

THE QUESTION OF QUESTIONS

WHERE IS MAN'S PERMANENT HOME?

UNIVERSITY OF
CALIFORNIA

ANSWERED BY REASON AND
CONFIRMED BY REASONABLE
REVELATION

BY

D. J. KAVANAGH, S. J.

Professor of Logic and Metaphysics at St. Ignatius College of Law
San Francisco

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PREFACE

The subject-matter of this little book requires deep, earnest and, above all, accurate thinking; but, by way of compensation, it offers to the reader this special advantage that, what it requires, it supplies. Having to do, in great part, with the fundamentals of rational psychology, it is more of a mental training than a mentality test; it does not so much presuppose intellectual ability as promise intellectual development. No one can exercise his mind in arguments that have to do with the final destiny of man, without reaping an immense benefit in the nature of increased mental power.

This, of course, is not said in reference to the particular treatment of the subject which will be adopted in the following pages. The treatment is, more or less, my own; the subject-matter and the arguments are very old,—very old, but ever new and attractive. The subject has engaged the attention of all men, at all times and in every circumstance of life. The arguments are the combined result of ancient and modern thought. All the great thinkers of the world have concentrated their mental powers on the question of man's destiny.

For my treatment of the subject I am not so presumptuous as to claim this special prerogative of

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PREFACE

mind-development; but, in view of the bewildering vagaries of present-day popularizers of psychology, I do claim that even for purposes of attaining "poise," developing "character," overcoming "timidity," exercising "common sense," building up "personality," etc., there is much more to be found in rational psychology than in the pilfered cajoleries of Christian Science that are being served to the multitude under the label of applied psychology.

Apart from this, however, though I shall appeal to the mind and endeavor to establish the principles of correct thought, my ultimate purpose has been to comfort the sorrowing heart, to reassure the hopeful and to be instrumental, in the hands of God, in pointing out the way that leads to Man's Permanent Home.

What further apology I have to offer for assuming, in the midst of pressing duties of quite a different kind, the rôle and responsibilities of an author will be presented to the reader in the opening chapter of this little volume. There, too, will be found an explanation of the circumstances, to which the book owes its birth, and of the sources whence I have drawn my information about Man's Permanent Home.

Here I wish to thank those who have helped, in any way, to make this publication possible, particularly,

THE REVEREND HENRY K. WOODS, S. J., for kindly reading through the proofs and for many helpful suggestions, and

MR. WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST, for his gracious permission to make use of the Winsor McCay cartoon which so graphically sets forth the Question of Questions.

D. J. KAVANAGH, S. J.

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PROLOGUE

"I think the author who speaks about his own books is almost as bad as the mother who talks about her children."

DISBAELL.

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

THE QUESTION OF QUESTIONS WHERE IS MAN'S PERMANENT HOME?

CHAPTER I

PROLOGUE

"Pray thee, take care, that tak'st my book in hand,
To read it well; that is to understand."

BEN JONSON.

RUSKIN, with his customary felicity of phrase, distinguishes two kinds of books, "the good book of the hour" and what he is pleased to call "the true book." The former, he says, "is simply the useful or pleasant talk of some person put into print and bound up in a volume." It is printed "only because its author cannot speak to thousands of people at once; if he could, he would—the volume is mere multiplication of his voice." It has its purpose, but it should not be allowed "to usurp the place of true books." These latter are written "not to multiply the voice merely, but to perpetuate it. The author has something to say which he perceives to be true and useful and helpfully beautiful. So

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far as he knows, no one has yet said it; so far as he knows, no one else can say it. He is bound to say it, clearly and melodiously if he may; clearly at all events."

If this distinction were complete, I could claim no more for this book on Man's Permanent Home than that it merely "multiplies my voice." What I have to say is, indeed, true and useful and,—as far as the thought may be separated from the expression,—helpfully beautiful; but, since what is here presented to the reader has been frequently said before, my achievement, measured by Ruskin's standard, may seem to be nothing more than that of putting into print and having bound up in a volume what I have had to say on various occasions. It might even seem incumbent on me to warn the reader not to allow this printed talk "to usurp the place of true books."

But, partly by reason of the importance and timeliness of the message which will be unfolded in the following pages, partly through a desire to contribute more effectually to the spread of spiritual sunshine in the midst of encircling gloom, I must plead for a further distinction. Between the two extremes mentioned by Ruskin there is, I venture to maintain, an intermediate class of books. Though they do not pretend to say what has never been said before, they are nevertheless much more than printed talk; they may even be inspired, if not directly, from the fountain of light and truth, at least indirectly, by the needs of the groping millions. That my printed efforts will find a place in this intermediate class I am bold enough to entertain something akin to hope, not entirely without reason, as I shall endeavor to show.

A book should be judged not only by what the author may have to say; the circumstances under which he says it should enter with equal or even greater force into its proper appraisement. Rarely, if ever, at the present stage of thought-development, can a man make just claim to have something to say that has not been said before, though he may have occasion to give expression to old truths and, when they are in demand, old truths have all the appearances of being new and, to some minds, are, in fact, new.

To accomplish this,—to spread old truths to famished intellects,—is to render a greater service to one's neighbor than to serve up novelties of thought and to fancy that one is saying what has never been said before. Novelties in thought are like novelties in food which consist chiefly in the dressing and the service. They are valuable, in both cases, to stimulate and encourage the appetite, but altogether uncalled for and even aggravating when there is no need for stimulation or encouragement.

In times of physical disaster the stricken multitudes do not look for sumptuous dishes sumptuously served. They accept with gratitude and they consume with more than ordinary relish the commonest varieties of food. For weeks, after the San Francisco earthquake, plain bread and a can of sardines were regarded as a luxury by many a family that, in normal times, had been accustomed to dainties in food and drink.

Periods of mental and moral stress are not infrequently associated with physical disasters. War, famine, disease and death have power to stir our souls to their profoundest depths and, while the

shock lasts, we willingly take our place in the intellectual bread-line, to receive nourishment of even the most elementary kind. In the sunshine of prosperity, amid the distractions of success, we demand the dainties of appearances and care nothing for the sterner nutriment of reality and truth; but when our souls are in distress we cry for bread, and fortunate are we if we find some one to break it unto us.

This leads me to what might very easily be misconstrued, but I feel confident that the reader will believe me when I say that, though it was my duty and privilege to dispense old truths to the intellectually hungry on several such occasions, I was myself in the same condition. It was not as if from any superfluous store I could break the bread of truth to others,—I was in need as well as they,—but I was called upon to speak and I gave expression to the old truths in which I had sought and found food for my own famished soul.

Thus, during the "Flu" epidemic of 1918, which coincided with what was for America the most distressing epoch of the war,—the two months preceding the armistice,—I was asked to write a series of articles on "Heaven." The time was auspicious. Our casualty list was daily spread before us in all its heart-rending magnitude. Young wives, loving mothers, little children, read of their loved ones being killed in action! Thousands and thousands of our brave young men were never to come home again; thousands and thousands who had remained at home were falling victims to the poisoned breath of a loathsome disease. We saw the roses fade from the cheeks of beauty and youthful vigor give way to the

ravages of a black death! Over seas there were long, long rows of little white crosses; at home we were forced to bury our dead in trenches. We were thinking of the Hereafter as we never had thought before.

Who did not desire to know, were it possible to know, how it fared with the departed? Who did not feel an emptiness of soul which nothing could fill but hope, well founded, of being united again with the loved ones taken from us by the hand of death? People rushed to spiritistic mediums, bought ouija-boards and used every available means of finding out what there might be beyond the grave.

During those dark days of disaster a woman came to me. She represented a big San Francisco newspaper. She had consulted others on the question, and to complete her symposium on "Heaven" she asked: "What has your religion to offer by way of consolation for the afflicted? Can you, a priest of the Catholic Church and a Jesuit, give a message that is calculated to wipe away the tears from the cheeks of sorrow, or warm the blood that has been chilled by bereavement?"

"Alas!" I was forced to say, "my religion will be of no avail to the multitude that is in greatest need of comfort. Those that accept my religion find the comfort it affords, but the many who know neither the comfort nor the religion are in need of help and encouragement."

It was for them that I spoke and for their comfort I unfolded, as best I could, the truth about the Hereafter, not only as it is revealed through Religion, but as it is known through the proper use of human Reason.

Through a generous allotment of space in the San Francisco "Bulletin" I was enabled to reach a new and an exceptionally large class of readers,—men and women hungering for the bread of truth and grateful even for the crumbs that I had been able to gather from the tables of the intellectually opulent.

I subjoin one of the many letters received. It is from a non-Catholic and may, for that reason, serve as an assurance to my readers that what I have said and what I have to say is free from the bias of sectarianism. There is no room for sectarianism in the fundamentals. The letter follows:

Dear Father:

I desire to thank you from the depths of my heart for the expression of your views on Heaven, as published in the "Bulletin" of recent date. Nothing I have ever read or listened to has made the impression on my mind that your beautiful, hopeful words have. They are like a message from Heaven itself, assuring us that the promises of the Bible will be made good, and leaving, it seems to me, no possible room for doubt that the Great Hereafter, in spite of all modern doubt, is everything that our mothers and our clergy taught us it was.

The argument you use is so clear, so plain, so reasonable, that it must appeal to the mind of every reasonable person and carry conviction with it. I believe you have answered the great question as it has never been answered. Your words should be heard around the world, for, in their wonderful pure beauty, they carry conviction. It is indeed, or so it seems to me, a confidential whisper from Heaven itself, that all is well.

Of course, we have been taught to regard our clergymen as the ministers of Heaven on earth, and as our guides and counsellors in matters of faith; but if any one of them has ever used such words as you have done to comfort and cheer his people, I have not heard of them. You seem indeed a messenger from Heaven direct, your words are so full of hope, so cheering, so comforting.

Personally, I have always believed in the Heaven of the Bible, in the fullest sense, and many prayers of mine to God have been answered and granted, but, nevertheless, I have always watched carefully for some sign, some revelation, some argument even, to confirm and complete my belief. Do you believe me? I did not doubt; I merely craved confirmation. I believe now I have it. God bless you, dear Father, for your glad tidings, with all the blessings He can bestow upon you. You have given perfect comfort to one soul at least, and I hope that your name will be upon the lips and your message in the hearts of every person in our country by the time you read this.

The "Bulletin" promises us further word from you, which I await with impatience.

Faithfully yours,
In full hope of Heaven,

Other letters of like import were received. From them and from personal experience in dealing with men of all creeds and of no creed, I have become convinced that there are many others to whom old truths seem so new that they are taken as "a sign"

or "a revelation" and the man who propounds them is regarded as "a messenger from Heaven direct." O beauty, ever ancient, ever new, too late art thou known by these, too late art thou loved! not perhaps because they do not understand that there is a truth to be sought, found and loved, but because their minds, darkened and disturbed by the turmoil of the world, or overcrowded by excessive information, are suddenly shaken by disaster and thus freed from the wilfully drawn curtains of prejudice and error, they become capable of receiving the effulgent brightness of the light, and of appreciating the undying beauty of the truth.

For such particularly have I prepared this book. If it reaches others, even those that sit in the shadows of self-satisfaction and vainly endeavor to quell the ceaseless gnawing of their souls with the husks of error, I shall be more amply rewarded than my style of expression warrants. If there is discerned in it what, in truth, it contains, a potent instrument for social and moral uplift, I shall have contributed something to the betterment of the world.

Many an earnest worker is engaged at present in trying to solve the problems that press upon us, many a zealous and well-directed effort is being made to heal the wounds of the world. Immediate problems clamor for immediate solution, surface wounds need surface soothing; but, no one can doubt it, if we could only get down to the fundamentals, to the basic principles of eternal truth, our constructive work would be more secure and more enduring. Without a granite foundation of truth no superstructure,—social, political, national, international,—however beautiful in

design or in ornamentation, can weather the storms of human passions.

It is with the fundamentals that this little book is concerned, the fundamentals of all human activity that is directed to the good of mankind. Fakirs in India can throw a rope in the air and, it is said, can climb up and sit unsupported on the top. It seems incredible, but, as a clever writer in "America" has recently remarked, in the spheres of social reform, national policies, international relations, remarkably similar feats have been attempted. Men and women may be observed almost continually and in every part of our country, and of other countries, climbing up to the top of moral systems, national programs, international covenants, unsupported by solid principles. It is a dangerous and a futile performance. Sensible people will look for support and they will find it only in the eternal truths that are examined in this little volume. Would to God that the examination were as thorough and as attractive as the truths are important and, for the welfare of the world, indispensable.

What I have to offer is not a mere reproduction of the articles that appeared in the newspapers. I have gone over the whole subject of immortality carefully and, I think, thoroughly. I have endeavored to unify and, when necessary, to simplify the manifold considerations that place upon a strong and lasting basis the great truth so admirably expressed in Holy Scripture: "We have now here a lasting city, but look for one that is to come."

The first part of my book is devoted to a refutation of the errors that darken the minds of men and

shut out the truth of immortality. My refutation, however, is not purely negative in character. One of the best ways of proving the immortality of the soul is to remove the films of prejudice from man's mental vision. The mind, unhampered by current errors, can see and grasp the truth in the fulness of its meaning with a spontaneity that renders positive proof unnecessary and superfluous.

The second part of my book is more directly positive, but, as the reader will see, it is not personally positive or dogmatic. I do not assume the character of a teacher; Reason is allowed to speak, and Reason speaks authoritatively.

If the findings of Reason are confirmed by Revelation, the reader is asked to bear in mind, from the outset, what is promised in the sub-title of this little book, that appeal will be made to reasonable Revelation alone, that is, Revelation commanding itself to Reason by its evidence. No supernatural communication of knowledge about Man's Permanent Home will be introduced until we have presented the credentials of a Messenger from our Home.

Briefly, I have something to say which, though said before, has not reached the understanding of some whom I have hope to reach. I even feel bound to say it, clearly and agreeably if I may, clearly at all events.

**OUR QUEST:
MAN'S PERMANENT HOME**

"There is, I know not how, in the minds of men a certain pressage, as it were, of a future existence; and this takes the deepest root and is most easily discernible in the greatest geniuses and most exalted souls."

CICERO.

CHAPTER II

OUR QUEST: MAN'S PERMANENT HOME

"Bend on this wonder world a clearer eye,
Hark closer to the soul's prophetic cry,
Thrill with the happy song of growing things,
And read the promise of the star-set sky."

GEORGE CREEK.

IF THIS earth were a paradise of pleasures, if all our forests were to bloom with myrtles and roses,—as Jean Paul Richter says in effect somewhere,—if all our valleys were covered with wild flowers of every color, and the islands of the sea were abodes of Elysian delights, if every eye were bright and every cheek flushed with the vigor of health and every inhabitant of earth had a comfortable home, where he could rest from the toil of the day, we should still feel "the passion of eternity," we should still long for this mortal to be clothed in immortality, for this corruptible to put on incorruption; but since our forests are, at times, the abode of savage beasts and poisonous reptiles, our valleys scenes of bloodshed, since our islands bristle with huge guns that scan the tumultuous deep in search of enemies, since so many faces are wrinkled and pale, and so many eyes reddened with tears, and

so many of our own brothers and sisters are without a home and the comforts of home, how is it that we do not cry out with the exiled Israelites of old: "Upon the rivers of Babylon there we sat and wept when we remembered Sion. On the willows in the midst thereof we hung up our instruments . . . for how shall we sing the songs of the Lord in a strange land?"

Unconsciously we do feel, from time to time, that we are in exile, banished to some strange Babylon, and we do weep when we remember Sion, the Heavenly Jerusalem, our Home, of which we have often heard. Ours is indeed a strange land, a land of sorrow, a land of disappointments and of disillusionment, a land of the dead and of the dying. Whatever may be its attractions, this earth is not our Home.

Mr. Winsor McCay,—that resourceful and entertaining newspaper artist, whose pictures, appearing week after week in the Hearst Sunday Supplements, afford pleasure and instruction to millions of readers,—is never more usefully inspired than when his genius finds play in some world-old problem. In a recent drawing,—"Where Is Man's Home?"—he rises above his usually elevated heights and preaches a sermon of great force and eloquence on what might be called "Man's Longing After Immortality." It is a graphic setting forth of the Question of Questions, a concrete, tangible image of a universally experienced longing of the human heart, an unmistakable indication that the subject is one that appeals very strongly to all men, no matter what may be their religious creed.

Though the artist depicts three distinct situations,

he very cleverly gives us to understand that he has drawn a picture of but one man. It is the universal Man, mankind in general or Humanity, subject to the same interior longing, wearied by the same sense of loneliness.

In the first picture Man is seen walking through a desert. Before him are some remnants of bleaching bones that seem to forecast his own fate. In scanning the horizon he can see nothing but sand and sky,—sky and sand. He is all alone, in a desert!

In the second, Man is on a raft floating on the wild waste of the ocean. He is straining his eyes, looking for something, but looking in vain. He sees nothing but the waters and the sky,—sky and waters. He is all alone, on the desolate ocean!

In the center, the same representative of our race is standing on a little sphere,—the earth,—and gazing out upon the heavens, that boundless sea of space, the abode of the stars that seem like white galleons, but so far, far away! On a desert world, in an ocean of space, he is all alone!

If we could see nothing, in this picture, but a man in a desert, a man on a raft, or a man on the earth, we should miss its lesson; but we are brought beyond the illustration by the printed article. We are told that the man in each picture has an intense longing for something; he is looking for something. He is asking the question: "Where is my Home?" He is sighing, in the depths of a desolate heart, to go Home.

The artist tells us that he has thus drawn a picture of "The Heart of Man."

It is, indeed, an admirable picture of the human

heart in one of its strongest and most passionate longings,—the longing for home,—for that little place on earth where man rests in peace and comfort among those whom he loves, or for a permanent place of peace and rest after his weary sojourn on earth.

Some very beautiful thoughts about man's home, in both senses, accompany the illustration. We are told, in the first place, of man's earthly home, of the passionate love that he has for it,—“the most desperate battles that were ever fought represent a determination to protect the home from the invader,”—and we are bid to pause and to pay a tribute of honor to women, who are the builders of the home. “To them is given to garden the earth with the roses of Heaven,” says the writer, thus indicating the important truth that our earthly home is a type and, when worthy of the name, a foretaste of our Permanent Home.

It is of this Permanent Home that the man in the central figure is thinking. He is looking out from the earth on the vast universe and wondering where his lasting abode is to be found.

“We live,” the writer says, “on a planet, turning at the rate of a thousand miles an hour, and whirling around the sun at a speed of almost 1,500,000 miles a day, while that sun, in turn, plunges through space forever, bound we know not where, and dragging us along.

“We are born here, we build our little homes, we die and leave them, and leave those that have lived with us. What becomes of us then?

“Fortunately for the world, there is *Faith* that gives an answer of hope and comfort.

"We are told that somewhere, some time, those that deserve it will be at peace forever, where there is no dying, no sorrow, and no disappointment. What a marvelous promise, that we may hope some day to be at home forever, never to wander, never to long for what we have lost.

"Every man who sees this picture that I have made will, before many years have passed, reach the end, the jumping-off place of this life.

"He will then feel like the man I show here, on the desert, or the man shipwrecked.

"He will be leaving his earthly home behind him, and anxiously looking into the future, wondering what it holds for him.

"He will be looking across the great gulf that every one must cross alone.

"Lucky for him if he can feel that in his temporary home here he has endeavored to deserve kindness from the Power that rules on the other side of death."

Where is my Permanent Home? That is the Question of Questions. Its answer is the object of our quest. To appreciate the importance of the answer and the care which should characterize our search, we shall delay, for a brief space, on its universal urgency.

Sometimes man is actually shipwrecked. He may secure a raft and scan the horizon longing for a ship to take him home. More frequently he is shipwrecked in a figurative sense of the word. There is such a thing, of frequent occurrence, as financial shipwreck. A man places his hopes in money. When fortune smiles he seems to be happy and contented; but let there come a storm, a financial panic, a de-

pression in the market, and how often he is left to the mercy of wind and wave! Fortunate is he who has a raft, something to keep him from utter submersion, and fortunate beyond the experience of others in like circumstances if he is spared the insults of his one-time friends, who too often prove themselves, by gloating over his discomfiture, to have been his friends in name only.

He may not always use these very words, he may not say: Where is my Permanent Home? but he feels, in his heart, that he has not been in a very safe place; he hates the world, he distrusts his fellows, he pities himself and he longs for rest, security and love. He is all alone on a raft, in a storm at sea.

But, you may say, your income is secure. You are in no danger of becoming a financial wreck. It may be, but are there not epidemics and nervous breakdowns, and even if you avoid these, will you not be forced sooner or later to acknowledge that old age has sapped your one-time strength and vigor and has left you with trembling nerves, unsteady gait and uncertain vision? Physical shipwreck is more irreparable than financial.

The other similitude,—that of a man stranded in a desert,—is of more universal application. Some men find themselves all alone, in a desert, during the greater part of their lives. They may live in a populous city and walk through crowded streets, and be jostled by those that are hurrying to and fro, and yet be as much alone,—as utterly unrecognized and unloved,—as if they dwelt in the heart of the Sahara Desert. A woman may move in what is called so-

ciety; she may entertain and be entertained, but she knows in her heart that, as far as real friends are concerned, she is alone in the world. Sometimes she is sure of two or three or even a few more friends, but let misfortune come or let the black hand of calumny grasp her once fair name, and how often does she not awaken to the fact that, in spite of past courtesies and sweet words, and invitations to afternoon teas, she is in a desert waste and—alone!

Rich and poor, the educated and the uneducated, the young and the old, experience this lonesomeness. They are not always able to give it proper expression, they cannot translate it into words, but deep down in their souls they know that this earth is not their Permanent Home. Do you feel a longing for you know not what? Do you ever experience a keener thirst after drinking the draughts of pleasure? Do you ever reflect on such sayings as, "The only happy man is the one who acquires a great deal of money and dies before he wakens to the realization that it cannot be enjoyed?" Do you ever envy others and think, in your moments of gloom, that you would be perfectly happy if you only had what they have? If you experience any of these emotions, or other similar emotions, it is because you are not in the possession of a Permanent Home.

Sometimes more pathetic circumstances enter into the composition of that frail thing which we call life and wring from our hearts a more pitiable cry and from our eyes more abundant tears. Besides the mere absence of happiness, so universal and so chilling, there is placed upon us, not infrequently, a positive burden of misery or our empty heart is pierced by sorrow.

Where is my home? asks the young mother, who after feeling the thrill and the joys of motherhood, sees the light fail from her baby's eyes and then, of a sudden, learns that the breath has ceased and that the light has gone out!

Where is my home? asks the young widow whose loved husband died for his country. Her heart-fibres were so entwined around his heart that beat to transports of patriotism and now beat no more, that she will never think of a second love. The house is here, she may say, the fireplace, the room where he used to work or study, his books are here, his clothes, his uniform! The sun shines as before and flowers bloom in the little garden; but there is a chill in the sunbeam and the roses have lost their fragrance. The house is still the same, but, without him, it is not, cannot be a home! Where is my Permanent Home?

If the question is of such universal interest, its solution is of paramount importance. On its proper answer depends our whole philosophy of life, as individuals, and our whole security in life, as social beings.

"The immortality of the soul," says Pascal, "is a matter which concerns us so strongly and touches us so deeply that a man who is too indifferent to seek to know the truth about it must be devoid of natural feeling. All our actions and thoughts must travel by such different roads according as there are eternal gifts to hope for, or not! . . .

"I have only compassion for those who groan sincerely under this doubt, who look upon it as their greatest misfortune, and who make it their

chief and gravest occupation in life to try and solve it. But very differently do I view those who spend their whole existence without thinking of their final destiny. Such negligence, in a matter which concerns themselves, their eternity, and their all, irritates me more than it moves me; it fills me with astonishment and terror!"

As individuals we are devoid of natural feelings, we become objects of "astonishment and terror," if we do not think of our future home. As social beings we become, unconsciously perhaps, but none the less truly, the real menaces to the well-being of the world. The barbarians that threaten our civilization are no longer hordes of savages from the East or West or North or South; they are in our midst, they speak our language, they rule or serve, they control our industries or are slaves at the wheel of labor; they have fallen back to barbarism because they have abandoned thoughts of another life!

And indeed if this miserable and storm-tossed world is our home, if worms, or worm-like creatures, brought us into the world, as some materialistic scientists assure us, if worms will batten on our carcasses when we go out of it, and if this is all there is to our existence, we are the most miserable beings in the whole expanse of the universe.

If, on the other hand, we must, with the idealists, deceive ourselves into a denial of our own individuality, or flatter ourselves with the presumptuous and blasphemous claim that we are but temporary manifestations of some Impersonal Absolute Being, we only transfer our miseries to this so-called

Absolute and are forced to think of "It" with pity for its pitiable manifestations or expressions which we see around us and experience within us.

Maeterlinck told the bereaved mothers of Belgium that, in spite of the unspeakable slaughter that had turned their country into a veritable hell on earth, "there is no irreparable loss, everything is transformed, nothing perishes; all this heroism poured out on every side does not leave our planet; the reason why the courage of our fighters seems so general and yet so extraordinary is that all the might of the dead has passed into those who survive"; that, in fine, "all those forces of wisdom, patience, honor, and self-sacrifice which increase day by day and which we ourselves, who are far from the field of danger, feel rising within us without knowing whence they come are nothing but the souls of the heroes gathered and absorbed by our own souls."

That is so-called idealism. If analyzed it will be found to differ in no way, except in words, from the rank materialism with which, at the same time, on the other side of the fighting lines, Ernst Haeckel was endeavoring to console the bereaved mothers of Germany.

"One of the fundamental beliefs of Monism,"¹ he writes, "is based upon an assumption of constancy of the world-soul. . . . This soulfulness of all matter is exemplified by the affinities recognized by chemistry." This world-soul or psychom is, accord-

¹ Monism is the doctrine of those who, for reasons which they alone can understand, reduce all existence to a unity. There is only one thing in existence according to them. If this one thing is matter, they are materialists; if it is mind, they are idealists.

ing to Haeckel, the indestructible energy that actuates an equally indestructible matter. Hence, in spite of appearances, nothing is destroyed in war and there is no just cause for grief. If, however, the grief persists, he has a remedy.

"The misery following in the wake of the war," he says with apparent coolness and indifference, "has bred the desire in many poor wretches to put an end to their sufferings by embracing a voluntary death. This natural desire, regarded from the sensible viewpoint of the monistic belief, is perfectly proper and morally justifiable. If we reflect upon the ghastly sufferings of mortally wounded soldiers, who, unable to move or defend themselves, are subjected to inhuman tortures and mutilations by the 'hyenas of the battlefield'; if we contemplate the agony of those mothers who have given their only sons to their country, of the children, who, in losing their father, have lost their natural protector; if we remember the unfortunates who have lost eyes, ears and arms on the battlefield, and who have nothing to expect but misery and suffering during the balance of their lives; then, I say, what sympathetic man or woman can find the heart to condemn such poor wretches for putting an end to their futile suffering by a pistol shot or a morphia powder?"

If we reflect on the number of these "poor wretches," the mothers, the widows, the children, the sisters, etc., we find that it embraces practically all the inhabitants of the war-swept countries, and if materialistic monism has nothing else to offer by way of consolation than an universal suicide, it is, to say the least, not very consoling.

Apart from the cruel teachings of materialism, which has nothing to offer to the sorrowing but "a pistol shot or morphia powder," apart from the deceptive dreaming of idealism, which flies in the face of reality and offers the lying flattery that we who survive are better for the death of our heroic brothers, apart from all attempts at explanation, remains the fact, admitted by all, that we begin our life with a cry and end it with a groan, and, though there may be moments of joy and even of rapture between the first cry of infancy and the last sob of death, we experience, for the most of our brief existence, sorrows and disappointments, misunderstandings and disillusionments.

This is why the human heart asks the question: Where is my Permanent Home? Our quest of a satisfactory answer will be crowned with success, if we but choose and follow the proper guide.

OUR GUIDE: REASON

"Positively—in matters of the intellect follow your reason as far as it will take you, without regard to any other consideration. And negatively—in matters of the intellect do not pretend that conclusions are certain which are not demonstrated or demonstrable."

HUXLEY.

CHAPTER III

OUR GUIDE: REASON

"Sure, He that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and God-like Reason
To fust in us unused."

SHAKESPEARE.

MODERN Science has risen, in its undoubted physical might, and has ruthlessly demolished the Faith of many. It is not so generally known that this same modern Science, intoxicated with success in its own material lines, has, in some instances, blown out the light of Reason as well.

In the preceding chapter we quoted a newspaper article for the purpose of indicating how admirably the writer expresses the longing of the human heart for a Permanent Home. Our present study makes it necessary for us to point out a mistake into which the clever writer has fallen and into which it is the very common misfortune of others to fall.

"Fortunately for the world," he says, "there is Faith that gives an answer of hope and comfort." This is not, in itself, a mistake except inasmuch as he seems to make man's Faith an adherence to something evolved by himself or heard from another,

for this only that it fills a want, has a pragmatic value. This way of regarding it, a common enough error, though it contents some to the end, or more perhaps, for a time, leaves unsatisfied the less emotional, who feel that the issues of life should rest on a firmer foundation. The Christian believer looks to a reasonable, authentic, infallible Revelation; the acceptance of that Revelation is Faith.

To imply, then, as the writer does, or to infer, as the reader might, that Reason does not answer the all important question, in which we are interested, is a very serious error, especially in these days when, on account of the multiplicity of religious sects and the infinite variety of creeds and the absurdities that masquerade under the guise of Faith, this virtue, the most fundamental thing in the whole world, is held in disrepute or regarded as a characteristic of weak minds. Since the days of the disastrous breaking up of Christendom it has become customary to regard Faith, which is essentially a virtue of mind or intellect, as a sort of feeling or desire, a wish or a sentiment. To the desolate, home-sick heart it is no comfort to be told that somewhere we have heard something about a Permanent Home and that, *if* the report be true, some day we may, perhaps, be united again with our loved ones, somewhere beyond the eternal hills, and there, perhaps, we may be happy once again and enjoy the company of those whom we loved during life.

This is vague and empty sentimentalism. It is as far removed from genuine Faith as vacillating doubt is from intellectual conviction. It is like the whimsical day-dream of those who think of all the nice things

they will do, of all the pleasures they will have, of all the comforts they will enjoy, IF their investment proves profitable, or IF they inherit a fortune! It is a feeling born of desire and nourished on vagrant nothingness.

Byron, the apostle of despair, applied such a feeling or desire to immortality when he wrote:

"Yet if, as holiest men have deem'd, there be
A land of souls beyond that sable shore,
How sweet it were in concert to adore
With those who made our mortal labors light!
To hear each voice we feared to hear no more!"

But no one would confuse this scepticism with belief. The dreadful "if" sends a chill to the heart of man and brings him back to the uncertain groping of the pagan. Tacitus had the "faith," which is synonymous with desire, when he had carved on the tomb of Agricola this epitaph:

"If, as sages love to say,
Great souls do not perish
When fall their bodies to decay,
Rest thou in peace."

"Ifs" have no part in the Faith that is genuine, because genuine Faith is knowledge founded on the testimony of God. It is not, however, our present intention to appeal either to the Faith that is the priceless possession of some, or to the Revealed Word of God that is Faith's foundation; we shall appeal to Reason and to Reason alone and we shall follow it as far as and whithersoever it leads.

To do this securely and successfully we must become acquainted with our Guide, we must, amid the babel of prejudices and the dangerous promptings of our predilections, be able to recognize what

Reason is and how it speaks to those that seek the truth.

Many sins are committed in Reason's name. Thus, when Huxley tells us to follow Reason as far as it will take us and, especially, when he warns us against pretending that conclusions are certain "which are not demonstrated or demonstrable," he limits demonstration to experimental observation. When he further reminds us that "in truth, the laboratory is the forecourt of the temple of philosophy," and that "whoso has not offered sacrifices and undergone purification there has little chance of admission into the sanctuary," he neglects to observe, for our benefit and for the reasonableness of his own position, that the laboratory, or scientific observation, is ONLY the forecourt, and that whoso is satisfied with what he observes is never admitted into the sanctuary of the temple of truth.

It is often said, partly in joke, partly in earnest, that dogs or monkeys are as intelligent or as reasonable* as some men. If Intelligence or Reason were synonymous with keenness of sense-observation, we should have to acknowledge, to our confusion, that these and other animals are far more intelligent than any man or group of men. Nor could we stop at that. We should have to give the honors of intellectual superiority, in this regard, to the common bugs that crawl through slimy places. Insects are the most marvellous observers in the world. The stories told by entomologists are staggering to human belief and yet, because we have reason

* It is not necessary to distinguish between Reason and Intelligence further than to state that the former refers to the power of reaching the truth, the latter to the truth possessed. Most men are reasonable; few are intelligent.

to trust the naturalists, we do not hesitate to accept their stories as certain facts.

The famous French naturalist, Fabre, has revealed many astonishing powers displayed by common and despicable bugs. He tells among other things how the Hunting Wasp succeeds in procuring food for the very exacting appetite of her young. The baby wasps will be satisfied with nothing short of a living caterpillar. In spite of the fact that the caterpillar is larger and stronger than mother wasp and that she has no means of enticing it to visit her home for the purpose of supplying the hungry baby wasps with a meal, they will have a living caterpillar or nothing! True, the mother can sting the caterpillar to death, but the young rascals will not eat a dead bug.

What then is to be done? "If I could only paralyze the caterpillar!" the mother might say, were she capable of reasoning. "I could then manage to drag it into my home and make my young ones happy."

But were she capable of such a "thought" she would find herself in a still more perplexing situation. The caterpillar is a very peculiar creature as far as paralysis is concerned. It cannot be stung at random; all its motor centers have to be rendered functionless before complete paralysis will set in.

"Now how many points are there in a Grey Worm, above and below?" asks Fabre. "Mathematical accuracy would answer, an infinity; a few hundreds will serve our purpose. Of this number, nine or perhaps more have to be selected; the needle must be inserted there and not elsewhere: a little higher, a little lower, a little to one side, it would not produce the desired effect."

"How can I paralyze such a creature!" the little wasp might be expected to exclaim as she would give up all hope of securing a dinner for her young. It is a task similar to that of a single soldier putting a military tank out of commission. There may be one or more vulnerable spots in the tank, but no soldier, no matter how intelligent, would undertake to stop its onward motion. He is not keen enough to detect the vulnerable spots and if he could detect them, he would have little hope of inflicting the necessary wound.

But the Hunting Wasp confronted by the same problem does not despair. She has not enough intelligence to despair. She awaits her victim and, in the twinkling of an eye, strikes successively and successfully all the motor centers and takes possession of the comparative giant paralyzed but alive! Her young enjoy the meal, wax fat and, though they never see their mother again, they inherit her wonderful powers of observation and are prepared to display them, in later life, with equally admirable skill.

In his latest volume, "More Hunting Wasps," Fabre reveals other remarkable facts of insect life. The two-banded Scolia Wasp must with never erring stroke paralyze a rose-chafser grub. This stroke must reach a buried nerve center no more than a fiftieth of an inch across, and at the same time it must miss the nerve center which keeps life in the victim.

Such skill, though in both cases instinctive, is necessarily guided by observation. The Wasp must see her victim, and must select, either by sight or touch or by some other mysterious sense, the proper place "for the injection of her hyperdermic needle."

If, therefore, observation were Reason, we should find ourselves face to face with the humiliating fact that not only the higher animals, but bugs and insects and even their undeveloped larvæ are our superiors in intelligence. But observation is not Reason. While we admit that the fly is our superior in sight, the dog in scent, the cat in touch, the bat in hearing and so on through the entire catalogue of animals, bugs and insects, we may still lay claim to the possession of something that transcends observation, the power of passing from a knowledge of what we observe to a knowledge of what we cannot observe.

This power is Reason. It does not dispense with observation, but it assigns it its proper place, as a necessary preliminary step in all mental processes. When Bacon compared the philosophy of Aristotle and of the Aristotelian school with the report of an ambassador who bases his knowledge of a Government's policy on town-gossip and not on accurate examination, he was apparently ignorant of the fact, which he might have learned by practicing his own doctrine and carefully examining the writings of the Aristotelians, that the greatest representative of that school, St. Thomas of Aquin, had insisted on the necessity of observation. "*Nihil est in intellectu, quod non prius fuerit in sensibus*" is an axiom of Thomistic philosophy—"There is nothing in the intellect that has not been first in the senses."

While thus giving observation its due, we must emphasize the fact that it is not Reason. Reason begins where observation ends. What then are we to think of such objections as that "Doctors do not see the soul when they perform a surgical operation"? What are

we to think of the mental attitude of those that believe nothing but what they can see or touch or taste or hear, or subject to some other experimental test? In both cases there is an apostasy from Reason.

Those who, like Huxley and his many present-day imitators, fail to distinguish between the forecourt of the temple of truth and its inner sanctuary may make many valuable contributions to human knowledge. Their research work is worthy of all admiration and has been admired even by such men as Leo XIII, who, with special reference to their accomplishments, says: "We proclaim that every wise thought and every useful discovery ought to be gladly welcomed and gratefully received by us, whatever its origin might have been." It is only when they are exclusively forecourt denizens that they run the risk of being classed with the scientist who, by some modern writer, has been compared to

"A man who sits apart,
A sort of human spider in his den,
Who meditates upon a fearful art—
The swiftest way to slay his fellow men.
Behind a mask of glass he dreams his hell:
With chemic skill, to pack so fierce a dust
Within the thunderbolt of one small shell—
Sating in vivid thought his shuddering lust!"

Sense-observation and experimental tests are valuable means of observation and observation is a valuable preliminary step towards Reasoning, but most decidedly and most emphatically, observation is NOT Reason.

What Reason is, we shall endeavor to explain in our next chapter.

WHAT IS REASON?

"To be rational is so glorious a thing that two-legged creatures generally content themselves with the title."

LOCKE.

CHAPTER IV

WHAT IS REASON?

"Reason progressive, Instinct is complete;
Swift Instinct leaps; slow Reason feebly climbs.
Brutes soon their zenith reach.
Were man to live coeval with the sun
The patriarch pupil would be learning still."

YOUNG, *Night Thoughts*.

A N ALLEGORY will make clear the meaning of Reason and, if the point of comparison, for an allegory is a comparison, be grasped, it will enable us to see Reason in operation and to understand the secret of its success.

There was once a race of men, we are going to suppose, who were possessed of the same exterior senses and endowed with the same powers of intellect as those of which we boast; but the environments in which they found themselves were vastly different from any to which we were ever subjected. They were forced by circumstances, over which they had no control, to spend their weary lives in a cavern dark and gloomy except for the light that entered through an opening in back of them and shone upon the wall of the cavern which they were facing. The situation was similar, in many respects, to that of people who are witnessing a motion

picture, but in other respects it differed. Between the entrance whence came the light, which shone on the wall, and the men, who dwelt in the cavern, there was a barrier over which they could not see. Hence their gaze was continually directed towards the rear wall of their dwelling place, which was dimly lighted by rays that came they knew not whence and that, by reflected light, discovered themselves and their companions in the gloom to their bewildered eyes.

They were able to catch some distant sounds that were, at times, harmonious enough, but frequently interrupted by harsh sepulchral groans and sighs or by the clanging chains or the murmurs of misery around about them. This harsh combination of music and murmuring misery grated upon their ears and saddened their hearts.

Besides what they saw and heard they experienced strange promptings within themselves, ardent longings to be released from their bondage, for bondage it seemed to be, but, above all else, they felt strongly impelled to try to solve the riddle of their existence, to understand what they were, why they were in that cavern and what was further in store for them.

Sometimes shadows appeared on the wall and the cave-dwellers gazed on them in rapture. The shadows were cast by objects which they could not see, and though they were frequently grotesque and mystifying, they were suggestive of rare beauty and exceptional power. The cave-dwellers enjoyed the shadows and wondered about them and were anxious to know what they were, whence they came and how they had power to move about.

Now it happened in this strange cavern and among

these stranger men that there arose two distinct and opposing systems of thought, for, as we have said, they were capable of reasoning, and therefore anxious to solve the riddle of their lives! The two systems were not opposed in purpose; both aimed at the solution of the same problem. They were opposed in method. Some insisted on observing only what was observable and of excluding every endeavor to know anything about what might be outside the sphere of their observation. They found great pleasure and recreation in studying the shadows on the wall and they maintained that it would be folly to try to know anything else, because they could see nothing but the shadows. Others, impelled by the same desire to solve the riddle, insisted, with equal earnestness, on observing what was observable, but they held strongly to the principle, that from what they observed they could draw legitimate inferences concerning that which was not observed. "Those flitting phantoms on the wall of our dwelling place," they used to say, "are obviously shadows, and there must be realities somewhere! This light is but a reflection; there must be a source whence it comes!"

These latter reasoners were not satisfied with claiming that corresponding to the shadows there were realities; they formed some very important conclusions about themselves. In spite of their gloomy surroundings they discovered unmistakable traces of order and especially of purpose in their own make-up. They did not know just why they were in that darkness, but their unsatisfied senses led them to conclude that they did not belong there. Darkness was not the proper abode for men with eyes, they reasoned; silent gloom was not the

proper abode for men with ears. Therefore, they belonged to another sphere where there would be many more objects to see and much more copious light in which to see them, where there would be soft, sweet, musical notes, that would cheer their saddened hearts.

This is, of course, only an allegory and an allegory like every other comparison has its weaknesses. One must be careful to catch the point of comparison. Here it is almost obvious. That, on the admission of all parties, we are in intellectual darkness, is certain. That there are two schools of thought composed of those that insist on observing only what is observable and of those that go beyond what they observe to what they cannot observe, is sufficiently well known to permit us to be content with the mere mention of the fact.

The important thing, since we are endeavoring to determine in what Reason consists, is to analyze these two methods and to ask in which of the two Reason is exercised, and which is to be adopted by those that are really anxious to solve, by Reason, the problems of our existence and of our future destiny.

It is quite evident that, if we rest contented with what we observe, we shall be in the same condition as the cave-dwellers of the allegory, who insisted on studying shadows. Like them, we may enjoy ourselves, for in the dark cavern of this world there are many wonderful things to observe, but we shall be in danger of falling into serious difficulties and of committing serious intellectual faults, even though we are skilled beyond others in the art or science of observation.

I can find no better illustration of the insufficiency of observation and of the unreasonableness of exclusively experimental methods when applied to the ques-

tion in which we are interested, than that supplied by the eminent inventor, Mr. Thomas A. Edison. Some few months ago he announced his intention of constructing a mechanism which would make communication with the dead more universally possible.

Interest in Edison and his schemes has since been diverted into another channel. His mentality tests have taken prominence over his spirit-talking machine. But contrary to what is generally supposed, Edison's pronouncements on immortality offer a greater mentality test than his much discussed questionnaire. If, then, we are anxious to engage in some profitable mental gymnastics and incidentally to understand more clearly the meaning and the proper functions of Reason, we may study the fallacies suggested by Edison's scheme for communicating with the dead.

First of all, it may be observed in passing, were we told that some one unknown to fame, had announced his intention of preparing a scientifically constructed mechanism, which by a ten-thousandfold magnification of voice would enable the dead to get into communication with their friends on this side of the grave, we should, very naturally, conclude that the person thus engaged had immediate need of the attention of an alienist or nerve-specialist, if, indeed, he were not suffering, beyond the hope of recovery, from an acute attack of softening of the brain.

Why should we come to such a conclusion? For the very simple reason that the individual thus engaged would be carrying *experimental* research too far. A mechanical instrument is serviceable in measuring material things, but can be of no value in getting in touch with the spirit-world, unless indeed it be assumed,

without reason, that the so-called spirit-world is inhabited by weak-voiced material beings.

Nor does the case become any better when we learn that the world's most famous inventor, Thomas A. Edison, is the originator of this novel idea and that he is personally superintending the work of construction. Were we to take the announcement seriously, we should be forced, by the lack of reason in the situation, to murmur in our hearts some uncharitable things about brain-softening or senile decay, or, remembering the past achievements of Edison, we should sigh in pity, "Oh, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown," or attribute the startling announcement to the ingenious heartlessness of a newspaper interviewer who, in his desire for a good story, did not hesitate to expose the venerable sage to possible ridicule.

A more charitable interpretation of Edison's activity in this matter would be to suppose that he is but indulging in a bit of sarcasm at the expense of spiritists. "If," he might be interpreted as saying to them, "you wish to spend an occasional evening with your departed relatives, you should not subject them to the ignominious proceedings now in vogue, you should not invite them to play pranks with a table or ouija-board, but you should supply them with a scientific apparatus and thus make it possible for them to communicate with you without that loss of self-respect which seems to be suffered in the frivolities of spiritistic seances." But this interpretation of his purpose is precluded by his attempted explanation of life and death which we shall discuss in a subsequent chapter.

Whatever his intention may have been, and whatever the vagaries of the spiritists may be, this much is cer-

tain, that we cannot learn anything about the soul of man, whether it be embodied or disembodied, by experimentation. Observation and experiment are of value in their own sphere: they can tell us much about the shadows on the wall, they can contribute much towards the description of the material world and of material man; but so far is mere observation from being an exercise of Reason, that its constant use not infrequently results in the loss of Reason. He certainly would not be conspicuous in the sphere of Reason who would announce to the world his intention of constructing an instrument for the purpose of weighing the beauty of Shakespeare's poems. Nor would he give any indications of Reason who would subject to a chemical test the pigments of a Madonna of Raphael, in order to determine its art value.

Neither the beauty of Shakespeare's poetry nor the art value of Raphael's Madonnas is observable. We may feel that, in both cases, a responsive chord is struck within us; we may be made sad and sorrowful or grow passionately angry or indignant by the eloquent appeals of the poet, but we know that it is not the printed page, nor the sound of a living voice that produces the effect. If we read we must put our soul into the poem, if another person reads he must put his soul into it and the closer his soul or our soul is in tune with the soul of the poet, the greater will be our appreciation of thoughts and of passions, that are indeed expressed in material sounds and preserved in material books, but are themselves so far above the whole material order of things that they are beyond the reach of observation.

In the presence of the master artist's accomplish-

ment, rapturous admiration goes deeper than the canvas, deeper than the chemical composition of the pigments. Works of art, when they are worthy of the name, are material expressions of something that is not material. All that experimentation can ever reach is the marble or the canvas or the pigments; but none of these things constitute art.

Not even in cases, where there is a more intimate connection between what is experimentally tested and what one seeks to ascertain, is observation of any direct value in revealing the nature of the unobservable. That it is of indirect value we shall see in subsequent chapters when we study the second method of thought—that of passing from the shadows to the realities back of them.

For the present we must rid our minds of the illusive all-sufficiency of methods of observation and show that its exclusive use is quite unreasonable. If one were to construct an instrument to record, let us say, the vibrations of a dog's tail, he might be regarded as ingenious enough; but were he to announce that by means of this mechanical device he could determine the nature and source of dog-joy, he would be going much further by observation or experiment than the nature of things warrant.

The intensity of dog-joy might, indeed, be proportioned to the rapidity of the tail-motion; perhaps it might even be possible to assume that, for different kinds of joy, there correspond different directions of the tail. It might wag up and down at the sight of the master or over and across in the possession of a bone; but the rapidity and direction of the tail are only accompaniments of joy, only outward manifestations of

an inward reality, and to attempt to study the *nature* of joy by that which *accompanies* it, is tantamount to an endeavor to study the nature of man by measuring his shadow, a proceeding which, without any doubt, would be quite unreasonable.

No one, as far as I know, has ever conducted any such experimental research in the department of animal psychology, but efforts of a similarly illogical nature have been made in the study of the human soul. To study the neural vibrations, or the brain reactions that accompany thoughts, or desires, or noble aspirations, or self-sacrificing devotion to some worthy cause, may be of great physiological value, but even if all the material accompaniments of what goes on within us were thoroughly understood and accurately recorded, the result would add no more to our knowledge of the soul itself than the study of the vibrations of an Edison graphophone diaphragm adds to our knowledge of the soul of music.

Until we divest ourselves of all common sense, and are willing to admit that the masterpieces of creative art—the paintings of Raphael and the poems of Shakespeare—or the wonder-works of inventive genius, as the many mechanical devices invented by Edison, are no more than brain-cell fermentations transferred to canvas, or paper, or incandescent filament, we must regard all exclusively experimental methods as valueless in the study of the soul, which is as far superior to the mechanism of the body, or the complex convolutions of the brain as the master musician is to the instrument on which he plays. Edison's discs record the expression of harmony, but they tell us nothing of harmony itself. All expression is, in this matter, synony-

mous with reflection, and is to the reality expressed what the shadow is to the substance.

We may study the shadow by observation, but to learn anything about the substance, to organize or classify our knowledge, to formulate general laws, to pass from effect to cause; in one word, to exercise our Reason, we must go beyond observation.

This transition from observed effects to unobserved causes, from appearances to principles, from particular to general truths, from facts to laws, from the concrete to the abstract, is necessary in the physical no less than in the metaphysical sciences. When Archimedes rushed through the streets of Syracuse shouting with all the enthusiasm of his soul, Eureka! Eureka! it was because from what he observed he passed to a knowledge of what could not be observed,—the *principle of displacement*. By means of this principle he could determine whether or not the gold in the king's crown had been mixed, as was suspected, with baser metal. From observation he *ascended* to the truth of displacement; from this truth he *descended* to the particular problem that had been proposed for solution.

There are, then, two processes of reasoning; the ascending process (which is also called the synthetic method, or induction) and the descending process (the analytical method or deduction).

If in the physical sciences the deductive method leads, at times, to particular physical facts, and if these facts may be experimentally verified, Reason does not, for that, cease to be a transition from what we observe to what cannot be observed. The particular application or verification of a principle

reacts on the principle itself and makes its truth the more undeniable. Archimedes, by applying his principle, only added an additional proof of its reliability.

Every subsequent application has confirmed the accuracy of his reasoning in both its ascending and descending process.

If, as sometimes happens in both the physical and metaphysical order, the particular conclusions drawn from general principles are not capable of experimental verification, it does not follow that they are, for that reason, unreliable.

We know that " $2 + 2 = 4$ " in all imaginable circumstances, though, as is evident, we cannot, in every conceivable case, offer experimental demonstration.

Nor does Reason demand such demonstration. If it did, we could never utter an abstract truth. No abstract truth, such as "Justice is desirable," or "Virtue is admirable," can be experimentally demonstrated. As soon as it is subjected to experimentation, it ceases to be abstract.

From what we have said about the nature of Reason, the reader may anticipate a formidable array of argumentation; but we assure him that argumentation is never formidable.

A misuse of Reason has been very appropriately compared to an adulterated compound; "it consists of an ingenious mixture of truth and error, so intimately blended that the error is held in solution. One drop of sound logic disunites them and makes the foreign substance visible or precipitates it to the bottom."

Far, then, from being formidable, logic is the most interesting thing in the world. Sometimes, however, it is formal. Just as it is necessary, at times, to parse our sentences and those of others to make sure of the grammatical correctness, so we must parse our thoughts and the thoughts of others to make sure of logical inerrancy. This formal logic may not be always interesting, but to use Reason aright it is necessary until we acquire such accuracy of thought that we discover error spontaneously.

We are now prepared to apply a few drops of logic to current fallacies regarding man's Permanent Home.

THE CREDULITY OF SPIRITISM

"We proclaim to astonished mankind, with assurance no longer doubtful, the existence of another material and intelligent world. *I shook hands with a friend from the other world.*"

PROFESSOR ZOLLNER.

CHAPTER V

THE CREDULITY OF SPIRITISM

"There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave
To tell us this."

SHAKESPEARE.

THERE are two extremes, credulity—the tendency to believe too much—and scepticism—the refusal to believe enough—, toward which the unwary are in danger of drifting in their search for the truth about man's Home. Fortunately for our purpose, a study of these two dangers will further explain the genuine meaning of Reason and, at the same time, afford an excellent opportunity of exercising this God-given power. Fortunately, too, credulity and scepticism are nowhere more frequently and disastrously manifested than in the very question of the Hereafter, in which we are interested. We have, therefore, ample justification for delaying on the meaning and prevalence of both of these mental diseases.

Two sea perils, Scylla and Charybdis, are frequently mentioned by the classical writers of antiquity. Scylla is sometimes represented as a monstrosity with six heads, twelve feet and a voice like the yelp of a puppy. To her the poets attribute

the power of emerging from the sea and snatching seamen from passing ships. Charybdis is represented as dwelling under a cliff and in the habit of sucking in and spouting out sea-water thrice a day. Sometimes Scylla was spoken of as a rock and Charybdis as a whirlpool. They were located on either side of the straits of Messina.

This second concept of the two fabulous beings gave rise to the familiar saying: "Trying to avoid Scylla one falls into Charybdis." It is a saying particularly applicable to the proper use of Reason. To reach the truth we must keep to the middle of the way, avoiding credulity on the one side and scepticism on the other.

For the sake of variety we shall regard our quest as an argonautic expedition. We are to sail through narrow straits and in order to avoid disaster we must profit by the misfortune of those who have struck the rock of scepticism or fallen into the whirlpool of credulity. These are the two extremes; truth lies in between.

Our Permanent Home, if such there be, is already inhabited by the spirits of our departed loved ones and there rises spontaneously within the hearts of many a desire to get into communication with them. Thus it is that, in recent years, there has been such a rush into spiritism. Through mediums of various kinds the inquisitive have endeavored to get in touch with the dead and have in many instances reported success in their efforts.

There can be no doubt about the logic of the spiritists' position. They seek information about the Hereafter from those who are in a position to give

it. Whether they get the information or not, is quite another question.

That their quest for information is accompanied by innumerable dangers, physical, mental, and moral no one, who has had any experience with spiritistic mediums or with the pitiable dupes of mediumistic practices, will deny. Nervous wrecks, mental wrecks and moral wrecks are strewn, like the victims of a hurricane, along the whole line of spiritistic advance. Its destructive violence has reached even to the "Christian" pulpit and has carried ministers of the Gospel beyond the limits not of orthodoxy only but of elemental respect for the Founder of Christianity.

One of these pastors of Christ's flock is reported to have said this: "Not long ago I preached a sermon on the finest spiritual manifestation in the history of the world, which was, of course, the Transfiguration; but that demonstration will measure up as nothing more than a mere detail, once the world realizes and reaches the goal we are all striving towards. Every man his own medium, every man his own messenger from the Other Side: that's what the world is coming to. As I said to Sir Oliver Lodge: 'You are the prophet of the new dawn, standing at the opening gates of a greater realm.'"

This is much more than a glorification of mediumship, and much worse than a degradation of the Transfigured Christ; it is an abandonment of the Revelations of Christ for the reputed other-world messages received through hysterical old women or clever tricksters who, with or without abnormal powers, have upset the intellectual equilibrium of men otherwise noted for good sense. Some of them do not seem

to know what is really meant by the spiritism which they embrace and which they endeavor to propagate among their fellow men.

When, two years ago, Sir Oliver Lodge toured this country for the purpose of spreading the light of spiritism, there was a general complaint that he frequently missed his subject altogether, or that he devoted more time to topics which, though suggestive of, and, in tone and character, intimately connected with spiritism, were in themselves quite distinct from the subject which the people of this country rightly or wrongly had anticipated. He spoke, on many occasions, of *survival after death*—a truth which is not synonymous with spiritism. If the dead come back, we may logically conclude that they survive; but if they do not come back, it does not follow that survival is an unreality, any more than that the survival of our friends in Europe depends upon their coming back to America.

Our own Thomas Edison seemed to have forgotten this when, after having announced his plans to construct a spirit talking machine, to which reference has already been made, he said:

"If this apparatus fails to reveal anything of exceptional interest, I am afraid that I shall have lost all faith in the survival of personality as we understand it in this existence."

Again, Sir Oliver Lodge spoke at length about the *existence of spirits*. In Chicago he told his audience not to be afraid of ghosts, because every one carries a ghost or spirit around with him. This is, of course, true, or perhaps it is more accurate to say that a ghost or spirit carries us around from place

to place, controls our movements, regulates our thoughts, directs our desires and our aspirations, and gives us that personality and character which we find so difficult to define, but which beyond all peradventure of doubt is as real as anything in our whole marvelous make-up.

But here, too, he missed the point. The existence of spirits or belief in their existence is not spiritism.

In St. Louis he spoke of *our knowledge of the unseen forces of nature* and illustrated his meaning by a lengthy dissertation on the law of gravity, which we know though we do not see it, except indirectly in its effects. He devoted so much time to this illustration and so little to its application that one of the St. Louis newspapers compared his lecture to a lesson in mechanics accommodated to a High School Freshman class of girls.

Of course, he knew that neither survival after death, nor the existence of a spiritual soul, nor a knowledge of the unseen, are synonymous with spiritism. They are truths which are of paramount importance to the spiritist and the first two, the existence and the survival after death of the spirit of man must be either taken for granted or demonstrated before there can be any reasonable hope of establishing as facts the phenomena of spiritism as such.

The reverse process might indeed be legitimate; by using the phenomena of spiritism as premises, one might conclude that, since the spirits of the dead communicate, they necessarily continue to exist beyond the grave, and this reverse process seems to be the adopted policy of the spiritists; but Sir

Oliver Lodge was disappointing in his lecture tour, because he insisted more strongly on the conclusion than on his premises, i. e., more on the existence and the survival of spirits than on their manifestations, which, for a spiritist, is not the logical procedure.

Do the dead come back? Do the sepulchres open their ponderous and marble jaws to cast them up again? Do they revisit the glimpses of the moon to make night hideous? And if they come, is it as spirits of health or as goblins damned? Bring they with them airs from Heaven or blasts from Hell?

That seems to be the spiritistic question and, in fact, it is, but the spiritists will demand a distinction; it is not from the sepulchres that their dead are reported to return. The sepulchres contain only a portion of man's body. Another body, of an etheric nature, hovers around us and sometimes, when the circumstances are adapted for the purpose, the dead make their presence felt and give us messages about the other side.

We, too, may plead for a distinction. If the dead come back, they may do so either (1) *spontaneously*, that is, of their own accord, and with the power, communicated to them by an omnipotent God, of assuming material forms or of making use of material sounds, or (2) in response to the *invitation* or *evocation* of some specially gifted living person.

The following incident will illustrate what is meant by spontaneous coming back. A priest in _____, was saying his office one afternoon, in front of his church, when a small boy, about eight years of age, came to him and said: "My mother is dying

and wishes to see you at once. I shall show you where she lives." The priest, having secured the necessary articles for a sick-call, accompanied the boy to what had all the outward appearances of a tenement house. The young lad, looking up at the priest, said: "You will find my mother in the last room to your left on the second floor," and then he walked away.

The priest ascended the stairs and entered the last room to his left on the second floor, where he found a woman in a dying condition. He heard her confession, gave her the last Sacraments of the Church, recited the prayers for the dying, and was about to leave when the woman asked him how he knew that she was there. "Your little boy came for me," he said.

"But I haven't any little boy!" the woman insisted. "I had a little boy once—that is his picture on the wall—but he has been dead for ten years."

The priest looked at the picture and turning towards the dying woman, said: "This is the little boy that summoned me."

As he afterwards explained, it was a perfect likeness, and as nobody knew or cared for the dying woman, all possibility of the kindly intervention of neighbors was precluded.

The reader may or may not be disposed to give credence to this little incident. Nor is it necessary that he should. The point which we wish to make is that such spontaneous coming back of the dead, if it ever does occur, is not the spiritism of those who believe that the dead come back at the bidding or in response to the evocation of spiritistic mediums,

be these mediums animate or inanimate, persons or instruments.

When, therefore, we say that the spiritists are credulous, that they believe without an adequate reason, we do not exclude the possibility of *spirit-communication*; it is in *spirit-evocation* that credulity manifests itself. Even though the facts recorded by the spiritists were well established, no one but the credulous could admit the identity of the supposedly responsive spirits. But are these facts well established?

It is plain that neither the beautiful things that the spiritistic authors may write or say about Heaven, nor the bitter things that they say about their opponents, are, in any conceivable sense, arguments in favor of their contention.

What then are their arguments? The first and the strongest is the extrinsic argument of authority. Prominent men of science, representative of nearly every nation on earth, have accepted the reality of spiritistic phenomena, that is to say, they have professed their belief in the fact that the dead do come back and communicate with the living.

The list of scientific and literary celebrities who have subscribed to spiritism is immense. We need mention but a few, more to exemplify the assurance with which they speak than to satisfy the reader of the fact, so well known, that spiritism can point to many illustrious authorities.

Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace, F. R. S., D. C. L., LL. D., says: "Spiritualistic phenomena in their entirety do not require further confirmation. They are proved quite as well as any facts are proved in other sciences."

Sir William Crookes, F. R. S.: "I have observed some circumstances which seem conclusively to point to the agency of an outside intelligence, not belonging to any human being in the room." . . . "*I thought it was a living woman by my side, instead of a visitor from the other world.*"

Professor Zollner, who stood as high in scientific attainment in Germany as did Sir William Crookes and Sir Oliver Lodge in England, says: "We proclaim to astonished mankind, with assurance no longer doubtful, the existence of another material and intelligent world. *I shook hands with a friend from the other world.*"

Mr. W. T. Stead, brilliant journalist and psychic investigator, thus refers to the death of his son: "Twelve months have now passed, in almost every week of which I have been cheered and comforted by *messages from my boy*, who is nearer and dearer to me than ever before. . . . After this I can doubt no more."

Such, by suggestion only, for there are many more illustrious men whom we could mention, is the first argument of the spiritists. A second argument is offered by Sir Oliver Lodge when he appeals to the scriptural text: "By their fruits, etc."

If we apply this test we shall become convinced of the childish credulity of even the celebrated men of science who have subscribed to the revelations of spiritism.

The facts, to which they give credence, we neither deny nor accept, but we think it can be safely said that, in the whole history of spiritism, no communicating spirit has ever succeeded in making his or her

identity certain. That nothing of any value has ever been revealed by the communicating spirits, we have abundant testimony of the spiritists themselves.

Mr. Frederic Myers, an eminent spiritist who spent a great part of his life in a vain endeavor to secure a message of importance, promised, before his death, to return and to tell something that would be really worth while. He is reported to have kept his word, in part at least. A month after his death, when Sir Oliver Lodge was consulting a medium, Mrs. Thompson by name, the spirit of Myers announced its presence through the medium and promised to come again that evening at 9 o'clock and communicate with the members of the Psychical Research Society. In the evening, he spoke, through a medium, of course, of the Society's next president, of his own obituary notice in the "Times," and complained that the people would not let him rest. "All the mediums of England were calling for Myers," he complained, but he said not a word about the dead and the conditions of survival.

Another, Dr. Hodgson, Secretary of the American Society for Psychical Research, also promised to come back. He came back through the automatic writings of Mrs. Piper. After a long series of frivolous talk, Professor William James put the real question:

"Have you anything to tell us about the other life?"

"It is not vain fantasy, but a reality," he replied.

"Do you live as other men do?" asked Mrs. William James.

"I do not understand," said the spirit.

"Do you wear clothing and live in houses?" explained Professor James.

"O yes, houses, but not clothing. No, that is absurd. Just wait a moment. I am going to get out."

"You will come back again?"

"Yes."

"He had to go out to get his breath," remarks another spirit, named Rector, suddenly intervening.

We should naturally expect more than this, in both cases, but the instances are given to show how, on their own authority, nothing of any value has as yet been received from the communicating spirits. As, however, our contention that nothing of importance is contained in spiritistic revelations is negative, the burden of proof rests on the other side. As yet the spiritists have added nothing but puerilities to the sum of man's knowledge. If they have added anything else, it is their duty to produce it, and in producing it to give unmistakable evidence that the messages of importance have in reality come from the dead.

There are, of course, many beautiful things in the writings of the spiritists, many true things; but it has not been pointed out that what is beautifully true is, in any sense of the word, new.

If the messages themselves are frivolous or repetitions of what is already known by the living, the methods of receiving the communications are not always above suspicion of fraud and trickery. Most of the information is received through mediums and all of the mediums of note in the past fifty years have been detected in trickery.

And so, as the identity of the communicating spirits is the question under consideration, it does not seem too much to say that one's mother, for example, or one's husband or wife, were they anxious to communicate and had they any regard for the self-respect of their living relatives, would find mediums of communication other than those in common use.

If loving mothers, wives or husbands would scorn the use of raps, or ouija boards, or tambourines, to make their presence felt, with how much more disdain would they regard living mediums that indulge in trickery and fraud?

Perhaps the most famous of modern mediums was Madame Eusapia Palladino. She it was who converted Sir Oliver Lodge. She came to this country, heralded as the unsolved mystery of science.

Many volumes were written about her mediumistic powers, and one particular phenomenon that occurred in her trance-states was insisted on with more than usual eloquence—a strong current of air would issue from her skull and wave the hair on the top of her head.

Some of the greatest living scientists believed that this was proof positive of her powers as a medium, until at an experiment attended by many scientific men, Mr. Rinn, one of the experimenters, put his hand as a windshield across the bridge of her nose and the *breeze* immediately stopped.

Palladino herself admitted that she indulged in tricks. She revealed three ways of substituting hands at the table, four ways for the foot-substitution, six methods of table levitation, two ways to

produce the current of air from her forehead. She did not appear to be annoyed when caught at her tricks, and on occasions clapped her hands when confronted by the means employed to trap her.

Other similar instances could be given, but enough has been said to convince the reader that spiritism,—the doctrine of those who maintain that the spirits or etheric remnants of the dead, respond, in person, to the evocations of living mediums,—is so devoid of reason as far, at least, as the establishment of the identity of the communicating spirits is concerned, that it can appeal only to the credulous. Were we to consider the possibility of trifling with lying and malignant spirits, the condition would be far more serious than one of credulity.

When, without entering into the question of the reality of spirit-phenomena, the reader reflects that for the usual physical manifestations, he must suffer himself to be led to dark rooms, to cabinets, tambourines and mediums, when he recalls to mind the undeniable fact that all the mediums of note have been detected in fraud, that the reputed messages are trivial, vulgar, and often blasphemous, he is forced to conclude that his dear departed, if they could return, would do so without the aid of such puerile adjuncts and would have something else to say than the vapid inanities of the seance.

It is interesting in this connection to hear men talk of the superstition of former times. Our own times are the most superstitious in all history. We are ready to believe anything and everything that is novel and exciting. "If I were given permission to open headquarters on one of the principal downtown streets,"

said a medium of long practice, "I could fleece the entire city in a few months."

His statement is, no doubt, exaggerated, but the fact that we are credulous and superstitious is undeniable. Nothing brings these human frailties into play more easily than the experiments of those who seek in the dangerous and puerile practice of spiritism proof for the survival of the soul.

If the dead do not come back to disturb our slumbers and unbalance our minds, may we not say, considering the weakness of human nature, and the weird unnaturalness of communicating with the dead, that the veil that hides the other world, like the veil that hides the future, is woven by the hand of Mercy?

THE SCEPTICISM OF SCIENCE

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

ROMANES, *Candid Examination of Theism.*

CHAPTER VI

THE SCEPTICISM OF SCIENCE

"Strange, then, that with this beauty all about
The shining path that points the one way out,
There should be unrequited wanderings—
Allurement in the sterile fields of doubt."

GEORGE CREEL.

TO SEEK the souls of the living with a microscope or the souls of the dead with a talking machine is to indulge in childish frivolity and to expose one's self to worse than childish credulity. The opposite extreme, that of scepticism, is no less fatal to the truth-seeker. Both dangers lead to the bottom of the sea of ignorance. The sceptics, or agnostics, or by whatever other name they are pleased to call themselves, are, to all appearances, mentally sounder than the credulous. They cultivate what seems to be an admirable form of intellectual humility. That their humility is false and the soundness of their judgment no more than an attractive appearance, will be shown in this chapter, not in a spirit of criticism of the sceptics themselves, but as a warning for the earnest seeker after truth, to avoid this common and insidious danger.

There is an old Arabian proverb, very attractively worded and suggestive of rare wisdom, which we may

call into service by way of introducing our remarks on scepticism:

"He who knows not, and knows not that he knows not, is a fool. Avoid him. He who knows not, and knows that he knows not, is simple. Teach him. He who knows, and knows not that he knows, is asleep. Wake him. But he who knows, and knows that he knows, is a wise man. Follow him."

The thought thus cleverly expressed might be shown, by analysis, to be misleading, for, as the reader will have observed, nothing is said about the object of knowledge and, surely, what we know is of far more importance than the mere fact of knowing. Some people know very many things that are not true, they know many things that are useless, many things that are dangerous and even positively harmful. They may even know that they know, but sometimes they do not know that what they know is false, useless, dangerous or harmful.

However this may be, one of the individuals described in the proverb has, according to prevailing standards of valuation, acquired a considerable amount of popularity, represents an ever increasing class or school of thought and can point with satisfaction—if such a thing as satisfaction enters into his cynical make-up—to an immense and enthusiastic following. In spite of the fact that methods of thought change from time to time, almost as decidedly as fashions of women's dress, in spite of the claim that the tide of scepticism is going out and that of credulous occultism is coming in, this particular individual stands firm and is strengthened in his fixity of opinion by nothing more effectively than the fluctuating tendencies of current thought.

He is not the man "who knows that he knows"—such a one is regarded as conceited and proud;—he is not the man "who knows and knows not that he knows";—such a one is inconceivable and has very appropriately been likened to a man asleep—but, strange as it may seem, the wise man of today and, in the estimation of many, the safe guide for those that are in earnest quest of knowledge, is the man "who does not know and who knows that he does not know!"

He is very conspicuous in the ranks of the physical scientists and, apparently conscious of the effect produced on the multitude by a candid profession of ignorance, he never tires of emphasizing his mental limitations. He is not one of those, he will tell you, who fancy, like Alexander, "that no more worlds remain to be conquered or that only a few unimportant territories are to be annexed." Even in his upward ascent and onward march he discovers ridge rising behind ridge and towering peaks, "that baffle the boldest climber," smiling down, as 'twere in scorn, upon his feeble efforts. Wider and newer horizons unfold themselves to his astonished gaze and, even after he has traveled far in search of wisdom, the goal seems ever more and more illusive, ever more and more like the physical horizon that is always at equal distance no matter how far he advances and that actually recedes when he climbs to heights for purposes of observation.

And so it happens that pausing from time to time and gazing in open-eyed wonder on the unexplored regions before him and around him, or looking back with keen disappointment on the small distance which he has already covered, or on the too plainly discernible fact that he has been traveling in circles, he confesses

openly and sometimes even boastfully that the more he seems to know the greater becomes the pressure of his ignorance. This candid profession bears all the outward marks of intellectual humility, but in some instances, as we shall see, it is pride masquerading as a virtue, cynicism in the garb of sincerity, error baited with some shreds of truth and capable of deceiving the unwary and leading them to mental disaster.

We are not interested in their professed ignorance of physical facts and forces. What is pertinent to our study is that, in their profession of ignorance, they make frequent and insistent reference to the ultimate causes of things—to God, the ultimate cause of the world, in which we live, and to the Soul, the ultimate cause—ultimate in the particular sphere of individual life—of what transpires in our own little selves.

Whatever outward thing they study leads, when pushed far enough, to infinitude, just as every inward thing leads to spirituality. This explains their ignorance. They cannot measure the infinite,—if they could it would not be infinite. They cannot subject the spiritual to an experimental test,—if they could, it would not be spiritual. In other words, because they cannot find God with a telescope nor the human soul with a microscope, their search for the ultimate causes of things ends in abysmal ignorance and intellectual darkness. Unwilling to rise above experimentation, refusing to pass from the observed to the unobservable they yield to intellectual despair either in the form of scepticism or of agnosticism, which, for all practical purposes, come to the same thing.

"I recollect as a boy looking up at the stars, and asking myself what does all this mean?" writes Samuel

Laing, one of the most outspoken of modern agnostics. "Where did it come from, and what is beyond it? The only answer was a painful ache as of straining the eyes to see in the darkness. And now that, thanks to the discoveries of modern science, I can see much beyond the visible stars, far off into the infinitely great, far down into the infinitely small, far back into infinite time,—at the end of all I am not a whit advanced beyond the feeling of boyhood. I gaze with straining eyes into the Unknowable and I gaze in vain. . . . If I candidly confess the truth I can only say with Tennyson: 'Behold, I know not anything!'"

If he did but strain the eyes of the soul, if he did but avail himself of the light of Reason, he would have modified his profession: "Behold!" he would have cried out, "I know not anything,—anything that to the truth-seeker is worth knowing, as an explanation of the world and of myself,—when I seek knowledge through the senses only! Observation helps me to *describe* the world, but because it *explains* nothing, it is powerless to discover truth. The more I observe the greater become the problems, the more obstinately I refuse to go beyond the observable, the deeper and darker becomes my already vast and abysmal ignorance!"

This is what the agnostic should have said,—this is really what he may sometimes mean. It is an unconscious appeal to that Reason which alone can solve the mysteries of the world.

The chief objects concerning which the agnostics and sceptics profess to be doubtful or ignorant are clearly indicated by their High Priest, Huxley. "I am quite sure," he tells us, "that the region of uncertainty—the nebulous country in which words play the part of

realities—is far more extensive than I could wish. Materialism and idealism; theism and atheism; the doctrine of the soul and its mortality or immortality—appear in the history of philosophy like the shades of Scandinavian heroes, eternally slaying one another and eternally coming to life again in a metaphysical 'Nifelheim.' It is getting on for twenty-five centuries at least since mankind began seriously to give their minds to these topics. Generation after generation philosophy has been doomed to roll the stone uphill; and just as all the world swore it was at the top, down it has rolled to the bottom again. All this is written in innumerable books; and he who will toil through them will discover that the stone is just where it was when the work began. Hume saw this; Kant saw it; since their time, more and more eyes have been cleansed of the films which prevented them from seeing it; until now the weight and number of those who refuse to be the prey of verbal mystification has begun to tell in practical life."

How such agnosticism "tells in practical life" need not be discussed. Sufficient for our present purpose to point out that "the same method and principle which is (in the estimation of the agnostics) fatal to our faith in God and the future life is shown to be equally fatal to anything else that can give existence a meaning or which can prevent our energies from being paralyzed and life's beauty from being destroyed."

"The miserable rags of argument with which the agnostic attempts to cover the life which he professes to have stripped naked of superstitions are," as has been truly said, "part and parcel of the very superstition

itself." They are not "the chasuble and embroidered robe of Theology, they are its hair-shirt, and its hair-shirt in tatters—utterly useless for the purpose to which it is applied, and serving only to make the forlorn wearer ridiculous."

To give up everything which it cannot demonstrate, that is to say, everything to which it cannot apply the experimental method of observation or chemical and physical analysis, is such an erroneous and useless process of thought that it is difficult to understand how men eminent in the realm of science do not see that most of the great discoveries of science itself are due to a process altogether different.

The astronomer needs instruments for purposes of observation. He cannot hope to describe astronomical facts without "the spectroscope, the telescope, the tele-camera, the telespectrocamera, the spectrograph polariscopes, micrometers, etc., etc.," and, as has been said by a recent astronomical writer, he must "handle them never less than ten hours daily up to sixteen, eighteen, twenty and even twenty-two hours."

Still a man could have all of these and more instruments and use them till the crack of doom and yet advance not one bit in astronomical knowledge. To acquire knowledge he must *calculate*, and to calculate he must draw conclusions from what he observes to what cannot be observed.

Until he is willing to do this he will remain in the depths of ignorance and of doubt, and there will be much truth in his sad and saddening exclamation: Behold, I know not anything!

The modern scepticism which we have thus briefly delineated in its cause,—a refusal to go beyond the

shadows on the wall,—and in its effect,—absolute and all-pervading ignorance,—is the illegitimate child of Locke's disordered mind. Following in the footsteps of Bacon, Locke attacks the Aristotelian system of reasoning, which consists in establishing general principles by observation and in drawing conclusions from the general principles once they have been established. Both of these processes,—the ascending one, from observation to thought and the descending one from thought to particular truths,—are given verbal expression in what is known in logic as the syllogism, and it is against the syllogism that Locke directs his immoderate censures.

"If syllogism must be taken for the proper instrument of reason and means of knowledge," he says, "it will follow that before Aristotle there was not one man that did or could know anything by reason; and that, since the invention of syllogisms, there is not one in ten thousand that doth. But God hath not been so sparing to men to make them barely two-legged creatures, and left it to Aristotle to make them rational, i. e., those few of them that he could get so to examine the grounds of syllogisms, as to see that, in about three score ways that three propositions may be laid together, there are but fourteen wherein one may be sure that the conclusion is right," etc. "God has been more bountiful to man than so; He has given them a mind that can reason without being instructed in methods of syllogizing."

Syllogizing, the reader must bear in mind, is the process which we are following and intend to follow in this book. It means drawing conclusions from facts or principles, from causes or effects. When we say

"this soil is rich *because* the trees are flourishing" or "the trees are flourishing, *therefore* the soil is rich," we are syllogizing. When before Aristotle's time the Hebrew seer exclaimed: "The Heavens declare the glory of God," he was syllogizing; he was saying in a few words what every rational creature is forced to say when he observes the beauty of a star-lit sky, "The Maker of the Universe must be wonderful, *because* the universe is so wonderful," or "The universe is wonderful, *therefore* the Maker is wonderful!"

This is syllogizing, or giving expression to our reasoning. All that Aristotle did was to discover and systematize the laws of accurate thinking and so Locke's censures are no less absurd, as Whately cleverly observes, "than if one, on being told of the discoveries of modern chemists respecting caloric, and on hearing described the process by which it is conducted through a boiler into the water, which it converts into gas of sufficient elasticity to overcome the pressure of the atmosphere, etc., should reply, 'If all this were so, it would follow that before the time of these chemists no one ever did or could make any liquor boil.'"

Aristotle has no more claim to praise for having *invented* the syllogism than Linnaeus has claim "to the *creation* of plants and animals, or Harvey to the praise of having *made* the blood circulate, or Lavoisier to that of having *formed* the atmosphere we breathe."

Had Locke and his modern followers devoted more time to the principles of right reasoning as established by Aristotle, they would not find themselves in the barren land of ignorance, straining their eyes, as in the dark, and exclaiming from the depths of intellectual despair: "Behold, we know not anything."

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Scepticism, therefore, is, negatively, a refusal to use the God-given faculty of Reason, and, positively, an endeavor to remain satisfied with knowledge born of observation, which not only does not surpass but falls infinitely below the knowledge, similarly obtained, of which, were they capable, even the lowest animals could boast. That such a refusal to use one's Reason and such an endeavor to descend below the brute levels germinates in excessive arrogance and pride we shall endeavor to show in our next chapter.

WHY THE ANGELS WEEP!

"His reasons are two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff; you shall seek all day ere you find them; and when you have them, they are not worth the search."

SHAKESPEARE.

CHAPTER VII

WHY THE ANGELS WEEP!

"When people once are in the wrong,
Each lie they add is much too long;
Who fastest walks, but walks astray,
Is only farthest from his way."

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THE most fantastic trick which puny man plays before high heaven is to sigh, "Behold, I know not anything!" in one breath, and to tell us, in the very next, that he knows practically everything! If the Angels could weep they would find abundant tears for such intellectual dishonesty.

In our subsequent study of man's soul and of the indications of immortality we shall find many wonderful manifestations of spirituality. The most wonderful of all is the power man has to love. Love is a tremendous force and, though we cannot observe it directly, we know that it exists and that, when its object is carefully chosen, it is the source of all that is good and admirable in the world, just as, when its object is not carefully chosen, it is the source of all that is evil.

Some manifestations of love are more admirable than others. Thus there is not, in the whole stretch

of realities, anything more sacred, more mysterious, more elevating and elevated than the love of a mother for her child. What was it that rocked the cradle if, in our infancy, we were fortunate enough to enjoy such a luxury, or that tucked the old woolen shawl about us, if ours was a lot similar to His Who was born in a stable and wrapped in swaddling clothes? It was mother love. What was it that guarded us in health and watched over us in sickness, that prepared the cooling draught for our parched lips, or gently soothed our fevered brow? Mother love. It never weakens, it never fails. When we are abandoned by everything else, mother love will stand by us. It even stands at the prison bars and says: "My boy, I love you still." It is stronger than our faults, stronger even than death!

Surely here is something before which Science and Faith, Reason and Religion should show respectful homage; here is something far more interesting than spiritistic phenomena, far more important than chemical experimentation! And yet, such is the heartlessness of that exclusive observation against which we are so repeatedly warning our readers, so material becomes the soul that revels in material things only, that, even in the matter of mother love, there are not wanting those that give utterance to such soul-chilling, heart-rending errors as this:

"Just as the same particles of matter may at one time form parts of a rose, and at another time parts of a mushroom," says one, "so the same force may, at one time, strike a church as lightning and, at another time, be the mother love that rocks the cradle."

Mother love! the greatest, noblest, grandest thing in all the world—what is it? Those who believe in experimental science to the exclusion of all other uses of Reason are forced to subscribe to this blasphemy: It is a blind force, like any other force, even like the destructive force that strikes the church as lightning!

Something rises within the breast of every human being, that cries with great force and vehemence: This is not true; nay it is positively untrue; it is a lie, a diabolical, soul-destroying lie! We may be ignorant of many things, but elemental nature tells us some things and one of these things is that mother love is not a chemical reaction, not a mere force, not a mere manifestation of energized matter!

What it is that thus rises in protest against the unwarranted blasphemies of experimental science applied to the soul and the powers of the soul, the reader may not know, but whether he is familiar with its name or not, he experiences its presence within him, and in the depths of his being he hears its voice. It is Reason, the same Reason that is to guide us in our quest of man's Permanent Home.

But we must not anticipate. No progress can be made towards the truth until we rid our minds of the prejudices of modern arrogance and pride and until we learn to discredit their methods on account of the obvious errors into which they lead. We are concerned primarily with one object, man, in an endeavor to discover, if we may, his Permanent Home. To do this we shall study what man is and how he came to be and what indications he gives of a future destiny. This will lead our thoughts

to God, the Creator of man and of all that is admirable in man's physical and spiritual make-up. The thought of the Creator will inspire us with hope, and incidentally give further proof of man's eternal destiny. God and man! these are the greatest thoughts that can enter the human mind; but O how distorted they have become, how terrifying and how terrible under the blighting touch of materialism!

The following quotation will send a chill through the veins and leave the poor human heart, that yields to such errors, in a state of palpitating despair, but its very viciousness will compel attention to the dictates of Reason rightly used:

"The dim, shadowy outlines of the superhuman deity fade slowly away from before us," says an English materialist, John Kingdon Clifford, "and as the mist of his presence floats aside, we perceive with greater and greater clearness the shape of a yet grander and nobler figure, of Him who made all gods and shall unmake them."

Who is this? we ask in astonishment, and like a blast from hell, the answer falls upon our indignant souls:

That figure, grander and nobler than the superhuman deity, is Man! "From the dim dawn of history and from the inmost depths of every soul the face of Our Father Man looks out upon us, with the fire of eternal youth in His eyes and says: Before Jehovah was, I am!"

Let not the reader think that I have gone in search of harsh and terrible expressions for the purpose of making my case the stronger. This same Clifford is studied, or was studied some few years

ago, as a model of strong English style, by the Freshman class in our State University. Strong English it is undoubtedly, if strength consists in the boldness of error and falsehood.

Again, let it be observed, we may be ignorant, we may be plunged into the very abyss of ignorance; we may not know everything that is, but, even in the darkness, we can understand certain things that are not true. And in these ravings of an agnosticism that ventures out of its way to indulge in the contradictory diversion of telling us what it does know, we discern with overwhelming evidence the very quintessence of error. Who is he that "made all gods and shall unmake them?" Who or what is this phantom, swollen with pride and reeking with blasphemy, that lifts his insignificant head and exclaims: "Before Jehovah was, I am"?

On their own report, in their own words, this capitalized Agnostic Man was once an "ape-like creature," and before that, "a worm-like creature," and before that, a "jelly-bag clinging to a stone and sucking in water," and before that, nothingness!

"Out of the darkness of prehistoric ages," writes Huxley, the high priest of the same school, "man emerges with the marks of his lowly origin still upon him. He is a brute, only more intelligent than the other brutes; a blind prey to impulses, which, as often as not, lead him to destruction; a victim of endless illusions which, as often as not, make his mental existence a terror and a burden, and fill his physical life with barren toil and battle. He . . . struggles with varying fortunes, attended by infinite wickedness, bloodshed and misery, to main-

tain himself at this point against the greed and ambition of his fellow-men. He makes a point of killing or otherwise persecuting all those who try to get him to move on; and when he has moved a step, foolishly confers post-mortem deification on his victims. . . . The best men of the best epoch are simply those who make fewest blunders and commit the fewest sins. . . . I know of no study so unutterably saddening as that of the evolution of humanity as set forth in the annals of history; . . . (and) when the positivists order men to worship humanity—that is to say, to adore the generalized conception of men, as they have ever been, and probably ever will be—I must reply that I could just as soon bow down and worship the generalized conception of a ‘wilderness of apes’."

This dreadful picture of humanity is not attractive, but that, apart from the brute-origin of man, it has some foundation in fact, no one who is familiar with the history even of the past ten years will be disposed to deny. Even if we modify the picture and view man as a mere weakling, the plaything of absolutism or of anarchy, of imperialistic arrogance or of Bolshevik insanity, the victim of propaganda, the thoughtless unit of a senseless mob, or the pampered minion of the grasping magnates, the study is not consoling, it is not promising. Man is degraded and if we look for the cause of his degradation we shall find that it consists chiefly or, perhaps better, that it originates in his persistent efforts to stifle the voice of Reason and trust the appearances which he observes on the surface of things.

We must not multiply examples of the abuse of

Reason, but as all our ideas of a future life will be influenced by our ideas of this, we shall endeavor to clear away two other errors that are taught by the irreligious and irrational scientists in their endeavors to explain the meaning and the origin of life.

Life is a very strange thing in its dreams and disappointments, in its failures and its successes, but, *in itself*, it is stranger, and strangest of all is it *in its origin*. *What is life? How did it originate?* These two questions, are intimately connected with our study—and we must pause to reject some modern errors that have entwined themselves around them.

What is life? It is quite evident that our *body is alive*, and it is also quite evident or becomes so on reflection, that our body is "a huge co-operative concern," in which each member works for the general good, "brain, heart, lungs, the various glands,—gastric, pancreatic, hepatic, thyroid, salivary, sebaceous, subordiferous,—suprarenal capsules, eyes, ears, tongues, legs, arms, hands, muscles, nerves, serum of the blood, red corpuscles, phagocytes and skin."

All of these organs or members are in turn made up of parts, and all the parts are united for the efficient furtherance of the whole. It is the union of these parts, their united action for a common purpose that constitutes the mystery of life. If a single vital organ, the heart for example, ceases to function, all the other parts cease with it. Hence, even in its physical make-up life is a decided unity.

Now let us see what the experimentalists have to tell us. With microscope in one hand and scalpel in the other they report that "life is nothing but the sum total of a multitude of little lives which are distributed

throughout the whole system," * or "every part of the body lives a personal life, and by every part we mean not only every organ, but each of those anatomical elements out of which all organs and limbs, and the body itself, are built up," ** or "a living being is an aggregate of cells which are also alive" † and finally, "that the cell has a real individuality, a distinct existence cannot be gainsaid." ‡

We have quoted these French naturalists to indicate the source of some of Edison's recent pronouncements. His theory of life, which was heralded by the newspapers, differs in no way from the French naturalistic theory just indicated, except in this that Edison supplies us with some figures. "At least one hundred trillion entities," he tells us, "go to make up a single man. I estimate roughly that there are about 20,000,000,000 cells in the body, and each cell is a commune of 5,000 entities," or all told, 100,000,000,000,000 (100 trillions)!

"These units," he adds, "are not perceptible to human senses (obviously) even with the aid of instruments. Even huge aggregates of them are not sufficiently large to be apprehended by the human senses, no matter what existing artificial help they enlist,"—which, parenthetically, shows the need there is of going beyond sense-observation, just as the following erroneous conclusions point to the need of being logical in the process.

Thus "our bodies are composed of myriads and myriads of infinitesimal entities, each in itself a unit of life, which band together to build a man," and in consequence we are not units, but communities! "We think," Edison adds, "of a cat, an elephant, a horse, a fish and so on, as units, convinced that such thinking

* M. Deshumbert. ** Paul Bert. † G. Le Bon. ‡ L. Bourdeau.

is basically wrong. All these things appear to be units only for the reason that the life entities of which I speak are far too small to be detected even with the ultra-microscope.

"In our bodies these entities constantly rebuild our tissues to replace those which are constantly wearing out. They watch over functions of the various organs, just as the engineers in a power-house see that the machinery is kept in perfect order. Once conditions become unsatisfactory in the body, either through a fatal sickness, fatal accident or old age, the entities simply depart from the body and leave little more than an empty structure behind. Being indefatigable workers, they naturally seek something else to do. They either enter into the body of another man or even start work on some other form of life. At any rate, there is a fixed number of these, and it is the same entities that have served over and over again."

This, as is obvious, is rank materialism, it is an open declaration that the living body is no more than a machine; but we are interested in it only as an explanation of the mystery of life. What is life? we ask and Mr. Edison answers: "Life is a community of lives!" "Of how many lives?" we ask. "Of 100 trillion lives!" is the confident answer which can have no meaning except that setting out to solve, if possible, one mystery, we are confronted by 100 trillion mysteries!

This is direct and apparently deliberate stifling of Reason, for if there is one thing we know more thoroughly than anything else, it is that there is something in us that gives life to the whole, something that is as much present, by its vital influence, in the ultra-microscopic cell as it is in the complex convolutions of the

brain and that something which permeates our whole being and unifies our material make-up is what every man who uses his common sense will understand by life. It may be multitudinous in its effects, but in itself it is one and undivided and as operative in intellectual and moral and aesthetic pursuits as it is in digestive or circulatory functions. To neglect this self-evident truth that man is a *living unit* and that the principle of life is not mechanical, no matter how mechanical some of its manifestations may be, is like confusing the motion of the wheels of a watch or the stored-up energy of its springs with time.

It is still more distressing to study the vagaries of the experimentalists when they endeavor to explain the *origin of life*. Ernst Haeckel affords the classical example of lack of Reason in this regard. "All forms of life," he says, "originally commenced as monera or simple particles of protoplasm, and these monera originated from non-living matter."

Stripped of all disguise of words this means that dead matter by its own inherent force began to live. If you ask: how life began? the answer is: once upon a time there was no life, and then, there was life. In other words to the question: *How did life begin?* the answer is: It began!

By means of these *monera* Haeckel claims that he can bridge over the deep chasm between organic and inorganic nature. The bridge is known as "spontaneous generation," but the doctrine opposed to that of spontaneous generation is, as even Huxley acknowledges, "victorious all along the whole line," in other words spontaneous generation is universally rejected and with it Haeckel's *monera*.

The Hindus have a legend that the earth rests on the back of an elephant and the elephant on a turtle and the turtle on—nothing! The difference between Haeckel and Haeckelites on the one hand and the Hindu Legendists on the other is that while the Hindus confine themselves to two supporting causes, the Haeckelites introduce twenty-two stages from the spontaneously generated *monera* to man. Man rests ultimately on the monera and the monera on—nothing!

The cause of such an irrational explanation of life is this: Haeckel observed that the individual life begins from protoplasm; but he did not reflect that the origin of the *first* living thing is a problem of an altogether different nature. He passed from what he observed to what he could not observe, but he did not pass logically.

If any of my readers are disposed to regard all this as somewhat deep and therefore uninteresting, if not entirely out of date, I beg leave to submit a sample of "philosophy" that has been taught to young Normal School girls in San Francisco. The eminent professor was so well pleased with his doctrine that he published it serially in a daily newspaper and afterwards had it edited in book form. It is still in use in our Normal School. Among other strange things he says:

"When the earth began to wake she woke so slowly and silently that we would never have noticed it unless we had looked through a microscope at a drop of warm water in a little pool or on a sandy beach. In this drop we would have seen a little quivering fleck of green jelly not as large as a grain of sand, but ALIVE! Just the right amount of water and air and salts washed up from the different parts of the earth came together to form this new thing. It could do what no

grain of sand could do—what even the greatest scientists of today cannot do: When the sun shone on it, it could take the water and part of the air and put them together and make food for itself. And it made this food and grew."

This first living thing grew and was multiplied and its companion green cells floated around in the water "enjoying life." Some of these cells were washed into the ocean, others were "stranded in the mud." These latter are particularly interesting because they are man's ancestors.

But enough has been said to indicate what extensive misinformation is communicated to the young in the schools and to the grown-up through the press. The guesses of scientists about the origin of the earth may be innocent enough, but that they are only guesses is evident from the fact that nobody was present hundreds of millions of years ago to observe what was going on and as observation supplies no data, logic can draw no inferences.

But guessing ceases to be innocent when that "little speck of green jelly becomes alive." That is spontaneous generation, which was no more possible then than it is now. This professor makes all life rest on that fortuitously formed living thing, and that first living thing rests on—nothing!

These are some of the reasons why the angels weep. Puny man professes ignorance when it pleases him or when it suits his purpose and then, at his pleasure, endeavors to explain everything—man, God, love, the nature and the origin of life,—and in his attempted explanation gives evidence that his ignorance is real. If the angels do not weep, men of Reason should.

FROM CONFUCIUS TO
CONFUSION

"Heaven is the city where I dwell. Market street is its principal thoroughfare. And as I travel this 'path of gold,' realizing that all men whom I meet are members of the Church of the World, I send out loving thoughts to those angels on earth, and amid the busy din the sweetest music is heard. And as we look we see not the filthy man in rags, nor yet the criminal, but looking with the eyes of love, with that spiritual vision of the Master, we behold divine beauty within every soul which dwells in the temple of clay."

Selected.

CHAPTER VIII

FROM CONFUCIUS TO CONFUSION

"In Religion
What damnèd error, but some sober brow
Will bless it and approve it with a text!"

SHAKESPEARE.

IF REASON abused leads to the excesses, which we have studied, Religion in its abuse is even more terrible. From what has been said and from common report it is sometimes thought that Science does great harm to Religion. Science cannot harm Religion. Science may, if Science wish, claim supremacy in her own sphere—that of physical facts and forces—and as long as she remains in that sphere she will find that Religion has no quarrel with her, that, on the contrary, Religion will welcome scientifically established facts and make them serve her own exalted purposes. Warfare is no more possible between Science and Religion than it is between the Lion and the Whale. Their spheres are different. But just as in the forest there are contests between the Lion and the Elephant, just as in the sea there are bloody encounters between the Sword-fish and Whale, so Science wars on Science and unfortunately Religion on Religion! The scoffs of Science, the

doubts of the sceptics, the positive attacks of the irreligious do not do half as much harm as the warring sects. Men who are in search of the truth are shocked, when they enter the sphere of religion, to find the religionists stumbling like blind men in the noontide and in a very babel of contradictory tongues crying out: "Lo! it is here! and Lo! it is there!" The converted Oriental who discovered this disagreeable fact described his conversion as a transition from Confucius to Confusion. The average man, who otherwise might seek the truth, is very apt to give up the quest and to say to those who claim to be guides: You must first agree amongst yourselves before you attempt to guide others.

Even on the fundamentals with which alone we are concerned there is discord and disaster in the Religious world. The simple truths which Reason unfolds before us, the existence of God, the spirituality and the immortality of the human soul are distorted and obscured by blind religious teachers.

It is customary in some monasteries that when monk meets monk he bows his cowled head and murmurs in sepulchral tones: "Memento Mortis!"—Remember Death! His brother monk answers in similarly sepulchral tones: "Amen"—so be it. Then slowly and silently, but not sadly, each moves along, through the sombre solitude of the monastery, thinking how he is condemned sooner or later—to die! Some day—when, he knows not—the light in his eye will grow dim, the blood will pulse irregularly through his veins, and the beaded anguish on his brow will tell him that the end is near, that the

big black wings of the angel of death, are casting their shadow upon him and that, in a little while, his brethren, with lighted candles in their hands, and with the old psalms of David or the words of Job on their lips, will carry his remains from cell to chapel and from chapel to charnel house and the name of Brother Hyacintho or Brother Angelo will be inscribed in the catalogue of the monastic dead.

Thus the monk meditates when he hears the words: "Memento Mortis!"—Remember Death. It is a strange and an unusual custom, perhaps even a little weird and to the modern mind it may be strongly suggestive of an undesirable and even hideous morbidity of temperament. To some it may even seem psychologically harmful, if not morally wrong, because it borders on cowardice.

"Cowards die many times before their death,
The valiant never taste of death but once."

To others the monastic custom may seem to entail an act of bravery, a willingness to face facts, to appraise them properly and to accept, with undaunted spirit, the inevitable.

Be the custom as it may, call it cowardice or call it courage—sometimes, even outside of monasteries, and in spite of ourselves, we imitate the monks. During those dark days or rather those mournful months in the latter part of the year, 1918, when the plague, commonly known as the Flu, raged so fiercely and spread so rapidly from nation to nation and from city to city and counted so many victims that, in destructiveness, it was comparable even to the war which had just come to a close, it was customary, in some places even obligatory, to muffle

up our faces in medicated gauze-masks whenever we appeared among our fellow-men. For the weird monastic greeting, "Remember Death," we had substituted silently but not the less forcibly the still more morbid salutation, "Beware of Death! Beware of it now and from me!" Or if such were not the message of the masks, it was at least the milder one of the old time lepers: "Unclean! Unclean!"

We may have flattered ourselves with the thought that the medicated mask was for self-protection only; but there is little satisfaction in the thought that others and not ourselves were unclean. At all events, whether for self-protection or for the protection of others, we masked our faces and thought of death.

It was a fearful time. Friend avoided friend, even in need. Love was forbidden, under penalty of death, to kiss the parting lips of the beloved. The Doctors were powerless to help. "If they are going to die," said one of them, "they will die, even if they have the care of all the doctors in the city; if they are going to live, they will live without the care of a single doctor."

It was a thoughtful time. Never before had men grasped, with such unshakable firmness, the truth of the saying: "What shadows we are and what shadows we pursue!" Never before could the religious-minded discern, with greater clearness, the inscription written red by the war, and black by the Flu, on the ephemeral walls of the world: "Man, born of woman, living for a short time, is filled with many miseries. He cometh forth like a flower and is destroyed, and fleeth as a shadow and never continueth in the same state."

It was a mournful time. Millions of mothers, of wives, of sisters, of little children, were in tears over the loss of their loved ones. Many a brave young lad in the flower of his manhood was spared by the war only to fall victim to the plague. Many more hurried home from the front to embrace mother or wife or loved ones only to find that the cold embrace of death had already closed upon them.

The thoughtful, meditative atmosphere of the monasteries is voluntarily created by the monks; the thoughtful, fearful, mournful condition in which the whole world was plunged in that never-to-be-forgotten year of the plague was not of our own making. I think, however, that the reader can readily see the similarity between the two situations.

Now, suppose that some one were to steal into the solitude of a monastery and, stopping one of those thoughtful monks, were to say to him: "Poor fellow, what an awful disappointment will be yours if there is nothing beyond the grave!" The monk would smile, and because in spite of his forbidding exterior he retains a sense of humor, he might answer: "Yes, indeed, and what an awful surprise it will be for you if there is something beyond the grave, and that there is, no one can reasonably doubt."

I think that the reader can easily see which of the two would have gained his point. The monk might also have answered:

"O Christ, if there were no hereafter,
It still were best to follow Thee;
Tears are a nobler gift than laughter,
Who wears Thy yoke, alone is free."

But there are no "*Ifs*" in the religion of the monk.

Why, the reader may ask, have we delayed on this purely fanciful case? Nobody interferes with the monks. It is true, but some people did interfere with us when, in spite of our inclinations, we were imitating the monks. It happened this way. In the midst of the plague the editors of one of our San Francisco daily newspapers, "The Bulletin," conceived the idea of publishing a symposium of opinions on Heaven. "What Is Heaven and Where?" they asked, and they sent out one of their representatives to gather in the answers.

No one can find fault with the newspaper editors. Their question was perfectly legitimate and, above all things, timely. We have no reason to suppose that it was asked for purposes of journalism only, with a secret desire to exploit the sorrow of the people, at a time when our minds and hearts were turning so eagerly towards Heaven.

But the answers! the answers of the clergy, of professed teachers of the religion of revelation, were so strange, manifested such confusion of minds, that it might be said, without any hesitation, that they did not rise even to the plane of common sense. So far were they from offering any consolation that they seemed rather to be intent on robbing the sorrowful of whatever comfort they might have found in the thought of a life beyond the grave.

Far be it from me to imply that the representatives of religion who rushed so eagerly into print were really representative of whatever sect they followed or whatever creed they professed. Nor do I wish to be understood as accusing the contributors to the symposium on Heaven of heartless cruelty and thoughtless interference with the hopes of the world. Of the men I

have nothing to say; of their opinions nothing need be said, but a great deal will be felt.

"Heaven," said one of the contributors, "is the city where I dwell. Market Street is its principal thoroughfare. And as I travel this 'path of gold,' realizing that all men whom I meet are members of the Church of the World, I send out loving thoughts to those angels on earth, and amid the busy din the sweetest music is heard. And as we look we see not the filthy man in rags, nor yet the criminal, but looking with the eyes of love, with that spiritual vision of the Master, we behold divine beauty within every soul which dwells in the temple of clay."

This was written in all seriousness and by way of making concrete what the writer had explained in philosophical terms. Strangely enough, it contains all or nearly all that was said by the other contributors. So insistent were they on building a Heaven on earth, that a professed rationalist summarized the entire series of articles in the following paragraphs:

"One fact stands out clear and strong in the dissertations which the ministry have given on their conceptions of Heaven. That fact is that modern notions, even orthodox notions, of Heaven are, with rare exception, far away from the old ideas that prevailed for centuries throughout Christendom. It is gratifying, for it shows the world of thought is moving, and the center of gravity has changed from what I might call the theo-centric to the homo-centric.

"Man, humanity, is the big idea in the purview of these leaders of religious thought. Heaven is now conceived by them to be a condition prophetic of a paradise upon earth rather than beyond the stars. The

slant of the eye is cast only indifferently toward the skies. In this we should rejoice, for it is pregnant with hope for the future. The age of theology has passed. The age of anthropology has come. The dream of Heaven-to-be is vanishing, but the dream of a true Heaven-on-earth is ever growing more passionate, poignant and powerful."

So poignant and passionate and powerful was this dream of a true Heaven on earth that what the one writer whom we quoted said of Market Street was the underlying thought of all who denied and regarded the future Heaven as a dream. They were not all, it is true, so explicit as the rationalist; but their meaning was the same. "Heaven is self-expression," explained one; "Heaven is a coming to one's self," said another. "Heaven," added a third, "is the orchestration of humanity," or, according to a fourth, "a community of harmonious personalities."

Humanity was indeed the big idea in the purview of "these leaders of religious thought," and their writings did indicate that man was being enthroned in the place of God, or, what means the same, that modern thought was gravitating away from the theo-center and towards the homo-center.

They did not all deny Heaven and the God of Heaven outright; they got rid of both by implication. Perhaps even without being conscious of what they were doing, they substituted for reality a dream that is not only illusory but so fearfully harmful that nothing is more powerful to rob earth of some of the little joys that may be regarded as foretastes of Heaven than the very doctrine which they saw fit to offer.

"Heaven is self-expression." The idea is allied to

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"coming to one's self." To come to one's self is first in order of time. You cannot express yourself until you have something to express. What these leaders of modern thought mean by coming to one's self may best be studied in the sources whence they borrow the idea. To come to one's self means to realize one's Divinity, and to express one's self means to express the Divine that is in us. This, in its last analysis, is what is generally known as German Metaphysics, though it is very far from being exclusively German. It has found expression in New Thought and in Christian Science; it is the foundation of Positivism, which advocates a worship of humanity; it even creeps into the materialistic ravings of the so-called agnostics. When William Kingdon Clifford uttered the blasphemous words which we have already quoted and commented on: "Before Jehovah was, I am!" he was but stating, in clearer terms than those at the command of the blind religious guides, that the realization of one's Divinity is tantamount to a denial of any other Divinity.

All that was said about "coming to one's self," or "expressing one's self," or "orchestrating humanity," was admirably synopsized by a woman contributor to the newspaper symposium. "The fact of it all is," she said, "the Heaven people really believe in is a Heaven of self-expression—a Heaven here on earth, wherein, before this mortal body dies, he or she, in the flesh, shall have the friends, find the work, the mate, the environment, suited to the biological mechanism of each."

No one can deny the desirability of having every man in his place, and having him play his proper part;

but to make this the whole philosophy of life, or to make man's destiny co-extensive with his biological mechanism is a tremendous mistake. There are some very menial parts that must be played, some very obscure rôles that must be filled, and "the biological mechanism" rebels against them. Human nature is so constituted that very few are willing to play second fiddle. Most men wish to have a trombone and walk at the head of the procession. The result is comparable to the "chattering of apes on the shores of the dead-sea."

We cannot, however, form an accurate idea of all that had been said unless we study it in the concrete. The case of Market Street, already mentioned, applies with equal force to every city of the world and is admirably suited for our purpose. Market Street in San Francisco is called the Path of Gold because it has a long line of amber lights on either side, and is at night a thoroughfare of exceptional beauty and brilliancy. Nor is the brilliancy of color due to the lights alone. The unrivalled climate of San Francisco makes it possible to hold a never-ending carnival. The garments of the frequenters of Market Street are colorful and gay, the show-windows are brilliantly illuminated, and the theaters add a kaleidoscopic variety to the city's brilliancy.

But this street was said to be the main thoroughfare of Heaven at a very inauspicious time, for it was then a scene of unutterable desolation. What ghastly forms moved to and fro! All the Angels were forced by law to wear medicated masks! All had the same message: Beware of Death! It was difficult to catch any sweet music in the cries of the muffled newsboys who held

up their "Extras" before our gaze with the announcement that the Epidemic had reached its high water mark with 2800 cases in one day! It was difficult to find any harmony in the shrieking siren that demanded the right of way for the ambulance carrying its burden of stricken humanity to the overcrowded County Hospital!

Even in normal times Market Street is not very suggestive of a Heaven. All are not angels in this "main aisle of the Church of the World." The dextrous little rascal who picks your pocket is not an angel even if he spiritualizes the act by "the eyes of love." The automobile thief is not an angel, possessed of "divine beauty," although he tries to hear "the sweet symphony of sounds," as he breaks the speed limit along the Path of Gold and dashes madly down the peninsula in a stolen automobile! And as we look "we see not the filthy man in rags." Poor fellow, that is one reason why he remains in rags!

This is what truth-seekers find when, anxious to know something about their destiny, they turn even to the Ministers of Religion. Is it any wonder that they sometimes go back to those whose message is: "Behold, we know not anything!"

The cause of the shift from the theo-center to the homo-center, from God to man, is pride; not pride in our modern discoveries, or in our schemes for social reform, or even in our boasted intellectual attainments, but the ordinary, everyday high-blown pride which stands at the head of the seven deadly sins.

Pride, too, has inspired the claim that this departure from God and the accompanying homo-centric gravitation is a modern notion. That the present-day gravity

is homo-centric, in certain quarters, cannot be denied. It is equally certain that this self-centeredness—for it means the same thing—is the basis of Nietzsche's superman. Homo-centric was "the man of sin," who, as St. Paul tells us, "is lifted up above all that is called God . . . so that he sitteth in the temple of God, showing himself as if he were God." The homo-centric vagaries of his time prompted King David's complaint: "Why have the Gentiles raged and the people devised vain things?" Homo-centric were the Israelites when God complained: "They have abandoned me, the fountain of living waters, and have dug for themselves broken cisterns that can hold no water."

It was this tendency—very properly called gravitation, because the laws of gravitation are constant in the moral as well as in the physical order—that St. Augustine had in mind when he defined pride as "the love of self even to the contempt of God" (*amor sui usque ad contemptum Dei*) and humility as "the love of God even to the contempt of self" (*amor Dei usque ad contemptum sui*).

In fact, it is impossible to go away from God, or to do away with the theo-centric tendency, without at the same time turning to self, and yielding to homo-centric gravity.

I DON'T BELIEVE!

"It is always right that a man should be able
to render a reason for the faith that is within
him."

SYDNEY SMITH.

CHAPTER IX

I DON'T BELIEVE!

"Faith and unfaith can ne'er be equal powers;
Unfaith in aught is want of faith in all."

TENNYSON, *Merlin and Vivien*.

THE following story will serve the double purpose of summarizing what has been said in the foregoing chapters and of preparing the mind of the reader for what is to come. It is an excellent illustration of the effect produced on the unthinking mind by the irrational doctrines which we have refuted and it will give us an incentive for pursuing our quest for knowledge about man's Permanent Home.

Once there was an atheist, J. Ingersoll Scott, by name. His greatest delight seemed to be found in religious discussion. He had a thousand religious questions to ask, and when he failed to get a satisfactory answer he gloated inwardly. One day he chanced to begin an argument with Charles Selsby, who was known to be an educated Catholic. The argument was, in fact, the result of a wager. Some one had challenged Scott to attack Selsby, and Scott was the last man in the world to refuse.

The day was set for the encounter, but Selsby knew nothing of it. It was one of the informal gatherings of the Club, and as the word had been passed around, an unusual number of members was present. The place was also set. It was to be in the smoking room, where it was known that Selsby would be found before the meeting was called to order. The plan, too, was clearly defined. J. Ingersoll Scott was to start the argument with a third party and become so emphatically irreligious that Selsby would naturally be led into the discussion. Then the two were to be left to fight it to a finish.

The plans did not seem to carry at first. Selsby paid little or no attention to the controversy between Scott and his friend. Scott on his part was doing everything, saying everything that might be calculated to arouse the indignation of any zealous believer. He had finally silenced his adversary so completely that he had everything his own way, and taking a comfortable posture in his big Morris chair, he concluded somewhat eloquently:

"I don't believe anything. I am an unbeliever; to me all this religious business is nonsense in any or rather every shape and form. Protestants, Catholics, Christian Scientists, and the rest are all the same to me. They may mean well; they may, in spite of their beliefs, act sensibly and morally, but their beliefs are senseless and, because unjustifiable intellectually, they are immoral!"

"You have said a great deal, Scott," Selsby interposed, "but I don't believe you."

"Don't believe me?"

"No, not for a moment."

"It's a fact, however, friend Charles, and what is more, you will come to the same conclusion when you get as old as I am. I used to believe when I was young, but with advancing years I turned the search-light of intelligence on it all and there was nothing to it. It's all a mirage, a dream, a fantasy, built out of nothingness. You'll see things this way later on."

Charles Selsby smiled, but soon became serious. He seemed anxious to analyze the unbelieving mind, but in reality he wished to show his friend that, in spite of assertions, he did believe in some things.

"I am interested," he said, "in your position. And, as you have begun the conversation, you will, I am sure, bear with me, if I ask a few pertinent questions."

"Why, of course; I am always open to questions. That is one of the boasts of unbelief. You poor benighted believers fear questioning, but as for me, I revel in it."

"Very well, then, J. Ingersoll Scott, I'll take you at your word and I shall begin at the beginning. You do not believe in God, of course, because it seems to me that one who retains belief in God is forced to a series of collateral and consequential beliefs."

"You're right; I'm thorough if anything. I have demolished the whole structure from turret to foundation stone."

"Very well, but you know that this is a rather complicated world; in some respects, a beautiful world; in other respects an orderly world; part answers part and the result is a mighty, majestic, powerful, beautiful whole. You know something of astronomy, some biology, some geology and so forth, and from your varied information and observation you must admit

that, even in the material order, things run like a clock. You know what a wonderful thing life is, whether it is studied in the plant, in the brute or in man. You know what genius is when manifested by such intellectual giants as Shakespeare, Milton, Napoleon, Lincoln and the rest."

"I know what you're coming to. Go ahead!"

"You don't know what I'm coming to. You think that I am going to tell you that the order and beauty of the world demand a God; but that is not my intention. What I wish now is to ask you how all this happened?"

"That's easy; it all happened by chance. There is not a single thing in the world that needs any explanation other than that furnished by matter and motion."

"To what do we owe the origin of the world?"

"It did not have any origin: it is eternal. Matter is eternal and motion is eternal."

"But some things in the world did have an origin, life for instance. Human life isn't eternal, is it?"

"Human life is only a special kind of motion. That special kind of motion may not have been eternal, but the general motion was!"

"And will it last forever?"

"Matter will last forever, and motion will last, but this or that particular kind of motion may cease to be."

"What, then, becomes of a man when he dies?"

"The motion ceases, the light goes out. It is just as unreasonable to ask about the future life of a man as it is to ask where the light goes, when it goes out."

"I understand. Just as the light goes out or the motion ceases, so we go out or cease to be. Death is then annihilation."

"As far as the individual is concerned, yes."

"And in its origin it was just a new impulse to an old, eternal motion?"

"Yes."

"How about what we call morality? Is it wrong to kill or to steal or to lie?"

"It's wrong to be unreasonable and it's unreasonable to do these things."

"What is meant by being unreasonable? If I understand you, life is motion, and I suppose reason is motion. The consequence seems to be that there is some absence of motion in the unreasonable and there is no more blame to be attached to the absence of motion in a man than there is to a broken down automobile. The only comment that would be reasonable in the case of a highway robber or an exploiter of widows and orphans would be, 'Poor fellow, his machinery is out of gear, or in low gear, or in intermediate.' What do you say to that?"

"You can't prove it!"

"Prove what? I'm not trying to prove anything; I am merely asking you to explain the world in general and life in particular, with a view to find out what you really believe!"

"I don't believe anything!"

"Yes you do, and if you will permit me I shall give your creed in all its ridiculous particulars."

"I have no creed."

"You have, sir, and an interesting one it is; but according to your ideas it isn't your fault; your material brain moves that way."

"What do you mean by my creed?"

"Will you permit me to give it in full?"

"Surely."

"Here it is:

"You believe in matter and motion, the eternal omnipotent makers of the world. You believe that life is matter in motion and that there is no such a thing as morality or immorality; that prisons, for instance, should be regarded as mere repair-shops for damaged machinery. You believe that when a man dies he dies like a dog, is, in fact, annihilated, as far as that which is erroneously called the soul is concerned, while the body is subject to disintegration. You believe—"

"Hold—what do you believe?"

"That is not the question; you began by claiming that you did not believe anything and I have shown you, very clearly, that you believe quite a few things and some very strange things at that."

"You know very well what I meant; I don't believe what you orthodox people believe."

"Ah, that is another question. You did believe once, you were formerly a Christian!"

"I was, but I found that I could not give a reason for my belief. And I dropped it."

"Can you give a reason for your present belief? If you can, taking the articles of your creed one by one and opposing them to articles in my creed I promise to give five reasons for the corresponding orthodox article of faith to every one you give for your unorthodox articles."

"I don't quite grasp the idea."

"I'll endeavor to explain. You believe that matter and motion are the makers of the world; I believe that an intelligent, all-powerful God is its Maker. What proof or reason can you give for your belief? Is that

clear? You believe that you die like a dog. Can you prove it? You believe that life is mere motion in matter. Can you give a single solid reason for such belief?"

"I do not have to give reasons for unbelief."

"That is the whole point of my contention," said Selsby. "Your condition of mind is negative only when it is compared with the positive belief of others; but in itself it is very positive, as I have shown you. The mind is like the eye; when open, it has to see something! If on a glorious spring morning I see the beauties of 'meadow, grove and stream' and you do not, I am justified in asking what you do see. If, in the circumstances, you claim to *see nothing*, there is only one possible conclusion to draw, and that is that you have closed your eyes. If you say that meadow, grove and stream have no beauty *for you*, there is something wrong with your eyes. But when you say that there is no beauty in the flower-strewn meadows, you are saying something positive; you are saying that the flowers are ugly and offensive, that singing of the birds is discordant, and the murmuring cataracts are out of harmony. To be reasonable you will have to offer some explanation for these positive assertions, for positive they are most certainly."

Selsby had conquered. During the war he had some experience in both offensive and defensive tactics, and he had learned that while he was on the defensive there was a great deal of uncertainty in the situation. He did not know when or where the enemy would strike, nor what kind of weapon he would use. It was so different with offensive work. He could bide his time and strike, according to his own convenience.

A similar situation was offered to him that night in the Club, and he very tactfully assumed the offensive. He attacked the enemy and he gained a victory.

Thus far in our efforts we have been on the offensive. We have endeavored to demolish the positions occupied by the conscious or unconscious opponents of the truth. It is the safer way to argue with the credulous occultists, the sceptical scientists and the compromising religionists.

We are now to take up the positive side of our case, which, we feel confident, is so strong that no one who takes the trouble to follow the course of our argument will fail to be convinced. We may not be able to draw a picture of man's Permanent Home, but we promise to establish the fact that we have such a Home and by following our guide, Reason, to show in what the happiness of that Home consists.

GOD, KNOWN BY REASON

"We find that all knowledge must lead up to one great result, that of an intelligent recognition of the Creator through His works."

SIR WILLIAM SIEMENS,
Presidential Address before British Association.

CHAPTER X

GOD, KNOWN BY REASON

"Chaos first reigned. Did star call unto star;
The seas select their beds, and from afar
The worlds assemble to assign their swings,
Or did a Master place them as they are?"

GEORGE CREEL.

THERE can be no reasonable discussion of immortal blessedness, nor of anything else, unless God is either taken for granted or His existence and, in a general way, His nature are demonstrated. All sciences, even those of the natural order, are systematic endeavors to understand the causes of things, but unless the Cause of causes is known, human science is nothing more than a multiplication of enigmas.

"I know what causes fire," says the learned Professor. "It is the combination of oxygen and carbon!"

"Yes, but what causes them to combine?"

"I know what causes disease," says the Doctor. "It is the microbe!"

"Indeed, but what causes the microbe?"

Thus wrote "The Spectator" in the San Francisco Examiner, under the heading "Our Vast and Comprehensive Ignorance," and he arrived at the dis-

tressing conclusion that "so it is with all our explanations, all our goings back to the causes of things. They only push the mystery back a little. We are enswathed in mystery. All science is the scum on the sea of nescience."

Humiliating as this conclusion is, it must be accepted by all men of science who profess to know nothing about God. All science is, indeed, the scum on the sea of nescience, that is to say, the very froth of ignorance, unless we acknowledge or prove the existence of a Supreme Being that is the ultimate Cause of all causes. Science, without God, may do much to explain what *is*, but it cannot reach the *causes* of things, for experiment only shows phenomena or surface facts. Carbon and oxygen combine in definite proportions and emit heat. Fire *is* that, but is not *caused* by that.

If this be true of even the physical sciences, it is most emphatically true of the Science of the Hereafter. All knowledge is ruled by the idea of finality. We cannot be said to know anything about anything unless we know "what it is for," or, in other words, its purpose or its destiny. The question of man's Permanent Home is identical with the question of his destiny. If then, God is the "End of Man," according to the fervent exclamation of St. Augustine,—"Thou hast made us for Thyself, O God, and our souls can find no rest until they rest in Thee"—it is evident, even to the superficial reader, that, before we discuss the Hereafter, we must turn our thoughts to the absorbingly interesting study of God.

Our plan, an appeal to Reason, forbids us to take anything for granted. Our aim at unity does not

permit us to wander too far afield. Fortunately the truth of God's existence does not require a prolonged discussion and it may be studied with a view of bringing out in clearer light the truth about our final Home.

The Hindu legend, to which reference has already been made, tells us that the earth rests on an elephant, the elephant on a turtle and the turtle on—nothing! Apparently an inadequate explanation of things, this legend gives proof positive of God's existence.

If we ask: What does the earth rest on? or, What does the universe rest on? with the implied supposition that it must rest on something finite, there is far more sense in the Hindu answer than there is in our question. The very idea of dependence, which is contained in the question, ought to preclude the possibility of looking for a support or a cause that is itself dependent.

The earth and the whole sum of things which we call the universe needs support in more senses than one. The earth is moving, everything else in the universe is moving. Who or what started the motion?

"The eternal potencies of matter!" some enthusiastic youth may exclaim.

A fine phrase, no doubt; but are these so-called eternal potencies uncaused and independent? If they are eternal, uncaused and independent, they are infinite and so one cannot get away from an Infinite Being by speaking about eternal potencies of matter. If on the other hand the so-called eternal potencies are like to those which we observe, dependent and caused, then we are forced to make them ultimately dependent on—nothing!

Moreover, a potency of itself is purely *passive*. It becomes active only when there is an act or activity behind it. Hence, what some are pleased to call eternal potency becomes, on analysis, a pure Act—i. e., God.

It is quite futile and unreasonable to suppose that the ultimate Cause of things is of the same nature as the proximate causes with which we are familiar. All the proximate causes that we observe are themselves caused. Everything that supports another is in turn supported by something else. The acorn may be regarded as the cause of the giant oak, but the acorn was itself caused by an oak-tree. One link of a chain hanging from the ceiling is supported by another link and that other by a third and so on until you reach the ceiling which, in its turn, is supported by walls or columns and these rest upon the earth.

In both of these cases and in all others, of which they may serve as types, we have a series of cause and effect and the only reasonable thing to do, if we are looking for an ultimate Cause, is to seek one that is extra-serial.

A series, in which every element is dependent, is itself dependent. Thus in the chain, every link depends upon another link. If we wish to support the chain, we must find a support outside of the chain. The world is made up of a series of causes, every one of which depends on another cause. Since then every cause is dependent, the whole series of causes, or the whole finite world is dependent, and since a dependent series of causes demands an extra-serial and an independent cause, it is obvious that, back of the world, there is such a Cause.

If there are atheists or agnostics, it is not because Reason is silent about God; it is because they do not understand the language of Reason. What is there more simple and at the same time more eloquent than the following process of reasoning, which has not lost any of its power because it is old and familiar:

Which existed first, the acorn or the oak-tree?

Not the acorn, because every acorn depends upon or is caused by an oak-tree.

Not the oak-tree, because every oak-tree is caused by an acorn.

Therefore, unless we go beyond this series of cause and effect, we must come to the very unreasonable conclusion that neither acorn nor oak-tree have any existence, for the oak-tree cannot exist without a pre-existing acorn, and the acorn cannot exist without a pre-existing oak-tree.

It is evident then that there is an outside Cause. When the materialistic evolutionists bring us back to a primitive protoplasm, out of which all living things—from oak-trees to men—have grown, they are asking us to believe that this primitive protoplasm, the germ of all life, rests on—nothing, which is, as gratuitous as postulating the spontaneous appearance of an acorn or any other germ of life, as gratuitous as saying that an egg explains the existence of the entire feathered creation.

It is, therefore, a fact and not a fancy, a truth without any admixture of error or of myth that there is an uncaused Cause of things, an independent Being on Whom all dependent beings depend.

This argument may be put in strict logical form, thus:

All causes which come under our observation are dependent.

But dependent causes must have something to depend upon.

Therefore there must be in the scheme of things a Cause on which all other causes depend and which itself is not dependent.

The experimentalists object that this inference brings us beyond experience. Of course it does. So does every inference that is worth anything. So does the inference of the experimentalists themselves in virtue of which they venture to assert that "all knowledge must be limited to the facts of experience." This assertion baffles experience. In fact every time they draw a conclusion about anything they contradict themselves.

The average mind that has not been befuddled by misuse or clouded by the poisonous vapors that rise from an unclean heart can readily grasp this fundamental truth, that there is an eternal, infinite Being—God. We may be enswathed in mystery inasmuch as we do not *fully* understand the ultimate Cause or the proximate causes or anything else. There is as much mystery in the formation of a single blade of grass as in the whole range of orthodox belief. But the blade of grass is not all mystery; we know *that* it is, and *that* it grows and *that* it reproduces itself.

There are, however, some truths that are not mysteries. We can fully understand them. " $2+2=4$ " is such a truth. Even the little child can understand it and, what is more remarkable, can understand it in its

abstract form. When you tell the child and even give concrete demonstration that two apples added to two apples make four apples, you are only teaching him how to express what he has already observed. Of his own power of intellect he can apply this truth to any other objects, to chairs, tables, houses, men. He has, therefore, a grasp of this truth even in its abstract form and he finds nothing mysterious about it. He knows that "2+2=4" is a truth and, though he may not express it in these words, he knows that it is an eternal, necessary, absolute truth.

That there is an uncaused Cause and that an uncaused Cause is eternal (for, if it began to be, it would have to have a cause) and that an eternal Cause is infinite, are truths that belong to the same category as "2+2=4." There is no mystery attached. They force themselves upon the intellect as the sun at noon-day forces itself upon the eye. If then "Science is (at times) a scum on the sea of nescience," it is because some scientists try to shut out this fundamental truth, that there is a God, and because by so doing they render their minds incapable of grasping secondary truths.

The existence of God is so vitally interwoven with man's eternal destiny that the reader will welcome a further and a simpler indication of the reasonableness of our acknowledgment of dependence upon God. We shall let a little story—an old and familiar one, but none the less convincing—serve as an argument.

There was an astronomer once who had a little mechanism formed to represent the solar system—the sun and the planets that revolve around it. He

had it so formed that he could set it in motion and each planet would revolve on its own axis and turn around the central sphere which represented the sun. One day an atheist came to his room and was so struck by the ingenuity of the device that he determined to secure one for himself.

"Who made it?" he asked, and was astonished when his friend seemed to hesitate.

"Who made it?" he repeated, adding by way of apology for his curiosity, "I wish to procure one for myself."

The astronomer sat back in his chair and looked at the questioner with an expression of wonder. And then, with assumed seriousness, he answered:

"My friend, I have something very important to tell you, something that will astonish the scientific world and cause you to regard me as a most learned scientist."

"What has all this to do with my question?" interrupted the atheist.

"It has much to do, my friend, it has much to do! Your question is unscientific, it manifests—pardon my candor—a certain degree of ignorance and superstition, and more than that, implying as it does, that one may argue from an effect to a cause, it marks you as a medieval metaphysician! I am surprised that a man of your intelligence should ask such a question."

"You are joking!"

"Not at all."

"Then you have lost your Reason."

"By no means!"

"Then let it drop at that. I didn't think you

would have any difficulty in telling me who made the thing."

"That is where you are unscientific. The truth of the matter is that *it has no maker!*"

The two looked at each other for a moment in astonishment and the atheist thought to end the unpleasantness by passing it off as a joke.

"You are only joking," he remarked.

But the incident did not end there. The astronomer arose, took his friend by the hand, looked into his eyes and, with great earnestness, said: "My friend, if I am either joking or out of my mind when I say that this little mechanism had no maker, what judgment must I pass on you, who say that the real sun and the real planets that roll through boundless space, have had no Maker?"

The point of the story is obvious. One cannot be an atheist without either stifling Reason or indulging in pitiable self-deception. "You are only joking" or "You have lost your Reason" is the only possible answer to the atheist.

But because there are so many who, for all practical purposes, are atheists, so many who live as if there were no God, we shall delay, for a brief space, on their pitiable mental condition.

God's existence and abiding presence is manifested in a thousand ways. First of all, the world in which we live is very fair and very beautiful. All along the wild forests God has carved the forms of beauty. Every hill and valley, in their rugged native luxuriance or in their man-made grandeur, are pictures of beauty. The rivers and the rivulets, the springs, the glassy surface of the lake or the

heaving breast of the ocean are mirrors of beauty. Every planet and every star, that decks the blue vault of the heavens and rolls through boundless space harmoniously, is a thing of beauty. All along the aisles of earth, all over the arches of the heavens, and in the star-lit veil that hides the Holy of Holies from human gaze there are forms of luxuriant beauty. Motion is beauty in action; from the mote that plays its little frolic in the sunbeam to the worlds or suns that blaze along the sapphire span of the firmament, everything that moves is an expression of harmony and of beauty.

Then there is power in the world. Go out into the night and view the stars that shine through the darkness. They seem mere specks, mere jewels of rare lustre; but they are worlds, balanced in the ocean of space. The sun, how powerful and how varied its exercise of power! It gives us warmth in summer, and rain in winter, it clothes our fields with verdure, gives whiteness to the lily, redness to the rose, and to the orange a living gold. All creation proclaims God's power; the laughing cataracts, and the loud hosannas of the ocean, breaking on its shores, the singing birds, the sighing winds, the waving pines!

But above all else there is intelligence in the world, and there is love and freedom, powers that make man what he is, an image of the Godhead that is intelligent and loving and free.

The atheist understands none of these things. Power, beauty, intelligence, freedom, love are to him manifestations of blind force. Even the old pagan philosophers were capable of rising from nature to

nature's God and as a result they were more appreciative of both. "The existence of God," says one of them, "is as evident in the intellectual order as the existence of the sun in the physical order; but just as in the physical order there are owls and bats who cannot see, because there is such abundant light, so there are atheists in spite of the resplendence of God's presence." Coleridge has put the thought into verse:

"Forth from his dark and lonely hiding place,
(Portentous sight) the owlet Atheism
Sailing on obscene wings athwart the noon,
Drops his blue-fringed lids and holds them close,
And hooting at the glorious sun in heaven,
Cries out, 'Where is it?'"

We have to choose between God and darkness, between God and a meaningless life.

But, you may say, there seem to be so many difficulties against belief in God. Great men, scientists and philosophers have denied God. It is true of some, but not of the really great. Those who were genuine philosophers have claimed that science demands God. Lord Kelvin, one of the great modern scientists, tells us that "Science positively affirms Creative Power. It is not in dead matter that we live and move and have our being, but in the creating and directing Power which science compels us to accept as an article of belief. We cannot escape from that conclusion when we study the physics and dynamics of living and dead matter all around. We only know God in His works, and we are absolutely forced by science to believe with perfect confidence in a Directive Power—in an influence other than physical, or dynamical, or electrical forces. Forty

years ago I asked Liebig, walking in the country, if he believed that the grass and flowers that we saw around us grew by mere chemical forces. He answered, 'No, no more than I could believe that a book of botany describing them could grow by mere chemical forces.' Every action of free will is a miracle to physical and chemical action and mathematical science. Do not be afraid of being free thinkers! If you think strongly enough, you will be forced by science to believe in God, which is the foundation of all religion. You will find science not antagonistic, but helpful to religion."

What Kelvin taught is the universal verdict of eminent scientists. Professors Stewart and Tait tell us that they "assume as absolutely self-evident the existence of a Deity who is the Creator and Upholder of all things." "The presence of Mind alone explains to our reason the mystery of the Universe," says Sir John Herschel. "The study of the phenomena of Nature," says the late Sir George G. Stokes, "leads us to the contemplation of a Being from Whom proceeded the orderly arrangement of natural things that we behold." "We find," said Sir William Siemens, in his presidential address to the British Association, "that all knowledge must lead up to one great result, that of an intelligent recognition of the Creator through His works." And Lord Kelvin himself, speaking in the same capacity, similarly declared: "Overpowering proofs of intelligence and benevolent design lie around us, showing to us through Nature the influence of a free will, and teaching us that all living beings depend upon one ever-acting Creator and Ruler." Finally, the

acknowledged prince of science, Sir Isaac Newton, lays its down in his *Principia* that to treat of God, from the phenomena of the world we live in, is a part of Natural Philosophy, and that the whole system of celestial mechanics could have no other origin than the design and the power of a wise and mighty Being.

The atheists themselves have often added their voice to the universal verdict of the world. Often in their old age they lamented the sins of their youth. On his deathbed Voltaire called for a priest,—but it is doubtful whether or not he had the consolations of the religion which he had spurned during life. Littré was baptized a short while before his death and died in sentiments of repentance, professing openly and with sorrow that he had been "a great sinner." Bastiat exclaimed in his last moments: "I see, I know, I believe; I am a Christian!" Even Renan tells us that "the virtue of man is, after all, the great proof of God." It is an eloquent saying and in perfect accord with the truth expressed by Sainte-Beuve that "the enemies of Christ's Divinity are generally men who cannot be commended for humility and continence"; or with the sentiments of La Bruyère, who says: "I should like to see a man, sober, sedate, chaste, upright and honest, who at the same time would deny the existence of God."

Unfortunately there are men,—sober, sedate, chaste, upright and honest,—who though not atheists themselves, do much to produce atheism in others. Sir Bertram C. A. Windle, the author of an interesting collection of essays on Science and Morals, suggests

as one of the most potent causes of atheism among men of science, "the early nineteenth century Evangelicism," especially that terrible variety, Calvinism, according to which God was presented to the youth of that period "as a kind of super-policeman: a hard-hearted policeman, with an exaggerated code of misdoings, forever waiting around a corner to pounce on evil-doers, and, one was obliged to think, apparently almost pleased at the opportunity of catching them."

The author, from whom we have quoted this significant paragraph, details the terrors of exaggerated Evangelicism, which has its revival in the exaggerated Sabbatarianism of today. No sensible man can believe in a God who is a "super-policeman waiting around the corner to pounce on evil-doers and apparently pleased at the opportunity of catching them."

On the other hand, and perhaps more prevalent, is the modern notion that God is an impersonal principle and that man, as a manifestation of that principle, cannot sin.

It is therefore necessary for our purpose to study the nature of God. That God is, we have seen. What God is, we shall endeavor to show in our next chapter.

WHAT IS GOD?

"No one is so much alone in the universe as the denier of God. With an orphaned heart, which has lost the greatest of fathers, he stands mourning by the immeasurable corpse of nature, no longer moved or sustained by the Spirit of the universe, but growing in its grave; and he mourns until he himself crumbles away from a dead body."

RICHTER.

CHAPTER XI

WHAT IS GOD?

"Acquaint thyself with God if thou would'st taste
His works. Admitted once to His embrace,
Thou shalt perceive that thou wast blind before:
Thine eye shall be instructed; and thine heart
Made pure shall relish with divine delight,
Till then unfelt, what hands divine have wrought."

COWPER, *The Task.*

IT IS evident that we cannot know the nature of God in a comprehensive way. Our minds are finite and God is infinite. We cannot put the ocean into a little hole dug in the sand. There are, however, some things that we can understand about God, in a limited way, of course, and yet with sufficient clearness for our purpose. These things may be divided into two general classes: (1) we may understand what God is not and (2) we may understand, in a general way, what God is.

By some God is conceived as a "person" in the human sense of the word, that is to say, He is regarded as a being similar to human beings, though of a superior order, a kind of a superman or, in the words of one who wished to scoff at another idea of personality, as "a king who sits on a throne and watches the worlds go round!"

It was this idea which he fancied, or pretended to fancy, was generally accepted, that Voltaire held up to ridicule when he said: "In the beginning God made man to His own image; in the course of time man reversed the process and made God like man!" It is this idea which the Christian Scientists regard, erroneously, as the only correct notion of personality. It is known as the anthropomorphic idea of God, or the representation of God under human form. It is a denial of God's infinite attributes, of His unlimited perfections, because a human being is very imperfect and essentially finite.

No genuine thinker, either Christian or pagan, ever entertained such a notion of the Deity, and so when men echoing the scoffs of Voltaire accuse Christians of anthropomorphism, they are either insincere or fearfully ignorant; insincere because even the little child is taught that "God is a spiritual Being, infinitely perfect"; ignorant because they do not seem to make allowances for the exigencies or the beauties of human language.

When we say that God "sees" us, that He "holds" the world in the "hollow of His hand," or that the earth is His "foot-stool," we do not, for a moment, imply that He has eyes, and hands and feet. We are speaking according to the limitations of our human language or rather according to its beauties. We are attributing to God powers which we possess, but we do not say that God possesses them in the same way.

The other extreme, that of regarding God as a sleepless, active energy, which "yesterday and today and forever actuates all things, as the human spirit

"actuates the body," is not less erroneous and, when properly understood, even more degrading than anthropomorphism.

"God is in the universe," says one, "precisely what you are in your body." "Twentieth century people," writes another, "recognize God chiefly in the wonderful energies of sound, light and electricity, in the vital processes of plants and animals, in human loves and aspirations and in the evolution of human society."

This is out-and-out pantheism and, in no sense of the word, is it a creation of Twentieth Century people. It dates back to the days of Grecian philosophy, and has been revived from time to time by philosophers like Spinoza and Schelling, or by the makers of modern religions, like Mrs. Eddy. It is sometimes clothed in deceptive language, but it always comes to the same thing, that there is no God distinct from the world.

Pantheism, according to Ernst Haeckel, is a polite way of denying God altogether, but, if we study it more closely, if we consider the destructive powers of energy, the sometimes sickening varieties of its manifestations, if we observe the criminal characteristics of vital phenomena and the utterly undesirable forms of social evolution, we are at a loss to see in what the politeness of pantheism consists. It seems rather to be and is a degradation of God. Murder and robbery, adultery and lying are not sins, according to the Christian Scientists,—to give but one instance of pantheistic blasphemy,—because, as they explain, God cannot sin and, as in their erroneous doctrine, God is the only reality, there is nothing else that can. The appearances or phenomena which we

call evil are manifestations of the one reality God or Good, and are, according to their explanation, evil only in appearance.

A concept of God which makes evil good cannot be accepted by reasonable men.

As, therefore, Reason excludes the concept of God as a manlike being and, with greater force, the concept of a God identified with the world, it is evident that the first characteristic or attribute of the Supreme Being is distinctness from the world. God is in the universe, intimately present everywhere, and at all times, but God cannot be said to be the universe. Neither can He be said to be in the world, precisely as the soul is in the body, because the soul is so intimately united to the body as to form one individual being. Though God is so intimately united with the world, that it is truly said by St. Paul, "In Him we live and move and are," still He is quite distinct from the world. He is an extra-mundane Being, not in the sense of a far-off God, Who is not interested in us, but in the sense of a far-superior Being Who has none of the imperfections which necessarily characterize finite beings.

If when we think of God in this way, as present in though quite distinct from the world, as an extra-mundane Spirit, spiritual in His essence and infinitely perfect, we call Him a Ruler, a King, a Monarch, it is by analogy only. He is to the world what a ruler is to his kingdom. In some transcendental way He governs all things, sustains all things, and brings them to the end for which they were created, but in a way which is in keeping with the peculiar nature of every creature.

If to this necessary distinctness from the world we can add intelligence, we shall find that in God there is every element that goes to constitute the philosophical meaning of the word "personality,"—"the subsistence of a rational or intellectual nature as an individual being."

But we find in God not intelligence only but beauty, goodness, love, truth, justice—in a word, all that has power to arouse within us a sense of admiration.

By what process do we find all these perfections in God? We have already seen that there is an independent, uncaused Cause of things. Now whenever we compare an effect with its cause we find that the cause contains, in some way, actually or in a higher degree, all the perfections of the effect, for the very simple reason that "nothing can convey to another what it does not possess; you cannot get an apple tree out of a millstone."

There cannot, therefore, be anything in the world around about us which is not present in God, in an infinitely higher degree and an infinitely more glorious form, because whatever is contained in an infinite Being is infinitely perfect.

God, therefore, possesses all the beauties of the material world, without the limitations of matter. The golden light of the setting sun, the dazzling expanse of the heaving ocean, the delicate grandeur of the humble flower, the monarch-like magnificence of the sturdy oak, glorious and beautiful as they are, become like grains of dust compared to the commanding majesty of the noonday sun when they are placed side by side with the corresponding beauty of God.

God possesses all the beauties of the moral order.

The confiding spirit of unsuspecting boyhood, the self-sacrificing devotion of heroic manhood, the tenderness of mother love, the purity of virgins,—are these not beautiful and worthy of our admiration? In God moral beauty, without the imperfections of earth, is synonymous with infinite sanctity. It is in admiration of the moral beauty of God that the seraphic choir exclaims, "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Hosts."

Among the perfections of earth we may mention, next in order, that of intelligence. God possesses intelligence, again according to His nature, in an infinite degree of perfection. The intelligence of God is so evident that even the pagan philosopher, Cicero, could write: "The matter does not appear to need discussion, for what can be so plain and obvious, when we look up to Heaven and behold the star-lit sky, as that there exists a Deity of surpassing intelligence by Whom all is ordered? If anyone doubts this, I, for my part, cannot understand why he does not also doubt that the sun exists. For how is the one more evident than the other?"

And then he goes on to ask whether, on seeing a well-built house, even though we did not see the owner, we could possibly bring ourselves to believe that it was the work of unintelligent animals.

But there is an objection. There seem to be so many imperfections in the world. "The graceful flower growing up to its perfection is nipped by the frost or biting wind that passes over it, and it dies untimely. The delicate mechanism of the eye finds no sufficient protection against external influences which destroy its sight. The fleetness of the

young gazelle does not save it from the lion or the wolf. The rain is often insufficient to nourish the thirsty plants or to supply the wants of the living creatures upon the earth. Do not all these failures point to a Designer of limited and imperfect capacity?"

We must admit that, as far as the proximate or immediate end of created things is considered, apparent failures no doubt exist, but this is quite different from saying that there is failure with regard to some higher and nobler end. We may not understand the purposes of the Intelligence that has designed the world, but that God is intelligent is plain from the perfections of the world, even apart from our other argument—that whatever He has given to His creatures, He contains in Himself. He has given intelligence to man. Therefore He is himself intelligent.

Finally, for we cannot prolong our study of God's attributes, He is infinitely good, and because of His infinite goodness He regards us with infinite love. No mother ever loved her first-born child as God loves man. It is a tremendous thought, but it is undeniable, unless we deny, which we cannot do in reason, the existence of love and goodness in God's world.

If the trials of life,—and that there are many we cannot deny,—seem to militate against this contention, we must give the same answer as we gave to the difficulty based upon apparent failures. Certain it is that, were we created for this world and subjected, without any actual fault of our own, to the trials and disappointments of life, it would be hard

—if not impossible—to understand how God could love us with infinite tenderness, but when we consider an ulterior end, when we have the truth impressed upon us that life is only a preparation and death a transition, the very trials may be regarded as proofs of God's love.

Reason goes very far in establishing the Fatherhood of God that is so emphasized in the Gospels, and the chastisements of life are but indications that God is not like an overindulgent father that permits his children to go unrebuked even when they are guilty of wrong.

God, therefore, is a Personal Being, just as much as we are, only His "personality" is of an infinitely higher order than ours.

THE INSIGNIFICANCE OF MAN

"We are inferior to the angels, in the exile and darkness wherein we live; but when, O God, we shall have returned to our native country, when the great day of Thy glory shall have dissipated the thickness of our darkness, when we shall see Thee face to face, who shall then be able to prevent our being equal to the angels?"

ST. AUGUSTINE.

CHAPTER XII

THE INSIGNIFICANCE OF MAN

"How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful is man!
How passing wonder He, Who made him such!"

YOUNG, *Night Thoughts.*

WHAT we have suggested about the infinite perfections of God gives rise to a difficulty. How can the all-perfect Creator take any interest in man? How can He be said to take such a paternal interest as that on which man's hope for a permanent state of blessedness must necessarily rest? Man is such an insignificant creature that he cannot even be compared with God.

If we accept as accurate Professor Michelson's recent calculations, we may compare our little earth with that single star, Betelgeuse, which the eminent astronomer measured. The diameter of Betelgeuse is 300 times the diameter of the sun, which, in its turn, is 110 times that of the earth. Hence Betelgeuse is 33,000 times greater in diameter than our earth.

Now, as Garrett P. Serviss puts it, we can call the earth's diameter 1, and that of Betelgeuse 33,000. We cube 1, i. e., multiply it by itself twice, and it

is still 1. We cube 33,000, and the result is 35,937,-000,000,000, or almost thirty-six trillions, which represents the number of times that Betelguese exceeds the earth in bulk or volume.

If, then, the earth is so humiliatingly small, what can we say of the little race of men that inhabits the earth? May we not, in the strong language of Tennyson,—“What is it all but a battle of ants in the glare of a million million suns!”—give a pretty fair summary of the whole history of the race, past, present and future?

On the tomb of Daniel Webster is the following inscription written by the statesman himself:

“Lord, I believe; help Thou my unbelief. Philosophical arguments, especially those drawn from the vastness of the universe in comparison with the apparent insignificance of this globe, have sometimes shaken my reason for the faith that is in me, but my heart has always assured me and reassured me that the Gospel of Jesus Christ must be a Divine reality. The Sermon on the Mount cannot be a merely human production. This belief enters into the very depths of my conscience. The whole history of man proves it.”

This is an old-time difficulty, and we say it with all due respect to Daniel Webster, it is one for which the assurances and reassurances of the heart offer no solution. It is a difficulty experienced by the mind of man and, if there be an answer, it must be an answer of Reason.

Before we attempt to answer this objection we may call attention to the erroneous assumptions on which it rests. It assumes, first of all, that there are limita-

tions in God, that He is not capable of the effort which interest in His creatures is erroneously supposed to require. Secondly, it assumes a proportion between the Creator and the creature; man, it is implied, is not worthy of the loving attention of God. Of course he is not worthy; no creature, however perfect, could have intrinsic worth in the eyes of an infinite Creator. Finally it assumes, on the part of the objector, the power to pass judgment on the significance of things. The least of God's creatures is important as an effect of creative power and infinite goodness.

Still we may endeavor to determine man's place in the universe. To do this, with any hope of success, we must make sure that we begin with some legitimate and reasonable standard of valuation. We recognize at once that size or bulk is not such a standard. Certainly no one would choose a ton of coal in preference to a costly diamond. The relative value of these things may, it is true, be conventional, but even in our conventions we are often-times guided by the intrinsic value of things and, if constitution counts for anything, a diamond, in itself, is more valuable than a ton of coal; it is more wonderful in its structure.

Consider a lily of the field or a rose, and compare it, in its delicacy, its beauty, its power to grow and to reproduce itself, with a lofty mountain that stands motionless and mute from age to age! Compare the flower, or, as we are looking for bulk, compare a giant redwood with, for instance, the bird that builds its nest in the tree. The little bird that sings God's praises has a sentient life which the

redwood has not. The bird, therefore, is far more valuable intrinsically.

And now compare man first, in his material make-up, I will not say to the mountain or to the monarch-like redwood, nor to the sun, but to the entire solar system! Materially considered, he possesses all that there is of beauty, power, order in the whole material world, and if he is lacking in bulk, he surpasses all else in delicacy of tissue, in beauty of form, in motion, in growth, in power. Man is a "microcosm," a little world, all the more wonderful because little!

Nor is this all. If man, even from a material standpoint is more valuable than the whole material universe, he has that which lifts him far beyond the reach of comparison. Man is intelligent. Mote though he be "in the sunbeams of time, a leaf on the vast river of eternity," he is nevertheless deserving of our unstinted admiration for what, by the power of intellect, he has accomplished. In spite of his littleness, in spite of the ephemeral character of his sojourn on earth, he has become master of the world, he has proved himself such a mighty conqueror that we might well expect the angels to do him reverence.

Placed upon the earth, he found himself surrounded by obstacles and difficulties and dangers of every conceivable variety. There were towering mountains that lost themselves in the clouds from human view, long stretches of barren plains and tangled brush or oceans of sand. He had to live, he had to communicate with his fellowmen, he had to enjoy himself. And so, if the snow-peaked mountains stood in his way, he tunneled them or encircled

them with rails of glittering steel. If the forests threatened to usurp his place, he went forth with ax in hand and turned them into prosperous villages. If the desert wastes were unproductive, he made them teem with life and vegetation. If he needed or thought he needed ornaments, he dug down into the solid earth and robbed her rich metallic veins or plunged deep into the sea for precious stones and then molded or polished them for use and ornamentation.

A cynic once said in apparent glee: "Man marks the earth with ruin; his control stops at the shore." It is not so. Human intelligence invented the iron prow that cuts the waves and enables man to ride in triumph upon the subjected surface of the deep. Not contented with riding securely on its surface, man has built his submarines and, though we may associate with them the power of destruction, they are in themselves testimonies to his ingenuity.

Again, man viewed the birds of the air and envied their power of flight. They were his superiors; they floated above his head while he had to walk the earth and sail the ocean wave. Now he has wrested their secret from the birds and can ride in triumph on the wings of the winds!

These are suggestions, only suggestions of the accomplishments of man. They refer to the purely mechanical order, it is true; but every one of them demands an intelligence that is, in a sense, creative. Man does not fly instinctively; man does not, by any natural endowments, sail the ocean wave, nor is he a natural rodent. Every step forward has been a conquest over nature,—at least over physical nature.

But he has risen beyond the purely mechanical order. Above the earth, above the circumambient atmosphere, there stretches a canopy of blue in which man has ever taken a keen interest. The vault of night is studded with stars that seem to the observer like precious jewels set in azure loveliness, or like "white lilies floating upon the surface of a waveless lake." Not satisfied with appearances, man took the wings of intelligence, penetrated the firmament, explored the fathomless depths of space, discovered that the apparent white lilies are worlds, vaster far than the little earth on which he rides through space; and reported such wonders that they seem too staggering to be true. He told us of groups of suns traveling in spirals towards a common center. "It is like a great army entering the capital for a festival. The town is already full of soldiers, while others are still arriving, and their immense lines are to be seen far out in the country. But there is this difference, that these are not mere soldiers, but kings, each of which governs twenty worlds; and each of these kings advances escorted by all his kingdoms. Millions of empires, millions of worlds, unite to become one forever!"

Let the reader note well that man does not stop with what he observes. By observation he has gone very far, but by calculation he has gone farther. There are some wandering stars. They appear but once in a century or in many centuries. They emerge at the hour fixed from the unspeakable and indescribable depths where no vision, no telescope can follow them. They come and they shine at the very point marked for them by man on our horizon "and

saluting with their light the intelligence which had foretold their reappearance, return back to the solitude where the Infinite alone never loses sight of them."

These are some of the intellectual achievements of man. No one need ever be tempted to worship humanity for its physical or moral qualities, but when we consider what man has accomplished by the strength of his intellect, how he stands before us with innumerable conquests over nature and the laws of nature, how he aspires to greater and more complete triumphs, we are forced to regard him as worthy of our deepest respect and of our enthusiastic admiration for his intellectual triumphs.

Nor is intelligence man's only claim to greatness; he is also free. The stars that roll through space are mighty in magnitude, but they are not free. Inexorable laws hold them to their predetermined path; the flowers that blow in the fields are beautiful, but they are not free; the brute world possesses various types of agility, power, beauty even, but freedom is wanting. Man alone is endowed with imperial freedom. True he has been bound morally, he is subject to moral laws, but he is free to say No! even to God!

These two imperial qualities—intelligence and freedom—lift man above the whole material world, make him greater, mightier, grander than all that is great, mighty, grand in nature!

"What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason, how infinite in faculties, in action how like an Angel! In apprehension how like a God! The beauty of the world! the paragon of animals!"

Man, therefore, need not put on any false humility. He can look the whole material universe in the face and can say: "I am greater than thou. I have all that thou hast, and more."

But all this does not remove the difficulty with which we opened this chapter. What is there in common between the Infinite Creator and the finite creature? The question supplies the answer; there is just this relationship of the Creator and the creature. The Creator is necessarily the *end* as well as the *beginning*,—the Alpha and Omega,—and He is the *way* that leads from the beginning to the end.

In another sense, there is no difficulty at all in the thought of man's comparative insignificance. Rather it is a holy and a wholesome thought. "What is man that Thou art mindful of him or the son of man that Thou visitest him?" exclaimed the prophet of old, and we have equal cause for wonder when we are convinced of the fact that God has indeed been mindful of man even to the extent of communicating to him His own Divine attributes of intelligence and freedom. If it be true, and that it is true we shall see presently, that man, besides being intelligent and free, is also immortal, that God created him to be eternally happy, we shall have to exclaim with still greater ardor and with still deeper humility: "What is man that God is mindful of him!" But in thus exclaiming we should think more of the goodness of God Who has been mindful of man, than of our own unworthiness.

THE MAJORITY WINS

"If you traverse the earth you may find cities without walls, or literature, or laws, or fixed habitations, or coin. But a city destitute of temples and gods—a city that employeth not prayers and oracles, that offereth not sacrifice to obtain blessings and avert evil,—and let us add, that believeth not in immortality,—no one has ever seen or ever shall see."

PLUTARCH,

Adapted by Cardinal Gibbons.

CHAPTER XIII

THE MAJORITY WINS

" 'Tis true, 'tis certain; man though dead retains
Part of himself; the immortal mind remains."

HOMER,
Iliad xxiii, Pope's Translation.

I HAVE a friend who, as far as I am aware, practices no particular form of religion. He thinks deeply and logically, especially when there is question of fundamentals, but he is not logical enough to recognize that knowledge is a call to action. Once, when in his presence some one denied the immortality of the soul, he waxed eloquent on the subject and, after summarizing the verdict of the human race in favor of immortality, he concluded by saying: "The majority wins in other matters; why not in this?"

An irresistible argument in favor of immortality could be built upon that question, especially if we were to bear in mind that the verdict of the human race has been, for all practical purposes, unanimous. All men of every age have, with one voice, proclaimed their belief in survival after death. The local and racial colorings, the differences as to the details of

survival, the varying ideas of rest and enjoyment, according to the habits and inclinations of different peoples, do not weaken the unanimity of the conviction that there is a life beyond the grave.

The argument, in brief form, would shape itself like this: The same effect produced under different circumstances, in different ages, among different people, must have the same cause. But this conviction of survival after death is an effect, always the same, substantially, though varying in details. It has found place among all races, at all times, amid an infinite variety of ideals and customs, among the barbarous and semi-barbarous as well as among such cultured peoples, as the Greeks and Romans. Therefore there must be a common cause.

But the only thing that is possessed in common by the different races of men is Reason. Therefore their unanimous verdict is the voice of Reason.

Let no one say that the verdict has not been unanimous. The occasional exceptions, some of which we have already studied and shown to be the result of an abuse of Reason or a refusal to abide by its dictates, are more apparent than real, and the most they can do is to destroy the absolute unanimity of the verdict.

Let no one say that besides the voice of Reason there are the promptings of the heart and desires which may account for the opinion of the human race. It is no mere opinion, but a conviction. The future life is not an object of barren speculation, but of hope. No hope ever lodged in the human heart that was not preceded by knowledge. One cannot hope for what he does not know. The first specula-

tion about man's future may be followed by vague desire. Next may come doubt and difficulty; "what is the use thinking about it?" or "it is a dream, delightful if it could be realized, but only a dream." When one comes and tells us with authority that it is not a dream, but a reality, difficult to obtain, but still obtainable, hope,—the virtue that carries us on to realities, the mother of daring in the attempt and of fortitude in the execution,—springs up in the soul. We cannot hope for what we do not know, and to know is the function of Reason.

It is not, however, our present purpose to insist on this argument in favor of immortality; we have something of far greater importance before us. If it was the voice of Reason that spoke to our fellow mortals of every race and age, if it is the voice of Reason that speaks to us, and in both cases delivers the same message: "Death is not a great extinguisher, but a translation to a better life,"—we may find a very profitable exercise of Reason in an effort to discover by just what mental processes this important conclusion has been or is to be reached.

Reason is a process. It does not jump at conclusions. It begins with facts and with principles and by gradual and guarded steps arrives at conclusions. Survival after death is a conclusion. What are the premises? or, in other words, if we assent to the proposition that there is a life beyond the grave, on what do we base our assent? or, still again, if we are convinced of immortality, what convinces us? if we believe, why do we believe?

All of these questions are asked by Reason and must be answered satisfactorily before Reason will

come to any conclusion. Reason asks one question at a time, and before it concerns itself about the future life it insists on knowing something about the present. What are we to be? is a question that cannot be reasonably answered before we are satisfied on the more fundamental question: What are we?

If we were engaged in the study of some piece of mechanism, we should have to answer, in a general way, at least, the question: What is it? before we should even be interested in the other question: What is it for? Were we to see a watch for the first time, we might be attracted by its shape or color or the glittering metal of which its case was made; but until we looked into it and noted the regularity of motion, and the complexity of works, we should not be qualified to inquire into its use or purpose.

In our own case, a study of what we are will open the way to a study of what we are to be. Reason, rightly used, reveals ourselves to ourselves by pointing out very clearly three most important facts:

First of all, Reason tells us that there is something in us that is not matter, something that is more than matter. We may not know very much about the nature of matter, in spite of all our talk about atoms and ions and electrons; we do not know all that matter and its inherent forces can do, but we do know, and the untaught savage of Borneo knows, that there are certain things that matter cannot do. Matter cannot think, matter cannot love, matter cannot feel the rapture of a sunset sky; but we can think and love and revel in the beautiful. Therefore, we are not all matter.

This is a very elementary but, not for that, an unimportant lesson. It illustrates how Reason works and gives us one of Reason's first conclusions. To understand how logical is the process and how unassailable the result we may give a parallel case taken from the purely material order. Suppose we visit the ruins of a conflagration, a home, all but entirely destroyed by fire. We note the charred furniture, the remnants of walls, the broken windows, the still smouldering papers and rags. Throughout it all there are undeniable indications of water. Everything is wet. There are little pools among the ruins. In colder climates there might be icicles hanging from the half-demolished walls. We have not seen the fire; we see the ruins and we see the water. We do not know all that water can do, but we know some things that it cannot do; it cannot consume a house by flames. Therefore water did not burn the house. The effect shows another cause with power not possessed by water.

Of course, no such lengthy process would be necessary. Our conclusion would seem to be instantaneous, but as it is a reasonable conclusion, it would be found, on analysis, to contain all the elements of that process.

Similarly we observe certain things that we can do; we can think, and matter cannot think, nor can matter do anything that resembles thinking.

What is thought? Once there was a knight who for some offense against his king had his head cut off. It is narrated of him,—and there is a very important point in the narrative,—that when the head was completely severed from the body, he arose,

walked over to where his head lay, took it up in his hands, looked at it pityingly and with tears in his eyes, kissed it affectionately and then, placing it down, he whispered a long, lingering farewell and composed himself for the last rites.

The reader may smile. Reason demands a smile. Such a performance is impossible. No man, living or dead, can look at his own face. We cannot see our own eyes. When we look in the mirror, it is only an image or picture of ourselves that we see!

And yet,—who will deny the fact?—there is something within us that can look at itself. Our mind,—the faculty of thought,—has this power. It thinks, and it thinks of its thinking. It knows, and it knows that it knows. In one word, it has the power of reflecting upon itself. It is this power of reflecting that constitutes thought and entitles man to the claim of intelligence. Some one asked the owner of a spirited horse if it knew anything. "It knows many things," was the reply; "it knows its stall, it knows its master, it knows when the load it drags is heavy, etc., but as soon as it knows that it knows I shall have to turn it loose." It goes without saying that, if we may judge the future by the past, he will never have to turn his horse loose. Man alone can reflect upon his own thoughts. Matter cannot reflect. Therefore man is more than matter.

Besides the power to think, there is the power to love. This is even more eloquent in asserting an immaterial something in man. We may study the power of love and the natural conclusions that are drawn by Reason from that power, even in an untaught savage. The savage mother loves her new-

born child, sees it grow and develop its faculties before her. Then there comes the shadow of death. The mother looks upon a pallid face and the love of her heart tells her that something has departed. She presses the silent lips and again love tells her that it was not from the lips that language came, but from something that controlled the lips. She touches the cold and unresisting flesh and love tells her that something has been taken away.

But love or the will, which is the faculty of love, speaks in another way.

"Living Will, thou shalt endure
When all that seems shall suffer shock."

From the will, says some one, come the confident and determined voices: I love, I offer myself, all that I am and all that I have, to my beloved, I suffer to save others, I choose the thorny path so that others may walk on roses, I die that others may live, I rush into the red jaws of death in obedience to the call of country or of friend.

Matter knows no such language; mechanical forces do not speak thus. It was no fortuitous combination of atoms that in the person of American youths endured the horrors of war and the pangs of horrid death. But we can do all this. Therefore again we are more than matter.

Connect man as closely as you may with all that went before, with ape-like creatures and, if you will, with worms, but you must admit the amazing fact that man is intelligent and free and that neither of these qualities can be traced to matter or to any modification of matter.

Some modern philosophers have raised an objec-

tion, not against the fact which we have established, but against its bearing on our thought. Non-matter or the immaterial, they tell us, is a negative concept and therefore has no positive meaning. The difficulty is more apparent than real. The assertion that there is something immaterial in us contains two distinct elements: (1) That there is *something* and (2) that this something is *not matter*. The first assertion is positive, the second negative. It is our limited language that makes it necessary to use such apparently negative terms when we are referring to spiritual realities.

We are now prepared to take a second step. There is such a thing in the world of realities as a modification of matter, motion, for example, and to satisfy all parties we may ask: Is this immaterial something, which Reason tells us is within us, a modification of matter? Is it something like the light of a candle, or like the motion of a car, or the force of electricity?

The old scholastic philosophers, following the terminology of Aristotle, distinguished between two different kinds of being, substance and accidents. It is very convenient terminology because it enables one to avoid a great deal of confusion. A substance is that which underlies and supports all modifications; an accident is that which modifies a substance. Thus water, the same water, may at one time be liquid, at another time solid, as when frozen, and still again gaseous, as when raised to the temperature of steam. In all cases the substance remains the same, but the accidents have changed. Similarly the human face may grow pale or blush

or retain its normal color. It remains the same face under different modifications.

Our question then may be put in this way: Is the immaterial something within us a substance or is it an accident? does it endure or is it something that comes and goes like any other modification?

A moment's reflection will supply the answer. So far from being a modification of matter, the immaterial something within us is itself the subject of modifications and of changes.

At times we think and at other times we do not think, we love or hate, feel joy or gloom, and yet, thinking or not thinking, hating or loving, in joy or in gloom, the immaterial something remains the same. Thoughts come and go, desires rise and fall, while the thinking or desiring something remains unchanged and unchangeable, except in its modifications. It is in itself perdurable, though, like every other substance, it may be variously modified.

This immaterial something is even more unchangeable and persistent than the material part of us which we call the body. The body is, in its own sphere, the subject of modifications: it is a substance and has its shape and its motion, it grows old and decays. It is periodically so utterly changed by cellular disintegration that it cannot be called the same body. The man of eighty has not the same garment of flesh that he had when he was a lad of eight; but the immaterial something is the same. He may be a learned sage at eighty, but he is the same individual who, as a child of eight, went to school. His body has changed, his thoughts have changed, but that which gives life to the body, that

which does the thinking, the loving, the desiring, is the same. Therefore, we conclude again, the something immaterial in us is not a modification of matter; it does not depend upon matter for its being, as motion, shape and size and other accidents depend.

There is a third fact to be established concerning this immaterial or spiritual substance. Reason tells me that "I" feel pain when the tips of my fingers are injured, that "I" grow angry when some one steps on my toe, that "I" learn my prayers in childhood, and that "I" recite them in old age; "I" go through innumerable changes unchanged, except in accidents; "I" look through the eyes; "I" listen with the ears; "I" am intelligent; "I" am free; "I" know that there are two things in existence—myself and things that are not myself.

It does not require any subtle metaphysical speculation to convince us that there is a similar "I" in others. Think of some dear friend. It is not alone in his outward form and features, not in his manly bearing, not in the modulated softness of his voice, nor in the delicate touch of his hand, not in the light in his eye, nor in the smile on his face that we find him attractive. There are qualities within—which have been admirably enumerated by Cardinal Newman—his generosity of heart, his confiding spirit, his gentle temper, his elastic cheerfulness, his noble aspirations, his heroic resolve, his love, in which self has no part; his willingness to suffer for the sake of others, his love of truth, his worshipful regard for goodness and eternal beauty—and these are the things that constitute his personality. Are

they not eloquent indications of character, formed sometimes on the anvil of experience or hammered out by infinite pains or chiselled by infinite care? Or are we to say the unthinkable, that they are only electric charges in the forty ounces of brain matter or swarming electrons in the five ounces of that particular part of the brain known as the Broca fold? We have no choice. Reason proclaims a personality that is more than matter (i. e., spiritual), a personality that is more than a vibrating brain (i. e., substantial), a personality that is a decided unity permeating our whole being (i. e., individual).

We may, it is true, stifle the voice of Reason, but if we do, we are forced to think the unthinkable, to think that Shakespeare's poems are no more than brain-cell vibrations, that heroism is only a chemical reaction, that music is only matter in motion!

The whole argument may be expressed more briefly. A modern chemist has calculated what enters into the material make-up of man. The following is the proud result:

"(1) Iron, enough to make a nail of medium size; (2) salt, a large cellar full; (3) sugar, enough to fill a small sugar-bowl; (4) lime, barely enough for whitewashing a hencoop; (5) phosphorus, enough to soak at least some twelve hundred matches; (6) magnesium, for a fine refreshing lemonade; (7) albuminoids, for nearly one hundred eggs, and (8) grease, to replenish a pot containing ten to fifteen pounds." Hence, concludes the chemist, "we may admit, without any serious mistake, that a man weighing 160 pounds is worth a minimum of \$7 and a maximum of \$8."

We shall add another conclusion of an astonishing character. During the war the belligerent nations lost, in round numbers, 10,000,000 young men. At the average commercial value of \$8 per man, this represents a total loss of \$80,000,000, or the equivalent in price of four super-dreadnaughts! But as a matter of fact not a single molecule was lost. The iron, sugar, salt, lime, phosphorous, magnesium, etc., will be utilized in other ways!

It was with this in mind that at the outbreak of the war Ernst Haeckel, writing for the consolation of German mothers, told them, as we have stated in a previous chapter, that they should reflect seriously on the indestructibility of matter and the conservation of energy when they heard of the death of their loved ones, and added, with the characteristic heartlessness of materialism, that in case their sorrows were too great to bear, no one could reasonably object if "they sought relief by a pistol shot or a morphia powder."

If there be any who read this without a shudder, without a feeling of horror at the coldness of materialism, they need not read any more of this book. But if the thought sends a chill to their hearts and a shock to their common sense, let them recognize in the chill and in the shock the voice of Reason that sounds in the depths of every reasonable being proclaiming now, as it ever did, that man is more than matter, he is the possessor of a spiritual soul. This is the unanimous verdict of the human race and the majority, especially such an overwhelming majority, wins!

**NOTHING IS EVER
DESTROYED**

"The tree hath hope. If it be cut, it groweth green again and the boughs thereof sprout. If its roots be old in the earth and its stock be dead in the dust, at the scent of waters it shall spring and bring forth leaves, as when it was first planted. But man, when he shall be dead and stripped and consumed, I pray you, where is he?"

Job, xiv, 7-10.

CHAPTER XIV

NOTHING IS EVER DESTROYED

"Today will Yesterday's rare rose entomb;
Ah, yes, but where the hint of final doom?
Some rest, the trumpet call, a judgment passed,
And then Tomorrow's new and richer bloom."

GEORGE CREEL.

REASON, as we have said, proceeds slowly, step by step. It leads us from one established fact to another. From what has been said about the nature of the soul,—that it is a spiritual, substantial, and a personal being,—it follows that survival after death is its natural destiny. Experience teaches us that sometime, when or where or how we do not know, the big black wings of death will be spread above us and in their shadow we shall grow faint and die. What will become of us then?

We know what will become of the body. It will be placed in a big black box with gilded handles and lowered into a hole in the ground or given to the consuming flames of the crematory. The body will corrupt, gradually and in the course of nature, or suddenly by the artificial device of cremation. Corruption means a falling away of the parts until the whole is disintegrated.

What will become of the soul? Reason forbids us to think of it as the subject of corruption. The soul is an undivided and indivisible spiritual substance; it has no parts. The whole soul is present in the whole body; it is a simple substance. To doubt this would be to call in question the truth already established. Only by regarding the soul as a material compound substance could we think of it as subject to corruption. But the soul is decidedly not a compound material substance. Hence corruption or disintegration is out of the question.

But there is a second supposition. The soul may go out just as the candle or the electric light goes out. When the body is dissolved, all of its modifications,—its color, its graceful bearing, its majestic shape—cease to exist, just as the color and shape and architectural lines of a building lose their being when the building is torn down.

But the soul, as we have also seen, is *not a modification of the body*. It works with the body, and uses the bodily senses to gather data for thought; but it no more depends upon the body for its being than the astronomer depends for his being upon the telescope.

There remains, therefore, only one other way by which the soul could cease to be, and that is by annihilation. On this point even the physical scientists come to the support of the metaphysicians. Basing their doctrine on observation and experiment, they teach that *nothing is ever destroyed*. They have given us two startling dogmas: one, the "Indestructibility of Matter," the other, the "Conservation of Energy."

So startling and interesting are the facts connected with these scientific dogmas that they may be briefly illustrated by way of relieving the mind from purely metaphysical reasoning.

Julius Caesar, to take the familiar example, lived and ruled twenty centuries ago. Before his time, Alexander rose to glory and power. Now they are dead. Their bodies have, to all appearances, ceased to be, and yet not one single atom has been lost. Changed are the particles that once constituted their strong and sinewy bodies, but they still persist in being, serving, it may be, the ignoble purposes to which Hamlet refers:

"Imperial Caesar, dead and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away,"

or else, as is also possible, enshrined in the smiling flowers of the field or in the delicate bodies of the winged songsters.

More remarkable are the facts connected with the Conservation of Energy.* We run our automobiles up and down the state highway. Gasoline supplies the needed energy. The gasoline is a by-product of oil and the oil gushes forth from a buried inland sea where it has been conserved for centuries. In our towering mountains there is an abundant snow. The snow thaws and the water starts downward to the sea. It is only another way of saying that the snow lifted up by the heat of the sun, conserved what might seem to be wasted energy and is ready

* Conservation of energy is only relative. Absolutely speaking, energy is reducible to heat which radiates to its limit and, as there is no process of recuperation, is lost forever. Still there is something in what the scientists say which may serve the purposes of our argument.

to serve us in such a way that we can propel our street cars and light our city streets with converted sunbeams.

Thus according to the scientists nothing is ever destroyed. The most man or any other created agent can do is to change the form of material things or convert one kind of energy into another.

Even the old Patriarch Job caught the idea and applied it to immortality. "The tree hath hope," he tells us. "If it be cut, it growtheth green again and the boughs thereof sprout. If its roots be old in the earth and its stock be dead in the dust, at the scent of waters it shall spring and bring forth leaves, as when it was first planted. But man, when he shall be dead and stripped and consumed, I pray you, where is he?" (Job, xiv, 7-10.)

Nor was the fact unknown to the Christian Fathers. In the fifth Ecumenical Council (third century), the assembled Bishops and Doctors of the Church declared the following proposition to be false: "At the end of time the substance of bodies will be destroyed." The negative of a proposition is the affirmation of its contradictory, and hence the Council affirmed that "the substance of bodies will not be destroyed, even at the end of time."

Scientists, primitive Christian Teachers, and even the Patriarch Job unite in telling us that:

"NOTHING WILL EVER BE DESTROYED."

But, as every thinking man can add, as in fact, the whole race has added:

"THE SOUL IS SOMETHING."

Therefore,—the conclusion is logical,—

"THE SOUL WILL NEVER BE DESTROYED."

The argument is perfectly legitimate and conclusive. The soul will never be destroyed. Therefore it is immortal.

But if, as we have shown, God is an omnipotent Being, He has power to annihilate the soul or anything else. Undoubtedly, God has such power, but His power is regulated by His infinite wisdom. He cannot, consistently with His perfections, do an unwise thing. But to create a spiritual soul, to endow it with intelligence and freedom and a longing for perfect happiness and then to destroy it would be an unwise thing. Therefore the soul will not be annihilated by God.

Thus Reason tells us that man's destiny is certain survival after death. We have developed the argument to impress it on the mind of the reader. It may be briefly summarized as a help to the memory.

If the soul ceases to exist, it will be either by corruption or by annihilation.

But it cannot be corrupted,—not directly by disintegration, i. e., by the falling away of parts,—because, as we have seen, the soul is not made up of parts; nor indirectly, by losing the body on which it depends for its being, because, as we have also seen, it does not depend on the body for its being.

Nor can it be annihilated: not by finite agencies, because finite agencies can do no more than change the form of things: not by an Infinite Agent, because Infinite Power is controlled by Infinite Wisdom.

Therefore, the soul will not cease to be, or, in other words, it is immortal.

How in face of this argument, which we may characterize as irrefragable, men continue to say that Faith alone gives an answer to the longings of the human heart, we cannot understand. It may be that going too deeply into the subject, without thoroughly grasping the preliminaries, they become confused and bewildered.

PERFECT HAPPINESS

"For many reasons the souls of the good seem to me to be God-like and immortal, but chiefly on this account that the soul of the best and wisest among men has such a presentment of a future state that it centers its thoughts only on eternity."

Cicero.

CHAPTER XV

PERFECT HAPPINESS

"He whose blind thought futurity denies,
Unconscious bears, Bellerophon, like thee,
His own indictment; he condemns himself:
Who reads his bosom, reads immortal life,
Or nature there, imposing on her sons,
Has written fables; man was made a lie."

YOUNG, *Night Thoughts.*

WE HAVE made some progress; we have established two facts, (1) that there is a soul and (2) that the soul survives after death. We are now ready and, I venture to say, even anxious to know something more about this survival. What shall we be after death,—little "wisps of gaseous happiness floating around the Empyrean," as Sir Arthur Conan Doyle expressed his erroneous interpretation of the Christian dogma of Heaven, or the "weak-voiced wandering life-entities" mentioned by Edison?

It is a question that has given rise to many strange ideas, to some scoffing and to hostile exaggeration.

"Look at the paradise of the painters," exclaims Madame de Gasparin. "You see there depicted the

idea of all ages. What are we shown? A blue fluid which grows gradually lighter, a sort of gulf carpeted with human heads, sanctimonious faces fastened to a pair of wings, the first row very highly finished, the next more lightly treated, the third only faintly indicated, the rest fading away in perspective to a disc, a point placed on an arch. In all of them the same expression, the same smile, the same mouth half-open with the same ecstasy, and in the background, in a focus of light, the triangle with the symbolical dove."*

"This sorry Heaven," says another writer, "is popularized every day, among children and the working classes by millions of common pictures. The Middle Ages imagined nothing better than this monastic eternity, occupied in chanting psalms in the stalls of a gigantic cathedral, built on the summit of the firmament. Many of our most pious and esteemed contemporaries have not advanced on this point beyond the Middle Ages. Is not this frozen beatitude enough to frighten one? Would one not be ready to fly from the dull joys of such a Paradise?"†

Reason, if followed closely, will give us a more satisfactory answer. It does not enable us to draw a material picture of Heaven—for how can we present to the eye of the body what is visible only to the eye of the mind?—but it so unfolds the tremendous truth of what Heaven really is, that we may say without any hesitation: our knowledge of the

* Madame de Gasparin, *Les horizons célestes*.

† Caro, *L'Idee de Dieu*, chap. vii—both quotations from Abbe Max Caron, "Our Home in Heaven."

nature of Heaven is as clear and as precise as our knowledge of the nature of anything else.

It is an old argument that we propose to follow, an argument that has stood the test of centuries, and has been expressed in prose and rhyme in perhaps every language in use among men. Addison's version of it is familiar. Many of us in our school days committed to memory his sublime expression of Cato's soliloquy:

"It must be so. Plato, thou reason'st well!
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread and inward horror
Of falling into naught? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself and startles at destruction?
'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.
Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought.
Through what variety of untried being,
Through what new scenes and changes must we pass!
The wide, the unbounded prospect lies before me;
But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.
Here will I hold. If there's a power above us,
(And that there is, all nature cries aloud
Through all her works) he must delight in virtue,
And that which he delights in, must be happy."

It is one thing to admire the sublimity and strength of Addison's verse, and quite another thing to understand the argument to which he gives such eloquent expression. That we have a pleasing hope, a fond desire, a longing after immortality, a secret dread and inward horror of falling into naught, no one can deny; but how this fact points out an hereafter and intimates eternity to man, and how

especially it tells us what Heaven really is, may not be so easily or so readily grasped. And so we shall develop the argument step by step, until the reader, who follows closely, will be able to put aside all unworthy ideas of the hereafter and exclaim with Thomas à Kempis:

"O most happy mansion of the city above! O most bright day of eternity, which knows no night, but is always enlightened by the Sovereign Truth; a day always joyful, always secure, and never changing its state for the contrary. Oh! that this day would shine upon us, and all these temporal things would come to an end!"*

Fact No. 1—Every man desires to be happy. It is a truth so evident that its explanation is difficult. All we need do to convince ourselves of it, is to consult our own inclinations. Whatever we do is motived by this desire. No man desires to be miserable, unless he be so peculiarly constituted that he finds a certain amount of happiness in misery, or unless in his blindness he cannot see that the temporary or momentary happiness which he snatches from forbidden pleasure leads him to prolonged misery.

Fact No. 2—Every man desires to be perfectly happy. This perfect happiness is to be found in the possession "of all good things to the exclusion of all that is evil." A temporary possession will not satisfy man. If he is happy he desires to continue in happiness. "If a life of happiness," wrote Cicero, "is destined to end, it cannot be called a happy

* Imitation, book III, chap. xlvi.

life. . . . Take away eternity, and Jupiter is not better off than Epicurus."

Fact No. 3—The perfect happiness of man must be contentment or rest of those powers, his intellect and will, which make him a man. He has a faculty called the intellect and this demands contentment. It hungers after truth and must be nourished. He has a will, or the power to desire what is good and beautiful and to possess it. The will, too, must be made happy or contented. Otherwise man, as man, cannot be truly happy. He may be a happy animal, but, even in this, he fails; he cannot get away from his intelligence and will. Hence there is much food for thought in the lines:

"Go, mock majesty! go, man!
And bow to thy superiors of the stall:
Through ev'ry scene of sense superior far:
They graze the turf untill'd; they drink the stream
Unbrew'd and ever full, and unembittered
With doubts, fears, fruitless hopes, regrets, despairs."

Fact No. 4—This desire for perfect happiness is natural, that is to say, it is not the result of education nor of environment; it is not something which man can cultivate or repudiate at will. It is a part of his being. Some of the particular means made use of to satisfy the inward craving are his own inventions; but the desire or craving itself is not man-made! It is born with him, grows with him, is as much of him as any physical part, or physical trait.

Fact No. 5—Every natural desire must be satisfied, because it is a natural desire. A desire is an appetitive faculty, and to satisfy an appetitive faculty you must present to it an object. In the

whole extent of nature there is not a single faculty without its corresponding object. The reader must endeavor to grasp this idea. We have eyes to see: vision is a faculty or power. What a strange thing nature would be if corresponding to this power to see there was not any object to be seen? Similarly we have ears to hear and nature supplies us with harmony, in the sighing of the winds, in the murmuring of the brooks, in the singing of the birds. What a strange thing it would be if nature gave us ears and there was nothing to hear?

Briefly all of nature's faculties have their corresponding objects. If we hunger for food, nature supplies the food: all man does is to dress it or make it more attractive and palatable. If we thirst, nature is at our service not only with the clear crystal springs, but even under the direction of man with the luscious nectar of the grape.

The reason why nature does nothing that is incomplete, is that what is really meant by nature is the intelligent, good, wise, and beneficent God back of nature.

Fact No. 6—On the other hand, and in apparent contradiction to the foregoing fact, man's desire for happiness is so utterly frustrated in this life that many of the most prominent men of history have left us a record of their disappointment in this regard.

Job tells us that "Man born of woman living a short time is filled with many miseries." He "cometh forth like a shadow and is destroyed and fleeth as a shadow and never continueth in the same state." And all men of experience agree with him.

Solomon adds: "Whatever my eyes desired, I refused them not; and I withheld not my heart from enjoying every pleasure—and I saw in all things vanity and vexation of mind and nothing was lasting under the sun."

With similar testimony we could fill many pages, but the testimony of others is not necessary. We have all had sufficient personal experience to know that man's life on earth is one long series of disappointments. Find a perfectly happy man and you will find a perfect fool.

Now let us condense these undeniable facts into a single proposition: Man's natural desire for perfect happiness is frustrated during his sojourn on earth. He is a dual being; he has a body and he has a soul. His body, a wonderful piece of mechanism, to be sure, is by reason of its delicacy subject to many miseries, miseries from within and miseries from without. Within there is sickness, which sooner or later asserts itself; without there are wars, earthquakes, cyclones and thunder-storms and destructive floods.

But still, it may be urged, he can get a great deal of physical happiness out of life. This is emphatically not true. By a strange law of man's nature the nearest approach to happiness is to be found in denying himself, while his greatest agony results from self-indulgence. "He who drinks of these waters shall thirst again," is written plainly on every kind of physical pleasure. The appetite grows by what it feeds upon.

Still there is the mind! Man need not be a sensualist: he can be a hedonist. The mind is a

power to know, a power to reach the truth, but what is the experience of a truly educated man? The more he knows, the greater becomes the array of things which he does not know. Genuine mental development consists, as we have seen, in scaling one height after another, only to find greater heights beyond. The insufficiency of physical or mental enjoyment has been very admirably expressed by the old, blind Jesuit, Robert Kane: "Not on bread alone doth man live," he writes. "The soil may teem with golden corn, the trees may bend with luscious fruit, the wind may bring freshness and the sun warmth; the slow kine may fatten in the field; and the swift birds throng the wood; nature may give him bread to eat; but were the earth a garden for his pleasure, and a storehouse for his food, man must hunger still."

"Man may learn the histories of the past or the peoples of the present; he may be able to read the records of the rocks, or to unravel the texture of the trees; he may understand the laws that rule the lightning or the changesfulness of the sea; he may measure the waves of ether or he may weigh the mass of the sun; he may travel to far-off places with the unwearied strength of steam, or he may talk to far-off friends with the speed of the electric spark; he may gather facts of every form, and garner them into sciences of every kind; he may thrive in knowledge until his mind is filled with intellectual food, but man must hunger still. The bread of corn feeds the body. The bread of knowledge feeds the mind. They cannot appease the cravings of the soul."

There is one more possibility to consider. It is not, we are told, the acquisitive mind that makes for happiness: it is the expressive mind, especially when the expression takes the form of sympathy. We have already said something about the expressive mind, but this idea of sympathetic expression suggests a new thought. There is something very satisfying about sympathy, but if we pause for a moment to grasp the meaning of the word, we find that sympathy means to suffer with another, to share in another's sorrows and disappointments. It is a satisfaction, but only because it is a suffering. Strange doctrine it would be to make man's highest aspiration consist in suffering, and especially in mental suffering implied by sympathy, unless of course we could promise the sufferer surcease of sorrow.

It has been very admirably said:

"This world is mostly froth and bubble;
Two things stand out in stone:
Sorrow in another's trouble,
Courage in our own."

But note well that there must be some reason why sympathetic suffering gives happiness, and the reason is that sympathy, in its last analysis, is a denial of what the present world has to offer. And so we may express the truth in this way: the nearest approach to satisfaction or happiness in this life, is to deny ourselves the very things in which human nature places worldly happiness. There is happiness in dying for one's country, but it is the happiness of sacrifice. There is happiness in a pure, unsullied conscience, but the conscience will remain

pure and unsullied only by constant sacrifice and self-denial. A world in which man's greatest attainable happiness is to suffer and toil is not his Permanent Home.

Now we are prepared to put our argument in brief form.

MAN'S NATURAL DESIRE FOR HAPPINESS MUST BE SATISFIED EITHER HERE OR HEREAFTER.

BUT IT IS NOT, NOR CAN IT BE SATISFIED HERE.

THEREFORE IT WILL BE SATISFIED HEREAFTER.

Every element in this argument has been established, the connection between the different parts is logical and evident. There is no escape from the conclusion unless of course we deny the premises, which we cannot do reasonably.

What has it all to do with the main question—what shall we be after death? It has much to do; it is a direct answer. The satisfaction of our natural God-given desire for perfect happiness is the destiny of man. There are, of course, certain very definite conditions necessary for the actual realization of this beatitude, and there will be external or internal circumstances in its realization, circumstances, it may be, of place, circumstances, most assuredly, of persons and of time or what will supersede time; but as we are proceeding gradually, sufficient for present purposes let it be to say that, when we think of immortality we think of the satisfaction of all man's natural cravings for perfect happiness.

We do not mean his cravings as a growing thing, we do not mean his cravings as an animal; these are capable of satisfaction here, but only partial

satisfaction because there are always the longings of the soul. The yearnings of man as an intellectual, moral, aesthetic being tell us that this life is a transition and that there alone will he find rest where an object capable of satisfying his yearnings will be found and enjoyed.

Man's mind, which is only one of his soul-powers, hungers after truth in all its fulness. Nor is it satisfied with a mere ray of truth; it seeks the light itself. It is not satisfied with the flowing stream, it seeks the source, not the apparent source, like the mountain spring, but the ultimate earthly source, like the boundless ocean.

Man's will, another and important soul-power, hungers after goodness, not apparent nor transitory goodness, but something that is essentially good and enduringly good. The will is not a knowing faculty, it is a loving faculty. It embraces what is good, clings to what is good, and rebels at separation. The child loves the mother, the mother loves the child, husband loves wife, and wife the husband; but in these cases separation is inevitable and though the love may be holy, it is not satisfying because it is transitory.

There is another faculty in man's soul, the fancy. It does not seem to be distinct from the other two, and sometimes it is difficult to distinguish it from mere sensation, because it is accompanied by sense-affection. It may, however, be described as a combination of both intellect and will, or knowledge and desire. Its object is the beautiful, or the harmonious blending of what is true and good. It is the source of poetry and of all the arts. It is

experienced in music, when music is worthy of its highest destiny. It is experienced, too, when we look at the sunset sky painted in living waves of gold and crimson. Man's hunger for the beautiful demands a beauty that is unfading, not in the sense of monotonous sameness, but of ever recurring, never ending variety.

Let me again summarize what has been said. Reason, unaided by Revelation, tells us what we are; Reason tells us that we are to survive and Reason tells us so very much about the conditions of survival that, though eye hath not seen, nor ear heard what God hath prepared for those that serve Him, Reason seems to make up in a way the deficiencies of sense.

"Oh! if thou hadst seen the everlasting crowns of the saints in Heaven," exclaims Thomas à Kempis, "and in how great glory they now triumph . . . thou wouldest immediately cast thyself down to the earth!" Thou wouldest, in other words, feel a deep sense of humility and sorrow for not striving more earnestly to make sure of a similar triumph.

But observe, by the light of Reason we can see this much, at least, that we are destined for perfect happiness and that this perfect happiness is to consist in the satisfaction of all the powers or faculties of the soul, in the secure and permanent possession of the Good, the True and the Beautiful. The Hereafter for which man was created is a state of perfect happiness.

**JUSTICE IN THE SCHEME
OF THINGS**

"The 'man with the muckrake' can get out of life all that he seeks after; the pure soul of a Sir Galahad, with ideas of absolute truth and absolute goodness, cannot attain its goal this side the grave. If there be any justice in the scheme of things, as we know there is, surely the high ideal will not be penalized."

ROBERT W. MCKENNA,
"The Adventure of Death."

CHAPTER XVI

JUSTICE IN THE SCHEME OF THINGS

"God's market-place! Where subtly swift and strange
The values of this sorry world all change,
So that the widow's mite will buy far more
Than all the wealth of Ophir's golden range."

GEORGE CREEL.

ARGUMENTS in confirmation of the great truth which we have already established could be multiplied indefinitely; but we must content ourselves with one more, one which will appeal with great force to those that love justice.

We could argue from God's wisdom; but it would bring us back to that part of our previous argument in which we saw that the intrinsic incorruptibility with which the soul has been endowed by God implies, in the supposition that God is wise, an extrinsic incorruptibility, that is to say: God in His wisdom will not destroy what He created to endure forever.

We could argue from God's goodness. If the soul, after a brief sojourn in this valley of tears, enclosed in the torture-chamber of a body, were to go out of existence, then life would indeed be "a

tale told by an idiot signifying nothing," and the goodness of the Creator could nowhere be discerned.

But we intend to rest satisfied with what has already been suggested or insisted on along these and other lines, and turn our thought to the Justice of God. Certain it is that, in the scheme of things, as we know it, there are not only countless and varied manifestations of wisdom, goodness, power, and beauty, but there is justice. Now if the reader calls to mind what has already been said, he will at once acknowledge that God is just, because God contains, in His Being, whatever He has communicated to His creatures, and because all the attributes of God are infinite, we must acknowledge that God is infinitely just.

What justice is and how, in rendering to every man his due, it operates, we shall endeavor to explain, not by any labored analysis of the great virtue itself, but by a plain statement of universally admitted facts and of their obvious inferences.

Fact No. 1—There are certain laws governing the world, the material world, the domestic world, the social world, the political world, the intellectual world, the moral world. No one can doubt the fact. In the material world the laws are so evident, so constant, that the natural sciences are based upon the recognition of their existence, and are developed by a desire to classify their application and effects. In the domestic, social and political world the laws are also evident, provided the home, society and the state are well regulated. If there is no regulation, there is no home, no society, no state. The laws of the intellectual world or the

laws of thought are just as real as any other; the intellect is a storehouse of knowledge, the laws of thought demand that the facts be co-ordinated and the knowledge systematized. Else the mind even when crowded with facts will be like a second-hand bookstore, disordered, dusty, decadent.

The laws that govern the moral world are equally evident. They are not, as some imagine, the work of man, much less the work of priests; they are not even, in the strict sense, the work of God. They are eternal. Murder is not wrong because, in His law, God has forbidden it; but God has forbidden it because it is wrong. God's law, whether it be considered as promulgated through Revelation or as written on the consciences of every man, is not an imposed obligation. If in imagination we could go back beyond eternity we should find that, prior to any decrees of the Deity, it would be right for an inferior to show respect to a superior, if such beings were ever to exist, and wrong to deny that respect; we should find that murder and lying, stealing, adultery and all the other crimes which are now forbidden by the law of God and man, would be just as hideous in their supposed possibility as they now are in their all too frequent occurrence.

Of course we cannot, even in imagination, go beyond eternity, but it is important for us to impress upon our minds that moral laws exist independently of the enactments of either God or man.

Fact No. 2—Laws are necessary in every conceivable sphere of activity or passivity. The greatest of philosophers, St. Thomas of Aquin, calls a law

an "ordinatio," an ordering. That he used the proper word is plain from the very evident fact that where lawlessness reigns there is disorder. "Law and order" are correlative terms, inasmuch as law is the cause, and order the effect. Laws are necessary for the acquisition and the appreciative possession of truth. No one can think properly and profitably unless he knows, with or without training, the laws of thought. Laws are necessary for art, or the harmonious expression of the beautiful, whether it be by color, shape or sound. Every artist masters the laws of light and shadow, of perspective, of point of view. To be without law is to be anarchical and anarchy will never accomplish anything; it is essentially destructive.

Fact No. 3—No wise legislator ever makes a law without attaching a sanction to it. Legislators of today are learning by experience that it is useless to pass laws unless they make sure of their observance, and men of wisdom foresee a danger to society in the modern tendency to make new laws and neglect to take the necessary measures for the observance of the old ones. People who go about this country with an amendment to the Constitution in one hand and a ballot in the other are not promoting the best interests of the country, because by excessive legislation they are bringing all law into disrepute. Laws that have no sanction stultify the law-maker.

This must not be taken as an appeal for severity in punishing law-breakers. We are merely stating a fact. If laws are despised and violated with impunity, the fault is with the legislators. They would not, if wise, pass laws, that they cannot enforce.

Fact No. 4—The laws of the physical order are most perfect in this regard. They are absolutely inviolable. No man can go counter to the very least law of physical nature without suffering the consequences, sometimes on the spot.

Suppose a man, flying over the city in an aeroplane, were to think it a very unusually thrilling thing—as in some respects it would be—to step out of the machine and come down into the midst of a wondering multitude. It would be folly to entertain such a thought, while to execute it, would be unthinkable madness, and would result in the poor man's certain death, simply and solely because he had gone counter to a physical law, the law of gravity. No man, no matter who or what he is, can go counter to the laws of nature with impunity.

If a woman were to read the sign of the street-car telling her how to get off and if, to assert her freedom or through forgetfulness, she were to get off backwards from a moving car, the result would be disastrous. She cannot violate with impunity the law of moving bodies.

Briefly, no one can violate the laws of physical nature with impunity, because these laws carry their sanction with them; no one should be able to violate civil laws with impunity, because if the law-makers are wise they will provide for the proper enforcement of the law; but—and let this be thoroughly understood—a man can violate the moral law from the time he gets up in the morning until he retires at night, without any disagreeable experience and often with a certain amount of advantage.

This is an important point in our argument. That

there is a moral law we have already stated. Prior to any human laws, prior to the promulgation of the positive law of God, irrespective of place, person, time, education, environment, the moral law has asserted itself. The little savage of Borneo, as soon as he comes to the age of reason, is told by something within him that certain things are wrong and other things are right. He is commanded, by that same something within him, not to do this and to do that. Customs, environment, education or the lack of education may make a difference in some of the applications of the moral law, but the law itself remains. It is promulgated in the conscience of all men. "Thou shalt not kill," "Thou shalt not steal," "Thou shalt not disobey superior authority," "Honor thy father and thy mother," "Reverence thy Creator," are instances of the law in some of its fundamental principles.

The fact is universally recognized. We may, then, without further insistence on it, return to our previous statement. A man can violate the laws of morals not only with absolute impunity, but frequently with advantage.

Let no one misunderstand this assertion. If you rob a man, you are in danger of being placed in jail, but that is because the civil law coincides in this particular case with the moral law. If you desire to rob, if you determine to rob and do not reduce your determination to act, merely because the opportunity is lacking, you will not be sent to jail. Still in this latter case you have violated the moral law just as seriously as in the former. Sometimes, too, the violation of the moral law seems to

bring with it a physical penalty. The glutton is often punished by indigestion and nightmares, the impure are sometimes punished by fearful diseases; but, in both cases, it is because the moral law coincides with the natural or physical law regulating material objects.

We are not denying that there is an imperfect sanction of the moral law even in this life, that it manifests itself as remorse of conscience, restlessness, anxiety about the future, but it is so very imperfect that, in a general way, it may be said that the great secret of worldly success is a disregard for the moral law altogether.

Godlessness is a violation of the moral law. No one can deny the fact that there is in man a "categorical imperative," saying "Thou shalt worship and serve thy Maker." Man's dependence on God demands a grateful and reverential worship. To refuse to worship God is a violation of the moral law. Does it impede a man or is it a help towards worldly success? It seems sometimes to be a help, both for individuals and for nations.

Lying is another violation of the moral law. It is frequently a great help to avoid losses or to gain temporal advantages. There are individual liars and there are collective liars. The individuals may be in business; they lie about their goods. They may be promoters of big schemes; they lie about their prospects. They may be journalists; they lie about current events. They may be politicians and they deceive their constituents, and so in nearly every phase of human endeavor. Lying is one of the most powerful means to reach success.

When a certain Irishman coming to this country was asked what he intended to do, he answered that he hoped, with the assistance of two strong arms and the grace of God, to earn an honest living. The official smiled and told the hopeful Irishman that the chances of success were very much in his favor, because he would have very little competition in his endeavor to earn an honest living.

To sum up what has been said, laws are necessary and laws are facts. We cannot violate human laws with impunity, or we should not have such power, if the law-makers were wise. We cannot violate nature's laws with impunity; but we can violate moral laws not only with impunity, but frequently with advantage!

Inference No. 1—This seems strange because the moral laws are of more importance than those of nature or of man, and because God, their author, is a wise legislator and He is also just. His wisdom demands a sanction, His justice makes the demand absolute.

For observe, the violation of the moral laws that helps some, injures others. The professional man, who thrives on widows and orphans, who foments legal quarrels, who disrupts families, not only gains an immoral fee, but he does an injustice to the poor widow or the orphans. The man who by lying about you succeeds to your office, is not only gaining by immoral means, but he injures you. If, therefore, there is justice in the scheme of things these wrongs should be righted somewhere.

Inference No. 2—We have already seen that there

is a God, and that there is a Hereafter. Justice is not done here. Therefore it is done hereafter. Moral laws are not sanctioned here; therefore they are sanctioned hereafter. This is so evident that even the pagan philosophers acknowledged the truth of our inference.

It is not my purpose to develop the nature of the sanction; in fact, as far as Reason goes, we may not know anything about it; but Reason demands justice in the scheme of things and justice demands a Hereafter. This is the logical conclusion from the facts which have been stated.

Thus far we have spoken of the sanction of the moral law as if it implied punishment only for the violators of that law. This is not a complete statement of the case. The sanction of the moral law demands a reward for its observers, but as we are to delay upon this reward in subsequent chapters nothing need be stated here except the mere fact that justice demands that the eyes that weep now for justice's sake, will not forever weep; justice demands that those who are poor because they are honest, will not be eternally poor; that those who sacrifice themselves for others, will not be the losers for their heroism.

Even in this life the virtuous are happy. It is the imperfect sanction. "If," says the late Cardinal Gibbons, "there is any tranquillity of mind, any delight of soul, any joy of spirit, any pure consolation of heart, any interior sunshine, it is shared by those that are zealous in the fulfilment of God's law, that have preserved their innocence from youth, or have regained it by sincere repentance. But this

consolation arises from the well-founded hope of future bliss rather than from the actual fulfilment of our desires. The virtuous are happy because they have 'a promise to pay,' and not because they have received the actual payment of the debt of Divine Justice. They rejoice because, though in exile during this short night of time, they hope to dwell in their true country during the great eternity of to-morrow. They rejoice because they are heirs apparent of God's kingdom. Take from them this hope, and the sunshine in their heart will soon be changed to gloom. 'If in this life only we be hoping in Christ, we are more miserable than all men.' Why was St. Paul so cheerful in his dungeon in Rome on the eve of his execution? Because, as he tells us, 'a crown of justice is laid up for me, which the Lord, the just Judge, will render to me on that day.'

A MESSENGER FROM OUR
HOME

"God, Who at sundry times and in divers manners spoke in times past to the fathers by the prophets, last of all, in these days hath spoken to us by His Son."

Heb. i, 1, 2.

CHAPTER XVII

A MESSENGER FROM OUR HOME

"Shrink not, but draw in wide-eyed wonder near
Each incident in all the Christ career—
From birth to cross there were no veils or walls,
And nearer makes it dearer and more clear."

GEORGE CREEL.

THUS far we have studied our subject in the light of Reason. If the result is a little vague, if we are still unable to take the measurements of our future Home, the explanation is to be sought partly in the limitations of our finite minds and partly in the insufficiency of our data. From outward appearances we may judge something of our neighbor's home,—that it is spacious and lightsome and sheltered from the winds,—but of the interior arrangement and the furnishings we know nothing, unless we have been within or have heard the details recounted by others. Hence it is not surprising that from Reason we get no definite notion of just what our future Home is in itself.

Moreover, all human knowledge is vague and imperfect. It cannot exhaust any subject, it cannot comprehend anything. The growth of a blade of grass, demanding as it does, the power of assimilation or of

changing other substances into itself, is a greater mystery than immortality, or rather, assimilation is a mystery, in its every feature, except the mere fact, and immortality, inasmuch as it is a question of fact, is no mystery at all.

Still we may desire more knowledge, or more copious light or a more advantageous viewpoint. We have viewed the truth about the Hereafter in the dimness of dawn. If we could only view it in the effulgent brightness of the risen sun! We have contemplated our future from the valley of death; if we could but be transported to the heights of clearer vision! Our knowledge is finite; if there were some way of making it partake of the infinite!

Strange as it may seem to some, this is possible; the Sun has risen, the human mind may be elevated to heights of clearest vision. We have a direct message from our Home. It is a message that has much to commend it to our attentive study. It answers all the cravings of the human heart, all the aspirations of the human soul. It contains a remedy for every evil; it does not destroy sickness and death and sin, but it diminishes sin, it heals the sin-stained soul, it gives patience and courage and hope in time of sickness, and it can make of death an entrance into life. It does not stop the wheels of labor, nor dissipate the clouds of smoke that rise from factories, but it puts music into those wheels and fringes the blackest clouds with silver lining. It does not, because it cannot, make a Paradise of earth, for this earth is a valley of tears at best, and when men do not accept the inevitable, it becomes a valley of infernal horror; but it can

turn the tears of sorrow into hope, it can make of our trials and difficulties so many stepping stones to happiness, it can enable us to conquer sin, to rise superior to pain and to face death with the calmness of a child falling to sleep in its mother's arms. All this can the message from our Home accomplish if we accept it, in the fulness of its consolation; but, what ought to make a still stronger appeal to reasonable men, it is chiefly concerned about our future and it merely corroborates the findings of unaided human Reason. It is, I need hardly say, the pure and unadulterated Religion of Jesus Christ.

When to the newspaper correspondent, who, during the "flu" epidemic, interviewed me on the subject of Heaven, I made this claim for the religion of Christ, she looked at me with scrutinizing eyes and asked, with a certain degree of hesitancy, it is true, but with that awful coldness of soul which alone can prompt such a question: "What, if Christ were a myth?"

The supposition is irrational in face of the evidence on the side of the genuine character and mission of Christ, but to appeal to all classes of readers, let us give the supposition a moment's thought.

Reason tells us that there is a God, that God is all-wise, all-powerful, all-good. If Christ were a myth, God has not only failed us, but has permitted poor, weak humanity, subject to so many other miseries, to become the sport of an hallucination so tremendous that, in the supposition, there could be no God at all—which is only another way of saying that our Reason, failing us in this most important of all questions, will fail us in others, that

it is, therefore, unreliable or, for all practical purposes, Reason itself would be mythical.

If Christ were a myth, the Bible, old and new, would be a myth; virtue would be a myth; morality a myth; religion a myth; and man himself more despicable than a myth. He would be a worm, his life a dream, his hopes bursting bubbles; he should eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow he is to go down into the big hole in the ground and be no more!

Socrates, Plato, Aristotle might be myths. Their schools did not endure fire and sword for nineteen hundred years. Alexander might be a myth. No one ever died to prove the contrary.

But Christ, Whose twelve historians sealed with their life's blood their attestation of His presence on earth; Christ, Who conquered the intellectual world, the moral world, the political world, "Who lifted with His pierced hands empires from their hinges," of Whom it has been literally verified, "the nation or the people that will not serve Him shall utterly perish from the earth"; Christ, Whose school, if we choose to call it such, has come down the ages, triumphing over every obstacle, emerging from one combat after another more vigorous and more youthful than she was on entering; viewing, as she marched onward, the empires rise and fall and chase one another, like clouds before the horizon, harnessing to her chariot all the agencies of true civilization, of veritable art and of genuine culture, with no change, no vacillation, no uncertainty in her teachings or position; Christ, a myth!—it is not only blasphemous, it is irrational!

Christ is the central figure of all history and, more to our purpose, He not only brought us a message about our Home, but He has given undeniable proof that His testimony is reliable. The reliability of Christ's testimony is of the utmost importance, now especially when so many insist on placing Him on the same plane as Buddha or Confucius and even of confusing His testimony with that of the hysterical mediums who are propagating the errors of Spiritism.

Christ began to do and to teach. What He did confirmed the truth of His doctrine. One day, to give but a single instance, He stood at the tomb of Lazarus and cried aloud: "Lazarus, come forth," and he who had been dead for four days, came from the tomb, and many believed in Christ.

But, Christ Himself died. True, it is, Christ died and was buried. His sepulchre, sealed by priestly authority, was guarded by soldiers! This is the end of all human greatness. Great warriors, great statesmen, great scientists, who flourished in the past, have their whole present history told, as far as appearances go, in two words. "Hic jacet"—Here he lies! is said of every one of them. But the tomb was not the end of Jesus of Nazareth.

In Christ's Resurrection we have a confirmation of His claims, and among His claims was this, that He was the eternal Son of God, equal to His Father. He claimed to be the long-sighed-for Redeemer of a fallen race, and the crowning proof of His claim was His resurrection from the dead.

Our Message from Home is not the mere voice of a strange mystic Galilean philosopher, nor of a prophet inspired by God; it is the voice of God

Himself incarnated in the Sacred Humanity of Jesus Christ. It was of Him that the old fire-tongued Isaias spoke when he cried out: "Behold, a virgin shall conceive and bear a son, and his name be called Emmanuel—God with us." It was for Him that the Israelites sighed when they prayed: "O that Thou wouldest rend the heavens and wouldest come down!" It is to Him that the world looks back today as it never looked back before.

It is on this idea of the Divinity of Christ, that Christians build their assurance that the Messenger from our Home has both knowledge and veracity, for: He not only knows; He is wisdom itself. He is not only truthful; He is truth itself.

"For this was I born," He said, on that memorable day when from the porch of Pilate, he addressed the world, "For this was I born and for this came I into the world that I should give testimony of the truth." And, considering the relationship that exists between the authoritative voice of Christ and the eternal destiny of man,—He is the Truth and we are hungering for truth; He is the Way and we are wanderers; He is the Life and we are in the valley of death,—we may add: for this were we born and for this were we sent into the world that we should hear and heed the testimony of Christ, for He hath the words of eternal life.

Christians believe in the Divinity of Christ, in the unerring truth of all He taught, in the unfailing guidance which He promised those who hear His words. In hearing Christ we hear God, Who "at sundry times and in divers manners, spoke in times past to the Fathers by the prophets, last of all in

these days hath spoken to us by the Son, Whom He hath appointed heir of all things, by Whom also He made the world."

Now we may understand what Faith is. It is knowledge firm and unshakable, because it is founded of the word of Him Who said: "Heaven and Earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away."

If there be any who say that Christ lived a long time ago, that He spoke in a language difficult to understand, that He indulged in Oriental similitudes and metaphors, that He should have made some provision for future generations, so that we of the twentieth century could have the same assurance as His contemporaries, we have but one answer: Since Christ was all-wise and all-good, and all-powerful, most certainly He should have made some provision! And did He not do it when He sent forth His Apostles to teach the world and to continue, through their successors, until the consummation of the world, with the promise that He would remain with them and with the assurance: "He that heareth you, heareth Me and he that despiseth you, despiseth Me"?

The Divine Messenger then is still in our midst. Those who wish to see with the light of Faith will make sure that they are able to distinguish between the Living Christ and the false prophets; they will make sure that they are hearing Christ.

But unfortunately, now as ever, the Light shineth in the darkness, and the darkness comprehends it not. Why? When Christ said to Pilate,—"For this was I born and for this came I into the world that I should give testimony to the truth,"—the Roman Gov-

ernor asked,—“What is Truth?”—and went out again to the people. He was indifferent; he did not care. He was too much taken up with the imperial grandeur of Rome and with his prospects of personal advancement to pay any attention to such an unattractive thing as the truth!

On that same memorable morning Christ stood before Herod. Herod did not only lack the desire to know the truth; he did not have the power to understand it, he did not know the language of truth. He was a sensual man, he viewed Christ through carnal eyes. To him Christ was a wonder worker, a healer of physical ills and nothing more.

Then there were the Pharisees. They had heard the words of Christ, they had studied His doctrine, but they put their own interpretation upon it. They viewed it through colored mental spectacles, not in the full white light of truth.

These are the three great obstacles that existed then and that exist now,—indifference, sensuality and private interpretation. To understand the message which Christ brought from our Home we must rid our minds and hearts of the truth-destroying influence which separately or collectively these obstacles are sure to exert.

THE MESSAGE

"I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in Me, although he be dead shall live, and every one that liveth and believeth in Me shall not die forever."

John, xi, 25, 26.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE MESSAGE

"The worm within each rose's heart was curled,
Until Thy mystic might at Nain hurled
Death's menace back upon itself and stilled
The immemorial wailing of the world."

GEORGE CREEL.

EVIDENTLY a message from our Home delivered by One Who has been in Heaven, is of incalculable value, and, since this One is God Himself, it is of infinite value. We are, therefore, prepared, and we should be anxious, to study what Christ has to tell us about our Permanent Home.

First of all He has told us that there is such a Home. He exhorts those who suffer persecution and who have all that is evil spoken against them untruly, "To rejoice and be glad, for their reward is very great in Heaven." (Matt., v, 1-2.) He insists that this Heaven is beyond the grave; "Concerning the resurrection of the dead, have you not read that which was spoken by God, saying to you: 'I am the God of Abraham, and the God of Isaac and the God of Jacob'? He is not the God of the dead but of the living." (Matt., xxii, 31-32.) When the ruler in the Gospel asks Him: "Good Master, what shall I do

to possess everlasting life?" (Luke, xviii, 18.) He answers the question by telling him first what he *must* do to save his soul—"keep the Commandments,"—and second, what he *may* do,—"sell all whatsoever thou hast and give to the poor and thou shalt have treasure in Heaven: and come follow Me." (Luke, xviii, 22.)

But that there is a Heaven we have already seen: we are interested now in knowing, on the testimony of Christ, what it is. We need but one text, because it is very explicit.

"When the Son of Man," says Our Divine Messenger, "shall come in His Majesty, and all the Angels with Him, then He shall sit upon the throne of His Majesty. And all the nations shall be gathered together before Him, and He shall separate them, one from another, as the shepherd separateth the sheep from the goats: And He shall set the sheep on His right hand, but the goats on His left. Then shall the King say to them that shall be on His right hand: Come Ye, Blessed of my Father, possess the Kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world. . . . Then He shall say to them also that shall be on His left: Depart from Me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels. . . . And these shall go into everlasting punishment, but the just into everlasting life." (Matt., xxv, 31, etc.)

Such is the message of Christ, the message of God to man. Heaven is a Kingdom of the just prepared for them from all eternity and enduring for all eternity. We may with all reverence ask more about it, we may seek for details; but, while on the

one hand, we must acknowledge our inability to grasp the subject in its fulness, we must, on the other hand, be grateful to God for having revealed so much.

What then is that Kingdom? Christ gives us a very clear suggestion of some of the details in the parables and in the Sermon on the Mount. From the study of the Beatitudes alone we can glean a wealth of information.

"Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven; blessed are the meek, for they shall possess the land; blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted; blessed are they that hunger and thirst after justice, for they shall have their fill; blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy; blessed are the clean of heart, for they shall see God; blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God; blessed are they that suffer persecution for justice's sake, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven; blessed are ye when they shall revile you, and persecute you, and speak all that is evil against you, untruly, for my sake. Be glad and rejoice, for your reward is very great in Heaven, for so they persecuted the prophets that were before you."

There are, it will be observed, two parts in every Beatitude, action or passion here and reward hereafter.

Here the servants of the Kingdom are poor in spirit: they are meek, they mourn, they hunger and thirst after justice. They are merciful, clean of heart, peacemakers, and they suffer persecution. *There* they shall possess that everlasting Kingdom, where

they shall be comforted; where they shall have their fill of justice, of truth, of goodness and of beauty. They shall obtain mercy. They shall see God and be called the children of God.

Heaven, then, according to the message received through Christ, is a Kingdom of secure possession of everlasting comfort, of everlasting satiety, where the children of God shall bask in the presence of God forever.

Some may, of course, object to the idea of a Hereafter as applied to all the Beatitudes. Does not Christ say in the first: "Theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven?" and does He not say on another occasion, "The Kingdom of God is *within*?"

He says both these things, but to understand them we must bear in mind that Christ preached two Kingdoms or, perhaps better, two phases of the same Kingdom, one on earth and in hope, the other in Heaven and in realization.

The Jews looked for a visible, triumphant kingdom of worldly splendor; the Kingdom of Christ is a Kingdom of other-worldly glory. They looked for temporal goods; Christ offered goods eternal. They looked for the Kingdom of Israel; He offered the Kingdom of God. This Kingdom of God is within, but it is a Kingdom of service and consequent self-sacrifice and penance. In it men are purified from their sins and made fit to enter into the heavenly Kingdom.

The truth, that the "Kingdom of God is within," has been seriously misunderstood. The Sermon on the Mount tells us, as nothing else can, what this inward Kingdom means. In it our blessed Lord gives to the

world a new code of laws, permanent, binding both the teacher and the taught, sanctioned in eternity and not satisfied by the hypocritical observance of the letter. He illustrates His doctrine by examples. Murder is forbidden not only in its grim reality, but in its beginnings, angry words, harsh and opprobrious words. Adultery is forbidden not in deed only, but in thought and desire and in its occasions. Swearing is forbidden not only when there is question of falsehood, but even where there is question of truth, if the oath be not necessary.

He explains moreover the motive which must be back of the law's observance, and that motive is love, a love that is universal, that endures even amid provocation and contradiction. He builds the idea of human brotherhood on God's love for man and warns us against the emptiness of self-love.

He warns us against the snares that are set for the citizens,—love of riches, solicitude for the body, pride, especially such as manifests itself in rash judgment and hypocrisies. Against these snares and against real enemies, especially against false teachers and false security, Christ sounds the warning which we must heed.

Prayer and confidence in God will help the citizens to avoid the snares and to thwart the enemies, and above all to observe the law not in words alone, but in deed, and thus they will become like the wise man who builds his house on a rock.

This is the Kingdom of Christ that is *WITHIN*, of this He spoke when He told Pilate: "I am a King, but my Kingdom is not of this world." Not of this world most surely because every thing that the

world loves is excluded from it. It is an interior Kingdom, a Kingdom of souls that are detached from everything that this world holds dear and attached, with all their powers, to the things of eternity.

"Lay not up to yourselves treasures on earth, where the rust and the moth consume and where thieves break through and steal, but lay up to yourselves treasures in Heaven where neither rust nor moth doth consume and where thieves do not break through and steal."

This is the summary of His doctrine about the Hereafter. Other things He had to tell His followers, but they could not understand. They were too much concerned about an earthly kingdom to grasp the meaning of that other Kingdom which is not of this world. When the Spirit of Truth took possession of their souls, they saw and they understood more about the Hereafter.

Two of the Apostles, St. John and St. Paul, have given us some details of Heaven which become all the more precious in our estimation when we remember the words of Christ already quoted: "He that heareth you, heareth Me." Christ speaks to us through the Apostles.

Though it be true, as St. Paul tells us, that the eye has not seen nor the ear heard, nor the heart of man conceived what God has prepared for those that love Him, and though there is danger of misunderstanding St. John's description of Heaven unless we make allowances for the limitations of human language, and for the similes and metaphors by which he tries to enable us to visualize what is in reality invisible; still we may reduce what

the beloved Disciple tells us to some general headings:

1. Heaven will be a state in which all that is evil will cease. "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and death shall be no more; nor mourning, nor crying, nor sorrow shall be any more, for the former things are passed away."

2. Heaven will be the accumulation of all that is good. The blessed shall see God. To see God is to see all truth, all beauty, all loveliness, to enjoy all that is desirable, all that is lovable, all that is noble, all that is good. St. John expresses himself thus:

"I saw no temple therein, for the Lord God Almighty is the temple thereof and the Lamb. And the city hath no need of the sun to shine in it, nor of the moon. For the glory of God hath enlightened it, and the Lamb is the lamp thereof. And the nations shall walk in the light of it."

3. Besides this vision of God and of His Christ, there will be the companionship of Christ. "To him who shall overcome," He himself assures us, "I shall give to sit with Me upon My Throne." "I beheld," exclaims St. John, "and lo! a Lamb stood upon Mount Sion and with Him a hundred and forty thousand having His name and the name of His Father written upon their foreheads."

4. There will be the company of the Blessed. "I saw a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations and tribes and peoples and tongues, standing before the Throne, and in the sight of the Lamb, clothed in white robes and with palms in their hands."

According to the testimony of Christ, that which He gave in person, Heaven, our permanent Home, is to be a Kingdom of the everlasting life, of everlasting possession, everlasting satiety, everlasting comfort. According to testimony of Holy Scripture—that which He gave through St. John—it is to be the cessation of every evil and the accumulation of every good.

We must rest satisfied with the information which Christ was condescending enough to give us. With Revelation corroborating and clarifying the conclusions of unaided Reason, we have sufficient information for all practical purposes, sufficient to make us look forward to that eternal Home of unalloyed happiness.

Reason tells us that Heaven must be perfect happiness. Revelation tells us that it is perfect happiness. Reason tells us that this happiness ought to be realized by our higher faculties. Revelation tells us that it is realized in the vision and the enjoyment of God, in the intellectual grasp of Eternal Truth, which is not Truth alone, but Goodness and Beauty infinite. To know the Truth is to embrace the Good and the Beautiful.

Reason and Revelation here, as in so many other cases, go hand in hand.

**AN EXPERT
INTERPRETATION**

"If this place of exile where we live has so many charms that scarcely may one detach oneself from it, with what happiness shall we not be filled when Thou, O Lord, shalt receive us unto Thy heart and in the place where Thou inhabitest!"

ST. AUGUSTINE.

CHAPTER XIX

AN EXPERT INTERPRETATION

" 'Tis well to borrow from the good and great;
'Tis wise to learn; 'tis God-like to create."

J. G. SAXE.

ST. AUGUSTINE describes in his "Confessions" the occasion, when he sat with his mother, Monica, by the seashore at Ostia and gazed up towards the material heavens. "Alone, at the window," he says, addressing himself to God, "we began to converse with unutterable sweetness; and forgetting the past, to think only of the future, we proceeded to ask ourselves what would be the happiness of the saints above in eternal life, that happiness which no eye has ever seen, no ear ever heard, no heart imagined. Carried away by a fresh outburst of love towards this immutable happiness, we passed by in turn all bodily things, and this very sky, resplendent with the glow of the sun which was about to disappear from our eyes, of the moon and the stars which were beginning to shine above our heads, and rising still higher in our thoughts and words, in the delight which was inspired by Thy works, we came to our souls. But

we did not stop here; we passed on to attain at last that region where the true life, abundant, inexhaustible, eternal, exists; and there, as it appeared to us, we felt such an impulse of love for Thee, O my God, so bold and so powerful, that our heart seemed to leap towards it and touch it. . . ."

This eloquent saint is one of the many authoritative interpreters of Holy Scripture, and on this particular subject, Heaven, he is unexcelled. He has given us a complete and admirable summary of all that has been discovered by Reason and strengthened by Revelation and his summary consists of four Latin words: *Videbimus, Vacabimus, Amabimus, Laudabimus*—We shall see, we shall be free, we shall love, we shall praise.

There is no more concise way of stating the whole Christian doctrine about Heaven. I shall offer a brief explanation by way of summary and in order to remove some popular difficulties.

Videbimus—We shall see, that is, we shall see God. This vision of God, which constitutes the essential happiness of Heaven, will be made possible by the light of glory. According to an old writer, Leonard Lessius, S. J., this "light of glory is a supreme irradiation and participation of that light by which God sees Himself, and by which the intellect (of the blessed) is elevated to a divine state and becomes (*Deiformis*) like unto God."

Sometimes those who take pleasure in scoffing find in this vision of God what they consider an excellent opportunity for their scoffs, "What a Heaven!" exclaims one, "where reigns a placid, almost frozen, contemplation of one object—God."

This is really not a difficulty, it is a gratuitous scoff. Vision is essentially active, and when, as here, there is reference to intellectual vision, it is the activity of the highest created faculty.

The object of the beatific vision is God,—the Infinite Essence, with all the Divine attributes. Besides this primary object, there is a secondary object. We shall see not only God Himself, but in Him and through Him all actual or possible creatures.

At all events there is nothing suggestive of placidity or of rigidity in an intellect eternally active, and in possession of an Object, eternally knowable.

Vacabimus—We shall be free. Or, perhaps, better, we shall be at rest. Here, again, the irreligious scoffers find opportunity to display their wit. They do not like "rest." They are active, progressive, energetic.

Rest is no more inactive than vision. To rest is to cease from striving after what is beyond us by acquiring the good striven for and so to be occupied in most active and tranquil enjoyment.

Amabimus—We shall love. To know in order to love and to love in order to be happy, that is the supreme beatitude of man. All life is love. All activity is inspired by love. All rest is found in love. Here the scoffers tread more cautiously, because they know that the human heart would protest against their blasphemies.

The first object of our love in Heaven will be God Himself, Eternal and Infinite Goodness. Then, we shall love our companions in glory. "Those who loved in time will be surprised," says Pére Lacordaire, "to have loved so little, and the revelation of love will be equal to their ignorance of it until then."

Laudabimus—We shall praise. Here, again, there is occasion for witticism. Some of Voltaire's admirers do not like to sit on thrones and play golden harps for all eternity! To praise is to give expression to our knowledge of what is true, to our attachment to what is good, and to our admiration for what is beautiful. It is the natural outcome of knowledge, rest, love.

Such then is the Home for which man has ever sighed and concerning which so much has been written by men of thought and of purity of heart who could find nothing on earth capable of satisfying the aspirations of their souls.

"I own," wrote a French priest, "that when in my youth I beheld death, when I saw those I loved come to an end and disappear, when I saw men divided more by their evil deeds than by space and time, when I felt that the life of my soul was so narrow and incomplete, while its emotions succeeded each other so rapidly as it rushed so swiftly towards the end; in the face of this incorrigible mobility, this alarming confusion of ideas, I was seized with terror. For a long time I only imagined the world-to-come as a void, and immortality as a shadow of our present life. The intolerable emptiness of a Heaven and an eternity without any visible body or world, seemed to me only a cold copy, an abstract memory of our life in this world, which, though transitory, was at least sensible to touch and feeling. When did my heart and my faith, my imagination and my reason, first find some rest and some hope? On the day when it was given to me to meditate on the spectacle of the heavens unrolled before my eyes, to study the

moving life of the heavenly fleets and pleiads by the light of those words of eternal life which Thou didst bring us, O my God!—on the day when my eyes were opened to the meaning of Holy Scripture, of that wonderful Epistle of St. Paul to the dispersed people of God, the whole of which meaning is contained in the two words of the Divine text: '*Mobilium translationem*, the end of mobility.' This meaning is only a beginning of those words which came from Thy mouth: 'I go to prepare a place for you!' It was necessary, indeed, that these words should be said, for there is no other consolation. When I see men passing away like a flowing river, and all the worlds like ships sailing by at full speed, when I feel that I am passing away myself, I need some end to hope for, a land, a permanent dwelling, a country, a city of peace."*

Others have written with like eloquence and ardor but there may still be some who, in spite of the testimony of Reason and of Revelation, do not see things in the light in which they have been explained. To them we have this to say: In all vision, whether it be physical or intellectual, there are three essential elements. To see any object it is essentially required (1) that there be an object to be seen; (2) that you have eyes to see, and (3) that it be presented to the eye through the medium of light.

Besides these essential elements there is a necessary condition, the light must not be impeded by obstacles. You cannot see an object through a stone wall; you cannot see it if you close your eyes; you cannot see it if you turn your back on it.

* *De la Connaissance de l'Ame*, quoted from Abbe Max Caron.

The same principle holds when there is question of intellectual vision. There must be an object; in our present study the object is Heaven, the Kingdom of everlasting happiness. There must be the light; here it is the light of Reason or the light of Faith. There must be the faculty of vision; here it is the intellect.

Of ourselves we cannot see a single object in the material world; the light of God's sun (either directly, as at noon-day, or indirectly, as at midnight) is a necessary condition. The same is true in the immaterial world, and especially in the supernatural order. We cannot see the objects of Revelation unless the light of Faith illuminates them.

This light is a gift of God, but since God loves all men, He is willing and anxious to give it to all, if they are willing to receive it..

To see the objects of Divine Revelation we must pray for light, saying with the blind man of the Gospel, "Lord, that I may see," or with Cardinal Newman, "Lead Kindly Light!" But even when, through the goodness of God, we behold the light, the light of the Eternal Sun of Justice, we must bear in mind that our receptive capacity is finite. It is in great part due to our intellectual limitations that, in spite of the light of Revelation, "we see now darkly and in an image."

WHERE IS OUR HOME?

"In My Father's house there are many mansions.
If not I would have told you, because I go to prepare a place for you. And if I shall go and prepare a place for you I will come again and will take you to Myself; that where I am, you also may be."

John, xiv, 2, 3.

CHAPTER XX

WHERE IS OUR HOME?

"Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy,
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy;
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair—
Sorrow and death may not enter there,
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom,
For beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb,
It is there, it is there, my child!"

MRS. HEMANS, *The Better Land.*

INTERESTING as is the question, it is not without its difficulties. "Where" is a simple word, but the thought expressed is very complex, even when there is reference to objects round about us. Where is anything? Where is the earth? Where are you? Where am I? Or still more fundamentally, what is meant by the "*whereness*" of an object? If we answer that it means the position of that object in space, we are but running from one difficulty into another.

Kant went so far as to deny altogether the reality of space. To his way of thinking space was a mere arbitrary fiction with no existence outside the fancy. Others went to the opposite extreme and maintained that space is a sort of big receptacle, capable of containing extended bodies, but distinct from the bodies contained, so that if all the extended bodies were

removed from existence, we should have nothing left but a big empty container.

Here, as elsewhere, the truth lies in between the opposing doctrines. A material body carries its space with it. If we could fancy a body moving out among or beyond the stars, we should have to admit that its space would go with it, which is only another way of saying that it would never strike against a wall beyond which it could not go. Space and extension are, for all practical purposes, synonymous. Hence actual space is actual extension and is as real as any extended object; possible space is co-extensive with possible material worlds and there is no reason why we should not regard the possible extension of material things as indefinite, i. e., as having no limits.

Are we then to endeavor to locate our Home in the vast and boundless universe? Here is another tremendous word,—locate! To locate an object means to determine just what part of space it occupies; but, as we have already explained, there are different kinds of objects, material and spiritual, and they may be said to occupy space in different ways.

A material body occupies a whole place and the different parts of the body occupy different parts of that place. Thus the air is in a room; this part of the air is not that part and hence this part does not occupy or fill the same place as that part. It is plain, however, that the air, as a whole, fills the whole room. This is location in the strict sense of the word and it is called commensurate presence of an object in a given place.

A spiritual substance is said to be present in a place incommensurably, i. e., wholly in the whole place and

wholly in each and every part of the place. Thus the finite, spiritual substance, which we call the soul, is in the body. It is not a part of the soul that looks out through the eye, nor another part that listens at the ear. It is the whole soul that sees and hears and feels in any and every part of the body.

Are we now prepared to ask: Where is man's Permanent Home? or Where is Heaven? Yes, if we are sure that we understand the question. Heaven, as we have seen, is perfect happiness, perfect satisfaction of all the powers of the soul, in consequence of the possession and fruition of God. If we were to fancy that Heaven is a big city, we should be anticipating matters, because we have not as yet determined that it is a city. It may be a city; Heaven may even be a place. But just as a nation does not consist of cities, railroads and prairie lands, so, even though it occupy a place, even though the walls the City of God have, in literal truth, twelve foundations adorned with all manner of precious stones, and twelve gates of pearl and streets paved with pure gold, Heaven does not consist in any of these things. They are, if anything, extrinsic circumstances. Those who insist exclusively on the material aspect of Heaven remind one of Milton's lines:

"Mammon leads them on—
Mammon, the least erected spirit that fell
From Heaven; for even in Heaven his looks and
thoughts
Were always downward bent, admiring more
The riches of Heaven's pavement, trodden gold,
Than aught divine or holy else enjoyed
In vision beatific."

This beatific vision, the vision of God, constitutes the

essential happiness of Heaven and as vision implies two things: (1) the object seen and (2) the seeing faculty, our question resolves itself to these two: Where is God? and where are the souls of men that revel in the vision of God?

To the first question there can be but one answer: God is everywhere. He is present in the worlds that roll through space, in the flowers that bloom in the fields, in the waving of the pines, in the birds that singing up to Heaven's gate ascend, bearing in their notes and on their wings His praise; and above all else, He is present in the human soul in all its powers.

The modern religionists, those especially who, like the Christian Scientists, fill their churches and temples to overflow, insist on this thought, that God is everywhere, and the doctrine is received with rapture. Man hungers after spiritual understanding, and some of these modern religionists, reacting against the materialism in which the world has been plunged for so long a time, not infrequently strike a very highly spiritual note, which, though decidedly off the key, has power to produce an elevating effect on souls not attuned to the harmonious melody of truth in all its beauty and inspirational grandeur.

The omnipresence of God is one of these spiritual notes. But unfortunately it has been distorted. The idea of God's omnipresence has degenerated, with some, into a monopolizing presence which drives all other realities out of the realm of existence. With others it has become an active energy and impersonal force, or "the world-psychom." In the former case it is pantheism; in the latter atheism, and for all practical purposes these two terms are, as we have seen, synonymous.

God is indeed everywhere, but God is not everything. This is the teaching of Reason and of Revelation.

Some one may ask: if God is everywhere why is it that Heaven is not everywhere? Because it is the possession and enjoyment of God, and not the presence of God that makes Heaven what it is. We must see God, love God, enjoy God in such a way that this knowledge, love and enjoyment will make us perfectly happy, before we can be said to be in Heaven. This beatific or beatifying possession is not realized everywhere, for we cannot see God everywhere, except in the reflected splendor of His creatures, or in the light of revealed truth; and in both cases we see dimly and in an image. We do not love God everywhere, except in an imperfect way. Love is proportioned to knowledge. Our knowledge is imperfect. Therefore our love is imperfect.

God is everywhere present, but His presence is not everywhere enjoyed. To the sin-laden soul,—one that is determined to remain in sin,—God's presence is a torture, just as the light of the noon-day sun is a torture to the diseased eye. The sinner's greatest misery consists in trying to get away from the Presence within.

If we could see God, love God, enjoy God now, earth would be a Heaven; but since the hurricane of sin has swept over the earth, our knowledge, love and joy are, at best, imperfect. The night is dark and we are far from home. It is, however, possible for us to enjoy a foretaste of Heaven's sweetness, by endeavoring to know God more and more intimately, to love Him more and more ardently, to rejoice in His service more and more enthusiastically.

The second part of the question is increasingly interesting: Where are the souls that see and love God? or where are our beloved dead who entered into eternity as friends of God and heirs of Heaven?

Reason cannot answer this question; but in Revelation, in the message sent from God to man, we find an answer that is full of consolation and of hope. At the Last Supper, the Savior of the world said to His Apostles and through them to all His faithful servants: "I go to prepare a place for you. And if I shall go and prepare a place for you I will come again and will take you to Myself; that where I am you also may be." To understand where Christ is we must recall the words with which the evangelist closes his narrative of Christ's Ascension. "While they were looking on, He was taken up and a cloud received Him out of their sight."

Where, then, are they who enjoy the beatific vision, who possess God, that is, see Him, love Him, rejoice in His presence with perfect security? They are there where Christ is. But, some one may urge, Christ is God and God is everywhere. True, Christ is God, but He is also Man. He Who ascended into Heaven is as truly Man as He is truly God. As Man He has a body. It has not lost its nature; it is not omnipresent; it is in a place above and beyond the earth where the souls of the blessed rejoice in His company and see God face to face. They know even as they are known, they love with ineffable love, they rejoice with incomprehensible joy.

There is a principle of sound reason, established long ago by St. Thomas Aquinas. "Nothing moves for the sake of moving," he tells us, "but in order

to arrive!" In other words the universe is not yet completed. God's work ended on the sixth day of creation, on the seventh day, while He rests, the work of created powers continues and will continue until there appear "the new heavens and the new earth in which justice dwelleth."

But of the new Heaven and the new earth we shall speak later. Some of the worlds seem to have reached their perfection. "In the depths of the firmament," writes the great astronomer Schubert, "we often see two suns, sometimes three or more, in each other's company, like brothers. We see others marching together in crowds, in serried ranks like armies. The light never wanes in the midst of these choirs of stars. The glow of their united dawn, a thousand and a thousand times repeated, maintains an eternal day in these assemblages of suns." The Catholic Ritual has already spoken of this eternal day. "Eternal rest grant unto them, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon them" or

"O quando lucescat Tuus,
Qui nescit occasum, dies!

O when will dawn Thy day
Which fadeth not away!"*

Could it not be that to these completed worlds, the Holy Monk of the Thirteenth Century referred when in an ecstasy of enthusiasm he exclaimed: "O most happy mansion of the city above! O most bright day of eternity which knows no night, but is always enlightened by the sovereign Truth; a day always joyful, always secure and never changing its

* Quoted from Abbe Max Caron, "Our Home in Heaven."

state for the contrary! Oh! that this day would shine upon us, and all those temporal things come to an end! It shines, indeed, upon the saints, resplendent with everlasting brightness, but to us pilgrims upon earth it is seen only afar off and through a glass." (Following of Christ. III. Chapter x, vii.)

This is not a mere flight of the fancy; it is, in a sense, at least, a truth which was brought back from the Mount of the Ascension. Somewhere in the depths of the universe there is a transfigured world, which is the abode of Christ, of His Immaculate Mother and of all the Blessed. "Do not doubt," says St. Augustine, "that Jesus Christ as Man, is now in a place from whence He shall come again. Do not forget, and retain faithfully what the Christian Faith teaches us, that Christ is risen from the dead, that He has ascended into Heaven, and that He is seated at the right hand of the Father, from whence He shall come to judge the living and the dead. According to the testimony of the two angels, He will come again in the same manner as He was seen ascending to Heaven, that is to say, in the same form, with the same body to which He has given immortality without in any way changing its nature."

Now we may ask: What is meant by the new Heaven and the new earth referred to in Holy Scripture? Thus far we have stated what Heaven really consists in; and we have maintained that it is in some mysterious sense a place, the exact situation of which has not been revealed to us.

Will the souls of the blessed remain in their

present Heaven forever? That they will remain in Heaven forever, is, of course, certain, but when the 'new Heaven and the new earth appear,' their souls will be clothed again in the flesh, and we may infer that conditions will be changed to suit these new circumstances.

"Who will grant me that my words may be written," said the old Patriarch Job. "Who will grant me that they may be marked down in a book with an iron pen and in a plate of lead, or else graven with an instrument in flint stone? For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and in the last day I shall rise out of the earth and I shall be clothed again with my skin, and in my flesh I shall see my God, Whom I myself shall see and my eyes behold and not another; this hope is laid up in my bosom."

In spite of a difficulty that is connected with this passage from the Book of Job, Christians believe most firmly the doctrine of the resurrection and they have other grounds for this belief. "The hour cometh," says Christ, "wherein all that are in the graves shall hear the voice of the Son of Man, and they that have done good shall come forth unto resurrection of life, but they that have done evil unto the resurrection of judgment."

When we think of Heaven as the abode of the Blessed, clothed again in the flesh, we have more reason to ask about its whereabouts, and there is nothing to prevent us from saying that it will be the one, immense, wonderful universe of God! Heaven will not be an empty abstraction, not a vaporous emotion, not even a pure state of mind, but sensible to touch and feeling. Now men pass away like a

flowing river, and all the worlds, like ships, sail at full speed, still "nothing moves but to arrive."

"I go to prepare a place for you," said Christ, and he who believes in Christ looks forward to a land, a permanent dwelling, a city of peace. As there is only one God, so there is only one universe and this one universe will be Heaven.

Nor is this a materialistic concept of Heaven. We should not believe in matter to the exclusion of all else, but there is no reason "to cover matter with opprobrium." God did not make the material universe to destroy it. He made it for man. When man's body shall be purified from its superinduced sin, when this corruption shall put on incorruption, and we rise again, clothed in our garments of glorified flesh, we shall understand that nothing of God's making is unworthy of His wisdom.

We may not know what matter is, we surely do not know what glorified matter is; but Science, Philosophy and Theology are unanimous in declaring that the material universe does not tend toward destruction. On the contrary, it is marching toward perfection; it is in process of construction.

This is true of the whole material world, but more particularly true of man's material body. "It is sown in corruption," says St. Paul, "it shall rise in incorruption. It is sown in dishonor, it shall rise in glory. It is sown in weakness, it shall rise in power. It is sown a natural body, it shall rise a spiritual body." (I Cor., xv, 42, 44.)

In other words, the risen body of the just will be, like the risen body of Christ, incorruptible, glorious, perfect in proportions, and of untarnished beauty, full

of strength and power and agility and, above all, spiritualized, possessed of the great gift of integrity, free not only from sin but from the power of sinning.

Now we have some idea of our Permanent Home,—God's wonderful universe in its finished glory,—and of the inhabitants thereof, "the great multitude which no man could number, clothed with white robes and with palms in their hands." Now we can hear the great voice from the throne saying: "Behold the Tabernacle of God with men. And He will dwell with them and they shall be His people. . . . And God will wipe away all tears from their eyes and death shall be no more, nor mourning, nor crying, nor sorrow shall be any more."

This perfect happiness, which God has prepared for all His children, is to last forever! Immortal blessedness means never-ending blessedness. Immortality means eternal survival. Eternal! It is worthy of a moment's reflection. Were God to give us a thousand years of unmixed happiness, or ten thousand or a hundred thousand years, it would seem wonderful enough, but eternal happiness cannot be measured in years. Millions multiplied by millions would not form one moment of eternity. Who can fail, in face of this tremendous fact, to appreciate the ardor which St. Ignatius of Loyola experienced when, gazing up at the star-lit vault of night, looking out on the countless worlds that form but a little part of God's immense universe, he reflected on the glory of eternal enjoyment of God and on the satisfaction of an eternal appreciation of the wonders of God's works. Who can fail to exclaim with him, "How despicable earth seems, when I look up to Heaven!" Who can fail to appre-

ciate and to share in the prayer of praise, so eloquently voiced by St. Augustine:

"What thanks shall I give to Thee, O my God, in that Thou hast thus created me to Thine image and likeness, and hast given me power to become Thy child? Since all corporal creatures have not this likeness to Thee nor the light of Reason, neither are they capable of this eminent dignity of Thine adoption; it is a peculiar grace that Thou bestowest upon angels and men, in communicating to them the light of Thy truth and of Thine intelligence, to which Thine image and Thy divine adoption are necessarily attached. O supreme truth, O true and infinite greatness, that hast made us partakers of Thy glory, and hast bestowed upon us this great grace of capacity to become Thy children, and children conformed to the likeness of Thy glorious Son, who is from all eternity in Thy bosom, render us worthy of these great hopes; and add this grace to all the graces with which Thou dost not cease to load us, that we may consecrate to Thee, both upon earth and in Heaven, eternal monuments of our gratitude."

EPILOGUE

"Not every one that saith to Me, Lord, Lord,
shall enter into the Kingdom of Heaven; but he
that doth the will of My Father, Who is in
Heaven, he shall enter into the Kingdom of
Heaven."

Matt. vii, 21.

CHAPTER XXI

EPILOGUE

"Tis written so upon the world's great crest,
A million things in Nature all attest
A perfect law of balance which makes clear
That only those who work shall know His rest."

GEORGE CREEK.

KNOWLEDGE, that does not germinate in virtuous action, is valueless and sometimes it may be positively harmful. The greatest rascals in the history of the world were men of extensive knowledge. "*Video meliora proboque, deteriora sequor*"—I see and approve of the good and do what is evil—was Ovid's characterization of himself. The same may be said of countless others whose seeing or knowing does not result in doing. They have been compared by St. James to a man who views himself in a mirror and presently forgets what manner of man he is.

More particularly, to know what our Permanent Home is, where it is, and who are the dwellers therein, will profit us nothing if we have the unutterable misfortune to miss the way that leads thither. To know what Heaven is and to go to Hell will give us no advantage over the fallen Angels.

How are we to arrive in safety at our Home?

or what must we do to save our souls? is therefore a more important question than any which we have thus far studied.

In our quest of knowledge concerning our Home, we have had recourse to two guides or informants,—Reason and Revelation. In our effort to reach our Home in safety, we need something more than guidance; we need help. In the ascent, for ascent it is, above the earth and the goods of earth, in the struggle against the downward tendencies of our fallen nature, we must be upheld and strengthened, we must be encouraged and urged on to persevere to the end.

For this unaided Reason is insufficient. No man ever reasoned himself into Heaven. Even to light the way Reason is inadequate.

"Dim as the borrowed beams of moon and stars,
To lonely, weary, wandering travelers,
Is Reason to the soul; and, as on high,
Those rolling fires discover but the sky,
Not light us here; so Reason's glimmering ray
Was lent not to assure our doubtful way,
But guide us upward to a better day;
And as those nightly tapers disappear,
When day's bright lord ascends our hemisphere;
So pale grows Reason at Religion's sight,
So dies, and so dissolves in supernatural light."*

We have already experienced the truth of what Dryden thus rhythmically expresses; we have seen how Reason, though it discovers our Home, grows pale and is lost in the effulgent light of Revelation. In indicating the path by which we reach our Home in safety,—which is a different matter,—Reason's

* Dryden's "Religio Laici."

glimmering ray is so uncertain that, were it not for the Light that "shineth in the darkness," the "true Light which enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world," we should be lost in the encircling gloom or misled by will-o'-the-wisps along dangerous and devious paths into inextricable difficulties and perhaps even to eternal disaster.

Of the extraordinary provision made by a bountiful Father for the salvation of those who know not the Light, who, without any fault of theirs, sit in the darkness and in the shadow of death, we shall not speak, except to observe, in passing, that no one can, without deliberate and wilful fault, miss the way to his Permanent Home. God "will have all men to be saved," and since God's will is effective, He makes provision for all according to their needs and the circumstances over which they have no control; but God's will is not destructive of man's freedom. Hence even in these extraordinary cases, where he has not the fulness of the Light to guide him, man must freely co-operate with God's grace. All of which is only another way of saying that no one will be forced, against his will, into the blessedness of Heaven.

Our question,—What must we do, as Christians, to save our souls?—is different. We are followers of and believers in Him Who came into the world to give testimony to the Truth and Who gave unto the world the assurance that "this is the will of My Father that sent Me: that every one who seeth the Son and believeth in Him, may have life everlasting, and I will raise him up on the last day."

It will be noted that even here there is need of

knowledge. Just as we have endeavored to know what Heaven is and where, so now we must endeavor to *know* how to reach Heaven. If, then, with the young man in the Gospel, we ask the Good Master: "What must we do that we may have life everlasting?"—we shall receive, each in his own heart, the same simple and comprehensive answer: "If thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments." If we inquire further,—"What commandments?"—the Author of our salvation will tell us clearly and unmistakably: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, with thy whole heart, and with thy whole soul, and with thy whole mind. This is the greatest and the first commandment. And the second is like to this: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments depend the whole law and the prophets." (Matt. xxii, 37, 40.)

Some one may say that in these words Christ summarizes the "Old Law" and that in the "New" other requirements are to be expected. There is no better answer to this difficulty than that supplied by St. Paul, the inspired Apostle of Christ, who, writing to the Romans and summarizing the duties of the "New Law," reduced them all to a single precept.

"Thou shalt not commit adultery," he wrote to his brethren at Rome, "thou shalt not kill, thou shalt not steal, thou shalt not bear false witness, thou shalt not covet, and if there be any other commandment, it is comprised in this word: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. . . . Love, therefore, is the fulfilling of the law." (Rom. xiii, 9, 10.)

St. Paul, be it remembered, made this summary of the "New Law" for the benefit of the primitive

Christians, men and women who loved *in deed* and not alone *in word*. It was not necessary for him to warn them against the danger of saying: "This is all so simple and attractive!" "It expresses my religion perfectly!" "Love is so sweet and admirable!" etc. He was not flattering the presumptuous self-sufficiency of every pampered Roman matron and lily-fingered Adonis; his words were addressed to Christian warriors, sturdy athletes of Christ, who were ready to suffer death for Love. They loved their neighbor because they loved their God, and they were taught to distinguish between a love that is naturally attractive and appealing and the Love inculcated by the Savior of the world. They knew that Plato and Aristotle and their own Cicero had speculated on the beauties and advantages of love, just as we may know that Buddha and Confucius and modern religionists descant on its beauty, while world-reformers, anarchists even and socialists, insist on its advantages; but they also knew, as we should know, that Love, as Christ would have us understand it, is infinitely superior to a love that is purely natural.

"A new commandment I give unto you: That you love one another as I have loved you!" These are His blessed words. To understand them, to discern the difference between Christian Love and a love that is purely natural, to avoid the danger of admiring Christianity as a religion of Love without knowing its meaning, we must ask: "How did Christ love?"

He loved all men, even His enemies. Christian Love is all-embracing, universal. He loved those from whom He had nothing to gain, the rude, uneducated

fishermen, abandoned lepers, and the friendless poor. Christian Love is unselfish. He loved even unto death. Christian Love is self-sacrificing.

Of this Christian Love,—universal, unselfish, self-sacrificing,—it may be said, without fear of error, that it is the only requirement for safe arrival at our Permanent Home. It may be further said, for our encouragement, that the actual realization of such an exalted ideal is not necessary; sufficient will it be if we sincerely aspire to the sublime heights thus pointed out to us, and if we make use of the means, natural and supernatural, that God has given to us for this purpose.

Once this truth, that Love alone is the way to Heaven, is made known by Revelation, it may be studied in the light of Reason, and, when thus studied, it will make strong and persuasive appeal even to human nature.

What is Love? we ask, and Reason is at hand with the answer: In its progress, Love is a desire or a longing for what the moralists call "the Good"; in its fulfillment, it is enjoyment in the possession of "the Good". Our question, then, resolves itself to this: What is "the Good"?

Without entering too deeply into the philosophy of the subject, we may say, in general, that "the Good" is that which is "perfective" of something. Thus, sunshine is good for the flowers; it aids their growth and the unfolding of their beauty. With particular application to man, "the Good" is that which is "perfective" of human nature in its entirety. What perfects only part of his nature may or may not be good. It is good only in so far as it helps or, at

least, does not impede the growth and development of his whole wonderful being.

Thus, what is good for the animal that is in man may or may not be good for his rational nature; what is socially good may or may not be morally good, and so on through the whole long list of elements that clamor for perfection.

What, then, is "perfective" of man as a rational and moral, and, we may add, as an aesthetic being? Man's intellect, unless it has been stifled, hungers after the truth, and, as we have seen, God alone is truth. All else is but a reflection of His brightness. Man's will, unless it has been displaced by sensuous cravings, is athirst for goodness, and God alone is good. All else serves only to aggravate man's soul-thirst. Man's aesthetic sense, unless it has been depraved by the frivolities of worldliness, longs for the beautiful, and God alone is beautiful. All else is but glittering tinsel.

This may seem to be, but it is not, gratuitously stated. We can no more understand the soul without God than we can understand the eye without light. Everything in the eye is made for light; everything in the soul is made for God.

Hence, just as it is the nature of the eye to see, of the rose to be beautiful, of the vine to lift itself above the earth and cling to some support, so it is the nature of the soul to love, to unfold its beauty under the influence of Divine grace, to raise itself from the earth and cling to God. A groveling soul is not only a deformity, it is an enigma. The soul has tendrils that are evidently meant to lift it above the earth.

Even the great spiritual writers of the ages of Faith were not disdainful of the natural appeal which Love properly understood makes to Reason. Thus, to give but one example, St. Ignatius describes sin,—or a refusal to love God,—as a "*deordination*,"—a distortion of what else were beautiful, a disarrangement of what else were ordered and in place. A soul that does not love is a musical instrument with the strings broken.

The same Saint tells us that the service of God, the highest expression of which is Love, may be called "*ordination*," or the proper arrangement and functioning of the powers of the soul. A soul that loves is a musical instrument attuned to the touch of uncreated Goodness.

Thus Reason finds in revealed truth a beauty and an attractiveness which lead to the further inquiry: To aspire, with hope of success, to such sublime heights, are any conditions or preliminary dispositions of soul necessary?

If we turn, and turn we must, to our authoritative Guide, we shall find a very definite answer to this most important question. Christ, Who said to all his followers, "I go to prepare a place for you," made definite provision for the needs of mankind. "Go ye, therefore," He said to His apostles, "into the whole world and preach the Gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be condemned."

This Belief, or Faith, in its true sense, is no vague desire, no mere feeling of confidence, no self-evolved sentiment, but, as is evident, a free mental assent or adhesion to the truths revealed by Christ.

How reasonable it is that Faith should precede Love! We cannot love unless we know, and Faith is knowledge based on Revelation. Faith is the root: Love is the flower. Faith is the foundation: Love is the symmetry of the edifice. Faith is the instrument: Love is the harmony.

A second preliminary condition is necessary,—Christian Hope. We are naturally weak. Between us and our Home there are obstacles. The remembrance of past failure discourages us and makes us feel that we are utterly worthless. Or, on the contrary, we think that we are strong and, deceived by self-love and self-admiration, we fancy that we have within ourselves the secret of success and foolishly prattle about self-expression and the realization of the fact that we are "sparks of Deity."

Excessive thought of our weakness begets despair; excessive thought of our strength begets presumption. The former is a sin against Hope by defect, the latter by excess.

Our nature needs encouragement, and encouragement is given by our supernatural Guide. Nothing was more emphatically taught by our Savior than that God is *Our Father*, Whose property it is to have mercy and to spare. He taught this by His example; He taught it in parables; He taught it by His life, and most eloquently by His death.

On the infinite goodness of God, our Father, and on the infinite merits of Christ, our Savior, we must build our confidence that the sins of the past be blotted out, that strength be given for the future, and that our efforts to love in this life will be crowned with eternal fruition of God in the next.

Thomas à Kempis explains the nature of Hope by means of the following example: "When a certain anxious person, who often wavered between hope and fear, once overcome with sadness, threw himself upon the ground in prayer before one of the altars in the church, and . . . said: 'O, if I only knew that I should persevere!' that very instant he heard this Heavenly answer: 'And if thou didst know it, what wouldest thou do? Do now as thou wouldest then do, and thou shalt be perfectly secure.'" *

Hope is a feeling of certainty that we are to be among the blessed in Heaven, not through any merit of our own, but through the goodness and mercy of God. It is not certainty, but it enables us to live as if we were certain, it enables us to do what we should do were we certain of eternal salvation, it puts joy into our hearts and daring into our lives.

Briefly, though Love alone is sufficient, it presupposes Faith and Hope. Without Faith we cannot love; without Hope we dare not love. Let Reason study the effects of these three great Christian virtues. Faith, the light that shineth in the darkness, perfects the understanding; Hope, the mother of fortitude, is a kind of enthusiasm born of a realization that we are not alone in the struggle along our Homeward way; Love, the flowering of Faith and Hope, perfects the will. Is not all this reasonable? Is it not the proper balancing of the whole man, intellect, heart and will? Is it not the unfolding of his admirable, God-like nature? Just as truly as it is the nature of the flower to be beautiful, of the birds to soar on high, of the sun to shine, of the

* Imitation I, xxv, 2.

ocean to move in harmonic waves, so is it the nature of man to love, to seek that which is "good" for him, that which "perfects" his being, that which satisfies the God-given cravings of his soul.

How unworthy, then, are the taunts of those who accuse the Christian religion of holding out a promise of Heaven as a kind of a bribe for being good, just as an indulgent father might promise his children some special privileges on Sunday if they are good and dutiful during the week! How unintelligible is the other accusation that to seek Heaven is a form of selfishness!

Whatever element of self-love there is in the desire to reach our Home is not only legitimate, but obligatory, because such self-love is synonymous with love for the perfection to which God has destined us. It is the selfishness of the magnetic needle in its persistent turning towards the North. It is the selfishness of the rose that becomes a thing of beauty rather than of deformity.

But have we not forgotten the most attractive part of the Christian religion,—Love for our fellow-men? No, we have not forgotten it, we have been explaining it, we have been studying the only motive that can make Love for our neighbor possible.

Faith tells us that our fellow-men are, like ourselves, the children of God; Hope, that rests upon the mercy of God, carries with it the obligation of being merciful to others; Love, that seeks to find God, must during this life be satisfied with reflections of His goodness. They are found in all God's creatures, but nowhere, in visible creation, more perfectly than in man made to the image and like-

ness of God. If, with the assistance of God's grace, we cultivate the Divine virtues of Faith, Hope and Love, it will follow, as the night the day, that we cannot then be false to any man.

It all seems so simple, so consoling and so reasonable; but, as has already been said, the important thing is that we love in deed and not alone in word. "Not every one that *saith* to me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the Kingdom of Heaven; but he that *doth* the will of My Father Who is in Heaven, he shall enter into the Kingdom of Heaven." (Matt. vii, 21.) These words of the Savior of the world are applicable with equal force to Love. Not every one that saith, "I love my neighbor as myself," shall enter into Heaven, but he that *doth in reality love*, he shall enter into Heaven.

For the realization of this exalted ideal God's help is necessary. Without the sustaining power of Divine grace we can do nothing profitable unto life eternal. How, then, can we aspire, without assistance from above, to accomplish that in which the greatest perfection of the soul consists?

That God should have done something to help our human weakness is plain to all who acknowledge His wisdom and His goodness; that He has done something is a matter of history and of Faith. Christ, the Eternal Son of God, came from Heaven to earth to enable man to rise from earth to Heaven. Christ is the Way, the Truth and the Life. Through Him, and through Him alone, can man aspire to Heaven or to Love, which is the key to Heaven.

Towering in importance, then, over all that we have said, is the final question: How does Christ help us?

To this I know of but one answer. It is the Catholic answer. It will be instructive for Catholics and may prove at least interesting to those that are not united to the old Church of history, and who are sometimes misled by erroneous views and misunderstandings of her doctrine and of her practices, of her purposes and the requirements of membership.

Christ helps us through the Church and the Sacraments. We help ourselves through prayer and by corresponding to the grace of God.

The Church, an authoritative teaching body, not in politics nor in social reform, except indirectly, but in matters of Faith and Morals, is, for the Catholic, the Divinely appointed Custodian of the Faith, altogether reliable, because Christ abides in the Church and will abide in her until the consummation of the world.

The Sacraments of Divine institution, by communicating supernatural life to the soul or by sustaining and strengthening it, enkindle in us the enthusiasm of Hope and the ardor of Love, and preserve and increase them after they have once been enkindled.

In the history of the Church, stretching through twenty centuries, some things will, no doubt, be found out of which difficulties may arise; but when one distinguishes between the Church and the churchmen, just as, to preserve his sense of loyalty to his country, he must distinguish between the State and the statesmen, the Church established by Christ becomes an object of enthusiastic admiration. Whatever there is in the Church, the solemnity of her service, the majesty of her ritual, the sonorous peals of her organs swelling through the mighty vaults of the miracles of architectural skill, whatever there is of devotion from the

prayerful Gregorian chant to the community recitation of the Rosary, is of value only in so far as it is an expression of Faith, Hope and Love, just as her Sacraments are of value only in so far as they give rise to or increase sanctifying grace in our souls and with sanctifying grace the Divine virtues of Faith, Hope and Love.

To Catholics, as well as to those who are separated from the Church and who know not the comforts of Sacramental helps, prayer, a most efficacious means of salvation, remains. If, in earnest desire for the Faith, we cry out, "Lord, that I may see!" or "I do believe, Lord, help Thou my unbelief," God, in His goodness, will lead us to or preserve us in the Faith; if, with full and appreciative knowledge of our weakness and wickedness, we strike our breasts, saying: "O God, be merciful to me a sinner!" Divine mercy will conduct us into the joys and strong resoluteness of Hope; if finally, with sincerity and ardent longing, we say in the depths of our hearts, "Lord, Thou knowest that I love Thee!" He, Who came to cast fire (the fire of Divine Love) upon earth, will make our Love strong as death and as enduring as the pillars of Heaven. Thus, through prayer, we may aspire to Faith, Hope and Love, and through these three virtues, to the eternal blessedness of our Permanent Home, of which the Author of our salvation has said: "I go to prepare a place for you. And if I shall go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and will take you to Myself, that where I am, you also may be."