time had only sixty women who posed as wives, and only eighty who were classed as concubines, whatever the difference between them may have been. Later these were increased to seven hundred wives and three hundred concubines. It was in the process of multiplying these wives that the incidents of the story belong.

The heroine of the story is a beautiful sun-burnt maiden, who had been brought from her country-home in Northern Palestine to this accumulation of splendors. To assume, as some do, that she had been captured by a band of brigands and taken by force to the king's harem, is to do violence to every known law of human nature. Unwilling captives would soon transform a harem into a hell from which the would-be lord would flee for dear life. Not one of the possible pleasures of such an accumulation of the means of sensual enjoyments could be found there. Solomon was too wise even in his most abandoned moods to do such violence to every law of lust. The harem was not a prison for unwilling captives, to be obtained or retained by force, but a place with such attractions as to make it a desirable home as compared with the ordinary home-life of the women of Palestine at that time. We must not form our estimate of the lot of a second or a second-hundredth wife of that period by our views of polygamy to-day. Frequent and devastating wars made the disparity in numbers between males and females very great, and the honor of moth-

erhood removed from a multiplicity of wives—most of what now makes polygamy abhorrent.

The harem was replenished through the agency of procurers, whose business it was to travel through the country and induce handsome women to become inmates. Human nature is not so changed in these three thousand years that we need suppose that the methods of these procurers were essentially different from the methods of men and women of their class to-day. Possibly in no case was their purpose fully disclosed at the first. The hard lot of women, especially in the rural districts, made it easy then, as it is too easy now, for a plausible man or woman to persuade young women to exchange their country surroundings and hard work for the easier lot of an inmate of a king's palace. Once there, under whatever inducement, they were put into the hands of governesses, whose duty it was to gain their consent to yield to the lust of the king, either as a wife or concubine. Light domestic duties and luxurious living were combined until the consent was obtained; the king himself taking no prominent part in these preparatory proceedings, probably knowing nothing of the novitiate until her consent had been obtained to become his wife.

Our heroine was a rustic girl whose hard life was not most agreeable. In her earlier girlhood she had been detailed to the duty of guarding the family flock. This had brought her into the company of neighboring shepherds, among whom was a handsome young man, between whom and her there had grown a strong mutual attachment. She had two half-brothers who were displeased with this love-affair. Nothing else proving effectual, in order to break it off, they transferred their sister from the flocks to the vineyard, subjecting her to exposure to the hot sun and to the harder work of dressing the vines. While in rebellion against this oppression, she was visited by one or more of the procurers for Solomon's harem. It was not difficult, under the circumstances, to persuade her that in the palace of the king she would find better treatment and more satisfactory remuneration than she was receiving as a vinedresser. How long she had been in her new home when the story begins, need not matter; it had been long enough for those who had her in charge to venture to unfold to her the ultimate purpose for which she had been brought into the king's family.

The next most important person, the hero of the story, is the Shulammitic shepherd, the devoted lover of the brave young woman, who so persistently refused to abandon him, and to exchange his love for what was proposed to her as a wife of the lecherous king.

The next most important characters is a trio of middle-aged women, from among the wives of the king, the governesses to whose charge she had been

committed, who are called in the poem "Daughters of Jerusalem," or "Daughters of Zion." This young shepherdess was from the tribe of Issachar. Her home was far away. The country of her birth was fertile, and abounded in vineyards and flocks, but her people were humble, though thrifty; hence the splendor of the city-life, and especially of the king's palace, could but have a charm for them, which made them regard the woman who wore a part of these splendors as entitled to such distinction as is implied in those titles.

We may readily suppose that in ordinary cases the task of these women was not a difficult one. There was so little in the humdrum of domestic life in the country to satisfy the laudable aspirations of a spirited woman and so many attractions in the surroundings of the court that it must have been an easy task usually, under the loose notions of that period concerning the sacredness of marriage, to gain the consent of the newcomer to the conditions of her remaining; hence the stubborn and persistent resistance of this Shulammitic shepherdess was a surprise to them.

This is all beautifully set forth in the poem as well as is the honorable womanly course of the trio towards her when they comprehend her situation.

The progress of inauguration into this new life was a simple one. The new victim, who had been allured to the palace under the impression that she was to have some honorable and remunerative employment about the extensive establishment, was clothed in better raiment, and fed on better food, and regaled on more and better wine than she had been accustomed to, until her governesses had gained her consent to forever abandon her country home and the associations and lover of her childhood, for the pomp and splendors of a queen. The luxuriant appointments of the palace; its baths, its tables, and its wardrobes usually did the work; hence it is untenable to assume, as some do, that Solomon himself at any time addresses the maiden in words of adulation or entreaty, or addresses her at all.

Solomon himself plays but a passive and merely a coincidental part in the poem. He is made to be personally unconscious of what is going on in his own behalf in the palace. He appears in the distance in a royal pageant, but not in any sense for the purpose of settling the question under discussion by the women and the maiden, though the women readily seize upon the event to supplement their own arguments. He was carried in his splendid car of state, accompanied by one of his queens, and was greeted with loud plaudits. What effect this had upon the shepherdess appears in the poem.

The half-brothers of the shepherdess play a sorry part in the affair, both at the beginning and at the end-

ing, and the neighbors appear to congratulate the lovers on the successful issue of the struggle when they return to the scenes of their earlier courtship.

FABLES FROM THE NEW ÆSOP.

BY HUDOR GENONE.

Sports of the Gods.

A HUSBANDMAN, having pressed the juices out of a quintal of cherries, for the purpose of making cherry brandy, a liquor of great medicinal virtue and much esteemed in those parts, threw the refuse, the skins and pulp from which the juices had been extracted, and the pits, upon a heap of compost, which in the autumn, having been spread over the land to enrich it, the cherry seeds, almost countless in number, were scattered over the whole extent of a vast field.

The following spring the owner of the field came and ploughed, and turned the rich earth, and harrowed it, and prepared it for a crop of grain.

Now it happened that this season, owing perhaps to a too plentiful rainfall, was not propitious to the growth of the corn, much of which rotted in the ground and caused the balance which chanced to grow to spring up lank and fibrous, and going more to stalk than ear.

The farmer, much chagrined, was about to mow down the sparse grain to feed green to the cattle, but when he came, he and his laborers with their sickles, to the field, he perceived here and there, scattered in all directions, stout strong sprouts of green leafing out at their tops and giving signs of the most lusty life.

The husbandman, who was of a strictly pious turn, held this to be a sign of the favor with which he was regarded by Zeus, and therefore directed his laborers to leave the field. The young cherry sprouts from that time on had it all to themselves.

The following year the husbandman came again to his field to see how the gifts of Zeus prospered, when, because of the growth the year had given, he recognised in the mysterious sprouts only the common cherry. Then he became very angry, not, (as he ought,) at his own want of judgment and knowledge, but at Zeus, who, he swore, had only mocked him.

So angry was he that he would have cut down the saplings, but found that they had grown too well for that to be done easily. He therefore went away in his rage, vowing to pay no more oblations at the shrine of any god.

The years went on, and the sprouts, which had become saplings grew to trees. It might have been that twenty or so had passed when the husbandman, now an old man, came again to the field, which had become almost a forest. From tree to tree he went,

tasting the fruit, but so nauseous and bitter was the taste of each that, making a wry face, he exclaimed: "O, unlucky man that I am! what have I done to be so persecuted by Fate? The gods, not content with their first malice, must needs wait twenty years for another."

While he thus mused aloud and bewailed his misfortunes, in the midst of the foliage he heard the sound of mocking laughter, and, whilst his anger kindled, a voice, (which was the voice of the great Pan, although he knew it not,) saying: "Whom the gods will help they first chasten and then puzzle. Keep on tasting the fruit."

Now the husbandman, although he had given up offerings to the gods, was yet superstitious, and obeyed the voice,—because it was a mystery,—and went on tasting the fruit, and yet for a long time finding all bitter, till at last, coming to a tree remote from its mates, he perceived instantly how fine was its fruit, how black and big and glistening. This also tasting, he found so exceeding luscious that he at once cried out for joy and as though he had found a rich jewel.

When he was about to return to his house with some of the fruit, the voice was again heard.

"So," it said (seemingly coming forth from the very bole of the tree itself), "so you think you have solved the riddle."

"Surely," replied the husbandman valorously, for nothing maketh one bolder than a successful achievement, "surely, what more could be asked in way of answer? I sought, and I have found."

"Stop," said the voice sternly, "stop and listen, for I have something to tell thee perchance for thy profit. Answer me this: Which is the more important, earthly things or heavenly?"

"Heavenly things, surely," answered the man.

"And yet," continued the voice, "you are content to have solved the riddle though the solution gives you only a fine cherry. Is a cherry then in your eyes better than wisdom? And tell me, O vacillating and inconstant one that you are, why, many years ago, you deemed the cherry sprouts gifts of the gods? And why again the next year did you rail at the heavenly powers because you found the sprouts only young cherry trees? And why did you then forego all further worship and swear that Zeus had mocked you? And why, only now, did you curse your unlucky fortune and revile heaven and the gods, and say that, not content with their first malice, they waited twenty years for another? Tell me, why are you so frightened at one mystery, so enamored of another; so superstitious at one time without reason, so bold in self-conceit at another without cause? Tell me, O mortal, if you can, why are you mortal?"

But the man remained dumb. And the voice con-

tinued: "Know, O mortal, that thou art most highly favored to have gotten from the gods a rare fruit, but yet more highly that for thee now I will solve the riddle. As this tree, which was but one of many, produces a fruit which for size and flavor surpasses all others of its kind, so is it with man; for the race is bitter and little, and if perchance by dint of much care the wild man is bettered if he be left by himself for a season he returns forthwith to his savage nature. But the gods have willed that as now and then among trees a more excellent appears, so among mankind come great men as samples of the future race. Of this sort was Kungfutzu of Cathay, the Buddha of India, the Christos of whom thou hast heard much of late, and even thine own Socrates. Go home now and remember what things have been here revealed. Rail no longer at Fate, for the accidents of fortune are the deep designs of destiny, and high caprices of birth the sports of the gods."

AZAZEL AND SATAN.

The primitive stages of the Hebrew civilisation are not sufficiently known to describe the changes and phases which the Israelitic idea of the Godhead had to undergo before it reached the purity of the Yahveh conception. Yet the Israelites also must have had a demon not unlike the Egyptian Typhon. The custom of sacrificing a goat to Azazel, the demon of the desert, suggests that the Israelites had just emerged out of a dualism in which both principles were regarded as equal.

We read in Leviticus, xvi.:

"And Aaron shall cast lots upon the two goats; one for the Lord, and the other for Azazel. And Aaron shall bring the goat upon which the Lord's lot fell, and offer him for a sin-offering. But the goat on which the lot fell for Azazel, shall be presented alive before the Lord, to make atonement with him and to let him go to Azazel in the desert."

The name *Azazel* is derived from *asis*, which means strength; the god of war at Edessa is called *Asisos* ("Αἰσιος), the strong one. *Bal-asis* was the strong god, and *Rosh-asis*, the head of the strong one, is the name of a promontory on the Phœnician coast. *Azazel*, accordingly, means the Strength of God.

The mention of Azazel must be regarded as a last remnant of a prior dualism. Azazel, the god of the desert, ceased to be the strong god; he has become a mere shadow of his former power, for the scapegoat is no longer a sacrifice. Yahveh's goat alone is offered for a sin-offering. The scapegoat is only sent as a messenger to carry out into the desert the curse that rests on sin and to give information to Azazel that the sins of the people have been atoned for.

These sacrificial ceremonies, which, on account of their being parts of religious performances, could only

reluctantly be discarded, are vestiges of an older dualism still left in Hebrew literature.

* * *

It is evident from various passages that the Israelites believed in evil spirits dwelling in darkness and waste places. (See Lev., xvii., 7; Deut. xxx., 17; *ib.* xxxii., 17; Isaiah, xiii., 21; *ib.* xxxiv., 14; Jer., l., 39; Psalms, cvi., 37.) Their names are *Se'irim* (chimeras or goat-spirits), *Lilith* (the nightly one), *Shedim* (demons). But it is difficult to say whether they are to be regarded as the residuum of a lower religious stage preceding the period of the monotheistic Yahveh cult, or as witnesses to the existence of superstitions which certainly haunted the imagination of the uncultured not less in those days than they do now in this age of advanced civilisation.

Satan, the fiend (in the sense of Devil), is rarely mentioned in the Old Testament. The word Satan, which means "enemy" or "fiend," is freely used, but, as a proper name, signifying the Devil, appears only five times. And it is noteworthy that the same act is, in two parallel passages, attributed, in the older one to Yahveh, and in the younger one, to Satan.

We read in 2 Samuel, xxiv., 1:

"The anger of the Lord was kindled against Israel, and he moved David against them to say, Go, number Israel and Judah."

The same fact is mentioned in 1 Chron., xxi., 1:

"Satan stood up against Israel and provoked David to number Israel."

In all the older books of Hebrew literature, especially in the Pentateuch, Satan is not mentioned at all. All acts of punishment, revenge, and temptation are performed by Yahveh himself, or by his angel at his direct command. So the temptation of Abraham, the slaughter of the first-born in Egypt, the brimstone and fire rain upon Sodom and Gomorrah, the evil spirit which came upon Saul, the pestilence to punish David—all these things are expressly said to have come from God. Even the perverse spirit which made the Egyptians err (Isaiah, xix., 14), the lying spirit which was in the mouths of the prophets of Ahab (1 Kings, xxii., 21; see also 2 Chron., xviii., 20-22), ignorance (Isaiah, xxix., 10), jealousy and adultery (Numbers v., 14), are directly attributed to acts of God.

The prophet Zechariah speaks of Satan as an angel whose office is to accuse and to demand the punishment of the wicked. In the Book of Job, where the most poetical and grandest picture of the Evil One is found, Satan appears as a malicious servant of God, who enjoys performing the functions of a tempter, torturer, and avenger. He accuses unjustly, like a State's attorney who prosecutes from a mere habit of prosecution, and delights in convicting even the innocent, while God's justice and goodness are not called in question.

It is noteworthy that Satan, in the canonical books of the Old Testament, is an adversary of man, but not of God; he is a subject of God and his faithful servant.

The Jewish idea of Satan received some additional features from the attributes of the gods of surrounding nations. Nothing is more common in history than the change of the deities of hostile nations into demons of evil. In this way Beelzebub, the Phœnician god, became another name for Satan; and Hinnom (i. e. *Gehenna*), the place where Moloch had been worshipped, in the valley of Tophet, became the Hebrew word for hell.

Moloch (always used with the definite article in the form *Hammoloch*) means "the king." The idol of Moloch was made of brass, and its stomach was a furnace. According to the denunciations of the prophets (Isaiah lvii., 5; Ezekiel xvi., 20; Jeremiah xix., 5), children were placed in the monster's arms to be consumed by the heat of the idol. The cries of the victims were drowned by drums, from which ("toph," meaning drum) the place was called "Tophet." Even the king, Manasseh, long after David, made his son pass through the fire of Moloch (2 Kings, xxi., 6).

There is no reason to doubt the Biblical reports concerning Moloch, for Diodorus (20, 14) describes the cult of the national god at Carthage, whom he identifies with the Greek "Kronos," in the same way, so that in consideration of the fact that Carthage is a Phœnician colony, we have good reasons to believe this Kronos to be the same deity as the Ammonite Moloch, who was satiated by the same horrible sacrifices.

Josiah, waging a war against alien superstitions, defiled Tophet, which is the valley of the children of Hinnom (2 Kings, xxxiii., 10), that no man might make his son or daughter pass through the fire of Moloch.

Thus the very name of this foreign deity naturally and justly became among the Israelites the symbol of abomination and fiendish superstition.

Zarathustra still regards the contending powers of good and evil, in a certain sense, as equal; they are to him like two hostile empires of opposed tendencies. Accordingly, in comparison to Zarathustra's idea of Ahriman, the Jewish conception of Satan is more mythological, but less dualistic; less philosophical, but more monistic.

After the Babylonian captivity, Jewish thought naturally became tainted with and was strongly influenced by the civilisation of both their conquerors and liberators; and it has been maintained that the Biblical Satan is a Persian importation. But this is not correct, for we must bear in mind that the conception of a demon of evil among the Jews would, in all proba-

bility, have developed in a similar way to what it did, even without Persian influence. There are sufficient indications of a latent belief in evil beings among the Israelites, and of tendencies to personify the dark aspects of life; and considering the pristine worship of Azazel, we cannot say that the idea of a supreme originator of wickedness was absent in their religious notions.

There is a great family-likeness between Satan and Ahriman, more so than with the Babylonian Tiamat and the Egyptian Typhon. Both are called the serpent, and both appear as tempters, and there is not less resemblance between Yahveh and Ahura. Nevertheless, closely considered, Satan and Ahriman are different. To characterise briefly the difference, we might say that the Hebrew Satan of the Old Testament (as he appears in Zechariah and Job) is a personification of the guilty conscience. He is the accuser, threatening God's punishment for sin, and thus bringing upon mankind, according to God's decree, physical evil as a result of moral evil. In the Zendavesta, Ahriman (*Asi Dahaka*, the fiendish snake) appears as the principle of all evil, physical as well as moral.

PROF. C. H. CORNILL ON THE PROPHETS OF ISRAEL.

Two years ago Prof. V. Valentin, the president of the *Freie Deutsche Hochstift*, which is an institute at Frankfort on the Main, quite similar to the Lowell Institute at Boston, requested Prof. Carl Heinrich Cornill to give a series of lectures on the prophetism of Israel, on the basis of the maturest and latest researches of Old Testament criticism. Professor Cornill accepted the call and delivered his lectures from his notes, expecting to give nothing more than a *résumé* of the subject as it lived in his mind. But the interest of his audience was so great that the Professor was urged to write his lectures down and have them published—a request which he reluctantly granted. The lectures were published in pamphlet form by Trübner of Strassburg, and an English translation (in which the material was arranged more systematically than in the German original) appeared a few months later in the columns of *The Open Court*.

Professor Cornill's articles found much favor with many of our readers, who in private letters frequently expressed their satisfaction with both the intellectual depth and the noble spirit that animated their learned author. Several religious periodicals of this country reprinted some of them, with laudatory comments. And indeed the intrinsic worth of Professor Cornill's expository is so unquestionable that The Open Court Publishing Co. deemed it wise to republish them in book-form, and we can announce to our readers that Professor Cornill's book, *The Prophets of Israel*,¹ is now ready for the public.

Professor Cornill states in the preface that his lectures contain the results of the inquiries of Wellhausen, Kuenen, Duhm, Stade, Smend, and others, forgetful, in his native modesty, that he also is one of those who contributed his share to the solution of various problems. Moreover, the condensation of many learned books and the sifting of the material, too, is a work which requires skill, scholarship, and critical tact. But the most essential part

¹ *The Prophets of Israel*. Popular Sketches from Old Testament History. By Carl Heinrich Cornill, Professor of Old Testament History in the University of Königsberg. Frontispiece, Michael Angelo's Moses. Price, Cloth. \$1.00.

of the book is the attitude of the author, with whom the combination of a deeply religious sentiment with scientific accuracy seems to be so natural as to appear like a happy instinct.

In glancing over the pages of this little volume of scarcely 200 pages, into which so much knowledge has been condensed, we do not remember having seen a more popular and brilliant exposition of this chapter of the history of Israel. The lives and the conditions of the prophets of Israel are very little known, and yet they deserve the greatest attention. Professor Cornill speaks from the fulness of his knowledge, and his report is as if he himself had been among the ancient Israelites, as if he had moved among them and had seen the prophets face to face. They rise from the grave again, and we learn to understand their anxieties about Israel, their faith in the God of the fathers, their indignation at the fickleness of the people, and their enthusiasm for the great cause which they serve.

DR. THOMAS ON COLONEL INGERSOLL.

The Chicago Tribune publishes the following report of Dr. H. W. Thomas's sermon of last Sunday:

Before a large congregation at the People's Church, McVicker's Theater, yesterday morning, Dr. H. W. Thomas made a reply to Colonel Ingersoll's lecture on the "Foundation of Faith." Dr. Thomas used the same theme, but did not attack Colonel Ingersoll. In fact, there is a warm personal friendship between the preacher and the noted lecturer. Dr. Thomas carried out his theme in three lines, dwelling upon Ingersoll's attitude towards the literature of the Bible, his attitude as a moralist and as a patriot, and closing with a reply to the lecture on the foundation of faith. He said:

"The old view of inspiration, that all parts of the Bible are equally inspired and infallible, cannot be defended on literary grounds. It has gone down before the most conservative school of the higher criticism. And on moral grounds the doctrine of original sin, atonement, and endless punishment can no longer be justified before the higher, rational, and moral consciences of the present age. This is what Dr. Swazey meant when he said to me: 'The churches have made a place for Colonel Ingersoll.' It is what Dr. Drummond meant when he said: 'Orthodoxy is responsible for much of the infidelity there is in the world.'

"Colonel Ingersoll owes it to himself to do something more and better than he is doing. A man of his ability and love for mankind should not be content with simply tearing down. As a literary man he should be just to literature; he should not spend all his time pointing out the weak, the crude, the unfortunate things in the Bible; he should dwell upon its excellencies, its great and noble things as well. He should be just to the Bible. He should study it in the light of the ages, the forms of civilisation and social conditions under which its different books were written.

"As a moralist he should treat the evolution of moral ideas in the process of becoming the ideal, becoming the higher actual, and still the noble ideals rising up and leading on as the inspirations of a better future. It is no excuse that theologians have tortured the Bible, made it teach what it does not teach. The Bible should be judged by its own merits in the light of all the facts. In our age of slavery it tolerated slavery, but it sought to make lighter the bondage of the slave. In darker ages it tolerated the common custom of polygamy, but sought through all to elevate woman. Where in all literature is to be found a nobler tribute to wife and mother than the last chapter of Proverbs? Where is virtue so deeply centered and guarded as in the words of the Christ that condemns impure thought? Where in all the world is there such a tender and beautiful recognition of childhood as when Jesus took

little children in his arms and blessed them and said: 'Of such is the kingdom of Heaven?' But Colonel Ingersoll forgets all these things.

"Colonel Ingersoll is a patriot, loves his country, loves liberty, and surely he must know that however much the Bible may have been used in support of slavery and religious persecutions, still there is something in it that has given strength, confidence, and hope in the greatest struggles for the rights of man. The Pilgrims brought their Bible with them, and, if in their 'zeal for good without understanding,' they burned witches, still they had with all their narrowness the germs that grew at last into a great love of liberty that broke the chains of slavery.

"But the Bible is not the last foundation of faith; there is something deeper, something back of the Bible. Geology is in the earth; astronomy in the stars, and not in books about these sciences. The foundation of religion is in the spiritual nature and needs of man, and the answering fulness of the infinite reason, love, and life. Religion made the Bible, and not the Bible religion; and religion made the Church. The Bible and the Church are the creatures and expressions of this something deeper that lies back of them and breathes through them. They are the body of the soul that lives within.

"Creeds and confessions are not the foundation of faith; but the expression of a faith that already is, and hence as the life grows creeds and church forms should be permitted to grow with the life, and not become a limiting environment. The foundation of faith is not in books, but in the world beyond the books; in the reason and conscience of man as he faces the infinite. And when this truth is realised there will be less fear that faith will be lost in the growth and changes of a world."

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THE SONG OF SONGS.

BY THE REV. T. A. GOODWIN, D. D.

III. LOVERS THREE THOUSAND YEARS AGO.

The poem begins abruptly. The woman, her keepers, had just feasted her at the family table of the King's household. Wine had constituted a conspicuous part of the bill of fare, and the women had praised the luxuries which the King's family enjoyed, contrasting it with the simple fare of a vine-dresser among the hills of Issachar; assuring her that all this was at the service of a wife of the King. The purpose for which she had been enticed from her country home and from the shepherd youth whom she loved, was now for the first time broached to her. It was not to be a domestic in the King's palace, but to become one of his wives, already numbering sixty. At this she promptly rebelled. She would never consent to the lustful embraces of one whom she could not love, though he be a king, and informing the women she had a lover among the shepherds of Shulam she breaks out:

"Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth."

Then turning to the lover himself who in the dialogue is made to be opportunely present she says:

"For thy love is better than wine.
Thine ointments have a goodly fragrance,
Thy name is as ointment poured forth,
Therefore do maidens love thee.
Draw me after thee, let us run!
The King hath brought me into his harem,
We will greatly rejoice in thee,
We will esteem thy caress more than wine.
Rightly do the maidens love thee."

Addressing the women she continues:

"I am black but I am comely,
O, ye daughters of Jerusalem;
Like the tents of Kedar,
Like the pavilions of Solomon.
Despise me not because I am swarthy,
Because the sun hath scorched me,
My half-brothers were incensed against me,
They made me keeper of the vineyards,
Mine own vineyard I have not kept."

Again addressing the lover, she says:

"Tell me, thou whom my soul loveth,
Where thou feedest thy flock, where thou makest it to rest at noon,

For why should I be as a woman veiled,
Beside the flocks of thy companions?"

The answer of the women to this frantic outburst of love and fidelity is a compliment to the woman-heart that had survived all the blandishments of the royal household. It at once awakened recollections of earlier days when the voice and society of some rustic lover was all the world to them, but from whom they had been allured by the displays of ease and luxury in the King's palace, and whose love they had bartered away for the dubious honors and the unsatisfying pleasures of the King's court and the King's chamber. Moved to sympathy by her appeals to them and to her lover; and in their woman-hearts wishing she might escape the fate that had befallen themselves, they reply:

"If thou knowest not, O thou fairest among women!
Get thee again to the footsteps of thy flock,
And feed thy kids beside the shepherd's tent."

The shepherd now addresses his lover, returning the personal compliment she had so handsomely paid him:

"I have compared thee, O, my love!
To a steed in Pharaoh's chariots,
Thy cheeks are comely with plaits of hair,
Thy neck with strings of jewels."

The women, to neutralise the effect of this compliment to her beauty interpose, saying,

"We will make thee plaits of gold,
With studs of silver, if thou become a queen."

The shepherdess, addressing the women, pays her lover this beautiful compliment:

"While the King sat at his table,
My spikenard sent forth its fragrance.
But my beloved is unto me as a bundle of myrrh,
That lieth between my breasts;
My beloved is unto me as a cluster of camphire,
From the vineyards of Engedi."

The following playful interchange of compliments between the two lovers cannot be excelled in any love story, nor often in real life. It is both delicate and extravagant. He begins:

"Behold thou art fair, my love, behold thou art fair,
Thine eyes are as doves' eyes."

To this she replies:

"Behold thou art fair, my beloved, yea, very pleasant,
Also our couch is green."

In answer to this allusion to the place of their outdoor courtships he refers to the cedars and firs under which they sat :

"The beams of our house are cedars,
And our rafters are firs."

There is a spice of humor in her self-praise :

"I am a rose of Sharon,
A lily of the valley."

But he is equal to the occasion and turns her self-compliment to good account by accepting it with emphasis :

"As a lily among the thorns,
So is my beloved among the daughters."

Turning to the women the shepherdess continues to compliment her lover and avow her fidelity to him :

"As an apple-tree among the trees of the forest,
So is my beloved among the sons.
I sat under his shadow with great delight,
And his fruit was sweet to my taste.
He brought me to his wine-house,
And his banner over me was love.
Stay me with grapes, comfort me with apples,
For I am sick of love.
Only his left hand shall sustain my head,
And only his right hand shall embrace me.
I adjure you, O daughters of Jerusalem,
By the roes and by the hinds of the field,
That you stir not up nor awaken love,
Until it please."

This appeal to the women to not attempt to force love is both pathetic and philosophic. Love finds its own time and object without the intermeddling of others. The shepherdess continues abstractedly:

"The voice of my beloved ! behold he cometh,
Leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills,
My beloved is like a roe or a young hart.
Behold ! he standeth behind our wall,
He cometh in at the window,
He peepeth through the lattice.
My beloved spake and said unto me :
Rise up my love, my fair one, and come away,
For lo ! the winter is past,
The rain is over and gone ;
The flowers appear upon the earth,
The time of the singing of birds has come
And the voice of the turtle is heard in our land.
The fig-tree ripens her figs
And the vines are in blossom ;
They give forth their fragrance."

Turning to the shepherd again, she says :

"Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away,
O my dove ! thou art in the clefts of the rocks, in the covert of the steep place ;
Let me see thy face, let me hear thy voice,
For charming is thy voice and thy features are lovely.
Take us the foxes, the little foxes that ruin the vineyards,
For our vineyards are in blossom."

Turning to address the women, she continues :

"My beloved is mine and I am his,
He feedeth his flocks among the lilies
Until the day be cool and the shadows flee away."

Again addressing the shepherd, she says :

"Turn, my beloved, and be thou like a roe or a young hart
Upon the mountains of Bethel."

She relates a dream :

"By night, on my bed, I sought him whom my soul loveth,
I sought him but I found him not,
I said I will rise now and go about the city,
In the streets and in the broad ways,
I will seek him whom my soul loveth :
I sought him in my dream but I found him not.
The watchmen that go about the city found me ;
I said to them, saw ye him whom my soul loveth ?
I was but a little passed from them
When I found him whom my soul loveth ;
I caught him and would not let him go
Until he had brought me to my mother's house,
Into the chamber of her that gave me birth."

Again, turning to the women she charges them not to attempt to force love.

"I adjure you, O daughters of Jerusalem,
By the roes and the hinds of the field,
That ye stir not up nor awaken love
Until it please."

At this point a royal cortège is seen in the distance. It had no necessary connexion with the work of reconciling this pure country girl to the proposed new conditions, but it offered a new argument, as they supposed ; hence they called attention to it and especially to the fact that one of the queens was a partaker with the King of all its magnificence. As it was only one of the frequent parades of the King they sought to excite her womanly love of display by the assurance that a like honor awaited her if she would consent to become a queen also. One of the women calls attention to it by asking :

"Who is this that cometh up out of the wilderness like pillars of smoke ?
Perfumed with myrrh and frankincense,
With all the powders of the merchant ?"

A second woman :

"Behold it is the litter of Solomon ;
Three-score mighty men are about it,
Of the mighty men of Israel.
They all handle the sword and are expert in war,
Every man hath his sword on his thigh ;
Because of fear in the night."

The third woman takes it up :

"King Solomon made himself a car of state
Of the wood of Lebanon.
He made the posts thereof of silver,
The bottoms thereof of gold, the seat thereof of purple,
In the midst thereof sits a sparkling beauty
From the daughters of Jerusalem."

The shepherdess's answer to all this is one of the finest touches in the whole poem. Reduced to plain prose it is equivalent to saying : if such splendors have

attractions for you, you are welcome to them all, for they do not move me :

"Go forth, O daughters of Zion, and behold King Solomon
With the crown wherewith his mother crowned him in the day of
his espousals ;
And in the day of the gladness of his heart."

The following rhapsody of the shepherd lover has no rival in any language for hyperbole. Compared with it Shakespeare's most famous,

"But you, O you,
So perfect and so peerless are created
Of every creature's best,"

seems quite tame. It is such touches of nature that preserved this poem through those centuries of war and captivity and which ultimately gave it a place in the sacred literature of the restored Hebrews, and still later, a place among the sacred books of Christians ; and now, after three thousand years many a gray-headed sire will read it and recall the time in his own experience when, as far as he was able, he indited just such a sonnet to a pair of dove's eyes and scarlet lips, and a pretty neck with teeth and temples to match.

"Behold thou art fair, my love, behold thou art fair,
Thine eyes are as dove's eyes behind thy veil,
Thy hair is as a flock of goats
That lie along the side of Gilead ;
Thy teeth are like a flock of sheep newly shorn,
Which come up from the washing,
Whereof every one of them hath twins,
And not one of them is bereaved.
Thy lips are like a thread of scarlet
And thy mouth is comely ;
Thy cheek is like a side of a pomegranate
Behind thy veil.
Thy neck is like the tower of David, builded for an armory,
Wherein there hang a thousand bucklers
And all the shields of mighty men.
Thy two breasts are like two twin fawns of a roe
Which feed among the lilies."

The shepherdess, pretending with true womanly affectation to desire no more of such adulation, seeks to interrupt him by saying :

"Until the day be cool and the shadows lengthen,
I will get me to the mountain of myrrh
And to the hill of frankincense."

But he was not to be silenced. The interruption only intensified his speech. Beginning at the same beginning as before he becomes much more violent :

"Thou art fair my love,
And there is no spot in thee.
Come with me from Lebanon, my spouse,
With me from Lebanon.
Look upon me from the top of Amena,
From the top of Senir and Hermon,
From the depths of the lion's den,
From the mountains of leopards.
Thou hast ravished my heart, my sister, my spouse,
Thou hast ravished my heart with one glance of thine eyes,
With one of the ringlets that encircle thy neck.
How pleasant is thy love, my sister, my spouse ;

How much better is thine embrace than wine !
And the odor of thy perfumes than all manner of spices.
Thy lips, O my spouse, distil odors as the honey-comb,
Honey and milk are concealed under thy tongue,
And the fragrance of thy garments is like the fragrance of Lebanon,
A garden enclosed, is my sister, my spouse,
A spring shut up, a fountain sealed ;
A paradise, where the pomegranate blossoms, together with precious fruits,
Camphire with spikenard plants,
Spikenard and saffron,
Calamus and cinnamon with all manner of sweet-smelling plants,
Myrrh and aloes with all the chief spices.
Thou art a fountain of gardens,
A well of living waters,
And flowing streams from Lebanon.

Awake, O north wind and come thou south,
Blow upon my garden that the fragrance thereof may flow out !"

The shepherdess answers :

"Let my beloved come into his garden,
And eat his precious fruits."

The shepherd :

"I have come into my garden, my sister, my spouse,
I have gathered my myrrh and my spices,
I have eaten my honey-comb with my honey
I have drunk my wine with my milk.

Eat, O friends,
Drink, yea, drink abundantly."

The shepherdess, that she may the more impress her keepers, the women, that it was cruel to separate her from her devoted lover, relates another recent dream :

"I was asleep, but my heart was awake,
It was the voice of my beloved. As he knocked,
He said, open to me, my sister, my love, my dove, my perfect one ;
For my head is covered with dew,
My locks with the drops of the night.
To tease him I said, I have put off my coat, how shall I put it on ?
I have washed my feet, why should I soil them ?
At this my beloved withdrew his hand from the latch,
And my bosom quivered thereat.
I then rose up to open to my beloved,
And my hands dropped with myrrh,
And my fingers with liquid myrrh
Overflowed upon the handle of the lock.
When I opened to my beloved,
Behold my beloved had withdrawn himself, and was gone.
(When I spake to him I was bereft of reason.)
I sought him, but I could not find him ;
I called, but he gave me no answer ;
I dreamed the watchmen that go about the city found me,
They smote me, they wounded me,
And the keepers on the wall took away my veil :

I adjure you, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, if ye find my beloved,
That you tell him I am dying of love."

Again the enthusiasm of the young shepherdess aroused the sympathy of the women, who had not forgotten experiences in their own earlier lives not greatly unlike this, hence, instead of longer persisting in at-

tempts to persuade their ward to consent to become such as they were, they offer assistance to her, or, at least, they wish to know more about the young man she had left behind ; hence they ask :

"What is thy beloved more than another beloved,
O thou fairest among women ?
What is thy beloved more than another beloved,
That thou shouldst so adjure us ?"

This gave the shepherdess occasion to describe him as she viewed him, and, unless love was blind, he was worthy her love :

"My beloved is white and ruddy,
The fairest among ten thousand,
His head is as the most fine gold,
His locks are curling and black as a raven,
His eyes are as doves' eyes, reflecting in the water-brooks,
Washing in milk and sitting in full streams,
His cheeks are as a bed of balsam, as towers of perfumes,
His lips are as lilies, dropping liquid myrrh,
His hands are as rings of gold set with beryl,
His reins are as ivory work overlaid with sapphires,
His legs are as pillars of marble set on pedestals of gold,
His appearance is as Lebanon, beautiful as the cedars,
His mouth is most sweet, yea, his person is altogether lovely

Such is my beloved, such is my friend,
O daughters of Jerusalem."

This enthusiastic description of the absent lover only increased the interest which the women felt in their ward, and they wish to hear more about him hence they ask :

"Whither is thy beloved gone,
O thou fairest among women ?
Whither is thy beloved turned aside,
That we may seek him with thee ?"

The shepherdess :

"My beloved has gone down to his garden to the beds of balsam,
To feed his flocks in the garden and to gather lilies.
I am my beloved's and he is mine,
My beloved who feedeth his flocks among the lilies."

The shepherd again praises the beauty of his spouse, repeating, as would be natural, much that he had said before :

"Thou art beautiful, O my love, as Tirzah,
Charming as Jerusalem,
Terrible as an army in battle,
Turn away thine eyes from me,
For they have overcome me.
Thy hair is like a flock of goats
Lying along the side of Gilead.
Thy teeth are like a flock of sheep
Which have just been washed,
Whereof every one hath twins,
And none is bereaved among them,
Thy cheek is as a slice of pomegranate
Behind thy veil."

To show the great wrong there would be in pressing one so dear to him into a harem already crowded, he says :

"There are in the household of Solomon already three-score
queens, and four-score concubines,
And young maidens without number.
My dove, my perfect one, is but one ;
She is the only one of her mother ;
She is the choice one of her that gave her birth.
The young saw her and called her blessed,
The queens and the concubines saw her and they praised her saying :
Who is she that looketh forth like the morning
Fair as the moon,
Clear as the sun,
Terrible as an army in battle ?"

The shepherdess here narrates a reverie :

"In fancy I went down to the garden of nuts,
To see the green plants of the valley ;
To see whether the vine budded,
And the pomegranates were in flower.
Before I was aware, my desire set me
Among the chariots of my people."

The interest of the women in the absent lover was so aroused that they desire to see him, hence they say :

"Return, O Shulammitte shepherd,
Return, return, that we may see thee."

The shepherdess rebukes their idle curiosity by saying :

"Why wish ye to look upon the Shulammitte,
As upon the dance of angels at Mahanaim ?"

The scene of the following is in the ladies' toilette. The women, notwithstanding the sympathy they had expressed for the unwilling victim of their scheme, determined to make one more effort to overcome her objections. This time they resort to flattery by praising her personal beauty. She had just come from the bath and had put on only her slippers, when they began, hoping to so arouse her vanity that she would at once discard her country lover :

"How beautiful are thy feet in sandals, O prince's daughter !
Thy round thighs are like ornaments,
The work of the hand of a cunning workman.
Thy waist is like a round goblet,
Wherein aromatic wine is abundant.
Thy body is like a heap of wheat,
Encircled with lilies.
Thy two breasts are like two fawns
That are twins of a roe.
Thy neck is like a tower of ivory.
Thine eyes are like the pools of Heshbon by the gate of Bath-rabbim ;
Thy nose is like the side of the tower of Lebanon,
Which looketh towards Damascus ;
Thine head upon thee is like Carmel,
And the locks of thine head are like threads of purple ;
The King will be held captive in the tresses thereof.
How fair and how charming art thou,
O love, for delights !
Thy stature is like a palm-tree,
And thy breasts are like to clusters of grapes."

The shepherd interposes with his claim to all these charms :

" I said I will climb up into my palm-tree,
I will take hold of the branches thereof ;
Thy breasts shall be to me as clusters of grapes,
And the odor of thy breath like apples ;
And thy month as the best of wine,
That goeth down sweetly for my beloved,
Causing the lips of those that are asleep to speak."

The shepherdess answers the appeal of the women,
and she consents to the proposition of the lover, thus
settling the question by saying :

" I am my beloved's,
And his desire is towards me."

Thereupon the lover proposes that they leave the
palace and go forth :

" Come, my beloved, let us go forth into the fields,
Let us lodge in the villages,
Let us get up early and go to the vines,
Let us see whether the vine-stalks have budded,
And the tender grapes appear,
Whether the pomegranate be in flower ;
There will I give thee my caress.
The mandrakes give forth fragrance,
And at our gates are all manner of fruits, both new and old,
Which I have laid up for thee, O beloved !"

The shepherdess, feeling hampered by the conven-
tionalities of the times, which did not allow her to em-
brace her lover in public, yet tolerated the osculation
and caressing of a brother, replies :

" O that thou wert as my brother,
Who nursed at the breast of my mother,
So that when I should meet thee without I could embrace thee,
And none would despise me therefor !
I would lead thee and bring thee into my mother's house,
Where thou mightest instruct me,
And I would cause thee to drink of spiced wine,
Of the sweet wine of my pomegranates."

Turning to the women, she says :

" Only his left hand shall sustain my head,
And only his right hand shall embrace me.
I adjure you, O daughters of Jerusalem,
That ye stir not up nor awaken love, until it please."

The women at last consent to her leaving the pal-
ace in company with her shepherd lover, who escorted
her to the home of her mother. The neighbors seeing
them returning, ask :

" Who is this that cometh up from the wilderness,
Leaning upon her beloved ?"

Before reaching the house they stop a moment un-
der the apple-tree, which had often listened to their
mutual avowals of love. Once there, seated upon the
rustic seat they had so often occupied, he recalls other
meetings at that sacred spot, and says :

" Under this apple-tree I first aroused thy love."

Then, pointing to the house beyond the garden, he
says :

" In yonder house thy mother conceived thee,
There she was in travail and there she gave thee birth ;
Now set me as a seal upon thine heart, as a bracelet upon thine arm,

For love is strong as death ;
Jealousy is cruel as the grave,
Its flames are flames of fire,
Its arrows the fire of Jehovah.
Great waters cannot quench love,
And rivers cannot overwhelm it."

Then, delicately alluding to the late experience of
his faithful lover in resisting the blandishments of the
King's palace, he adds :

" If a man would offer all his substance for love
He would only reap confusion."

The two half-brothers now appear. They had lost
none of their opposition to this love-affair. At first
they had sought to break it off by taking their sister
from the care of the sheep, which afforded too many
opportunities for the lovers to meet each other, and
putting her to the harder work of dressing the family
vineyard. This failing, they had connived at, if they
had not suggested and promoted, the scheme of get-
ting her into Solomon's harem. For their sister to be
a wife of the King, though only one of many, was much
preferable, in their minds, to her being the wife of a
humble shepherd, even if some personal grudge against
their young neighbor had not something to do in the
case. But in this they were again baffled, and they
find her once more in the family home, more devoted
than ever to her rustic lover. Their last hope now is
to belittle their sister, and to postpone, if not to en-
tirely prevent, the marriage, by alleging that she was
too young, and by insinuating other and grave impedi-
ments. They derisively ask what shall be the wedding
presents in the case of a marriage, as well as insinuate
unfitness for wifehood. They say :

" We have a little sister,
And she hath no breasts ;
What shall we do for our sister
In the day when she shall be spoken for ?
If she be a wall,
We will build upon her a turret of silver ;
If she be a door,
We will inclose her with boards of cedar."

Her answer is both womanly and defiant. Recog-
nising that she is in no sense under obligations to them
for what she is, and what she hopes to be soon, the
bride of one who will be to her a wall of defence, she
says :

" I have been a wall,
And my breasts have been towers,
Hence I was in my lover's eyes as a woman that finds peace.

Solomon had a vineyard at Baal-hamon ;
He let out the vineyard to keepers,
Every one to bring, as rent, a thousand of silver.
My vineyard is in front of me.
Thou, O Solomon, may have the thousand,
And thy keepers may have two hundred."

The shepherd :

" Thou that dwellest in the gardens,

The companions are listening to thy voice,
Cause me to hear it."

The shepherdess :

"Make haste, my beloved,
And be thou like to a roe or a young hart
Upon the mountain of spices."

Ordinary love stories end in the marriage of the chief characters. This does not, but it is easy to see that such constancy on the part of each, under such inducements to unfaithfulness, can end no otherwise after reaching the point where the poem leaves them. Though when read as an allegory, this poem is utterly meaningless; yet when read as a love story in verse, no pure man or woman can rise from its reading without having been benefited. It touches at many points the experience of true lovers in all the ages, and hence its immortality.

Inevitably, a poem of so great antiquity, abounding in Orientalisms, must contain many historic, geographic, and social allusions, which it is difficult, if not impossible, to understand to-day. All parts of the old Hebrew Scriptures are in the same category. What if we cannot understand what was meant in its time by "the dance of angels at Mahanaim," or why it was interesting to be looked upon from the lion's den or the mountains of leopards? It is sheer folly to seek a meaning for these in allegory or parable. But, given the instinctive drawings of a virtuous youth and a virtuous maiden of congenial tastes, we have the key to this inimitable poem. Though therefore we may not understand all its allusions, when we read it as a poem intended to set forth a victory of faithful love in the form of a dialogue, which may easily be acted by amateurs, we are compelled to concede its right to a place in our sacred collection of the books which constitute our Bible. It can never cease to be of interest to all pure minds. No better lesson is taught in any Bible story, nor ever can be, while the maximum of human happiness is found only in households where true love reigns supreme; and not the least lesson it teaches is the unchanging elements of love—the same three thousand years ago as now.

THE APOCRYPHA OF THE OLD TESTAMENT.

There are a number of books written by Jewish authors in the first three centuries before Christ which have not received the same recognition as the canonical books; yet they are of great interest because they characterise the era of transition to the New Testament. They afford us an insight into the religious aspirations of the age immediately preceding the advent of Jesus.

In the apocryphal books of the Old Testament the conception of Satan grows more mythological and at

the same time more dualistic. He develops into an independent demon of evil, and now the adversary of man becomes the adversary of God himself.

In the story of Tobit (150 B. C.) an evil spirit of unquestionably Persian origin, called Asmodi, plays an important part. He tries to prevent Sarah's marriage, because he is in love with her himself. In the Talmud, Asmodi develops into the demon of lust.

The Book of Wisdom, the product of Alexandrian Judaism, in the second century before Christ, speaks of wisdom nearly as a Buddhist monk would speak of enlightenment. "Wickedness has blinded the eyes of the evil-doer" (ii., 21), and "whereas they lived in the great war of ignorance, those so great plagues called they peace" (xiv., 22). Chastity is recommended, and we read that "it is better to have no children and to have virtue." The material and the spiritual are represented as antagonistic:

"The corruptible body presseth down the soul, and the earthy tabernacle weigheth down the mind that museth upon many things."—ix., 15.

"Wickedness is wearying itself, leading through deserts." "Pride and riches profit nothing," and "the hope of the ungodly is like dust that is blown away with the wind." But "the righteous live forevermore, for the Lord will protect them":

"He shall put on righteousness as a breastplate, and true judgment instead of an helmet.

"He shall take holiness for an invincible shield.

"His severe wrath shall he sharpen for a sword, and the world shall fight with him against the unwise.—v., 18-20.

Buddhists call the troubles of the world the stream of Samsâra which must be crossed by him who would reach the shore of Nirvâna. The same allegory is used in the Wisdom of Solomon:

"Again, one preparing himself to sail, and about to pass through the raging waves, calleth upon a piece of wood more rotten than the vessel that carrieth him.

"For verily desire of gain devised that, and the workman built it by his skill.

"But thy providence, O Father, governeth it: for thou hast made a way in the sea, and a safe path in the waves;

"Shewing that thou canst save from all danger: yea, though a man went to sea without art.

"Nevertheless thou wouldest not that the works of thy wisdom should be idle, and therefore do men commit their lives to a small piece of wood, and passing the rough sea in a weak vessel are saved.

"For in the old time also, when the proud giants perished, the hope of the world governed by thy hand escaped in a weak vessel, and left to all ages a seed of generation.

"For blessed is the wood whereby righteousness cometh."—xiv., 1-7.

As Buddhists are saved by enlightenment, so the author of the Wisdom of Solomon seeks salvation in wisdom, saying, "by means of her I shall obtain immortality" (viii., 13). He praises wisdom in terms that anticipate partly the Logos-idea of the New-Pla-

tonists, and partly the Christian doctrine of the Holy Ghost. He says :

"Wisdom, which is the worker of all things, taught me : for in her is an understanding spirit, holy, one only, manifold, subtil, lively, clear, undefiled, plain, not subject to hurt, loving the thing that is good, quick, which cannot be letted, ready to do good,

"Kind to man, stedfast, sure, free from care, having all power, overseeing all things, and going through all understanding, pure, and most subtil, spirits.

"For wisdom is more moving than any motion : she passeth and goeth through all things by reason of her pureness.

"For she is the breath of the power of God, and a pure influence flowing from the glory of the Almighty: therefore can no defiled thing fall into her.

"For she is the brightness of the everlasting light, the unspotted mirror of the power of God, and the image of his goodness.

"And being but one, she can do all things : and remaining in herself, she maketh all things new : and in all ages entering into holy souls, she maketh them friends of God, and prophets.

"For God loveth none but him that dwelleth with wisdom."—vii., 22-28.

Wisdom, the Greek *σοφία*, is feminine, and thus our author speaks of Wisdom as a woman whom he loved and desired to make his spouse. Yea, she is the spouse of God. He says :

"In that she is conversant with God, she magnifieth her nobility : yea, the Lord of all things himself loved her.

"For she is privy to the mysteries of the knowledge of God, and a lover of his works."—viii., 3-4.

As to the origin of evil, the Wisdom of Solomon speaks of the Devil as having through envy introduced evil into the world. We read :

"God created man to be immortal, and made him to be an image of his own eternity; nevertheless, through envy of the Devil came death into the world, and they that do hold of his side do find it."

Another interesting work of an apocryphal author is ascribed to the patriarch Enoch.

God's plan of the world's history is, in the Book of Enoch, explained in allegorical form. The Israelites are compared to a flock of sheep to whom a great sword is given to wage war against the animals of the field. The sealed book of guilt shall be opened, and judgment will be pronounced over the stars and the seventy shepherds (the chiefs of the Gentiles); they are condemned and together with the blind sheep (the apostate Jews) thrown into the fiery pit. But from the midst of the sheep rises a white bull (the Messiah) with great horns, whom the animals of the field will fear; and all the races of the earth will become like the white bull. Then a new heaven will be in the place of the old heaven, and thus the goal of life is reached.

While Enoch's demonology smacks of the religious myths of the Gentiles, his ideas of a Messiah are strongly spiritualised. We read of the Messiah, commonly designated "the son of the woman," sometimes

"the son of man," and once "the son of God," that he existed from the beginning :

"Ere the sun and the signs [in the zodiac] were made, ere the stars of the heavens were created, his name was pronounced before the Lord of the spirits. Before the creation of the world he was chosen and hidden before Him [God], and before Him he will be from eternity to eternity."

It is a pity that we do not possess the original, but only an Ethiopian version of the Book of Enoch, which has been translated into German by Dillmann, for it is of great interest to the historian. It apparently embodies two heterogeneous views: one Judaistic, the other one gnostic; and it is probable that the original Book of Enoch, written by a Jew of the Pharisee party, found an Essene interpolator who superadded the spiritualistic ideas of his sect. The hypotheses of a Christian interpolation is not very probable, because a Christian would naturally have introduced some positive and definite features of Christ's life, such as it was represented in the early Church, the more so as the gnostic interpolations of the book are very pronounced and even in translations easily recognised. We read, e. g. (in xlii., 2):

"Wisdom came to live among men and found no dwelling-place. Then she returned home and took her seat among the angels."

The salvation of mankind is not expected from the death of the Messiah, but through the revelation of the divine gnosis :

Enoch proclaims that—

"All the secrets of wisdom will flow from the thoughts of his mouth, for the Lord of the spirits has given wisdom unto him and has glorified him. In him liveth the spirit of wisdom, and the spirit of Him who giveth comprehension, and the spirit of the doctrine and of the power, and the spirit of all those who are justified and are now sleeping. And He will judge all hidden things, and no one will speak trifling words before Him, for He is chosen before the Lord of the spirits. He is powerful in all secrets of justification, and injustice has no place before Him."

While the spiritualistic views in the Book of Enoch, especially the supernatural personality of the Messiah, are not peculiarly Christian, but Essenic or gnostic, standing in contradiction to the idea that the Messiah would become flesh and live among men as a real man, we must recognise the fact that the gnostic interpolations, or at least one passage must have been written in the year 79 A. D., or shortly after, as it appears to refer to the eruption of Vesuvius and the formation of the hot springs at Bajæ, while other passages relating to the enemies of the Jews ignore the Romans so completely that they must have been written at a much earlier date.¹

Very valuable books among the Apocrypha are the book of Daniel and the two books of Esdras; yet even here the noblest thoughts are mixed with Judaistic

¹Ewald assigns one part of the book to the year 144 B. C. and the other two to several years later, about 136-106.

chauvinism and bitter hatred of the gentile nations. In these books the idea of a bodily resurrection of the dead from their graves is, for the first time in Jewish literature, pronounced with great vigor. We read in the book of Daniel:

"Many of those who sleep in the dust of the earth will awaken again, some to eternal life, the others to shame, to an eternal abomination. But the wise will shine like the radiance of heaven, and those who have lead many to righteousness like the stars for ever and aye."—Daniel, xii., 2-3.

And Esdras says:

"In the grave the chambers of souls are like the womb of a woman:

"For like as a woman that travaileth maketh haste to escape the necessity of the travail: even so do these places haste to deliver those things that are committed unto them."—2 Esdras, iv., 41-42.

The expressions, "the son of man" and "the son of God," now become current terms in literature. The enemies of the Jews are at present triumphant, but they are doomed to perish in the near future. The present is characterised as a period of trial, in which many Israelites will abandon the cause of God, but a remnant will remain, for again and again are we assured that the world has been made for the sake of Israel, and the other nations are like unto spittle. (2 Esdras, vi., 56.)

The end of this world draws near. Esdras says:

"The world hath lost his youth, and the times begin to wax old."—2 Esdras, xiv., 10.

Great tribulation prevails and greater still is to come upon the world, but "evil shall be put out and deceit shall be quenched." (2 Esdras, vi., 27.)

Better times will come and the earth shall be given to the people of God for whom the world was created. That which is mortal will be done away with, and the life of the chosen people will be purely spiritual.

Esdras sees in a vision a great people praising God in song upon Mount Zion, and one young man in the midst of them of high stature, taller than the rest, setting crowns upon their heads. Esdras asked the angel that stood by him:

"Sir, what are these?"

"He answered and said unto me, These be they that have put off the mortal clothing, and put on the immortal, and have confessed the name of God: now are they crowned, and receive palms.

"Then said I unto the angel, What young person is it that crowneth them, and giveth them palms in their hands?"

"So he answered and said unto me, It is the Son of God, whom they have confessed in the world."—2 Esdras, ii., 44-47.

Esdras proclaims even the name of the Messiah. He informs us that the Lord said to him (2 Esdras, vii., 28):

"My son Jesus shall be revealed with those that be with him, and they that remain shall rejoice within four hundred years."

In addition to a definite fixation of the name and personality of the Saviour so eagerly longed for, we find in the Book of Esdras and other apocrypha many most beautiful gems of thought, which partly remind us of Christian ways of thinking and partly directly anticipate their phraseology. Thus we read:

"For the empty are empty things, and for the full are the full things.—2 Esdras, vii., 25.

"The most High hath made this world for many, but the world to come for few.—2 Esdras, viii., 1.

"There be many created, but few shall be saved.—2 Esdras, viii., 3.

"Notwithstanding the law perisheth not, but remaineth in his force.—2 Esdras, ix., 37.

"Forgive thy neighbour the hurt that he hath done unto thee, so shall thy sins also be forgiven when thou prayest."—Eccl., xxviii., 2.

Esdras mentions two abysmal beings, Enoch and Leviathan, but they do not take any part in the production of evil. He might as well have omitted to mention them. In the name of God, an angel explains to him the origin of evil as follows:

"A city is builded, and set upon a broad field, and is full of all good things:

"The entrance thereof is narrow, and is set in a dangerous place to fall, like as if there were a fire on the right hand, and on the left a deep water:

"And one only path between them both, even between the fire and the water, so small that there could but one man go there at once.

"If this city now were given unto a man for an inheritance, if he never shall pass the danger set before it, how shall he receive this inheritance?"

"And I said, It is so, Lord. Then said he unto me, Even so also is Israel's portion.

"Because for their sakes I made the world: and when Adam transgressed my statutes, then was decreed that now is done.

"Then were the entrances of this world made narrow, full of sorrow and travail: they are but few and evil, full of perils, and very painful.

"For the entrances of the elder world were wide and sure, and brought immortal fruit.

"If then they that live labour not to enter these strait and vain things, they can never receive those that are laid up for them."—2 Esdras, vii., 6-14.

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THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

BY F. M. HOLLAND.

MANY years ago, when it was proposed to rectify the boundary between Indiana and Michigan, it was reported that a woman, who lived close to the line in the former State, was much alarmed at the prospect that her home might be annexed to the latter. It was all she could do, she said, to stand the cold in Indiana; and she knew she should freeze to death in Michigan, where the winters were dreadful. People are not much wiser to-day, in talking about the necessary collapse of literature and morality, because we are at the end of a century, and the certainty that the next one will bring the millennium. But if this generation is worse than its predecessors, there must be causes at work, which will make the twentieth century worse still; and if that century is to be better than this one, it may reasonably be supposed that the upward tendency has already made itself felt. It must also be remembered that the division between century and century is as artificial as that between Michigan and Indiana. To know what kind of men and women are going to take the lead in giving form and character to the twentieth century, we have only to look around us. If the calculations of Chrysostom, Hailes, Keppler, Blair, and other eminent chronologists are correct, we have already entered upon the twentieth century without knowing it. There will probably be about as little difference between the first years of the new century and the last years of the old one, as between the trees on opposite sides of a town line.

The man, who predicts that the twentieth century will accomplish every change for which he wishes individually, may turn out a false prophet. We differ irreconcilably in our expectations; and most of us would find the future fail to realise all our hopes. For our race, however, there will be little disappointment. There are some desires which are so generally felt, and which have been so much better gratified in this century than ever before, that they are sure to find more complete satisfaction in the future than in the past. Physical comfort, for instance, has always been desired strongly; and people are now less hindered from seeking it than they were formerly, either by superstitious scruples or by fears of danger and expense.

Herbert Spencer has shown that pleasure is health; and competition among merchants, inventors, and manufacturers has made it easy for the masses to enjoy countless comforts which were unattainable, two hundred years ago, except by the favored few. It is needless to state the particulars in which the average man is better fed, clothed, lodged, amused, doctored, and protected against ill usage than any of his ancestors were. It would be equally unnecessary to dilate upon such facts as that much more is known about science than ever before, and that the value of knowledge is now recognised universally. We delight in building universities, public libraries, and common schools, as our forefathers did in building cathedrals and monasteries. And there is still a third particular in which the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries have differed from all their predecessors. They have been democratic. The right of the people to govern themselves was nowhere established on any large scale before our own revolution. What were called republics were really aristocracies. Even our own government was not so completely democratic a hundred years ago as at present. Denial of the negro's rights put those of the white laborer in such jeopardy as can never return. The principle that all just government requires the consent of the governed was much more limited, even after the abolition of slavery, by prejudices on account of sex than is now the case. During this century, democracy has become more consistent than ever before. It has quietly taken the place of aristocracy in Great Britain; and it has made itself permanent in France by regaining the popularity which was lost there nearly a hundred years ago. Local self-government is coming into existence in India. The next century seems likely to be even more democratic than this. The future will bring greater comfort, knowledge, and freedom.

It is hard to tell which will be the next nation to become a democracy, and whether this change will take place as peaceably as in England, or as violently as in France. More than one sovereign may have to choose between meeting the inevitable revolution like Victoria, or like Louis XVI. The most certain feature of the progress of liberty will be the extension, in this country, France, and Great Britain, of the methods

already in use for enabling the majority to state its commands. I mean the Australian ballot, the Myers machine for registering every vote as it is cast, and the laws to prevent corrupt practices at elections. The legislators may also be expected to take more notice than hitherto of these two facts: The majority has no right to hold more than its fair share of power: the stability of republican institutions requires that the population of every one of our cities become so capable of self-government, as not to need to be governed by a State Legislature or by Congress. It is hard to say how this is to be done, but it certainly will be done, for our people will not suffer the republic to perish. Already we know how to establish Milton's definition of freedom, namely "the civil rights and advancements of every person according to his merit"; and it will not be long before most of our voters find out why a professional politician hates compulsory examination for office. We must not be too sanguine. It may be more than a hundred years before either the English or the Americans become so conscious of the holiness of freedom as to allow her temple to remain open on Sunday. It may be long before either France or America accept Britannia's proof that industry prospers best when least interfered with, and that whenever government tries to "protect" a nation's weakest industries, it injures her most strong and valuable ones. Individual liberty is not likely to be smothered by the growth of popular sovereignty, for neither can exist long without some aid from the other; but more than one century may pass away before the full and final reconciliation of their claims.

All this must seem tame to the admirers of such prophets as Charles H. Pearson and Henry Lazarus. The former predicts that the nations which have hitherto ruled are to be superseded by the Chinese, Hindus, and South Americans. The latter's prognostication of "The English Revolution of the Twentieth Century," is to be fulfilled on St. Valentine's day, when the Salvation Army is to establish socialism, and the king will find himself unable to retain his throne, except on condition of promising to carry out two most sorely needed reforms, namely, the disuse of jewelry, and the abolition of low-necked dress. The Chinese army has already lost its terrors; and socialism is certainly not so strong in France as in 1848, when all citizens were promised work by the State, or as it was in the United States in 1843, when it was taught by most of the popular authors, and practised by some twenty hopeful but short-lived communities. The schemes, which were too visionary to retain their hold on the transcendentalism of the nineteenth century, are likely to win even less favor in that reign of science which will characterise the twentieth. One thing at least may safely be predicted of the socialists. They

will never revolutionise North America. So long as they remain a minority,—and they are a very small one at present,—their revolt would be their own destruction. If they ever become the majority, they will be able to get all they want without a revolution.

There can be little danger of socialism, while people value comforts which are the fruit of competition. It is certain that those things which already keep life healthy and pleasant will come into more and more general use among the poor. It is probable that the inventions and discoveries of the nineteenth century will soon be surpassed. All our visions of flying machines, pleasure carriages and skiffs driven by electricity, refrigerators for keeping our houses cool in the hottest summer, and cures of all diseases may fail to do justice to the achievements of the coming century. The tyranny of fashion may be checked by such practical considerations as are already forcing rich women to follow the example of the poor, and mount the wheel. All doubt whether life is worth living may soon be out of date.

There are higher needs than those of the body; but we have already seen that science is likely to have more influence in the future than ever in the past. Intolerance, superstition, and doubt will disappear, as knowledge spreads. Who can say how many nations will be set free from darkness in the twentieth century, as Japan has been in the nineteenth? It would be presumption to try to predict precisely what science is about to announce. We may have to wait even longer for another Darwin than we have done for a second Newton. The next century may do little besides furnish corroborations and applications of its predecessor's discoveries. We can be sure that it will make scientific methods of thought not only more common than ever before, but more consistent and enduring. The men of the twentieth century may know as little as we about the problems of deity and immortality; but they will be better satisfied with what little light science can give.

And what about religion? Shall we say that as she is weaker now than she was in the last century, and much weaker than in the sixteenth, she will be weaker still in the twentieth? Lucretius, Cicero, and Horace thought so; but the next century brought Christianity. Never was irreligion growing more rapidly than just before the Reformation. These outbursts of pious feeling are perfectly natural; and it is possible that the next generation may be irresistibly attracted towards the ancient shrines, or else to new forms of transcendental and scientific faith. It is also possible that emotion and aspiration may be fed so abundantly, and conscience guided so safely, by the literature and art of the future, as to make new religions superfluous, and defeat any attempt to drag forth

the church from her quiet place of honor in the background of the busy scene of life. The influence of our great poets is likely to become mightier than ever; but how much longer must the world wait for a new star? There will be no other Homer, or Dante, or Shakespeare, though there may be other Bacons. Future generations will probably find most of their inspiration and guidance in their novels; and the standard of popular fiction may reasonably be expected to rise during the next century, as it has done steadily in this. Music, painting, sculpture, and architecture will have the benefit of more thorough training than before, as well as of more liberal patronage; and the results will be grand accordingly.

As I try to state the sum of these predictions, I am surprised to find it amount to a prophecy, which may be all the more true because I had no intention of making it. The coming century was foreshadowed by the Chicago Exposition, though not so accurately as if France and England had been more prominent among the nations, while romance had found a more refined embodiment than the Midway Plaisance.

THE IRRELIGION OF THE FUTURE.

BY ELLIS THURTELL.

L'Irreligion de l'Avenir is the bold title of the best known work of the lamented Marie Jean Guyau. It was published in 1887, the year preceding that in which its brilliant author died—at an age, thirty-four, when anything like a first-rate philosophic reputation is rarely won. It is described as an *Etude Sociologique*; while the first headline to the first contents table of the book is *Fond Sociologique de la Religion*. The table concludes with *valeur et utilité provisoire des religions; leur insuffisance finale*. These words in fact give Guyau's own summing up of the whole matter. And the introduction above which they stand presents us with an admirably lucid and condensed account of his case against the various religions of the future with which we are so freely threatened. It would seem well worthy of a careful scrutiny.

Many, says Guyau, are the definitions of religion with which we meet. Some are conceived from the physical, some from the metaphysical, some from the moral standpoint mainly, some from a blending among these; none from the social side. And yet, if we look into it, we shall find that the idea of a social bond between man and superior powers is the very feature in which the unity of all religious conceptions actually consists. Man becomes truly religious only when to human society he adds in thought another society, more powerful and more elevated—one, moreover, with which he can hold communication to the advantage of his mind, body, and estate.

“La religion,” Guyau insists, “est un sociomor-

phisme universel.” It has been historically a physical, metaphysical, and moral explanation of all things that are, under an imaginative and symbolic form, and by analogy with the human society we know. “Elle est en deux mots une explication sociologique universelle à forme mythique.”

Guyau himself holds that the most important attempts in recent times to define the proper meaning are those of Schleiermacher, Feuerbach, and Strauss. According to Schleiermacher the essence of religion consists in our sentiment of absolute *dependence* upon powers whom we have named divinities. According to Feuerbach the essence of religion is *desire*—to attain good and avoid evil. According to Strauss we must superimpose these two conceptions. The religious sentiment is no doubt in its origin that of *dependence*, but this feeling of dependence, in order to give rise to a religion in the completest sense, must provoke a psychical reaction upon our side. This reaction is the *desire* of deliverance from evil and endowment with all good.

Of these accounts that of Strauss is the one which Guyau considers as more nearly approaching a satisfactory and final solution of the problem than any hitherto proposed. This, then, is the true inwardness of religion—desire of deliverance and endowment at the hands of divinity, approached through propitiatory rites and prayers. Let us now see what, historically speaking, are found to be the distinctive and essential elements in the various religions known to us.

These are, according to Guyau, three in number. First, there is the *mythical* and non-scientific explanation of natural phenomena, as in miracles, incarnations and revelations. Secondly, there is a system of *dogmas* imposed upon faith as absolute verities, even though not susceptible of philosophic justification or scientific proof. Thirdly, there is a system of *rites and ceremonies*, regarded as having a propitious influence over the ordering of events.

A religion without *myth*, without *dogma*, without *ritual*, though often vaunted as a modern advance on ancient superstition, is, in Guyau's opinion, but a bastard thing, bound sooner or later to be absorbed in metaphysic. It is in fact philosophy, and no religion.

But we have not yet reached the limit of Guyau's penetrating, profound, and fearless criticism of religion's quintessential being. Not only do the three elements just named form the features which distinguish religion from metaphysic, and therefore from philosophy, of which metaphysic is a part, but more; these very elements, necessary to religion as they are, also are doomed to eventual annihilation. And therefore religion itself, depending absolutely on them,

as we must say it does, will also die. Guyau indeed, with striking iconoclastic scorn, insists, "in this sense then we reject the *religion of the future*, as we should reject the *alchemy of the future*, or the *astrology of the future*."

So that the full meaning of our author's startling title, "The Irreligion of the Future," stands now quite revealed. It conveys his carefully reasoned out, and firmly fixed assurance that the wrongly called "religion" of the *naturalist*, which is the child of the rightly called religion of the *supernaturalist*, will become the parent of a non-religious metaphysic or *irreligion* in the future. As to *morality*, though he discusses the question in the body of his work, here in the summarising introduction Guyau scarcely mentions it, so obviously separate to him is ethical theory and practice from metaphysical principle or religious creed. Did he not three years before the publication of the fine book now under our consideration write his *Esquisse d'une morale sans obligation, ni sanction*?

In emphasising his rejection of all religions of the future our author does not forget to guard himself against possible unfair and intemperate attacks from would-be religion-founders, whether in the realm of science, morals, or metaphysics. He explains that by his *irreligion* or *a-religion* he of course does not imply any superficial or paradoxical contempt for the ethical or metaphysical basis of old creeds. What he does imply is simply the rejection "of all dogma, of all traditional and supernatural authority, of all revelation, of all miracles, of all myth, of all rite erected into duty." The irreligion of the future, he deliberately asserts, will preserve not a little of the sentiment that has been associated with the religions of the past. There are at any rate two grand sources of such sentiment that no philosophy worthy of the name will ever be able to ignore. The one is what has been called cosmic emotion or cosmic awe; the other is the pursuit of an ideal lying beyond the limits of reality, and being not only more than individual, but also, in its rarest and highest manifestations, more than social,—being even in a certain sense of cosmic character.

The really original and audacious nature of Guyau's contention consists in the definiteness and decision with which he denies that these sentiments have any claim to the much fought-for title of "religious." He declares—and as it seems to the present writer with irresistible force—that it is only by an abuse of language that metaphysical and ethical speculations upon the Unknowable, the Infinite, the Unconscious can be described as peculiar and essential elements of "religion." And hereby Herbert Spencer, Max Müller, Renan, Hartmann (to mention no lesser names) stand all alike condemned of imperfect philosophical

analysis, and of confusion between the permanent lineaments of metaphysic and morals, and to perishable—nay perishing—features of religion.

The present-day application of this learnedly illustrated and completely worked-out principle of Guyau's is wide-spread and perspicuous enough. His principle assuredly makes a clean and uncompromising sweep of all the various brand-new and ambitious competitors with Christianity for the title of "Religion of the Future." It takes Comte's Religion of Humanity, and shows that the word "religion" in this sense is no better than a misleading metaphor. It takes Herbert Spencer's doctrine that religion and science can be "reconciled" through their conjoint recognition of an incomprehensible mystery, and shows that Herbert Spencer should have substituted *metaphysic* for religion in order to give his reconciliation scheme any permanent value to a later generation's more critical and accurate eye. It takes Hartmann's own particular *Religion de l'Avenir*—a curious synthesis of philosophical Buddhism with non-miraculous Christianity, upon a purely pantheistic basis—and points out that Hartmann has only succeeded in making a monstrosity.

In the same fiery crucible of criticism Guyau places the spurious "religions" of Transcendentalism, of Cosmism, of Ethicism, of Secularism, of Socialism, and, as *religions*, they inevitably melt. Let us now add to these the closely similar "Religion of Science" about which Dr. Carus says so much. And what see we, carefully regarding the result? Well, do we not plainly see it, as *religion*, when submitted to Guyau's powerfully disintegrating tests, pass simply into the formless fluidity to which all the other misnamed "natural religions" have been reduced? Unquestionably, as I think, we do.

No attempt can be made here to do justice to the singularly thorough thrashing-out of the whole question as to the rationality of religion which Guyau has given us in the remarkable volume under notice. It may very well be doubted whether there exists in English any treatise on comparative religion that can at all compare with this volume for comprehensive scope, masterful grasp, and independently constructive issue as result. That result can be gathered without doubt or difficulty by any one who reads and digests the Introduction to *L'Irreligion de l'Avenir*. While in the third and last division of the book (whose headline gives the title to the whole) it is set out at length with most able and ample discussion of its bearings on urgent and up-to-date questions of religion or philosophy.

Guyau sees quite clearly that there is one sense only in which the word religion can be rightly used, and that this sense is *psychic intercourse with God*.

In true religion, therefore, unqualified assent to two propositions is absolutely needful. One is the *existence of God*. The other is *our capacity for communion with Him*. The first is a proposition of metaphysic merely. The second includes the first, and carries over metaphysic into the region of religion. A *theological* (as contrasted with an *atheological*) metaphysic may thus exist without religion. And it is this theological metaphysic which has so frequently and confusedly usurped the more popular title of religion in the various ethical, scientific, and philosophical pseudo-religions of the day.

Guyau accordingly rejects outright, as only unsubstantial wraiths of departed or departing supernatural creeds, all the varied forms of what is so indiscriminately miscalled natural religion. He insists that the whole of what is really rational in them—apart from their ethics, their science, or their sociology—is not religious in the least, but merely metaphysical.

We now know exactly where we are. In default of supernatural religion it is natural metaphysic only that is left to us. The particular form of metaphysical naturalism which Guyau personally advocates is that which is nowadays so greatly gaining ground under the name of *Monism*. This monism of Guyau's would appear not largely to differ from that which Professor Haeckel advocates, with the proviso that the unfortunate term *mechanical* is left out, and that there is nothing which is ever to be called religion in it. M. Guyau's theory may be in fact considered as a more advanced and satisfactory stage in the development of Monism than has yet been brought to light. It certainly clears our philosophic atmosphere of many reactionary and obscurantist elements. And it does so, not by any stealing of theologians' thunder, but by vigorously wielding the all-shattering leven-bolts which steady, profound, and courageous contemplation of man and nature has revealed to view.

FABLES FROM THE NEW ÆSOP.

BY HUDOR GENONE.

Parasus's Predicament.

ONE of the smaller communities in the Peloponnese found itself in a very serious dilemma. There was none to take the office of magistrate. One after another of the more eminent citizens was appealed to, but one after another declined. They did not give as a reason for their declination either other duties, cares of business or family, or want of needful learning; but all united in saying that they declined because the populace was fickle and unreasonable, and as they had theretofore stood well in the estimation of their neighbors, they did not care to risk adverse criticism of what judgments they might render.

Parasus was a member of this community, a good companion and much esteemed for his wit. He was of so jovial a disposition that none ever laid it to his charge that he was jealous at not being preferred to the office, when he laughed and made sport of these reasons. They continued seeking one who should be magister, and rather enjoyed Parasus's humor and sarcasms.

But after a time the people became nettled that Parasus seemed to be so amused.

"Could you," said they to him, "could you, in the position of magistrate, render judgments so adroitly and yet so justly as to excite no animosity of the worsted party?"

"Could I?" said Parasus scornfully, "could I do that which all my life I have done? What more easy? You, neighbors and friends, know me well. Where are my enemies? If any there be to say I ever affronted him, let him now speak."

The people cheered, for they knew Parasus spoke the truth. Then one proposed that he should be allowed to try his genial and accommodating nature on the judicial bench, and at this the people shouted more lustily still, and forthwith they installed him,—surprised at the turn things had taken, but not unwilling,—with the ermine of office.

To give him due credit, Parasus did not lack qualifications. He was sufficiently learned, patient and painstaking, and, as between litigants, did certainly contrive to dispense justice so evenhandedly that the worsted went away from court chagrined, to be sure, and dissatisfied with this judgment, but cherishing no ill feeling towards the judge.

But the populace, the very ones to whose loud acclaims he owed his elevation, the very neighbors with whom he had always been a hail and well-met fellow, with them it had now become another matter.

They were all on hand at each day's dikastery and felt free after each decision to give their views. When Parasus was especially suave and polite, they said he smirked to curry favor; when he spoke with due deliberation, they declared him slow, and prosy, and wasteful of time; but if he hastened a decree (were it ever so plain), they had it that he gave too little time to points of law. If he gave a decision briefly, saying nothing of authorities, they ridiculed him for want of learning, and yet if he quoted precedents from other courts, they insisted that this was only pedantry put on to gloss his lack. If he smiled, he was trifling; if he looked grave, he aped Solon; if he decided for the rich man, he was a sycophant; for the poor, he was a proletariat; in short, all his best endeavors were accepted at their face value and redeemed in the currency of worst imputations.

Parasus saw that he was in a predicament; he

discovered that the very qualities which made him acceptable socially were serious detriments politically; he must elect whether to be continually misjudged and reviled as a magistrate, or give up his office and be restored to his status as a man.

The Egotist's Cure.

A CERTAIN egotist, surfeited with the sordid world and desirous of ridding himself of all contact with his kind, left the vicinity of his abode, and went to a lonely place on the sea-coast where he could commune in peace and solitude with himself and nature and dream, unvexed and uncontaminated, lofty dreams of the eternal and illimitable.

He would have liked better had his nature been of an order to dispense with even the inn, but unfortunately he was mortal, and being so, at times craved nutrition, and nutrition, as he well knew, exacted cooks. A roof, too, and a bed were essential, so unwillingly but of necessity he put money in his purse, and having arranged for accommodations at the inn, spent his time upon a rocky cliff, far from the haunts of men, that overlooked the sea.

And yet he was not altogether happy, for at the inn was a young woman who had come there with her parents, and she, giddy as most maids of nineteen or so, having innocently made acquaintance with him, was wont to rally him upon his solitary life and ask him questions, some of which, wise as he was, he could not answer.

But it was these very unanswerable questions that set him thinking all the more. One day he was at his accustomed cliff alone, with the blue of the sea before him and of the sky above and the fiery sun dropping slowly down, he mused his fill.

"All this is mine," he thought, "for me, for the ego that is me was all this made; for me, out of the chaos of nothing the spirals whirled slow and swift, evolving a vast sphere of fire, then a little ball revolving, first fire, too, then viscous, and at the last, little by little, fitter and fitter, to this very hour, all for me. How wonderful am I,—I the centered self of infinity, the soul of eternity, master of matter, divinity of destiny."

So he mused, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot." But not quite that; for the sun dipped down into the sea, and the lengthening shadows told our philosopher of the flight of time, and feeling—base, carnal, thoughtless feeling—twitched him within, reminding of supper at the inn. Then he turned his face earthward, and as he turned there, framed against the glowing sky, a thing of beauty, stood the little minx.

There she stood directly in his path. But it was not alone the physical reality that disturbed him; no,

worse than that, for of a sudden the unbidden thought rushed at our egotist and jostled and shook him rudely.

"Wake up, dreamer," it cried, "wake up and contemplate a fresh revelation. For this being, this little minx, out of the chaotic nothingness the spirals spun the planets, and the great sun, and made the grass grow, and bit by bit manufactured her sweetness and foolishness,—another centered self, a soul of eternity, a mistress of matter, a divinity of destiny."

The result was natural. The egotist was quite young, and, apart from his egotism, not ill favored. So the cares of this world and the needs of looking after a family in time cured even that; he married the minx.

THE PROSPECTS OF RELIGION.

RELIGION is at present in a critical state; it is a state of transition. An old world-view is breaking down, and a new one is growing. New problems have arisen, a new world-conception is dawning upon mankind, the voice of scientific critique can no longer be hushed, and those who bear the burdens of life demand as their due right, not only an emancipation so far as it be possible from the toil of their drudgery, but also, and that is the most important issue of the labor problem, a recognition of the dignity of their manhood.

What, under these conditions, will become of religion?

There are men who imagine that the future of mankind will be irreligious, and their opinion is based upon arguments which upon the whole are a mere matter of definition. They identify religion with superstition, supernaturalism, ritualism, belief in an individual God-being, and what not. They overlook that religion is a reality in the world, which passes through various phases, and the end of its history is not yet here. The last word is still to be spoken. Those who proclaim that religion is not fit for survival judge it according to the narrow view of some schools of religious thought, and are blind to the fact that religion is a living power and not merely a chimera of unsubstantial visions, that it is in a state of growth, and that its potentialities belong to its nature as much as its present and past conditions.

Religion, cosmic emotion, panpathy, or by whatever name you may call it, is not comparable to griffins or sphinxes, which are nonentities and mere products of our imagination; it is like love, like fear, like hope, a spiritual reality in the hearts of men. The religious impulse is an actuality, which, when guided by erroneous notions, will, like love that is squandered upon unworthy persons, tend in a wrong direction;

but for that reason religion itself is neither an aberration, nor is it unreal.

Any one who is disappointed in an intense and deep love may never be able to love again; he may deny the existence of true love; he may denounce it as a diseased condition, or ridicule the dupes of its illusions; for all that, love remains deeply founded in the nature of the human heart; and so is religion. The prevalence of superstition in religion only proves how important it is to teach mankind the right religion and to purify the religions that now exist of their errors and misconceptions.

We might just as well speak of a soulless as of an irreligious futurity of mankind, on the simple argument that such a soul-being as the old school of psychology postulates does not exist. The wrong metaphysics of the old psychology will be abandoned, but the man of the future will have the same kind of soul as the man of the past, only let us hope better, nobler, and more enlightened. In the same way the wrong metaphysics of the old religions will be abandoned, but religion will remain. The moral, emotional, and intellectual needs that begot the mythological world-view of the lower phases of religion, will not disappear when, on a higher plane of human evolution, myth yields to scientific clearness.

The apostles of an irreligious future of mankind imagine that religion will be disposed of as soon as a scientific insight into the laws of nature proves the impossibility of miracles. Religion is to them the illusion or fraud of miracle-mongers. Those who can fathom the depths of man's heart, who can feel the thrill of its mysterious longings, and recognise the power of ideal aspirations, know better. No supernatural revelation is needed, but only good common sense, to see with a prophet's eye the future of mankind, and to predict that after a century or two, when the scientific world-conception has been firmly established in the souls of the leading nations of the world, religion will be more important a factor than ever.

The religion of the future will be conditioned by the same needs as the religion of to-day, but it will be so much grander, truer, and more elevating, as the intelligence of the generations to come will surpass the confused and erroneous notions that still prevail in the present age.

P. C.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE PRESENT NEED IN RELIGION.

To the Editor of The Open Court:

What is the need of the hour in religion? It is not easy to say. Our age is one of discontent and transition. These two conditions mark the conclusions of the old and the beginnings of the new in all the great eras of the world; or the great eras, in their beginnings, are always characterised by these conditions.

The world is spiritually hungry. Upon this condition Jesus pronounced a benediction, "Happy are they who hunger and thirst," earnestly long for, "righteousness, for they shall be satisfied." This hunger takes many forms—for fame, wealth, pleasure, and ease, but in the last analysis it is a genuine spiritual hunger. Many are unaware of this, having never analysed their inner experiences and feelings.

If the race for wealth is intense and appalling, it is so because men have not been fed spiritually. Here is the great opportunity for the pulpit. A majority of men come under its influence directly, all men indirectly. If this attempt to satisfy the soul with food for the body is to be modified, changed, there is no power that can so successfully do it as the pulpit. It ought to rise to the gravity of the situation, and is doing so quite slowly. The world has been most effectively helped by living individuals—men alive in the highest sense.

" 'Tis life of which our souls are scant,
'Tis life and more life that we want."

These apostles of the new evangel should be dynamic centres of light and love, breathing peace and encouragement wherever they go. They should be as strong as the fabled heroes, great enough to sit among the divinities of Olympus; simple enough not to embarrass the plainest, and tender as the child caressing its mother.

Language and action are not the greatest interpreters of the soul's message. All speech, all action is condescension. Those who are trying to feed the heart in these ways only will not fully succeed. Nature feeds by giving of itself. We feed of each other by giving of our best, most inner selves. Language and deeds help in this, but the substance conveyed is always greater than the means of conveyance. Words and deeds express truth—and truth is love's, is life's medium. It is soul in touch with soul that fulfils the conditions of the highest helpfulness.

The new evangelist ought to be a lighthouse as well as a dynamo, but not dynamite. He needs faith and trust, hope and intuition.

He should be large and profound. When the soul of "Ring, greatest of monarchs," left this world, he rode richly on the golden hooped steed, over Bifrost, the arched bridge descending to meet him, and the portals of noble Walballa sprang wide to receive him, and the gods, rejoicing, grasped him by the hand and gave him a right royal entrance into the heaven of peace.

This spirit of largeness, strength, kindly human cheer will be dominant in the movement that is destined to join men in the upward march.

Thus will the religion of science, when incarnated in noble men, unobscured by ordinary frailties, become worldwide, and ever helpful.

" Therefore, by us was
Ring well-beloved,
His shield ever guarding
Regions of peace,
Whence the loveliest image
Of might unoffending
Before us, like incense,
Forever arose."—*Fritiof's Saga.*

J. W. CALDWELL.

THE TERM "RELIGION" NEEDLESS.

Anent the Criticism of Corvinus.

To the Editor of The Open Court:

After reading the criticism of "Corvinus" on your remarks concerning the reconciliation of science and religion, I concluded that the subject had not been put before your readers in as clear a manner as the facts in the case demand. There is a vast differ-

ence between religion and the true faith of the scriptures. It must be conceded that a man's belief is his religion expressed in his theology—his ideas of the cosmos and his relation to it. Between this religion and science there certainly is a conflict; a reconciliation is not possible. But there is no conflict between the faith, or consciousness which all good people have, "that good at last shall come to all."

From the standpoint of science, religion is merely a transient superstition—old clothes that must be cast away entirely when we cross over from the domain of superstition to that of truth. Religion assumes that mankind can be moral or immoral at will, just the same as Dr. H. W. Thomas in his reply to Colonel Ingersoll assumed that the latter could do other than he is doing. Science, on the contrary, emphatically declares that mankind must do just as they are doing, and will continue to do so until there is a natural moral evolution. Something more must be worked within before anything more can be expressed outwardly. Religion assumes that man is as a branch cut off from the rest of the cosmos and that he must meritoriously work his way back to a God against whom he has rebelled and strayed away from. Science declares that no particle of matter, organic and inorganic, can be separated from the universal mass and that merit and demerit is entirely out of the question. As forms are combined, evolved and envired so they must express themselves, whether good or bad; hence there never can be harmony between science and religion. Religion assumes that man has sinned willfully and deserves punishment; science, that he is viciously inclined by nature (where he is) and that he needs moral development by the same power that made him immoral. Religion puts the responsibility of sin and misery upon mankind; science, upon the laws of nature and nature's God. While religion is scientific in its relation to the needs of mankind while in a vicious condition wherein they need urging and scaring, yet its teachings are false in regard to the true nature of things. A true knowledge of things is fit only for those who are able to receive it—for those who are able to fulfil the moral law.

All religions are based upon a premise which concludes in merit and demerit. Science utterly repudiates that superstition. In a universe of law where all things are relative merit and demerit cannot be. This principle is in accord with the faith of the Scriptures, which is a free gift of God; a power within man that supports him under affliction and causes him to hope. "Where is boasting then? It is excluded. By what law? By the law of faith." The "Constitution De Fide Cattolica" declares that there can be "no real conflict between faith and reason. . . . The empty appearance of contradiction arises chiefly from this: either that the dogmas of faith have not been understood or explained according to the church's mind, or that mere theories have been put forward as right reason." Science declares that this is just what has been done. Theological theories have been put forth by religion instead of the true principle of faith which is scientific in its nature and application to the need of mankind. Religion condemns mankind by its substitution of belief in superstition for the true faith, but science justifies mankind by that true faith.

There is a conflict, therefore, between science and religion, but not between science and the true faith, because they are a unit. It is a great mistake to drag the term religion over into the domain of science. Many are being confused thereby as well as "Corvinus." Let us have clearness. We cannot logically talk about a reconciliation between science and a faith which has not been understood or rationally taught. When it is understood it will be science.

Let us understand that the term religion stands for superstition. People can have the right faith and hope without what is called religion—aye, a clearer consciousness thereof, because religious faith is often mixed with fear and dread. A scientific man

cannot logically or consistently hold to the term religion unless in the sense of "binding together anew." When we arrive at a full knowledge of the truth, what is the use of a needless term? Monists must be monists in everything. Religious people cannot be coaxed or forced into the ranks of science; they can only grow into them by natural evolution. He that sets up his standard of truth and stands unwaveringly by it is sure of victory, though his truth may antagonise every existing sect; for truth is gradually evolving and the power of evolution is the sole cause of progress. Antithetical reasoning suits the people who are in the bonds of superstition, but scientists must have their reasoning monistically straight.

JOHN MADDOCK.

SPIRIT APPETENCE.

BY CHAS. A. LANE.

O eagle soul, thou hast but sparrow wings!
A thirst for far-off clouds is in thy throat,
And longings haunt thine ear for sounds that float
In purple silence, where the star-choir sings;
Around thy heart, with wing-like flutterings,
A dream is aching for the fields remote
Of hidden spaces, and thine eyes devote
Their vigils to the hope's far beckonings.

A little while content thee, restless soul!
This lowly life holds food for thee and flowers,
And songs, antiphonal to star-choirs, roll
Their mellow measures from this earth of ours:
A little while, and unto thee may ope
The silver Sometime shimmering in thy hope.

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HUXLEY.

A Discourse at South Place Chapel, London.

BY MONCURE D. CONWAY.

ON THE 13th and 14th of June, 1878, a Congress of Liberal Thinkers gathered in this place from all parts of the United Kingdom, and indeed among the four hundred representatives some were from other European countries and from the United States of America. At the end of very impressive discussions an Association of Liberal Thinkers was formed, its aims and objects being defined as :

"1. The scientific study of religious phenomena. 2. The collection and diffusion of information concerning religious movements throughout the world. 3. The emancipation of mankind from the spirit of superstition. 4. Fellowship among liberal thinkers of all races. 5. The promotion of the culture, progress, and moral welfare of mankind and of whatever in any form of religion may tend towards that end. 6. Membership in this Association shall leave each individual responsible for his own opinion alone, and in no degree affect his relations with other associations."

The presidency of that Association was conferred on Professor Huxley, and by him accepted. I remember well the satisfaction with which, referring to the names, eminent in science, literature, and rational religion, in the membership, our President Huxley said, "Freethinkers are no longer to be merely bullied." The large committee met at his house, and it was found impossible that members widely scattered about the world could be organised in any central or definite movement; but the Association was never dissolved; in many regions its surviving members are carrying out its principles in their several centres of work and influence; and it is not impossible that they may be again summoned in congress, and be called on to choose a successor to him who remained to his death President of the Association formed in this place,—the Association of Liberal Thinkers.

But we shall never be able to find a President more fit to be the head of those varied movements of thought, impossible of organisation, distributed everywhere, indefinable, the leaven subtly at work like the "yeast" of his scientific essay, which, he says, "will increase indefinitely when grown in the dark." Yeast reminded him of how other things grow in the dark,

as those "living organisms buried beneath two or three thousand fathoms of water." And the phenomena may remind us of the liberal leaven that is increasing indefinitely in places that seem dark with superstition.

We cannot help feeling some scandal when such a man as Huxley is buried with rites of the church whose every creed and article he pronounced untrue. That part of the service which gave God hearty thanks for delivering our brother out of the miseries of this sinful world may have met with an unuttered response from the clerical breast,—“We give thee hearty thanks for that it has pleased thee to deliver this world from a sinful heretic.” But not every clergyman is clerical, and we need not, like the adversary, dispute with the archangel for the dead body of our scientific Moses. The ancient Moses would seem to have given some rationalistic explanation of the way he got water out of the rock for the thirsty people; whereat Jehovah was angry, and said Moses should never enter the Promised Land; but nevertheless, when rationalistic Moses was dead, the archangel was sent to claim his body, as our archangels or archbishops claim the bodies of great men whose living spirit they could not subdue. This the Church would hardly do were there not multitudes within its own pale and its pulpits who inwardly recognise the great thinker as the truer archbishop of souls,—real souls. Much as we may deplore the giving up of the body of the President of the Association of Liberal Thinkers to burial under rites of superstitions he exposed, the surrender is not all on our side. The Church has buried, *in sure and certain hope of his resurrection to eternal life*, a man who denied every dogma on which that Church declares eternal life to depend. Huxley did not believe in the miracles, nor the inspiration of the Bible, nor the atonement, nor in any Deity as yet affirmed; yet the Church, by its most solemn service, has promised him eternal joy. Its old doctrine, “He that believeth not shall be damned,” is reserved for common people: it does not apply to Members of the Royal Society. I remember once standing beside the open grave of one of England’s greatest freethinkers, in Westminster Abbey, and as the service proceeded, its ancient chants and prayers seemed to ascend and

blend with the Abbey's solemn arches and the windows glowing with extinct saints; they all—arches, windows, chants, prayers—passed out of their literalism, and were fulfilling their higher and only genuine purpose, of decorating the monument of a great thinker who had interpreted their evolution from real to artistic symbolism.

There has not been by any means a unanimous expression among liberal people of admiration for Huxley. He trod on the theoretical toes of various schools of freethinkers; he repudiated the materialistic as well as the Christian flag, the atheistic along with the theistic; he would not join the Liberationists to disestablish the Church, and he held ideas of the parental functions of the State, which, while they offended the anti-vaccinationists and individualists, fell short of the friendship of socialists. Myself a personal-liberty man, I dissent strongly from some of his sociology. But what of that? All of these differentiations represent the man. That was Huxley. Had he been able to work in any harness, or bear any label, he would have been another man; and though the favored clan might have rejoiced in a powerful chief, the empire of thought would never have known its unique figure, its finest free lance. You who see, or think you see, faults in a great man, remember the profound truth of Shakespeare: "Best men are moulded out of faults."

My friend Mr. J. M. Robertson, in the current *Free Review* thinks there was some timidity in Huxley's advocating Bible reading in the schools, and in calling himself an "Agnostic." I know by long personal acquaintance with and study of the man, that there was no lack of courage in him. Both of those criticised things, little to my liking, represented an important side of a many-sided man. That side was Huxley's imagination. This was mainly developed into the scientific imagination, which enabled him to take the smallest themes suggested by others,—such as vertebration of the skull, or even large themes like natural selection,—and carry them into innumerable variations, and gather them all up in mighty symphonies of science, in which protoplasm and zoöphyte and plant, worm, man were all united in harmonious generalisation. Who that listened to those lectures can ever forget how in his hand the little piece of chalk swelled to a world populous with animal life, or the bit of coal became a diamond lens through which were seen the tree ferns and giant mosses of the primeval forest? I remember listening to him on an occasion when he invited us to take our stand with him, in imagination, on London Bridge; with him we remarked the current of the Thames, the slope of its banks, their distant curving; then passed on beyond its boats, barges, and ships, to its sources and its

mouth, varied by glances at primitive tribes on its shores; till we traced our old river, its tides, its geologic work, back to a different world and to the confines of the solar system. All this was the joint work of imagination interpreting scientific fact, and a finished literary art which could make an obscure thing clear at once to the taught and the untaught. For his profound humanitarian sympathies had led him to cultivate to the utmost the power of carrying, by both speech and drawing, the illiterate and unscientific along with him from first to last. The most subtle and far-reaching hypothesis ever made by any one, since the discovery of evolution, was, in my opinion, one originally made by Huxley concerning the vast chasm, moral and mental, between man and the highest of the lower animals. This was first given in a lecture to workmen, and I will read it to you:

"'Well, but,' I am told at once, somewhat triumphantly, 'you say in the same breath that there is a great moral and intellectual chasm between man and the lower animals. How is this possible when you declare that moral and intellectual characteristics depend on structure, and yet tell us that there is no such gulf between the structure of man and that of the lower animals?'

"I think that objection is based upon a misconception of the real relations which exist between structure and function, between mechanism and work. Function is the expression of molecular forces and arrangements no doubt; but, does it follow from this, that variation in function so depends upon variation in structure that the former is always exactly proportioned to the latter? If there is no such relation, if the variation in function which follows on a variation in structure, may be enormously greater than the variation of structure, then, you see the objection falls to the ground. Take a couple of watches—made by the same maker, and as completely alike as possible; set them upon the table, and the function of each—which is its rate of going—will be performed in the same manner, and you shall be able to distinguish no difference between them; but let me take a pair of pincers, and if my hand is steady enough to do it, let me just lightly crush together the bearings of the balance-wheel or force to a slightly different angle the teeth of the escapement of one of them, and of course you know the immediate result will be that the watch so treated, from that moment will cease to go. But what proportion is there between the structural alteration and the functional result? Is it not perfectly obvious that the alteration is of the minutest kind, yet that slight as it is, it has produced an infinite difference in the performance of the functions of these two instruments?

"Well, now apply that to the present question. What is it that constitutes and makes man what he is? What is it but his power of language—that language giving him the means of recording his experience—making every generation somewhat wiser than its predecessor,—more in accordance with the established order of the universe? What is it but this power of speech, of recording experience, which enables men to be men,—looking before and after and, in some dim sense, understanding the working of this wondrous universe,—and which distinguishes man from the whole brute world? I say that this functional difference is vast, unfathomable, and truly infinite in its consequences; and I say at the same time, that it may depend upon structural differences which shall be absolutely inappreciable to us with our present means of investigation. What is this very speech that we are talking about? I am speaking to you at this moment, but if you

were to alter, in the minutest degree, the proportion of the nervous forces now active in the two nerves which supply the muscles of my glottis, I shall become suddenly dumb. The voice is produced only so long as the vocal chords are parallel; and these are parallel only so long as certain muscles contract with exact equality; and that again depends on the equality of action of those two nerves I spoke of. So that a change of the minutest kind in the structure of one of these nerves, or in the structure of the part in which it originates, or of the supply of blood to that part, or of one of the muscles to which it is distributed, might render all of us dumb. But a race of dumb men deprived of all communication with those who could speak, would be little indeed removed from the brutes. And the moral and intellectual difference between them and ourselves would be practically infinite though the naturalist should not be able to find a single shadow of even specific structural difference."

I remember, by the way, asking Professor Huxley whether if the throat of a fine opera-singer, like Jenny Lind, and the throat of a person of coarse voice, were given to an expert scientist to dissect, he could tell by great care which vocal chords belonged to the singer and which to the rude voice. He replied that it would be as difficult as for a musical expert to determine between two violins, outwardly alike in color and shape, which was the Cremona, and which an ordinary violin. He must first hear a note sounded. How marvelous is this! A difference of not even a hair's breadth,—a difference undiscoverable to the expert microscopist,—yet makes all the difference in function between the rudest voice, and the voice that enchants thousands.

You will observe in the quotation made how perfectly under control is his scientific imagination, in dealing with a scientific problem. He does not say that language is the agency by which man has been able to store up and apply his experiences, turn them into wisdom, and thereby far distance the dumb animals, even in bodily form; he merely suggests that as a probable factor, a working hypothesis. And in the same way he curbs his imagination when he comes to the limits of certainty with regard to matter, and with regard to mind. He cannot be persuaded to postulate a material substance causing mind, or a spiritual substance causing matter: he refuses to be labelled either Theist or Atheist; he says "I do not know"—and that is the English of Agnostic. It was put into that Greek form because it was first used by Huxley in a small club of learned men, the Metaphysical Society. It was published and popularised by others, not by himself, and if anybody has used it to conceal his scepticism it certainly was not Huxley. The word was a fair individual motto, like that of Montaigne, "*Que sais-je?*" "What know I?" Huxley declares in effect: "I know not anything beyond the contents of my consciousness: I say not there is or is not a God; I say not matter is or is not all. Such things may be knowable, but to me they are unknown." Such

is Huxley's attitude; and it appears to me a sad misuse of this accidentally coined word "agnostic," to disguise under it any beliefs or unbeliefs. It is a misfortune that the word ever passed out of the Metaphysical Society, for it is a time when every man should speak his thought in plain English speech, as Huxley certainly never failed to do.

But that same imagination of his, so perfectly filed and polished as an implement for scientific work, made Huxley among worldly affairs something of a dreamer, and occasionally even a visionary. Some of his dreams I share. Here is one:

"Again, I suppose it is universally agreed that it would be useless and absurd for the State to attempt to promote friendship and sympathy between man and man directly. But I see no reason why, if it be otherwise expedient, the State may not do something towards that end indirectly. For example, I can conceive the existence of an Established Church which should be a blessing to the community. A Church in which, week by week, services should be devoted, not to the iteration of abstract propositions in theology, but to the setting before men's minds of an ideal of true, just, and pure living; a place in which those who are weary of the burden of daily cares should find a moment's rest in the contemplation of the higher life which is possible for all, though attained by so few; a place in which the man of strife and of business should have time to think how small after all are the rewards he covets compared with peace and charity. Depend upon it, if such a church existed no one would seek to disestablish it."

But one of his visions lay rather closer to my vocation and experience than to his, and always appeared to me insubstantial. Such was his vision of the coming career of the Bible in the public schools. It was generally regarded by liberal thinkers as a lapse and a compromise for Huxley to support the reading of the Bible in the schools, after he had done so much to show the unscientific, unhistorical, and mythological character of that book. But his view was based on a real belief that the Bible would be used in the schools as he himself would use it, for the sake of its good English, its poetry, its good ethical teachings,—the bad ethics omitted,—and with such geographical and historical explanations, "by a lay teacher, as would bring the children into some kind of mental connexion with other countries and other civilisations of a great past." He believed the ethical ideal might thus be raised in young minds, and also the spirit of revolt against clerical and political despotism which pervades parts of the Bible.

All of this appeared to me when he said it, and appears now, both credulous and visionary. To a philosopher, to a mature scholar, the Bible is an invaluable book; for its myths, legends, folk-lore, poetic episodes, and ethical sentiments, if not principles. But it was not for the sake of these useful points that the Bible was forced on the schools; it was forced on them as the word of God, to be raised before the chil-

dren daily, whether they could understand a sentence of it or not,—to be raised before them as a thing to be worshipped, a leather-bound fetish. And this sacramental use of it inevitably paralyses the common-sense estimate of what is read, on which common-sense depends all the uses that Huxley hoped for. He had a vision of heretical Huxleys instructing innumerable little Huxleys. But that vision appears to me baseless, and the more probable result is likely to be a generation growing up with an antipathy to the Bible, as a burden on the teacher and a bore to themselves. Indeed, I remember this view urged on me in favor of Huxley's course. "What made you a freethinker?" he said: "Why, reading the Bible." Huxley had belief in English unorthodoxy: the last talk I had with him was on mottoes of the London guilds, which, he said, are mostly deistic. It appears that in boyhood Huxley enjoyed the Bible stories very much, and his mature writings show an acquaintance with the Bible rare even among clergymen and unexampled among the scientific men of our time. He is the only scientific man of our age who has followed orthodoxy and superstition into all their Biblical byways.

This became necessary because of his rejection of all a *priori* method. Outside the pure mathematics he, like Kant, would pronounce nothing impossible. To the assertion that a man walked on the water or rose from the dead he only asked for the evidence. Prove it, and he is ready at once to catalogue it among the phenomena of nature. We have plenty of miracles in science already, he told the clergy; and have not the least objection to adding yours; but we have an obstinate liking for evidence and verification.

It is characteristic of his severe scientific method that when the spiritualists came about with their mysterious rappings Professor Huxley at once began to search out whether there might not be some unused potentialities of human nature causing them: he experimented on himself, and after a little practice with two of his toes acquired ability to sit with motionless feet and yet make raps with his toes that sounded loudly through a large room. He not only believed that it was right to judge of every alleged fact by its own evidence, but drilled his mind to an instinct that way; insomuch that once in a company where I was present, met to investigate thought-reading, when Mr. Bishop first came from America, a marvellous thing was done, which nearly all the scientists present knew must be a trick, but Huxley, his knowledge of human nature being mainly scientific, at once prepared to subject the miracle to scientific experimentation. Mr. Bishop, however, announced that it was a mere trick, and showed how it was done. It was one of his illustrations and exposures of spiritualist impos-

ture, and he then proceeded to his own genuine and extraordinary powers of deriving mental impressions through muscular action.

You will observe that I am considering to-day mainly the President of our old Association of Liberal Thinkers. His excursions into political and sociological inquiries appear to me also visionary: presupposing a government of Solomons, instead of that which we have—a mere numerical majority of people struggling for their class-interests. Huxley's career is far too large to be dealt with in one discourse. His educational work, his protest against Sabbath-oppression, his services in the cause of female training in science and art, would need a volume for their estimate. His great strength lay in his scientific and philosophical culture, and in his wonderful critical insight. His contributions to science I am not competent to estimate; but I heard many of his lectures, and regard him as by far the most lucid and accomplished expounder and interpreter of science to whom I have listened. Of his philosophical genius some account, though very inadequate, has been given in his maintenance of the agnostic attitude with regard to the phenomenal and the real world. His philosophical competency is illustrated in his work on Hume, which deserves careful study. His great critical ability finds illustrations in his masterly rejoinders to Dr. Wace, Gladstone and the Duke of Argyll from five to eight years ago. These are collected with other things in his *Science and Christian Tradition*. This volume represents, I believe, the only detailed analysis of Biblical narration, and exposure of supernatural and Christian fallacies, made by any eminent man in this century. It merits our reverence for its courage; it elicits our wonder that amid multifarious official and scientific work, commanding the attention of the world, this learned criticism, not equalled by any professional theologian for thoroughness could have been achieved.

It is probable that the clerical array in their stronghold, besieged by these shining arrows, so finely feathered, must have reflected with pain on the good old time when the Church held the keys of learning, and all such knowledge was under its orders. But it is to be feared that our clergy only feel the smart of such arrows as Huxley's, and do not take to heart their significance. Every heresy of Huxley is a handwriting on the walls of the Church, admonishing it that so long as it bars out the genius of the nation it is rejecting the only true corner-stone of a real English Church; and that stone, if still rejected, will fall on it and grind it to powder. The heaviest blows the Church has received this hundred years have been from thinkers of largely religious genius, who aspired to work in the Church. Even Thomas Paine first tried to do his

work in the English Church. He knew science but not Greek, and was refused. Darwin studied for Holy Orders; Professor Clifford had the same aim; and it is said Professor Huxley had some such desire. He mentions that his friend Herbert Spencer always said there were clerical affinities about him. I have read you his high ideal of an English Church.

Against clericalism he was severe, but always had some hope of the Church's conversion. The story of his encounter with Bishop Wilberforce will bear repeating. When the British Association met at Oxford in 1860, the Church, which now has a Darwinian Archbishop of Canterbury, was bitterly denouncing Darwin, and in the crowded meeting at Oxford, Bishop Wilberforce turned on Huxley, and asked whether he (Huxley) was "related by his grandfather's or mother's side to an ape"? When Huxley's turn came he reviewed calmly the arguments of various speakers and then as calmly said:

"I asserted, and I repeat, that a man has no reason to be ashamed of having an ape for his ancestor. If there were an ancestor whom I should feel shame in recalling, it would be a prelate of restless and versatile intellect who, not content with an equivocal success in his own sphere of activity, plunges into scientific questions with which he has no real acquaintance, only to distract attention from the real issue by skilful appeals to religious prejudice."

Sometime after receiving that rebuke Bishop Wilberforce met Huxley, and said, "Well Professor, is it to be peace or war?" Huxley replied, "A little of both." And that answer fairly represents his attitude to the Church: it was both war and peace—war against their dogmas and superstitions, war against their clerical arrogance; but with it always a strong religious sentiment, a fine moral nature, and every quality of sympathy, which kept alive in him the ideal of a Church. How is it that the clergy cannot perceive how bad an exchange they have made in exchanging Darwin, Huxley, Clifford, for Athanasius? Such penal blindness as that which increasingly divorces the intellect of England from its Church—which exiles Huxley and takes Riley instead of him—can have but one issue. Some of the clergy are crying to St. Peter, as he once to Jesus: "Save, Lord, or I perish!" But Peter cannot help them. In Greek legend it is said that a statue was erected to Theagenes, son of Hercules, renowned for his strength and swiftness. But some rival, whom in life Theagenes had defeated in the Olympian games, pulled down his statue, which, however, in its fall crushed him who dragged it down. This is a parable of the Church, which was once the home of English genius,—having in its high places such men as Bishop Jeremy Taylor and Archbishop Tillotson, who freely rejected articles and dogmas repulsive to their reason and conscience. That noble ideal was overthrown by a reactionary

Church, and is now crushing it. As the Greek legend further runs, that barrenness fell on the country until the statue of Theagenes was set up again, so may we recognise that the Church will become increasingly barren as a spiritual power in the land until it restores the old standard of intellectual liberty, and throws open its portals to all men who prove with learning, eloquence, and fidelity to truth, their right to be religious leaders of men. We have, some of us, lived to see a procession of illustrious thinkers passing to their graves. Excommunicated while alive, their sepulchres are garnished when dead: pure, brave, wise, and true, they were teachers in the living temple of this great people: and among them towers the noble brow of Thomas Huxley.

A SAVING ELEMENT.

BY IRENE A. SAFFORD.

HE WHO has seen a ghost can never be as if he had not seen it, says Cardinal Newman. Modern society has seen a ghost, and the growing question is, can it ever be again as if it had not seen it.

It is true that it is a somewhat disjointed ghost, scattering stray gleams and revelations along its way—here a Trilby foot and there a Manxman's forehead—but trailing ever clouds of passion-splendors in its wake, and stirring, what its French master calls, "the subtle odor of love."

Science has caught its image and turned its searchlights upon it. Theology has seen its handwriting on the wall and striven not to be found wanting. Art has leaped up to welcome it, and all literature appears to have become its willing servant.

Meantime, plain, every-day men and women, who do not like its lineaments, are asking seriously what is to be the end of its open-air diversions, and are we ever to be again as though we had not seen it. Is a return to that paganism which we are told "is older than Athens" to eliminate all the spirituality of nineteen Christian centuries from the "divine passion" and leave us but a modern type of that "Aphrodite Pandemos" which the better thought of even the pagan world rejected.

Such certainly is the character of that ghost which now haunts the courts of love, and, after the fashion of all things good or bad verily determines, as the great Cardinal has it, that they who have seen it shall never be again as though they had not seen it.

Now it appears to be the ordinary and orthodox thing for all who admit this premise, to conclude mournfully that from conflict with such a spectre, society must inevitably come out second best, and many are the warning notes sent out from press and pulpit to guard the young person from its vampire touch. But the significant thing to be considered here

is, that nothing in all the facts and evidences of everyday life would seem to indicate that humanity is made of such poor stuff as to suffer much at the hands of such a foe. There never was a time when the level head of the young person and all the rank and file of society were more determinedly turned away from any reckless and disturbing freaks of love, than at the present moment. It does not appear that the women who read Ibsen and Mäterlink, discuss Tess, and give Trilby matinees, are any less pure and well-regulated in their daily lives than their puritan sisters who were brought up on Charlotte Elizabeth and Hannah More.

The prevailing tone of intercourse between men and women generally was never more bright and wholesome, more free from sickly sentimentality or nonsense, than in these days of the college educated girl and the club-room freedom of study and discussion. However it may be in those European centres of civilisation of which Max Nordau writes, in America we do not find that "concomitant phenomenon of social crime and decay," which he claims waits upon the bold, bad literature of the hour, and in a special sense differentiates our time from any other troubled period of history. The bringing out of the ghosts of society into the light of day tends rather to seal their doom at the bar of common intelligence and understanding. And especially is this so in view of the manner of that bringing out. "Vice," says Burke, "loses half its evil by losing all its grossness," but the revolting grossness with which the love tale of today is handled, destroys its power for evil, however "deliciously wicked" it aims to be. It may not be going too far to submit, indeed, that if simply the French masters and artists were left out of the account, there are no others who can touch that irregular phase of love, which makes the burden of our present fiction, in a sufficiently delicate and subtle manner to make it very dangerous.

It takes these wicked, intense, and spirit-probing Frenchmen to invest Lucifer with the air of saint or martyr, or make the wrecking of life and honor a sublimated offering to the highest gods. It is they only who can fill their artistic productions, "full to overflowing with the sap of impurity," as Saint Beuve has it, yet give their fruit and flower a spirit-fineness and flavor that might bewilder the archangels.

The English touch especially is gross and heavy, and if the English writers should go on rolling out their pessimistic tales of passion and despair to the end of time, they could never blind the better instincts of mankind sufficiently to do much harm with them.

The truth is, that, despite the loud cry of "degeneracy" and "retrogression" on every hand, mankind is growing more and more to recognise that love is a spirit force, a spirit life and regeneration, and

any author or artist who deals with it mainly from the physical standpoint, might better commit his works to the beasts of the fields for preservation, than expect an intelligent public will have long patience with them. Why some truly strong and able writers of today should be willing to miss the ranks of the immortals through this tampering with clay, is for them to declare, but that the deepening spiritual consciousness of humanity shall miss its better ideals of love and truth through any forms or phantoms that they may set up, is a fear that need not largely disturb the anxious inquirer who looks without the Max Nordau spectacles into the real life about him.

As love is at the heart of all life, it is generally conceded that the first evidence of any ills than can afflict the social body declare themselves by derangements in love; but equally is it true that through the eternal power and purity of love are these evils sooner or later corrected. It has been recently set forth that the regeneration of polygamous man, so far as he is regenerated, has been brought about through woman's love for her offspring, but beyond even that it may be submitted that woman's love for pure love and her instinctive demand for its holiest ideals, is one of the strongest forces in existence for holding society to its moorings. Not for her offspring alone but for herself and for all humanity's offspring is she forever committed to monogamy, to the changeless ideal of the one man to the one woman. To "love the highest" is the first need of her soul and the one sin that she never forgives in herself or her lover, is any wrong done to the white sanctities of love. It is the strange ignoring of this principle of everlasting nature that dooms much of the strongest fiction of to-day. The artist who portrays a woman without this instinct, whether he sets his subject in the Latin Quarter, or in the Vale of Blackmoor, or among the Boer women in the heart of Africa, misses that truth to nature which art demands and renders his work really more inartistic than immoral, however he might have preferred the opposite result. The true masters never err in this way. Balzac puts this feminine key-note through all its intensest chords, but he never once suffers it to give out this false sound. Tolstoi strains it to its utmost in his Anna Karenina, but makes the tragic tones ring clear to it. Auerbach "On the Heights" sets it to royal music, but holds its purifying heart strains triumphant. It is a different style of writer who attempts to paint "a pure woman," who can be blown by winds of destiny from one man's arms to another, or innocently follow love from bower to bower as a sweet pastime. But to suppose that these writers can do very much harm with their "divigations" is to suppose that they can reconstruct human nature and wipe out from a large proportion

at least of the human race the very first instincts of being.

It is strange that this native and eternal bar to chaos is so generally ignored by the troubled writers on our times. They appeal to religion, to the progress of science, to the better adjustment of new inventions and activities to the understanding and capacity of man, to countless outside elements and forces, but seldom to the sound and saving qualities of simple human nature itself. Untold feats and wonders of reformation are assigned to the "emancipated woman" of to-day, but here at the fountain head where her power is mightiest, nothing seems to be expected of her. Nay worse, she is even dealt with by those who should know her better as if there were a danger in her liberties, and "half blind with intellectual light, half brutalised with civilisation" she really might fall into some such bottomless pit, as that opened to her by Grant Allen's "Woman Who Did," or Davidson's "Ballad of a Nun." The everlasting fact that pure love is a necessity to her, and that all the "erotic writers" in creation could not blind her to the knowledge that true marriage is the whitest human flower of it, is left entirely out of the account. And yet to these springs of purification in human nature itself, to that inherent and untrained morality which Sophocles calls "the eternal law of the gods," must the final hope and appeal of course be turned. He who does not believe in these, need not take counsel with Max Nordau for the "physical regeneration" of mankind, nor yet with Mayo Hazeltine for the spiritual, but might as well commit himself at once to the rigors of an older counsellor and "curse God and die," for there would be nothing left in His "sweet human creation" that the onriving powers of brute force could not overcome. To those, however, who would still believe that God made man and probably woman upright, it is yet possible to say, "cling to the old faith, look hopefully about you, see how in quiet homes and orderly communities your neighbors and acquaintances live out their patient, law-abiding lives, note how the temples to the Invisible still lift their glistening spires to heaven and through all shifting forms of warring forces, the yearning heart of humanity yet holds its fundamental faith in the true, the eternal, and the divine."

THE IDEA OF EVIL IN EARLY CHRISTIANITY.

THE EVIL ONE played an important part in the imagination of the people in the time of Christ. Satan is mentioned repeatedly by the scribes and the people of Israel in the synoptic gospels, by the Apostles, especially by St. Paul, and very often in the revelation of St. John. Jesus follows the common belief of the time in attributing mental diseases to the possession

of demons, and we might expect that he shared the popular view. Nevertheless, he speaks, upon the whole, less of the Devil than do his contemporaries.

The Jesus of the Gospels is said to have been tempted by the Devil in much the same way that Buddha was tempted by Māra, the Evil One. Even the details of the story of their temptation possess many features of resemblance.

Christ represents the Devil as the enemy that sows tares among the wheat, and addresses as Satan one of his disciples who speaks words that might lead him into temptation. We read in Mark, viii., 33, and Math., xvi., 23:

"He rebuked Peter, saying: 'Get thee behind me, Satan, for thou savorest not the things that be of God, but the things that be of men.'"

This fact alone appears sufficient to prove that, while it is natural that Christ used the traditional idea of Satan as a personification of the evil powers to furnish him with materials for his parables, Satan to him was mainly a symbol of anything wicked or morally evil.

In addition to his old names of Satan, Beelzebub, and Devil (which latter appears first in Jesus Sirach), the Evil One is called in the New Testament the prince of this world, the great dragon, the old serpent, the prince of the devils, the prince of the power of the air, the spirit that now worketh in the children of disbelief, the Antichrist. Satan is represented as the founder of an empire that struggles with and counteracts the kingdom of God upon earth. He is powerful, but less powerful than Christ and his angels. He is conquered and doomed through Christ, but he is still unfettered.

The Christian Fathers lived in a time when paganism was still a power. The gods of paganism, accordingly, naturally helped to swell the Christian demonology. On the one hand, the idea of angels as a hierarchy of ministers, messengers, and plenipotentiaries of God became more and more developed. On the other hand, Satan and the Satanic host were dualistically represented in a perfect dualism as the hostile camp of God's adversaries.

Tertullian calls the Devil the ape of God, and maintains that he imitates the Lord, and tries to copy him even in smaller matters. Whenever church institutions are found to agree with pagan modes of worship, Tertullian regards such coincidences as a work of the Devil.¹ This is a good instance of the Devil's extraordinary cunning. He must either have had daring spies in heaven or he himself must have anticipated the Lord's plans; for the most of the pagan institutions spoken of as Satanic imitations are older than Christianity.

¹ *Dei sacramenta Satanas affectat. De exh. cast.*, 13.

The Gnostics represent the demiurge, i. e. the architect of the world, whom they identify with the Jewish Yahveh, as the father of all evil. They describe him as irascible, jealous, and revengeful, and contrast him to the highest God who had nothing to do with the creation. As the demiurge created the world, he has a right to it, but he was beaten through the death of Jesus. The demiurge thought to conquer Jesus when he let him die on the cross, but his triumph was preposterous, for through the passion and death of the innocent Jesus the victory of God was won and the salvation of mankind became established.

One peculiarly interesting sect of the Gnostics is called the Ophites or serpent worshippers. The demiurge (so they hold), on recognising the danger that might result from the emancipation of man through gnosis (i. e., knowledge or enlightenment), forbade him to eat from the fruit of the tree of knowledge. But the God, the highest Lord, the all-good and all-wise, took compassion on man and sent the serpent to induce him to eat of the tree of knowledge so that he might escape the bondage of ignorance in which Yahveh, the demiurge, tried to hold him.

Irenæus, an adversary of the gnostic view, replaced the demiurge by the Devil, whom he regards as a rebel angel, having fallen by pride and arrogance, envying God's creation (*Adv. hæres.*, No. 40). He agrees, however, with the Gnostics, in that he maintains that the Devil had claims upon man because of man's sin. Jesus, however, having paid the debt of mankind, has the power to redeem the souls of men from the clutches of the Devil, who, by having treated a sinless man as a sinner, became himself a debtor of mankind.

This juridical theory of the death of Jesus and his relation to the Devil was further elaborated by Origen. According to Origen the sacrifice of Jesus is not rendered to make an atonement with God or satisfy his feeling of justice (which is the Protestant conception), but to pay off the Devil. Jesus is, as it were, a bait for the Devil. Satan imagines he must destroy Jesus, but having succeeded in killing him, finds out, to his unspeakable regret, that he has been outwitted by the good Lord. God had set a trap, and the Devil was foolish enough to allow himself to be caught.

The last attempt to represent evil as an independent power was made by the adherents of Manes, a man who had been educated in the Zoroastrian faith of the Persians, and endeavored to found a universal religion through the synthesis of all the religions he knew. His views are called Manicheism. Because Manicheism contains many Christian elements, it is commonly regarded as a Christian sect, but since Manes preserved the Persian dualism, his views were strongly denounced as heretical by St. Augustine who denied that the evil in the world had any independent

existence or a separate origin of its own. He explained the presence of evil in the world from the free will of God's creatures, and regarded it as a means in God's method of education. P. C.

NOTES.

A reader of *The Open Court* writes as follows: "Allow me to congratulate you on the publication of that great poem, 'The Usurper's Assassin,' by *Viroe*, in the latest *Open Court*." Far more daring than anything I know of in Swinburne, it yet has all Swinburne's grace and perfection of workmanship. The power of a master speaks in every line, and I am proud to pay to such a mind the tribute of prompt homage and recognition. As a force working for Truth and Freedom, I feel that this poem will do more to enlighten and uplift humanity than all the sermons that were ever preached in church or synagogue. It deserves to rank with Shelley's "Prometheus." Every lover of Truth who will read it until he knows it by heart and can recite it aloud, will find himself strengthened and uplifted."

"Viroe" and "Hudor Genone" are *noms de plume* of the same author.

The Union, a semi-monthly journal for English and Americans in Germany, is edited in Wiesbaden (Wilhelmstrasse 2) by an enterprising young Chicago woman, Miss Linda M. Prussing, daughter of one of the early settlers, whose memory is still preserved and respected among his many friends in the city of the World's Fair. The journal (now in its fourth month) is full of various topics of interest to English-speaking people in Europe. Some numbers contain well-executed illustrations, and the general management shows the spirit of Western enterprise. We hope that the undertaking will prove a success.

Virchand R. Gandhi attended the Religious Parliament in Ajmere, India, and he writes to Mrs. Maude Howard of Chicago as follows: "I staid in Ajmere for a week. The religious conference held there on the 26th to 28th of September was a success. There were representatives of eighteen different faiths present, including Mohammedanism and Christianity. I represented Jainism. The President was Mr. Fateh Chand, a Jain, barrister of Ajmere, who is now a judge there. The proceedings were conducted with tolerance and in brotherly attitude."

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THROUGH IRRELIGION TO TRUE MORALITY.

BY CORVINUS.

IT IS WITH no little degree of hesitancy that I undertake to analyse the replication with which the able editor of *The Open Court* has honored me, in a recent issue of his valuable hebdomadal, in answer to my attempt to prove the futility of sacrificing one's best forces in the work of bringing about a conciliation between religion and science; between religion as a belief in the arbitrary interference in human affairs of capricious, supernatural forces and science as systematised knowledge—such knowledge as we are enabled to acquire through unbiassed investigation of the problem of existence, of the why and wherefore of life in its different forms; in short the knowledge acquired through experience and observation, which to make we are impelled by an inherent desire to discover the truth. I hesitated to reply because I realise the fact that the readers of this paper are more or less indifferent as to the words a writer may give preference to in expressing his thoughts. As a rule, not words but the ideas one tries to convey to others receive consideration; nevertheless, I am constrained to maintain that, where possible, ambiguity, which with Dr. Carus may be unintentional, should be avoided in the discussion of questions raised for the purpose of furthering the propagation of the advanced thoughts originating in the minds of talented, noble men.

But, in picking up the gauntlet thrown in front of me by Dr. Carus, I am led by a reason outweighing the objection raised above to writing these lines: it is the desire to imitate—as I have been in the habit of doing—the example of Hunyady's great son, to deal justly with everybody, asking in return nothing else but that the same measure should be made use of in commenting upon my actions, or the views I hold in regard to the world-moving questions agitating, in this turbulent age of ours, the mind of the thinking public.

Weighty grounds have aroused in me the suspicion that Dr. Carus merely glanced over the lines of my essay, which Mr. Green was kind enough to publish in pamphlet form, otherwise he could not have failed to detect the fact that I speak with deference not only of his ability as a writer but also of the noble ideals

worshipped by him; and that my attack is mainly directed against the form, or manner, in which he presents his ideas to the public. While it is true that I differ from him on many important points—here I only mention the views he holds about the Gospels and Christ—I openly admit that I support many of the suggestions he has to make as to the purification of the religious conceptions to which the great mass of believing humanity adhere with a tenacity only justified by ignorance and force of habit.

Dr. Carus accuses me of identifying “the negativism of my peculiar freethought with science.” I challenge him to quote one sentence from the lines of my essay which would exclude every doubt as to the correctness of his assertion. If, what he claims were true, I am of the opinion that Dr. Carus lowered himself; that he has stained his honor, as a scientist and thinker of repute, in wasting his time upon the consideration of diverse propositions advanced by one so ignorant as to identify the negativism of his or any freethought—or for that matter freethought itself—with science.

Fortunately—or unfortunately—for him he cannot verify his assertion. In contrasting science with religion I even accepted and quoted his definition of science. But what I said is that “systematised knowledge, and religion—that sanctifies the absurd—are irreconcilable. If religion is being identified with the ethical nature of man, with his aspiration to find the truth by the most reliable and truly scientific methods then no conflict exists between religion and science,” because such a religion *is* science, and what I contend for is that it should be called by its proper name.

I am also accused by Dr. Carus of misrepresenting him. I can assure him that I have with scrupulous care avoided misrepresentations. To misrepresent proves prejudice, and if there is anything that I have always scrupulously guarded against, it was the betrayal of thoughtless prejudice. In order to control that tendency that only too often—as is quite natural—urges men of mature convictions to regard with decided suspicion the opinions, consequently the just claims also, of their opponents, I never fail to recall to my memory, when taking part in the discussion of important matters, that prejudice—implying onesided-

ness and proving mental weakness in a certain measure or certain direction—can be productive of very little good, as it impairs clear vision, hence the establishment of unassailable truth. Having thus learned to move with caution, though with a firm step, in the arena of intellectual combats,—to which I may perchance, once in a great while, gain access,—I have succeeded in strengthening the tie of friendship and mutual respect that binds me to that little circle of my society, where—I regret to say—the belief in preposterous church tenets still prevails.

If the following instance—a similar one to those commented upon by me in the *Freethought Magazine*—which could be multiplied, and which I mention in support of my assertion and as an illustration of Dr. Carus's inclination to ambiguity, deserves to be called a misrepresentation I am willing to plead guilty to the charge of having, on former occasions, also, misrepresented statements made by him: "The religion of science is not and cannot be the Christianity of those who call themselves orthodox Christians, but it is and will remain the Christianity of Christ."¹ Contrast this sentence with the following: "Christianity is falling to pieces, but the *religio-ethical ideas of humanity*² will not be destroyed with it; on the contrary, they must be shaped anew upon the basis of a scientific world-conception."³

Is the religion of science the Christianity of Christ? Is it the true Christianity that Dr. Carus preaches? I deny both; noticing with great satisfaction that he unconsciously supports this denial in admitting that the religio-ethical ideas of *humanity* will not be destroyed though Christianity may fall to pieces, and that these ideas were not the exclusive property of Christianity but only part of the religious belief known by that name.

I have quoted the above phrases only for the purpose of showing that Dr. Carus cannot possibly avoid inconsistency in using so many old words in a new sense, because at times, for the sake of conciseness and clearness, he is led, unconsciously, as it were, to use certain terms in the same sense that they are used by the masses. This I call ambiguity.

The symbols of a creed can be transfigured into exact truth without reverting to terms implying ambiguity. Dr. Carus wishes to show the dogmatic believer a way out of his narrowness. Can he do it by using ambiguous terms? I say, no! Because the dogmatic believer will interpret such terms to suit his fancy, whereby nothing is gained; and with the radical reformer it creates discontent, owing to the slow progress freethought, or, let me say, modern thoughts

necessarily make when their exponents use obscure language.

No doubt exists in my mind that the inclination of some modern reformers to cloak such terms as Christianity, God, religion, soul, in new garments, impedes the intellectual and moral progress of the masses, rather than advances it. This being the case, I can see no earthly reason—prejudice does not come in question at all; I am only impelled by the desire to see humanity throw off its mental shackles and to use without timidity and constraint that greatest of nature's gifts that sets man so high above the animal—to dish up to the people Christianity, that is, a religious belief which recognises in Christ its founder, its perfect teacher, and the divine Saviour of mankind, as modern views of ethics; religion, that has at all times been identified with submission to supernatural forces, with belief in teachings owing their origin to ignorance and caprice, rather than to scientific investigation and observation, as man's noble aspirations and ethical nature; God, who has always been an anthropomorphic conception; and soul, that was considered an individual, self-conscious entity by all—but few such men as Dr. Carus, who agreed in the opinion that the terminology of the masses, as to these terms, is mere rubbish—as the laws of nature, as reason; and as the habits, convictions, and ideas of mankind. To do this is, to say the least, misleading and therefore impractical.

Regarding the mysteries of traditional religions, I would say that I frequently point out myself the beauties of mythological fables to others, but I am not in the habit of practising self-deception in order to gain the favor of the thoughtless masses through arbitrary, high-sounding, seemingly learned interpretations of absurdities rendered sacred, with the good Christian, through tradition; or with a view of reconciling these absurdities—with which my brain also was infected in its early stages of development—with common sense and reason, through allegorical expositions, in order thus to save my reputation as a thinker and—as a pious person.

The beauty of many Christian fables consists in nothing else but their acceptance as beautiful fables upon questionable authority. As an instance, I only mention the grotesque idea that an infinitely wise and perfect God should run through all phases of embryological evolution, be born as an infant, nursed as such, and, when grown up to manhood, commit suicide. No matter how we may interpret this fable, and try to draw elevating thoughts from such interpretations, the fact remains that a truly noble mind, unshackled from degrading superstition, turns with contempt upon the mere assumption that a perfect Being should select such means to reveal its presence and save hu-

¹ *The Open Court*, No. 303, p. 3700.

² Italics are mine.

³ *Milwaukee Freidenker*, No. 316.

manity from everlasting perdition. Apprehended as mere allegory, the value of this fable can hardly be said to equal that of others, owing to the fact that it mars the picture conceived by noble minds of the Most High.

"Morality," Dr. Carus claims, "without religion—religion in the highest sense—would have simply been fear of the police, and nothing more." I do not deny that this may have been the case and is still the case with many, but we have entered a phase of ethical evolution where we are justified in asking the question: "When will men learn to see that the sources of the noblest and most elevated actions of which we are capable have nothing to do with the ideas we may hold about God, about life after death, and about the realm of spirits?" I most emphatically assert that true morality can exist without religion and without police supervision.

The *raison d'être* plays no part in the moral life of those who know the nature of true morality; of a morality that bows to no master and no ruler; of a morality that asks no questions as to the purpose, the why and wherefore of exerting itself, but that draws pleasure simply from the knowledge of its existence and its self-love.

I am an atheist; I believe in no God, no heaven and hell. I do not believe in Christ, though I accept many of the moral teachings that Christ, in common with others, supported. Still, I try to lead a moral life, to practise virtue, in short, to be good. Why? What purpose have I in view in doing this? Thus asks the religious man; the believer in a future life in the immediate presence of God, proving thus his utter incapability of understanding the nature of true morality. I have no purpose in leading a moral life; I simply love to do it. I love kindness, charity, honesty, justice, self-respect. I find satisfaction and happiness in the consciousness of loving and practising these virtues. To commit some low act is repulsive to my nature; my sentiments revolt against vice in every form, and—far from being perfect, as a human being—if, in a weak moment my animal desires—which I, in common with the rest of humanity, have inherited from my more animal-like predecessors—supervene, when I commit an act regarded by the society I live in as an offence against the moral law, I am blamed for it by my conscience, the moral governor living in me, as the offspring of my education and self-training.

Mind you, I deny God! I ridicule the idea that a heavenly voice speaks from within when I shrink back from doing wrong. This statement I make to meet the objection—childish, as it would be—that God, whom I deny, whom I chase away from my presence, with whom I have no desire whatever to

commune, is bent on pitching his tent in my bosom, and on guiding me along the path of virtue. I repel him, I don't want him; still I feel the desire of leading a moral life; without any definite purpose, without any definite aim; without fear of eternal punishment; without hope of a future reward; without speculating on the result of my actions, and without considering the beneficial influence my exemplary life may have upon others; simply because I love to lead a moral life.

Love for morality is with me the sole motive for practising it. The hope thus to gain the respect and admiration of my fellowmen, and to see my associates imitate me gives me pleasure and fills my heart with joy; but this pleasure, this joy is only, as it were, the delicious juice of a rare fruit, of which I become conscious after it touches the palate. And I claim, without fear of successful contradiction, that such morality that does not ponder the reason why it exerts itself and the purpose of its existence, is so far superior to that of our professional Christian preachers of morality, as the intelligence of a Darwin is superior to that of a Bushman.

As an outspoken atheist I am ostracised by so-called respectable society; I am regarded as an outcast, as a depraved creature, by ministers and priests, by hypocrites and sincere believers alike; by them that claim that virtue without a reward loses all its charm, and that devotion to such virtue becomes unreasonable—an amiable but quixotic weakness.

I seize this occasion to tell you, mentally near-sighted banner-bearers of the Galilean dreamer's numerous flock, that I look with pity upon you, as well as upon your thoughtless followers; that it grieves me to notice your utter incapability of comprehending what true morality is; and that I rejoice in the knowledge that you stand beneath me, beneath the pariah of society. You deny the possibility of a virtuous life without a purpose. I claim the possibility of such a one, and, as an example, the nature of the proposition forces me to present myself, though modestly objects.

Human life has a purpose, the same purpose that all life has during the limited period in which it appears in a certain form: to live in conformity with the conditions into which it sprang; but do not ask for the purpose of a virtuous life. Instill love for virtue in the human mind, direct your efforts toward making the practice of virtue a pleasant habit, and, this accomplished, you will forget to propose the question as to the purpose of a moral life, because the problem has found its solution.

"A why for the moral life, in the sense of an ulterior motive other than that life itself, there cannot be. The attempt to erect one at once destroys the conception of morality, whose essence

lies in the objects of will. The only sense in which, if I am right, a 'why' for moral life can be assigned, is that of an explanation, not the indication of an ulterior motive."¹

I leave out of consideration the assertion that: "the freethinker who recognises no authority to which he bows save his own pleasure or displeasure his God is Self." Because the freethinker who loves virtue for its own sake may be placed in the position where he can choose between happiness and duty, and his choice may fall upon the latter. He may believe in the attainment of as great an amount of happiness as possible, but not to the exclusion of duty.

Is this pure negativism of barren freethought? I deny it. Nor can I agree with Dr. Carus when he says, "that freethought has been barren because of its negativism and because it has failed to come out with positive issues."

Modern freethought has neither neglected to come out with positive issues nor is it barren. In trying to demolish the Church—not the moral teachings of religion—that hotbed of a plant upon the stem of which the buds of morality thrive only as parasitic excrescences, because the juice they receive for their nourishment is drawn from a soil richly fertilised by superstition; in trying to undermine the pernicious influence exerted by the highest dignitaries down to the lowest upon the public *in their unscrupulous endeavor to prevent the dissemination of knowledge and the spread of truth*; in warring against the dogmatology of traditional religions and the systematic inculcation of absurd doctrines in the susceptible mind of the growing generation; with that aim in view to erect instead institutions of learning where the discoveries of science and the thoughts of master minds are truthfully represented to a laity desirous of knowing the truth; where children as well as adults can ennoble their nature and draw elevating thoughts from lectures delivered for the purpose of pointing out the crude notions the believer in dogmatic Christianity holds about the principle of good and evil, about duties and rights, and about knowledge and belief; the essence of which is to illustrate the moral superiority of those who worship noble *ideals* and who hold reason, the guide showing the way to light, in high esteem, in comparison to the morality of those that pray to an impotent deity and that heed not the voice of reason; in which the childish tales and myths of religious creeds are expounded as such, and where man's mind and emotional nature receives that training which enables him to comprehend and appreciate the value and grandeur of modern ethics.

The freethought of to-day is battling against the systematic perversion of the human mind when the same receives its most lasting impression; it comes

out with positive issues in advocating the abandonment of our present mode of religious education, with a view of substituting instead an education purely moral—aiming thus at raising a moral instead of a religious generation. This it tries to accomplish by discarding religion, by throwing overboard, as dangerous ballast, the superstitious notions of believing humanity now taught in connexion with a peculiar kind of morality, and by trying to mould noble souls, not by teaching children gratitude and love for a Being nobody knows how to describe, but by admonishing them to love and be grateful to their parents, to obey and respect them; to honor and always to treat politely their brothers, sisters, and companions; to be kind, polite, industrious, candid, truthful, temperate, and clean; always to behave well, to maintain their personal dignity and self-respect; to detest ignorance and idleness; to exercise justice and charity; never to slander any one's reputation, and never to endanger the life of a human being; in short, to love virtue for its own sake and to detest vice for the same reason.

Thus prepared for his future existence man, as he grows in intelligence, will not yearn toward such a moral support as is furnished him at present by a preposterous religious belief, but will satisfy his emotions, and find strength to withstand all temptations in life, in noble self-reliance—besides being thus enabled to grasp the ennobling thoughts of exceptional great minds and to purify his sentiments by possessing himself of such thoughts.

I have very briefly shown, as I think, that modern freethought does not consist in negativism merely, but that it comes out with positive issues; and even Dr. Carus himself, though he denies this, involuntarily admits it in advancing his assertion in the form of a condition: "*If*,"¹ says he, "to be a freethinker means to be purely negative, etc."

I regret to say that Dr. Carus is not fair in his argumentation, at least with me; or else he did not succeed in correctly interpreting my thoughts, though I tried to present them in as clear and concise a form as I was capable of. He accuses me of identifying the negativism of freethought with science. When and where has this been done by me? He charges me with misrepresentations, forgetting to support the charge by proofs. He also imputes to me the concealed statement, "that all religions, and especially Christianity, are errors and unmitigated nonsense."

What I said is that all positive religions contain errors and tenets exerting a demoralising influence upon the public, and that Christianity, as a religious system, is nonsense, because it is based upon assumptions which not only border the realm of the absurd, but are right within it. I, myself, made reference

¹ B. Bosanquet.

¹ Italics are mine.

to the ethical teachings of Christianity, "as *part* of the religious system known by that name." This ought to be sufficient proof that I draw a distinction between Christianity, as a system of religion, and its ethics. The former I reject as absurd,—though I agree with Dr. Carus that unbiassed study of the history of religions should be supported, because it reveals, at least to thinkers, "the development of that most important side of man's nature, which determines the character of his life,—and of the latter I adopt what meets with my approval. Thus I accept the truth, no matter where I may find it, while I reject that which, in my opinion, is false.

Regarding the claim that freethought has been barren, I simply propose the question: "How many centuries elapsed before Christianity could gain a firm footing on continental Europe?" Considering the fact that it took more than a thousand years to convert the whole of Europe to a religion essentially materialistic, and therefore easily comprehended even by uncultured minds, it is not at all surprising that ideal freethought is making very slow progress. There is no reason for discontent. Only a few years ago freethought was a weak sapling, to-day it is a mighty tree, spreading its green branches, despite the formidable influences brought to bear to kill them in the bud, in every direction—slow of growth, but of healthy constitution.

Dr. Carus agrees with Professor Haeckel that ethics is always the expression of a world conception. It would lead me too far to dwell at length upon the reasons why I reject this assumption. Until some better theory will be advanced regarding the formation of solar systems, I adopt that of Kant and Laplace; I believe in the theory of evolution worked out by Darwin and supported by nearly all students of natural sciences; I have implicit faith in the potency of science and the potentiality of the germ of life; I am firmly convinced of the immutability of the laws of nature, and the constant change that energy—inherent in matter—subjects matter to; I deny God, but take it for granted that intellectual and moral evolution is unceasingly shaping the conditions, requirements, and mode of conscious life. But I cannot say that my conception of morality has anything to do with all this; that it is in any way dependent upon or affected by my world-view. This I hinted at in speaking of a system of pure ethics, which is objected to by Dr. Carus upon the ground that "a system of pure ethics" is unscientific; and he adds: "Ethics is always the expression of a world-conception."

I spoke of a system of pure ethics in the same sense that I would speak of religion, as a religious belief and not as a scientific system. Theology is a science. In a broad sense, it is the science of religion, but itself it is not religion. Ethics is a science, the

science of morals, but itself it is not morality. Just as religion, as a sort of sentiment, revealing itself in every individual in more or less grotesque form, existed and exists independent of a *correct* method of science, or of a *correct* knowledge of the forces keeping the world in motion, so it is with those sentiments that constitute the ethical life of the individual. They also are the expressions of emotions, modified by the degree of intelligence of the individual, and by its knowledge and capability of rightly interpreting the moral injunctions in force.

In order to present to humanity, in a comprehensible manner, the ideals of religious teachers, their conception of good and evil, of vice and virtue, theology constructed a system of belief as authority for the moral conduct of their pupils and themselves. And although this system of belief was not based upon a correct knowledge of things, upon facts scientifically established as such, it acted as a powerful agent in moulding the moral character of humanity. Ethics, likewise, may formulate and bring into comprehensible form the precepts by which we ought to be governed in our moral conduct, without paying attention to the—*scientific*—world-conception¹ of the individual, and the question as to the correctness of scientific theories regarding the fulcrum on which the world turns; and may thus, as a system of pure ethics, be substituted in place of the religious belief that now shapes the moral life of the vast majority. In its application it is art, the art of awakening—dormant—emotions and of purifying them, i. e., of turning them into a direction conformable with the noblest conception of morality.

We should infer from what Dr. Carus has to say "that a system of pure ethics is unscientific, because ethics is always the expression of a world-conception," that the ethics of the American Indian is scientific—because it is shaped by his world-conception—and should therefore be accepted in preference to my "unscientific" system of pure ethics.

Dr. Carus tells us that "he not only believes but knows that there is a power in this world which we have to recognise as the norm of truth and the standard of right conduct, and in this sense he upholds the idea of God as being a supreme authority for moral conduct." There is certainly a norm of truth, but this originated with human intelligence, is subject to modifications by human intelligence, and is affected by the laws of nature only in so far as we have to live in obedience to these laws in order to preserve the race. The language of Dr. Carus betrays unconscious or concealed dualism, or half-hearted monism.

I am accused of many misconceptions by Dr. Carus.

¹ I use the term in a restricted sense, considering its application to one's conception of morality as inadmissible.

If these *many* misconceptions were pointed out to me I might be able to prove that, after all, there is, at least, a kernel of truth in asserting the ambiguous character of his religio-philosophical expositions. This he omitted to do, citing only the following in support of his imputation: "If God is being defined simply as abstract thought, an idea, as something existing only in imagination and not in reality, it is meaningless to say science is a revelation of God;" commenting upon this as follows:

"God is an abstract thought, but God himself is a reality. There is no abstract thought but it is invented to describe a reality. Man cannot make the laws of nature, he must describe them; he cannot establish facts, he must investigate, and can only determine the truth; nor can he set up a code of morals, but he must adapt himself to the eternal moral law which is the condition of human society and the factor that shapes the human of man."

To me it seems that several propositions are here advanced which, standing in no proper relation, do not admit of the same deductions. Our knowledge; our description of the laws of nature; of facts the truth of which we establish, is not based upon mere assumptions, but upon actual observation of these laws, of these facts; upon observations that our senses enable us to make; while the claim of the reality of God—as an individual, extramundane power, or as a superpersonal force, or as norm for our moral conduct—is only based upon assumption. The laws of nature we can observe, facts we can notice; our ideas concerning them are representations of a reality seen and felt by us. Not so with God, whether described as a personal or superpersonal being, as is admitted by Dr. Carus himself in advancing no proof for the knowledge he claims to have of the existence of God, as a power which we have to recognise as the norm of truth and the standard of right conduct, but in placing before the reader the supposed proof merely in the form of a peculiar condition: "*If*¹ the term 'God' did not describe an actual reality it would be meaningless to speak of science as a revelation of God."

In opposition to Dr. Carus, who says that man cannot set up a code of morals, but must adapt himself to the eternal moral law, I say there is no moral law—the distinction between moral laws and moral injunctions is only a theoretical one—but what is established by man; and I prove this by the fact that no moral law can be conceived as existent without the presence of one conceiving it. The laws of nature, as forces knowing nothing of compassion and morality, are a reality; the moral law of nature—the condition of human society is no moral law of nature, but a law conditioned by human society—consciously or unconsciously shaping the moral convictions of humanity, is a child of the human brain and as such not self-

existent. Destroy the brain that conceives it, wipe humanity out of existence and its phantom character will reveal itself.

The laws of nature, facts that we can observe, are real, and our ideas concerning them representations of reality; while our ideas of God, at least that of the monist, are only representations of objects of imagination. Thus I arrive at the conclusion that there are ideas which have an objective reality: our ideas about the laws of nature, etc.; and ideas which have no objective reality, ideas developed upon purely imagined grounds: our ideas of God—no matter whether conceived as a superpersonal being, or simply as the moral law of nature.

"Certainly," Dr. Carus says, "the moral law of nature . . . cannot be seen with the eye, or heard with the ear, or tasted with the tongue, or touched with the hands. It is one of those higher realities which can only be perceived by the mind. The senses are insufficient to encompass it, but any normal mind can grasp it."

It is only with a smile of sincere compassion that I pass this cherished phrase of all true *believers*, repeated in such a serious vein by Dr. Carus—by one of the most enthusiastic protagonists of monism, by one who admits the absurdity of a force hovering loose over matter—and dreaded so much by timid minds, whom the fear of being charged with superficiality and base materialism prevents from contradicting it. Well, I have no desire to rob my opponents, whose profundity of thought, I notice, wades in stagnant water, of their innocent pleasure to accuse me of superficiality and base materialism, as I find satisfaction in the knowledge that humanity owes a greater debt to men regarded as superficial by many and as profound by few, than to men regarded as profound by many and as superficial by few; and in the consciousness that the materialism I represent is purer idealism than is dreamed of by those who parade with the grandeur of the idealism they claim to have discovered in the teachings of Christ.

Dr. Carus denies the existence of an individual God, but cosmic order reveals to him, as he says, the presence of a superindividual God, hence the presence of a prototype of mind, or an authority of conduct. This, I think, justifies the inference that with him cosmic order implies design—aye! must imply design in order to secure the foundation on which his claim rests—the design to shape humanity, that itself is powerless in a certain measure, in accordance with the self-imposed, irrefragable order established for this purpose—for the purpose of serving humanity as a prototype of mind, as an authority of conduct. True, there is order in nature, but this does not necessarily imply design, as order can be observed where more

¹ Italics are mine.

than one thing exists, though the assumption of design is excluded beyond any reasonable doubt. This being the case, cosmic order existing without design, I deny that our moral convictions show its handiwork; I deny that the natural order of the world justifies the assumption of a moral prototype, as is claimed by Dr. Carus. Morality has evolved from sociability, from the community of human beings, as is proved by the changes it underwent and which it is subject to even now. The conceptions of right and wrong, good and evil, not being moulded after a given prototype or standard of morality found in nature, have nothing absolute about them, which otherwise would be the case; they change with time, place, and climate, and at different stages of civilisation.

Can there be any doubt as to the unreasonableness of maintaining that nature furnishes us with a moral prototype, when we consider the fact that a pitiless struggle for supremacy is going on all the time in the realm of organic life; that numberless promising germs, as well as highly developed beings, are daily destined to destruction, and that the preservation of higher intelligence and morality depends upon a constant defence against all kinds of danger?

Dr. Carus bewails the fact that the work of the Open Court Publishing Company is being criticised and suspected. If he were able to read between the lines he would perceive that nearly all attacks directed against him consist mainly in a criticism, not so much of the ideas advanced by him, but of the form in which these ideas receive expression. To illustrate this concisely: To speak of the laws of nature, of cosmos, as God, is no tergiversation,—at least, it is admissible,—but it becomes such when reference is made to this God in terms leading the reader to believe, or at least admitting the conclusion, that the personal God of the believer is spoken of; or, in other words, when this God: nature, cosmic order, is being endowed with the same or similar attributes possessed by the supreme ruler of the theist. To call the habits, emotions, convictions of man, his soul, may be permissible, but it becomes tergiversation when reference is had to *this* soul in a manner conveying the idea that the writer maintains the indestructibility of his, mine, or any one's self-consciousness.

Like a red thread in a sheet of white canvas this unconscious ambiguity is noticeable in all expositions of Dr. Carus when he discusses religious subjects. Let him eliminate this red thread, this ambiguity, and, I dare say, that hundreds, who now look with a certain degree of discontent, aye suspicion, upon his work, will join hands with him and support him.

Without the least hesitation I claim, incredible as it may seem to Dr. Carus, that I thoroughly understand him, that the ideals he has formed, and that he

worships, the noble thoughts and sentiments that he entertains, the aim he has in view, and the hopes that he cherishes, sought their abode in a kindred soul long before I knew him through his writings. I always wished for able writers who would give public expression to these ideas and sentiments, who would cloak in suitable words the ideals worshipped by me, for a public aspiring after the truly noble and elevating, and sublime—and desirous of grappling with the profound questions proposed by life. The publications of the Open Court Publishing Company seemed, for a time at least, to carry to realisation this ardent wish of mine, but I suffered disappointment, owing to the irresistible inclination of its editor to force hostile thoughts into a union which, owing to the different nature of the elements to be united, can never be accomplished.

Modern ethics is based upon knowledge and reason; the ethics of old mainly upon faith and instinct. The good, the true, that originated with faith and instinct, reason will retain and systematise with the aid of knowledge; the absurd it will not try to embody in the sensible, but it will simply reject it.

Above I made the statement that I thoroughly understand Dr. Carus; so much the more do I regret to say that he has failed properly to interpret my ideas, which he proves by the fact that he imputes thoughts to me that I never uttered. It is true that I am not indifferent as to the survival of my ideals, and to those sentiments which I may be permitted to call my better self. On the contrary, I hope that those surviving me will cherish the traits most valued in me by the virtuous. While I live it gives me pleasure to think that the aspirations of this generation will, through transmission, benefit and help to elevate upon a higher plane of intelligence and morality future humanity. But of this pleasure I am only conscious while I live, with death this pleasure ceases; any possible reward for leading a virtuous life I can only anticipate while enjoying self-consciousness; to expect a reward after having ceased to live as a conscious being is preposterous—in the eyes of those denying the existence of an ego-soul.

Both Dr. Carus and I have recognised the fact that there is dross in religion, and that the great mass of humanity has always identified the term with belief in fables, doctrines, and dogmas which we have learned to regard as absurd and preposterous. For this reason, and in order to avoid misunderstandings, I reject the word "religion"; he retains it, being thus forced to ambiguity, despite the declaration he makes that to him religion is—merely—the prime factor which is to develop man's moral nature.

Because I discard religion, because I wish to place in its stead a system of pure ethics, a code of morals

that rejects religion and retains only the good and noble that humanity gave birth to,—which by no means was always the product of religion, as morality and religion developed very frequently in different directions,—that teaches justice, love, truth, without the dross religion contains, he calls me a bigot infidel; and because he tries to bring in harmony systematised knowledge, modern views of ethics with the religious conceptions of indolent, superstitious humanity, I accused him of suffering from the reconciliation-mania, which claim I am constrained to uphold in every particular, despite the fact that I admire and support many of the noble thoughts he has given expression to in his aim to perfect humanity.

FABLES FROM THE NEW ÆSOP.

BY HUDOR GENONE.

The Great Physician and the Dumb Broom.

A YOUNG woman who had been brought up by an indulgent mother, having little to do and plenty of such dainties as that country provided, fell ill, more from lassitude and surfeit than any real disorder. She declined to take to her bed, but went about the house languid and wretched, and wearying her anxious mother with her complaints.

The mother tried to induce her to take a potion of herbs which she prepared with her own hands, but the daughter was wilful and declined the draught, saying that she was not ill enough for so nauseous a remedy.

Then the mother in great distress sent for a young mediciner. He came directly, and being handsome and quite talkative, the girl brightened up and conversed gayly with him and was so sprightly that he was convinced she had no malady, and told the elder woman at the door on his departure, (at the time he took his fee,) that she need be under no apprehension on her daughter's account.

For a time after this young man left, the girl seemed a different being, but the day following her old ailment returned, and she moped and sighed and languished again. When this had been kept up for several days, the mother, now seriously troubled, sent to a city near-by for another doctor, who was in much repute.

He came in state, looking very learned and wise, and after putting many questions both to the young woman and her mother as to symptoms, mode of life, and the like, he declared that the patient was really in a perilous position, but needed no physic.

"What she really needs," he said, "is a complete course of calisthenics. You must purchase dumb-bells forthwith and exercise daily with these according to the rules laid down in my work, *The Science of Athletics.*"

The learned physician thereupon produced a copy of the volume. The price of this, together with his fee, (double that of the young doctor's), was so great that the poor mother, not very well provided as to wealth, had no money left to purchase the dumb-bells.

While in this quandary, (the daughter all the while continuing indisposed,) a neighbor who knew of her trouble told her that the great Æsculapius was passing through that town. Him she appealed to, and when he came, after some inquiries, careful investigation, and knowledge of the remedies which had been prescribed, he had this to say:

"The young doctor was wrong in saying that your daughter had no malady, for she has a very serious malady; and the elder doctor was wrong in prescribing the remedy. I perceive," he continued, "that this house is far from cleanly—"

Here the mother, interrupting, tried to apologise, explaining that she herself had no time left from her other duties.

"But this young woman, your daughter?"

"Ah, sir, she is much too ill," replied the poor mother; "but pray, what might the malady be that you say is so serious?"

"Her malady," replied Æsculapius, "is indifference and unwillingness. I, too, have a prescription, which is not a dumb bell, but a dumb broom. Let her give over her laziness and regain her health by sweeping the house; so, seeking diligently, she shall find it."

With that Æsculapius arose and took his leave, not heeding the pouting lips of his patient, and declining any fee for his services.

NOTES.

Dr. Carus's reply to Corvinus's rejoinder will appear in the next number of *The Open Court*.

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FABLES FROM THE NEW ÆSOP.

BY HUDOR GENONE.

The Silly Triangle.

IN THE great region of Areas the Triangle lay lazily basking. It had nothing to do but bask; nothing to live for but laziness. In this respect it differed in no degree from its cousins and connexions of the family of regular figures. These all (and none more than the Triangle) looked down with the utmost contempt upon all figures not strictly regular, with whom indeed they refused to associate, or recognise as having any claim upon either their sympathies or affections.

The Circle, the Square, the Trapezoid, the Trapezium, and the Triangle, all held—however they might differ amongst themselves—that they were of finer material than shapes less mathematical, and more beautiful than forms not possessed of what they proudly called homologous lines.

The chief amusement these haughty folk had to solace the austerity of their existence was to discuss the excellence of their being, and to comfort one another by mutual felicitations upon a life perfect in itself and demanding no exertion or effort for continuance.

“We just are,” they said, “and that is quite enough for us.”

One day an Atom, (who dwells, you do not need to be told, in a very different realm,—the kingdom of Solids,) happening that way, heard the Triangle discoursing to his fellows, and for very pity of their forlorn condition, took a hand in their conversation.

“Do you really believe all you have said?” he asked, having drawn the Triangle aside, because he perceived him to be sharper than the rest; “Do you really believe that in you and your kind the Infinite Geometry has exhausted His potencies?”

“Certainly,” replied the Triangle, “I am confident that as the fountain can rise no higher than its source I and my kind only, having had breathed into us the breath of life, are the sole likenesses of our Creator. Is not that plain?”

“Not to a wayfaring Atom who knows better,” was the quick reply; “but come, tell me, is it because

of this view which you call plain that you are known as plain surfaces?”

“Plain surfaces! Curious I never thought of the matter in that light. It may be though that you have stumbled upon the truth.”

“And your deity then is plain Geometry for the same reason?”

“Perhaps,” replied the Triangle, “though the especial form of doctrine I hold is Trigonometry.”

“And quite properly too,” said the Atom, “for as you yourself have quoted—the reservoir determines the altitude of the jet. It is therefore impossible for you to worship a god not in your own likeness, albeit the sum and co-ordination and nucleus of merit of all your possibilities.”

“Really,” said the Triangle, “I fail to follow you.”

“And no wonder,” replied the Atom; “but if you choose you may follow me. As you may have observed my residence is in a different locality from yours. You are content to be supine, I am only happy in activity; you are satisfied with the quiescence of mere being, I ask for happiness, nay, more, I require for existence not only being but also action. Now while you remain continually in one spot I move about,—”

“I observe,” said the Triangle querulously, “that you are very restless.”

“Move about,” continued the Atom, disregarding the interruption, “not for the mere desire for change of scene, although that has charms, nor even for the purpose of getting fresh views of things by becoming continually part of new combinations, for that constitutes my chief utility, but that—even as you depend for life upon the existence of Trigonometry, so in like, though vastly higher and nobler manner, my life depends upon a higher life, I too have a god which has created and which sustains me. My god is called Chemical Affinity.”

“That is sheer blasphemy,” said the Triangle. “There is but one God.”

“Admitting that,” said the Atom, “is it blasphemy to investigate his possibilities?”

“They are infinite,” replied the Triangle.

“Then so much more room for investigation; you observe my motions, is it not evident to you how superior my functions are to yours? I move, but you

do not. Your god is good enough in his way, and that is for your way; but for mine how superior my deity."

"Oh! as to that," said the Triangle, "I can move too if I choose."

"If you choose," said the Atom with some scorn. "Why, as you have related your condition you are incapable of choice."

At this the Triangle fired up.

"Incapable of choice!" he exclaimed. "That only shows your ignorance. Now watch me and observe how easily I move."

So saying the Triangle stretched out his arms, his head got bigger and bigger, till all at once—trying to do that for which his nature was not fitted—he lost his head entirely, and, far from rising into that region which he boastfully sought to emulate, he sank into a lower, he ceased to be a surface and became a line.

"No wonder," remarked the Atom as he went off at the call of his Affinity, "no wonder they called him an obtuse angled Triangle."

CONSERVATIVE RADICALISM.

CONTROVERSIES, lest they become interminable, must be limited to those issues in which the differences are not merely verbal but material. In my reply to the rejoinder of Corvinus I shall accordingly waive minor and purely incidental points.

Corvinus declares that I threw the gauntlet to him, while it is he who began the controversy; he criticised me, not I him; I simply explained those subjects concerning which he felt misgivings. Corvinus speaks of my "bemoaning the fact that the Open Court Publishing Company is criticised and suspected." Far from bemoaning criticism, I rejoice at it; and indeed I solicit criticism. I regret criticism only if it is based upon mere misconceptions.

Among other points of little consequence I find a remark made by Corvinus, to which I should never have thought of giving a reply, had he not uttered it with unusual emphasis. Corvinus resents my characterisation of his views as negative, and challenges me to quote one sentence of his which would prove the correctness of my assertion. It appears that we disagree regarding the terms "positive" and "negative." Corvinus understands by positive such views as are moral and earnest, which implies that negative means immoral, or at least flippant. My definition of negative is that which denies the right of something to exist, that which proposes to destroy. While I endeavor to purify religion, religious ideas, religious aspirations, and religious institutions, Corvinus most emphatically declares that they should be wiped out of existence. This is what I call negativism, and this negativism is identified by Corvinus with scientific thought.

But now *in medias res!*

Corvinus repeats his accusation of ambiguity. He imagines that I am only joking when I fill the old terms of religious tradition with a deeper and scientifically more exact meaning. He speaks of tergiversation and self-deception in "reconciling absurdities with common sense and reason," for the purpose of "gaining the favor of the thoughtless masses" and "in order to save my reputation as a thinker and—a pious person." Corvinus speaks of "unconscious ambiguity" as though he wanted to excuse or palliate the dishonesty which all ambiguity implies, and he assures me repeatedly that he understands me thoroughly.

I have come to the conclusion that Corvinus does not understand me, for my usage of the old terms is neither tergiversation resulting from a desire of pandering to the thoughtless, nor is it unconscious. I know what I am about when I use old terms in a new sense, and that I do so is not a matter of policy with me, but of conviction.

The Religion of Science which, in agreement with the founder of *The Open Court*, I uphold, and which with his noble assistance it has become my life-work to explain and to propagate, is not a new-fangled theory or a revolution against the traditions of mankind, it is an old aspiration in its latest rebirth and it is rendered sacred not only by age, but also by the exertions of our ancestors in their search for the truth. The Religion of Science is not, or at least only in part, a negation of the old dogmatic religions of the past. The Religion of Science is their fulfilment; it embodies all the truth which they contain, adding thereto the light that scientific investigation affords.

When our ancestors formulated their religious views, they were not frauds, although they were unable to state the truth plainly and unmixed with error. The martyrs of the various religions and confessions, among the early Christians, among the Waldenses, the Huguenots, the Dutch Protestants, and others, were not simply fools; they suffered for a purpose. And they sanctified their purpose by their suffering. The old prophets were not impostors, but men of earnest convictions.

When the prophets saw the extortions of the rich and powerful, the insolence and other vices of the mass of the people, the thoughtlessness of the frivolous, who lived for their own pleasure, regardless of the duties that life imposed upon them, they raised the voice of warning; they pointed out the afflictions which come as the curse of sin, and declared the law of justice which in the end is sure to destroy the evildoer. The prophets' observations are based upon facts, and the injunctions derived from them are important for practical purposes.

What is the *raison d'être* of the old religions?

This world of ours, although not built by the hands of an architect after the fashion of man's handiwork, is nevertheless a harmonious whole. There is law in it, and the law is omnipresent. The laws of nature and the cosmic order of the universe are real facts of existence; indeed, they are more important than any other set of facts. Yet you cannot touch them with hands or perceive them with any of the senses. You can see them alone with your mind's eye. They are the conditions of rationality in nature, for through them alone man exists as a thinking being. They, representing the logic of facts, are the *rationale* of the cosmos, which alone endows life with dignity, for it brings it about that rational beings can pursue aims, lay down rules of conduct, and aspire for worthy ideals.

Religious prophets are filled with the awe of this omnipresence of law and proclaim the injunctions that experience naturally, and often instinctively, derives from its manifestations.

In this statement I have avoided the term God, and spoken of laws of nature. I have now to add, that the replacement of the old term "God" by the new term "the laws of nature" is in two respects misleading, (1) there is one consistent order in the cosmos, not many laws, and (2) the term "laws of nature" is commonly used to denote the formulations of our scientists which describe the various ways of the cosmos, while I here mean the realities themselves and not man's conception of those realities. In order to denote the oneness, the eternity, the immutability, the omnipotence or more directly speaking the irrefragability, the omnipresence, the universality, the absolute sovereignty of this something in nature we call it by the old fashioned term God; and claim that this God who is the only true God is not a mere fancy or product of man's imagination, but a reality, and indeed the most indubitable reality of all reality; for everything that is, exists in Him, through Him and to Him. All things and all souls are in Him and He is in all of them. There is nothing without Him.

This is not Pantheism; for to say that God is in all things does not constitute him the totality of beings. God must not be identified with the sum-total of existence. He is more than that. God is supernatural in the proper sense of the term, for the world-order is not only omnipresent in this actual world of ours, but is the condition of every possible world. There may be worlds in which the law of gravitation would have no application, in which the properties of existence might be so different as to render our senses useless and make other sensations possible, but there can be no world without those universal laws which we formulate in the purely formal sciences, such as

logic and arithmetic. No possible world can exist in which 2×2 could now be 5, now 6, and again some other number. It must be always the selfsame product of 2×2 which we call 4.

Here lies the essential difference between Corvinus's views and mine. Corvinus says:

"There is no moral law but what is established by man."

Corvinus puts the cart before the horse by stating:

"The moral law of nature, the conditions of human society is no moral law of nature, but a law conditioned by human society—consciously or unconsciously shaping the moral convictions of humanity—is a child of the human brain. I prove this by the fact that no moral law can be conceived as existent without the presence of one conceiving it."

If Corvinus understood what I mean, he would not offer this assumption as a proof. I mean by "moral law" the eternal conditions of nature which in the evolution of life beget man as a rational and moral being. Why should the existence of a law of nature (in the sense of some modes of action in the ways of cosmic life) be dependent upon their being conceived? Were not the laws of electricity as real as they are now long before anybody on earth dreamt of the possibility of electric forces? And is not the ideal of virtue the same whether or not represented in the brain of man?

Let us restate the issue on another ground, which, not being directly implied in the religious problem, might allow our friend and critic to think without prejudice. Is causality real or not? That is to say, does the law of cause and effect, which our scientists formulate, describe conditions in the domain of our experiences that are real, or is causality merely a child of the human brain? The old nominalist school, together with their modern descendents who are represented by Hume, Kant, and Mill, take the negative horn of the dilemma, while the philosophy of science takes the positive horn. Causality is a real and actual fact. Causality is not an object; it is not a piece of matter; it is not a quantity of energy; it cannot be perceived by any one of the senses; yet is it real; and indeed it is as much real as any fact of nature. It is as real as stones, as actual as a dynamite explosion, and, indeed, it is more important than any one of the single facts or objects that we meet with in experience. It is one of those omnipresent facts and is as such a part and parcel of that reality which we comprise under the religious term "God."

Corvinus asks for a proof of the objective reality of the moral law of nature. He might as well ask for a proof that 2×2 will always be four, and he might as well deny the truth of this statement, as J. S. Mill actually did. A nominalist only can ask for a proof that he himself exists as a rational being.

The proof of the objective reality of law and of the universality of law must be based upon the re-

liability of human reason in experience. Is it, or is it not, a fact that we can rely upon rationally correct deductions? Is logic a safe guide in practical life? Is universality of thought possible or not? The nominalist denies that universals are real, but in doing so, he denies the reality and reliability of his rational faculty and implicitly declares that his reasoning has no objective application. The nominalistic proposition appears, at first sight, more guarded than the realistic doctrine, but it is actually a bold negation and an assumption that stands in contradiction to the most assured and most obtrusive facts. At the same time, it is a suicidal statement, for on its own supposition no universal statement whatever, be it positive or negative, can be made.

A nominalist denies universality, which is to say, he denies the applicability of reason; and yet he argues. If he were consistent, he would surrender all argument.

I do not say that Corvinus is a nominalist who would accept all the tenets of a consistent nominalism; I only say that he has made nominalistic statements and that these statements are founded upon error.

Corvinus preaches the morality of pure ethics, by which he means that his conception of goodness has nothing to do with his views of the nature of life and of the world. Nor does he ask for the purpose of a virtuous life. He feels the desire of leading a moral life without any definite purpose, without any definite aim—simply because he loves to lead a moral life.

Corvinus feels morally as infinitely above the professional Christian preachers, as in intelligence Darwin is superior to a Bushman; and he looks down with pity on the Galilean dreamer's numerous flock because they are still in the bondage of traditionalism. Considering the ring of conviction in his expositions, we do not doubt that he is an unusually earnest, pure-hearted, and well-meaning man. But is there not a tinge of Pharisaism in his reflexions?

There is a difference between morality, which is a practice in daily life, and ethics, which is conscious knowledge of the significance of morality. Ethics is helpful for the improvement of morality, but ethics does not constitute morality. A bear is in possession of no ethics whatever, but when she defends her cubs and sacrifices herself for them, she may, in morality, be superior to many a man who graduated in ethics and is preaching morality either from the pulpit or in the university lecture-hall, or, as I do, in the editor's chair. He whose ethics are superior, has no reason to look down upon his less favored brother.

While I do not hesitate to believe that the morality of Corvinus is exemplary, I cannot say that his ethics ranks very high, for what is it but mere instinc-

tive goodness. Purposeless and aimless, it may briefly be characterised as the ethics of the thoughtless.

Corvinus sides with Mr. Salter, with whom I had a controversy on the question of the basis of ethics several years ago; and like Mr. Salter, he identifies the problem of the basis of ethics with the idea that moral actions should be done for some selfish end. He answers the ambiguous question, "Why shall I lead a moral life?" by saying "there is no why? I must not look for a reward, but must do the good for the sake of the good. The problem of the basis of ethics has nothing to do with the selfish motives why we should do or abstain from certain actions."

If we inquire into the nature of morality, we must, above all, know what is good and what is bad.

Supposing some one replies, "telling the truth is good; a dutiful performance of duty, the alleviation of suffering is good, etc.,—while lying and the shirking of duties is bad; stealing, and inflicting pain is very bad, etc., we ask again Why is the former good and the latter bad? Shall we say with Corvinus, "there is no why"?

The ethical problem is not so simple as he imagines. Inflicting pain is bad; but is the action of a hero, who inflicts wounds on his enemies, good or bad? And is the man who would not tell the truth on the rack, because it is an important secret, to be blamed or praised?

Is there, indeed, no reason for morality? Is morality really aimless and purposeless, a mere efflux of sentiment? It is right enough to lead a virtuous life because one loves virtue, and not on account of rewards or for fear of punishment here on earth or in some other place, but for that reason we need not declare that virtue is without purpose.

Corvinus himself disagrees with his own statement when he says:

"Human Life has a purpose, the same purpose that all life has during the limited period in which it appears in a certain form: to live in conformity with the conditions into which it sprang."

Very well! These conditions are the formative factors of all the various forms of life; they are the creator of the present shape of the world; religiously speaking, they are God. Accordingly we say, ethics is a correct comprehension of the tendencies of the evolution of life, especially of human life, for the purpose of conforming to its law.

Corvinus does not continue as we would; he adds the self-contradictory sentence:

"But do not ask for the purpose of a virtuous life."

And he declares:

"We should infer from what Dr. Carus has to say that 'a

system of pure ethics is unscientific, because ethics is always the expression of a world-conception, and that the ethics of the American Indian is scientific—because it is shaped by his world-conception, and should therefore be accepted in preference to my 'unscientific' system of ethics."

My reply is, that if an Indian, with his limited knowledge, conscientiously ponders on the problems of life and endeavors to actualise his errors in superstitious practices, he is so far, and of course only so far, the superior of Corvinus, in spite of the latter's higher culture and more comprehensive knowledge; for the Indian is progressive, his life and the evil results of his errors are valuable experiments which will benefit his posterity, while the ethics of Corvinus is simply to live on the accumulated moral capital of past ages, simply to lead a moral life, because he loves virtue, simply to do the good, whatever that may be, because the good pleases him.

What guarantee has Corvinus from his standpoint of pure ethics that his idea of goodness is correct? Is there not danger, that in calling virtue what pleases him, and in repudiating a "why," he may be regarding certain actions as moral, merely because he loves them? Any system of pure ethics, so called, is unscientific, because it cuts ethics loose from the world and our conception of the world, and renders thus a clear definition of goodness impossible. It makes of morality a matter of mere sentiment, and does not trace its connexions with the conditions and laws of existence.

Suppose Corvinus were to agree with my exposition of the nature of morality as based upon definite conditions of existence, he would still object to my calling these conditions by the religious term of "God," because he believes that the term "God" is misleading and ambiguous, as it implies an identity with the anthropomorphic God-conception of our religious traditions and even with the foolish notions of the unthinking masses. To which I reply, that to consider the conditions of our life as so many single items is as erroneous, perhaps more erroneous, than to represent them under the allegory of a personal Creator; for they are one, and all their various manifestations are, according to circumstances, so many applications of one and the same principle, power, or tendency, law, or whatever you may be pleased to call it.

But, whatever we may call it, it remains a reality of universal importance, the existence of which can be denied only by those who cannot see it on account of its omnipresence.

He who seeks the omnipresent in the blue sky, or in the statue of a god, or in the sound of a word, or on the altar of a church, will not find it. He must come to the conclusion that either it does not exist or that its existence cannot be proved. Taking this view, Kant proposed to postulate the existence of God,

while I would say that God is an undeniable fact of experience. A God whose existence can only be postulated is a poor God and will be of little use to us. God, in order to be a true God, must be an omnipresent factor in the formation of life and in the shaping of our destinies.

Such is the God of the Religion of Science, and he is different from God, as tradition has shaped his picture, in so far as he is nearer to us, as he is truer, grander, and higher. But should we for that reason call him by another name?

Our God-conception is the direct lineal descendent of the old God conception, and should on that account alone be called by the same name, similarly as every one of us bears the name of his great-great-grandfather in direct father's line, although our great-great-grandfather might have been very different in character and occupation from us, and although he may have spoken a language which we no longer understand.

The God-idea of the Religion of Science is on the most essential point the same as the God-idea of Moses and of Christ. It is the recognition of the eternal omnipresence of such conditions in the universe which make man possible, and by man we here understand a rational, purpose-pursuing, and morally-aspiring being. That the old prophets spoke of him as a personality is unessential; and there is good reason for claiming that this mode of speech was an intentional allegory which was never meant to convey the idea of an anthropomorphic God. This much is certain, that the religious leaders of mankind were prompted by their experiences to teach and to preach. Whatever errors influenced their doctrines, they endeavored to formulate the conditions of man's being in an impressive and popular language and applied the truth, such as they understood it, to practical life.

There are people who object to parable teaching and decay allegories as ambiguities, and I confess that there is a truth in their objection. I for one am always on my guard lest I be satisfied with a fairy-tale instead of grasping the truth. But at the same time I am convinced of the inevitableness of symbolic language, for even science cannot dispense with similes and *quid pro quo's*. Our scientific terminology is full of mythological expressions, and if we try to get radically rid of allegoric speech, we find out that it is the method of language to name classes of things with the help of comparisons, figurative uses of words, and similes. Science in quest of knowledge walks up hill on the zigzag road of approximating truth by a gradual approach to its ideal summit of the perfection of absolute cognition.

I join freethinkers when they deny the errors of traditional religion, when they insist on the foolish-

ness of believing in a God-individual and in a soul-essence, but I part company with them when they proclaim that there is nothing good in the old traditions, that they are a hotbed of poisonous plants, and that they must be destroyed.

The freethinker's criticism is an important factor in the evolution of religion, and will be better understood by religious people when freethought has accomplished its purpose. The keen sarcasm of Colonel Ingersoll awakens the old dogmatists from their slumber; it cuts Christian paganism with its absurdities to the quick, but does not touch real religion, the fountain-head of all religion, the spirit of which lingers even in superstitions and aberrations, although it may sometimes be difficult to trace it.

The mission of the Religion of Science is not to destroy religion, but to preserve it; not to abolish the churches, but to reform and to quicken them; not to annihilate man's faith in the holiness of truth, but to purify it of prejudice, to widen its sympathies, and to develop it to a nobler and higher apprehension.

We are radical, and push radicalism to its utmost extreme; but at the same time we are conservative. We do not mean to begin the world over again, but expect that the new must develop out of the old. Progress is growth, and can only be brought about by gradual improvement and transformation.

Therefore, far from being hostile toward the churches, the Religion of Science comes as their friend. We criticize the dogmas and ecclesiastical practices, not because we are irreligious but because we seek a higher religion. Far from being an atheist in the sense in which Corvinus uses the word, I am a theologian. My work is not prompted by any irreverence or desire to discredit the religious aspirations of the past, but to lead them out of confusion into clearness, out of dreamy haziness into the full light of conscious knowledge, out of mythology into the exactness of scientific truth.

P. C.

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE DYING RAHAT'S SERMON. Written in Pâli, has been translated into English and published by C. Samerasingha, Galle, Ceylon.

The pamphlet contains the Pâli text in ninety-eight stanzas, with a literal translation and without any reflexions on the doctrinal terms of Buddhism, such as "the soullessness of the five constituents of the body." Buddha's teaching is puzzling so long as âtman is translated by soul. Buddha denies the existence of the âtman, i. e., of a metaphysical soul-being that is supposed to be the agent behind the real facts of man's psychical life; but Buddha does not deny the reality of these facts themselves. Man's existence is his karma, and the assumption of an âtman that performs his karma is absurd. If the âtman is to be called the soul, Buddha denies the existence of the soul; and in this respect he agrees with the results of modern psychology, which also is sometimes inappropriately characterised as a psychology without a

soul. But Buddha at the same time insists on the immortality of man's karma.¹ These two points come out clearly enough in *The Dying Rahat's Sermon*, which is probably a very old document of Southern Buddhism. The doctrine of the non-existence of the âtman is set forth in the stanzas 56, 57, 58, 59, 62:

"It is absurd to believe in the existence of a soul in this body: a body which is unsteady and perishable as a blaze of fire. The idea of a soul is as absurd as that of a barren woman's son running a race along the shaft of a carriage made of the horns of a rabbit.

"It is rank nonsense to say that there is a soul in this body: a body that is actually soulless and equal to a plantain tree. He that erroneously persists in believing that there is a soul, is indeed in no way unequal to one who attempts to drink, in order to slake his thirst, a draught of mirage out of a cup made of a bubble of water.

"The endeavors of an unintelligent man to impute to a mirage scent extracted from the flowers of a fig tree are all in vain, and in like manner, he that persists in the erroneous impression that there is a soul in this body reaps no benefit, since there is no soul actually in existence.

"There is nothing to constitute a soul either in the five constituent parts (the body, the sensation, the perception, the reasoning, and the consciousness) or in the six personal residences² (the eye, the ear, the nose, the tongue, the organ of touch in the bodily system, and the understanding), and he that persists in the belief of the existence of a soul is evidently compared to one persevering to obtain a solid beam from the stem of a plantain tree.

"As the silly hart in vain runs after the fanciful sight of yonder mirage, taking it to be a sheet of water, so do people give way to desire, purely from a false impression that there is steadiness in the unsteady existence of nature."

The positive element of the immortality of the actual facts of man's soul-life, as manifested in man's karma, might come out stronger; but this apparent negativism is characteristic of the Southern Church of Buddhism. Nevertheless it is plainly expressed. For again and again the rabat inculcates the injunction of not to cling to wealth or earthly goods, but to lay up prudently a store of good deeds, which is the only treasure that is not impermanent. We read in stanza 43:

"Is it wise in any being to stick to life and wealth, when wealth is like wind, fire, or water; when life is like a flash of lightning, which is impermanent."

And in stanzas 30-31:

"Hasten to do good and to obtain Nibbhana, leaving undone what may entail grief and pain on any one.

"Neither his wealth, friends, children, relations, servants, nor his wife, as dear as life, accompany him that is about to depart this life; only the result of his own deeds of merit and demerit done in this world."

We are glad to acknowledge the receipt of three interesting and able papers by Mr. Lester F. Ward, of Washington, D. C. They are all reprints. The first is on *Fossil Plants* and is from Vol. VI. of *Johnson's Universal Cyclopaedia*. It gives a brief but admirable *résumé* of the facts of palæobotany. The second, from *Science*, sketches the life and work of two eminent inquirers in the same field, Saporta and Williamson, both of whom died during the present year. The last paper is a reprint from the *American Journal of Sociology* and is on *The Place of Sociology Among the Sciences*. Mr. Ward regards sociology as "the cap-sheaf and

¹That our interpretation of the Buddhistic doctrine is in harmony with representative thinkers of Southern Buddhism may be learned from the review of *The Gospel of Buddha in The Buddhist*, a reprint of which appears in another column of the present number.

²The elements which constitute man's personality.

crown of any true system of classification of the sciences, and also the last and highest landing on the great staircase of education." We quote the following paragraph, which is interesting both in itself and as an illustration of the influence which our predilections and favorite studies have on our estimate of things. "Comte was typical of the French mind in general when at its best. There is no greater error than that of thinking it light and trivial. I have heard mathematicians, astronomers, and physicists say the same for these great departments of science. Every chemist, anatomist, and physiologist must be acquainted with French thought on these subjects. It was Lamarck who really broke the way to the new biology and gave it its name. Political economy, with all its merits and defects, originated with the physiocrats. In the very word altruism Comte laid the foundation of a scientific ethics. And for moral power in fiction what author has approached Victor Hugo? The French mind penetrates to the very heart of every problem it attacks and is not deterred by practical obstacles. It has thus been the great organiser of human thought, leaving the details and frictional hindrances to the German and English schools. France has furnished the warp of science and philosophy, other nations their woof."

NOTES.

It is a strange fact that liberal religious people are frequently much more narrow-minded than the old-fashioned orthodox ones. As one instance, we publish a review of Subhadra Bhikshu's *Buddhist Catechism* and of *The Gospel of Buddha*, coming from a liberal religious journal. *The Outlook* not only has not the slightest idea of the character of the philosophy represented in *The Open Court*, which it calls "materialistic monism" and "pantheism,"¹ but it also thinks that books that attempt to interpret Buddhistic thought "are unnecessary in the world, at any rate to the world of Western Christendom." While Roman Catholic clergymen at Paris prepare themselves for holding a second Religious Parliament in 1900, *The Outlook* proposes to shut Christendom up in a Chinese wall. The reviewer must have had a dream while reading *The Gospel of Buddha*, for he blames its author for suggesting "that we substitute this for the religion of Jesus," although in the whole *Gospel of Buddha* there is not the slightest attempt at proposing such a substitution. *The Gospel of Buddha* is intended to be a sober conception of Buddhism, written for the purpose of stimulating our religious thought, especially in its relation to the psychological problem. Whether or not it faithfully represents the Buddhistic doctrine, it is for Buddhists to say. We reprint the review of *The Outlook* without further remark, as a warning to thoughtless critics:

"The teachings of Gautama, called the Buddha, were salvation to myriads in the Orient twenty-five hundred years ago, but they are perdition to the world of modern Christendom. It will never be possible to reverse the whirling of the wheel of progress. The growth of the world cannot be undone, the knowledge of the world cannot be unlearned. Two attempts to introduce Buddhism lie before us; they are of entirely different spirit and wisdom. They are also entirely different interpretations of Buddhism. *The Buddhist Catechism*, by Subhadra Bikshu (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York), is a translation from a German version, and is manifestly a propagandist essay. We suspect that in this book Buddhism has passed through a mind surcharged with the Occidentalism of Schopenhauer. Yet the Catechism professes to be consonant with the Singalese sect of Buddhists. This sect is supposed to be nearest the original doctrine of Gautama. As in Christianity,

there is a vast difference between the various sects of Buddhists. We are not yet in the position to say with dogmatism what is the only, or the *realist*, Buddhism. Perhaps there never was an absolute uniformity in Buddha's own day. It is clear that, as his sayings are reported, he uttered many things hard to reconcile. This Catechism will be useful to those theosophists who have not yet got beyond the stage of archæological occultism. Dr. Paul Carus, in his *Gospel of Buddha*, speaks to a different audience—the rational, not the mystical, folk. Nevertheless, this rationalism is mystical. He redeems Buddhism from the atheistic bondage only to chain it to his car of materialistic monism. He emancipates the Gospel of the Light of Asia from the service of nihilism in order that it may minister unto pantheism. His explanations are facile. We would gladly assent to his preaching if behind his pulpit we did not detect the evil spirit of a blank materialism. Buddhism, in one of its forms, is precisely the garb to fit Dr. Carus's teachings. It suits the purpose of the Philosopher of Chicago, and, so far, all is well. But when it is suggested that we substitute this for the religion of Jesus, we ask, not as Christians, but as philosophers, 'Dr. Carus, are not you nodding?' Of course, there is much that is fine in Buddhism, especially as Dr. Carus expounds it, and there are also not a few superficial resemblances to Christianity; but would Dr. Carus in all seriousness be willing to live in a world entirely Buddhistic? and does not he understand that in their essence Christianity and Buddhism are diametrically opposed? For these reasons, if for no other, we feel indisposed to seriously consider these two books. They are unnecessary to the world, at any rate to the world of Western Christendom. (The Open Court Company, Chicago.)"

"*The Buddhist*. A Weekly Magazine and the Organ of the Southern Church of Buddhism," published in Colombo, Ceylon, contains in one of its latest numbers (Vol. VII., No. 36) the following editorial on *The Gospel of Buddha*: "Under the above title is a work before us, compiled by Dr. Paul Carus on Buddhism from old records. His method of treatment of the subject is at once original, succinct, and comprehensive, thereby making it less tedious than most works of the kind produced from different points of view of the system, as well as through motives other than a desire to faithfully represent its true character and value. We are glad to find, that in the work under review, the latter unfair element has not entered into the mind of the author, except the good wish to judge well and to impart the result of such labors to others. The eminent feature of the work is its grasp of the difficult subject and the clear enunciation of the doctrine of the most puzzling problem of *âtman*, as taught in Buddhism. So far as we have examined the question of *âtman* ourselves from the work of Southern canon, the view taken by Dr. Paul Carus is accurate, and we venture to think that it is not opposed to the doctrine of Northern Buddhism. The conception of soul by advanced thinkers of the present day, is in strange agreement with the Buddha's teaching thereon. The theory of *âtman* was, in the time of our Blessed Master, carried to such absurd extremes, that He was obliged to deny the existence thereof in man. The Brahmans believed that the soul is a metaphysical entity behind the Samskaras, pre existing in its essential purity all throughout its various changes, and being the one witness of all the phenomena of the senses. The Master saw the mistake, and pointed out the utter inconsistency of the teaching, of the Brahmans in thinking to make an already pure thing still purer by personal works, and in the necessity of its [the soul's] having to descend into matter to get back, after many incarnations, to its starting point.

"Then again, if the soul is the one witness of all the phenomena communicated through its windows [the senses], how does it not see, smell, taste, hear, and feel whenever it opens any one of the windows? On the contrary this *âtman* self, our teachings

¹As to our opinion on the subject of materialism, see *Fundamental Problems*, second edition, pp. 350-351, and on the subject of pantheism, see *Homilies of Science*, pp. 90-94. Compare also our criticism of that kind of monism which regards "matter" as "the thing-in-itself," in *The Monist*, Vol. IV., No. 2, p. 228 et seq., Vol. V., No. 2, p. 282 et seq., and other articles.

assert, is a mere chimera, and is the root of all error, doubt, ignorance, and consequent evils. To forget self, and to abide in virtue, pity, and universal love are the watchwords of Buddhism; and the cumbersome rites, ceremonies, and worship which the priesthood has imported into it from time to time, are the wretched glitter of its exoteric paraphernalia. But on that account Buddhism is not materialistic, nor less spiritual in its final end and purpose with its expressed recognition of the theory of Karma, Samsara and Nirvana. 'Ex nihilo, nihil fit' is an axiom, which was admitted by the Master, when he asserted that two things are eternal, changeless, causeless, and Karmaless—they being the Nirvana Dhātu and the Akasa Dhātu. These two co-exist, and are the Pratyā and Hetu of all the cosmos—though dual in nature they are but one eternal beingness. Putting into modern intelligible parlance, the Nirvana and the Akasa Dhātus, are primary *mind* and *matter*, which according to inherent laws—Swabha Dharma—manifest themselves, in the various ways we observe them, for the working out of a final end. In the process of evolution the 'chitta-Paranparawa' [continuity of mind] is unbroken—like an extinct flame that has kindled another, or a string which is tied to opposite poles with numberless beads strung on; and hence the identity of the individual is preserved—*nāca añño*.

"We might now touch upon the septenary principles of man according to theosophical teachings, to point out the strange coincidence of its views of ātman with that of our conception thereof. The principles are: *Rupa, Jiva, Linga, Sarira, Kāma-Rupa, Manas, Buddhi* and *Atma*. And all things in nature, not excepting man, are constituted of more or less of these principles, and in a degree varying in accordance with the stage of individual development. Strictly speaking there is not now among us any one man who can lay claim to the possession of the three higher principles to-wit, *Manas-Buddhi-Ātman*. In fact there is none, who has got the pure spirit (ātman) in him, but a distant ray only of it; thereby showing that which man has, is not the ātman, but a distant ray of it bound up with the samskaras. Man must in the due course of events be purged of the deadly poison of the *Kāma Tanha, Bhava Tanha, and Vibhava Tanha*, to realise the pure eternal light of Nirvana—ātman—bliss everlasting. The higher planetary spirits and even Mahatmās, according to theosophical teachings exist in their three higher principles—and they are thus far remote from being called pure spirits. The great Beyond unknown, is not a safe field of speculation, and must therefore be left untouched.

"The above remarks, are simply incidental to our recommending the *Gospel of Buddha* as a very safe and handy book to the student of our Agama, and even to those who, to some extent, studied the subject from other sources.

"The value of the book under notice, would be apparent to those who read the brief statement of the tenets of Buddhism and explanations appended at the last page of the said work."

Emperor William of Germany has designed a picture, in which Buddha riding on the Chinese dragon is represented as threatening the civilisation of the Christian nations. The fact is that the Chinese question is simply due to the jealousy of those powers who expect to receive the lion's share of the spoils when poor China is no longer able to hold her own against her many enemies.

We ought to add that while China is covered with Buddhistic pagodas and monasteries, the policy of the government is by no means Buddhistic. The private life of the people is strongly influenced by Buddha's doctrines but not the government, a fact which appears most prominently in the bloody sacrifice of a white bull without blemish that is annually offered by the emperor to Shang Ti, "the Lord on High," who is worshipped as the highest god, creator, and sovereign ruler of the world. If the Chinese government were Buddhistic, no bloody sacrifice would be tele-

rated. The higher classes of the Chinese nation are under the influence of Confucius rather than Buddha. It was one of the principles of Confucius neither to affirm nor deny the existence of gods and ghosts, and he refrained from teaching anything concerning the immortality of the soul. The religion of Confucius is practically nothing more nor less than agnosticism and his ethics consists in reverence of the sages of yore who preached filial devotion and submission to established authority in politics as well as in literature and science.

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THE OLD THEOLOGY AND THE NEW PHILOSOPHY.

BY THE REV. GEORGE J. LOW.

DOES the Christian Church realise the change of front in all secular learning which has taken place in the last half-century? Does she ever consider that some adjustment is required in her teachings, to adapt them to that change of front? Does she ever think of the mischief resulting from a Bourbon policy of learning nothing and unlearning nothing?

The Christian minister,—no matter of what denomination,—if he has a soul above and beyond the welfare of his own special congregation, must needs be often troubled over the present condition of Christendom. And that, not only because it is divided into so many sects, but because so many people belong to no sect at all, and so many others, though nominally attached to some form of Christianity, in point of fact live in total disregard of all religion. In the *Forum* of June, 1892, President Hyde of Bowdoin College, writing on the "Impending Paganism of New England," draws a gloomy picture of the state of religion there. He shows that in fifteen counties over one-half of the population report themselves as not attending any church whatever; while the churches themselves are for the most part dragging out a miserable and precarious existence, their "spiritual life dependent on sporadic revivals," their financial solvency on "sewing circles, fairs, and entertainments," and their pastorates in a constant state of flux.

Similar complaints come from other writers respecting other parts of the continent, and many suggestions are made for bettering matters. "How to keep the young men in the Church," is a problem widely discussed; should we not study how to keep the elders also? For frequently the young men of the present day don't come to church because their fathers don't.

Various causes are assigned for this defection; but I fear the most serious cause of all does not receive due consideration, and that is:—a general conviction of the strained relations which exist between Christian doctrines and modern learning. The pastor who talks frankly with the people—or, rather, to whom people will frankly talk—will soon learn that there are very many, even of the regular attendants at the ser-

vices of the sanctuary, who cannot accept the doctrines propounded there. Those doctrines are, they deem, out of harmony with what they learn elsewhere. There is in them no "analogy between revealed religion and the constitution and course of nature," as it is now interpreted, but rather a great antagonism. What they hear from the pulpit seems to them irreconcilable with what they have heard from the professor's chair in the university. And seeing that nowadays all our smartest young people, of both sexes, go to the universities, the churches are in danger of losing, not only the young men, but also the young women.

It is related by some one (I think Professor Drummond) of some eminent scientist (I think Faraday), who was at the same time a devout Christian, that when his researches conflicted with his religious prejudices, he found the only way to quiet his conscience was to shut out all religious sentiment while in the laboratory, and then to equally shut out all scientific truth in his hours of devotion. Of course, such a *modus vivendi* could not thoroughly satisfy any one: it must eventually make one feel that he was a sort of theological Jekyll and scientific Hyde. But is not this double existence enacted now by many who "go to church" regularly, to satisfy their religious emotions, yet, when there, hear dogmas propounded which their intellects cannot accept?

And here let me define my position. I do not think the world would reject Christianity because of the miraculous element in it. Men in general feel the need of a revealed religion, and a revelation of any kind must needs be supernatural. Nor do I think they would reject the great facts of Christianity as contained in, let us say, the Apostles' Creed. But they cannot receive the rationale of those facts, the philosophical systems built on them—the theology of the pulpit, in short.

Christian theology, in the course of its history, has at all times been colored by the dominant philosophy of the day; and this was natural, and, indeed, inevitable. In the writings of the Post-Nicene fathers it was more than colored with Greek philosophy; it was adulterated with it. In the Reformation age the new discoveries and the "new learning" gave philosophy and theology a new direction, not only among the

reformers, but even in the Roman Catholic Church. And now—with the New Learning of this century, causing our ideas of almost everything to undergo a complete reversal—the time has come when theology should adapt itself to the changed currents of thought.

For effecting this purpose a great advantage is possessed by the Church of Rome in what she is pleased to call the "Living Voice." When the opportune time comes she can pronounce on any opinion as to whether it is "*de fide*," or only "tenable," or "temerarious," or "heretical."¹ And then, when the times change, the Living Voice can, if requisite, change its tone; as the cases of Copernicus, Galileo, and others testify. On the other hand, a great disadvantage under which most Protestant bodies labor, is the having a "written constitution," from which they dare not deviate. The more such a document enters into particulars, the more difficulty oppresses the body bound by it: for when new light acquired by science throws new light on religion, and modification is suggested—"then comes the tug of war."²

But it is pretty evident that no ecclesiastical body as yet realises the complete revolution which the new philosophy is forcing on the world of thought. There has come about a change of front—a different point of view—a reversal of what we may call the dominant idea—of all philosophy; which I would express in this wise:

1. From the time of Pythagoras until of late the dominant idea was:—

There is something lost which we are seeking to recover.

2. In modern philosophy the dominant idea is:—

There is something never yet attained towards which we tend.

The contrast between these opposing ideas may be seen by comparing, let us say, the "Phædo" of Plato with the psychology of Mr. Herbert Spencer and other moderns. We can understand, in studying the "Phædo," how the idea of "something lost" originated. Plato's insistence upon those strange flashes of "reminiscence," which we all have at times, as the grounds for maintaining the immortality (and the pre-existence) of the soul, was formerly looked upon as sound reasoning. But modern physiology has been busy picking the brain to pieces, and has accounted for those "reminiscences," or as Dr. Draper (*Conflict Between Religion and Science*, page 132) calls them,

¹ See "The Verdict of Rome on the Happiness in Hell," by Father Clarke, S. J., in the *Nineteenth Century* magazine of September, 1893.

² An illustration of this was shown in May, 1886, when the General Assembly of the South Presbyterian Church, meeting in Augusta, Ga., adopted by a vote of 137 to 13 a resolution declaring the evolution theory as applied to man unscriptural and calculated to lead to the denial of the fundamental truths of the Christian faith. While at the same time eminent Roman Catholics like Prof. St. George Mivart were propounding these doctrines with impunity. See also the *Contemporary Review* of July, 1895, for a remarkable deliverance on the subject by Sig. A. Fogazzaro.

"vestiges of ganglionic impressions." These faded flashes of memory, which some circumstance, trivial it may be, happens for a moment to redevelop in our brains, no doubt first impressed men with that idea of "something lost," which pervaded all their mythology. The story of Demeter, of Prometheus and Pandora, of the departed Golden Age, and a number of such allusions to "something lost," will occur to the classical scholar; and according to late researches all the earlier races seem to have been possessed with the same idea. Dr. Cunningham Geikie (*Hours with the Bible*, Vol. I., Chap. 7) furnishes us with numerous Aryan and Semitic myths concerning original humanity, which are looked upon by the orthodox as corroborations, by the critical as the sources, of the account in Genesis, Chapters ii. and iii. All heathen philosophy, it seems, was based on the idea of a primeval state of bliss, which was lost by some catastrophe caused by the perversity of men and the wrath of the gods. This leading thought was incorporated into the Church's theology, not by the earlier fathers, but by St. Augustine and his followers in the fifth century.

Now this idea—of a Golden Age of physical and moral perfection which has been lost—is very hard to reconcile with modern thought. For when could it have occurred? Certainly not in the Silurian or Carboniferous period; or later when the huge saurians, the

"Dragons of the prime
That tare each other in their slime,"

were the lords of nature. It could not have been in the Tertiary Age, in pre-glacial or post-glacial times. In fact, any period of time, be it ever so short, on any part of this planet, when any living being could have passed a passionless and painless existence, is inconceivable to modern thought. Nature is crowded with vestiges of the past reaching back to untold cycles; our very bodies, so physiologists say, are museums of the relics of what we once were. But these fossils, these vestiges, these relics, never indicate a Golden Age. Whether we contemplate the trilobites in the limestone, or the skeleton of the Deinosaur, or the skulls of palæolithic men, or the vermiform appendix of the human body of to-day, there is no indication of a past glory on which "Ichabod" is stamped, or which we would desire to see restored. Everything—from a scientific point of view—tends to show that we have emerged from a lower to a higher state, and not fallen from an ineffably glorious to an intolerably debased condition.

Such are the general impressions, be it remembered, on the mind of every young graduate or student (or, indeed, thinker) of to-day. And when he "goes to church," he will probably hear a sermon in which the whole Christian scheme is based, explicitly or implicitly, on a "Fall" worse than that of Prometheus:

so he naturally infers that Christianity rests on false premises. This antithesis—and not the supernatural element in the New Testament—is, I feel sure, the main cause of the impression which is abroad, (as asserted in the beginning of this article,) that Christian doctrines cannot be made to square with “the new learning.”¹

The question, then,—and it is a momentous one,—which confronts the theologian of to-day is this: Does the Christian religion so depend on the conventional story of the Fall, that the whole Gospel must stand or fall with it? By the term, “conventional story,” I mean the account as formulated by St. Augustine, adopted by most of the fathers after him, elaborated by St. Thomas Aquinas and the Calvinistic reformers, and reaching its acme in Milton’s epic of “Paradise Lost.”

Dr. Draper, in the work before referred to, points out “the complete absence of the doctrines of original sin, total depravity,” etc., in the writings of the anti-Nicene fathers, and states that the result of the Pelagian controversy in the fifth century, was that thenceforth “the Book of Genesis was made the basis of Christianity.”² These statements of the sceptical philosopher are corroborated, as to the matters of fact, by the Christian theologian, Mr. Oxenham, in his work, *The Catholic Doctrine of the Atonement*; though a very different complexion, of course, is given by him to the development.³ But the fact remains that “the Fall” was not made the basis of Christian theology until the time of St. Augustine. Certainly the New Testament lays no stress on it; nothing like that which can be noticed in almost every page of Mr. Oxenham’s work. Even in his summing up in the last chapter he says (p. 303): “Pain, deformity, sickness, sorrow, old age are an heirloom of the Fall.” Now this is a proposition which seems to the modern student too unscientific, too untenable, not to say too absurd, to be entertained as the premise of any argument. St. Paul (Romans v. and 1 Corinth. xv.) does indeed draw a contrast between sin and death through Adam, and grace and life through Christ: but that is a very different thing. That parallel appeals to our reason, and is quite compatible with even the theory of evolution; but neither St. Paul nor any other New Testament writer dwells on the primal innocence and bliss which had been “lost.”

¹A case in point is furnished by an article entitled “The High Church Doctrine of Marriage and Divorce” in the *Contemporary* of July, 1895. It is a review of Mr. Watkins’s work on *Holy Matrimony* by Dr. Serrell. The reader of it will see how arguments based on the “State of Innocence in the Garden of Eden” strike one who is familiar with modern ideas.

²*History of the Conflict Between Religion and Science*, by J. W. Draper, M.D., fifth edition, D. Appleton & Co., Chap. II., p. 57.

³The full title is: *The Catholic Doctrine of the Atonement: An Historical Enquiry Into Its Development in the Church*, by Henry Nutecombe Oxenham, M.A., second edition. London: W. H. Allen & Co. The first paragraph of the Introduction is very suggestive.

Mr. Oxenham, though he insists so strongly and so constantly on the “Fall” (always with a capital “F”), yet rejects with disgust what he calls the Calvinistic, “juridical” notion of the Atonement, which reduces it to a sort of compact or bargain.¹ But it is scarcely fair to charge the reformers with the authorship of this view. Their doctrines were simply logical deductions from the propositions of St. Augustine and St. Thomas Aquinas, and indeed all other predestinarians, Mohammedans included.²

But while the Thomist doctors in the Catholic Church maintained that the Atonement was the consequent of the Fall, and but for it would not have occurred, nor have been needed; the Scotists maintained with their master, Duns Scotus, that the Incarnation would have taken place even if there had been no “Fall,” because Christ, the second Adam, was needed to raise mankind to a still higher state than that of the first Adam.³

The difference then on this point between the doctrines of the two schools was that (a) The Thomists held that the death of Christ was necessitated by the Fall, and the Incarnation was incidental and subsidiary to that death;—(b) The Scotists declared that the death of Christ—although its atoning value was attributable to the Fall—was a necessary incident of the Incarnation which was paramount and was decreed to take place in any event, in order that the second Adam should infuse a still higher life into the race.

We can see, then, how the Scotist doctrine, parting from the Thomist on this seemingly small issue, gives a very different aspect to the whole Gospel. To the momentous question before us it can reply: “The Christian religion does *not* depend on the conventional story of the Fall.” It can show an “analogy between revealed religion and the constitution and course of nature,” even if interpreted by evolution: for the Incarnation, as the principle of a new and higher life imparted into human nature, becomes the factor of the further evolution of humanity.

¹ See pages 209-220, 286, etc.

² That the anomalies involved in the literal and predestinarian rendering of the “Fall,” present themselves to speculative minds, in Islam as well as in Christendom, is known to all readers of Fitzgerald’s version of that Persian beretic’s poem, “The Rabbayat of Omar Kalyâm”:

“What!—Out of senseless nothing to evoke
A conscious Something, to resist the yoke
Of unpermitted pleasure, under pain
Of everlasting punishment, if broke?”

“What!—From His wretched creatures be repaid
Pure gold for what He lent us dross-allayed;
Sue for a debt we never did contract
And cannot answer? Oh, the sorry trade!”

“Oh Thou—who didst with pit-fall and with gin
Beset the road I was to travel in;
Thou wilt not with predestined Evil mesh
Me round, and then—impute my fall to Sin!”

“Oh Thou—who man of baser clay didst make,
And even with Paradise devise the Snake,” etc.

³Oxenham, *Catholic Doctrine*, pp. 193, 194.

This view is more adaptable to modern thought, and can more readily free itself from the paganising of the Biblical cosmogony, which was done by the later fathers reading into it the classical ideas of things. For, after all, what does the story of Genesis ii. and iii. teach us, when stripped of all Neo-Platonism and of mediæval and Miltonic accretions? To understand it rightly, we should bear in mind that the book, as *Butler's Analogy* says, was "evidently written in a rude and unlettered age"; and moreover, that it was written for one of those Oriental races who still revel in poetical imagery, and allegory, and figures of speech, to an extent that we matter-of-fact Westerners cannot apprehend. Well, then, reduced to plain prose the story teaches us that our original ancestors were naked, frugivorous, and ignorant of everything, even of the difference between right and wrong; and that when their "eyes were opened" to that difference a step forward was taken in the development of their faculties. (Gen. ii., 16, 17, 25; iii., 22.)

This view also disposes of all that bootless speculation concerning the "origin of evil," which perplexed the theologians and philosophers of former times.¹ For what is meant by "Evil"? If we include physical evil, such as Mr. Oxenham's list of "pain, deformity, sickness, sorrow, old age," we may say that its origin was contemporaneous with the origin of physical life: say with the first time that a speck of protoplasm was devoured by a bigger or more developed speck—or, let us say, the first time an Eozoön found itself assailed by a Protozoön: and from that time onwards, pain, death, etc., increased and multiplied with the development of organic life, for many millions of years until the advent of man. If we confine our investigations to the origin of moral evil—that is, Sin—we must first find out the origin of moral law, of which moral evil is the infraction. A certain course of action must be *ordered*, by *some* authority, before it can be accounted wrong not to pursue that course. Sin presupposes law; so argue St. Paul (Romans vii., 7-13) and St. John (1 John iii., 4). And with all due deference to Kant's philosophy, the common mind conceives that even the *Categorical Imperative* postulates an *Imperator*.

The Scotist view, then, of the point in question, always permitted, and now in favor, in the Roman Catholic Church, will doubtless be hereafter insisted upon as the one best adapted to modern thought. In the Anglican Church the famous book, *Lux Mundi*, elaborates the doctrine of the Incarnation on the lines indicated. And much as that book has shocked the religious prejudices of many, we cannot help feeling that its conclusions are not only in touch with the

change of front in modern thought, but also give force and value to St. Paul's line of reasoning in that grand passage (1 Corinthians xv., 44-49) where he dilates, not on "something lost," but on "something yet to be attained":

"That was not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural; and afterward that which is spiritual. The first man was of the earth, earthy: the second man is from heaven. . . . As we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly."

THE DOCTRINE OF RESURRECTION AND ITS SIGNIFICANCE IN THE NEW CHRISTIANITY.

I TAKE pleasure in presenting in this number to our readers an article by the Rev. George J. Low, of whom Mr. Allan Pringle says that he is "the Dean Stanley of the Anglican Church of Canada."

We are glad to observe that Mr. Low does not stand alone, for the sentiments which he utters are representative of a large class of his colleagues, and his article is one symptom only among several, indicating that the clergy are awakening to the needs of the present time. The Rev. Dr. Haweis, a member of the "broad church" section of the Church of England, has published in *The Contemporary Review* for October an article in which he arraigns his brethren, more vigorously than Mr. Low, for being responsible for the degeneration of church life. He declares that the Church of England needs a new clergy. That the Church needs men whose opinions are not despised, whose fitness is not called in question, and who are up to date in scientific education. The present clergy are trained to preach a sort of thing the people decline any longer to listen to. Mr. Haweis says:

" . . . the man in the pew thinks he has a right to remonstrate with the man in the pulpit who denounces him as an unbeliever. He may fairly say to his clergyman: 'You complain of me for not believing what you call church doctrines; how much do you believe yourself? Now, you don't actually believe that after this life, without further explanation, the population of the world will be divided into two parts, the converted and the unconverted, and that one half will go straight to heaven and be happy forever, and the other half will be sent straight to hell to be tormented forever. You don't believe that yourself, because you are not such a fool; then why do you expect me to sit in church and listen to you patiently while you preach it?' . . . I need not go through the dreary catalogue of outworn dogmas; dry rot is in the whole thing, and it is ready to crumble at a touch! It has come to this: the laity not only despise the clergy for their affirmations, but still more for their reticences, and yet few (some do) have the heart to condemn them as unscrupulous hypocrites—they are really often such nice fellows in many ways, and moral fellows, too; so as people don't like to think they are liars, and cannot quite believe they are idiots, they conclude that they are a race of men apart, and hence the witty saying has arisen, 'Society is composed of three sexes, men, women, and *clergymen*'; and this is all very well as a grim sort of joke, but it solves nothing and mends nothing. Sooner or later the question has to be asked,

¹ Which Mr. Oxenham (p. 239) calls the "one insoluble riddle of all metaphysics and all theology."

'Why keep up so many doctrinal shams, when even bishops are capable of making and accepting moderate and even helpful restatements?'"

The Rev. Mr. Haweis yearns for an intellectual reformation. The reformation of the sixteenth century was more of a moral than of a doctrinal reform. The new reformation must be mainly doctrinal. What we need is a new Christ ideal. He concludes his article as follows :

"He who will give us not only a restatement in doctrine, but the true law of subordination of the lower to the higher in the conduct of life, the life of progress in the scale of ascension ; he who will show the purity, because the fitness, of all things in due season and in ripe proportion, who will preach, with Christ and Paul, the supremacy of love, which is the loss of selfish life in the flood-tide of regenerated humanity—he will be the new priest of the near future. We will have no more mongrel philosophy; we will have no more divided allegiance, and no more confused ideals. The dear old angels may have to go out, but the great archangels will come in; we shall know them, and we shall follow them; they will lead us to 'the Christ that is to be!'"

When the clergy begin to speak as boldly as Mr. Haweis, the time for a radical reformation appears to have come.

Mr. Low is a man who represents the growing intellectuality among the clergy. But, in our opinion, he does not as yet hit the real point at issue. The doctrine of the Fall is merely a side issue in the whole structure of church doctrines, and the objectionable features of the first chapters of Genesis may easily be overcome in some such way as Mr. Low points out.

We do not agree with Mr. Low that the conception of the Fall is due to the pagan influence of Greek thought after the Nicene Council. St. Paul believed in it as much as did St. Augustine, and St. Thomas Aquinas, and even Duns Scotus. After rereading the passage in St. Paul's epistle in which he contrasts Christ with Adam, considering Christ as the second Adam, we cannot help believing that the doctrine of the Fall is to him a matter of fact which he never thought of calling in question.

The main problem of modern Christianity lies in a field different from that of the doctrine of the Fall. It is not a question of one or two dogmas which collide with the scientific notions of the present day. It is founded upon a contrast between two radically different world-views. The old view cherishes the belief in the extra-mundane existence of a spiritual domain, which constantly interferes by means of miracles with this natural order of a material universe, and is a dualistic conception of the world. The new view is monistic. The two worlds—the spiritual and the material—are one. The supernatural, that is to say, the domain of spirit and spiritual aspiration, is in its germ contained in the natural, and it crops out wherever the occasion arises according to natural law. The monistic view does not deny the existence of spirit.

It only denies the existence of pure spirit or ghost, and it denies at the same time the existence of pure matter as a dead and merely inert substance. The whole world, according to the monistic world-view, is aglow with potential life, and all existence contains the possibilities of a spiritual development. The new view does not imply that the higher domain of life has dropped out of our conceptions. On the contrary, the lower is recognised as being pervaded all through by the potentiality of developing the higher. The natural can no longer be regarded as debased. It is recognised as being spiritualised all through. The world-order, such as it appears in the laws of nature, far from being a mere display of chance or an arbitrary manufacture of a demiurge is recognised in its intrinsic necessity as a part and parcel of God himself. Thus God ceases to be a mere God-individual analogous to the pagan conception of Zeus or Jupiter, but manifests himself in his superpersonal omnipresence, not only in this actual world of ours, but also as the condition of any possible world that might rise into existence.

The Rev. Mr. Low says that the difference between the old and new world-conception appears most strikingly in the doctrine of the fall of man and trusts that otherwise there is no necessity for rejecting "the other great facts of Christianity as contained in the Apostles' Creed." Such is not the case. The Apostles' Creed will have to be regarded by the church of the future as a historical document, embodying the belief of the early church, which can only be retained as a mere symbolic expression of spiritual truths which every Christian is at liberty to interpret as he sees fit. The Roman Catholic Church, which in many respects is wiser than Protestant Christianity, has judiciously refrained from enforcing a literal belief in dogma. The Roman Church leaves the question of interpretation open, and possesses, as Mr. Low recognises, the great advantage of "the living voice" of the Pope, who can, according to conditions, declare what at the present time has to be accepted or rejected. The Roman Church has actually, in this particular respect, a better chance for progress than our Protestant denominations, which unhappily are tied down to the dead letter of their various confessions of faith.

If the Apostles' Creed and the main doctrines of Christianity are to be allowed to remain, and if our reformation should consist only in the removal of one or two objectionable beliefs, the result will be little satisfactory to the educated class of mankind, for indeed the difference between the old and the new world-conception is a color-line which is very decidedly marked. If we accept at all any one or the main of the old doctrines of an extra-mundane supernaturalism, we might just as well accept the whole mass of

superstitions connected therewith. He who can make up his mind to believe in an individual God-being, a being that like a fickle man is ready to change his will as the occasion may arise, and not only can, but actually does work miracles such as are told in our sacred Scriptures, who for trivial reasons, antagonising himself, interferes with his own world-order, might just as well believe in the story of the Fall, in the creation of woman from the rib of man, or in any other Biblical legend in spite of all the refutations and explanations that science has brought forth during the last two centuries. To believe in a million miracles is not more difficult than to believe in one. If God is a personal being like man, he might as well be triune, extramundane, or intra-mundane; he might have created a paradise for the then innocent parents of mankind, simply that they might enjoy themselves. He might hate those who do not believe in him, so as to stop the mechanism of the solar system for a few hours for the sole purpose of having a few hundred of his enemies slain; and may be in possession of all those human, and, indeed, very human, features which are attributed to him by many of the prophets and saints of the Christian Church.

The cardinal point on which the difference between the old and the new view comes out lies, not in the fall of man, but in the resurrection of Christ. The doctrine of the resurrection of the body of Christ is the true touchstone of the old conception of Christianity and the new one. He who believes that the stone had to be rolled away from the grave, so as to make room for the resurrected Jesus, he who cannot think of immortality except in terms of a corporeal revivification of the dead bones, muscles, and nerves of the deceased, and believes that Jesus after his death descended into a place called hell, thence to rise again and re-awaken bodily from the sleep of death, is one of those who belong to the old kind of a childlike state of civilisation, whether he believes still in the fall of man or not. If Christianity would be a factor in the scientific world-conception it must undergo a radical reformation. The new Christianity must fearlessly confront the problem of the resurrection of Christ; and must allow the clergy freely to utter their opinions as to the nature of the immortality of the soul.

The paramount importance of Christianity will then be seen to be a great truth embodied in a mythological tale. Jesus indeed is not dead. When Jesus was crucified his body was, as every living body will have to be, delivered to that state of disintegration which is called "death." The body of Jesus is as much doomed to decay as any other organism, but the soul of Jesus cannot die. The soul of Jesus has become and is even to-day a living presence in the aspirations of mankind. Our whole civilisation is per-

meated by the spirit of Jesus, and he indeed will be with us and in us unto the end of the world.

The doctrine of the resurrection of the body of Jesus should be replaced by a doctrine of the immortality of the soul of Jesus. The moral aspirations of Jesus must be impressed into the minds of men. He must be resurrected in every heart so as to become the dominant power of all impulses, the directive control in life, the ultimate motive of all actions. And not until our clergy will become impressed with the real significance of this central doctrine of Christianity will they be able to free themselves from the old traditional dualism that separates the doctrinal Christianity of the past from the scientific conception of Christianity of the future.

What we need is a new Christianity, or better a new conception of the old Christianity, affording a higher and a deeper, a broader and a more comprehensive insight into the facts of experience and the laws of life,—a Christianity which with all reverence towards the past will without compromise accept the truth, whatever the truth may be. And the truth cannot be obtained by a blind belief in traditional interpretations of facts or supposed facts that happened almost nineteen hundred years ago. The truth can only be found in that ever-present revelation of the Deity that surrounds us in the objective world in which we live.

The touchstone of truth is contained in the eternally repeated experiences with which every one of us is familiar. If the truths of Christianity cannot be demonstrated to be facts of our spiritual and intellectual experience, if God cannot be reduced to the features of reality from which man has developed in the slow process of evolution, according to eternal laws, we had better abandon all belief in God. If religion is not the natural response of the soul to the demands of life, we should suppress all religious aspirations. But the truth is that religion is deeply rooted in the emotional and intellectual needs of man. The difficulty is only to determine the nature of genuine religion, and to winnow the wheat from the chaff.

As the bodily organism of man is the product of a slow growth, which has to pass through many stages, as science was once represented in the wisdom of the medicine-man, as astronomy had to pass through the stage of astrology, chemistry through the stage of alchemy, so religion had to pass through the stage of mythology. The mythological Christianity of the past is still a pagan conception. The monotheism of the Church is, as held by the mass of the people to-day, philosophically considered, a polytheism in which the number of the gods is reduced to one. It is not as yet the religious ideal according to which the divine attributes of God, his omnipresence, the intrinsic

necessity and universality of his nature, are taken seriously.

The time will come and is near at hand when the churches will outgrow the paganism of their mythology. The issue cannot be avoided, nor is there any doubt about its final decision. As the fruit will ripen when the petals of the flower drop to the ground, so the truth will appear when the fairy-tale beauty of its symbolism begins to vanish.

How long it will take to Christianise Christianity, we cannot say, but this much is sure, that the new Christianity that is to come, will, like the old Christianity, emphasise the doctrine of immortality. The burning question of the religious problem lies in the domain of psychology. A better comprehension of the nature of the soul will inevitably lead to a truer comprehension of the immortality of the soul.

That there are clergymen speaking as boldly as the Rev. Mr. Haweis and the Rev. Mr. Low is a fair indication of the beginning of a new religious era that is now dawning on the horizon of our civilisation. P. C.

PURITANISM AND THE NOVEMBER PORTENTS.

BY DR. FELIX L. OSWALD.

PROFESSOR WEIL, in his history of the Chalifs, mentions a strange legend from ancient Bagdad, where, on the eve of the insurrection against the tyrant Al-mohtadi, a warning voice cried from the tombs, pre-saging woe to the race of the Abbassides, whose descendant had silenced every other monitor.

Such portents of revolt can, indeed, not be prevented by the suppression of free speech. At the end of the fourteenth century, when the power of the Roman pontiffs was at its zenith height, and a whisper against the atrocities of the Inquisition was punished with death, the citizens of Barcelona rose against their heretic-hunters, and in Sicily, Majorca, and Northern Italy several emissaries of the Holy Office were slain like wild beasts. The resentment of the populace could not be allayed by the manifestoes of the clerical censors, and neither the wails nor the threats of our "American Press-Gag League" have obviated two portentous protests against the despotism of Sabbatarian fanatics.

In the commercial metropolis of the New World sixty-eight thousand voters deliberately renounced the fruits of a hard-won reform-fight in order to accomplish the removal, or at least the alleviation, of a yoke more intolerable than that of a robber-ring, by just as much as the loss of freedom is more grievous than the loss of coin.

"The reactionary result in this city," said the *New York World*, "was provoked by the pig-headed folly of the president of the police-board. But for the exasperating effect of Mr. Roosevelt's uncalled-for, un-

just, harsh, and oppressive execution of the Sunday laws, a union of all the anti-Tammany forces would have been as easy and triumphant as it was last year. The predicted reaction has come. Tammany triumphs in the first election after its tremendous overthrow. The result is discouraging. It impeaches the capacity of the people for self-government."

Yet the insurgents did not underrate the risks of their new alliance. They knew that they had invoked the aid of the most unscrupulous corruptionists on earth. They had strong reasons to surmise that their assistants would profit by the lessons of their recent defeat and render their stronghold practically impregnable. They could not expect the favorable conjunction for the union of the various reform-elements to recur for years. They fully expected to be plundered again. But they also knew that the same officials who had connived at the violation of so many salutary laws could probably be induced to connive at the circumvention of insane and inhuman laws. The picaroon plague had made the struggle for existence harder. The Puritan plague had robbed existence itself of its value. Better double work and picnics than half work embittered by the prospect of a blue-law Sabbath. Better a semi-annual encounter with the freebooters of Dick Turpin than a weekly scuffle with the bullies of Sir Hudibras.

The ranks of the mutineers were swelled by thousands who only a year ago had hailed the defeat of Tammany as the most auspicious event in the history of their native city, and also by numerous sympathisers of the temperance movement. The latter would have been willing to attain the triumph of their cause by the arduous path of constant agitation, but know, by sad experience, that they would miss their way under the banner of bigotry. The road to the rumshop is paved with blue laws. "For nature," says a correspondent of the *Saturday Review*, "will have her revenge, and when the most ordinary and harmless recreations are forbidden as sinful, is apt to seek compensation in indulgences which no moralist would be willing to condone, . . . and the strictest observance of all those minute and oppressive Sabbatarian regulations was found compatible with consecrating the day of rest to a quiet but unlimited assimilation of the liquid which inebriates but does not cheer."

Puritanism has not promoted the cause of temperance one step, and the alleged immoral tendency of a free Sunday is as imaginary as the supposed identity of mirth and sin. Compare the Sunday police reports of Baltimore and San Francisco, or let an Edinburgh Sabbatarian try to confirm his prejudices by a visit to Brussels, in point of holiday laws the freest city of modern Europe. Let him try to count the thousands of merry faces of recreation-seekers, streaming from

sunrise to sunset through the Porte de Hal to the Laeken Park and the Alee Verte, witness the meadowsports, the foot-races and leaping-matches, the ball-games, *bilboquet* contests and round dances, see hundreds of well-behaved spectators crowd about the shooting-galleries and nine-pin alleys, the skittle-rings and rack-race pits, listen to the shouts of happy children, the chorus-songs of rival music-clubs, and remember the groans of drunkards weltering in the Kirk-town gutters of his native land. "Not silent all," the birthland of blue laws, not even in the shades of Holyrood Palace, "for in my ear the well-remembered gin-whoops ring," alcohol yells, mingled with the shrieks of brutal scuffles and the cat-calls of ribald roués.

"Every one," says Lecky, "who considers the world as it really exists, and not as it appears in the imagination of visionaries, must have convinced himself that in great towns public amusements of an exciting order are absolutely necessary, and that to suppress them is simply to plunge an immense portion of the population into the lowest depths of vice."

Even from a moral point of view the refugees in the robber-wigwam of Tammany may have chosen a lesser evil.

A perhaps still more suggestive sign of the times is the result of the suffrage referendum in the State of Massachusetts. The fairness of the count and of the voting-method has not been disputed. It is impossible to believe that the people of the educational champion State were biassed by fallacies, which, to use the words of Miss Alice Blackwell, have long since become an insult to the intelligence of a ten-year-old boy. The citizens of Massachusetts were not behind the mountaineers of Wyoming and Colorado in recognising the absurdity of the current anti-suffrage arguments. A very large plurality of male voters probably considered woman the moral superior of her brethren, and *on the whole* (i. e., almost in every respect except one of incidental local importance) their intellectual equal. Yet the proposition was defeated by a plurality of more than seventy-five thousand. Perhaps ninety per cent. of those adverse voters would have welcomed their sisters as political reform-factors. They recognised their economical talents, their instinctive charity, their innate love of order. But all those considerations were outweighed by the dread of an innovation, tending, through the temperance bias of the proposed new voters, to deliver the State into the hands of clerical fanatics. On the liquor-question *per se* the views of the Bay State differ not materially from those of neighboring Maine. A plebiscite has more than once proved their appreciation of reform-projects. The voters of Massachusetts did not object to the W. C. T. U., but to its Sabbatarian confeder-

ates. The curse of blue laws is felt more severely in recreation-needing cities than in rural districts abounding with the opportunities for outdoor pastimes. Now in proportion to its population, Wyoming has about the smallest number of large cities, and Massachusetts the largest. Hence the astonishing contrasts of their referenda. In other words, the alliance of Sabbatarianism has proved as fatal to the suffrage-movement as to the cause of temperance and reform.

Incidentally the November lessons have also answered the doubts on the timeliness of a Religion of Science. The dualistic conceptions of God and Nature are the most formidable obstacles in the paths of reform.

"The Cinderella of Science," says Thomas Huxley, "is constantly snubbed by her hyperphysical sisters. She lights the fire, sweeps the house, and provides the dinner, and is rewarded by being told that she is a base creature, devoted to low and material interests. But in her garret she has fairy visions out of ken of the shrews who are quarrelling downstairs. She sees the order which pervades the seeming disorder of the world, and she learns, in her heart of hearts, the lesson, that the foundation of morality is to have done, once and for all, with lying, and to give up pretending to believe that for which there is no evidence, . . . for of that firm and lively faith it is her mission to be the priestess."

And one of the most baneful of the untenable tenets which we should cease to profess is the belief in the possibility of promoting the true interests of any social, political, or moral cause by the aid of Puritanical despotism.

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THE OMNIPOTENCE OF GOOD.

BY WOODS HUTCHINSON, A. M., M. D.

MAN'S conceptions of the World-Spirit have varied with the stage of his progress. They are almost as numerous, and quite as diverse, as the individuals that hold them; yet there is a strong family-likeness between them all.

In the infancy of the race, the controlling forces of the world about him were conceived of as numerous and purely local demons or sprites.

So limited are they that they are conceived of primarily, as actually inhabiting and inspiring certain objects or animals about him. The black, sullen snag that breaks the meshes of his rude fishing-net, the tree that falls crashing across his mud-but, the tiger that pounces upon his flocks, the breeze that frightens away the buffalo which he is stalking,—these are each and all supernatural beings that may be propitiated by sacrifice and pleased by worship. They are nearly all, oddly enough as it would appear at first glance, more or less malevolent, or at least mischievous, in disposition, and the earliest worship and ritual aims purely to secure a policy of non-interference on the part of the divinities, by flattering and coaxing, or even by frightening them. A moment's reflexion, however, will show us that this curious tendency is merely the result of the much more vivid impression produced upon our senses by pain and ill-fortune, than by their opposites. The latter we take as a matter of course, a necessary reward of our merits, no amount of them disturbs our equanimity; the former excites our liveliest interest and resentment, and compels our respect and attention. "Good luck" may be left to take care of itself; no need to worry ourselves about it; "bad luck" demands our immediate personal attention and promptest and most vigorous action to prevent its recurrence. Consequently the dominant idea in the savage conception of nature is a distinctly unfriendly, if not actually spiteful, one. As Sir John Lubbock declares, "It is not too much to say that the horrible dread of unknown evil hangs like a thick cloud over savage life, and embitters every pleasure." If there be any other powers at work, they may be neglected with safety, especially as the evil ones are so much more powerful and active.

The nixies, kelpies, and Loreleis, which lurk for their prey at the bottom of rivers and pools, the witches of the Brocken, the grisly "Wild Huntsman" who sweeps through the forest on the wings of the midnight storm, the gnomes, bogies, and fetches that hide in the mountain-glens, the ghouls of the lonely churchyard, the banshee and "will-o'-the-wisp" of the mists and marshes, and the cluricans of the black bog are the ghostly scattered survivors of the earliest deities of our ancestors. And to this day such influence as they are supposed to possess is almost universally dreaded, and their very apparition the foreboder of disaster or death.

As the family, tribe, and clan gradually organised themselves in slow succession, these explanatory conceptions got classified and simplified somewhat. Instead of each individual, family, or valley having its own particular "familiar spirit," as was still actually the case scarcely three generations ago with the "Bodach glas" of the McIvors and the "banshee" of the O'Donahues, some two or three are agreed upon as the gods of the tribe or country. And this increase of dominion and dignity on their part is accompanied by some improvement in disposition. Though, like their earthly prototype, the embryo Napoleon of the tribe, they may oppress and plunder their own people, they will at least protect them against their enemies and even administer a rude justice among them. This is the stage in which the Ark of the Covenant is carried into battle and the Philistines explain their defeat on the ground that the battle was fought among the hills, the "native heath" of Israel's gods, while "our gods are the gods of the plain." From this it is but a step to the conception of gods who, except when their vengeance is roused or cupidity excited, are comparatively indifferent to mankind, and whose attention should be consequently avoided as completely as possible. Prosperity, especially, provokes their jealousy, and it is still popularly regarded as "dangerous" to be too happy.

A little further we have the powerful group of deities, such as inhabited Olympus, who could be friendly or hostile, according as their interest or whim suggested, and whose general attitude was that of a feebly good-natured tolerance of mankind. The first

dawning of the idea of a general unity is here seen in the presence of a presiding deity in the person of Jove, who, though of distinctly doubtful moral character, on the whole checks the worst excesses of his subordinates and maintains a sort of rude justice among and between both mortals and immortals. But even Jove may be bullied by Juno, tempted by mortal women, and threatened by conspiracies of the lesser gods, while ever behind him, vague but terrible, is the huge black figure of resistless Fate, of *Μοῖρα*, which whirls him helplessly along.

So far malevolence and benevolence, good and evil, have been inextricably mixed together in every conception, the evil on the whole predominating; but now comes the noble step for which we are mainly indebted to the great Semitic family, of separating the evil and spiteful from the righteous and just, under the figure of the "Powers of Light" and the "Powers of Darkness." At first these powers are almost equally divided, waging an incessant conflict with varying chances, man's assistance being often sufficient to turn the scale. Traces of this last curious idea are to be found in both the Old and New Testament, in such expressions as "Coming up to the help of the Lord against the mighty. . . . The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force," and in the presence of the saints at the battle of Armageddon.

One of the simplest forms of this theogony is the religion of the early Persians, where the Powers of Light are marshalled under or personified by the great "Spirit of Good," Ormuzd (Ahura Mazda), while those of Darkness are similarly represented by the great "Spirit of Evil," Ahriman.

Both of these beings are regarded originally as divine, immortal, and entirely independent of each other, and are even represented as making agreements and treaties with each other, as in the first chapter of Job, or assisting one another, as when the "lying Spirit" is permitted to enter into the prophets of Ahab to lure him on to his death at Ramoth-Gilead. At first they are regarded as practically equal in power and authority, evil if anything, being the more active, and certainly much more to be dreaded of the two, but as the intellectual and ethical standing of the race improves, the latter gradually diminishes in power and importance until at last it owes its very existence to the sufferance of the good, and degenerates into a mere "Lord High Executioner," or "roaring lion," ready to pounce upon all offenders the moment that the favor of good power is withdrawn from them.

In the earlier stages, man prayed and sacrificed to or made his peace with the Power of Evil directly, a sin whose enormity and alarming frequency was inveighed against by every ecclesiastical tribunal up to

the eighteenth century, and whose possibility is still to this day admitted wherever the belief in witchcraft, or "selling oneself to the Devil," exists. In later stages he prays and sacrifices to the Powers of Good, that they may protect him against the Powers of Evil. There is, alas, too much of this motive, even in the worship of the nineteenth century, while to the mediæval Christian, the principal use of God would seem to have been to protect him from the Devil. Indeed, so much is the latter personage feared and dreaded in all ages, in spite of his fallen and degenerate condition, and so incessant and tremendous is the struggle to escape his clutches, that one can hardly help wondering whether he has not practically become the real object of worship to the shivering and self-tortured monk, the Jesuit with his torch and rack, the beauty-hating, witch-burning Puritan, or the modern camp-meeting exhorter with his hell-fire and brimstone. Judged by their frenzied excesses and their fruits, Satan, rather than Jehovah, is their god.

Both Christianity and Mohammedanism, while theoretically declaring that God is omnipotent, all-wise, all-loving, with the noblest of attributes and loftiest character, a being who compels our worship and admiration, yet find themselves practically very much concerned with a certain greatly inferior and defeated, but extremely active and malignant Evil Spirit, who, for some mysterious reason, though utterly base by nature and of wholly injurious influence, is permitted to exist, although a vague hope is held out of his ultimate extinction or disappearance.

This hope, Darwinism fulfils. The Fourth Gospel declares that the universe consists of an Eternal God *plus* an Immortal Devil. The "Gospel according to Darwin" rings out the trumpet-call, "There is no God but The Good." It bases this, its faith, upon no documents save the broad pages of the Book of Nature, with their hieroglyphics of green and gold: no miracles, save the ever-new ones, of the sunrise, the springing of the grass, the egg in the downy nest: no voice save that eternal choral in which the thunderous diapason of the surf upon the crags blends with the singing of the morning stars.

In the realm of the great physical forces, its supporting evidence amounts almost to a demonstration. Here are giants indeed, fierce, resistless, terrible. Which is the greatest, the most powerful? First of all, the eye picks out instinctively the dazzling helm of the messenger of Jove, the lightning with his glittering spear, and his black-browed brother, "Ba-im-Wa-Wa," the thunder, at the sound of whose awful voice "deep calleth unto deep." But there is a Mightier far than these. The glance is next caught by the towering, threatening, form of the Storm King in his mantle of black cloud, edged with snowy fringes

of sea-foam ; he bows the giant oak like a bulrush, and crushes the iron-clad leviathans of war-like eggshells, but there is one who feels him but as the draught of His fire-place. Scarce can we turn our heads ere we are met by the deadly tiger-like rush and swirl and sulky foam-crest of the flood-fiend with his familiars, the hissing, seething water-spout, and silent shroud of the snow in its soft but resistless and fatal folds.

Surely here is the "Prince of the Powers" chiselling out the canyons, levelling the hills, filling up the valleys, and building the continents out into the deeps of ocean, but in the eyes of the King he is but a mere gutter-flow. What then is the greatest among the physical forces, the Chief of the great blind Titans? Like the "still, small voice," it is neither in the sweep of the whirlwind, the throb of the earthquake, nor the glare of the lightning, but is gentler and greater far than any of these. More penetrating than the thunderbolt, stronger than the storm-wind, more irresistible than the floods of many waters, is the gentle, laughing, golden Sunshine, to which the flowers lift their faces, and little children stretch out their tiny hands. Here is the Greatest Thing in the physical world, and behold it is Good.

Let it withdraw itself, and the light of the world is gone. Let it appear, heat quickly follows, and with it life in all its forms. Without the vortex-rings born of its warmth, the winds could not stir, and the very air would rot in a stagnant pool thirty miles deep; without its ever-plunging force-pumps, no clouds could form to refresh the earth and grind down the mountains into meadows, not even the blue glitter of electricity would relieve the deadly gloom: in fact, all these tremendous forces are but puppets moved by the Sun-God's fingers. And yet they have been deified a hundred times as often as he has, and seriously regarded as not only independent, but even greater than he.

Man is inclined to worship only those things and influences which can make him uncomfortable,—for obvious reasons,—hence his idea of their relative importance. It may be only a curious coincidence, but the cynical suggestion makes itself, that the light and life giving Sun-God has mainly been worshipped in or upon the borders of the tropics, where droughts and sun-strokes were to be dreaded.

In the realm of animate existence, what is the greatest thing?

Watching the tiny shoots and delicate tendrils of spring life, trembling in the blast or bowing before the rainstorm, they seem the feeblest, frailest things in the world. In comparison with the birds and the animals, the robin scudding South before the breath of the Frost King, or the wolf crouching in his lair till

the storm has abated, they seem like pygmies in the grasp of Titans. By thousands they fall at our side and tens of thousands at our right hand, shrivelled in the glow of the forest-fire, flattened by the wind, buried by the floods, blighted by the frosts, withered by drought, every element seems their foe. Their destruction is by wholesale, their reproduction at retail. Surely they cannot long escape extinction! They seem to have done so, however, for some billions of years, and not only that, but have grown and increased in that time from a mere handful of tiny grey lichens, clinging to the inhospitable surface of the granite, into these myriads upon myriads of forms, ranging from the most delicate beauty to the most majestic grandeur, in the very teeth of just such hostile conditions.

They rise alike upon the ruins of the grandeur of empires, and upon the rotting fragments of the very rock ribs of Mother Earth. Yielding to everything, they conquer all things at last, even Time himself. They achieve eternal life. This generation withers and dies, but not before its life has fallen back into the soil to become the seed of the next. Mountains change their form, their granite crags crumble under the frost and melt beneath the torrent; the "white and wailing fringe of sea" is continually changing its sandy curves and steadily receding oceanward, but the carpet of living green which robes the one and borders the other smiles on forever, unchanged except by increase. It is not only as everlasting as they, but gains on them century after century. And strange as it may seem, the softer it is, the more intensely alive, and the more irresistible! The ivy will destroy the oak; the pine root cleaves the solid rock; the worm pierces everywhere.

In our own bodies, the hard and iron-like bone, and the flinty tooth, soften and melt before the advance of the soft, jelly-like "granulation tissue" of healing processes, or the attack of the polyp-like osteoclast, while the rigid skull is moulded upon and by the soft and delicate brain within. Here again "organised sunlight," which we call "life," is the greatest, the strongest, the most enduring thing in the world. And behold, it too is Good.

In the world of moral forces, which is the greatest?

Is it the great, positive, noble, sunshiny forces of Love, Truth, Honor, Courage, or the fierce, narrow, bitter, crouching impulses of Hatred, Falsehood, Dishonesty, Cowardice?

The question answers itself. With the exception of Hatred, all of the latter group are essentially negative, merely the absence of the virtue which is their opposite. Alone they would fall by their own weight, and can only exist or have influence at all as exceptions to a general rule. A man *must* tell the truth at

least ten times to be able to lie once to any advantage, and it is only those swindlers who have earned a high reputation for probity by years of honest living who can do any serious harm. No one would think of trusting an habitual liar or cheat. Even from a mere commercial standpoint, "honesty is the best policy." As to the relative strength of Love and Hatred, the general opinion would hesitate somewhat before deciding. But it would not be for long. In the average human mind, there is a dread of hatred, a fear of arousing enmity, which is positively superstitious in its intensity and out of all proportion to the real power of the passion. Very much for the same reason that our savage ancestors first worship the hostile influences of nature, because they make such vivid impressions. Probably the lyric Wizard of the North voices pretty nearly the popular sentiment upon this theme when he makes the fierce-eyed bard chant,

" Kindness fadeth away,
But vengeance endureth forever."

Then again an enormously exaggerated importance is ascribed to hatred from another cause. It is so much more soothing to our self-respect to ascribe our misfortunes and failures to the malice and machinations of real or imaginary enemies, than it is to admit them to be due to any deficiencies in ourselves. The justly defeated candidate blames the spite of his opponents or treachery of jealous friends, not his own unfitness; and the moral transgressor ascribes his own sin to the malicious wiles of the Devil.

Indeed, in this respect the Evil Spirit is a great comfort. Fully a third of his "bad eminence" in the theology of the day is owing to it, and Darwinism has no substitute to offer for him, though heredity may be twisted to fill the gap by a little ecclesiastical treatment.

But these views of the power of hatred are mere optical illusions which vanish on careful inspection. Hatred is the leaping flame of the brush-wood camp-fire, capable of much damage at times, but fitful, short-lived, temporary. Love is the clear, steady glow under the boilers of the great engine, purposeful, constant, undying. Even that much-denounced passion, selfishness, the motive-power of civilisation and the ruling impulse of the great bulk of human action, is essentially, trite as it may sound, a form of it, viz., love of self and not hatred of others, as one would imagine from the vehemence with which it is preached against. It is a tremendous factor in progress, and within reasonable limits is not only legitimate, but highly commendable. Even the Golden Rule does not forbid it, but merely demands that "love of thy neighbor" shall equal it, because it is the highest and most reliable standard to be found. It is the love of freedom and of justice that makes nations great, the love

of country or devotion to gallant leaders which wins great battles, the love of truth that inspires a Galileo, a Newton, a Columbus; in short, love is the main-spring of every great achievement.

What trophies can Hatred show?

Even in battle the best soldier is not he who most bitterly hates the enemy, but he who most dearly loves his country. Hatred is not even the ruling spirit of warfare. Far from it. A dozen other impulses are more potent here, love of country and home, of glory, ambition, emulation, obedience, sympathy, comradeship, desire to succeed.

Love is far the Greatest Thing in the moral world, and that pretty nearly includes the universe.

Sweetness and Light are again triumphant, entirely on their own merits.

In fine, wherever the glance falls, whatever realm we scan, we find the Good, omnipotent and constant, positive—the Evil, feeble and cringing, negative. Evil is the black shadow cast by the sunlight of the Good; the exception to the rule of goodness, nay more, in most cases only a lower form of it. As Browning chants:

" The Evil is null, is nought,
Is Silence implying sound;
What was good, shall be good
With, for evil, so much good more."

If this be the case, what need is there, then, of the conception of an Evil Spirit? Or what scope remains for the exercise of his powers?

It is curious to notice how the extent of his dominion has steadily shrunk with the progress of knowledge. In the earliest days, he was master of the greater part of the universe, for his sway was absolute during the hours of darkness: indeed, he is known as the "Prince of this World" to this day. He was a personification of that fear of the dark which even yet casts a gloom over the infant or ignorant mind. But darkness was soon found to be just as necessary to life, and almost as beneficial as light; and the night-demon is changed into an angel whose wings softly hover over the bosom of tired old Mother Earth. In a like manner, also, the storm, the lightning-bolt, the ocean-surge, the bitter tooth of the frost have had their devils cast out and sit, clothed in their right mind, at the feet of man, his best friends and most powerful servants. Driven from these domains, the evil spirits crave permission, as it were, "to enter into swine," and appear next in the human body. The pangs of hunger are attributed to them, and to this day the nineteenth century pagan of the Whitechapel slums will gravely assure you that she has a "tiger in her inside," to whose claws she lays the pangs of hunger and the gnawing pains of indigestion. Then disease becomes his special manifestation, and the "medicine-man" is summoned with drum and sweat-bath and

evil smells to drive him out of the sufferer's body. Traces of this belief are yet to be found in popular medicine. Finally in this stage, death becomes his peculiar triumph, and charms are worn, vows are paid, and pilgrimages undertaken in the hope of avoiding it as long as possible.

But now, in the clear, white light of even such knowledge as we have obtained, hunger is seen to be one of the greatest and most constant spurs to progress; disease but health-processes run riot, life out of place; and death but the kindly welcome return of our tired bodies to the warm crucible of Mother Earth, thence to emerge again in higher, lovelier forms. As the darkness clears away, the gruesome shapes that it has conjured up disappear with it.

Last of all, the Devil entereth into the hitherto undiscovered forces of nature, the realm of theology, and the regions of the future. He has been completely dislodged from the first stronghold, but only partially so from the second and third, which offer peculiar facilities for his occupancy, "being a thing ethereal, like himself." Everything that good Father Boniface couldn't understand was "of the Devil." Roger Bacon was in league with him when he produced those tremendous explosions in his cell, as was evidenced by the sulphurous smell which followed them, and many a noble discoverer was denounced as a wizard, or even burned at the stake, for availing himself of his aid. Had Edison lived but two centuries ago, he would surely have been stoned like the rest of the prophets. In fact, the whole realm of the mysterious was the peculiar domain of Satan, as our colloquialism, "the Devil is in it," still reminds us, and to a considerable degree it is so yet, but as fast as the mystery retreats, so does he.

In the theological world the Evil One still holds an important place, as the author and instigator of what is technically known as "Sin," but as some human individual is held to be fully responsible and is severely punished for every particular and specific item of this transgression, it is a little hard to see just exactly what part the agency of His Satanic Majesty plays in it. If sin is the work, not of man, but of an Evil Spirit, why punish the former for it? If, on the other hand (to which science cordially assents), every instance of wrong-doing is the voluntary act of some free human being, and further, in most cases, the effect of a primarily-beneficent impulse run wild, a superhuman "Father of Sin" becomes little more than a figure of speech. In fact, his principal remaining function even here is that of the phantom warder of a ghostly future, or under-world, in which congenial limbo we may leave him for the present.

To conclude, a being or influence absolutely and essentially evil is a thing of which the Darwinist can

find no proof or trace whatever. It would be incapable of continued existence, even if brought into being, is contrary to the whole tendency of the universe, and is absolutely unthinkable. This gives him the whole universe to love and to worship.

The Darwinist's God is neither a "jealous" God, nor a petty or revengeful one, for he worships the *Weltgeist*, that great calm, loving impulse which underlies all the forces and pulses of nature. Everything in nature to him is sacred, and any "place whereon he standeth is holy ground."

The forests are his temples, the mountains his altars, the birds his choristers, and the flowers his censers.

The Darwinist alone can truly cry:

"O world, as God has made it,
All is beauty!
And knowing this is Love—
And Love is Duty!"

PROF. F. MAX MÜLLER'S REMINISCENCES OF J. BARTHELEMY SAINT-HILAIRE.

ONE of the happiest and brightest hours during the many bright and happy hours which I spent at Paris last month, on the occasion of the centenary of the Institut de France, was the hour I spent one morning with my old friend, Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire. He did not attend our meetings, and his presence was missed by many. I called on him at his house in the Rue Flandrin, beyond the Arc de Triomphe. It was not easy during that busy week to find time for personal visits, but I was determined to see the old sage once more, and I was rewarded. I went early, and found him as usual in his study, which was lighted up by lamps, as he was afraid of sunlight as injurious to his eyes, and for years had never worked by daylight. He stepped in as erect as ever, in his grey dressing gown, a small cap on his head, and gave me the warmest welcome. I looked at him for a minute or two, curious to see whether old age had worked any changes in his face and his frame. No, there he was, the same as ever, not bent in the least, not moving about slowly or timidly, his face, though pale, yet healthy and fresh, his eyes clear and steady, his voice even and sonorous, and the grasp of his hands as firm and as warm as when I met him first fifty years ago, when we were both attending Burnouf's lectures at the Collège de France. I should have called his features perfect and beautiful. There was no sign in them of the disfiguring ravages of old age, and when I watched him moving the chairs nearer to the fire, carrying about a heavy lamp from one table to another, fetching books from the shelves of his library, and plunging at once into the profoundest problems of ancient and modern philosophy. I wondered at the triumph of the spirit over the body, and I said to myself, "O Time, where is thy sting! Old Age, where is thy victory!"

On his writing-table I saw some volumes of Plato, and sheets of paper covered with his own beautiful handwriting.

"What are you working at now?" I said.

"I have completed my *Aristotle*," he replied, "and I have finished, as I told you I should, my *Life of Cousin*. I am now beginning the translation of Plato, or rather my revision of Cousin's translation." I looked incredulous, but I did not venture to say, "At ninety!" I remembered how the last time I had seen him he excused himself for not having yet written his *Life of Cousin*. I knew that he looked upon that work as a solemn duty, for Cousin had not only been his friend and patron through life, but had left him a considerable fortune, so as to render him perfectly inde-

pendent in his literary and political career. "I shall finish his life," he said to me then, as if he had no misgivings, and he kept his promise. He fetched the three large volumes with a certain pride and gave them to me.

"Are you a bibliomane?" he asked; if so, I shall give you a copy on large paper."

"No," I said. "I am fond of books, but not of paper, least of all of waste paper in the form of large margins." He gave me the three volumes, and they are now lying before me, with the inscription in his clear manly hand, "À M. M., Membre de l'Institut de France, son dévoué confrère, B. Saint-Hilaire."

I gave him the first volume of the *Sacred Books of the Buddhists*, which I had just published, as I explained to him, with the generous assistance of the King of Siam, the last Buddhist sovereign. We began at once to speak about the late Parliament of Religions at Chicago, and about the idea of holding the second meeting at Paris in 1900. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire was full of sympathy and even reverence for all forms of religious faith. His own religion was philosophy, and to him that religion seemed to be the best which was most in harmony with the teachings of philosophy and the dictates of conscience. We agreed that much good might be done by bringing properly qualified representatives of the great religions of the world into closer contact, and by helping to spread a more accurate knowledge of their dogmas. For that purpose he allowed that meetings like that at Chicago in 1893 might be useful, though in the end each man, he thought, must work out his own religion, and if he wants to share it with large numbers of his fellow-men he must be prepared to make concessions and to submit to compromises.

How I wish I had written down as soon as I came home all that fell from his eloquent lips; but in the hurry of that memorable week this was impossible. Now I only remember the general impression left on my mind, and the delight of finding myself in such perfect accord with a man of his age and experience, with a man whom I had always looked up to with veneration and love. His mind seemed perfectly serene and unruffled by political events. Life seemed to have no riddles left for him, except those which the human mind does not attempt to solve, if it once knows that they are beyond its reach. The overpowering vastness of nature did not make him giddy, because he looked within and not without for the *ἴδος ἀσφαλέως αἰεὶ* on which to take his stand and to wait.

I reminded him of the days when we were both attending Burnouf's lectures at the Collège de France. We agreed in our admiration, say our amazement, at the wonderful insight into the mysteries of the world displayed by some of the ancient Hindu philosophers, Buddha not excepted. He shared my indignation at the caricature of Buddhism and of Theosophy now hawked about in India and in Europe. The ancient religions of India and Persia seemed to him wonderful, and almost inexplicable, considering the times in which they arose. But to attempt to revive them, or for enlightened people even to retain them, in the face of such religions as Christianity or Islam, seemed to both of us unhistorical, if not perverse.

He then dwelt on the purely historical side of Christianity, on what it had inherited from Greek philosophy, which is so often forgotten, while its inheritance from the religion and morality of the Jews is constantly insisted on. The fundamental thought of the philosophy of Christianity, the idea of the Logos, is but seldom included in our catechisms, and some of our best divines endeavor to trace it back to the wisdom of Jewish preachers rather than to the schools of Greek philosophy. He granted that the Logos philosophy, if properly—that is, historically—understood, contained the quintessence of Greek philosophy, and that without it Christianity would sink down to the level of a mere moral and social reform. It was the Logos doctrine that imparted the highest glory to Christianity by raising the phenomenal world into the

manifestation of an eternal thought or of eternal thoughts. Any concession to the ancient atomic theories or to the more recent theory of self-development by means of environment, natural selection, and struggle for life was, to his mind, far more anti-Greek and anti-philosophical than anti-Christian. There is reason, there is *nous*, there is wisdom, there is a God in the world—that was the practical and the truly religious outcome of all Greek philosophy; and that was the talent entrusted to early Christianity, though for a long time wrapped up in a napkin. If we accept the Logos, we learn that what we call the real—that is, the visible—world is not the real world, but that the really real world is the invisible world of the ideas, of Plato's ideas. Everything in the world, or, as we call it, each species, is the manifestation of a thought, of a Logos, of an idea; and, if it is looked upon by men of science as the result of a long development, that development could do no more than develop what was from the beginning contained in the idea. This was the foundation of early Christian philosophy, the philosophy of St. Clement, the Alexandria philosophers—the only sound basis of all metaphysics. On all these points we were in full agreement, though he evidently thought that I had gone too far in my *Science of Thought* in representing all human knowledge as a knowledge of words, and words or Logoi as the only possible realisation of concepts—i. e. of thought.

We discussed the last volume of my *Gifford Lectures* on "Theosophy," in which the history of the Logos had been treated, and I ventured to ask him the question which I had to leave unanswered in my volume—namely, in what sense the Logos was said to have become incarnate in Christ. Was it meant that the Logos in all his fulness, what is called the Son, who from the beginning was with God, and by whom all things were made, had become flesh in Jesus? Or was it meant for no more than that the Logos dwelt in Christ, as he dwelt, according to Philo, in Abraham and other prophets? Or, lastly, was the Logos here meant for the highest of all the Logoi—viz. the Logos of manhood? And was this Logos believed to have been fully realised in Christ and in Christ alone—was Christ to be accepted as the perfect ideal of man as conceived by the Father before all the world? All these thoughts were perfectly familiar to him, for he had been, before all things, an historian of human thought from the beginning to the end of his literary career. But he seemed to think that the answer to this question was to be found not so much by historical research as by our own insight, our own enlightenment. I could not summon up courage to controvert this, or to enter more fully into the historical side of our problem. To listen to him was so much more delightful than to interrupt or to question him. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire possessed the art of conversation, and of thoughtful conversation, in the highest degree. Every sentence was a work of art, and he seemed to watch it while he was building it up stone upon stone. He possessed an extraordinary command of language—that is, of thought. I have listened to greater speakers, but the greatest speaker is not always a good conversationalist. With him all he said seemed instantaneous, and not as if it had been laid up ready for use. Thoughts and words were bubbling up at the slightest touch and flowed on straight and clear like a transparent spring. Frenchmen are proud of their language, and well they may be. They treat it with proper respect, and listening to Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire's outpourings was like listening to a sonata of Haydn's. It was tranquillising, exhilarating, and satisfying. It left a satisfaction such as only the highest art can give.

In politics Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire was a thorough Frenchman and Republican of the old school. He was a true statesman and diplomatist, for he respected all nations, and loved what was best in each. England had few more sincere admirers, but even Germany never lost his sympathy and admiration. His patriotism was untainted by Chauvinism, and he often spoke the truth, even

when he was Minister of Foreign Affairs, when truth was very unpalatable to his hearers.

When I had at last to say good-bye to him I felt refreshed and invigorated; *curichi, encouragé, rajéuni*, as I said to him at the door. I thought and hoped we should meet again. And today (November 26) the paper tells me that a temple has crumbled to pieces, a soul has slipped its shackles, and a spirit has taken flight to the world of spirits, to a higher realm, to a better world.—*London Times*.

THE BLISS OF A NOBLE LIFE.

THE LIFE of a man who has proved himself unusually useful to his fellowmen is always a lesson that is worth pointing out. The *Transactions of the American Institute of Mining Engineers* contain a biographical notice of Mr. Eckley B. Coxe, one of its founders and early presidents, written by R. W. Raymond of New York City.

Mr. Coxe's family can boast of many noble-minded ancestors, who distinguished themselves in various ways. He himself, born June 4, 1839, was the eldest son of Brinton Coxe. Having received an excellent education, he studied in Paris at the *Ecole des Mines*, and in Freiberg, Saxony, at the *Bergakademie*.

"Here, as in Paris, he was a zealous student; and he became particularly intimate with Julius Weisbach, the famous professor of mechanics and engineering, whose original investigations and admirable text-book are still unsurpassed in that department. Professor Weisbach authorised him to translate the first part of this great treatise, namely, the volume on *Theoretical Mechanics*; and the ardent young disciple carried out this laborious undertaking, and published in 1870, after his return to the United States, an octavo volume of 1112 pages as the result.¹

"He expended not only labor but money in his undertaking; and I doubt if it ever brought him pecuniary profit. But it speedily made him known among students of his profession, and prepared the way for the general recognition of the position which he afterwards held, as the foremost mining engineer of the United States."

"At his father's death he consolidated in his capacity as executor of his father's will the Tench Coxe estate (situated in the coal districts of New Jersey) under one management, which in later years and after successful enlargements was carried on under the name of The Cross Creek Coal Co."

The example set by Mr. Coxe in his business transactions is well pointed out in the biographical notice before us. Mr. Raymond says on page 10:

"The remarkable business achievement thus outlined may be considered the great work of Eckley B. Coxe's life; nor is its greatness determined by a sordid standard, as though it were merely the selfish consolidation of a vast private fortune. Both the methods and the motives of this achievement were pure and lofty. The methods were those of open and fair competition; of the honorable performance of contracts; of wise and liberal economy; and of scientific improvements, which reap profit from the resources of nature, not from the sufferings of fellow-men. The motives were higher than those of ordinary so-called philanthropy. The possessor of wealth may be a mere miser, or a mere spendthrift, or a mere annuitant, reaping what he does not sow, and as truly dependent as any pauper upon the bounty of others. Or he may deserve praise for generous gifts, which are to be administered by others. In many instances, no doubt, wealth thus given away

¹A *Manual of the Mechanics of Engineering and of the Construction of Machines, with an Introduction to the Calculus*. Designed as a Text-Book for Technical Schools and Colleges, and for the Use of Engineers, Architects, etc. By Julius Weisbach, Ph. D., Oberberggrath and Professor, etc. In three vols. Vol. 1, "Theoretical Mechanics." Translated from the Fourth Augmented and Improved Edition by Eckley B. Coxe, A. M., Mining Engineer. New York: D. Van Nostrand. 1870.

is wisely bestowed. But the act is a tacit confession that others can employ, more beneficently than the giver, the power thus resigned. In any case, the ethical merit of the act is measured by the degree in which the actor 'gives himself with his gift'; and the highest fulfilment of the New Testament conception of stewardship, as well as of the scientific conception of true philanthropy, is realised when the possessor of the power which wealth confers neither repudiates nor resigns its responsibility, but devotes his life to the administration of it, for the benefit of present and future generations. This is what Eckley B. Coxe did; and it seems to me that his example is well-nigh unique."

Mr. Coxe devoted much attention to the preparation and utilisation of coal. We read on page 13 of Mr. Raymond's sketch:

"Mr. Coxe's study of the subject had led him to select, as the most important of all the practicable measures of economy, the utilisation of the smallest sizes of coal, such as had been allowed for many years to be lost in the slaty waste. His improved machinery for preparation, described in his paper on 'The Iron Breaker at Drifton,' etc., and his improved apparatus for the combustion of small coals, described in his paper on 'A Furnace with Automatic Stoker,' etc., indicate the two lines of experiment in which he was ultimately absorbed; and his work in the latter direction is admirably summed up in the paper which he read at Providence, R. I., before the New England Cotton Manufacturers' Association, April 24, 1895, less than three weeks before his death. The possible distrust with which a consumer of coal might listen to the advice of a producer is humorously anticipated by the line from the *Æneid*, prefixed to this paper as a motto:

"Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes."

"But such a distrust must have been dispelled by the frankness of the opening sentences:

"It may seem curious that a person whose life has been spent in mining and marketing coal should appear before this Association to discuss the economical production of steam, involving, as it does, either the use of less fuel or fuel of less value. But I am convinced that the more valuable a ton of coal becomes to our customers, the more in the end will be our profit from it."

This characteristic utterance might serve as the motto of the life of Eckley B. Coxe—a life which solved the antagonism between altruism and egoism, not by sacrificing either, but by viewing both upon the higher plane where they are one. "Enlightened selfishness," if it be only sufficiently enlightened, and command a sufficiently wide horizon, is true benevolence. "There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth. The dividend of what we invest in mankind is greater than the principal of what we hoard. This sort of book-keeping also should be more generally understood."

Truly Gustav Freytag is right when he says:

"A noble human life does not end on earth with death. It continues in the minds and the deeds of friends, as well as in the thoughts and the activity of the nation!"

P. C.

BOOK NOTICES.

We are daily expecting from Japan a unique edition of Dr. Paul Carus's well-known tale, *Karma: A Story of Early Buddhism*. This little book was set up in Japan in English, is printed on the finest rice paper, tied in silk, and is quaintly illustrated by Japanese artists in their native style. Japan has made rapid strides in the development of its art, which seems to have been almost uninfluenced by European ideas, but nevertheless shows signs of high and original artistic potencies. The book will form a rare holiday or birthday gift, as nothing like it has been generally seen in this country. (The Open Court Publishing Co.: Chicago. Price, 75 cents.)

We have also prepared a holiday edition of the Rev. T. A. Goodwin's *Lovers Three Thousand Years Ago, As Indicated by the Song of Solomon*. The booklet is printed on heavy Enfield paper,

with gilt top, uncut edges, and stiff cream-colored cover. Our readers will remember the pleasant story of Mr. Goodwin, with its charming glimpses into the rustic and court life of ancient Israel. The whole text of the Song of Songs is printed in this little volume, but arranged in the dialogue form in which we now know it was spoken, and interspersed with critical and explanatory comments. The two introductory chapters of the book give the history and character of the poem, and depict the society and civilisation of the age of King Solomon, as far as they are known to us. (The Open Court Publishing Co.: Chicago. Price, 50 cents.)

The editor of *The Open Court* has made a metrical translation of the best known and most important of the Xenions of Goethe and Schiller. The book will be artistically printed in the shape of an album, containing on each page one Xenion with its German original. In an introductory chapter the author gives the history of the Xenions, which are satirical epigrams having the form of distichs of which the first line is a hexameter and the second a pentameter. He explains in this chapter by metrical and musical diagrams the peculiarity of this form of poetry, and portrays the salient features of the golden age of German literature in which Goethe and Schiller battled hard for the new conceptions and ideals which shape most of our thought and life to-day. "No poetry is quoted more frequently in Germany than these pithy aphorisms. They have become household words there, and deserve a place of honor in the literature of the world." This edition will be a very beautiful one, with the edges entirely in gold, and as the translation is accompanied by the original German text, the book will be useful both to students of German and to those who have already mastered the language. (The Open Court Publishing Co.: Chicago. Price, \$1.00.)

NOTES.

Prof. Ewald Hering has accepted a call to the University of Leipzig. He was formerly at Prague. Professor Hering is one of the foremost and soundest of modern physiologists and psychologists. Most of his works are of a highly special and scientific character, his best known and most popular work being perhaps his brief but famous paper on *Memory*.

The Episcopal Recorder says of Prof. Carl Heinrich Cornill's book on *The Prophets of Israel*: "An infidel publication by one of the advanced and so-called higher critics, based upon the studies of such scholars as Wellhausen." If Professor Cornill's sketches of the prophets are infidelity, make the most of it! Certainly that Christianity which regards Professor Cornill's book as an infidel publication is nothing more nor less than Christian paganism, and deserves to be the target of Ingersoll and his followers. Indeed, just such people are responsible for the existence of infidelity. For, so long as superstition, assuming the name of religion, decries science and scientific investigation, we need men who hold these fetich-worshippers of the letter of their traditions up to ridicule.

Hajee Abdullah Browne, editor of the *Egyptian Herald*, which advocates the administrative autonomy of Egypt and the interests of Islam throughout the world, formulates Mohammedanism in the following three statements: "(a) That this world has been created or formed by an intelligent, powerful being, whom we have called God; (b) that man is superior to all other created things in this world, he only possessing a soul; and (c) that the soul of man does not perish at the death of the body." This is in brief the gist of Islam as advocated by other Mohammedan organs that are published in the English language, among which we mention *The Moslem World*, published by Mahomed Alexander Russell Webb, New York, and *The Islamic World*, published in Liverpool, England.

HOLIDAY BOOKS.

KARMA. A STORY OF EARLY BUDDHISM. By *Paul Carus*. New art edition. Printed and illustrated in Japan. Quaint and odd. Rice paper, tied in silk. Price, 75 cents. (This book has not yet arrived but is expected daily.)

GOETHE AND SCHILLER'S XENIONS. Selected and translated by *Paul Carus*. Printed in album shape on heavy paper; edges all gold. Pages' 162. Price, \$1.00. (In the Press.)

LOVERS THREE THOUSAND YEARS AGO. As Indicated by the Song of Solomon. By the *Rev. T. A. Goodwin, D. D.* Printed on heavy Enfield paper, gilt top, uncut edges, and stiff, cream-colored covers. Pages, 41. Price, 50 cents. (Published this week.)

THE PROPHETS OF ISRAEL. Popular Sketches from Old Testament History. By *Prof. Carl Heinrich Cornill*. Frontispiece, Michael Angelo's Moses. Artistically bound in red, with the Hebrew title stamped on the cover in gold; laid paper, uncut edges. Pages, 210. Price, \$1.00.

THE LOST MANUSCRIPT. A Novel. By *Gustav Freytag*. Authorised translation from the sixteenth German edition, with a special motto by the author. *Edition de luxe*. Two volumes, \$1.00. In one volume, simpler edition, cloth, \$1.00.

THE REDEMPTION OF THE BRAHMAN. A Tale of Hindu Life. By *Prof. Richard Garbe*. Laid paper. Veg. parch. binding. Gilt top. Pages, 96. Price, 75 cents.

HOMILIES OF SCIENCE. By *Dr. Paul Carus*. Pages, 310. Cloth, gilt top, \$1.50.

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BOOTY'S GHOST.

BY F. M. HOLLAND.

THE boldest and most original newspaper in America, in 1830, was the *Free Enquirer*, then edited by Robert Dale Owen and Frances Wright. In turning over its dingy little pages I have met with many stories which seem worth reprinting. Let us begin with an unusually well authenticated apparition.

In 1687, the captains of three British ships appeared in the court of the King's Bench with their log-books, in each of which was the following record: "Friday, May 15th. We had the observation of Mr. Booty this day." All three had gone on shore with other men to shoot rabbits on the little island of Stromboli, where there is an active volcano. "And about half an hour and fourteen minutes after three in the afternoon, to our great surprise, we all of us saw two men running towards us with such swiftness, that no living man could run half so fast as they did run. All of us heard Captain Barnaby say, 'Lord bless me! The foremost is old Booty, my next door neighbor.' But he said he did not know the other who ran behind: he was in black clothes, and the foremost was in gray." All this they put down at Captain Barnaby's request. "For we none of us ever heard or saw the like before; and we were firmly convinced that we saw old Booty chased by the Devil round Stromboli, and then whipped into the flames of hell."

When they came back to England, they heard that Mr. Booty was dead; and Captain Barnaby said he had seen him "running into hell." He was prosecuted for libel by the widow; and the damages were estimated at £1000. It was proved at the trial that "The time when the two men were seen and that when Booty died coincided within about two minutes." The captains and many sailors swore to the accuracy of the log-books; and ten men even swore to the buttons on Mr. Booty's coat, which was brought into court. One witness, named Spinks, was asked if he knew Mr. Booty, and replied, "I knew him well, and am satisfied that I saw him hunted on the burning mountain, and plunged into the pit of hell, which lies under the summit of Stromboli." Then the judge said, "Lord have mercy upon me, and grant that I may

never see what you have seen! One, two, or three may be mistaken; but thirty never can be mistaken." So the widow lost her case.

This story may have been published by the *Free Enquirer* in order to bring its readers face to face with the question, whether any amount of evidence could prove that the order of nature does not exist. Here is a ghost story, which is supported by the testimony of thirty witnesses; and moreover, to quote Captain Cuttle, "It's entered on the ship's log, and that's the truest book as a man can write." If all this proves anything, it is a personal devil, and a hell with real fire under that volcano.

Another instance of the power of the imagination is given in the number for January 26, 1833. A physician residing on Block Island, R. I., Dr. A. C. Willey, tells how he had seen the meteor known as the Palatine light, and supposed to represent a ship on fire with all her ropes, masts, and sails. Whittier, in a poem first printed in his *Tent on the Beach*, and called "The Palatine," says that a ship with that name was lured upon the rocks with false lights by the islanders, more than a hundred years ago; and that the meteor was seen on the very spot where the wreck was burned, after it had been stripped of everything worth carrying off. Dr. Willey says that the Palatine was run on shore by the seamen, who had murdered some of her passengers; and these latter are stated in a note to have been emigrants from Southern Germany. Dr. Willey also says that the people of the island spoke of the light only as seen on the water, and from half a mile to six or seven miles from the north shore. It was described as appearing often, usually on still nights before a storm, and sometimes for several evenings in succession. He saw it twice himself, first for fifteen minutes at evening twilight in February, 1830. "It was large and gently lambent," or flickering "very bright, broad at the bottom, and terminating acutely upward. From each side seemed to issue rays of faint light." The next time it was small, and moved back and forth parallel to the shore, with an occasional halt. This time the light may have been on a vessel which was tacking frequently. What the doctor saw in February was probably the *aurora borealis*. I suspect that none of the islanders saw as much as they

thought they did, and that those talked most who saw least.

Among the *Enquirer's* stories of village life in Connecticut, shortly before 1830, is one of a man, who was voted out of the church, presumably for heresy, but on every communion Sunday brought his own wine and bread to his pew, where he partook of a sacrament which was quite as holy as if it had been blessed by any man who was paid for doing it.

In another of the little towns, the tavern was kept by a deacon, who was also a farmer, a wheelwright, a captain in the militia, and a tithingman. In the last capacity, he stopped people who were travelling on Sunday, and forced them to put up at his tavern. One forenoon, he arrested a pedlar, who begged for leave to travel on a little further to his uncle's where he and his horse could get the food which they needed sadly. "Never mind your uncle," said the deacon. "You shall have plenty to eat and drink here; and I'll put up your horse." The pedlar yielded accordingly, and accepted whatever was offered him, including an invitation to go to church, but took care not to ask for anything. Early the next morning, he got ready to depart; but the deacon urged him to stay to breakfast, and at the same time offered to feed his horse with oats. The pedlar then took a stroll about the village, before returning in time to take a hearty meal. In fact, both he and his horse were in much better condition than when they were arrested. He mounted his wagon, thanked the deacon for his hospitality, and told him "If you come our way—" "But you're not going without paying your bill?"

"Yes, but I am though. You compelled me to stop, and then invited me to eat, drink, and lodge with you. You took care of my horse, too, all of your own accord. Of course, I couldn't very well refuse. I can't allow you to sully your hospitality taking money for it; but I'll return the favor when I get to be a tithingman, and meet you travelling on Sunday."

"You won't pay your bill, then?"

"Not I, Deacon. I'm much obliged to you."

"Then I shall get a writ for the amount, and also a warrant against you for travelling on the Lord's day."

"You may save yourself that trouble and expense, friend Deacon. As to the travelling, I called on the 'Squire before breakfast, and complained of myself, which saved half the fine. I can prove that you invited me to be fed and lodged, and have my horse taken care of. I took care not to ask for anything. It's as contrary to law as to good manners to present that 'ere bill. So good morning."

Equally justifiable was the shrewdness with which a negro made good his escape from slavery. He had already reached Pennsylvania, and was journeying

northward on foot, when he was overtaken by two mounted kidnappers. He made no resistance, but appeared very weary. After a while, he was put on what he saw to be the best of the horses. He really was an expert rider; but he pretended to be so much afraid of falling off, that the captors soon ceased to take much trouble about leading the horse, which was willing enough to follow his master. The first thing they knew, the negro was off at full gallop; and the pursuit was as vain as that after the young Lochinvar.

Another colored man was the shepherd of a flock of black sheep in Albany, New York, at the time when the Legislature voted that every pastor in that city should be invited in turn to open the proceedings with prayer, and be paid accordingly. He applied for an opportunity to officiate in his turn; and the situation was embarrassing. At last, a compromise was agreed upon; and the colored preacher received as much pay for not making a prayer, as any white brother had for making one.

As a specimen of the solid matter in the *Enquirer*, I may add that early in 1832, Robert Dale Owen, who was a leading socialist, stated that there had been "considerable improvement" at New Harmony since there ceased to be "anything in the shape of a community of common property." He still thought there was too much competition in England; but "Here it is far different. The race of competition is not yet run. The evils we feel are not those of competition, but of its absence." He also admits that "There is, there must be, more of what in one sense may be termed restraint in a co-operative community than in individual society." "I think," he adds, "that whatever progress is made here will be made, for many years to come, under the individual system of small landed proprietors." There are advantages in combining for such objects as public libraries and scientific lectures. "But for the more intimate and comprehensive measures of co-operation, the breaking up of domestic households and the abandonment of private property, I doubt whether, in this generation and this country, men are prepared for it. There is nothing here to drive them into it; and men so seldom change any darling habits until they are driven to the change." In a postscript he insists on "The absence of all necessity for co-operation; and that after all is the main point. When a man has enough to furnish wholesome food and comfortable clothing for himself and family, the hope of a few dollars more or less is not inducement sufficient to make him subvert the habits of a lifetime."

America was too prosperous for socialism in 1832, according to so good a judge as Robert Dale Owen; and our country is still more prosperous now. There is an article in the *North American Review* for Septem-

ber, 1895, proving that wages average twice as high per operative at present as in 1860. It is also shown that there has been such great improvement in the production and distribution of all the comforts and luxuries "which make the life of the people worth living," that we are much more comfortable than our parents were in 1850; and our children, in the twentieth century, "will have twice as many luxuries and live twice as easy and comfortable lives" as we do today." Many of us remember that the daily meals and ordinary furniture are much more luxurious now than they were forty years ago. What were rare luxuries then are common comforts now; and there are few luxuries at present which cannot be enjoyed by the great majority of Americans. The inhabitants of this country will in all probability continue much too well off to feel any need of making as great a change as is demanded by the socialists. The visions of Bellamy and Morris are likely to remain as different from any possible reality as the Palatine light or old Booty's ghost.

PAN-EGOISM THE KEY-NOTE OF THE UNIVERSE.¹

(Posthumous Article.)

BY THE LATE ROBERT LEWINS, M. D.

"Alone in the kingdom of Space I stand,
With Hell and Heaven on either hand.
Men and their Gods pass away, but still
I am Maker and End, I am God, I am Will."
—A. Mary F. Robinson.

LET ME VENTURE on this occasion to furnish a few more *data* out of the inexhaustible cornucopia of the above theory. My position is very clear from the title of this sketch alone, viz., to make each individual sentient self or ego what the Greeks term *αω* (breath), i. e., alpha and omega, first and last, beginning and ending, or, in other words, the *omne scibile* of all knowledge, outside which can be only nullity. Or, otherwise stated, that perception and conception are alike apperception, or self-perception, autosis or egoism. So that each of us, while seemingly absorbed in scientific research or devotion is, in the last resort, only experimenting on, or communing with, our own egoity. Deity and all other objects other than that egoity become thus not only *quantités négligéables*, but in the relative sphere altogether non-existent. As Goethe says, "In Beschränkung zeigt sich der Meister." The world and all other objects of thought, abstract and concrete, vanish as swallowed up in, and by, the victorious subject self or ego. Subject and object are reconciled, self-evidently thus verifying the poetic couplet of:

"Unloosening all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony,"

and shattering all seeming antinomy. All, therefore, that has been predicated of the Soul, God, Logos, or Holy Ghost must be transferred to this somatic pan-

ego, illustrating, on up to date scientific postulates, the motto attached to this paper by a youthful poetess of our age. If we weakly must have an object for divine worship, the very need of which is already mental esuriency, as a form of desire (suffering), we must be *discontent*, like Narcissus, with self-worship—a fact which to a sober, self-possessed, and dispassionate mind puts all worship whatsoever, in our age, out of court.

Natural religion, as that of Voltaire's, Rousseau's, etc., is thus an apostacy from the higher forms of *pseudo-revealed* ones—a clear case of "out of the frying-pan into the fire. All of the latter—the Semitic, Islamic, and Christian especially—are attempts of well-intentioned, but ill-judging, not to say "cranky," enthusiasts of humanity to institute, by servile modes of propitiation, a *modus vivendi* with a provisional almighty power, which as "Author of Nature" reveals itself as indifferent and even malignant towards mankind and other sentient beings. As before stated, Bishop Butler, in his *Sermons* and *Analogy*, is perhaps the profoundest apologist for natural and revealed religion in any age or clime. Yet basing his argument, as he does, on the imaginary perfection of nature, it is seen to be, as soon as we arraign the latter as imperfect and incomplete, thoroughly invalid,—as are all teleological ones, including Paley's *Evidences* and *The Bridgewater Treatises*. And if nature be thus faulty what must be our verdict on its author supposing him to be, unlike the classic Pantheon—thoroughly unconditioned and uncontrolled by fate (which already the Epicureans identified with Chance) or other inhibitory factor? So of the visible and concrete world. It can only be the content of our own sense and thought, which are essentially one; a proposition in which is implicit, and indeed explicit, that all our knowledge of it is apperceptive or self-derivative, i. e. the product of our own *sensorium*, which is thus not a passively receptive, but an actually constructive, *sensificient* or creative agent. Each sentient self is thus both creator and creation of the only world, visible or invisible, to which, through consciousness, it has access. The transcendence of Pan-Egoism *vice* Pantheism, is thus seen to be a *reductio ad irrationale et impossibile*. To postulate as explanation, or *rationale*, an occult *causa causarum*, is indeed, as I have ever insisted on, the "unpardonable sin" in the sphere of common sense and right reason. It means the futile attempt to "explain" one crux by another still more obscure and, from its nature, utterly unverifiable. The touch-stone of verification is completely absent. In this direction Lord Bacon and most modern scientists who, as realists must be dualists, and as such never can identify thought and thing, are just as much at fault, on one side, as divines on the other. Both il-

illustrate Luther's metaphor of human nature being like a drunken man on horseback: "Shove him up on one side, over he goes on the other." Let us try to change all that, or at least to lay the foundations for such change.

OTHER WORLDS THAN OURS.

BY HUDOR GENONE.

TWO TRAVELLERS having returned from a lengthy sojourn in other worlds were welcomed home and entertained hospitably by their friends. After the repast, in response to the unanimous request of those assembled, one of these had the following to say in respect to his travels and to the things he had seen while away from home.

"I saw," he said, "a great gulf, so deep that it had or seemed to have no bottom; dense black clouds rolled within it, sometimes breaking away and permitting a sight through the jagged edges of the vapor of depths blacker than the blackest cloud below. Whether this meant an underlying stratum of opaque cloud, or reflected,—to borrow a symbol from the light where light there was none,—or was the real bottom, or opened up a glimpse of a final, fearful void, I know not. It was a black abyss with nothing in it. Overhead in like manner as below was hung a great dome, wherein a mighty monster dwelt, who winked continually, and whilst his lids were up glared like a face of brass, and when they were down he scowled, black as the gulf below, though on his features little fiends of blazing yellow disported, blinking like the big fiend himself, and one calm face, stolid and passionless peered out, sometimes round and coldly indifferent, and at others of different shapes, even (as if trying to get away from all view of what I shall tell you) shrunk to a thin, cadaverous glinting line.

"One shore of the gulf was distinctly visible. All the time I stood not far from its brink, and there I saw the solid, substantial abutment of what appeared to be a fine, strong, arched bridge. This was what first caught my eye. Of unsurpassed symmetry of shape, colossal in size, magnificent in design, beautiful with myriad adornments, and carvings and arabesques, quaint and fanciful, signs and symbols and intricate characters and tracery, of which indeed I could make little sense, only that graven on each voussoir was the single word 'Advance.'

"I say this structure had the appearance of being a bridge; whether it were one or not I leave to you—each for himself. I have a turn for mathematics, understand how, with given data, to measure angles and reckon curves and orbits. So I took from the springing line, along the sweep of the arch, point by point, the facts of situation I needed, and then made a map, plotted it down and studied it when done, if I might

be sure what sort of curve it was. No circle, that was sure; one could tell at an eye-glance, nor ellipse, nor curve of centres, few or many, odd or even. Eventually in my mind it resolved itself into this: was it a parabola or hyperbola? for my reckoning, though carried out mechanically and by equations to many places of decimals could not tell which.

"Neither could my eye or field-glass bring out, by perspective or otherwise, anything at all, since the rolling clouds came up out of the murk and continuously rolled and rolled along the farther parts of the bridge, and utterly forbade sight that way, though, perhaps had I been able to see from a higher altitude I might have gathered information, for I perceived rifts in the cloud ahead, but I confess, all too high up for me.

"Now on this bridge was a charger, and on the charger a shape. The steed was pallid in color, but the rider was clad in a robe blood red. What was very strange, as he sat astride, I noticed, looking very close, that his legs were firmly strapped beneath the coursers' belly, to the girth and, that his face was set not towards the front and pommel but to the rear and crupper. As he rode, seemingly all at ease, I hailed him: 'Rider, Red Rider,' I said, 'whence ridest thou, and whither dost thou ride, and why is thy face not set to see thy path, and wherefore art thou so tied as plainly not to be able to dismount? Tell me, Red Rider, if thou canst, these things.'

"The strange being, looking full at me, took some time to collect himself and then answered me about like this: 'I understand,' he said, 'how wonderful this journey of mine must seem to thee, and, saying that, I have said about all that I do really understand. I find myself as thou hast found me, and as countless others in times past have found me. Often in the past, deluded by sophistry of one sort or another, when the questions thou hast put were asked me, I have replied, saying that I understood and claiming to know what I did not know.

"'Listen; right before my face as I front rearward I perceive a long, well-travelled road, straight as an arrow, then curving, now winding, sometimes level, at others up and down, at one time smooth, at others rugged; at one through verdant meads, and by pleasant brooks, again amidst frowning cliffs and crackling glaciers. It seems to me that I have been among those scenes, but when I think soberly I am sure that this is not so; I—the I that is I—have never been except on this bridge, riding as you see, strapped as you see, robed as you see, helpless as you see. All else is a sort of a dream.

"'Whence did I ride? I know not. Whither I know not. I stare and stare and strive to forecast the course from the materials of the past. If I look up I

am blinded and dazzled, down I grow giddy with terror. I try to turn my head, but it is fixed in a vise. I feel a motion, and it seems progress, but when I reason it is only that something, the aggregate of many things, has slipped backward, and so I only hold my breath and stare and wonder.'"

The company, having listened with profound attention uttered a great sigh of relief when the recital ended. None spoke for a time, till at last the other traveller, who had not seemed in the least disturbed as the others were, began :

"My experience," he said, "has been of a quite different character. My journey took me to the head waters and afterwards along the entire course of a great river, from whose margin I observed all that I am about to relate. I came first to a little spring far up a mountain side, a spring that gushed and bubbled, and then—the waters having collected in a pool—flowed thence downward singing and prattling to the mossy banks and the hard-faced rocks. Soon, joined by other water courses, the flood grew big and bigger, till at a turn, yet high up among the hills, I came upon a tiny canoe, made of birch bark, and frail, and in it, a beautiful spirit, moving forward now and then, sometimes by what appeared fitful impulses, or again dallying at either bank with ferns and lotus flowers; sometimes paddling on with a sedate, wise look, and at others madly beating the water, all without (so at least it seemed to me) aim or purpose.

"Sweet spirit,' I asked, 'how came you to be here alone and in so frail a boat? Where are they who should care for you?'

"The being looked at me with wide, wondering eyes, and then, as over his face rippled a smile like to the ripples of the wind on the still waters on which he floated, but, never answering, paddled swiftly away, dashing the waters into foam as he went.

"Then a mist floated up from the vale below and hid the canoe and the spirit shape, whilst I plodded slowly along the meandering stream, thinking somewhat sad thoughts of the spirit's fate. Sad thoughts they were because, above the plashing of his paddle, and the whirring winds and the babble of the brook higher up, below, out of the dense fog I heard the steady hum of a waterfall.

"Before him were rapids, sunken rocks, and then a cataract. Poor spirit, I thought, how unconsciously and all smiling and bearing your pretty burden of flowers you go to an untimely end.

"Yet, after all, he escaped these perils, and in due time, coming by a detour again to the stream, I perceived him once more, this time, curious as it seems, in a stout bateau, laden, not with flowers but fruits and grain and all kinds of produce, which, when I hailed him, he said, breathless and between the sweeps

of his oars, he was taking to a market down the river. Yes, the stream too had changed; that which had been a rill and then a brook had broadened out into a somewhat stately river, that, as I saw plainly, in the distance grew continually broader and broader.

"Poor spirit,' I said again to myself, 'I pity you, toiling on for a bare subsistence, your flowers withered, and without hope of rest.'

"But far across the waters I heard the spirit singing blithely at his task, and though darkness fell I heard in rhythm with the oars the song growing fainter in the gloom.

"In my journeying I came again, some time after, to the river. It was where a city was built, and in midstream a stately ship lay moored, and I saw upon the deck the captain of the ship, and it was the spirit once more. He saw me also, and in the midst of his arduous toil, (for he was superintending the lading of the ship and preparations for sailing,) he waved his hand gayly and smiled with the same sweet smile I had known before.

"I stood upon the wharf and watched the sails set, the anchor hove to the bow, and the canvas fill, and the wake glisten with shafts of silver.

"A citizen of the city happening to be near, I asked him where the ship was bound; but he only stared at me. Would I see the last of her, he said, I had better go to yon headland, which he pointed out. There, perhaps, if I had what he called faith, I might discern the course the ship would take when out of harbor on the open sea. 'But as to where she sails, ask me not,' he added, with a look of pain, 'for this port gives no clearance papers.'

"Well, I went to the headland, and stood there watching as the ship receded from the shore. She sailed on at first in smooth waters of the harbor; but a ways out she met the surges of the outer sea, and I heard the moaning of the surf as it beat upon the reef, and saw the glint of the sun upon the flashing foam, till at last, beyond the line of tumultuous breakers, she seemed for a moment to stand still, and then, her yards braced and all sails swelling in a favoring wind, she stood out to the open ocean.

"While I was wondering, (for I lacked the sort of faith that citizen spoke of,) I perceived a little pin-nace coming from the direction the ship had sailed, and as it drew near and nearer, propelled by stout oarsmen, I discerned that it bore a burden robed in black drapery, and all about plumes of black.

"'Would you see the face of the Captain for the last time?' said the citizen, who had accompanied me. And when I drew near, the catafalque-bearers came and thrusting the drapery aside showed a face pallid, and cold, and still. And when they had thus disclosed his features to our brief view, the bearers

bore him away, to sleep, (so the citizen said,) his last long sleep.

"I had thought to have seen the face of the spirit, but his face that I saw reposing in the catafalque was a quite different one. It was not the spirit, but, as I knew, the pilot of the ship. A pilot's duty is to command the ship while it is in the harbor, through the channels to the sea, and past the harbor bar. There he gives over his command to the Captain.

"Of all this I said something to the friendly citizen; but he said, No, it was the face of the ship's captain I had seen—changed.

"'You cannot tell me,' I said, 'whither the ship is bound, and now you tell me she has lost her commander. How fares it with the ship? Is she drifting by chance of changing winds and tides through countless seas? To what end, then, was she launched? To what end was she stored at the wharves of your city with rich cargoes of merchandise?'

"The citizen could not answer my questions, but I knew that the spirit still lived, and was still in command of the ship, because I knew his face."

The company all thought these adventures very wonderful, and were urgent in their questions as to what curious worlds those were, "so vastly different," said they, "from our own." They knew not—neither the two travellers nor their entertainers—that I could have told them, for I had lived in both. Have you? Which do you prefer? The choice is free.

SHE DIED FOR ME.

BY VOLTAIRINE DE CLEYRE.

THE Doctor was a lean dark man, with sad eyes. They looked up, wide and singularly deep, as his visitor said: "I don't understand you half-way free-thinkers in the least. I am out and out. I have no patience with wishy-washiness. I just tell them straight that I haven't any use for their musty old frauds, nor their whole outfit of priests that live by them. But you—you know religion is all superstition, yet you go on talking to those people as if you accepted their belief in God and immortality and the vicarious atonement and the whole programme!"

The voice was loud and disagreeably disputative; just such a voice as one might expect from the hard mouth above the close-shaven chin.

"Perhaps I do, in a way," answered the doctor, slowly and a little wearily.

"Perhaps you do," was the testy echo; "oh, yes, perhaps you do, in a way! That's your fine-spun agnosticism. Perhaps the moon is green cheese, too, in a way, to a set of senses that have never existed!"

The Doctor shook his head and smiled a little denying smile. Just then the door opened, and an odd red-lipped, round-eyed, fuzzy-haired little thing

looked in curiously. The Doctor held out his hand: "Come, Sonya." The queer small figure, almost grotesquely dressed, came hopping to his side, stretching up her fat little confident hands.

"Your little girl, I presume?" said the visitor, with that air of polite boredom with which your born disputant bears an interruption of his favorite pastime.

"Yes,—mine," with a loving stroke upon the fuzzy head, "only *mine*—her mother is dead." The visitor was silent. "And that, you see," went on the Doctor, with a little catch in his voice, "is one of the reasons I believe—in a way. Sonya's mother was a very strong woman, strong every way. I was weak, not so much in my body as—"

He pressed the fuzzy head against his cheek and went on in an unnaturally dry voice: "In fact, I am so yet, too much. She was a midwife over there in Russia, and when we came here she urged me to study. We were poor, of course. It was in the days of the persecution and we had had to sacrifice everything. My Sonya was not born then, and her father was sent to Siberia. To us they gave forty-eight hours to sell all and go. So we had nothing. Only my sister had ever her courageous heart,—the heart I think of all our old forefathers in the wilderness. She always saw a Promised Land before her, always made a way through the desert to it. She kept us up; she never complained; she worked, she said, to rest—to rest from the thought of the lonely figure, or may be only a grave, there in the ice-blasts and the white desert."

The deep eyes looked far away to the eastward. There was a silence and a sigh, and then:

"Yes, she kept us up, and paid my way at college. I didn't wish it at first, but she would have it so, and, as I told you, she was stronger than I. And then the love of study came upon me, which is greater than all other loves; and I did not think of her part any more, the heavy, patient burden-bearing. I did not see how she grew wan and weak; and she—she never said, 'Look at me.'

"It was just a week before I graduated that I knew it first, when I came in and found her dead upon the bed. Just a week before! And she died and never knew she had not worked in vain. She would not let them send for me; she would not tell them where to find me; she said: 'Don't bother him. I shall be better.'

"It was black to me after that. I passed the examinations. I don't know how,—*somehow*. I fancied I had to, for her sake. Somewhere in those dark, numb days the explanation worked itself out to me, (at least, I believe it is an explanation,) that she is not dead, not really dead. I am not so weak and selfish as I was; that is because some of her strength was impressed on me. The better part of me is she; even the

little knowledge I have to soften pain, surely she bought it—it is hers. I do not know whether Jesus of Galilee died for others' sins or not, but I know surely that she died for me. And I should not be able to bear it, if I could not think she still lived,—if I did not know that her great unselfish spirit was not lost, only broken through the frail ego-bubble, and mixing, not in me alone, though truly much in me, but in every one she helped in her helpful life. And for that sake I love all determined ones, all patient, all devoted, all uncomplaining ones, whether they be what you would call enlightened or not, seeing her in them."

"Truly now," murmured the visitor, "I shouldn't."

"That is because, in spite of your freethought, you are orthodox and place reality in shadows," answered the other, looking very steadily at the falling snow and cuddling Sonya's head beneath his chin.

WAVES.

BY MARY MORGAN (GOWAN LEA).

My head upon my hand, and then a long-drawn sigh.

O what is this I feel, or whereof do I dream?

My solemn hope, my faith—what are they? For I seem
Forever wandering hand in hand with mystery.

A cloudless azure sky is looking down on me,

While sings the shimmering sea all musically, low;

Upon the crested waves my thoughts float to and fro,
Spending themselves perchance, alas! as aimlessly.

Ye subtle waves of thought, invisible! O what

Your power on Mother Earth, your future in the All?

From morning until eve you clamour and you call,

Forever questioning, alluring, answering not.

Against the rocks the ocean-waves break with dull sound;

But onward roll the waves of thought nor know a bound!

CORRESPONDENCE.

SABBATARIANISM AND WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE IN MASSACHUSETTS.

To the Editor of *The Open Court*:

As a native of Massachusetts and a resident in it off and on during the political canvass of last Fall, I have read with much interest and some amusement Dr. Oswald's explanation in the December 12th *Open Court* of the State's majority vote on the woman's suffrage referendum. Advanced scientific men are apt to forget, especially if they are a little biased on some aspect of the subject under consideration, that the world also is advancing, and that it will not do to attempt to account for an event of to-day by a condition of things which may have existed several years ago. And as regards this vote, instead of its being caused by "the dread of an innovation, tending, through the temperance bias of the proposed new voters, to deliver the State into the hands of clerical fanatics," and by "the alliance of Sabbatarianism" with the suffrage movement, my observations on the spot led me to believe that it was caused by exactly the opposite fear.

Whatever may have been true of the old State once, all its able-bodied Sabbatarianism, or Sundayism, as, I suppose, the Doctor means, emigrated from it long since and went West, and

there is about as little fear of it there now as there is of Indians and bears. Not only in the cities, but also in the towns and villages, Sunday is used as freely and as variously, so far as law or even public opinion is concerned, as is any other day of the week. There is less church going there than in any other part of the Union. Roman Catholicism, not Puritanism, keeps it up. And, starting from Boston and going west, you can reckon the longitude you are in almost exactly by the increasing proportion of the population who can be seen Sunday morning on their way to religious worship.

Analysing the vote on the woman's suffrage referendum, the foundation of it was a stolid, subconscious jealousy of woman's superiority. It is the one thing in which alone multitudes of men are above women, and they doggedly hold on to it as their last hope of supremacy. Another element was the more wholesome apprehension that the granting of it would tend to make woman too much a public character and mar her specially feminine characteristics. Then there are some men like John Fiske, who theoretically and intellectually are progressives, but who historically and practically are the most timid standstills. We have lots of them in our Unitarian denomination; and the Episcopal woods are full of them. Lowell was one, writing with his mind *Credidimus Jovem Regnare*, but buried as to his body in the old prayer-book faith of two hundred years ago. And they all voted against the woman's suffrage proposition.

But what beyond these decided its fate was the dread not of its alliance with Sabbatarianism and Puritanic rigor, but of its alliance with radicalism and free love and a general loosening of social and moral restraints. As one man said, "So far as voting is concerned, I would just as lief my wife and daughters should go with me to the polls as to church; but if we open the doors to let their voting in, there is no knowing what hosts of other less desirable changes may follow in its train till by and by they will be going, the same as we men do, to drinking-saloons and gambling-hells." While there are probably not five thousand people in Massachusetts who associate woman's suffrage with Sabbatarianism, there are, perhaps, fifty thousand there who still associate it with free love, free divorce, free religion, a bloomer dress and no Sunday at all; and their votes and influence were solidly against the movement.

Another thing needs to be remembered. Massachusetts Puritanism with all its rigors was at its heart and for its day a movement in the direction of freedom. It did not go far itself, but it produced offspring that have not yet stopped going; and the experience of all ages shows that it is out of such old, gnarled roots and trunks, full of fanatical vigor, that branches grow laden with the sweetest fruits of liberty,—its Emersons, Channings, Parkers, Phillipses, and Garrisons. The Women's Temperance Union is such a root; and though we cannot sympathise with its present fanaticism and narrowness, shall we not ourselves cherish a philosophy which is broad and liberal enough to recognise the promise of what is at its heart?

JOHN C. KIMBALL.

ANN ARBOR, MICH.

BOOK REVIEWS.

FABLES AND ESSAYS. By *John Bryan* of Ohio. New York: The Arts and Letters Co. 1895. Pages, 245.

The author of *Fables and Essays* "humbly begs the public's pardon for perpetrating the book upon it." He has copyrighted it but only to prevent others from selling it at a gainful price. Otherwise he is against copyright and exclaims: "What if Jesus had copyrighted and charged a fee for his Sermon on the Mount?" In fact the author confesses that far from preventing the circulation of his book he should be "much obliged to the public for reading it at all, let alone pay a profit on its manufacture." He says in the Preface:

"One who gathers and writes news is worthy of hire: but what shall we say of the author who button-holes the impatient public upon the street and harangues it, and then, hat in hand, begs the strolling buffoon's fee?"

Addressing the reader, he adds:

"I expect you will pardon me, for you know as well as I there are emergencies in nature which a person can't help; there are times when a thing can no longer be concealed, and publication is a relief.

"I've had these manuscripts about me for years and tried to suppress them until those who knew me gave me a character of mystery and whispered among themselves that they expected something unusual from me: I've even 'sat on the safety-valve' until I knew the explosion could no longer be delayed.

"I even got my hair cut quite short and ordered fashionable clothes: but all to no purpose. So here I am, again begging your pardon, and thanking you in advance for granting it. If you read my book at all I shall feel that I have not exploded in vain."

Having read this Preface, we find a note which refers us to an additional Preface on page 119, where we are informed that "as the printing of this book proceeds the author finds that he has got the wrong Preface to the wrong book," and now, we are told that everything in this book, including the Preface, was written within the last four months prior to its publication, and the printer has taken much of it wet from his pen. The author further begs the reader to not judge his book by any single part of it, but to be easy on him in certain spots, adding: "Perhaps I myself am as good an illustration of some of the fables and other points as the reader is."

The contents of the book consists of fables in the usual style, each with a moral attached to it,—some of them equal to the best Æsopian fables, some of them mediocre, and some poor. He who knows how difficult it is to invent new fables that are neither dry nor trivial, will forgive him his literary sins and only remember the good fables. The author opposes woman emancipation; he jeers at the quarrels between Protestants and Roman Catholics, and exposes the various petty vices common among men. To give a fair specimen of the contents we here reproduce a few short fables.

"THE MAID AND THE FOWLS.

"A young cock, who had been brought but recently into the farm-yard, asked an older cock why it was that when the farmer, who was master of all the lands, came to his door the fowls were indifferent toward him or ran away in fear; but when the maid came to the door they ran to her in great numbers.

"She often comes to the door to shake the table-cloth," said the older cock.

"Moral: 1. Generous persons will have many friends. 2. We often get credit for generosity when we do not deserve it.

"EVERY TREE LEANS.

"A woodman and his son went into the forest to fell trees. Having decided to cut down a certain tree, the son asked his father on which sides he should cut the notches.

"It will fall easiest," said the man, "in the direction toward which it leans. Every tree leans a little; every tree has its way to fall."

"Moral: Every character has its weaker side.

"THE GREY SQUIRREL AND THE POLITICIANS.

"Two politicians of different parties went into a forest to hunt squirrels. Having treed a squirrel, one of them stood on one side of the tree and one on the other. One of them at last drew aim at the squirrel, when the latter cried out:

"What are you—Republican or Democrat?"

"Republican," said the man; "what is that to you?"

"It is a good deal to me, sir," said the squirrel; "if you

were a Democrat you might shoot all day at me, for they never hit a mark they aim at."

"That squirrel is too smart to be killed," said the man, lowering his gun.

"By this time the other man took aim, when the squirrel called out;

"Democrat or Republican?"

"Democrat," said the man.

"Then you had better shoot at that black squirrel in the other tree yonder."

"As the Democrat turned his head to look for the black squirrel, the grey squirrel crept down the trunk of the tree into a hole and was safe.

"Hello!" cried the two men, at once standing together: "Come out, Mr. Squirrel, and we shall be friends. We won't shoot."

"Honor bright?" barked the squirrel from behind the side of the hole.

"Honor bright," said the men.

"At this the squirrel came to the door of the hole.

"Why did you ask our politics?" said the men.

"I did it," said the squirrel, "to gain time to escape. My old father used to say that he could tell a Democrat 'by the way he shot;' but you can't do it now. As you are politicians I can't trust either of you. Good-day, gentlemen."

"Moral: Between the two parties the people have a hard time."

NOTES.

Louis Prang & Co. of Boston have again appeared in the field with a rich and dainty selection of Christmas and New Year's cards and calendars, designed by native artists and preserving the high reputation of the house. We note especially Bessie Grey's booklet of wild violets *From a Poet's Garden*, containing passages selected from Shelley, with appropriate illustrations.

Mr. H. L. Green informs us that with the January number *The Free Thought Magazine*, which is the most prominent exponent of progressive liberalism, will be enlarged.

THE OPEN COURT

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CONTENTS OF NO. 435.

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