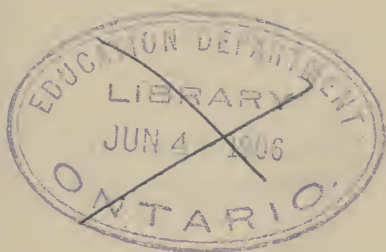


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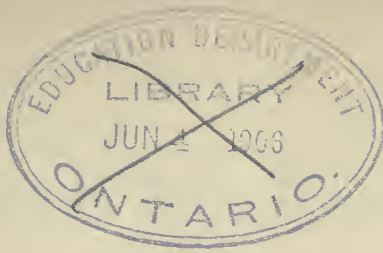
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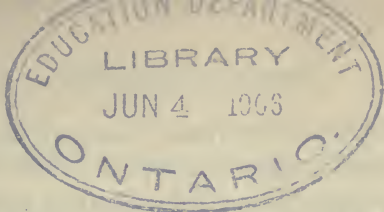


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ETHICS AND CULTURE.*

BY FELIX ADLER.

MY subject this evening will be "Ethics and Culture." The meaning of the former of these terms is sufficiently clear; that of the latter is uncertain. I shall endeavor to bring its proper meaning to light and to show its decisive bearing on the whole conduct of life. The marks of culture as commonly understood are three: literary taste, æsthetic sensibility, and fine manners. One who is familiar with the best literature, displays a discriminating appreciation of the products of art, and uses with ease and fluency the forms and phrases of polite society, is said to be cultured. And since these accomplishments in their *ensemble* reach their fairest development in an atmosphere of leisure, and since leisure is, as a rule, the privilege of the wealthy, a very intimate connection has thus been established in the popular mind between wealth and culture; so intimate, indeed, that, judging from the way the two words are used together, one might be led to suppose that culture cannot exist without wealth. The rich, those favored children of fortune, enjoy a certain external luxury, as fine houses, fine furniture, fine equipages, fine apparel. They are also able to indulge in a certain intellectual and æsthetic luxury, in fine art, fine liter-

* An address delivered before the Harvard Philosophical Club, January 9, 1888.

ature, fine forms of social intercourse. This inward luxury, corresponding to the luxury in external things, is supposed to be culture. Now I mention this superficial view of culture at the outset not so much to disprove as to dismiss it. For I shall have failed utterly in the more positive statements which will be attempted later on unless the utter inadequateness of this cheap philosophy of culture follows from them as a matter of course without need of further comment.

But what is culture? If literary and æsthetic taste and good manners alone do not constitute it, is it perhaps the fruit of knowledge? To answer this question let us pause for a moment to consider some of the various motives which have determined the pursuit of knowledge. First the utilitarian motive, the desire to get knowledge for the sake of its uses in enhancing material well-being. Of course, the utilities are not to be underrated. They have their assured place in the scheme of human existence. But when we come to consider the interests of science as such, all questions of mere utility must stand aside. As Huxley says in his essay "On the Advancement of Science in the Last Half Century," "The physical philosopher sometimes intentionally, much more often unintentionally, lights upon something which proves to be of practical value. Great is the rejoicing of those who are benefited thereby; and for the moment, science is the Diana of all the craftsmen. But, even while the cries of jubilation resound, and this flotsam and jetsam of the tide of investigation is being turned into the wages of workmen and the wealth of capitalists, the crest of the wave of scientific investigation is far away on its course over the illimitable

ocean of the unknown." The benefits which accrue to the material side of life from the increase of knowledge are mere way-side flowers, gleanings of the harvest, incidents of the march of science towards its goal. To make them the aim, to make science the handmaid of utility, is not only to degrade it but effectually to check its further progress. For, as the same writer tells us, "The growth of knowledge beyond imaginary utilitarian ends is the condition precedent of its practical utility." A second motive is ambition. Many an author consoles himself for a life of obscurity and privation with the hope that he will some day write "the great book" which shall make him famous. Many a scientist is spurred to his work by the hope that he will be able to publish some great discovery which shall win him the applause and homage whether of the many or of the select few. But this motive, too, is low because it is selfish, and the greatest minds have been notably free from it. Fresnel (I am again quoting from Huxley) said, "I labor much less to catch the suffrages of the public than to obtain an inward approval which has always been the mental reward of my efforts. All the compliments which I have received from MM. Arago, De Laplace, or Biot never gave me so much pleasure as the discovery of a theoretical truth or the confirmation of a calculation by experiment.'" And Darwin, while the world rang with his praises and he had attained a degree of celebrity which has rarely fallen to the lot of any scientific thinker, was grandly indifferent to the reception of his works. It was enough for him to have reached the results he did; how they affected his personal credit with others was a matter which concerned him very little. A

motive of a higher kind is the desire to satisfy intellectual curiosity, to appease that appetite for knowledge which in some men is almost as strong as the physical appetites are in others. But of this motive, too, we cannot fully approve. The intellectual appetite, precisely because it is an appetite, often becomes an overmastering passion in the man whom it rules, wholly absorbing him, withdrawing him from life and its varied interests, dwarfing and crippling his nature on other sides, and destroying that evenness and harmony of development which from the time of the Greeks down to the present day has remained the true ideal.

The motive commonly ranked as the highest of all is the desire to extend the boundaries of truth, to add to the sum of assured knowledge, to pursue this purely objective aim without reference to any reflex influence on the subjective state of the scientist. Nevertheless I cannot bring myself to believe that objective truth, standing apart in sheer isolation, out of connection with the truth-seeker, should be the aim. Simply because the object, Truth, is out of our reach, and I do not believe that we can make that the deliberate aim of our efforts which we know at the outset to be unattainable. The object, Truth, is out of our reach: first, because the extent of what we know compared with what we do not, and never can know, is infinitesimally small; secondly, because even those facts of which we have certain knowledge might receive a totally new interpretation could we see them in their relations to other facts which we do not know. For instance, the law of gravitation is a great positive result of science. Yet who can doubt that this law is connected with other

as yet occult determinations of matter? And if these hidden determinations could be brought to light what a different meaning might the law of gravitation assume in our eyes! Objective truth in the strict sense is and will remain forever unattainable by man in his finite state. And I do not think that we are bound to reach out after what we know beforehand to be unattainable. *A l'impossible nul est tenu.** Therefore it seems to me that we are justified in saying that the right and reasonable aim of mental effort in the acquisition of knowledge is the development of mind itself, irrespective of the ultimate, absolute certainty of results. It seems to me we are justified in saying that the whole world exists only as food for the mind, as a foil for the mind, as a grindstone on which to sharpen the blade of the mind; that the aim of scientific pursuits is to educate the intellectual eye so that it can see better, to strengthen the intellectual grasp so that it can hold better. And from this stand-point I may explain my whole view of life to be,—that life is a vast gymnasium, that we exist on earth for the purpose of developing our innate faculties; our intellectual faculty, our emotional faculty, our volitional faculty. Nor would I have you call this a subjective view, for to my way of thinking, the soul—that is, our consciousness—is the one most real object, and all other objects have but a secondary, a derived reality. And to my view, the whole world exists, so far as we are concerned, for the sake of the souls that inhabit it. That these souls shall be developed, that this divine

* Absolute truth, like absolute goodness, is an ideal. It serves as the corrective of our aims, but it cannot itself be an aim in the precise sense in which the word is used in the above.

company of souls shall rise higher and higher, that spiritual power shall be liberated among them, that the empire of souls, "*das Reich des Geistes*," shall be established on earth,—that seems to me the sufficient aim and purpose of our being. Those who take this attitude take the attitude of culture. Those who consistently apply it are cultured persons. The true mark of culture is not to be found in any requirements and attainments which a man may possess, but in his attitude towards all these attainments, whether, namely, he regard them as ends in themselves, whether he value the exterior results as such, or whether he fixes his attention on the inward equivalents of these results, and regards them all as so many blossoms and fruits on the tree of his humanity, as so many means towards inward culture.

And this standard of culture is capable of application and, I think, ought to be applied even to the most practical pursuits. The engineer who threw the bridge across our East River created a great utility. He supplied an avenue through which the traffic of two great cities pours; he satisfied a long-felt want. But the highest value of his work, after all, is not to be found in the visible bridge but in the invisible bridge which existed in his mind before it existed in steel and stone. The highest value of the bridge is in the mastery of mind over nature, of which it is the token, in the problems which were solved in connection with it, in what the engineer learned while he built it, and what he teaches others who are willing to learn. The highest value of Newton's law does not consist in the fact that this law is now known and can be repeated by every school-boy, but in the expansion

of mind which Newton experienced on the road toward his discovery, and which is shared to some extent by all his scientific successors. And the same point of view holds good in the domain of art. Those paintings, those statues, those stately edifices, which constitute the glory of Art, are chiefly valuable not for what they are but for what they taught the men of genius who produced them, and for what they teach us who study them. Those paintings, those statues, are open windows, as it were, through which we look down vast vistas of light, catching glimpses of the essential nature of the Beautiful. Even to the humblest callings may this idea be applied. When the shoemaker makes his shoe, the value of his work is not to be gauged by the utility of the article which he turns out, but by what the work teaches the worker, by the skill which it develops in him, by the fidelity of things and their properties which he learns whilst making it, by the patience which he learns. It is possible to be an uncultured person as an artist, and to be cultured as a shoemaker, then, namely, when the man who works at his trade gains from it all the spiritual nutriment, all the access of power which is to be obtained from that particular occupation.

But the idea of which I speak has its grandest application in the realm of ethics. The very notion of culture, as I have explained it, is an ethical notion. Ethical culture is the ripest fruit of all culture. In the hierarchy of our faculties the ethical faculty stands highest. A great point is gained for humanity when men learn to think justly. A great point is gained when their feelings are elevated and refined. But the most august and sublime

revelation of human nature is in action. The ideal of theology itself, the Infinite One who pervades the All, has ever been worshipped as the Creator. But we, too, are privileged to consider ourselves so far partakers of the divine nature, inasmuch as we are not spectators only but creators, fashioning a world of our own. And the laws by which we fashion this human world are called the ethical laws. Mankind, in the course of their development, have invented the family, an organization more admirable in its co-relations than crystal or flower. Mankind are slowly evolving and trying to carry forward into greater perfection the ever-growing idea of the State. We began with moral chaos, and we are gradually evolving cosmos out of chaos, separating the dry land from the sea, and summoning out of their obscurity the stars which are destined to shine in our moral firmament. But again, the value of this work is not so much in the outward results achieved as in the inward equivalents, in the development of the creative faculty itself, in the soul-power which is liberated in the act of creation. There are those who sneer at mere morality, who question whether the moral impulse alone, apart from the doctrines of the creeds, can be a source of inspiration and support. Their scepticism is not to be wondered at, considering the external standards by which morality is commonly measured. To the great majority of men morality is an outward thing; it consists in doing certain things and leaving undone certain other things. Men do what public opinion approves and try to leave undone what public opinion condemns. Public opinion is their chief guide; they are mere atoms determined by the impulses which

govern the mass to which they belong,—mere drops, obedient to the set of the current in which they move. They have no inner moral life at all, and hence no moral life in the true sense. How often when discussing with merchants the vices of trade—base falsehood, unworthy mental reservations, trickery, and deceit—have we received the answer, “The practices which you denounce are general; every one shares in them to a greater or less extent!” As if that were a reason, if it were true, why a man with the priestly fillet of humanity on his brow should soil himself with the filthy practices of the market because others do the same,—because, forsooth, as is alleged, “they all do it.” How often when appealing to young men to lead clean lives, to evince that true chivalry which sees in every woman an object of sacred regard,—a *sister* in the bond of humanity,—have I been told, “The vices which you condemn are shared by all.” As if that were a reason why a young man should drag his self-respect into the mire and delve among the dunghills of great cities, because, forsooth, “they all do it.” How often in my college days have I seen the best men of the class, men of upright intentions, wink at if not actually participate in petty frauds at examinations, simply because they were afraid to offend the base public opinion of the class, afraid to expose themselves to ridicule, afraid to lose caste, afraid to live up to the ideal of manliness lest they might seem to derogate from a false and artificial standard of gentlemanliness! The moral life which consists merely in doing what public opinion sanctions and in leaving undone what public opinion stigmatizes is not a moral life at all. Would we lead a true moral

life we must lead an inner life, and to lead an inner life we must lead an independent life, we must be strong enough to judge for ourselves what is right and live according to the leadings of our own reason. Nor is it difficult to mention obvious marks by which the inner moral life may be distinguished from mere conformance to external standards. In the province of personal ethics we may say that he leads the inner moral life who ever strives to progress in inward purity, inward truthfulness, self-control, humility. He who scrupulously guards not only the purity of his acts but of his imagination; who sweeps out the cobwebs of passion from the corners of the chambers of the soul; who remembers the words of Jesus: "You have heard that it was said, Thou shalt not commit adultery: but I say unto you, Whosoever looketh upon a woman with an impure eye has already committed adultery in his heart;" he who preserves not only the purity of the act but the purity of the eye,—he leads the inner life. He who is truthful not only in speech but in his thinking; he who not only avoids all ebullitions of anger but expels every secret resentment from his heart; he who is humble, who does not allow a counterfeit estimate of himself to delude him, but is willing to see himself exactly as he is, with all his faults and shortcomings; he who is ever intent on the condition of his soul, who is forever asking himself, "What news?"—not, "What news from Europe?" or, "What news on the exchanges?" but, "What news of my own inner life? where do I stand? have I retrograded? how far have I progressed?"—he who regards the answer to that question, "What news?" as of supreme importance,—he leads the inner moral life.

And in the province of social ethics he leads the inner as contrasted with the outer life who keeps before his mind the ideal scheme of our relations to others; the idea of the family as it ought to be, and works up to that; the idea of the professions as they ought to be; the idea of the state as it ought to be, and exerts himself as a citizen to realize that; who regards these relations, like the Platonic archetypes, as divine entities, which are to be embodied in the terrestrial life of man, and who does not permit himself to be swerved from fidelity to them by the play of personal attractions or personal repulsions.

And this doctrine of culture comes home to us with all the force of a religion. The supreme test of the efficiency of a religion is its ability to help us in the hour of affliction. Now the thought that the development of our faculties is the aim of life is capable of giving us such help. For, be it briefly said, grief is an education, the most painful, the most searching, the most efficacious kind of spiritual education. Grief, if we will use it so, is the chisel whose keen point carves lines of ineffaceable beauty on the statue of the soul. Grief, if we will permit it to do so, purges us of the last dregs of selfishness. Grief teaches us a more perfect patience, a more profound humility, a more complete renunciation. The ministry of grief, therefore, is the last ordeal through which we must pass in order to reach our highest and purest development as human beings. And the whitest and sweetest flower of spiritual culture is that which grows on the tree of our humanity when it is watered by the tears of sorrow.

Thus it has come about that in expressing my views on culture I have practically laid before you a kind of con-

fession of faith. And why should not one earnest person when coming in contact with others equally in earnest reveal his convictions, and try to awaken similar convictions in them? Especially at the present time, when the faith of so many has been shattered, when so many go about mourning over the beliefs of their childhood which they have lost, and the world seems dark and desolate to them, because what was once the light of their life is extinguished, I wish I could thunder in their ears the words of Emerson: "There is no need of wailing and of gnashing teeth;" I wish I could make them see that nothing is really lost, that the essential truths remain as eternally true as ever, that the sanctities of humanity cannot be forfeited because "they need not be brought down from heaven or searched for across the sea, but are hidden in our own hearts." What if many of us have come to think of the mystery of the origin of things insoluble and the mystery of the hereafter impenetrable, *the distinction between the higher life and the lower is still as clear as ever*. We shall eschew the lower life and live the higher,—that is enough for us, that is a sufficient goal for our earthly endeavors. What if it were true, as has been said, that life is like a midnight sea, illumined by a single streak of light, and man like a ship crossing for a moment that illuminated pathway, coming out of darkness and disappearing again into darkness, still would it be worth while in the brief moment of our existence to catch the light upon our sails, to live in the light while we live. Ethical culture is needed for the benefit of those who still retain the old faith. For culture, ethical culture, is the fountain out of which faith must ever and

ever again be renewed, if it is to retain its vitality. And it is needed for those who have lost their religion, in order that by its help they may gain a new one, or, if not, that they might, without too great injury to their inner life, be able to do without one.

But there is one aspect of culture upon which I must dwell for a few moments before I close, because it seems to me to involve a serious and imminent danger. The life of the masses at the present day, and especially in America, is largely given over to material pursuits; the culture of the age, on the other hand, is pre-eminently intellectual or scientific. Of ethical culture proper there is very little. Now the maxim of science is *de omnibus dubitandum est*, every question has two sides, the whole truth can never be known, and therefore, a too exclusive scientific training tends to breed a kind of tacit scepticism, a kind of cautious reserve which is unfavorable to whole-souled earnestness and moral enthusiasm. I may be mistaken, but I think that I have noticed among some of the ablest students of Harvard with whom it has been my good fortune to become acquainted an anxiety not to commit themselves, not to become too warm in any cause, to maintain the superior position of reflective observers rather than of hearty participants; in one word, to apply standards which are perfectly proper in scientific investigation to the totally different sphere of conduct. A too exclusive accentuation of the intellectual element of culture tends to produce this misapplication of the canons of science to the affairs of life. Now it would be extremely unfortunate if the kind of preparation which young men receive in the highest educational institutions

of the country were to break their earnestness, if the impression were to gain ground that one needs to be an ignorant or half-educated fanatic in order to become a devoted leader or follower in any practical movement, that those who have their eyes open to both sides of every question must perforce lose the power of hearty attack. I think, therefore, it should be clearly stated that the rules by which we are to be guided in practical affairs are different from those which govern scientific inquiry, simply because the problems which confront us in actual life, in economics, in politics, in ethics, are so complicated that we cannot hope to reduce them to scientific formulas, that we cannot *wait* until they are reduced to scientific formulas. We must act in the meantime. The principle, I think, that should guide us in such questions is not the absolute, the scientific rule,—*de omnibus dubitandum est*,—but having obtained what light we can, having made up our minds as carefully as we know how with the help of precedent, analogy, experience, we should venture boldly forth upon the sea of action,—action itself, in these cases, is the great corrective of error. By trying our theories we test their validity,—action itself teaches us how we ought to act.

When Brunelleschi was summoned to build the dome over the great cathedral of Florence, when he was asked how he would arch over that immense span more than one hundred and thirty-five feet in diameter, at a dizzy height above the ground and without any supports from below, this great artist, who had spent years in studying the remains of ancient architecture, did not reply saying how he would do it, but gave the characteristic answer,

“La practica insegna quello che si ha da seguire.”—The practical attempt will teach us how to proceed about it.

And so in all similar problems, practice will teach us how to proceed. We must take a provisional truth as our starting-point, and treat it for the time being as if it were the absolute truth, and try to carry it out with all the fervor and loyalty of which our nature is capable, yet holding ourselves ready at all times to retrace our steps, to correct our errors, and thus we shall in time get nearer to the real truth.

And thus I end my address to you with a plea for moral earnestness, for without moral earnestness there can be no moral force, and that is what the world needs to-day more than anything else,—an influx of moral force to quicken the dry bones of our politics, our economics, and our creeds. In our political life we are at last awakening from the flattering dream by which we deceived ourselves so long, as if our institutions were perfect of their kind and fashioned to last for a thousand years. The evils attendant on universal suffrage, the ascendancy of unscrupulous politicians, the secret and sinister influence of powerful cliques at the centres of government, conspire to awaken a sense of the dangers by which we are threatened. And how shall these dangers be averted unless the efforts which are beginning to be made in the direction of reform are carried forward and supported by the aroused moral sense of the community? The economic life of the people is disturbed as it never has been before in human history; society is stirred to its lowest depths; the hewers of wood and drawers of waters are tired of the burdens which the comfortable classes have

been so willing to impose on their backs; the multitude are everywhere clamoring for better conditions. The labor question is at the bottom a moral question. And how shall it be settled peaceably unless the moral forces are roused into activity to a degree never before equalled among both parties to the conflict? There has never been a time when there existed a more distinct need of moral teachers, of moral leaders, of men capable at once of clear thinking and resolute action. Here a new profession is opening up. There is general complaint that the old-time professions are overcrowded. There are more physicians, more lawyers, more engineers, than the community requires; the walks of commerce and industry are thronged with a promiscuous multitude of competitors, who fight for every inch of standing-room. But the profession of which I speak is well-nigh empty. It waits for those who will see and realize its noble possibilities.

THE NEW ATTITUDE TOWARD OTHERS.*

BY FELIX ADLER.

THERE are two views which, at present, divide the field between them. The one affirms that self-perfection, harmonious development of all one's powers and faculties is the true end. Under a more general designation this theory is known as individualism. The other declares that the conferring of happiness upon others is the highest end, and this is known as altruism. The one says, to be as perfect a man as possible, full-orbed, full-summed in all one's powers is the best thing in life; the other, the best thing in life is to give joy to others. Both these views are partial statements and unsatisfactory. I shall subject each to a brief, critical examination, in order to pave the way for the presentation of a third view which, as I believe, includes and transcends them both.

The doctrine of harmonious development it seems to me is an iridescent dream, a dream that has arisen again and again along the track of human history, beguiling the elect, or those that think themselves so. And, moreover, it is not only an idle but a hurtful dream. The doctrine of harmonious perfection, at first sight, seems identical with that of moral perfection. On this account it is all the more important to fix attention on the decisive points of difference. Two rivers near their source on the sum-

* An address before the Society for Ethical Culture of New York, January 5, 1902.

mit of a divide are sometimes separated by a space so small as to seem negligible. For a little while they may even wander side by side; but presently we see them branch off in opposite directions, and the one may empty into the Mississippi, the other into the Pacific. In like manner, conceptions of life, which, on a superficial view, seem so close together as almost to be indistinguishable, may yet, in their issues, be as wide apart as the East is from the West. Moral perfection is a distant goal, an end which we are not to expect in this life to attain, but toward which we are to strive, for which we are here to prepare the way. The pursuit of the harmonious development of one's nature is an attempt to achieve a kind of earthly perfection, to live here and now a glorious, festive, kingly, godlike existence. This is a vain undertaking, and the attempt to carry it through leads to the worst blunders and failures. We must be content to live more or less broken lives. We must be willing to relinquish the unities and harmonies of our existence in order ever and again to clear the way for higher unities and harmonies which we ourselves shall not attain to, of which we can enjoy only the faint prevision. We must be content to be torn and wounded in the fight, happy enough if we can carry in our breasts the conviction of the ultimate victory of the side on which we fight. The one doctrine says: shape your course in such a way as to secure harmony and perfection in a far-off, ideal state. The other says: seek to achieve at least a relative perfection here and now. And now my reasons against the latter view.

The principal one is that self-development as the aim leads to pre-occupation with self, leads inevitably to a grosser or more refined selfishness. The fruits of indi-

vidualism have always been of this sort. Think, for instance, of Goethe; of the superlative greatness of the man in many directions, and on the other hand of his colossal egotism. Here certainly was an extraordinary being endowed with an insatiable appetite for knowledge, moved like his own Faust by the Titanic aspiration to wring from the Universe its secret, eager to explore every branch of science, every department of practical activity; above all, eager to win from other human beings every assistance they could render, every influence they could lend in the task on which he had set his heart, namely, of shaping his nature into Olympian beauty and proportion. And note how merciless he was in using others for this purpose of self-development; in his dealings, for instance, with Charlotta von Stein. Note how relentlessly he kept at a distance whatever threatened to interfere with him in the business of developing his faculties, how cold and indifferent he was to the interests of his country, which, at the time was engaged in a life and death struggle for the maintenance of its very existence against French oppression. Intellectual idealism he possessed of the first magnitude, and æsthetic idealism of the most splendid type. And how much there is that we can learn from him! But moral idealism was lacking. And it was the idea of self-development as the supreme aim, with the emphasis forever on the self, that accounts for this moral taint, this taint of egotism. The defects of this ideal are nowhere more strikingly illustrated than in his career.

There are other criticisms that might be adduced against the conception of the harmonious development of self as the end. A false view of human capacity for in-

stance, as if all men were capable of doing all things, if only they chose to turn their hands to them. A false view of human equality, as if all men were capable of holding their own in the fierce struggle for existence, and where they fail are themselves to blame for not exerting their natural powers. But the central point of it all is just this: that the idea of self-development, by concentrating thought upon self, makes men selfish. Yes, even where, in the idea of self-realization, are included the social duties; where it is recognized that good citizenship, the performance of the duties one owes to one's family and charity to the poor are necessary factors in the unfolding of the larger, fuller self; nevertheless, because it is the realization of the self that is kept in the foreground as the object for the sake of which the duties are performed the performance of them is painfully vitiated, and there is taken from them that which makes them gracious—the savor and the fragrance of purely disinterested performance. Imagine, for instance, a man who in the moment of succoring a needy family is conscious that he performs this action in order to develop in himself the social sympathies, saying to himself: "My nature is not perfect unless I also develop myself on the side of sympathy." Will not the essence of benevolence be destroyed in him by this clinging to the thought of self in the act of charity? The beneficence, indeed, of his deed cannot be disputed, for beneficence means the doing of good. But his benevolence is open to serious question; for benevolence means wishing well to others, not wishing well to one's self by the roundabout method of doing good to others. The ideal of self-development is partial and unsatisfactory, because it leads to egotism.

Shall we then adopt the contrary ideal, that of altruism? Shall we say that the best thing in life is just to give joy to others, to confer as much happiness as possible on as many of our fellow beings as possible? The first ideal is essentially of the intellect. The second is essentially an ideal of the feelings. But we are bound to ask: Is it then possible to any adequate extent to secure happiness for others, even for those whom we love best? Is it possible to avert from their dear heads the scourge of calamity, the pain of bereavement, or to save them from the sufferings caused by cruel and lingering disease? If happiness were the end to strive for, then in all such cases—and they occur frequently enough—we should have to confess that life is a miserable failure.

And while in the cases just mentioned pain is unavoidable, there are others in which it is preventable, and yet we would not prevent it; cases in which it is possible for him whom we love to choose between two paths, the one easy, the other difficult and thorny; and yet, so far from desiring his joy, we hang with breathless expectation upon his decision, hoping that he will choose the hard and thorny path and seeking to encourage him by every means at our command to do so. A merchant foreseeing impending bankruptcy reveals his situation to his wife. Shall she counsel him to divert to his own uses a part of what he really no longer possesses, though it be still in his keeping, or shall she urge him to give up all, even to the last penny? Shall she advise him with a view to his ease, or to his honor? A minister of religion finding himself in the anomalous position of representing a faith the essential tenets of which he no longer believes, comes to a friend for counsel. Shall the friend in question con-

sult the honor of his friend or his ease? Or will anyone pretend that to follow the line of conscience in all one's actions is sure to conduce to happiness? Is it happiness to break up one's career in middle life? Is it happiness to disappoint one's well-wishers, and to shock the sensibilities of one's friends? Is it happiness to find one's self turned adrift in the world? When new labor-saving devices are introduced in the sphere of industry, there are always numbers of workmen who, being unadapted to the use of the new machines, are deprived of employment and practically sacrificed. So when a new idea in religion arises, a similar fate is apt to overtake those who are adapted to the old, but too far advanced in life to fit themselves to the new modes of thinking. And yet, the friend of the clergyman in question, will not hesitate, if he be a true friend, to advise him to pursue the path of honor, not of ease.

I have seen many paintings of the Madonna, and some of them are merely pretty women, with shallow and insipid faces; not Madonnas at all, but masquerading under that name. I have seen others, lovely and beautiful women, having all the sweetness of happy mothers crooning over their babes. But these, too, did not attain the depth of the conception that is hidden in the idea of the Madonna. But, now and then, one of the great masters, who has sounded the mysteries of the human heart, has succeeded in giving us a genuine Madonna type. In what does that type consist? What is it that has filled the hearts of mankind with the shuddering sense of awe and adoration in the presence of that ideal figure? It is the thought of a mother who loves her beautiful child with all the intensity possible to a mother's love, and who

foresees that this beautiful boy, this darling of her soul, will one day be "the Man of Sorrows and afflicted with grief;" that these little feet will one day press the steps of Calvary, that these fair limbs one day shall be broken on the lonely Cross; that on this clear brow one day will gather the bloody sweat of Gethsemane; that from these gentle lips one day will break the cry of desolation: "Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani?" "My God, My God, why hast thou forsaken me?" and who nevertheless, despite the torture involved for him and her, consents to it all, wills it all,—wills that he shall save others, though himself he cannot save. It is the strength of a love that attaches itself to the working-out of a highest destiny, inconsistent with joy, inseparable from boundless suffering, that is embodied in the ideal picture of Mary. And it is this that has made her the Mater Dolorosa, the Mother of Pain, and also the Mater Gloriosa, the glorified and transfigured type of the most exalted motherhood. To give joy to others is an inestimable privilege. Let us assiduously take advantage of that privilege as often as possible. But often it is not possible, we cannot avert the pain if we would. And often we ought not even to wish to do so, if we could. Often we ought, rather, to encourage those who are dear to us to accept the pain for their own highest good.

These two positions, then, I am compelled to reject. What is the third which I would propose in their stead? Neither self taken singly is the object, nor others regarded as separate existences are the object. But something higher than each, over-arching both—the unfolding of that common spiritual life which is in others and also in us. That is the true good of self which in-

cludes the good of others. That is the genuine good of others which includes the good of self. The desire for both must inspire one and the same quest. The reference to both must be present in one and the same act. And this is practicable because living consists in influencing others, and because to develop one's life means to extend and to make more penetrating one's influence upon others. Spiritual life cannot be defined otherwise than as that something in one being which provokes into activity what before was only potential in another being. Just as the vast interstellar spaces, despite the light of myriads of suns and stars that undulates in every direction, are black abysses dark as primeval night, and as the light only becomes light when it strikes on objects, causes them to vibrate, radiate upon them, so life is life only when it smites on other life, when it radiates upon other life. It is not correct to speak, as we commonly do, of our life as one thing, and of the influence of our life as another thing. Our life consists in our influence. We live to the extent that we affect others. *We live in our radiations.* This is the central thought which I submit. In it lies the reconciliation of the two doctrines that have divided the field between them, and both of which I regard as inadequate; the doctrine of working for the development of self, and that of working for the development of others. We exist as spiritual selves only in so far as we influence others. We develop, magnify and deepen our spiritual life by making more comprehensive, more profound, and more stimulating our influence upon others.

And this thought could easily be illustrated in a hundred ways. It is true that we might perform the lowest of our physical functions as solitary beings. If only one

man existed on earth, he might still eat and drink and sleep. But that solitary creature could not think, nor perceive beauty, nor perform a moral act. He could not avail himself of human speech. To use language is to utter such sounds as are understood by others. The being understood by others is the essential thing in language. The most carefully articulated sounds, the most mellifluous speech, would still be mere gibberish if it were not understood. It is for this reason that an utterly foreign language, like the Turkish or Chinese, when spoken in the presence of those who do not understand it, provokes laughter and seems like the talk of a madman.

Again, to think truly is to think thoughts which awaken a responsive echo in other minds. The most evident proposition, like the one that two and two make four, would not appear certain to us were it not that the moment they are stated all rational persons assent to them. It is this assent which makes them certain. The ear-mark of indubitable truth is the fact that it invariably awakens this response in other minds. This is the case with the self-evident truths that underlie all reasoning whatsoever. But the characteristic mark of all new truth, of such truths as were published by Newton, and Galileo, and Darwin, is the awakening effect which they have upon other thinkers. The test of their value is to be found, not so much in the problems which they solve, as in the new problems which they raise; not so much in the knowledge which they convey as in the outlook upon new lines of inquiry, not discovered before, which they open. Thinking is a social act. The best thinker is he who stirs into exercise the latent originality of other thinkers. And the measure of the validity of a thought is its fruitfulness.

Every royal thought that has arisen in the world has become the ancestor of a long dynasty of kingly thoughts. And so, likewise, the productions of the great artists are great in proportion to their productivity. The supreme artists are seers, seeing visions of the beautiful. And the grandeur of their influence is to be measured not by the brood of imitators which they collect around them, but by the degree to which they engender in others, through the impact of their originality, the power to see the many-hued, many-sided image of beauty in new, original ways. But above all, the moral use of life, with which we are here concerned, consists in exercising each and all of our faculties with the deliberate purpose of awakening the slumbering faculties in others.

The spiritual nature is like a rich mine only the upper layers of which have been grazed. Below, in the dark, in the region of the unexplored, lie the brightest jewels, the most precious gold. And the distinctions between one individual and another are like the boundaries that mark off field from field above on the surface. Beneath, regardless of these external demarcations, lies the mine. To bring to light that hidden worth,—not to develop self as a thing apart, not to help others as if they were separable from ourselves, but to develop the mine, the spiritual nature which is common to our fellow-beings and ourselves, that is the aim.

I have said elsewhere that we must become “a people of the way,” that we must be searchers after a new method of living. What shall be the first principle of this new method? In accordance with what has been said, the first principle must be this. Consider of paramount importance the influence which you are projecting into

other lives. Look to your radiations. Ask yourself honestly: How am I affecting the people with whom I habitually come in contact? Consider the swathe you are cutting, the track you are leaving behind you. We all think now and again of our influence; but we think of it casually. We hold apart the life we lead and the effect of it upon others. Let us awake to the fact that this is a capital fallacy. Let us awake to the truth that the helpfulness and profundity of our influence is the measure of our living. If you are a merchant, ask yourself: How am I affecting my clerks, my subordinates? Am I training them by word and example, to right standards of mercantile honor? Am I restricting my interest in them to the particular service they render for which I pay them an equivalent? Do I treat them as mere wheels and cogs in the machinery of my business, or of my factory? Or am I to them also a friend? Do I encourage them to make the most of their opportunities, to be progressive, to broaden their intellectual equipment, to fit themselves for places for which they are not yet fitted, but for which their natural endowments render them suitable? Every merchant, every employer, every superior in his dealings with subordinates should also be a counsellor, teacher, friend. If he is not that, then he does not truly fill his place; then he defrauds both them and himself. So, too, the lawyer should consider how he is influencing his clients, to what extent he is teaching them. The physician should ask how he is influencing his patients. The architect should ask how he is influencing, how he is training that part of the public whom he reaches. Above all, as true friends of our friends, as parents in our relations with our children, we are bound to

ask to what extent our daily intercourse with these is calculated to subdue in them what is unworthy, to elicit in them what is best.

The problem of living, considered from this point of view, as consisting chiefly in our responsibility for the influence we exert, looms up before us with menacing aspect and threatens almost to overwhelm us by the prodigious difficulties which it presents. When we review our life, how little as a rule have we occasion to be content with ourselves. How many wayside flowers, perhaps, have we trampled upon. If we have not oppressed others—I trust not that—yet how often have we suppressed in others powers and capabilities simply because we had no use for them, because they did not fit into the hard and fast frame of our own opinions and predilections which tyrannously we impose on others as a law. How often has our course through life been like that of one of those locomotives that rushes across a Western prairie in the dry Summer, scattering sparks and cinders as it goes, intent only on following remorselessly its own iron track, heedless of the conflagration which it leaves behind. But, ah, you will say, how difficult is it to influence others in the right manner. Yes, it is immeasurably difficult to do so. But just in the difficulty lies the secret—and this is the thought upon which I am dwelling to-day—lies the secret of the coincidence of self-development and of the beneficent influencing of others. Just because we are not fit and know that we are not, because we try and fail, because we are too weak, too unwise, therefore we must endeavor to make ourselves fit; we must seek out the wisdom which we have not yet got, acquire the strength which is lacking in us, acquire the

knowledge, the patience, the perseverance. And so, to the extent that we want to be of use to others, we must be continually reforming and reshaping ourselves, adding new weapons to our arsenal. And so the desire to promote the growth of others is the most effective incentive toward promoting our own growth. We must become bigger, better than we are in order to make others better.

And now by way of making more palpable what I mean, may I mention three points to which we must especially attend. The first is that we must utterly put away from our hearts anger. He who reacts against the faults of others in an irascible, passionate way, will never produce any helpful effect on others. He will simply come into collision with others, as the pots in the fable crash against each other. Anger is due to personal susceptibility. It is an outburst of passion due to the circumstance that we personally have been hurt by the fault of another. But, in correcting another's fault, the fact that we personally have been hurt must not count at all. Unless we have enough self-control and humility to eliminate the personal element, we shall never succeed in winning, in guiding the erring. This, however, is well known, and, therefore, I need not dwell on it.

The second point is less commonly appreciated, and hence I must lay stress upon it. In order to have a beneficent influence upon others, we must make a deliberate study of their character. The character is always a complex thing, and, in order to affect it in one of its aspects, it is necessary to understand it in its totality. How few of us ever succeed in reaching, or even try to reach such insight. We see the character of our friends in patches. We see a fault, we see a virtue, and another fault, and an-

other virtue; but we do not try to compose these lights and shadows into a single unitary view. And yet this unitary view is indispensable. These different qualities, good and bad, arranged in their relations to one another, may be compared to the combination of letters that unlocks the door of a safe. You may try one letter, and then another letter, and you will not succeed in opening the safe. You must have the combination, and then the heaviest door will easily turn on its hinges. So we must have the total view, the qualities in their succession and relations in order to understand the character of our friends. And understanding is the prerequisite of influence. I should say that character study, exalted to the rank of duty, is one of the corollaries of the point of view which I am trying to present to-day. It is not everyone who is rich enough to have a picture gallery in his house, to possess portraits painted by the old masters, or by the new masters. But everyone should have in his heart, as it were, a picture-gallery in which are hung the portraits of his friends. He should be constantly busy retouching these portraits, adding a shade here and light there as experience teaches. He should paint them lovingly, not uncharitably, grieving over every blemish, pondering earnestly whether, by some art of his own he may not succeed in obliterating it. He should often walk in this gallery, often visit it, often contemplate the portraits that are hung there. Nay, the gallery is not a mere gallery, but a studio. The owner is not a mere owner, but also a painter. And better than any painter, he has, to some extent at least, the power, by faithfully studying the image, to change the original.

The elimination of the personal equation, and faithful,

continuous character study,—these are the two prerequisites. And the third is that, in attempting to give to others, we should also be willing to take from them. We must never set ourselves up as patrons, or as mere superiors, even in the case of the most faulty. But we should take the humble attitude of learners, as well as teachers. For every character has its qualities as well as its defects, its strong points as well as its weak, its virtues as well as its vices. And we can never overcome the one unless we enter into and show our appreciation of the other, and use the strength we discern, as a fulcrum, at which to apply the lever of correction. Nay, as we ourselves are often lacking in the very element of strength which the other possesses, we must even put on the other's strength, assimilate it, appropriate it, make it our own, in order to help him transcend his weakness. And thus again, and in the deepest sense, we shall grow ourselves in the attempt to make others grow.

These are the seed-thoughts which I indicate to-day, and which I shall endeavor to amplify, to illustrate, and to apply in succeeding addresses.

Every human being is valuable in our eyes because in him also dwells the same spiritual life as in us. Not individualism and not altruism is the satisfying doctrine. Not the good of self as a thing apart, nor the good of others as a thing apart, but a higher, over-arching good, to promote which is alike the highest good of self and others. As light is light when it strikes on objects, so life is life when it radiates on other life. We live truly in our radiations. We grow and develop in proportion as we help others to grow and develop. The practical conclusions from this standpoint are: Put ever before your mind,

as the question of paramount importance, how actually am I influencing those with whom I am in contact? Eliminate the personal element in dealing with them. Make a deliberate, careful, and constant study of their character. Seek to assimilate their strength in order that as from a point of vantage, you may conquer their defects. The mission of a spiritual being is to make apparent the unapparent. The major part of the potentialities of the human-divine nature are as yet unrealized. To attempt to realize them in others is, at the same time, to unfold the resources that are dormant in ourselves. This is the harmonizing of opposites; this is the point of view that reconciles the ever-conflicting claims.

MORALITY AS A RELIGION.*

BY WILLIAM M. SALTER.

MY subject to-day may strike one as strange. The ordinary idea is that morality and religion are distinct things—and yet I presume to speak of morality as a religion! Some may think me guilty of confusion—and the reproach may come from both sides, from those who believe in morality but do not want it mixed up with religion, and from those who take their stand with religion and conceive morality tame and commonplace and insufficient compared with it. And yet the mingling and blending of the two is just my point of view—yes, I think I may say our point of view; for, in our own understanding of the term, we are a religious Society, not ethical and religious, but a Society whose religion is ethics.

I grant that the common ideas are not without a basis of fact, that there may be a morality without religion and that there may be religion quite distinct and apart from morality—yes, that on both sides this has been more often the case than not; but I hold that each is an imperfect, inadequate and may even be a dangerous thing. I wish to make this clear to-day and I wish to show first, intellectually and scientifically, how the two may be united, and, secondly, the strong and imperative need that they be united.

Morality originally was simply the customs of a com-

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munity, the settled ways of acting that men living together naturally fell into. By a natural process the good customs tend to survive, since the bad ones weaken a community and lead to its extinction. So everywhere, given time enough, customary morality tends to become what we may call real morality. And yet this process may be a more or less unconscious one, and good customs like others may be followed and obeyed more or less unthinkingly. The morality may still be a thing of routine and habit—a half mechanical thing. This morality may have little or nothing to do with religion. Perhaps a good part of the morality existing in the world to-day is of this instinctive, mechanical sort—it is a second nature to men; it has little or nothing to do with religion.

On the other hand, religion was at the outset little more than an arrangement by which men got the favor or warded off the enmity of the gods. There were friendly and hostile powers in nature—powers that were made into persons—and religion was the reverence and awe which they naturally inspired, the reverent and awe-struck dealing and commerce with them. Hence altars, and sacrifices, and priests and temples—all means by which the favor of the Divine persons was won. Evidently this had little to do with the ways of men in dealing with one another that are called morality. One might take part in the religious rites of a community and experience the thrill of religious emotion, even if he disregarded the common moral standards—in any case one's religious life was apart from his moral life. Perhaps this is still so to a great extent. Religion, we know, is commonly regarded as concerned with another realm than that of ethics. Reverence and awe still go out to Divine persons

or perhaps, vaguely, to unknown powers, not to the laws of morality.

And yet what imperfect and inadequate things morality and religion so conceived are! For when the reason once awakes, when men are no longer content to follow in the ruts of custom, when they begin to ask the reason why, they see that only those customs are valid customs or real morality which tend to the community's good, which make it strong and happy; they see too that the community's welfare is dependent on these conditions, that so long as certain things are not done in the community (or by the community) it is in vain to sacrifice to the gods or to pray for their favor. Yes, in time they come to see that as welfare and happiness are not arbitrary gifts but come naturally—reverence and awe have their real ground and object in the natural order under which we live, that to revere right and justice is the true reverence, and that to have fear and trembling in view of the fact that all not founded on right and justice will perish, is the true awe. In other words, morality become conscious, become aware of what it means and involves, seen in its wide, deep ramifications, takes on something of that hue of feeling, something of that solemnity, that of old characterized men's commerce with the gods. Yet in face of a morality that has thus become conscious, rational, full of reverence and religion, how thin and superficial seems the mere unthinking, customary morality that is not touched with the religious spirit at all!

On the other hand, when religion is deepened, when riper thought comes to be connected with it, when it is more clearly seen what the relation of man is to the forces outside of him, how changed becomes its attitude to mor-

ality! Religion, as all other activities, is bent on securing a blessing for man. Its prayers, its sacrifices, its worship are all to this end. For man's welfare was believed to depend on unseen, mysterious powers that peopled the earth, air and sky, and it was in such ways that they were made friendly. But when man sees that the blessings he craves, the welfare he covets, has other conditions, that the end only tends to be reached when there is a certain type of life among men, when the community has certain laws and is pervaded by a certain spirit,—when he sees that even physical forces that sometimes affect human destiny so powerfully do not act arbitrarily, but that everywhere in the world there is recognizable law, then what a change comes over the face of religion! The very ends religion craves lead it to pay respect to the real conditions of life, lead it, too, to study the laws of the physical world—and hence, instead of praying or sacrificing for peace and happiness men do the things that make for peace and happiness, instead of imploring Apollo or Jahveh or "God" to stop a pestilence, they search out and remove its causes. No longer then separate and apart from ethics and science, religion becomes ethical and scientific; it sees that ethics guided by science is its very life and soul—that, as the Hebrew sacred books say, obedience is more than sacrifice, and in wisdom and righteousness lies the way of life. Yet in face of a religion of this sort, palpitating with life and reality, a practical force in the process of man's advancement, how feeble and ineffectual and even false seems the old type of religion, that thinks morality an outside or secondary affair, that gives reliances to men that are no reliances at all.

There is then no necessary antithesis between religion

and morality. It is a mistake to identify religion, as is sometimes done, with a set of views about the universe. It is really a set of feelings, a set of practices. These feelings and practices may, when they take shape, ally themselves with the views of the world that are then dominant—they almost inevitably will. The old Greek religion harmonized with the old Greek philosophy, the early Hebrew religion was interpenetrated with the general ideas about life and the world that were then current among the Hebrew tribes. And yet why do we call the Greek religion and the Hebrew religion—or to take a still more different type, the Buddhist religion—alike religions? The beliefs are widely different, yet in every case there is a common recognizable attitude, tone and character of mind. We never run the risk of confusing a man's religious acts or devotions with anything else. Perhaps his posture reveals what he is doing. Even the look on his countenance may be peculiar. There is an intentness, a reverential manner, a humility, an awe, that are absolutely characteristic, and that a man shows at no other time than when he is in a religious mood. It is the same with the Catholic dropping on adoring knees before the elevated host, and with the Buddhist gazing in homage on a statue of the Buddha, and with the Greek extending out his arms to Apollo, and with the savage standing mute before a sacred stone—yes, and with the modern man, bending hushed and subdued, as he thinks of those mighty laws on which the health and safety of the race depend. Religion, I say, is this peculiar feeling, and the peculiar practices and acts that grow out of it. Views of the universe are not religion until they touch this feeling; nor as matter of fact is it dependent on any particular

views of the universe—it is only necessary that there be something, some fact, some situation, in face of which this deep, peculiar emotion arises.

On the other hand there is nothing in the nature of morality to hinder it from blending with religion. Morality is unquestionably a way of acting rather than a way of feeling. And often, as I have said, this action has been merely in accordance with custom—instinctive, unthinking. But there is no reason why moral action should not be thinking and alive, no reason why it should not take in the issues that are involved in it, why it should not see that true morality is the way of life and immorality the way of death to men and communities—no reason why men conscious of their responsibilities and of the great issues at stake should not be touched with reverence and awe as they think of these things, should not become hushed and subdued. Morality would then become a religion to men—in the fundamental and indeed universally recognized sense of the term. Just as obviously as the fear or love of a Divine Person can be a religion, as the worship of Apollo, or the worship of Yahweh was once a religion, as the imitation of Jesus or of Buddha is a religion, so can morality be a religion to a man. Much that goes by the name of morality in the world could not be so called, for it is a poor surface affair ; it has no depth and it has no height ; it stirs nobody and can stir nobody ; it hardly counts in the world save in a negative way. But morality as I can conceive of it, morality as I have tried, and yet well know I am unable, to picture it—morality as conscious, willing, glad subordination to the universal laws of life, morality as lifting one to comradeship with suns and stars because it is faithful as they, morality lov-

ing the law of life even more than life, morality ready to die rather than be untrue—that morality may be the very ideal which one may seek all one's life to follow, that may be the supreme law to a man, it may be the supreme passion to a man—down on his knees he may bow before it, as he may before Jesus or before Buddha or any other son of man who has exemplified the ideal or made it any brighter before his eyes.

I think then it is plain—the sense in which religion and morality may become one. This is because religion is a general term—it is whatever one holds sacred, whatever one venerates, whatever gives one his supreme rule of life. But what that shall be is another question. Religion itself does not decide it. Religion is not an independent sphere of knowledge. It originates nothing. It is the way we take knowledge or ideas that we otherwise get—whether we view them seriously or no, whether we attend to them, whether they become momentous in our eyes, whether they become a principle of order or control in our lives. From this point of view morality—the laws of life—is simply one of the possible objects of religion; there may be others—indeed other types of religion have been and are more frequent in the world than ethical religion. This is why I speak as I do to-day of “Morality as a Religion”—as if I were making a proposal, something that I am aware will strike many ears strangely. Other types of religion are so common that it is actually imagined that they alone are religion.

And yet I am almost ready to turn the tables and to say that in an enlightened age of the world, morality is alone fit to be a religion—that the prevailing types of religion are or ought to be outworn, that only so far as they

contain the germs of a religion of morality have they any saving salt in them. I am almost ready to take the jealous tone of Dr. Coit and say, on behalf of righteousness, "Thou shalt have no other Gods before me." For if we are very earnest for human life, if we see it as the frail thing that it is, depending for its happiness, its security, even its existence on obedience to the laws of life, how can we be supremely concerned about anything but this obedience? What light is worth anything but the light of science in revealing to us those laws, and what is all our activity worth, all our expenditure of energy, if it fails to keep us in the straight and narrow path of obedience to them? Of what use is it to call on the gods?—the real gods, the eternal father- and mother-nature from which we are all born, make themselves known in those laws; if we do not obey, they do not help us and contentedly allow us and our works to come to nought. Of what use are all sorts of mystical emotions, all sorts of heaven-scaling speculators, all sorts of unearthings of the secrets of heaven and earth, if we have not the emotion requisite to keep us straight in daily life, if we have not an eye for cause and effect here and now, if we have not the secret of happiness and of joy and of peace from day to day? A religion that will teach us how to live, that will hold up clear and high the laws of life and win us to obedience to them,—this is the religion the world needs, and it is the only true religion—all others, all that seek to make something else sacred, that make men put their trust in "God" or Christ or the Virgin or the Bible or the Church or its sacraments and rites, are a diverting of man from the real issue, they are the blind leading of the blind, they are a delusion and a snare.

And somewhat in the same way I would meet those who think that in this age we have got beyond the need of religion—that science is well and morality is well, but (to use colloquial language) there is no occasion for getting excited about them. This is overlooking the real nature of the human problem. It rests on what I would call a smooth and easy view of human nature. It forgets the dark facts of weakness, waywardness and perversity—all that the orthodox doctrine sums up under the name of “sin.” There is much illusion in what liberal ministers and writers have said about the divinity of human nature. If man was really born divine, the orthodox doctrine of a “fall” is necessary to account for his present condition. The fact is the divine is the goal of human nature, not its beginning or origin. Man has come from animal origins—and shortsightedness and weakness and capriciousness and animality are natural to him. The higher life is like life itself on the animal plane—it is the fruit of effort and struggle; what does not will to live on the lower plane does not live—and he who does not will to rise to the higher life usually does not attain to it. The best that we can truthfully say is that almost always men have the instinct for higher things—in their better moments they wish and long that way; but instincts and wishes and longings are far from the reality—and to reach that, there must be effort and thoughtfulness and a serious purpose and systematic striving, and this is what is practically meant by religion. I will not cite a religious teacher, but a master of the human heart from secular literature: in his light way Shakespeare says, “If to do were as easy as to know what ’twere good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men’s cottages princes’ palaces.” Our

insight, indeed, runs ahead of our action almost all the time. This is because knowledge, ideas, are almost always a play over the surface of our nature—they are not worked into our structure; but it is our structure that determines what we do. If I should try to define religion in biological language, I should say that it was an effort to make new structure in man, to write ideas into our living substance—and like all evolution of living structure this is a slow process, only coming from repeated and prolonged effort, and perhaps under the influence of fiery storm and stress. But why argue? Do we not all know it? Even when courses of action concern our own health, does it not sometimes require a strong, determined will to follow them, so easy is it to do simply what is pleasant or convenient for the moment. Is there not meaning in the old saying, "*Dare* to be well?" And when the higher laws of life are in question, is there any less need of effort, of vigilance? Do we not often go against our own happiness in giving way to fits of temper? Is not hatred and ill-will a most uncomfortable feeling, and yet do we not sometimes fall into it? Is not envy almost a sick feeling and yet are we not easily envious? And when we turn to the laws of social life—of that whole of which we are a part—how much harder still to rise to them! How easy it is to snatch a gain by which others lose, to seek to have laws passed for our selfish interests, to defraud the community in our taxes! How we need to brace ourselves, to remember the ideal, to keep alive the sense of the law, lest we forget it altogether! How easy it is to slip down to the view that man is only a self-seeking creature after all—and that all that is said about a higher nature and a larger life is use-

less talk and pother; yes, how easy to *be* simply a self-seeking creature, a part of the dead weight that is everywhere hindering society's advance. I have known men myself who have had higher thoughts, and then have lost them,—who have been earnest, religious, and then have ceased to be. Religion itself is no safeguard, unless it is ever a religion. There is no discharge in this fight. And so I cannot assent, friends, to the view that the days of religion are over—that science and morality, as we ordinarily know them, are enough. Morality, as we ordinarily know it, is a sadly imperfect affair—it wants light and air, it wants warmth and light, it wants height and depth, it wants breadth and scope, it wants to be made synonymous with the law of an ascending humanity—and yet to take it in this way is the meaning of an ethical religion. Nothing but remembrance of the great laws of life will keep us in the way of life; nothing but a positive, sustained impulsion to the better will make ourselves or the world better. The right, the just and all that we picture under the form of a perfect humanity are a conquest; they come in no other way.

I saw last summer, on my way East, a poor, unhappy man who was nigh to the end of his earthly career. His brothers and sisters were with him and full of kind attention. He had been out to Colorado in a vain search for health. Not many years ago he was a robust Harvard student—but, as his brother pathetically remarked to me, he had taken the world as a place to play in, and by living thoughtlessly, fast and free, had injured himself, and made his fine frame an easy prey to disease. “The world as a place to play in”—the homely phrase stuck

in my mind. Evidently the world is not meant to be taken in this way, and those who take it so, do it to their cost. No, the world is a living network of laws, and if we do not attend to them the same forces that might give us abounding happiness and joy, deal out destruction and death. It is a serious world we live in—and religion is simply taking it for what it is. The truth holds throughout. It holds of human societies as truly as of the physical lives of individuals. There are certain laws on the basis of which societies can be built up; and on this basis they become strong and happy and enduring; but if they do not attend to these laws, if they take the world as a place to play in, if they allow themselves to be little more than a mass of contending individuals and of warring interests, the secret of life is not in them and it is but a question of time when they will vanish away.

Yes, the frailty of everything human is what impresses me—the frailty of health, the frailty of happiness, the frailty of life itself. All these sweet goods are so dependent, so strictly conditioned. Is this a happy world? I do not know whether it is or not—but I think I know of certain conditions that would make it happy. And so with health, and so with life—the conditions come more and more into the foreground, and it is to them we must primarily attend. No matter, in the last analysis, if the world is happy or not, if we can make it happy. No matter if it is just or not, if we can make it just.

If we can make it happy and just—ah, but what attention that implies, what thought, what purpose, what all-conquering effort! You think there is no need of religion any more. I ask what but religion can save us? There is plenty to engage a man in life, if he does not

make a point of attending to these things. Money, pleasure, position lure us—it is more easy than not to follow after them and let other things go. It is not necessary that a man be evil-minded to go this way—he may be simply absent-minded, *i. e.*, destitute of any purpose the other way. It is the critical nature of man's situation, that if one is simply neutral, indifferent, the bad comes in because the good is not there. And so neutrality is really impossible—if the real God is not in your heart, the gods of this world almost inevitably take possession of it. In a word, religion is an absolute necessity—without it the race not only does not progress, it degenerates.

And yet there is no joy to be compared to that of standing up like a man to our tasks in this world. There is no joy like the ardor of conflict—particularly when it is conflict not for ourselves only, but for the wide aims of humanity, for the higher life of humanity. This joy is in the sense of connection with what is beyond ourselves, it is the elevation that comes from being a part of a larger whole. I sometimes think that this is the final meaning and upshot of life—I mean not the joy, but the fact. When one can fight alone or with a few, when not the glory or the success but the rightness of the thing attracts him, when he can fight though he loses, and be loyal though he die, then, it seems to me, he acquires a meaning and a value beyond earthly life and death, he becomes a tried and tested unit of that moral universe of which after all this visible universe may be only anticipation and foreshadowing. We conceive of our material atoms as always true to their attractions; they can always be counted on—they depart not a hair's breadth from a certain defined course, which,

if we knew all the circumstances, could be mathematically predicted. Hence, perhaps, their practical immortality; they are so useful in the make-up of worlds that they cannot be spared. And who knows but that they may be the outcome of a process of natural selection, in which other atoms perished because they knew no law? Perhaps is it not altogether a fanciful thought. Well, what is the destiny of man but to be true to his law,—what perhaps is the meaning of the strange riddle of the universe may be only the anticipation and foreshadowing. We be true? Perhaps this, too, is not altogether fanciful thought—perhaps the true man passes from our sight to live beyond our sight, being needed to make up other worlds that are to be. Perhaps he can pass from one society to another, from one world to another, and yet have ever the same true and loyal heart. But whether or no, to develop a true loyal heart is the end of life here; it is the highest achievement of life, it brings the highest joy in life, and a peace too deep for words—and this is the meaning of morality taken as a religion.

ERRATA.

In place of tenth line from top read:

verse but the finding out and selection of those who will

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CHANGES IN THE CONCEPTION OF GOD.

THREE ADDRESSES BEFORE THE NEW YORK
SOCIETY FOR ETHICAL CULTURE.*

BY FELIX ADLER.

I.

WE of the Ethical Society, are bound to nothing but the acceptance of certain elementary moral truths; we unite in order to add to them, because we believe that moral truth is progressive, can be increased in the world, and that it is our duty to contribute to that increase of insight; and also we wish to sustain one another in attempts better to live up to the principles which we believe to be right. For this reason we have formed an Ethical Society, an ethical fellowship; but as to religious convictions you and I are free as air, and I think it not inexpedient to remind you of this fact to-day, when I am about to speak on a religious subject, lest some who do not understand the fundamental position of the Society, may be misled into supposing that what I say in this or in the subsequent addresses, is the outline of a creed which hereafter in some sense the Ethical Society will be committed to. I need not say to you that I shall attempt nothing of this sort, that I am expressing myself on the religious question just as I did recently on a political question, giving my private view which commits no one but myself, submitting my thought to you, to be accepted in part or in whole, or rejected in part or in

* Reprinted from *The Ethical Record*.

whole as may seem best to you. On the great moral questions we are one; in matters of religious opinion we are free to differ, free as air. And yet I think it highly important that one should speak upon these subjects and submit his thought to others, because the idea of God though still very precious to many seems to be held in a vague, increasingly vague and indefinite fashion; seems to be fading away into the region of vague impalpable analogies and nebulous sentiments.

Now I, for one, feel that indefiniteness is simply intolerable to a robust mind; if I have a thought I want to grasp it firmly; if I have an idea I want to see it in its distinct outlines, and either have it or not have it. But blurred images, faint, vague, impalpable haunting things in the mind I cannot endure. And yet it is not only among the so-called liberals that this change, this mistiness, is coming over the idea of God; but you will find it in quarters where perhaps you may least expect it. For instance, at the recent bi-centennial celebration of Yale University, there were two very striking illustrations of this increasing vagueness and indefiniteness. Yale is situated in the State of the blue laws. Yale was the college of Jonathan Edwards. It has been the stronghold and citadel of orthodoxy. And now at the two hundredth anniversary celebration, the principal poem that was read contained a passage in which God was spoken of as "the spirit of the interstellar void." "The spirit of the interstellar void"—surely this savors of pantheism; the analogy seems to be to the ether that fills the interstellar space, God a kind of spiritual ether filling the abysses. What can be more indefinite than such a conception? Jonathan Edwards

doubtless would have turned in his grave if he could have heard that poem read. Then there was the passage in the beautiful address of President Hadley himself, in which he said: "Ours be the reverence"—Well, we ask what kind of reverence? Of those who praise the Lord with flutes and cymbals, with psalter and with harp, or those who shout hallelujahs to his name and proclaim his glory to the ends of the earth? No. "Ours be the reverence of those who gather silence from the stars above and from the graves beneath." A sublime sentiment, but think of its implication; the reverence of silence, of awe-struck silence, as in the presence of a mystery too deep to fathom, too vast to frame into speech. And yet silence may mean either such richness, such overflowing wealth as to be incompressible into language, or it may mean utter vacuity. The great thinkers may be silent because their thought is too big for them to express, but depend upon it if silence becomes the rule in the world with respect to an idea, then that idea will soon utterly perish.

Is there anything to be said on this subject that shall have the merit of being distinct? In order to lead up to my fundamental thought to-day, will you permit me to recall an incident that occurred this summer during my travels on the Continent, and that impressed me strangely. We were visiting the City of Cologne; we were up betimes in order once more to see the grand cathedral before taking our departure. It was a chill and misty morning; the lower part of the huge edifice, the nave with its buttresses, the heavy western towers, the mighty platform on which it all stands, stood out formidable and forbidding enough; but the spires with their pinnacles rising from

window to window, from story to story, and becoming ever airier, ever lighter, ever more graceful as they rose, those spires which the evening before had given us such a sense of progression as from height to height towards some transcendent highest, they were blotted out. The creeping, crawling, circling fog had swallowed them. We entered the portals and within, too, there was chill and gloom; the few worshippers, scattered about here and there, seeming to be lost in the vast interior. I seated myself on one of the wooden benches, and presently my attention was attracted to an humble woman of the peasant class, who was kneeling at a few feet's distance from me, and who seemed to be in trouble, and was praying distinctly enough for me to hear. She was talking to somebody, to a saint, to a being whom I did not see, who was not there, as far as I could see; but, nevertheless, she was talking to him earnestly, praying for help, as a poor man might go to some more fortunate brother and ask for material assistance; or as a sick person might go to a doctor and ask for relief; or as you might go to a friend and ask for counsel, for comfort,—so this woman was talking to somebody, to a saint, as if he were present. And yet I knew that that saint had been dead these hundreds of years, and that his bones had long since mouldered into dust. And as I was meditating on this thing, I happened to turn my head and there I saw a really beautiful sight. The rose window above the entrance of the cathedral was just catching the first rays of the morning that were penetrating through the fog. All afire it was with ruby red and amethyst and sapphire and gold; it seemed like a rose of light cut out of the solid blackness. And I wondered

whether this peasant woman's faith was not, for her at least, like that window, a kind of rose of light cut out of the solid dark of her destiny, of her lowly, heavy destiny, and letting in for her at least, what seemed rays of unimaginable splendor from some transcendent source beyond. And yet, I asked myself, how is it all possible? Surely this being to whom she addresses herself, is but a product of her imagination. a cobweb of her fancy. And as I meditated on this, the place wherein I saw was forgotten, and a great throng of visions came in upon me. I saw in my mind's eye other imaginary beings who had been appealed to in the same way as this peasant woman was appealing to her saint. I thought of all the gods and the goddesses, the endless legions of them, that have been worshipped on earth. I thought of the great gods of Egypt: Ra, Osiris, Isis, Horus and their train. I thought of the gods of Babylon: Marduk, Bel, Ishtar and the rest, names once as powerful to conjure with as Jehovah is to-day, and yet names which sound strange in your ears, which many of you have never heard. I thought of Indra, Varuna, Agni, Brahma, Vishnu, Siva worshiped among the Hindoos; of Ahwra, Mazda and Ahriman worshiped of the Persians; of Zeus and the Olympians among the Greeks, and of endless legions of others, thousands, tens of thousands, myriads of gods worshiped on the continents of Asia, Africa, America; a catalogue so long that it would take hours merely to recite it: of gods, products of the imagination like that saint, and yet who have been worshiped, to whom men have bowed the knee, to whom they have stretched forth their arms in adoration, to whom they have cried in their distress, expecting aid and comfort.

Now if you see a person talking in an empty room to somebody who is not there, you think he is out of his head; you say a person who does such a thing is crazy. Have all these millions of human beings who have been talking to beings not really present, have they all been out of their head, and are we the first of humankind who are beginning to be sane? Is that itself a sane thought for us to entertain? And again, is it not right to say "by their fruits shall ye judge them"? Suppose that you had the power not only of eliminating religion for all future time, but that retrospectively you could abolish it from human history; would you do it? Could you wish that this worship of imaginary beings had never existed? Think of what you would obliterate from the past, if you so decided. Certainly the fairest and noblest buildings that were ever raised on this earth, were raised in honor of these Nabus and Mardukes and Ammons and Vishnus and the rest of them, raised in honor of beings that were the products of the imagination, that were not and are not and never will be. There are the great mountain houses of Babylon, for instance, as they were called—temples in the plains of the Euphrates were called mountain houses, because they were fashioned after the mode of mountains, and it was believed that a god should dwell in a mountain. These mountain houses with their seven stages rising heavenward, with their shrines encrusted with gems and gold, with their gates covered with bronze, with their winged portals and their colossal bulls and lions, these mighty types of architecture would never have been. The Egyptian temples would never have been, that of Karnac for instance. One is almost tempted to envy those who

have seen it; but even from the mere description of it, what an effect of grandeur does it not produce in its ruins, with its avenues of sphinxes, its obelisks and, above all, its Hypostyle hall, with its forest of columns, some of them said to be seventy feet high and twelve feet in diameter, and beyond this forest of columns, what was once the adytum where in silence and in darkness dwelt the gods! Again there would never have been the marvelous rock temples of India, sculptured out of the living rock, sunk into the rock. Nor would the Parthenon have existed, the wonder of the world. And the fairest and sublimest specimens of sculpture and painting would not have existed.

But apart from art, what comfort, what help did men derive from these beliefs? What rivers of joy flowed from this well of religion, sometimes wild and turbulent, but often deep and pure and serene? Now I hold there must be some proportion between the cause and the effect; here is the cause, apparently a purely imaginary conception, a cobweb of the fancy, mistaken for a solid fact; and there are the effects, magnificent manifestations of beauty, of art, of comfort and of joy to man, and above all, the persuasion that this falsehood is truer than any kind of truth. Now is this reasonable? Can we understand this: that a falsehood should have the effect of producing in the mind of people the conviction, not only that it is true, but that it is the truest of all ideas, truer than any other kind of truth? Is the human race so mad, or is there perhaps another and a juster explanation? Was the peasant woman in the cathedral after all not so entirely deluded in talking to a being not present? Was the rose window of

her faith after all not a mere idle phantasmagoria of a childish brain?

Now, in order to lead up to my thought, let us turn from the past, and let us ask another question, namely, why it is that some persons, many persons, some of the best men, still believe in the existence of a God whom they have never seen, never heard, of whom they have never had direct experience? And, while in every other case they demand verification, they will not believe except what they can verify, in this case they do believe in the existence of a being whose existence they have not, and admit that they cannot verify. Why do they abandon the scientific standard of verification? What is there that leads them, great men, wise men, men of the noblest character, to accept this belief?

There are three motives, the emotional and the intellectual and the moral. The first is the feeling of wonder at the order and beauty displayed in nature. This feeling is admitted to be one of the prime factors in the production of religion; it is the feeling which expresses itself in the words of the psalmist, "The heavens declare the glory of God," and so on. It is the feeling that expresses itself in more modern times, in that marvelously beautiful poem of Coleridge's, the Hymn before Sunrise in the Vale of Chamouni, in which he apostrophizes in turn, the mountain itself, the rivers that flow down its sides, the glaciers and the avalanches.

"God! Let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, God!
God! sing ye meadow-streams with gladsome voice!
And they too have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God!"

Many of us doubtless have tasted the deeper experiences of life, have experienced the supreme joys, the pains, the disappointments, the bereavements. But the deepest experience of life after all we have missed, if we have never been thrilled by the emotions which come from the thought of that vaster life of which ours is a part; if we have never allowed our mind to travel beyond the boundaries of time and space, beyond the limits of this earthly life and this planet on which we dwell. if we have never faced the thought of that eternity which encircles our little existence as the restless waves encircle some islet in the sea. It is this wonder evoked by the thought of the vastness, the order and beauty of the world that has led men, modern men, to the idea of God.

I should pity myself, I should pity you, if the Ethical Movement, for instance, were the cause or one of the causes of leading men away from that wonder.

The second motive is the intellectual, that striving for unity which is characteristic of all our thinking. Modern science seeks to reduce everything to unity. All the forces of nature it seeks to interpret as modes of motion; heat is a mode of motion, light is a mode of motion, electricity is the same. But there are phenomena which cannot be explained in terms of matter and motion, the phenomena of consciousness, of sentience, of thinking. Must there not be some unity which underlies both the material part of the world and the spiritual, which unites the two; must there not be some focus outside of experience, beyond it, in which are collected together all the rays of being, and from which these rays of being again stream forth—some supreme unity? The search for that is the intellectual

motive. It is curious that Kant, the redoubtable destroyer of the proofs for theism, in the very same chapter in which he puts forth his destructive conclusions, in a passage which by its fire and its emotional color contrasts strangely with the cold setting of ratiocination in which we light upon it, that Kant, I say, in this passage asserts that the inadequacy of the proofs will never rob men of their belief in God. He destroyed the proofs, but he asserted in the same breath the indestructibility of the belief. For he says that the mind of man, when troubled by these philosophic doubts, is like a person in a dream; and that a single glance at the wonder and beauty of the world will rouse us out of our dream of doubt, and will cause the mind to lift itself up from greatness to greatness, unto the thought of a supreme greatest, from the condition to that which conditions it, to the thought of the absolute unconditioned. This thought of a coronation of the world in the idea of a supreme unity is a thought from which we cannot extricate ourselves.

I have mentioned two of the main factors that have led to theism—the emotional and the intellectual; but the third, the moral factor, is the most potent. There is a great fight being fought in the world, at least in the human part of it. Good and evil are pitted against each other. We feel ourselves to be under the sternest obligation, by all that we deem precious and holy, to throw in our weight on the side of the good, to help make it prevail. We realize that we are but at the cock-crow of civilization, in the moral sense; that the private life of men, their family life, their civic life in cities and States, the dealings of the nations with one another, are still cov-

ered with the deep shadow of moral obliquity and error ; and that it will take ages on ages before even a palpable approximation toward the moral ideal will be realized. If the fight is so hard, and the victory so distant, what courage can we have in going on with it unless we believe that somehow, in the nature of things, a tendency exists favorable to our efforts? Nay, does not the very fact of our obligation argue that such a tendency does exist, and that a Being exists—call it by whatever name—to which that tendency is due? Can there be a rigorous obligation—and the moral obligation is such—to achieve that which is unattainable? Can the demand for justice, a higher justice than has ever yet been seen, be a deception? But, if the demand for justice is realizable, then, in the nature of things, there must be provision that it shall be realized ; then, as it has been expressed, there must be a Power that makes for righteousness.

But now let us ask, in utmost seriousness, what profit do these arguments yield us, so far as any definite, graspable idea of God is concerned? The order, the beauty of nature suggest to us ineluctably the idea of a being from whom this order and beauty is derived. Doubtless, but can we form any conception of the kind of being capable of governing these tremendous forces, capable of overlooking this interminable wilderness of worlds, capable of marking out the pathways of these uncounted myriads of stars that sink into and emerge from the abysses of space? Can the analogy of human intelligence give us the least clue to the comprehension of such a being—of human intelligence which is baffled and confounded whenever it seeks to grapple with the problem of origins and

ends? Can the word "intelligence" help us? Is there not a fundamental difference, a difference not only of degree but of kind, between a finite mind and what is called an infinite mind? When anyone uses the phrase "infinite mind," can he make us understand, can he understand himself, except in a purely negative sense (as not finite), what positively he means by it?

It is said that our striving after unity forces upon us the idea of a supreme unity. Unquestionably; but what conception can we form of a being at once the author of matter and of mind? Is such a being material? Then how could he beget mind? Is he purely spiritual? Then how could inert matter ever be derived from him? How can the same cause have for its effects stones, and earth, and exquisite feelings like that of love, and thoughts? The idea of it we cannot escape from. There may, perhaps there must, be some such supreme unity. But can we have the slightest notion of this focal unity beyond experience that gathers up all the rays of being within itself?

And even of the Power that makes for righteousness can we say more than just what the words imply, that there is a Power that tends toward, makes for righteousness, that will back up our moral efforts, and crown them? Can we describe that Power, for instance, in terms borrowed from human morality? Can we say that it is "good" in our human sense? Seeing that the world is full of evil, as well as of good; that the cry of pain and suffering has gone up ever since the human race existed, and will continue to go up; that the world is full of moral evil, of black iniquity and wrong,—how can we assert that

the author of this world—who made it just as it is, full of the evil and the suffering and the wrong—is “good” in the human sense? What we can say, and what I, for one, fervently do say, is that matter exists in order to be subjected to spirit, that evil exists in order to be transmuted into good, and that as truly as our moral aspirations are not a mere mockery, so truly there must be in the nature of things provision made that they may be realized. And note well the difference. It is not here the wish that is father to the thought, but *the duty* laid upon us of seeking after moral perfection, that begets the belief that that perfection can be achieved. And because we are parts of a larger whole, because it does not depend alone on us whether our efforts shall succeed, but rather we are subject to be thwarted or assisted by causes lying outside of ourselves, therefore, we are justified in postulating that there is a Power outside of ourselves which co-operates with us in the attainment of our ends, that is friendly to our moral aims, a Power that makes for righteousness.

And so the outcome of it all for me is this. There is a higher Being, an ultimate, divine Reality in things. This Being is not like a man, is not a He, or a She or It, did not make the world as an artisan makes a table, nor build it as an architect builds a house. In the attempt to describe this Being language faints, imagination grows dizzy, thought is paralyzed. On moral grounds, and in the last analysis on moral grounds only, I can assume the existence of such a Being. All I can say, by way of description, is that there really exists that which corresponds to the moral ideal, that there is a Power back of the

effort toward righteousness which gives effect to it, beyond our finite power to do so.

And now we can return to the woman in the cathedral who worshiped her saint as if he were present, and to the thronging multitude of worshipers in other lands and climes; to those who have stretched forth their arms and strained their eyes in adoration toward Bel, and Osiris, and Ahura Mazda, and Jupiter and Zeus, and all the endless legion of the gods. And we can now explain the hearty, surpassing belief of the worshiper in his god, despite the fact that that god had no real existence. He was not real himself, the God, but he stood as a representative for something that is real. There never was such a being as Bel, or as Osiris, or as Ahura Mazda, or as Jupiter. And yet, the great practical Roman people believed in Jupiter, and the great Scipio every morning stood before the statue of this Jupiter and paid his devotions there before he proceeded to the business of the day. Jupiter and all the host of them were but creations of the imagination. They were not real. But, in varying degrees, they typified, they symbolized something that is real. They were the fire-tongs, these gods, with which men sought to take hold of the glowing coal of the idea of the Eternal, which, otherwise, would have wholly eluded their grasp. They were the fragile, brittle vessels, these gods, in which men sought to catch the ever-flowing wine of the ever form-defying Infinite, if perchance they might thus obtain for themselves a few drops with which to quench their thirst. They were metaphors, these gods, not consciously known as such, but by us to be regarded as such, to be taken not literally but figuratively. For

the metaphor as such is purely pictorial, purely imaginative, yet it represents, it stands for an actual quality. And, as men have sometimes been described by way of metaphors, as if they were animals, as great Chiefs have been called the Lion of the Tribe, or the Eagle of the Tribe; so has the Ultimate Reality in things been described as if it were a man, and has been invested with a human name and form.

I am bound, in order to explain myself fully, to add that the same view applies, in my estimation, to the conception of God that lives in the minds of the great majority of the worshipers of to-day. This image of God—for it is an image, despite the earnestness with which incorporeality and spirituality are theoretically predicated of God—this image, I say, is incomparably higher and nobler than any that preceded it. Most of the grosser elements which debased the objects of religious worship in former days have been eliminated; and the ethical attributes have been accentuated: “Holy shall ye be, for holy am I, Jehovah, your God.” But, none the less it, too, is an image; it, too, is a metaphor. I cannot believe that there is actually enthroned above the clouds such a being. The figure of Jehovah, like that of the rest, is a product of the imagination. He does not really exist, but he stands, and stands in a higher degree than any that have preceded him, for what is real.

Some time ago, a young girl in whose mental and moral development I am interested, put to me the question: “What do you believe as to God?” And in rapidly collecting my thoughts to answer her, I became aware that there were two impressions which, out of concern for

the truth which I felt bound to transmit to her, as I saw it, I wished to convey to her. First, that there is a higher Power, that, beyond the things we wot of there is, not night and emptiness, but light and excess of fulness. Secondly, that this higher Power is not a man, or like a man in any form, but that the images of the gods are tokens and signs, valuable not in themselves, but in what they faintly, feebly hint at. These two statements mark my position. Atheism is the denial of a higher Power, practically the assertion that nothing exists except what we touch, and smell, and see. Theism, as it has been held hitherto, is the assertion that the man-like image not only symbolizes, or typifies, or metaphorically describes the higher Power, but is that higher Power; that the sign is fundamentally identical with the thing signified. Can we pass to a position beyond and, as I think, above both atheism and the prevailing theism? Can we *hold apart the sign and the thing signified*? Can we, as we look through a glass darkly, remember that we do not see the object itself, but the object as altered, in shape and color by the medium through which we gaze? And if we do require a sign or symbol—as assuredly we do, for without one we shall presently cease to speak and even to think of that ultimately and really existent Being, for lack of a handle of some sort with which to retain our mental grasp upon it,—if we do require a sign or image, and it cannot be the manlike image, is there any other image at our command? This is the subject with which we shall have to deal in the remaining two addresses of the present series.

II.

The following question has been put to me since my first address on this subject: "You mentioned Atheism and Theism; did you intentionally omit Agnosticism, or is your position identical with Agnosticism?"

I wish to say, in answer, that the position I have described differs from agnosticism, and briefly how it differs. Agnosticism affirms that there is only one kind of certainty, namely scientific certainty, based on truth verifiable in experience. My contention is that there is another kind of certainty, moral certainty, moral conviction, based not on truth verifiable in experience, but on truth necessarily inferred from experience. Agnosticism neither affirms nor denies the existence of an ultimate higher Power. I hold myself warranted in affirming that there is such a Power, though I profess to know as little as the agnostic what the nature of that Power, considered in itself, may be. But the "that," apart from the "what," is surely a gain, if it can be maintained. The assertion that there is such a Power is plainly a step beyond agnosticism. I take this step on the ground that all that is best in me urges me to work for a state of moral perfection in the world, and on the ground that the attainment of this goal is not dependent on human effort alone, but may be hindered or helped by Nature. If, then, I am to believe in the ultimate attainment of the moral end—and I must believe in that, or build my house, morally speaking, on sand—I am forced to assume that there is provision made in Nature looking to the achievement of that end, or in other words, that there is a "Power that makes

for righteousness." This surely is a step beyond agnosticism.

Again, a second question has been put to me: "Can we avoid what is called anthropomorphism, that is, if we think of the ultimate Being at all, can we avoid thinking of that Being in human fashion? Either complete silence, or a human image of some sort, is not that the alternative?" I admit that this is so. The human image we must use. But the whole force of my plea, a week ago, if it had any force, lay in the reminder that the human image should be used as a metaphor, as a sign, and be kept apart from the thing signified. We, in this age of the world, ought to be sufficiently masters of our inner life to make this distinction between the sign and the thing signified which our predecessors did not make who worshiped Bel, and Osiris, and Zeus, or some god, under whatever name, as if he were the reality, instead of standing metaphorically for what is real. It is true, we, too, must have our sign, or we shall lapse into silence. We, too, must continue to fashion our conception of Divinity after our own images, but we ought to be able henceforth to remember what a religious symbol is, and what purpose it subserves. We ought to be able to hold fast to this fundamental distinction between that ultimate Being, which we may believe to be really existent, and the creations of our imagination which are not really existent but valuable only because of what they suggest. The flag of our country is sacred to us because of the patriotic ideas which it suggests, and not because we believe that any particular sanctity attaches to the mere bunting. The ring, which is bestowed on us by the hand of love, is

precious because of what it suggests, not because we believe that that little fillet of gold itself contains or embodies the love. The religious symbols—though, unlike flag and ring, they contain in part and embody in part—are likewise precious to us chiefly because of what they suggest.

The first of my addresses was devoted to this distinction between sign and thing signified. The present address will be devoted to an examination of the current theistic conception, with a view of inquiring whether that conception, considered as a sign or metaphor, is satisfactory, whether it really is suggestive of our highest and holiest ideals. The third address, in its turn, will deal with the inquiry whether there be any other sign, toward which the world is growing and which eventually may take the place of that which has been delivered to us from the past.

Is the theistic image, the image of an individualized, masculine Being, the kind of sign that we can use? Does it correspond to our highest and best ideals? The theistic conception is that of a King. "King of Kings," Jehovah is called. "Lift up your heads, O ye gates, that the King of Glory may enter. Who is the King of Glory? Jehovah of Hosts." This conception arose in monarchical countries, among nations who regarded the sovereign power of the State as incorporated in a single individual. In democratic countries the sovereignty is believed to reside in the whole people. It is impersonal, lodged not here or there, but everywhere expressing itself temporarily in certain instruments, such as Presidents, Governors, and the like, but not permanently resident in them, or

incorporated in them. Those who regard the sovereignty of the State as embodied in a single man may well conceive of the sovereignty of the world as embodied in a masculine Divinity. But in democratic countries—and all countries are becoming increasingly democratic—the theistic conception so far as it is that of a King, will more and more be recognized as obsolete. Surely it would be an anomaly for men who, in the realm of politics, regard king worship as outgrown, as a thing of the past, to preserve king worship in religion. When we listen to the magnificent chorus in the Oratorio singing the lines from the Psalms which I have quoted,—“Who is the King of Glory?” etc., the swing of the music and the pomp of a martial possession which it suggests stirs the senses and excites the fancy. But all this suggestion of royal pomp, of a great possession moving, of a central figure awaited by expectant multitudes, of a King of Kings coming and entering his gates, does not touch my religious feelings in the least. I doubt whether it does yours. It is not in this guise, it is not by such a metaphor that I can represent to myself the “Power in things that makes for righteousness.” Sovereignty in the State we have come to look upon not as localized, but as universalized. Our attitude toward sovereignty in the world at large is coming more and more to be the same. I am not now considering whether the particular image of God as King is true, whether there actually is such a Being enthroned in heaven, but whether, admitting that the image of God as King is a metaphor, this particular kind of metaphor can any longer serve our purpose. For the reasons mentioned I do not think it can.

But far more important is the conception of God as Heavenly Father. Is not this a beautiful, tender and consoling image? And can it ever become obsolete? Royalty we may do away with and remit to the limbo of ancient institutions. According to Emerson, God himself said: "I am tired of Kings." But in the case of fatherhood that is not the case. The relation of a father to his children is holy, and an enduring type of sacred relationships. Shall we, then, continue to use this typical picture? Shall we think of a benignant and omnipotent Spirit bending down toward us from on high, whose face indeed may sometimes be veiled, but the light of whose love is never really extinguished or diminished; to whom we can ever come as children saying: "Father, protect us; Father, deliver us; Father, forgive us our trespasses." "When every helper fails and comforts flee, help of the helpless, O abide with me." If we can still say these words, if we can still use such language, then we are not really separated from the old tradition; then, with whatever change of accent or interpretation, the theistic conception of the past is still ours. But if we cannot honestly say them, then we have passed into an entirely new region of thought and feeling, and it will be well for us to look about and see where we stand.

Now it is customary for those who introduce radical and innovating ideas to say that they do not wish to deprive anyone of the faith which he possesses. And I may repeat the same sentiment. It is my earnest hope and aspiration to be, not of those who destroy, but of those who build up. At the same time, I feel perfectly free to present the reasons upon which I rest my own position.

If anyone continues to hold the old faith he will be the better off, he will hold it all the more securely if, having measured the full force of the reasons that may be adduced against it, he can still consistently adhere to it and maintain it, despite those reasons. If anyone does not hold the old faith, it is all the more desirable that he should analyze the reasons that justify his attitude, and thus be enabled to reach a positive and constructive position of his own.

I confess that, for my own part, as I look out into the wide world, I am not conscious of any such superintending, parental love directed toward me. As a child, I may have held that view; but it has dropped away—through no fault of mine. Indeed, I have come to think it a wrong thing to expect that the affairs of the Universe should be managed with a view to promoting my particular individual welfare. And there are many causes which have combined to produce this change. One of the most obvious and the most influential is the idea of the inexorable operation of the laws of Nature which science has inculcated. In former times, when there was drought and famine in the land, men loaded the altars of the gods with gifts intended to placate their anger and to induce them to send the wished-for rain. To-day in famine stricken India, what is it that the wisest rulers of the country are intent upon? They are studying how to supply on a stupendous scale artificial irrigation, how to increase the facilities of transportation, how to uplift the ignorant peasantry by education so that they may be able to employ more effective methods of agriculture. In former times when the plague passed over Europe, mow-

ing down its millions, the churches were thronged and the multitude of worshipers besieged the Almighty to withdraw the fearful scourge. To-day when an invasion of the cholera threatens a country, the Kochs and Pasteurs are busy in their laboratories seeking to discover the germs of the disease, and rigorous sanitation is everywhere applied to deprive these germs of the congenial soil in which they flourish. This is a commonplace of modern thinking, and I need not enlarge upon it.

The conception of the Heavenly Father as interfering with the operations of Nature arose at a time when the teachings of Natural Science were unknown. These teachings have been fruitful of substantial results. The progress of mankind has been kept back for centuries by the disposition to expect of the love and kindness of Providence the benefits which, if obtainable at all, must be obtained by human effort. The progress of mankind has been incalculably advanced by the appeal to self-help, by the conviction that "the gods help them who help themselves," which, after all, is synonymous with saying that if we are to be saved we must save one another. True, there are situations, and those the most distressing—who of us has not experienced them?—when the vanity of human help becomes apparent, when our boasted science fails, when the physician can do no more, and the consulting physicians that are called in can do no more, and the object of our love seems drifting inevitably away beyond our reach on the ebbing tide. At such times, will prayer to the Heavenly Father help? I do not mean help in the sense of bracing us to sustain the shock, but in the sense of averting the impending fate? Sometimes, after

fervent prayer, there is recovery. But will anyone, who has grasped the meaning of natural law affirm that the recovery is the consequence of the prayer? The human body is a delicate and intricate mechanism, and there are many complex causes which affect the turn of disease one way or the other. But because these causes are out of sight and incalculable, can we therefore doubt that none the less they have operated and that they have been just as inexorably determined in their operation as is the fall of a stone in response to gravitation? An ancient skeptic once visited a temple by the sea in which were inscribed the names of those sailors who had been saved from shipwreck in answer to their prayers. And someone said to him: "Well, Sir Skeptic, look at this list of names. Are you not convinced that prayer is availing?" "No," he said, "I am not convinced. Show me first the list of those who have prayed just as hard and who have not been saved."

But the notion of a supplementary physical helper, who steps in when the physician fails, or when the crops fail, does not in the least exhaust the idea of Fatherhood; and it would be unjust for a moment to convey the impression that it did. The idea of Fatherhood implies moral superiority. The Father in Heaven is not like some good-natured, kindly, affectionate, and weak human parent. In him it has been attempted to incarnate the ideal of righteousness. The Seraphim, when they sing their praise, greet him as the Thrice Holy. The moral laws are his commands. He sternly exacts implicit obedience to them. He forgives, indeed, his children, when they contritely confess their faults. But he also relentlessly

chastises those whom he loves for their own good. His love is the kind of love that shows itself precisely in such chastisement. In the picture of such a Father, there are elements of sublime grandeur, and of the greatest moral beauty. One cannot overrate the educative effect which it has had upon the human race. But the Divine Father after all is patterned on the analogy of the human father. He is but an enlarged, an aggrandized and sublimated copy of the human father.

And I would now call your attention to the fact that the attitude towards fathers has changed in modern times; that the attributes ascribed and the veneration accorded to them is different from what it was in the past; that the assumed relative perfection of earthly fathers may no longer serve as an analogy for the absolute perfection of the Heavenly Father, because earthly fathers are no longer regarded as even relatively perfect. There was a time when they were; when a father was looked upon as a sort of demi-god on earth, whose outline it was comparatively easy to enlarge into that of a veritable Deity. The father, the patriarch, was the head of the family, of the clan. He ruled it with an absolute sway. He was the law-giver, the priest, the judge. His authority none ventured to dispute. A very young child still looks upon its father in much the same way. To a young child the father still represents the sum total of all perfections. There is no question that troubles his mind, but he will go to his father confidently expecting a satisfying answer. His father knows everything, and can do everything. His father is better than all other fathers. But as he grows older he learns that

this is a mistake. Very deep and very tender remains the relationship. The measureless debt of gratitude for innumerable benefits remains forever unimpaired. The care bestowed at a time when the life was like a feeble flame liable to be blown out by any wind of chance, the mental, the moral training and the self-effacing affection which went with these, how can they ever be repaid? The son or daughter who could forget these things would deserve to be spewed out of Nature as a monstrosity. Nevertheless, and without the least abatement of these claims, the father has ceased in modern times to be the type of even relative perfection. Intellectually the son often outstrips the parent, or, if he does not outstrip him, he enters into a different vocation from that of his father, and he cannot look up to the latter as a master and an exemplar in his own field of work. The old relations are much more nearly maintained where the son follows the same career as the father, and the reverence which belongs to the intellectual superior is conjoined with that which is due to the parent. But this is rarely the case. And from the moral point of view, too, the full-grown man, however delicately he may approach the subject, even in his own mind, cannot fail to perceive the defects of his parent. However charitably, however lovingly he may judge, judge he will and must. The best parents themselves desire nothing so ardently as that their children may surpass them in moral excellence, as well as in mental achievements.

So that as the idea of natural law entered above, to exclude the notion of an extraneous, interfering Providence, a helper in time of sickness and the like, so the idea

of evolution, of the progressive enlargement and development of human faculties from generation to generation, enters in to prevent our regarding the parent in the same light in which he was regarded by the founders of monotheism, before the principle of development was recognized. The parent can no longer be considered as the stationary image of superlative excellence; but rather as the channel through which has come down to us the life of the past to be in us continued and enriched; the good qualities bettered, if possible, the infirmities corrected. The fact that we owe to our parents the possibility of reaching out toward further improvement deepens the obligation toward them; in attempting to rise higher than they did, it is upon their shoulders that we stand. But this does not alter the circumstances that the best piety we can show toward them is just to attempt to transcend them. Now, how can the father, whose attainments we are to seek, if possible, to surpass, be to us any longer the adequate symbol of the Infinite Moral Ideal in its unsurpassable completeness? How, indeed, we may ask, can any individual being, no matter how idealized, be to us the type of perfection? The greatest human beings are but facets of the jewel—Humanity. The whole beauty and excellence of the jewel does not shine forth from any one of these facets. There is one type of moral excellence in Socrates, another in Buddha, still another—sublimar than these, and yet all the same only one out of many possible ones—in Jesus. The sum of moral excellence is not embodied in any one member of human society, however rarely gifted and exceptional: in the infinite plenitude of spirits we must look for its manifestation.

I have spoken of God as a King; of God as a Father, and, first, as of a Father who helps by interfering with the laws of nature, and, next, as a Father who represents ideal righteousness. I have tried to show that the theistic image has been gradually weakened in its hold on the human mind; by the change in our political conceptions—we have abolished Kings, and hence the notion of a Heavenly King has become incongruous, no longer expresses our best thought; then, by the change in our conception of the operations of Nature, the notion of inexorable law being inconsistent with that of outside interference; and lastly—a point which does not commonly receive attention—by the altered attitude toward fathers.

What, then, is to be our own attitude toward the current theism? In his book, "The Reflections of a Russian Statesman," the Procurator of the Holy Synod quotes a parable of the celebrated Persian teacher Djelalledin. "Once Moses, while wandering in the wilderness, came upon a shepherd who was praying fervently to God. This was the shepherd's prayer: 'How shall I know where to find thee, and how to be thy servant? How I should wish to put on thy sandals, to comb thy hair, to wash thy garments, to kiss thy feet, to care for thy dwelling, to give thee milk from my herd.' Moses, when he heard the words of the shepherd, was angered and reproached him: 'Thou blasphemest. What dost thou mean, unbeliever?' The heart of the shepherd was saddened because he could not conceive of a being without bodily form and corporeal needs. He was taken by despair and ceased to serve the Lord. But God spake to Moses and said: 'Why hast thou driven away from me my ser-

vant? What to thee is evil to another is good. To thee it is poison; to another it is sweet honey.'” The author employs this parable in order to impress on the educated classes of Russia the duty of supporting and conforming to the orthodox faith. He seems to forget that his parable is two-edged, that, if the poet has said, “What to thee is poison, to him is sweet honey,” he also clearly says, or implies, that, what to him is sweet honey to thee is poison; the kind of poison which, like opium, may serve, at first, as an anodyne of pain, but afterwards produces lassitude and finally spiritual death.

What I wish to urge is that the question for us is not whether we shall respect what is sweet honey to others. That goes without saying. What we have to ask ourselves is whether for us certain ideas and conceptions, because they do not fit our need, because they are not intrinsically, fundamentally true to our inmost thinking, would be poison; at best, anodynes and opiates. The one thing I want to plead for, the one thing I care for, is increasing definiteness in religious thinking, clear and clean-cut ideas. It is time that we put away from us this mush of religious sentiment, that we cease to be content with vague and blurred outlines of thought on the greatest of all subjects, while we demand distinctness in every other. It seems to me that the cleaning up of one's ideas is just as important, as a matter of ethical sanitation, as the cleaning up of the house in which we live is a part of external sanitation. Whether you, my hearers, accept my conclusions or not is immaterial. I am seeking to stimulate you to demand of yourself greater definiteness in your thinking on these subjects. Do you really believe

in a Heavenly Father? Does that conception play any part in your life? Does it influence you? There are thousands of people who say they believe in it, and yet are not influenced profoundly by it at all. They have only a dull, stupid way of repeating, parrot-like, what other people believe, or they believe in part, and disbelieve in part. They believe at one moment, and disbelieve in other moments. What I suggest that you ask, if you wish to gain *terra firma* in your philosophy of life, is: does this particular metaphor of the Heavenly Father serve your purpose, does this particular sign indicate to you the thing signified? You and I ought to look out upon this world, you upon your destiny, upon man's destiny, just as if there were no tradition upon the subject at all, just as if there were no sacred authorities to which we are expected to conform, and which serve as a kind of screen between us and things as they are. We ought to look about in this world as if we were the first men that lived, as if we had just descended upon this planet, as if we were "sons and not grandsons of Nature," to use Leonardo da Vinci's words; and ask ourselves, What is the truth? What is true to us? What are our needs to-day? And what is it that can satisfy our needs?

As to theism, I distinguish, for my own part, between the form and the content. The form of it I cannot use at all. Neither can I use certain ideas of which it has been the vehicle. And certain other ideas I am anxious to restate, to recast, to take out of the form in which they have been contained, because I realize that I must continue to use them, that, with respect to them, there is community between myself and the theist. The ideas

that I feel the need of, that are true to me, are, in the first place, the idea that there is a Supreme Righteousness, though I have ceased to think of that Supreme Righteousness as a King or Special Providence. Then the idea, so invaluable to the wronged and the oppressed, that justice is somehow going to work itself out in the world. I do not see how we can do without that idea. I do not see how Dreyfus could have done without it. It was the one, grand, sublime thought that supported him during those five horrible years on Devil's Island. If you read his letters you will find constant reference to the "cry of his soul," the cry for justice, the belief that justice would somehow come uppermost. I do not see how we can afford to give up that idea. And then there is the idea, so invaluable to the afflicted, to those in trouble, that there is a "divine, far-off event toward which the whole creation moves," that there is a purpose working itself out in the world, and that the tears that are shed and the blood that flows, and all the sufferings, and all the black misery is but the price paid for the accomplishment of a measureless good. We human beings can bear any amount of affliction if we are able to see sense in it, if we can convince ourselves that it is not mere, sheer cruelty; that it will serve a supreme end, even though we know not how.

These three ideas, the idea of righteousness, the idea that justice will gain the ascendant, and that there is a sublime purpose in things—three aspects of one idea—these I would not give up. I do not see how any courageous attitude toward life is possible unless one, either avowedly or surreptitiously, retains them.

And now one word more, in closing. There are some who say: Yes, these ideas are very precious, but, after all, as you put them, do they compare in warmth with the feeling which a man has who can say "My Father;" who, in the loneliness of his life, can go to his Heavenly Father; who can put his hand trustfully like a child into the hand of this Higher Being, knowing that he will be led; and who, in time of trouble, can, in imagination, lay his head upon the breast of that Father and be comforted. Emerson says that the idea of God is dear because it fills the loneliness of space. Is it not also dear, and much more so, because it fills the loneliness of the inner life?

I admit, without a moment's hesitation, that the position which I have stated is devoid of this charm and this warmth. We lose something in departing from the old theism. There never has been a change, a forward movement in the world, that has not been attended by loss. And so there is loss in this instance, but there is also gain. Our experience in passing out of the old way of believing is much the same as that which we undergo when we lose our earthly parent. Perhaps some of you have had the good fortune to retain an aged father in life while you yourselves were already well along in middle age. If so, you have enjoyed a great privilege. There was one most loving friend to whom you could always go, no matter how feeble he might be, and unbosom yourself, sure that you would be understood sympathetically. In his quiet room, which the din and bustle of the world reached only from a distance, as the booming of the surge reaches a land-locked bay, you would ever find a haven of peace. The hours spent there remain unforgettable.

The father dies, and there is a gap which it seems nothing can ever fill. There is a home-sickness which it seems nothing can ever assuage. But, if you are a man, you will pull yourself together and say: Now the time has come when I must play the part of a man. It is proper that I should no longer lean upon another, but let others lean upon me; that I should no longer put my burdens upon another, but permit others to put their burdens upon me. As St. Paul has it: "When I was a child I spoke as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child. But now that I have become a man I have put away childish things."

And this is precisely the change which is demanded of us in the religion of the present day. Life is a fight. We must take our part in it,—the man's part. We must get rid, finally, of the notion that the affairs of the universe are managed with a view to securing our private benefit; that Fate, or the Power that overrules Fate, is disposed to coddle us. Childlike we must ever be in the sense of humility, but not childlike in the sense of leaning. As in the State we have learned to recognize the common good may not be sacrificed to the individual good, but that the individual shall seek his highest good in promoting the general good; so, in respect to that larger country, the world, we must not even ask that its affairs shall be so managed that we may never be sick, may never be hurt, may never be grieved; but, despite the bruises, and the heart-aches, and the setbacks, we must seek our highest good in promoting the largest, all-inclusive good. This is always within our power. If we keep fast hold of this aim we shall never feel orphaned or forlorn. Stand erect:

walk erect: cease to lean,—is the message I would convey.

III.

In the first far-off beginnings of things, what was there? A dark, weltering chaos, perhaps, “the Spirit of God brooding over the abyss;” or matter in a state of extreme tenuity,—a vast nebulous mass filling the spaces now occupied by the celestial bodies. Even if we adopt the latter alternative, we are at once forced to put the question: How came matter to be? The fact that it is supposed to have existed in a state of extreme tenuity, surely does not make the problem of its existing at all any the less difficult. And how came this nebulous mass to be set in motion? Who was the prime mover? What determined Him to put forth the initial impulse that set the worlds a-spinning? Who or what was the first cause and what or who determined that cause to put into action the causal principle which, in some inconceivable, incredible way, had remained dormant and ineffective during the eternity which elapsed before the world came into existence?

To these questions there is no answer. The search for a first starting-point of some sort turns out to be hopeless. The problem of origins is insoluble. The scientific hypothesis no more solves it—no more pretends to solve it—than does the naïve cosmogony of Genesis. And here we light upon one capital difference which, I think, is destined to distinguish religion in the future from religion as it has been in the past. Hitherto, religion has

concerned itself very largely, if not chiefly, with the beginnings; in the future religion must concern itself with the end. Hitherto religion has turned backward, attempting to penetrate to the origins, which are involved in mist; in the future religion must turn forward toward the aim, which is a burning and a shining light. In the past religion has set up at the threshold of the universe the image of a Creator, of a Maker, of an Architect. It has sought to answer the question, How did things come to be as they are? This question we must give up as unanswerable, and must turn to the other question, What is to be the outcome of it all? No matter what was the beginning we do not and cannot know what the beginning was; but what is to be the outcome? And this question elicits our profound, our enthusiastic interest; for upon the outcome we can have some influence.

There is an immediate advantage that arises, as it seems to me, from this *volte face* in religion, namely, that the drama of existence is relieved of the imputation of bootlessness otherwise attaching to it. In the prayer which Jesus taught his disciples we read: "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven:" and in many another of the ancient Hebrew prayers, of which the "Lord's Prayer" is an example, we meet with practically the same petition;—"Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven." Deep and significant as is the purport of this prayer, I, for one, could not, even as a boy, forbear asking with whatever wild feeling of possible sacrilege: If the divine will is already fulfilled in all these wide heavens, why is it not on this little speck of the earth? Nay, more, if the sum total of moral perfection already existed from everlasting

in God, what could have been the object of launching the world into being? There was perfection at the start, then unaccountably imperfection crept in; there was unblemished holiness at first, then unaccountably loss of it; and now, perhaps, there is a slow, gradual return to it. But why all this endless effort and pain merely to climb back to a point which had already been reached at the outset? According to this view, there is no real gain in all the "groaning and the travailing." According to it there is and can be nothing new under the sun, and one cannot shake off the afflicting sense of the profitlessness of it all. Now, from dreary speculations of this kind, we are set free the moment we frankly and completely give up the question of origins as beyond our comprehension. There must indeed be an Ultimate Being from which the effort toward perfection comes, and which, on moral grounds, we are bound to believe will support and crown that effort with fulfillment. But how, in the nature of Ultimate Being, the contradictions to which reference has just been made can be reconciled, you do not know, and I do not know, and no man can know.

What, then, can I know? Where can I set my foot on solid ground? I know this: That in the world in which I live, and in which I must act, there is duality, there is conflict, there is a fight going on; and that I must take my part in it. There is progress, too, from dust to crystal, to growing plant, to life in creeping things, in bird, in beast, and in men; men who are the heaven-aspiring tops that tower above the forest of existence. There is matter to be subjected to mind, there are passions to be tamed, appetites to be bridled, cupidities to be curbed, a

just and harmonious social order to be created. The mystics are wont to speak fantastically of a dark background in God; of a strain of evil in His being; of an obscure, thus far intractable element, which He has not yet been able to overcome, but which he is laboring to transmute. Whatever may be the case with God, we know that there is this obscure, intractable element, this strain of mischief, in the world, and in ourselves. And we know this: that we are here to fulfill the divine function of overcoming the intractable element, of transfiguring evil into good, chaos into order. And in doing so, we must, I think, accomplish the *volte face* in religion, of which I have spoken. We must cease to turn backward, dwelling on and endeavoring to explain what is inexplicable, and turn our faces forward to the end which, by our action, we can affect. We are like the Hebrew of old, who, when he fled from the burning city, was told that he must never look back, but only forward, if he would escape being turned into stone. So we, in fleeing from the city of our childhood's faith, which is blazing up in a great conflagration behind us, must turn forward, fixing our attention upon the goal that lies ahead, never looking backward, lest we, too, be turned into stone, lest we become paralyzed and lose courage and strength.

This is the first change, and the second which I would mention is that man, not some one excellent man, but man in general, humanity, is bound to loom up larger than ever before, as the object about which the religious imagination will play; that we shall take humanity closer to our heart; that human beings, persons like ourselves, will mean more to us than heretofore as the media through

which, for us, the divine life expresses itself. We cannot any more, like Moses, approach the burning bush and come in direct contact, as it were, with the divine life. We can only experience the light and warmth of the divine life as it radiates from other human spirits into our own. And the new attitude which we take toward humanity will bring us into new relations of a threefold kind, toward our fellow-beings; namely, toward our contemporaries, toward our ancestors, and toward our posterity. As to the human beings with whom we come in contact, whom we see and know round about us, we shall learn to see and know them from the new point of view just referred to, regarding them as masks behind which divinity lurks; as revealers of hidden spiritual possibilities. We shall attribute a certain greatness and sacredness to them; and the cheapness that now often marks our estimate of those with whom we are familiar, vulgarizing human intercourse, will disappear.

And again, the new attitude toward humanity will change our relations to our ancestry and to our posterity; will lead us to revive in ourselves spiritually the departed men and women who formerly lived on this earth, and to engender spiritually those that are to inhabit it after us; to project our influence backward over the dead, so as in a manner to resuscitate them, and forward, so as to determine the life of the unborn. We are ducts through which the life of humanity flows; it is our mission to purify the stream as it passes through our veins. We can contribute to sweeten it as it flows through us, or add new impurities to its current. Each of us inherits from his parents, and often from more remote ancestors, cer-

tain faults, certain weaknesses, certain predispositions toward evil, as well as certain nobler and more excellent traits. It is the essence of true piety toward our progenitors that we endeavor to overcome the evil heredity which they have transmitted to us, expiating their faults, as it were, by our sufferings and struggles, purifying them in ourselves; and on the other hand, enhancing every good influence which we have received from them, and bringing to full fruition every good seed which they have implanted in us. It is in this way that we can spiritually resuscitate our ancestors; that is to say, that we can perpetuate all that was spiritual, all that was excellent, all that was of enduring worth in them. And in like manner we can spiritually engender our posterity by so shaping their environment, by so preparing the soil in which they must grow, that the better, the more human qualities in them shall have a fairer chance to develop than the same qualities have ever yet had in the history of the race. Especially is it important for us to constantly bear in mind how heavy is the burden which, by our mental indolence and our weakness of will, by our folly and by our guilt, we impose upon our descendants.

It is sometimes said that the conception of a Heavenly Father is indispensable, in order to support in human beings, the sense of moral accountability. Let the dread of divine chastisement be removed, and what meaning, it is asked, will attach any longer to the word "responsible"? Responsible to whom? Accountable to whom? Unless we imagine a Heavenly Judge, before whose tribunal we shall render an account of our errors, and our blunders, and our faults, and our misdeeds, and who will inevitably

chastise us for our transgressions,—what deterrent from wrong action remains? In what sense and to whom are we responsible? Well, we are responsible in any event to our posterity. This is certain, that every one of our mistakes will make it harder for those who come after us to find the right way; that every uncleanness with which we become tainted will, like an infection, be communicated to our children, and to our children's children; that every base ingredient which we permit to enter into our life, will pass on into theirs, who have not deserved at our hands the misery and the pain with which the presence of such ingredients is likely to afflict them. The attitude which I have indicated may be described as a religion of humanity, not in the sense of setting up humanity as an object of worship, but in the sense of gradually deifying human life, bringing it nearer to the divine ideals; not in the sense of the adoration of humanity, but of the slow and gradual transformation of it.

Of the three points upon which I wish to dwell, two have now been indicated: the turning away from the origins to the end; the deeper piety toward ancestors; together with the keener sense of moral responsibility toward descendants. There remains the third point: and this leads us back to the question which was suggested at the close of the second of these addresses. Humanity, as we know it, is ever imperfect. We need to have opened to us some larger outlook, we need to have set before us an ideal of perfection, toward which our labors may be directed. Now, what shall be this ideal of perfection? Seeing that a Sign of some sort is necessary, what may be the religious Sign which we can employ? The out-

come of my last lecture was that we cannot conceive of the moral ideal as incorporated in a Father; and now I take a further step, and say that we cannot conceive of that ideal as embodied in any individual whatsoever. The moral ideal bursts asunder, and escapes from the bounds of individuality. The elements which it includes are too manifold to be represented by a single individual, no matter how sublimely idealized. The moral ideal is a social ideal. It includes types of excellence which we cannot think of as existing together in the same person; the excellence of the man and of the woman, of the aged and of the young, the special types of moral excellence which are peculiar to the different vocations. It can be represented only by a vast and differentiated society. It is the ideal, not of one Infinite Being, but of an infinitude of beings, of a world of spirits, comprising all of rational existence that ever has been, or is, or will be, on earth or in the distant stars and suns. It is the ideal of a spiritual whole, each member of which expresses uniquely some aspect of the life of the whole, is sustained by the whole, and sustains it and is indispensable to it. The moral ideal is that of a multiple God; it is the ideal of a commonwealth of spirits, and not of one spirit who, as sovereign, stands apart and aloof, and to whom the rest are subject. Just as sovereignty in the State is no longer incarnated in a single individual, but is disseminated through and permeates the whole people; so the sovereignty of the universe can no longer be lodged in an individual spirit, but is to be regarded as disseminated through and as permeating the entire world of spirit. The theistic conception is monar-

chical, the conception here indicated is democratic; *i. e.*, the sovereignty of the world embodied in a republic of spirits, not in a single sovereign spirit; the sovereignty of the world embodied not in one Infinite Being, but in an infinitude of beings that are in process of organizing into ever-increasing unity.

But if you have followed me thus far you may ask: Is not this thought too abstract, too vague, to serve our purpose? I answer: abstract is certainly is, when put forth in this isolated fashion; but so is the theistic conception of God abstract and metaphysical to the last degree when stated in the same fashion. The conception of a Being, omnipotent, omniscient and good, in a sense transcending all human goodness, what possible notion can we form of such a being or of his omnipotence, and his omniscience, and his goodness? And nevertheless the theistic idea of God did not remain an abstract, or a vague, or an impotent airy speculation; but somehow became a power of life and energy in human hearts and human history and attracted to itself reverence and worship and burning love. And how, let us consider, was this transformation brought about? A purely abstract conception, a product of the mind, fit only for philosophers to deal with, was changed into the living God, by being associated with or superimposed upon the concrete image of man, as we know him; or rather, a concrete man, the individual, as we know him, was glorified and idealized and sublimated, by being endowed with those attributes of omnipotence and omniscience and so forth; the finite individual was raised in idea to the degree of infinity. In like manner the abstract idea of a multiple God

will achieve power and strength and convincingness by being associated with and superimposed upon human society in its organized capacity. The difference between the theistic idea and the idea which I am here describing is the following: the former represents man, the individual, raised to the degree of infinity; the latter, humanity, or human society, in its organized relations, idealized and glorified, and raised to the degree of infinity.

Human society made spiritually perfect is the sign or symbol in religion, which, as I think, will serve our purpose; and the vision of a spiritual millennium may take the place for us of the man-like image above the clouds. There must, indeed, exist an Ultimate Being that can make possible the perfect society, but of this Ultimate Being we can know nothing except that to it, as a cause, we ascribe the spiritual perfection to which we look forward, as its sublime effect. I lay the greatest stress on the word "spiritual" in this connection. The millennium towards which I would direct your eyes is not of the materialistic kind. It does not consist in better houses or food for the poor, in the superabundance of earthly goods and earthly joys, nor even in the unstinted satisfaction of the desire for knowledge. It consists rather in the attainment of a state of social being, in which all the relations of human beings toward one another shall be spiritualized. And by a spiritual relation, I understand one in which each member of an organic group shall so influence the other members who are in co-relation with him as to actualize the spiritual possibilities that are latent in them; and this in such a way that they in turn shall react upon him in the same fashion—life smiting upon life, with a

view of eliciting the hidden intimate riches of new life; of life that sparkles on the crest of the wave where action and reaction meet. That the relations of men and women in marriage shall be established upon this plan, that the relations of the social classes to one another, and of nation to nation shall be spiritualized in this manner is our hope, our aim, the outlook which cheers and inspires and consoles. The conception of the perfect society itself, it is true, is human and therefore provisional. The perfect society is not itself the thing signified, in the final sense; but it is the Sign; it is the glass through which, however darkly, we see the eternal and divine mystery beyond it.

The distinction between sign and thing signified; respect for every religion, even the lowest, as an attempt however crude, to hint at something that really exists; a power that makes for righteousness; the idea of fatherhood no longer capable of supporting the ideal of righteousness; the *volte face* from the origin to the final aim and end; the deeper piety toward ancestors, together with the keener sense of responsibility toward posterity; and, finally, the moral ideal conceived as a social ideal, a world of spirits, embracing all of rational existence that ever has been, or is, or will be; not one Infinite Being, but an infinitude of beings, organizing itself into ever-progressive unity; and the perfect human society as the approximate, earthly incarnation of this transcendent ideal, as our symbol, our Sign;—these are the thoughts which I have tried, however inadequately, to hint at in the brief compass of these lectures.

WHAT MAKES LIFE WORTH LIVING?*

BY WALTER L. SHELDON.

My discourse must begin with a painful assertion. Opportunity in life is largely a matter of chance; on coming into existence we get a position by drawing a ticket in a lottery. In view of this fact, what makes life worth living? This is my problem.

I do not propose to comfort any one with the assurance that his lot in life will be the one most suited to his gifts and capacities. Indeed, calculating it as a matter of chance, it is quite probable that the lot falling to most of us will be quite the contrary, that, to a degree, we are misfits.

We do not choose the age we are to live in; we have nothing to say as to our parentage; we decide nothing for ourselves in advance concerning the gifts we should most like to have. The sphere where we shall get our first^t training is not in our choice. The twig of our lives gets its inclination before we are in a position to have much to say about it. In a word, it would first seem as if it were nature's method to bring a creature into life and then to say: "Let us see now what this creature will be able to achieve by being out of place."

To many persons this will be a cold, heartless statement of facts which they may not care to face. It is utter folly to assert that one man's opportunities are as good as those of another. The experience of history has given the lie to this theory for thousands of years. The wind bloweth

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where it listeth. Our lives are taken up by the forces of nature, as the winged seed from the maple trees, and carried by the tempests of circumstances hither and thither, until chance determines in what soil they shall find a lodging place or opportunity for development.

To be sure, we may be convinced that there is a sublime meaning in all this. Yet the human creature may individually overestimate his own importance in the supreme purpose of the Cosmos. Possibly it is in accord with that purpose that his life should be only an experiment, and that he should be a misfit, in so far as his gifts or capacities here on earth are concerned. A tremendous amount of energy has been wasted by such over-estimation on the part of the individual human creature, who may have kept wondering why he did not find his place, and have gone on waiting until it should arrive, because he had been imbued with the theory that it was the normal thing for the right niche to be there when he was ready to occupy it. Making the most of one's opportunities or getting the most out of life, does not necessarily imply finding the exact spot where one's best gifts may have opportunity for display. It will be chance, or in accord with a purpose beyond one's ken, if those gifts find a place.

We are nature's experiments; or, to put it in the other way, experiments in the hand of God. I am not, for one, disposed to rebel against this, but to accept it and to act accordingly. We must take the situation as we find it. We shall have to let certain of our best gifts seemingly go to waste; we may not by any possible effort be able to bring all our talents to fruition. Some part of the life of each living soul must be, humanly speaking, a failure.

Once get this fact clearly into one's consciousness, and it puts another aspect on one's aims and purposes. To a certain class it will rob life of all its value, and seem to annihilate anything like the possibility of aim or purpose. But to another class, it may be the one fact which they need to become aware of, in order to get the most out of life and achieve the largest results.

What we are saying does not, for an instant, imply that conditions might not be better than they are, or that there might not be less of this element of unfitness in the lives of many of our fellow men. We take it for granted that the social structure may be so developed in the future that a vastly larger number of lives shall come nearer to finding the place where they fitly belong. It would seem as if we had gone out of our way, as human beings, in order to make conditions worse than necessary, so that the element of chance should work even greater havoc in the lives of men than it does with the creatures of the lower orders. But all this does not gainsay the simple fact that the misfits must always be there, and in very large numbers.

We should like to know how to get the most out of life right here and now. We want to squeeze every drop of juice out of the orange,—whether the orange of life is to be for one hour, one day, one year, one century, or a whole eternity. And the sad part of it is that a great many persons fail to get half the sweetness or the juice out of the orange, by wasting their time in thinking why somebody else's orange is better, sweeter or juicier than their own.

There are two types of feelings more or less prevalent at the present day, which I find it hard to tolerate. On

the one hand, there is the assumption of the successful person that his achievements have all come through his own efforts, and that all others could have accomplished just as much if they had tried. When, however, nature produces the self-made man who is successful and yet is humble, and admits the degree of chance or fortune entering into his career, then we have one of nature's noblemen.

On the other hand, there is the assumption even more pernicious or unfortunate, into which a person may fall, when he asserts outright that the world owes him a living, and that if he makes a failure of his life, it is all owing to chance, or something or somebody outside of himself. Believe this, if we may, for others. But woe betide us if we believe it for ourselves! In so far as we can interpret the methods of nature, there is nothing which would lead us to suppose that provision has been made by which all living things should get a normal existence. They do not get it in the vegetable kingdom; they do not get it in the animal kingdom; they do not get it in the human kingdom. The wind bloweth where it listeth. It is chance as to the soil where our lives begin and as to what opportunities we are going to have. But whether the living thing really gets something out of life or finds life worth having or worth living, is not always a matter of chance.

The unfitness in many instances may come from having too much opportunity. Some will get the ten talents, and others get only one. Some may draw such a big prize that it will act ruinously upon them and be worse than if they had drawn none at all. This is the culmination in our experience of unfitness, in so far as nature's system of chance or lottery is concerned. The failures due from

superfluous good fortune are often greater than those coming from having no fortune at all.

If there is one habit in human nature which is a curse, it is the custom of comparing one's life or opportunities with those who are better off than one's self, rather than with those who are worse off than one's self.

In estimating what makes life worth living, the point I am coming to is this. Making the most of one's opportunities may imply using those chances where our second or third best gifts may be turned to account, but where our largest or greatest gifts may find no exercise. It means taking the orange for what it is worth, and getting what sweetness or juice is there, or at least what may be accessible to us.

We cannot have all that we want, and the chances are that we shall not get the opportunities most suited to our needs. To be sure, some of this may be due to the disordered structure of society, and may involve injustice on the part of others toward ourselves. But it is mainly owing to by-gone circumstances, to our heritage from the dead. Because of our ancestors a thousand years ago, or even a thousand thousand years ago, we are what we are in our varied natures to-day—weak or strong, fit or unfit, well adapted or ill adapted, to fight the battle of life. There is no use stirring up a rebellion against the dead, any more than there is use in fighting Providence. We have our heritage, and beyond it, or outside of it, we cannot go.

And yet there is one fact with which we are impressed, the moment we go back and search the records of lives gone by. It may be contrary to theory and contrary to expectation. I do not know that we can fully account for it. And yet, beyond question, some of the richest

lives have been where there has been the least opportunity, or where seemingly there has been the most glaring unfitness. Some of those who have had the fewest chances, while being endowed with the greatest gifts, have been the ones who have found life the most worth having, and the most worth living. It is only necessary to cite the name of the Stoic Epictetus.

After all, in the average life, the greatest success is only achieved through snatching the small opportunities as they come along. This might not always be true for the men of rare gift or exceptional talents. But most of us do not have those exceptional talents or rare gifts. We are average men and women. And for us, making the most of our opportunities, getting the most out of life, depends on seizing the trifling chances, being quick and alert to take them as they come along and to make them accumulate.

One-half the failures among men, I believe, are due to the extent to which they waste their leisure. A certain part of our efforts must exhaust themselves in routine or drudgery. But every creature gets some degree of leisure, small or great. And whether he wastes this or utilizes it, may determine whether or not he shall put any value on life. One of the richest and happiest and most beautiful careers in all human history was that of Benedict Spinoza. He earned his livelihood by the wearisome task of grinding lenses. But in every moment of his leisure he lived with God.

And yet all the while we must admit that, in spite of the energy we may exert, there will be a tremendous waste of gifts or capacities. Whatever we do, no matter how much we utilize our leisure, there is to be failure along

certain lines. One part of our life must be woefully incomplete. The wind bloweth where it listeth. Nine-tenths of the soul's cravings will get no satisfaction. The outcome of our mightiest efforts will often seem pathetically small. If it is to be measured by the external achievement, then it is hard to set a high value on life as it is offered to us under present conditions.

These thoughts may not be very cheering. But suppose we push them further. Before we abandon all thought as to the value of life, it may be well to see whether we may not have had a mistaken measure of values; whether all along we may not have been under a delusion as to what constitutes real achievement. In the great Account Book of Eternity, where the records may go down as to what we accomplish or fail to accomplish, I doubt whether on the credit side will be the statement as to the money we have made, the position we have won in the public eye, the inventions we are responsible for, the books we have written, the music we may have rendered or composed, the business enterprise we may have built up. All this may be good in its way. But when it comes to the actual amount, apart from the quality of the work, it will be largely a matter of chance.

But if the Account Book of Eternity is kept in another way, we may see the whole situation in another light. Suppose that instead of the amount of external achievement being written down there, something else were recorded which cannot be put down in figures or measured on scales. What if in the records of a family, where the members have drudged and worked and saved for years in order to own the house over their heads, there were charged up the affectionate hearts which had been fostered

by the spirit of mutual effort, one with the other, the strength of character which had been developed in the toil of all those years, the force of soul or spirit which had been evolved out of that strength—in a word, the man or woman who had been made or shaped by it. This would be another kind of record. It could not be measured out with a bodily eye. There would be no way of putting it down in writing.

So far as I can interpret any purpose in the nature of things, in the way opportunities are given or tickets are drawn in the lottery of life, the gauge is not with regard to external achievement, but to the kind of person or character, the kind of manhood or womanhood made or shaped by the process. The wind bloweth where it listeth. The very checks put upon us in our ambitions may react inwardly and do more than outward opportunities to call forth latent power for the use of our very best gifts.

As men have become aware of the fact of this lottery in life, they are menaced with a very dangerous skepticism. The most insidious form of doubt may not always be of the kind which pertains to the doctrines of theology. The loss of faith which has been coming on in the last hundred years has not been so much in the divine outside, as in the divine on the inside. We are threatened with the loss of that very soul which has been the acquisition of long ages in the history of the human race.

What many men are coming to think or believe nowadays, is that the only life worth having or worth living is of the kind which prevailed before man drew breath as a living soul, "made in the image of God."

It is the value of life *according to man* which is losing its hold on men to-day. We are not alluding exactly to

what goes conventionally under the name of the good life. I do not refer just to the person who will not lie or steal. It is not against attacks on the right of property or against violations of truth that I am spending my energies. With the liar or the burglar I have nothing to do. We take it for granted that common decency will in the end control men to some extent on these points, and that burglary or lying will gradually be eliminated in the mere struggle for existence. A certain degree of honesty in conduct and speech is essential to the preservation of life, and natural selection will work this out of itself. In speaking of the life according to man, we are not dwelling especially on the value of ordinary, every-day, common honesty.

What I contend is that the only life worth having or worth living for the human creature is what I should term *the life in the spirit*.

But in asserting this, we do not wish for an instant to imply that a life of this kind must necessarily be a sombre or gloomy one. In the old days, it used to be said that the good life suggested the dreary life, or the life that was arid of joys, or devoid of the keen pleasures of existence.

We may believe heartily in the "wild joy of living," as it has been suggested in the language of the poet Browning. If we can have this and feel it, it is the right thing to feel and to have. It should be the normal condition of the true or ideal existence to get an intense, keen exhilaration in life itself, this life, right here and now. The joy of living is a righteous joy, an ethical joy. A buoyancy of soul on the part of those who feel this is wholesome and right. I believe in having a passionate enthusiasm for the privilege of this existence of ours on earth. There

ought to be a pæan of hallelujah sounding in the soul of man all his days in spite of the inevitable sadness and spiritual shocks which he must undergo.

But on the other hand, we must also admit that it involves a steady fighting, even while the hallelujah is being sung. And this is where, to a certain class of persons, the dreary side of it, or the sombre feature comes in. The kind of joy in life many people would most care for, is perhaps, that of taking each moment as it comes, getting all that is to be had out of this single instant of time, in spite of what consequences may follow. And it is just this course which makes life not worth having nor worth living, and which in the end makes people come to despise life as of no account. There is no doubt that the measure of values that we are here presenting must set itself, once for all, over against this standpoint and put itself in conflict with it.

It would almost seem as if circumstances were intentionally combined against us, to pull us aside from the main line of purpose we may adopt for ourselves. Much of our effort appears to go to waste in resisting side attacks, instead of pushing ahead. Half our time is taken in overcoming obstacles, instead of accomplishing positive results. And yet the fighting attitude is the healthy attitude. It has been bred into us by the way in which the human race has come into existence. It is essentially, therefore, the law of nature, or the law for all living creatures.

It is true that such a life *according to man* is one of the clenched fist; in a spiritual sense, it means that the man who undertakes to lead such a life must go through all his days with just such a clenched fist. If he does not do

this, before long, he is pretty sure to lose his grip on life. The human creature has been so constructed that he must really get a large part of his pleasure and satisfaction in some form of fighting.

It would, however, be a stupendous blunder to assume that by the law of nature, this suggests an endless battle with one's fellow creatures. The spirit of fighting does not necessarily imply that we should be hitting somebody else all the while; or that the clenched fist is there for the sake of giving another fellow-creature the blow. What it does tell us, however, is that under the normal condition of things, in a healthy life, full of vigor and activity, there has to be, from start to finish, one steady prolonged fight with one's self, in order to keep on the line of one's main purpose or ideal. And the man who does not get this fact thoroughly in his mind, and appreciate its full significance, will play out as a real man before his days are half over.

We have had it pointed out that in certain departments of the lower kingdom of living creatures, in the ant world, for instance, in those tiny mounds under our feet where little states and societies develop,—in that world, the creature lives the ethical life by instinct; it does its duty because, so far as we can judge, it has no inclination to do anything else. It acts out its course because it cannot help it, just as the stone falls to the ground by the law of gravity.

But with the human creature it is exactly the contrary. The instincts with us are not all in one direction. The human soul is crowded with all kinds of bad passions as well as good passions; with a disposition to go off on tangents as well as keep on the line. We are born heirs to

all the bad, and all the good alike, which has been done for millions of years. The unity we aim for is not in us at the start. And all this bad and all this good is mixed up together in each one of us, in certain proportions, as our spiritual heritage.

Unlike that tiny creature under our feet, in its kingdom founded by instinct, if we are going to get the most out of life, it has got to be one long combat, in order to make one set of instincts or passions overpower another set of instincts or passions. It is the law of life for the human creature. And nature has given us this glow or thrill in the pleasure of fighting in itself, just so that we can use it, as I conceive, and get the good out of it, not in battle with other human creatures, but in this battle on the inside. Normally, the human soul should take an honest, downright pleasure in the hardships of the fight.

This does not by any means indicate that such a struggle is pleasure and nothing else. It is as with the crude warfare in the strife of nations. The soldier may look back on the years of his service and tell us that there was a wild joy to it all. But what of the hardships he had to undergo, the sickness, the wounds, the excitement, the loss of sleep, the weary muscles, tired nerves, the aching body? And yet through it all, there may have been a keen delight in the struggle, in spite of the cost, an intense satisfaction in the whole experience.

And so it is, I believe, with those men who have large purposes before them, who put up a fight and keep it up right through life until the very last minute comes, with a grim determination to achieve as much as they can along the lines they have chosen,—*because it is the life according to man.*

The truth of all this can be reduced to one sentence: Life is only worth living when a person conceives his whole life according to a plan. It is not to be assumed for an instant that any kind of a plan would be right. But we do assert that this is the starting point of it all; that one should conceive of one's life as a whole, and not as made up of odds and ends of experience, this sensation, that little pleasure, or the other bit of excitement. It all depends on whether a man measures out his life according to its possibilities, rather than according to his hungry wants.

The melancholy fact is, that, owing to the kind of skepticism which has developed nowadays, there is too much of life given over to play. Two-thirds of it, three-fourths of it, nine-tenths of it, or the whole of it, may go in this one direction. In the term "play," I am not thinking of athletic games simply, or of cards, the dance, the theatre, the social amusement of one kind or another. All this is right and normal, and every human creature should have a share of it. But some of the greatest play going on at the present time in this age is of another type. It *looks* serious, and yet nothing of the really serious is to be found there. It may be all centered on getting a position of commercial power, or of securing a name as the possessor of a certain amount of money. Any form of action which proceeds from a single instinct or impulse, with no thought back of it, no ideal, no sense of a larger purpose involved in it, any such action is play. It may take us to the dance one evening, or to the office desk the next morning. It may carry us into a game of politics, or to a game of dice. It may lead us to read a book or to give ourselves over to the pleasures of the epicure. But

the principle is the same. And it is a shame and a disgrace for the human creature to waste his magnificent endowments on mere play, carrying in himself the divine image, while letting that image rust away; permitting those endowments to go to waste, while he grovels, figuratively speaking, beneath his own feet, with three-quarters of his life, in one way or another, given over to a mere game.

Because many of us are taking this stand without clearly being aware of it, throwing away our best energies in sheer play, by living according to the instinct or impulse which is before us at the single moment,—because of this, the higher codes for ethical conduct have been going to pieces. In the precepts which should guide a man's life, he is led to do as he would in the matter of play. To stand by those precepts means putting up a fight, getting his whole life in perspective and having a plan for it. And, if even our serious work is of the nature of a game, is it strange that we should let our precepts give way little by little, doing as others do, until we have no rules of conduct for ourselves at all.

And so it is at the present day in our politics, in our business, in our personal life, in our family life; we do not have a clear, decided code within ourselves to which we propose to adhere. We do not have an *exact* line fixed in our thoughts, over which we are determined never to cross. A man does not have this, unless he has some thought of his life as a whole, with some conception of a plan for it. It is the lack of positiveness in our rules for life that is so striking in the every-day world as we see it now.

Along with this point I am making, goes another which is a part of it, or is closely connected with it. If the life

which is most worth having and the most worth living, is that which is arranged somehow according to a plan or an idea, then it means that the kind of fight we have to put up is largely against this play-disposition, in the way we must sacrifice immediate pleasures or wishes for the sake of larger purposes or wishes by and by. It is true that this standpoint has been carried to the extreme, and has led to all kinds of erratic theories. It has turned healthy, happy minds over to melancholia, has made people throw their whole careers away to no purpose at all, just with the thought that life here and now had no value, save to extinguish all care for it in the face of the fact of death and eternity. Hence, it is that now we have gone to the other extreme. Behold the stupid man, one says, who wastes his whole life in doing nothing or achieving nothing, simply in order that he may be prepared to die! Or, see how individuals may get no pleasure out of life at all, because they are trying to lay up a capital on which they may draw a dividend of pleasures in their later days, and then have perhaps no later days whatever.

A mistaken judgment here at times may cause disaster. Any number of people in any number of ways have wrecked their lives by a stupid misapplication of a true principle. One might even give one's whole life over to play in a certain sense, wasting all one's efforts on a bauble; yet be following out this idea of surrendering one pleasure for the sake of another. But the principle is there and is true just the same. There can be no such thing as a healthy human life which is not carried out by a persistent giving up of transient pleasures or desires for the sake of more ideal ones which may be realized later on. We must hold ourselves in the fighting atti-

tude all the while against the disposition to follow the transient mood of the moment. Human life of any kind is more or less made up of getting the desires or longings into an order, suppressing some and encouraging others in order that they shall all work in one direction.

“What of it?” you ask. “The wind bloweth where it listeth. We are creatures of circumstance all the same. We are not free to do as we please. Three-quarters of our efforts will go to waste. Not one-tenth of what we aim for will be accomplished. The larger result in the future for which we make the sacrifices now, will be only imperfectly realized. Chance alone will decide what shall be the outcome. If we are only nature’s experiments, what does it matter as to the course we pursue?” This all sounds very well as a series of assertions, with just about enough truth in some of them to make the import of them all a lie. As to what the New Psychology may have said concerning the belief in the freedom of the will, I do not much care. The loss of that belief is simply a disease. The sane, healthy man never doubts it, in so far as his own conduct is concerned, whatever theories he may read about it. It is true, by a stroke of paralysis my arm may be unnerved; my will ceases to have any control there. But my self-control is no more involved in this than in the fact that by an effort of mine I cannot stir the moon out of its orbit. The will of man has to do with a spiritual kingdom, and not with the law of gravity. Within myself, I know that I am free.

Who says that achievement is to be measured simply by the way one transforms or transplaces units of matter, atoms, or molecules? Material things are the grind-stone

on which my soul is sharpened. It is in dealing with these, in a sense, that I get my soul at all. In so far as these are concerned, it is true, the wind bloweth where it listeth. Three-quarters of what I try to do in that direction will come to naught.

But in this effort, if I keep on trying, I shall get something of another kind. I shall get my soul, an expansion of soul, an advance on the spiritual side worth more than being able to swing the moon out of its orbit. Another planet or another sun may come along in future ages and do this in an instant of time. And yet the actual achievement may be less than what I get by simply trying to find out the path of that orbit.

In every effort that I make, in a figurative sense, I am acquiring spiritual force, adding to my soul's horizon; and the horizon I get is worth infinitely more than any money I shall make.

Think for instance, some one may say, of the stupendous waste of intellectual effort in the work which has gone forth in trying to reconstruct the history of the earth, or the history of the human race. As a single illustration, consider the stupendous amount of labor which has gone into the achievement of translating the cipher on the monuments of Egypt. How much has it amounted to? Why did not the Almighty start us with this knowledge at the outset? How fragmentary the results are, even after all the labor which has been put forth,—this book with three-quarters of the pages torn out and never to be replaced, in the figure suggested by Charles Darwin.

But take care! How do we know that in the plan of the cosmos, this knowledge itself is the ultimate achieve-

ment in view? What if, on the contrary, the real purpose is the acquisition of intellectual or spiritual force on the part of the human creature in the effort to get this knowledge?

What pitiable results, you may assert, have come in the strength put forward or exhausted for the purpose of developing an ideal human society! Are we proud to-day of the achievement, in the states or kingdoms as they now exist?

Again I say, take care! How do we know that you are interpreting correctly the thoughts of the Almighty? Have we taken into account the spiritual force acquired in the effort to do this work? Do we know all that was going on in the lives of the men which have been sacrificed in these efforts? Suppose we measure the achievement by what was taking place on the inside of those men, by the spiritual experience they acquired rather than by the external achievement.

The value of life will all depend on whether we eternally distinguish between nature and the spirit. I care not what the philosopher may do in trying to make one out of these. In my life, they are two. In fighting nature I get my soul.

On the outside I am willing to be one of nature's experiments, if on the inside I get my spiritual experience. The soul within us is potential and not actual; it is not given, but acquired. Hell, in my conception, is the place where souls die at their birth.

The lottery is on the outside. It is nature's lottery. On the spiritual side, I defy it. What I have a horror of is not death, physical death, the extinction of this body, but that the soul or spirit within me at any moment shall stop growing; that right here and now I shall become a ma-

chine, reproducing to-morrow the identical experiences I have gone through to-day. Let me feel that my spirit is advancing, that I am growing on the inside, and I will take the consequences of nature, as a matter of course.

The smaller the achievement may be on the outside, owing to obstacles over which we had no control, the greater may be the achievement on the inside, so long as we put up the right kind of fight.

In my conception, so far as the value of life is concerned, this world and every world that we know anything of, is simply a nursery for spiritual forces, where these forces may be acquired and may grow.

In my line of work I have occasion, now and then, to say the last word over the dead. And it is this, in part, which has helped me to the interpretation I am presenting to you. When death has come in for those we know and care for, we suddenly form a new perspective of the life of the person whose presence is now taken away from us. For a time we get a new measure of values. It suddenly comes over us that some of these people who were thought not to have been of very much account, may have had exceedingly rich lives. For a little while we feel ashamed of ourselves in the way we have been accustomed to gauge success.

But alas! the shame does not last long. We are drawn back into the play of life. Once more we take up the game. And, in a game, who stops to think of values? But this does not alter the facts of the case.

Has the ethical life, or "the life with God," a truly attractive side? Is life from this standpoint worth living? I ask you in reply: Who ought to know? Would it be those who have never tried it? Are they to be the judges? Shall the man who has never sought for truth be our

teacher in asserting there is no truth, or the truth is not worth searching for? Shall the man who has never tried to be just, be our teacher on the subject of justice? Shall the man who has never really set his will to the purpose of leading an ideal life, be the one to decide for us, whether such a life is worth the cost?

I ask you: Call the roll of seers and sages who have tried this and ought to know. Summon from their abodes of peace, if it could be done, Socrates or Isaiah; Marcus Aurelius or John the Baptist; St. Augustine or Thomas A'Kempis; the stern sculptor, Michael Angelo; the sage of Koenigsburg, Immanuel Kant; the Apostles of Evolution, Huxley and Darwin; the fighters for justice, Wendell Phillips or William Lloyd Garrison; the seer of Concord, Ralph Waldo Emerson; and ask them, one and all, what think they as to the value of life, the life according to man, the life worked out on a plan or an ideal, the truly ethical life. And is there a doubt that every man of them, with a single voice, would give the same answer? They have tried it and know. They were men like us, with the same battle to fight which we have to fight. They were human as we are human. They knew evil as we know evil. And the voices, I believe, of seers and sages for over three thousand years, would give the lie to those who doubt that life is worth living. It is the seer, the sage or the prophet who should be the judge. They rest now in their abodes of peace. But the wisdom they tell us of, the message coming to us from their lives, goes on. And it is for us to take up the wisdom of their experience, believe in their judgment, fight the same battle, with the conviction at heart that, in the end, we too shall say, if we have fought bravely and well: The wind bloweth where it listeth, but it has been worth while to live.

SOCIETY AND ITS CHILDREN,

WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE PROBLEM OF
CHILD LABOR.*

BY WILLIAM M. SALTER.

THERE is a wonderful significance in the fact that humanity continues its life on the earth by means of successive generations. We all, as the years go on, become set in our ways of living and acting. More and more we lose the power of change. Possibilities that once were open to us close. Even our errors and mistakes stay by us, like scars on our bodies. Were we to live on forever, if the future of humanity depended upon us, how bounded the horizon would be! But nature arranges differently. Instead of keeping us alive, she brings new creatures on the scene—creatures unspoiled, unhurt, with destinies not achieved, but to be achieved, with something of a morning freshness on their brows. It is in this way that indefinite progress becomes possible in the world. We reach the term of our achievements, and the new generation are ready to make fresh achievements. Our experience we hand over to them, our mistakes we try to have them avoid—with this help they may go further along the path of progress than we could have gone, and their descendants may go further still. Thus, though men and generations are ever dying, the race may ever advance.

*A Sunday Address before the Society for Ethical Culture of Chicago, in Steinway Hall, December 7, 1902.

If the larger standpoint of humanity is taken, there is, then, nothing more keenly interesting than a fresh generation. Mothers and fathers are, indeed, attracted to their children by a natural instinct; they love them, they take pride in them, they want to do for them. But the view of children which I wish now to present is other and more elevated than this. It is the broad human and social view. It is the thought of the child as a member and a servant of the race. It is the thought that we have when we identify ourselves with humanity, when we link ourselves with the increasing purpose which through the ages runs, when we look forward and anticipate here and elsewhere a perfect humanity, when we feel that the great things that count in the world are the successive steps that are taken in that direction. In a word, it is the religious point of view from which I speak, and as it is higher than the ordinary family view, so it is higher than the ordinary industrial and commercial view, which looks on children chiefly as producers of wealth, as a commercial asset; and those who do not rise to it will, I fear, imperfectly sympathize with what I have to say.

From this standpoint, the fundamental task of society comes to be to find out the capabilities of the new generation rising in its midst, and to do all in its power to give opportunity for the development and realization of those capabilities. This is the debt of the present to the future. It is to make the life of the future as full, as varied, as effective as it can. It cannot do the future's work but it can liberate capacity. The future will be judged strictly, sternly on its own merits as the present is—but the preparation of the future, that is in the present's

hands. One of our own poets characterized it as the American idea,

"To make a man a man,
And then to let him be."

What he does is his own affair, society's only office is to open up a position where he can do his best—to put him in possession of himself, to make him responsible for himself. As a slave is not a man because somebody else holds him down, so is anyone in a substantially similar condition whom the force of circumstances hinders from following the talents that belong to him.

It is from motives of this sort that a wise society establishes a system of education. The object is literally to bring out what there is in a child—to test it, to prove its capabilities. For there are always two factors, as in life generally—the one inside, the other outside. The environment, the opportunity will not do much if the appetite, the capacity is not there; and on the other hand, the appetite will go unsatisfied, the capacity forever slumber, if the opportunity or stimulus is absent. Education is only a test, and yet it should be universal that everybody may be tested. This is how education is necessarily a social function. In private hands, individuals, perhaps whole classes of individuals, are apt to be overlooked—as was the case in England down to recent times, where the idea was that education conducted by the State might do for Germans and Americans, but was entirely unsuited to the manly independence of the true Briton, with the result that more than two-thirds of the children of the country were absolutely without instruction.* It is the social in-

*McCarthy, "History of Our Times," Vol. II., page 482.

terest that calls for the development of the capacity of every member of society and the only reliable organ of the social interest is society itself.

I am now sketching ideas and necessities, and of course do not mean that every so-called system of national education is a true system. Rather should I say, that few, if any systems, correspond to the all-round requirements of the idea. In this country, for instance, we seem, until recently, to have gone on the idea that our future citizens were to be mainly clerks and shop-keepers and business men—certainly if it was thought that they were to be mechanics or engineers or farmers or housekeepers or artists, the public school system would have been arranged differently, as indeed it is now beginning to be. The problem of education is not to take a person through a prescribed course of study—any such course (beyond the elementary culture necessary to all) must mainly serve one class—but it is by observation and testing to find out what the person is fit for in life and then to give him specific help along that line. If he has mechanical aptitudes, let him have the training that will develop them; if he has a love of the soil, a love of cattle, if he likes to see things grow and to make them grow, let him be put in the way of all the information that goes to make the intelligent farmer; if he has the artist's temperament and perceptions and instincts, let him be trained to be an artist; if he has talent for leadership and organizing capacities, let him be trained to be a merchant or manufacturer, and so on. All these and similar capacities are in the line of human service—and when they are brought out and properly put to use, one both serves his kind and serves himself—for

our highest duty to ourselves is just to bring out our peculiar capabilities, to be all we distinctively can be.

In a word, the educational system must be varied and flexible. This only means the avoidance of waste. To train persons to be second-rate book-keepers or salesmen, when they might have been first-rate mechanics or farmers, is a waste of society's energy. To train men for business when they should have been trained for art is waste. To train men for the professions when they can really best serve society by some form of manual labor is also waste. Of course, so long as individual parents have the means, they can do what they like with their children—they can waste as much money on them as they please; they can send them to college simply because it is the fine thing to do—though really it might be better if they were put to work. But I am speaking now of society and of social provision for education, and it seems to me that it should be strictly economical. It should give its opportunities to talents, and to nothing else. It should let men move up or down the so-called social scale according to their own intrinsic merits. If a poor boy has talents, he should have a chance to develop them to the uttermost. If the son of rich parents is without special talents, while they may do as they like with him, society is only bound to educate him in accordance with the talents he has.

In sound, fundamental educational theory I do not think we have gone much beyond Plato. His great book, "The Republic," is in a way a treatise on education; for, in Plato's view, a true state and a true education are corresponding terms, the two sides of a shield. He spoke, in mythical language, of persons as composed of different metals, corresponding to the different services they could

render to the state; some were gold, some silver, some copper, some iron—all useful, all to be held in honor, and yet some more honorable than others, because having elements in their nature fitting them for leading and guiding the state. But the significant thing (in connection with Plato's conception) was that inasmuch as all were related to one another, were of the same stock, silver children might sometimes come of golden parents, and golden children come of silver parents, and so on down and up the scale—and, adds Plato quite simply and fearlessly, the children after being tested, should go where they belong, and the ruler's children, if they have an alloy of copper or iron, should without any sort of pity be put among the artisans and the agriculturalists, and the children of artisans and agriculturalists, if they are born with an admixture of silver or gold, should be put among the ruling classes of the state.* It is simply a high, stern, truly political economy—because dictated by the largest considerations of the welfare of the state. And it is interesting to find a modern philosopher—the philosophers, not the specialists, are almost always the true educators—taking a similar view. It is Professor Huxley, in the course of an argument particularly about technical education†—something that England is now waking up to see that she sorely needs. After speaking of the mass of mankind, content to go through life with moderate exertion and a fair share of ease, doing common things in a common way, he says there are also the few with special aptitudes or a special desire for excellence, and a still more select

*"Republic," III., 415.

†"Science and Culture," pp. 89 and following.

number who have positive genius. The most important object of all educational schemes, he declares, is to catch these exceptional people and turn them to account for the good of society. "No man can say where they will crop up; like their opposites, the fools and knaves, they appear sometimes in the palace, and sometimes in the hovel; the great thing to be aimed at, I was almost going to say the most important end of all social arrangements, is to keep these glorious sports of nature from being either corrupted by luxury or starved by poverty, and to put them in a position in which they can do the work for which they are specially fitted." Accordingly Huxley advocated providing a lad who showed signs in an elementary school of special capacity, with the means of continuing his education after his daily working life had begun; if there was a likelihood of his becoming a draughtsman, or a teacher, or a man of science, somehow the opportunity of becoming such should be afforded him. And to the lad of genius, Huxley would have made accessible the highest and most complete training the country could afford—if, he said, the nation could purchase a potential Watt, or Davy, or Faraday, at the cost of a hundred thousand pounds down, he would be dirt cheap at the money. His ideal was summed up in what he once said to the London School Board that their business was to provide a ladder, reaching from the gutter to the University, along which every child in the three kingdoms should have the chance of climbing as far as he was fit to go. It is the same large, noble conception that Plato had. Education is to find out and cultivate talent—it is to find out and nourish those capacities by which the race may grow and progress. Let us

see in a rough and approximate way what this practically means.

Plainly it means, in the first place, that during the growing period, every child should be under educational influences. If the educational progress stops in the midst of that period in any case, that child is not really tested—is not really given a chance. Talent that might serve mankind is not allowed to come to birth. This is social waste. A child ought to continue in some sort of school so long as it is necessary to prove what he can do in the world. Perhaps in some cases this can be found out early—but in no case can it be ascertained with assurance before the age of adolescence; and perhaps in most instances, two or three years longer are necessary in order to find out what the range of one's capabilities is. It would have fared ill with many who are doing a distinctive, good work of their own in the world, if they had had to decide at fourteen years of age what they were to do, or if it had had to be decided for them. Many do not know themselves, do not disclose themselves, till they are sixteen, seventeen or eighteen. It would be a pitiable prejudgment to make them start on their life career before that. I think then we may say quite absolutely that education should not stop before the age of fourteen, and I think we may say with considerable assurance that it ought not to stop before the age of sixteen, not that talents will always be discovered within these two years that might not have been discovered before, but simply that their chances of discovery should not be shut out, that the child shall not be prematurely judged. If for economic reasons it seems imperative that the child begin work during this interval, I would suggest that a compromise might be made

—the child working a part of the time and going on with its education the rest. It is of course possible that in certain instances it may be pretty clearly known by the age of fourteen that a boy or girl has no aptitudes beyond those of ordinary manual labor; if so, there may be no harm in their starting then to learn some trade—though the work should be light and the hours not long, so that the physical development shall not be interfered with. But probably in the majority of cases where special aptitudes do not appear, the careful observer would not like to say that they may not appear later—so that as a general rule sixteen would be a safer and fairer minimum age than fourteen.

I have been speaking of the education that should be open to all and indeed obligatory on all. But in respect to the higher education a different principle and a different law come in. The object of the education I have described (aside from giving the culture which every human being should have) is to find out what a child's capabilities are—a certain amount of experimentation and liberality is necessary to this end. But the opportunities of a more advanced education should be according to merit. Now capacity is not to be discovered; it is presupposed. As it responds to opportunity it is real, as it fails to, it proves only to have been imaginary—at least it is without energy and force. Strict examinations should be the method by which one passes from one grade to another. Neither money nor influence should avail to keep one in schools of a more advanced nature. If one is not up to the standard he should drop out—and as the schools or classes ascend in the scale, more and more must be expected to drop out, not as in our public schools now where

diminishing attendance means simply or mainly that children must go to work, but because fewer and fewer have those high capacities and that determination and that character that enables them to meet the progressively higher and higher tests. And yet nothing should hinder those who have capacity and character from going on with the education fitted to their needs—even to its topmost limit. If young men and young women have not the means for this, they should be given them. There should be private endowments and public endowments with this end in view. It is surprising how much capacity is constantly coming up from the rank and file of humanity. We talk of superior breeds of men. But most superior breeds of men die out. Whether from one cause or another, few families are like the Adamses in this country—few have distinguished members for more than one or two generations. A sociologist and philosopher says that every aristocracy, every close corporation, which has only been renewed from its own ranks, becomes gradually extinct.* From the country and the farms come the leaders of affairs in our cities now; and rarely, it would seem, do they have sons or grandsons that are equal to them. It is from the great mass of humanity that the men and women of capacity are ever emerging, and the problem of education, the problem of large statesmanship, is to get hold of them and by private provision or by public provision train them for the posts of service for which they are fitted. We know not how many more of them there might be, had we the social arrangements to find them out and the largeness of mind to provide for their education.

*Fouillée, "Education From a National Standpoint," p. 43.

There is no pettier idea than that children should have only the opportunities their fathers can give them; the child is not the father's interest merely—he is society's interest; and a true society will not have a grudging, pigmy educational policy, but a great one.

It is in the light of such considerations that I turn to consider a phenomenon of the modern world that instead of contributing to the upbuilding and progress of society tends to its undoing—I mean child labor (in the technical sense which that phrase has acquired.) This does not mean simply healthful physical exercise, or light household tasks or farm chores, such as a child of even ten or twelve may be better for doing, but work all day long in a factory or in a shop or on the street—work that does not supplement but takes the place of the education which they should be receiving. How does such an unnatural phenomenon come about? Firstly, it must be observed, it is a modern phenomenon—it is one of the shadow sides of eighteenth, nineteenth and twentieth century civilization. This does not mean that children have not been misused before, but that the misuse did not have the chance to grow into a system. It is an age of machinery that has brought in an age of child-labor. There is no better instance of how a good may bring on an evil, because of the lack of a social purpose controlling the use of the good. The normal purpose of machinery is to lighten human labor. A society with machinery would be better off than one without, because its workers would have to toil less hard and would have more leisure for the higher ends of life. The simple, obvious idea still survives in the phrase "labor-saving machinery." And yet because of the lack of a social or ethical purpose in society, one of the effects

of machinery has been not so much to save labor as to shift it, to shift it from the backs of those who normally render it to those who never should be called on to render it—from the workers to the children. Instead of making men's burdens lighter, it has made children's burdens heavier. That is the way ethics works itself out in the world. We think it is a fine impracticable ideal, and because we take it so, we bring on ourselves untold misery. One with the spirit of the Hebrew prophets might have said to England a century or more ago, "Behold I have set before you life and death, blessing and cursing; therefore choose life that both thou and thy seed might live;" but England chose mammon rather than the law of life, and in the course of a generation or two it seemed as if a curse was on the land. In other words, instead of letting the inventions of a Hargreaves, an Arkwright, a Cartwright bless the mass of toilers in her midst, she allowed them to serve private greed—and this greed enlisted the little ones of the land in its behalf, and fetched them by the hundreds and thousands from the poorhouses and from the workers' families into its factories, until when they grew up and their children grew up, England was face to face with a decadent working population, and from very necessity and from the sheer instincts of self-preservation she was forced to put a stop to the process and to bring upon the manufacturers the imperious arm of the law. I need not give details—everyone who knows the industrial history of England is familiar with them. Children from five years up worked fourteen hours a day. As they grew up they were relieved of labor and fresh children were drawn on to take their places. The natural order of things was inverted. Often instead of parents

taking care of their children, the children supported the parents. At best, the parents boarded them and took their wages for pay. As children were so profitable, marriages were contracted early for the sake of getting them—the tendency was to make parents lazy, lax, if not vicious. It was only an extension of the same spirit when a large number of workingmen in Zurich, Switzerland, in 1834, petitioned that children might be allowed to work nights. Day and night labor was common in England—one set of children would come home, only to have another set start out, so that the beds were always warm. The death rate in some of the cities became double what it usually was in the country. This was the state of things until the conscience of the nation was stirred by the appeals of Lord Shaftesbury and the tide of reforming legislation set in.

In this country things have never been so bad, but they have been bad enough. Within a quarter of a century boys of eight to twelve years, with pale, colorless faces, have been found tending bobbins in a Connecticut factory; children of four and five have been seen in tobacco factories of New York and Brooklyn—girls so little that they had to stand on boxes eighteen inches high to reach their work; boys of seven have been taken down on night shifts with their fathers in the coal mines of Pennsylvania. Yes, the same hideous inversion of things has arisen here that existed in England; in some of our manufacturing towns, according to an official report, you might have found “the old fellows lying around the streets smoking pipes, and at noon going with five or six pails of dinner for their children in the mills.” I cannot believe that any of these things exist now, for the conscience of our people has

been stirred in recent years, and the strong arm of the law has put a stop to them—but it is only the law that does prevent them, and where such laws do not exist, as generally in the South, the abuses exist in all their ugliness. In cotton factory towns down there it is said that hardly any man over forty is at work; his children are in the factories while he “totes” the meals. Children of seven years and upwards are found at work—Miss Adams found one of five. Sometimes they work all night. The worst of it is that in the mills representing northern investments the number of children employed is greater than the number found in the mills controlled by southern capital. The evil is so great and so glaring that a convention of the Protestant Episcopal church in Georgia, a conservative body of men representing a church of which General “Bob” Toombs said that it interferes neither with religion nor business, adopted a year or more ago, by a practically unanimous vote, a strong resolution in favor of legislative interference.

It is true that in Illinois, there being practically no textile industry, the evil of child-labor has never attained large proportions. It is true, too, that beginning with 1887, such laws have been enacted here that even with cotton factories and the like, the evil could not develop as it has elsewhere. And yet we cannot take unmingled satisfaction. We have only put a check to the grossest abuses—the true ideal of child-labor legislation we have not attained. There is no prohibition of night work, for instance, and in certain of our Chicago slaughter houses and elsewhere in the city you may find children working away through all the night hours. We are not up to the level of New York or Massachusetts or of Ohio or even

of New Jersey in this respect—New Jersey is indeed the most advanced, allowing no youth under 18 to work in a factory after six o'clock. Again, though we do not mean that the children of this Commonwealth shall work in factories or shops of any kind under the age of fourteen, we do not provide any sure way of establishing that they are really fourteen when they go to work, children and parents often falsifying on this point. A public-spirited and responsible committee visited not long ago forty places in Chicago where children were employed and estimated that a third of them were under the required age. This same committee proposes a simple method, resting on appeal to school and church records, the details of which I need not give, by which this falsifying would be made practically impossible—it is in successful operation elsewhere. Still further, the provisions for the education of children up to the fourteenth year are very imperfect. As the law stands, only sixteen weeks of school attendance are required during the year after the tenth year, attendance need not begin until January, so that from May to January a child may be out of school altogether. I need not say that this is not assuring the child the educational opportunity that it ought to have. Up at least to the age of fourteen a child ought to be in school all of the school year. Yes, it even happens that when fourteen years old, children can start out in the factory or shop and begin their bread-earning career, though they have had practically no education at all. Twenty of our commonwealths require that before employment a child shall at least know how to read and write—but Illinois is not of their number. What a handicap to start out in life without this rudimentary knowledge! Should not every one for his

own sake and for society's sake be obliged to have it? I have read with admiration of an enlightened firm of Boston merchants, the Filenes, who have long made it a rule to employ no person who was not a graduate of a grammar school. What a premium does not that put on education! And why should not the state set up a similar standard, even if not so high an one? The committee I have spoken of (it is an official committee of the Federation of the Women's clubs of Illinois) is agitating for a bill to be presented to the next legislature, covering all these points, and I should like to commend their work in the warmest possible manner, and to urge you all to use what influence you have to promote the thorough consideration and the passage of the bill.*

Yes, I would go beyond the proposals of this bill. It may be all that is practicable to ask for at the present time, and yet I am presenting the subject broadly now and I need make no apology for urging the ideal toward which I think society must gradually work. Why do we oppose child-labor under the age of fourteen? Because it is taking the time for work that a child ought to have to grow in—grow in body and in mind. It is making him do something, do something systematically and all day—before he has a chance to prove what he can do. It is a shocking injustice to a child and it may be a shocking waste to society. But even at and immediately after fourteen, who has his body well knit? who ought to be subjected to the eight or ten hours strain of continuous employment that a full-grown man can be expected to stand?

*See "Child Labor in Illinois: A Plea for Better Laws" (Industrial Committee, Illinois Federation of Women's Clubs, Fine Arts Building, Chicago), a pamphlet for free distribution.

Sixteen is the very earliest age at which the average child should be expected to do a full day's work—do it continuously, that is, week in and week out. Up to that time if a youth does regular work, it ought not to be for more than half the day, or every other day. This was the system that was instituted in England, when the reform legislation started, although the age at which half time began was nine (now it is eleven). In Denmark there is the same system, half-time beginning at ten; in Russia also, half time beginning at twelve. If the system is practicable starting with these lower ages, there can be nothing in the nature of things to make it impracticable for the higher age I propose. I look to the time when we shall reach the level of New Zealand, the most advanced, apparently, of modern communities, and count sixteen as the earliest age at which one shall begin to do a man's or woman's full work—when, if there is work before that, it shall be half-time work. I understand that one of our Chicago packing houses did recently raise the age limit of those in its employ, to sixteen years—if it is really so, it ought to have honorable recognition for the fact.

But there is the other side of this proposition. Those who work half time may have the other half still to prove what is in them though their early education did not bring it out. There is grave doubt whether more than a few are really tested by the time they are fourteen. The unambitious, or those incapable of more than ordinary manual labor will at least be assured thereby the chance of getting their full stature and strength.* For others the

*Think of what happens at present, of boys of fourteen, bending over all day to make button-holes in sweatshops, with the

gain will be great. There should be half-time schools or night schools for them—in this case they would not be too exhausted to make use of them, as many are by the long hours of the day's work they have now. And ever accompanying such opportunities, there should be selection of those who show promise and advance of them and endowments for them—so as to make it possible for all, poor as well as rich, to rise to whatever level of work they were capable of. No one can tell what possibilities of higher achievement may now be slumbering in the cash boys or girls, the little telegraph messengers, the little workers in box, candy, cutlery and cigar factories with which our city abounds. Now and then some intelligent, kind-hearted observer finds out a child of promise, but it is all accidental and haphazard; we have no system for testing our child population—and we know not how much precious material may be wasted. I plead for the children's sake and for society's sake and for the sake of an advancing humanity that no child should be forced to go out and take up life's battle till he has had a full, fair chance to have it proven what is in him—at least as

likelihood of getting curvature of the spine, or of girls of that tender age, running foot-power machines all day, with the likelihood of incurring tuberculosis or pelvic disorders, ruinous to themselves and to their children. Think of the children of the same age working in the laundries, amid the exhausting effects of heat and dampness, or in glass works, where it is rare to find even an adult glass-blower working at his trade after he has reached the age of thirty-five. To such things what Lord Macaulay said in the British Parliament, when it was urged that the limitation of child-labor would injure English trade, applies, viz.: "That whatever system produces better men will in the long run produce better work."

much of a chance as the means of society will allow. "A free career open to talents"—that noble motto of revolutionary France should be our motto. Society might well lavish its money to this end—and in the end it would have it all back; in any case it would have a manhood and womanhood that would be beyond all power of valuation in dollars and cents.

And I would particularly plead with my fellow-citizens of Chicago. While child-labor is about stationary in New York, it is growing here. We have 15,000 children under sixteen years in Cook county who are wage-earners—all New York State has only 14,000. The rate of increase was 39 per cent. in 1901—it was 100 per cent. in the last five years. Illiteracy is increasing too. In 1890, Illinois ranked fifth among our commonwealths as to the number of children between ten and fourteen who could read and write. According to the census of 1900, however, Illinois ranks fifteenth. Seven thousand of our children in Chicago leave the schools annually somewhere between the ages of eight and fourteen. There are 40,000 here under fourteen who are not in school at all. How far are we from the ideal—even from an immediately realizable ideal, if only the thought and feeling of the people were what it should be! Let us, I pray you, do our duty by our children, let Chicago and this great commonwealth not lag behind, but lead our sister cities and states in humane and far-seeing beneficent social arrangements. Let no one say, "the children for whom you speak are not my children, and I am doing my duty by my own." The children are not indeed your children but they are children of society, and you are a member of society; rise to that con-

sciousness; act as a member of society, co-operate with all who would lift society upward and fight all tendencies that would lead it downward—then, friend, you get a consecration for your life, then it acquires a meaning under the sun and the sacred stars.

REVELATION.*

BY DAVID SAVILLE MUZZEY.

NO QUESTION in the world ought to be of more interest to us who cherish the idealistic view of human life than the question of religion. We ought to seek to know the causes of the present unrest in the religious world, and to understand the efforts most of our churches are making to adjust themselves to a society of rapidly evolving ideas of scientific truth and social duty. Why are the good old-fashioned means of grace—the prayer-meeting, the psalm-tune, the catechism, the long hortatory sermon—laid aside or being laid aside by the Church as hindrances or embarrassments? Why is the Church ceasing to be an infallible oracle, an institution armed with the terrors of hell and judgment, furnished with the powers of binding and loosing; and becoming only one of the many interests that make an effort to enlist the attention of the busy man and woman of the twentieth century? The answers we hear commonly advanced are rather those of prejudice than those of judgment. The faithful pillars of the orthodox structure complain of decreasing piety, of materialism, of skepticism, of atheism, of the inroads of science on the sacred citadel of Scripture, of the multiplication of wealth and luxury, of Thomas Paines and Robert Ingersolls, for some inscrutable reason permitted by God to spoil the vine of his own planting. On the other side we

* A Sunday address delivered before the Society for Ethical Culture of Philadelphia.

hear complaints of hypocrisy in the pews and vacuity in the pulpit, of conformity in worship for father's sake or fashion's sake, of stolid conservatism of dogma in the face of the truths of evolution, of husks in the place of food, of Jesuitism and evasion in the place of honest thought and straightforward answer. So there is likely to be engendered a spirit of controversy and scorn which may blind us all to the real significance of spiritual life; and paralyze in us that activity of our life which should be most keen and unremitting—our religion. I confess I cannot believe that either set of complaints is true to the facts of human experience. I do not believe that men and women are less anxious to-day than they were in John Calvin's day to know God or to do His will, or that the ministers in the pulpits are less able and consecrated men, or that the large body of non-churchgoers are more materialistic or atheistic, or that the opponents of the Church are more numerous or dangerous. These are all, I believe, shallow opinions which do not reach the root of the matter at all. They gain currency and credence only from that indiscriminate repetition of phrases which serves so many people in lieu of judgment. The crux of the religious situation to-day is in the single word: Revelation. And the thesis which I wish to discuss this morning may be briefly stated as follows: Scientific discovery, historical research, and Biblical criticism have disclosed to our generation truths which make the acceptance of dogmas hitherto maintained by the church as supernatural revelation, impossible.

I need not rehearse those doctrines before this audience. An open forum for debate, a free press, widely disseminated religious literature, novels like "Robert Elsmere"

and "John Ward, Preacher," dealing with theological doubt, the publicity of recent heresy trials, and the agitation for credal revision, have made the public fairly well acquainted with the scheme of Fall and Redemption which has been elaborated by Saint Paul, Saint Augustine, Calvin, and many lesser lights of the church down to our own day—a scheme whose base is the dismal gratuitous assumption of utter human corruption, and whose end is the frightful dualism of the Apocalypse, the drama of a race of beings created under a curse, of whom but a tiniest fraction are saved, while the billions perish in eternal fire. Of course, the majority of Christians to-day would deny that they hold such a creed, but they would do so only as their humanity of soul revolted from the logic of their theology; for the authorities on which their faith claims to be based do fully sanction the disheartening picture of human destiny just outlined.

Is it to be wondered then that we, in our anxiety to know the truth, even if it be the truth of Calvin's God, enquire with all earnestness what are the evidences of the truth of this revelation. "Evidences of Christianity!" cried Coleridge with impatient warmth, "I am sick of the phrase." But, we reply, you have no right to be sick of the phrase, Mr. Coleridge, while one iota of the tremendous claims your system makes on heart and brain alike yet remains to be vindicated; and your passionate outburst is rather the petulancy of dogmatism than the confidence of faith. It is very convenient to cut the Gordian knot of controversy with an appeal to prejudice, but it never settles the question at issue, nor throws the least light upon it. And it needs no prophet or son of a prophet to foresee that when the day comes in which we shall be

sick of giving and receiving evidences of religious truth, on that day we shall behold the awful spectacle of culture driven to the cold refuge of infidelity, while superstition and priestcraft hold sway over the barbarized masses of our race. Let us demand then, not as an impertinent intrusion, but as a sacred duty, what are the evidences of the supernatural revelation of the scheme of salvation we have inherited in our traditional theology.

The answers to this question would not be uniform, of course. The church-father of St. Augustine's day would answer: There are several evidences: 1, The Holy Church with its divine commission derived directly from Christ through the unbroken succession of bishops from the Apostle Peter. 2, The inspired Scriptures. 3, The Rule of Faith or Creed, kept intact since the first generation of believers. 4, The witness of heathen philosophy, which in its noblest forms, at the hands of Plato or Epictetus, leads the soul right up to the threshold of the temple of the God whom the Gospels fully declare. 5, Many thousands of miracles, performed not only by Jesus and the Apostles, but also by the later saints, and even by virtue of their dead bodies or pieces of their wardrobes. The Reformed theologian of Luther's school would answer: The evidences of revelation are simply two—the Scriptures, and the witness to their truth in the soul of the justified believer. The historic Church of the Papacy, he would say, is a den of corruption, philosophy a delusion of Satan, and the miracles of the saints pious forgeries. What a gulf between these two Christians, each invoking an infallible divine revelation! And what innumerable variations and disputes we should find in that same infallible revelation, should we adduce the testimony

of the Mystic and the Calvinist, the Anabaptist and the Unitarian, the Quaker and the Jesuit!

But suppose, in order to avoid all appearance of captiousness, we eliminate the testimonies which border on vagaries, and attempt to reduce to approximate unity the claims of the Church to a supernatural revelation. We might find three such claims quite generally advanced—Tradition, the Bible, and the witness of the Holy Spirit. Tradition, the Bible, and the witness of the Holy Spirit, then, are the triple bulwark which guards the inviolable citadel of a divine revelation. Are they a bulwark that stands firm against the attack of criticism and reason, or do they fall like the wall of Jericho at the seventh blast of the trumpet?

Tradition, though it exercises the widest influence, is least able of all these claims to bear fair examination. Now by tradition we mean the body of doctrines and practices of the Church which have maintained themselves down the long centuries of the Christian era, gathering awesome sanctity with the lapse of time, and gradually, by means of sacraments which control one's life in all its solemn crises from the cradle to the grave, by the appeal to pomp and mystery, by the promise of absolution and saintly protection, usurping complete domination over the religious life. The great institution of the Holy Roman Church, for the vast majority of its children at least, is its own justification for being. It exists from age to age, and the millions who are born within its pale accept its ministrations as their fathers have done before them with an unquestioning submission which is dignified by the name of faith. But we know, when we reflect upon the matter, that all institutions are the product of definite his-

torical conditions, and may be traced to their rise and examined in their feeble beginnings. We know that a majority however large or imposing, has no control over one's convictions, and that to attempt to believe a doctrine true (whether social, religious, or political) because any institution or party bids us believe it true, means the abandonment of our most precious endowment as reasonable beings. The thinking man knows that to appeal to tradition for the witness of truth is to stand the cone of logic on its apex. Tradition itself, of all things in this world, needs a witness to its truth. For the merest glance at the history of science shows that no other single agency has done half so much to obscure, obstruct, and obfuscate truth as just the existence of ungrounded tradition. We cannot be content, then, to let the imposing tradition of the Church settle for us, as it does for so many thousands, the claim of its revelation to be divine. We shall ask of this venerable institution what are its credentials, and with what authority it comes to summon men to accept its dogmas on pain of eternal punishment. And with the stout maintenance of that question, that first blast on Joshua's trumpet, the first of the three walls, so beetling and mystic, collapses. My authority, says the Church's tradition, is from Christ and the Apostles. And where recorded? we ask. In the Bible.

So we come to the second rampart that guards the citadel of supernatural revelation, the Bible. And here again, the student of religious history realizes that Scripture has been invested with that same sanctity of tradition which has surrounded the Church through the ages, and that for vast numbers of Protestant Christians to-day the Bible is its own excuse for being, as exempt from question or

criticism as is the Church for their Catholic brethren. But for the man who seeks truth which shall commend itself to his whole nature, can unquestioned acceptance of the words of a parchment be any more possible than the unquestioned acceptance of the words of a priest? Is not the authority of the Bible, *as Bible*, something decided by a majority vote of Church councils, just as truly as the authority of the Church is something imposed from without by virtue of a long tradition of sanctity and power? What makes the Bible divine? the inquiring man asks. Why is Scripture infallible? The Roman Church has one answer and Protestantism has another. The first says, Scripture is infallible because guaranteed by the Church. "I should not believe the Gospel," says Saint Augustine, "unless moved thereto by the authority of the Holy Church," thus at the same time appealing to the Scripture for the divinity of the Church, and to the Church for the authority of Scripture. Protestantism, whatever its reply loses in simplicity, at least spares our sense of logic when it answers, Scripture is infallible because the Holy Spirit, who dictated it, witnesses in our own spirit to its truth. Therewith we have reached the important point in this short discussion of the claims of the Bible to infallibility, which is that both the great branches of the Church acknowledge that a reason must be given for the claim of the infallibility of Scripture; that is, that a witness must be found somewhere to substantiate the witness of the Bible. For that substantiating witness the Roman Catholic, as we have seen, reverts to the Church; and to such circular reasoning we can of course have nothing more to say. Protestant Christianity, on the

other hand, points confidently to the defense of the inner wall—the Christian Consciousness, enlightened by faith.

The witness of the Holy Spirit in the heart then, is the third rampart of the triple wall guarding the citadel of supernatural revelation: the guarantee of Scripture, as Scripture is the guarantee of the Church. Hence it is in the end the crucial point of defense, by whose fate the others stand or fall. This is a tenable position in the eyes of reason. A spiritual experience is reality; a real conviction is an authority which speaks with power. It is not something that is imposed from without; it is something moving out to expression from within. Whatever worth, then, there is in Church or Scripture is that which is lent them by the religious consciousness of men. The vital question, then, in relation to the truth of the supernatural revelation of any religion, Christian, Pagan, or Jew, is not: Does a venerable tradition accepted through centuries by millions of men declare that the revelation is true? nor: Does a book held to be sacred contain this revelation? If these were the test, there would be many an infallible religion in the world. The vital question is simply this: Does the religious consciousness of men to-day bear witness to that revelation as true? Does that revelation satisfy heart and soul, reason and hope? If so, it is the real and true revelation of God, because it makes humanity complete.

Now does the revelation of a humanity corrupted by the Fall and redeemed in meagre part by the sacrifice of a divine victim on the cross satisfy the heart and soul, the reason and hope of humanity to-day, and so have the witness of the spirit in a vital sense? My own conviction is that it does not. It is a theory whose roots are ineradi-

cally planted in the Jewish religion of blood-propitiation and vicarious sacrifice; it is a theory which was developed in the terms of a degenerate Greek philosophy, and established in the world by the absolute power of the Roman Emperor. It is a theory which from the second century to the twentieth has been disputed by the ablest men who have dared to think for themselves. It is a theory which has resorted to persecution and bloodshed against those who have presumed to question its divine truth. It is a theory which lives at all to-day only by the progressive abandonment of its more objectionable and inhuman clauses, even though they be the corner-stone of the doctrine. In various fields of research hardly opened a century ago the human spirit has made such progress as to render imperative a reconsideration of theories once considered indubitably true. The study of comparative religion has shown us the vast systems of religious faith and worship of the old East, with their doctrines of fall and flood, of redemption and paradise and hell: systems which force the candid student to look on Christianity as their younger sister. The progress of biological science since the epochal work of Charles Darwin, has marshalled all nature to witness that, if man in his religious capacity began in a state of perfection and fell therefrom, as the revelation claims, then he alone differs thereby not only from all the rest of the natural creation, but also from himself in every other aspect than the religious aspect. For his body, his mind, his morals have grown from brute and humble beginnings to their present excellence. Moreover, in the nineteenth century, for the first time in the history of the Christian era, literary criticism freely examined the writings in which the revelation of Christianity

is set down; with a result which the Church, despite its uneasiness, and apprehension, has not yet begun to realize in all its seriousness. For it has pressed the Church to a definition of inspiration which is little less than ludicrous. Inspiration used to mean that God's truth and the Bible were synonymous terms. A widening of the field of science first forced the Church to modify that definition, and say: The Bible is a part of God's truth; and now the progress of criticism has made the formula read: Part of the Bible is part of God's truth. Which part of the Bible? we ask. The part necessary to salvation. And which is the part necessary to salvation? The true part. This is a sorry doctrine of inspiration!

The spirit of humanitarianism also adds its voice to this general challenge of the Church's doctrine of inspiration. Kept in subjection through the cruel centuries of European war, this spirit had little chance to question the tyranny of the orthodox God until, beginning in the days of Rousseau, the doctrine of the brotherhood of man and the worth of humanity began to make its slow way in the world, and the outraged sense of justice rose in men with the fervid protest of the Persian poet:

“What! from his helpless creature be repaid
Pure gold for what he lent him dross-alloyed!
Sue for a debt he never did contract,
And cannot answer—oh, the sorry trade!”

It has been customary to speak of the “comforts of the Gospel.” Comforts, indeed! What comfort is there in a belief which condemns ninety-nine one-hundredths of the inhabitants of the earth to everlasting pains because they are not baptized—comfort, perhaps for the person of the brutal selfishness of that revered father of the Church

who gloated over the anticipation of hanging over the safe battlements of heaven to watch the torments of the damned writhing in the fiery pit; but where is the comfort of this revelation for the mother whose son has been taken from her without a profession of her faith, for the believing wife whose husband has been unable to see the truth or the justice of this scheme of redemption? Do not our sympathies go out rather to that old Frisian chieftain who paused at the brink of the baptismal font, when told that his unbelieving ancestors were in hell, and proudly drew back, refusing to become the child of a God who was less merciful and just than his own untutored tribesmen. No! the Christian revelation is anything but comforting, if one accepts it in its full and literal force, undiluted by illogical sentiment. And again we affirm that were the revelation held sacred by the Church and supported by texts of Scripture, presented to men to-day, without the awful recommendation of centuries of spiritual despotism, without appeal to the sentiments of fear, without the lingering influence of religious myths impressed upon the tender years of childhood, that revelation would be unhesitatingly rejected as unreasonable, unproven, and cruel.

What shall we say, then? Are we left in a state of cheerless skepticism, condemned to play the dismal part of Mephistopheles—"der Geist, der stets verneint:" the spirit ever and ever denying! Having turned from the strong meat of the dogma of orthodoxy on which our fathers fed as nauseating, are we to starve on the husks of negative controversy? God forbid! that were a fit rôle for the cynic or the libertine; but for the man or woman on whose spiritual horizon the light of ethical responsi-

bility has arisen, with all its dominating power, such a course would be sheer spiritual suicide. When has courage or love ever been born of a negation? When did an inspiration ever rise out of the cold atmosphere of denial and doubt? When did the strength of a man ever consist in the number of things that he did not believe? If we were to stop this morning with the rejection of that revelation which we have so unsparingly criticised, then our meeting together would be vain and worse than vain. Downtearing of religion is never an end in itself. Upbuilding is our business on earth, whatever be our creed, and the only legitimate way to be rid of the dogmas of our fathers, as of the distempers of our children, is to outgrow them. More faith, more love, more hope, more responsibility for word and act, more sympathy and brotherhood, more humility of soul, more diligence of all the powers of good within us—this is the gospel that makes every past revelation void. Our real teachers, our true prophets are never those who end in bidding us to believe less, but always those who bid us to believe more; who put a larger and larger demand upon our spirit. But always the appeal must be to the very highest and noblest in our nature, or else the revelation is vain. Revelation in its naive mythological stage makes demands on our credulity, and in its harsh dogmatic stage it makes demands on our pertinacity: but neither blind readiness to believe, nor dogged determination not to disbelieve is true faith. There is a revelation grander than humanity has yet begun to dream of, a revelation as far exalted above the orthodoxy of Church and Scripture as the majestic heaven of Newton and Laplace is above the imagined vault of the mediæval sky studded with fatal stars. That is the revelation, the

splendidly lonesome revelation of our own infinite capacity for love and imperative call to duty ; the revelation of the moral law in our hearts, which lay spread before the spiritual vision of the immortal philosopher of Koenigsberg in the same awful glory as the starry heavens lay spread before the vision of his physical senses. The revelation is not new. It has been the burden of all the world's greatest souls who have agonized for humanity and have given their goods and their lives that men might discover but ever so little more clearly the dignity, the reality, the responsibility, the finality of the spiritual life within them.

Truth is within ourselves, it takes no rise
 From outward things, whate'er you may believe.
 There is an inmost centre in us all
 Where truth abides in fulness. And to know
 Rather consists in opening out a way
 Whence the imprisoned splendor may escape,
 Than in effecting entrance for a light
 Supposed to be without."

That is the real revelation, and it speaks its own primal, simple, resistless message to the soul, making all the pomp of ecclesiasticism look as silly as the strutting of short-trousered soldier-boys with wooden sword and tin trumpet. For it is the soul of man that is sacred, and that alone—not days, nor robes, nor books, nor consecrated altars, oil or wine ; not litanies, nor synods, nor creeds, nor churches. Would you realize what an awful curse to the world has been the confusion of the false revelation of the sacredness of the symbol with the true revelation of the sacredness of the soul. Then read the history of the sway of priestdom: see how in the ancient Church the man who struck down an image was judged guilty of death and damnation, while the man who struck down his

fellow-man purchased his pardon for a few pounds of copper; how in the middle ages the priest who spilled one drop of the consecrated wine, the blood of Christ, trembled before God's vengeance, while the priest who squandered on harlots the patrimony of widows and children held honored place in Church and State; how in our own day multitudes will handle with silent breathless awe the consecrated bread of the altar, but over the bread of their own table will gossip and slander and quarrel. So easily are men persuaded of the sacredness of things external, while they miss the truth of the sacredness of life itself; so easily are they satisfied with the symbol of religion while they miss its essence!

Revelation means "discovery," the drawing aside of a veil. It is not from God that the veil needs to be drawn aside, as the priest and the theologian have ever maintained. It is from our own immortal soul. Over its divine depths are gathered the clouds of sin and the mists of passion; we obscure its light with the shades of selfishness and the curtains of jealousy. To dispel these mists and to draw aside these curtains is revelation. It is a vital, intimate process, like all the work of God's world, a growth towards perfection through anguish and effort. There is no need of the fires and rack of the Inquisition to maintain the dignity and the authority of this revelation; no need, either for verses from "Romans" or "Leviticus" to prove that it is true. It is true for the divinely sovereign reason that the oak and the stars and the light of love-fire in the eyes are true—because it lives and works. Logical systems of theology, tables of episcopal genealogy, Anglican and Roman, lists of prohibited meats and calendars of sacred days have no more to do with this

revelation than do the speculation of the Brahminic philosopher or the procession of the Grand Llama of Thibet. Whatever is good in the world belongs to us by this revelation. By it we are inevitably chosen to be the spiritual companions of the noblest souls that earth has known. By it, and by it alone, do we begin to be religious men and women.

Experience is the only ground of faith. He who has religious experience, religious aspiration, religious hope—he alone has faith, and he can no more lose it than he can lose his own personality or his own shadow. Our superficial, fashionable religiosity dignifies credulity and conformity by the name of faith, and then wails when the developing soul of man sloughs off these swaddling-clothes. It seems sometimes as if we were still in the dark ages of the world—where the man of most merit was he who could swallow the biggest tale of religious marvel, piously quoting the ridiculous maxim of the Churchman Anselm: *Credo quia impossibile*; I believe it because it is impossible.

Against such a perversion of religious authority then, as makes it either a sacred tradition, guarded inviolate by the imposing institution of the Church, or a system of theological speculation guaranteed by texts from an inspired book, I wish to enter my humble protest this morning, not in the name of a hostile or captious skepticism (which I abhor with all my being), but in the name of a loftier faith than such a revelation can ever kindle: the faith, namely, in our own duty and power to rise by every experience of life to a higher plane of virtue. I protest against ignoring faith in ethics and excluding religion from the sphere of conduct. Faith, it seems to me, is the

very essence of ethics—faith in the right against every appearance of the triumph of the wrong, faith in the finality of perfect justice and perfect love, faith in the great aim of cosmic unfolding, and faith in ourselves to appreciate and appropriate that life which is eternal. And religion, I believe is the supreme quality of our lives, pervading all civil and social relations; not a thing four-square to be handled and badgered about by controversialists, but an influence, a way of seeing things, an attitude of soul which remains constant, like a rock in the midst of seething waves, or the lode-star in our moral heavens. If our ethics is anything less than a religion to us, then it is nothing more than a caprice. For life is no less solemn a thing, while it is an infinitely larger thing to us than it was to our ancestors who burned Papists, Protestants, and witches.

To lift this new large life into which we are born up to the spiritual level of our awakened conscience is the chief duty upon us as the members of a moral brotherhood; and to keep our minds open to all the voices of reason and wisdom which speak to our judgment, to keep our souls pure from the stain of selfish thoughts and base deeds, to keep our hearts tender to the promptings of sympathy and brotherly love, to keep our whole being instinct with that courageous fineness of spirituality that has inspired and sustained our great exemplars of righteousness—is not only the way to the fulfilment of our duty; it is also the faith which reveals the grandest revelation that ever visited the soul of man.

“EVERYMAN;” OR THE HIGHER POSSIBILITIES OF THE DRAMA.*

BY WILLIAM M. SALTER.

I had last summer in London a singular experience. It was that of witnessing a play in which there was no applause, but which made a profound impression. It was no melodrama, yet few eyes (I suspect, I did not once look around) were unwet with tears, and at the close people walked out as quietly, as gravely, as if they had been at a religious service.

We think the theater is to amuse us—in this strenuous age when we live so fast and strive so hard, we think if we let up we must be entertained—that this is all we are fit for; sometimes we demand even of the church that it shall entertain us. Yet here was the theater turned into a means of solemn instruction, taking up deep questions of life and death, giving those present the thrill of awe, while sympathy, pity, terror and perhaps a strange hope alternated in their souls.

The play ran for weeks—it had been transferred from a small hall to one of the principal theaters of London. The auditors were described by a paper at the time as a “twentieth-century audience of materialists and agnostics.” So different was it from what one might expect—so easy, thus it proves, to be mistaken in generalizing about the age in which one lives! People have other needs than those of entertainment after all—there are deep places in all men’s souls, twentieth-century people, materialists, and agnostics as well as the rest, if we only know how to touch them. There are certain elemental facts, certain elemental

*An address first given before the Society for Ethical Culture of Chicago, in Steinway Hall, January 4, 1903.

feelings in view of them—and when these are portrayed in a living, powerful way, practically every one responds, finds himself moved and softened.

The play I am speaking of has been brought over to this country—doubtless many of you have heard of it. Indeed I only fear that what I have to say will be a repetition of what you all do know.

The name of the play is "Everyman." It was written long before Shakespeare. It is very simple, even rude in construction. It savors strongly of ecclesiasticism—theology of an orthodox, sombre kind is writ large in it; it exalts the sacraments, it magnifies the priesthood, it says:

"God hath to them more power given
Than to any aungell that is in heven?"

We may imagine it written by some monk, and it seems to need a back-ground or setting of quaint mediæval cloisters in which to be given. Some who judge by the surface of things may ask, what interest can such a production have for a modern man? But just as Marcus Aurelius said, that "even in a palace life may be lived well," so beneath the garb of mediæval ecclesiasticism may there be a live human heart and a poignant sense of the realities of things. The truth is that it is a measure of our breadth and our insight, whether under strange forms of speech and under antiquated forms of thought we can recognize ideas, sentiments and experiences that are kindred to our own, yes, that are perhaps the same yesterday, to-day and forever.

Indeed "Everyman" is supposed by literary historians to be a Christian version or modification of an old Buddhist parable. This, as nearly as can be made out, ran something like the following: A man had three friends. When he was called before the King to answer for a heavy debt, two of these friends, although he had dearly loved them

and held them in the highest honor, deserted him in his hour of trial, while the third, for whom he had done little or nothing, went with him to the judgment-seat and pleaded on his behalf before the King. The first friend, we learn, is the superfluity of wealth and love of gain; the second is wife and child and the rest of man's kith and kin; but the name of the third is the sum of his own best works and deeds, to wit, faith, hope and charity, pity, human kindness, and the rest of all the virtues. It is a parable of life. The things outside us, the things we are apt to care most for, property and wealth, our family and kindred, are detachable from us; they come and go; at critical moments they may desert us entirely. And the things we think least of, the things to which we give least attention, acts of kindness and love and justice—these are the only things that are a real possession, because, though we may not think of it at the time, they mean lines written on our own souls. It is a Buddhist as well as a Christian thought and takes shape in this ancient parable.

It is on this thought that "Everyman" is built. The critical situation in the Christian play is death. Universal facts and forms are typified by individual characters. Mankind in general is represented by a gay young man of the world, Everyman. He has his friends, Good Fellowship, Kindred and Cousin, Goods and Property and Good Deeds,—quite real individuals as you see them on the stage or read their speeches in the play. The ultimate or supreme order of the world is represented by the high Father of Heaven, or Adonai or God, who also appears on the English stage under a stately canopy in the background. Death becomes his messenger—a raw-boned individual, grisly and raucous-voiced.

The action begins with God's reflections. He tells us that he sees men on the earth living after their own pleas-

ure, without thought of the end that inevitably awaits them, intent only on worldly riches. It is equivalent to saying that they live in a vain show and in a vain security. And to put an end to this, to awaken men, and to test them, he summons Death and this is the charge he gives to him :

"Go thou to Everyman
And shewe hym in my name
A pylgrymage he must on hym take
Whiche he in no wyse may escape,
And that he brynge with hym a sure rekenynge
Without delay or any taryenge."

Death accepts the commission. He turns to execute it, and lo! Everyman saunters on the stage, a joyous youth with his harp over his shoulder. And now the drama begins in earnest. Our sympathies are all with the live, happy young man; and when Death greets him, something sickens within us. He is himself incredulous :

"What, sente to me?"

Death assures him that it is so. But, he says :

"What desyreth God of me?"

And Death answers, a reckoning. But for a reckoning Everyman says he must have leisure in which to prepare it; he declares he does not know the messenger and asks who he is. When Death baldly declares it, alarm strikes him and consternation :

"O death, thou comest when I had thee leest in mynde."

He begs him to save him, to be kind,—yes he will give him a thousand pounds if he will defer this matter 'till another day. But Death says :

"Everyman, it may not be by no waye;
I set not by gold, sylver, nor rychesse,
Ne by pope, emperour, kynge, duke, ne prynces;
For, and I wolde receyve gyftes grete,
All the worlde I myght gete;
But my custome is clene contrary,
I gyve the no respyte, come hens and not tary."

All the iron of natural fact seems to bear down on us in such an answer. In vain the piteous pleadings of Everyman, in vain his protestations that there was no warning, that, give him time, he would make his counting-book clear. Death says:

“The avayleth not to crye, wepe and praye.”

The best Death can do for him is to let him prove his friends and see if some of them would not take the journey with him and bear him company. Here is at least a ray of light and comfort in the awful darkness that has so suddenly closed about him. His thoughts turn first to his boon-companion, Fellowship:

“What, and I to felawshype thereof spake,
 And shewed hym of this sodeyne chaunce!
 For in hym is all myne affyaunce;
 We have in the worlde so many a daye
 Be good frendes in sporte and playe.
 I see hym yonder certaynely;
 I trust that he wyll bere me company,
 Therefore to hym wyll I speke to ese my sorrowe.
 Well mette, good Felawshype, and Good morrowe.”

And Fellowship answers right cheerily to him, as is his wont. He will do anything for him, will go with him anywhere. He wants no thanks:

“Shewe me your grefe and saye no more.
 * * * * *
 For in fayth and thou go to hell,
 I will not forsake the by the way.”

And so, comforted and assured, Everyman opens his heart to him. But when the boon companion learns what the service is that is required of him, he straightway begins to hedge. As the whole significance of it breaks upon him, he refuses outright:

“For no man that is lyvyng to daye
 I wyll not go that lothe journaye,
 Not for the fader that bygate me.”

In vain does Everyman recall to him his brave promises; he will eat and drink and make good cheer with him, he will haunt to women and even murder and kill with him, but to bear him company on his long journey—No.

Everyman feels forsaken, as his friend takes himself off. But the thought of his Kindred comes to him. They will help him in his necessity—they may not be so profuse in promises, but they will stick. Kinship

"Will crepe where it may not go."

He appeals to them, Kindred and Cousin. They speak him fair, yet they too in the end refuse to go with him.

Stung to despair, he turns to Goods (Property or Wealth we might say), one whom he has loved all his life and who has ample proportions and strength. With the self-confidence of money, Goods declares that there is no difficulty in the world that he cannot set straight; but when this situation is explained, when a journey to another world is proposed, Goods declines. And now there is no other friend in the wide world to whom he may appeal but one of whom he has made little account, his Good Deeds. At this point is one of the most quaintly pathetic episodes in the play. With unhesitating realism Good Deeds appears as a maiden lying prostrate, so weak that she can hardly rise, and with a voice so faint that she can hardly speak. Everyman sees her plight:

"Alas, she is so weke
That she can nother go nor speke."

When he speaks to her she says,

"Here I lye, colde in the grounde,
Thy sinnes hath me sore bounde
That I can not stere."

And yet she alone is earnest and tender with him. When he prays her to go with him, she replies:

"I wolde full fayne, but I can not stande veryly."

And though she cannot aid him, she gives him counsel; she has a sister called Knowledge, who shall be a guide to him. And Knowledge appears, a stately crowned figure, who represents the light of religion, the light of the mind, the light that is equal to man's sorest emergencies, so he be ready to follow it:

"Everyman, I will go with the and be thy gyde,
In thy moost\ne to go by thy side."

And now the darkness begins to break for the unhappy man. Slowly, half reluctantly, willing with his mind and better nature, but with all too natural shrinkings and hesitations of the flesh, he allows himself to be led by Knowledge, to that holy man, "that cleansynge ryvere," Confession. He humbles himself, takes the rod of penance in his hands—typifying the sublime thought that he who punishes himself, God need not punish; he takes off his bright garments and puts on sack-cloth; he scourges himself,—and in his very humiliation a strange sweet joy steals over him, a trembling confidence awakens in his breast. More wonderful of all, when he presently sees Good Deeds, she is restored; somehow the secret of life and health and soundness has been poured into her by his self-abasement and assertion of moral will; she exclaims,

"Ye have me made hole and sounde,
Therfor I wyll byde by the in every stounde."

She will be his companion to death,—yes, through death.

And now comes the actual ending. And an ending wonderfully true to nature it is. For it is seemly that man should die with Knowledge by his side,—*i. e.*, in full self-possession, with all his wits about him. Though he part with his friends, with his kindred, with all his worldly goods, he may keep the dignity of consciousness. Yes, the beauty that belongs to him as a mortal man, may still linger about him, and something of the strength, some-

thing of the judgment, that are befitting and seemly while man lives at all. A crazed, a stupid or a delirious death is surely what no one would crave—though in the infinite complexity of things it may sometimes happen, even to those who have been wise and sane in life. And so Knowledge, who represents the inmost light of the mind, with its sense of what is worthy and becoming, and Good Deeds, too, with a high self-interest, enjoin Everyman to call together for his last hour Discretion and Strength and Beauty and his Five Wits. He summons them and they come, a company noble and beautiful to see,—and under their elevating and illuminating influence, he receives the sacraments and the last holy rites of religion. It is a touch of glory gilding the closing hour of his earthly day.

And yet to this mortal as to all others the inevitable must happen. The things that are necessary or becoming to us while life's journey lasts, fall or faint away from us, one by one, as it draws to a close. The beauty of the flesh goes, the strength of the body goes, one's very discretion and wits go as one gradually sinks into the slumber that knows no earthly waking. From the silent citadel of one's inner consciousness one may be aware of this—knowledge may take cognizance of it, and a momentary cry of terror and pain may escape us as our last ties to earth are one after another snapped asunder. So was it with Everyman. A faintness comes over him as he moves towards the open grave, which, with the simple realism which accompanies every feature of the rendering of this play, is represented there upon the stage. In vain he cries :

"Swete Strength, tary a lytel space;"

Strength, and Beauty too, and Discretion, and his Five Wits, all the beautiful, flowing figures that have been like a radiant cloud about him, forsake him one by one. Even Knowledge, the inmost light of the mind, though it

goes with Everyman clear to the grave, does not go with him into it; 'tis as if to say that when we die indeed, even that star goes out—that we lapse into the stillness, the quietness, the unconsciousness of elemental nature. There could not be a more truthful, a more touching picture of the solitariness—if you will, of the pitiful, awful solitariness—of man's final passage into the unknown.

And yet we die, and who are we? Indeed, during life we fall asleep—what is it that falls asleep? It is not a far thought that sleeping or waking, consciousness or unconsciousness, are not material to our real being. You look at your little child at night—he breathes so evenly, he sleeps so deeply and so still, that you imagine he has no thoughts at all, that he lies in sweet, absolute unconsciousness. But the child is there all the same,—the real being, though it is unconscious. The real qualities of the child, so far as they are developed, are there, though there is not a thought in his head. A distinct, separate individuality, marked off from all else, is there. Yes, our real being is one thing, and our consciousness, our conscious knowledge, quite another. Consciousness is only a play over the surface of our deeper nature. What is this real being of ours, and how is it made? It may be partly an inheritance, but it is partly also a result. So far as it is a result, how is it produced? Not by what we hear, not by what we are formally taught, not even by what ideas run through our minds, not by our wishes or desires (of themselves)—these may not sink into our real substance; we are made what we are by what we do. Character, our real selves, is made by action and by habit. It is on this account that the lives we live, the sort of things we do from day to day, are of such consequence. On this account, too, what we do or say or think or feel one day in the week or at a time like this is insignificant in com-

parison with the shaping influence of our regular, daily occupations. In a word, our deeds determine our nature—this is, I think, good psychology to-day and it was good Catholic doctrine centuries ago. Consciousness is transient, fitful, but our deeds live on—they live on through consciousness and unconsciousness, yes, if we take the leap that is not after all so great a one, through life and death.

It is in accordance with such a view that Good Deeds is represented as following Everyman into the grave itself, though every other companion falls away from him. Even Knowledge, that light of lights, that precious revealer of the way of life, that faithful friend that stays on after Beauty and Strength and Discretion and the Five Wits have gone, at the end forsakes him; and yet with heavenly sweetness and assurance, Good Deeds goes down with him into the dark tomb; she is alike with him, whether he sleeps or wakes, whether he lives or dies—she is forever with him, because, to drop all metaphor, she is a part of him, because more than brother or sister, and closer than closest friend, she is his very better self.

Such is the possible triumph of a human soul—and we scarcely wonder when amid the mediæval surroundings of the stage and amid that old-world atmosphere, we hear the angels sing.

The power of this drama—for it is a drama of the purest kind—is that in its main action and its main situations we so readily discover ourselves and the circumstances amid which our own lives are placed. For my own part (if I may refer to myself again) I do not know that the pity and the terror of death ever came home to me more poignantly than in that excessively worldly and fashionable theater in which I heard "Everyman." Life so vivid—and death so real—these were the contrasts borne

home to me. And this is the function of the theater—to make things stand out to us. What is talking about life and death, or thinking about them, compared with seeing images of them, so full of palpitating reality that they seem like the thing itself? And if one asks, why is it not enough to see the thing, and are we not daily seeing it, I only ask, do we see it? It is quite possible for things to be before our face without our seeing them—we may be too pre-occupied, too distracted, too little at our ease. The advantage of a theater, the advantage of occasions like these, is that for the moment the pressure of cares is gone: we are detached from real life and therefore we have the power to see it more clearly. It takes thought, the meditative mood, to have real vision. Men may be hurrying through life all their days and never know what it really is. It is even possible—though not so possible—to see death and not be affected by it. But in the theater our hands are idle, our minds are idle—therefore anything powerfully done there takes hold of us.

In this way the theater may be a real educator—more so than books, more so than sermons or lectures. Many a time since last Summer have I thought of the possibilities of the theater. I have had visions of it as a semi-religious institution. Indeed I can conceive of a theater that should be almost as useful as a church. Open-minded Christians have said the same thing. Canon Kingsley admitted that he had derived more practical Christianity from reading Shakespeare's plays and seeing them enacted on the stage, than from any sermon he ever heard preached from the pulpit. Even a Scotch Presbyterian like Professor Blackie testified that he had much oftener felt the gracious tears of human sympathy and devout pity drawn from his eyes by the vivid impersonations of the stage than by the most fervid appeals of eloquence ever delivered from

a pulpit. And the philosophy of the matter is given by Schiller when he says that just as certainly as a visible scene has more power to influence us than mere dead letter and calm recital, even so certainly the effect of the stage is deeper and more enduring than that of law and precept.

But the most interesting thing of all is that the theater has been sometimes a semi-religious institution—that dramatists have had a lofty conception of their function themselves. This was true of ancient Greece. Strange as it may seem to us the Greek drama grew out of religious festivities. Aeschylus and Sophocles wrote most of their plays for festivals in honor of Dionysus, the god of trees and plants and the vine and all growing things. When a play was given the priest of the god was present—and a sacrifice had been offered on the altar, which stood in the middle of the orchestra before the performance commenced. The play was in a sense an act of homage and reverence to the god. Tragedy has rarely risen to loftier heights than when it had this religious inspiration. Even Euripides, who was very like a modern rationalist, regarded tragedy as an instrument of instruction, and the tragic poet as a teacher of wisdom, to the people. There is a story that when the people clamored against a passage in one of his plays, and demanded that it should be struck out, he came forward and told them that his business was to teach and not to be taught. The theater declined in ancient Greece and Rome as religion degenerated, as civil and political life grew vulgar and brutal—until at last the theater deserved the condemnation that it received at the hands of the rising Christian faith. Yet sooner or later the Christian church reacted against its reaction. The scenes from its own history and legend it innocently enacted before the people. In the thirteenth century St. Francis of Assisi, at his altar in the forest, represented realistically

the birth scene of Jesus—there was a real child, Joseph and Mary watching him and an ox and an ass munching their food near by. It is said that on festival days in primitive little Italian towns now, where the members of the different religious guilds walk in procession, you may see little children toddling among them, some dressed with a tiny sheepskin and staff to represent John the Baptist; others in sack-cloth as Mary Magdalene, others in a blue robe with a little crown as the Virgin Mary, and others again with an aureole tied to their little heads, as the infant Jesus. So are far away things made real and palpable to people, and from simple beginnings like these grew up the Miracle plays that abounded in the middle ages, and the Morality plays, of which "Everyman" is one. So little were these plays deemed a mere entertainment that the Pope granted indulgences to those who attended them, and municipal corporations sometimes paid the expenses of them out of the public exchequer, as a social and pious obligation.

Yes, it is possible to take dramatic art far more seriously than we commonly do. I can even imagine a godly theater—not one that should be merely innocent and harmless, but one that should rise to great themes, that should put one in a solemn mood; and the success of "Everyman" in the old-world, and the success that I believe it is winning here (despite the instinctive American propensity to joke about almost everything) leads me to suspect that there would be more support for such a theater than we commonly imagine. But a godly theater does not mean melodrama and sentimental "religious plays," such as, according to report, are beginning to be in vogue with us—it means a strong, stern handling of great materials, it means a firm grasping or unraveling of cause and effect; it is

plays like Ibsen's or such as Tolstoy's "Resurrection" might suggest, that come nearer the ideal.

The religious motive is ever in rising to consciousness of the great laws of the world—in learning through sin and pain and suffering to come into harmony with them, or else in being dashed to pieces by them. I wonder that no one has ever made a drama of Napoleon—'twould be an impressive and an awful vindication of the moral order of the world. I wonder that no one has put Byron into a tragedy—on the one side noble, and the other ignoble, wasting himself in strife

"of passion with eternal law."

And yet there is healing and tenderness in nature, too; and out of shame and penitence may come new birth into life. The eternal laws wear a front of steel to those who defy them; they open a heart of love to any feeblest mortal who struggles towards the height to which they call. In Tolstoy's "Resurrection" we learn this lesson, and "Everyman" teaches the same. The most thoughtless, happy-go-lucky worldling may throw off his illusions, see straight to the law of things, and bend, not break, before it.

"Everyman" is indeed an ethical sermon—only more powerful than most of those that go by that name. With all its mediæval tone, it is strikingly modern. It lays the stress where, in the healthy days of Christianity, it was always laid, on the life and conduct. Early Christianity meant that man himself should be transformed—that not because another had been righteous, but because man himself became righteous, should he be admitted to the company of the blessed and contented worthy to attain an everlasting world. "O to be nothing, nothing," or "Cast your deadly doing down" are the cries of an effeminate, spurious religion. Everyman is awakened to the fact that

he must have good deeds, not to the idea that he must put his trust in some one else because of his lack of them.

And to us, too, as to him, comes the imperious necessity of doing good deeds while yet our days are running. A genial but inaccurate Liberal divine, in commenting on the play and observing that the Catholic then taught that everyone was, on his contrition and penitence, received into heaven, says that then at least the Catholic church was Universalist. But the Catholic church was never Universalist, and this play expressly says,

“After deth amendes may no one make.”

We only know that in this life we have a chance to fix our fate; we know of no other chance—if Everyman believed in another chance, why his tearful agony? It is the use of our days while we have them that makes their solemn interest. It is death that makes us feel their preciousness. If we always lived, or, if at any time we might do what we should do now, surely the present would have no special or critical importance. Not so Everyman, not so we ourselves—when we are not carried away by fanciful speculations. If present duty is not done, it can never be done. Other duties may come, but the chance for doing this one has forever gone by.

Yes, in face of death, let us take hold of what may go with us even through the gates of death. On that lone journey we can have no companions. We cannot take wealth with us nor kindred. There is only one stay for us—it is in what we are, in what we have striven for, in what has drawn lines in our souls as deep as life. The medicine, the sacrament, the last unction for our souls is only the reaffirmation of the good purpose, the good will within us. Grant that we die—even while we die we may assert

ourselves, choose the good, cleave to it as our eternal law. Then whether we live or whether we die we belong to the good; whether we wake or whether we sleep, it is a part of us—and if a summons comes, we shall awake again and know how then as now to do our part.

THE NEGRO PROBLEM: IS THE NATION GOING BACKWARD? *

BY WILLIAM M. SALTER.

In the more religious forms of the old religion, the minister is accustomed to begin his address to the people by saying, "In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost," for these, to his mind, are the supreme sanctities. In the same spirit I would begin my remarks to-day by saying, "In the name of the brotherhood of man." This is the supreme consecration for all I shall have to say. To this elevation I would lift your minds, yes, lift them at the start. From this high table-land I would have you survey all the details, the windings and the intricacies of the question I shall take up. It may be hard sometimes to say who are men and who are not; but when it is human beings we deal with, and even if we only think of them, an altogether peculiar feeling is appropriate. They are one kind with us, and a certain interest, a certain respect, a certain tenderness arises that are impossible towards creatures below us, and are equally distinct from feelings we might have to beings above us (if such there be). We belong to one another, we inwardly say, and we must not hate or harm, but must love and help one another. It is only a theological version of the same sentiment when Paul says: "God hath made of one blood all the nations of men." And the same thought is in those words of a great modern man of science, Alexander von Humboldt:

*An address before the Society for Ethical Culture of Chicago, in Steinway Hall, March 31, 1903.

“There are some races more cultured and advanced than others; more ennobled by education. But there are no races more noble than others. All are equally destined for freedom.” Yes, there are advanced races, and there are backward races; there are civilized races and there are savage races; there are white races and yellow races and brown races and black races; but all alike are men—all alike belong to the greater brotherhood of the human race. None are to be harmed, none are to be put down—all are to rise, or at least to have the chance to rise, and to be helped to rise—we are to be fraternal to the lowest and the least. Yes, humanity is to be a fraternity, a living, actual fraternity—that is the ideal from which I speak.

In a shadowy, imperfect way—the way of most human things and institutions—America, we had imagined, stood for this ideal since slavery was abolished among us. Here were all nationalities, all races, and whatever individual feelings were, the country recognized no distinctions, the laws treated all alike as men and as citizens; now that the system of caste was broken down in the South and the negro had become a citizen along with the white, and could not even be excluded from the suffrage because of his color or past condition, it seemed as if the system of equality was complete. Here, we felt and were accustomed to say, were equal opportunities—here no man was prevented from rising, from making the most of himself, because of birth or race or color. Sex might stand in the way, but this was the only barrier. The barriers that had been so common in the old world were all swept away. We took the motto, the spirit if not the words, of the French Revolution, “A free career open to talents.” Yes, we aided, we cultivated talents—we did not leave men, at least children, alone to do the best they could, but we helped them, we tried to call out

their talents, by a system of universal public education. This is the American spirit, the American idea. It may not be perfect fraternity, but it is a step nearer to it than the world has even seen before.

But now there is a reaction, or at least a conflict between the forces that stand for the American idea and those that are opposed to it. There are those who would like to put a ban on the negro. They would like to shut him out of office. They would like to disfranchise him. They would like to close the professions to him. They would like to reduce to a minimum his chances of education. They would like to restrict his employment to domestic service and the coarser kinds of manual labor.

Quite apart from any artificial repression the negro race is naturally handicapped. A century or more ago they lived on the levels of savagery or barbarism in their African home. They brought with them a heavy inheritance of animal habits and instincts. Moreover they did not receive the training, the incentives, the opportunities of freedom here, but were kept down as slaves—aspirations, such as do honor to a white man, were, as a rule, systematically suppressed in them. And now that freedom has come to them, there are those who wish practically to shut the door of every higher opportunity to them, who wish to keep them in the employments they learned as slaves. On top thus of their own natural handicap, they wish to put another—that of custom, and perhaps law. They virtually say to the negro, "You shall not rise even when you want to, when you try to." It is not only unbrotherly and unjust, it is mean and ignoble.

The situation is becoming critical. Gradually the black man in the South is being disfranchised. In most of the Commonwealths where he makes the larger part of the population, this is already the case. As a member

of the President's Cabinet recently put it, "The black man in the South generally no longer has practically the right of suffrage." Moreover there is no protest from the political party that gave the negro the franchise. This party is gradually ceasing to mean anything in this particular. It is accommodating itself to circumstances. Having recently subjugated certain so-called barbarians in the Eastern Hemisphere, it would find it embarrassing to protest too much against reducing to a subject status the blacks of the South.

The anti-negro feeling also opposes giving any office to the black man—and here too the reproach is not against a section; for the feeling is not confined to the South. Certain Southern people object to the appointment of a negro to a Federal office in Charleston, S. C., solely on account of his color—they have no scruples in saying so; but leading "Republican Senators" from the North go to the President and ask him to withdraw the nomination. A colored postmistress in Mississippi is not even allowed to serve out her term. Under Presidents Harrison, Hayes and McKinley numbers of black men held offices, and nothing was said. President Roosevelt is actually appointing fewer than his predecessors, yet, as Secretary Root remarks, "there are now loud outcries from a thousand newspapers North and South against what is called President Roosevelt's policy of appointing black men to office." The occasion for protest is less; the protest is louder than ever. Secretary Root says, "It is probably but a matter of time when the overwhelming dominant white opinion will succeed in excluding the black man from office in all the Southern States." And against such a consummation there is not a murmur—from him or from the great representative Republican Club he addresses.*

*The Union League Club of New York.

It is the same with courtesies extended to Federal office-holders residing in Washington. Heretofore black men have received them as well as white men—under Mr. Cleveland as well as under Republican Presidents. At official receptions and all state functions there has been no distinction as to races. And yet the appearance of a black man at one of President Roosevelt's official receptions a short time since, was the signal for an outburst that the white men of the South had been insulted. The feeling against the negro is becoming acuter, bolder.

This feeling is against black men as private individuals too. The same mass-meeting that threatened the Mississippi postmistress proposed resolutions that were supported by a large minority, calling on a colored physician to leave the town—his only offense being that he was building up a considerable practice among his own people. Often the colored people are not allowed to ride in the same railway cars with the whites, and when the law does allow them, sometimes the whites take it into their heads to flog them and teach them their place. About the lynchings of which we read so much, it is significant to hear a white Episcopal clergyman say, "white men do not lynch white men in the State of Mississippi; or so rarely as to create no problem for us to consider."* Even public library facilities are refused the blacks at times. The City of Atlanta has been willing to receive the gift of a library from Mr. Carnegie, but it is not willing to let black folks use it—even if they are students in the University in that city. The best the trustees of the library could say was that some facilities would be provided for them in the future, and that the "City Council would be asked to appropriate a sum pro-

*The Rev. Quincy Ewing, Greenville, Miss., in Trenton, Aug. 11, 1901.

portionate to the amount of taxes paid by the negroes in the city." This is on a par with the proposal made a few years ago in South Carolina (and unhappily now renewed in several Southern States) to divide the school funds and use white taxes for white children and let the colored children be cared for by the funds colored people are asked to raise—*i. e.*, to have a class school system instead of a public school system. Unbrotherliness—yes, unchivalry could hardly go farther. Yet this feeling, too, is not sectional. A clergyman in Cleveland, Ohio, tells us that all the trouble has grown out of the education of the negro; that he belongs to an inferior race, and all he is fit for is manual labor.† Prominent public men in the North would like to have the Fifteenth Amendment repealed.‡ Senator Hoar tells us of a Republican colleague of his who even maintains that it was a mistake to have abolished slavery.

I cannot repeat too clearly that it is not sections or classes I am reflecting on, but a state of feeling—indeed I very much fear that if the men of the North had been in the place of the men of the South in the years before the Civil War, they would have done the same thing and would have felt in the same way. The attitude taken by large classes of Northern men toward the Filipinos shows that there is no essential difference—feelings are all too easily bred by the situation one finds or puts himself in; if one rules, one gets the feelings of a ruler—the feeling of superiority is bred by the habit of superiority. And yet however natural the feeling under certain circumstances, however widespread it might conceivably have been in the North as well as the South, nay, however widespread it is in the North, it is a wrong feeling,

†Rev. Thomas Dixon, reported in Chicago "Tribune," Feb-
23, 1903.

‡So Hon. Bourke Cochran.

an undemocratic feeling, an un-American feeling—wrong because it is against the ideal of human brotherhood, undemocratic because whatever the varieties of talent and station, there can be no castes in a democracy, un-American because it is against the letter and the spirit of our Constitution and laws. How real the feeling still is appears in a few recent facts. “The white race will always control, subdue and keep in subjection the inferior races,” says a United States Senator.* “The negro here is bound to be under the tutelage and control of the whites,” says a North Carolina College President† The sentiment is just about what we used to hear in slavery times. And, as I have said, it is becoming bolder. Those who have it in the South want no interference from the North, and they say so; the Governor of South Carolina, for instance, resents the suggestion of a conference of delegates from different States to discuss the negro problem—he wants no discussion; and one of our leading Chicago papers has to confess that there might be hard words spoken if representatives of the two sections were to meet now to discuss the question in all its bearings.‡

It becomes then high time for those who believe in democracy, for those who do not wish to see the solid gains of our great Civil War crumble away bit by bit and the negro restored to a status little better than slavery, to bestir themselves and take their stand. The question is, Are we to have a free society in America, or are we to have again a caste society?—and I should like to say my clearest and strongest words about it.

By a free society I mean not one in which all are on a level, but one in which there is free movement up and

*McEnery of Louisiana.

†G. T. Winston.

‡The “Tribune,” March 7, 1903.

down according to ability and character. By a caste society I mean the opposite—one in which certain members can go so far and no further, in which this is definitely settled in advance. There is a caste society in India. We threaten to have one in America. Here color is to draw the dividing line. One with a black skin, or at least one with negro blood in his veins, is not to have the chance that a white man would have—his occupations are to be menial, and his opportunities limited accordingly; he is to be a distinct lower stratum—his status as near that of a slave as it can be without his being one.

This is the real issue, the only one that I feel called upon, on moral grounds, to discuss. If it is said, many black men ought not to vote, having neither the intelligence nor the character that are requisite for the exercise of such a privilege, I shall not gainsay the proposition—only I should say that it is the lack of intelligence and character that should be the bar, and not the fact that they are black, and if the lack of intelligence and character is to be a bar, it should operate without discrimination against black and white. The Fifteenth Amendment does not say that all black men shall vote, but only that they shall not be discriminated against because they are black—and that is absolute ground, ground that will stand the test of every conceivable criticism, ground that can never possibly be transcended, unless one ceases to believe in free democratic society—and in that case there can be no talk of “transcending,” but rather of “descending.” It may have been hasty to grant universal negro suffrage after the war, though when we remember the temper of the white people of the South at that time, the sort of laws the first legislatures passed before the negro was enfranchised, how, for instance, in South Carolina, a colored man wishing to be

a mechanic was to pay a license of \$10.00, and one wishing to be a shopkeeper was to pay \$100.00 every year, when we remember that a man like Carl Schurz, who was sent officially to study the situation, reported that it "would hardly be possible to secure the freedman against oppressive legislation and private persecution, unless he be endowed with a certain measure of political power," that the abolition of slavery was not looked on "as barring the establishment of a new form of servitude," we see that the nation in that trying time had at best, a choice of evils, and whether unlimited negro suffrage with all its disastrous consequences was not better than the establishment of a new form of servitude, I will not undertake to say. Do we realize that ten of the Southern States rejected with contempt and scorn even the Fourteenth Amendment, which said nothing of suffrage, and only guaranteed to the negro the simple elementary rights to which every human being is entitled, whether "black or white, drunk or sober, criminal or vicious, ignorant or educated?"* I say this not to revive unhappy memories, but to enable us to judge more charitably of the mistake of the Republican party, if indeed it was a mistake.

Nor is the real issue "negro domination." In the South the colored people make about one-third of the whole population—how then can they rule it? In single States they may be, are, in the majority—but if the whites are friendly towards them, if they co-operate with them and help them, why should they be made solid against the whites? The fact is they are not solid against the whites, they have a confidence in the whites whom they deem their friends that is almost pathetic—they have clung and still cling to the Republican party,

*Richard P. Hallowell, "The Southern Question" (1890), to whom I am indebted for information in this paragraph.

when it is now hardly worth clinging to. In the "reconstruction" days when they had such great political power, they did not generally put men of their own race into office. In Virginia, for example, down to 1882 almost every office, from United States Senator down to clerks in the State capitol, was given to white men. Indeed Mr. Cable reported in 1890 that in the so-called "black counties," where the negroes make an overwhelming majority, they generally yielded to the whites all but the smallest and least desirable offices. It is folly to say that the blacks want to rule the whites—if they have faults in this particular, they are rather those of over-confidence and servility. If they are not as confiding towards Southern as towards Northern whites—and I think in many cases they are—history and experience are the sad explanation. If you enslave a people, and after they have been set free (through no good will of yours) you thwart them at almost every step, how can you expect that they will love you and confide in you or be anything but solid against you, so far as they have a spark of manliness in them and do not keep the hearts of slaves after the chains have dropped from their hands? In the South—everywhere—the white man has his destiny in his own hands. If he love, he will be loved. If he be but fair, to say nothing of love, every natural superiority he has will be conceded. Men like to be led, even white men like to be led; they admire, they honor a true, natural-born leader; but they do not like to be forced or threatened or put down. Alas! that many whites in the south have not chosen the natural, heaven-ordained way of assuring their leadership, but have chosen to cut off the black man's franchise instead, and so sown a fresh seed of bitterness in the negro's heart. "Negro domination" is but a false cry, under cover of which race prejudice seeks to banish the negro from public life alto-

gether. Why even in South Carolina, where President Roosevelt has made about eighty appointments and only one a negro, the cry was raised of negro domination—"we have sworn never again to submit to the rule of the African," said the objectors; "he is a colored man, and that of itself ought to bar him from office," said another; and they talked of "this insult to the white blood." It is nothing so far as I can see but the unmitigated caste spirit—the determination that, so far as public life is concerned, the negro shall be nowhere, that the white man shall rule absolutely.

The sophistical argument is used that political equality means social equality, intermarriage, the mixing of races and general degeneration—and this is made into an issue. But the fact is that since there has been political equality, there has been less mixing than ever. The great days of mixing were the days of slavery. Then it was that most of the mulatto blood of the country was produced. In States like Mississippi and Louisiana the proportion of mulattos to pure negroes before the war was one to three. Now children from parents of different bloods are relatively rare. So Mr. Bryce testifies,* so also a Southerner like Hon. Thomas E. Watson. "The truth is," Mr. Watson says, "that the black belts are getting blacker. The race is mixing less than it ever did."† Blacks and whites have been thrown together at institutions of learning like Oberlin and Berea, and in 1885 the Presidents of both could write that there had not resulted throughout their history a single union between the races. It seems to be generally agreed that the mixing of white and negro blood is not for the permanent good of either race; but the fact is that it was dependence and inequality that particularly

*"The American Commonwealth," Vol. II, p. 505.

†"Arena," Oct., 1892, p. 543.

avored the process, while independence and equality are just the conditions that tend to cut it short. And yet a South Carolina Senator says that the purpose of those who endorse the President's door of hope policy is that in time the State of South Carolina shall become a State of mulattoes. Only prejudice so vehement and so blind that it deceives itself could make such a statement.

No, the issue is aside from all these exaggerations and evasions. The real issue is that which has been clearly defined by our President—it is whether the door of hope—the door of opportunity—is to be shut on a man purely upon the ground of race or color; in a word, whether color is to make a caste in the Republic; whether a black man's future is to be practically almost as hopeless as a Hindoo Sudra's. To quote the President's own language, the question is "whether it is to be decreed that under no circumstances shall any man of color, no matter how upright and honest, no matter how good a citizen, no matter how fair in his dealings with his fellows, be permitted to hold any office under our government." All that is manly in us, all that is humane, all that has a slightest savor of democracy, cries out against such a thing—and, at the same time, commends and honors and applauds the President for his brave, determined stand.

The fact is, the sentiment about color is one of the irrationalities of the twentieth century—and chiefly American. Degraded human beings one is indeed naturally repelled by, but it is not this that explains the aversion to the negro—for if the negro has refinement and intelligence and character, the aversion still exists. In Europe it is not so. In Paris one frequently meets at the leading hotels and at private and public functions negroes, the color of whose skin is no more counted against them than the color of their eyes or their hair.

In England, Newnham and Girton Colleges are open to colored girls, while few girls' colleges in America receive them, however light their hair or fair their skin. A year and a half ago some Americans at a prominent London hotel, took offense at the entertainment of some black men, who along with yellow men and brown men had come to a Methodist Ecumenical Conference, and waited on the manager to say that he must send them away or they themselves would leave. The manager was reluctant to lose his American guests, but he proceeded to lecture them on their boasted democracy, and informed them that the colored gentlemen were there to stay. England is full of the class spirit, and yet even Englishmen do not descend to the American level in this particular. I know of only one thing to account for the American attitude, and that is the fact that we in America have made the negro slaves; we have looked down on them as a subject race and we keep up the mental habit after the occasion for it has gone. Our contempt is thus in a way a confession and a reminiscence of our sin. But for this we should detest or commiserate the brutal among them, and respect the refined and intelligent and the virtuous, as we do the corresponding members of any other class or race. It is only natural that among a people so recently emerged from savagery or barbarism there should be large numbers on the lower levels, but that does not account for the common aversion to the black man as such. This, I must think, comes from the social stigma that has been put upon him—he belongs to a slave class; he is beneath us, we say to ourselves, whatever his personal excellencies.

Gradually, however, and though it take a long time, I believe that this feeling will be outgrown. We shall judge the negro rationally as we do other human beings. In the meantime our simple duty is to give him a chance

to be and do what he can, and to help him to do and be his best. Even if we do not think his range of possible attainments great, we cannot grudge him opportunities. If we treat him in the narrow and illiberal way that is proposed in certain quarters, it will be impossible to say that he has been tested at all. If he remains in the lower levels, it may be only because we have kept him there. It is a sin against mankind to repress a man's aspirations, and it is a piece of lying cant to do this and then say, "now you see all that the man was good for." No one indeed can positively say how far the negro may advance; it is possible that nature has not equipped him to stand the tests, the high pressure of civilization like ours; it is possible that in the competition of races he is bound to go under; if the result is inevitable, if the negro is really tried in the balance and found wanting, there may be sympathy and pity, but no one can complain. Fraternity does not mean that the unfit shall live, but that all shall have a chance to prove their fitness, and shall be helped to bring out the best capabilities they have; it means that if any fail it shall not be because others have made them fail, by tipping the scales or withholding them a fair chance.

But I have hopes for the negro. If handicapped as he has been by his own race-inheritance and by the heavy oppression of his fellowman, he has made the little progress that he has in the last hundred years, and particularly in the last third of a century, there is reason to believe that with fairer chances and a more open door of opportunity he may make considerable progress in the future years that are to come. Already in the North there are negro aldermen and presidents of school boards and mayors and county commissioners and assistant States attorneys and city treasurers and members of legislatures. A negro was a director of the Buffalo

Exposition. In 1899 there were twenty colored teachers in the public schools of New York, three or four in Chicago. Two years ago I saw a colored woman who was a district superintendent of schools in Cambridge, Mass.—a woman of refinement and of remarkable mind and force of character. In the South there are 30,000 colored teachers, most of whom have been educated and equipped for their work during the last thirty years. From Southern colleges more than 2,000 negroes have gone forth with the bachelor's degree. Four hundred have graduated from Harvard, Yale, Oberlin and other northern colleges. Of these 2,400 individuals, two-thirds have been heard from. Fifty-three per cent. are or have been, teachers, 17 per cent. clergymen, 17 per cent in other professions (chiefly physicians), 6 per cent. merchants, farmers, artisans, 4 per cent. in the government civil service.

In the South there has been a particular development of industrial education. Schools like Hampton and Tuskegee have met the negro's special and immediate need of training in the habits and methods of industry. At Tuskegee, for example, the students learn brickmasonry and practice it by putting up school buildings. They learn plastering, carpentry, painting and tin-roofing in the same practical fashion. They study agriculture by cultivating 700 acres of land. They learn what their fathers learned on the plantation, only in freedom and better. The graduates of these institutions become a leaven in the communities where they go—the industrial and agricultural leaders of their people. Gradually they, and those whom they influence, and also others whom they do not influence, are acquiring land and accumulating property generally. Conferences are now held every year at Tuskegee. One has been held this month, and

the reports of what was said are full of homely interest.* One Alabama man said, "I own 67 acres of land. I got it by working hard and living close. I never did buy a whole suit of clothes at once. I did not set any big tables. I often lived on milk and bread." A Florida man said he had \$6.00 when he got married, and now has 200 acres paid for and a house with seven rooms. I did without most everything until I got it paid for." A negro from Georgia said, "I started plowing with my pants rolled up and barefooted. I have saved \$500.00 and bought a house in Albany. If the colored people of Georgia will live economically, they can get land and have no trouble. The only way we will ever be a race is by getting homes and a virtuous life." A colored minister from Alabama reported: "I can ride five miles in my county and not find three white men. Nearly all the people own their homes in that section." A South Carolina farmer said, "I have 300 acres of land paid for. When a man gets in debt Providence is always against him." A man from Louisiana said, "I own 300 acres of sugar land. I have 27 white and 48 colored people working for me." Surely this is progress, and it is progress that comes from character and work. There is also a Negro Business League, that held its third annual convention in Richmond, Va., last summer. If there were time I should like to tell of the large range of businesses represented there. The negroes are even starting factories, to be run with negro labor, and though the defects of character of negro workmen thus come out, as also their lack of skill, it is a brave beginning.

Undoubtedly the industrial progress is of the few rather than of the mass—but it is not so always. A whole mass may be freed from slavery by a stroke of the

*See Springfield (Mass.) Weekly "Republican," March 6, 1903.

pen, but getting on and up in the world is in the nature of the case a more or less individual task. How have superior races arisen in the past? Were not our own ancestors barbarians or savages for immemorial ages? A race advances by its best members surviving and perpetuating their kind. A superior negro race may in time arise in the same way. Those who despite all offering of opportunity, all education, all encouragement—remain lazy, shiftless, improvident, are bound to go to the wall, and it is better that they should.

One of the severest handicaps to the city negro workman is the attitude of his brother white workman of the trade unions. Labor, alas! has the same narrowness as the rest of the world. I have always espoused the cause of trade unions, but I cannot defend them in a wrong. Sometimes it looks as if the prospect for the negro who wants to be a skilled workman is very dark.

And yet with all the lights and shadows in the pictures, we see, when we take a long-range view and an all-around view, that there has been progress. In family life what a change there has been from the polygamy or practical promiscuity of Africa, and from the only slightly improved conditions of the negro home under slavery, when the master owned men and women, body and soul! There are the real beginnings of a monogamic home now, however imperfect; and in the black belt of Alabama there is actually not a greater percentage of illegitimate births than in the old and well-established Christian kingdom of Bavaria!* In religion, too, there is progress—though perhaps slower than in any other department of negro life; moral standards are beginning to be introduced; the negroes take care of their poor and unfortunate with unusual success, and it is even

*So the Rev. A. D. Mayo, "Mohonk Conference Report," 1890, p. 114.

said that one church in Chicago has a social settlement.

Nor need we be discouraged at the continuance, or even temporary increase, of the anti-negro sentiment. Once there was almost as much narrowness in the North as still lingers in the South. Negroes used to be compelled to ride on the outside of coaches and street cars in Boston, New York and Philadelphia. Our own Commonwealth at one time refused to allow negroes to come into the State. Massachusetts passed an act after the close of the Revolutionary War to expel all negroes from the Commonwealth. In many Northern states the negro could not own property or make contracts or certify against a white person. Discriminations of every sort were rife against this unhappy race. If most of the discriminations are gone now, why may they not go from the South in time! The fact is, the South is by no means of one mind. It is only the baser element of South Carolina that is represented by one of her notorious Senators. Black men are occasionally endorsed (as well as opposed) by white for office, endorsed even by Democrats. There is humanity, real democracy, sleeping or awake, everywhere; and when a generation arises that has no memories of the Civil War, that has no memories of the old divisions into masters and slaves, there will, we may hope, be a new birth of humanity and real democracy among us. If the President stands firm, if the better forces in his party and out of it give him support, if, while reasonable restrictions on the franchise are admitted, there is no yielding—no, not for a moment—to those who would humiliate the black man as such, then the present set of the tide may be reversed, the temporary reaction may be overcome, and the nation go on wiser than before towards the destiny that befits a great, free and generous people.

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TOLSTOI'S RESURRECTION.*

BY PERCIVAL CHUBB.

When Spring once again stretches her green meadows at our feet, and her bluer skies over our heads, the word which the inward eye reads blazoned above and beneath is the word "Resurrection." Every year brings back this miracle of life renewed, of beauty reborn. Every year out of the mire and clay, out of the shrivelled and wrinkled body of the seemingly dead earth, is recreated this vision of loveliness, this pageant and pomp of color and motion, this carnival of song and fragrance, which we name Spring. Every year we stand awed in the presence of this old unfathomable mystery of Life, and of Death the ally of Life. In this flow of the tide of Being, in this quickened pulsation of the heart of earth, the soul of man shares. The enchantment is in him, sings in his blood and dances in his veins; faith and hope are renewed, and the fires of love are rekindled.

It is no wonder that this spectacle should have been read as a parable and allegory. When man sinks into the winter of his days, what sermon of promise does it not preach, what hymn of hope does it not chant? "Lo," Nature proclaims, "I know no decay that is not the preparation for rebirth." And shall man prove the only exception? Shall there not be the waiting potency of Spring

*A Lecture before the New York Society for Ethical Culture, April 26, 1903.

at the heart of his winter also? Shall not every winter of human experience—its darkness of sorrow, its frost-bite of pain, its chill blast of calamity—be but the necessary prologue of a spring of deeper happiness? Truly, it has been out of the iciest winter of human sin and suffering that many of the fairest flowers of the human spirit have grown. “Man must be born again”—“Man must die to live;” so does religion phrase its lesson. Out of the heart must be frozen every trace of selfishness by the cold pinch of adversity. By the frost of struggle and suffering must the hard rind of pride and worldliness be cracked and crumbled before the Spring can bear its most delicate blossoms in the heart. Yes, the full sweetness of human life, religion declares, is born out of its bitterness—the bitter sense of sin or of imperfection, reducing man to humility of spirit and contriteness of heart. Out of this hell must the spirit ascend into the highest heaven of bliss: there must be a resurrection, aye, many resurrections, before it can taste this bliss.

It is the glory of a second Spring, after the devastation of winter, in the life of a man and a woman, of which Tolstoi tells in his novel “Resurrection.” As he employs it, the word is recalled from its narrower Christian use to its broadest human sense. We have here a story of resurrection achieved without priest or prayer, without bell or book. It is a story that assumes no supernatural mystery of grace or influence, but just a man’s human strength put forth to repair a great wrong as any one of us might put it forth. It tells of no sudden resurrection that surprises the subject of it by its accomplishment, but one that is wrought out slowly and toilsomely and painfully. It is a resurrection for which the price has to be paid in exacting human effort—hard-earned, striven for at the cost of those things which men account precious.

This is the feature that first strikes one in this remarkable book—its plain human basis and motive, free from any ecclesiastical or theological accretions and entanglements.

But this is not the first time Tolstoi has dealt with the theme, nor does he present here the only kind of resurrection which he recognizes. It will help us to realize the special quality and character of this one, if we recall one of the more conventional type. Let us, then, bring it into bolder relief by comparing it with that other presented in the short story entitled "Master and Man."

Vassili Andreitch, a grasping Russian merchant, sets out in mid-winter to visit a proprietor in a neighboring village to complete a purchase of woodland. He takes with him his henchman, Nikita, a cheerful peasant of fifty, who, although he has been meanly treated, even to the cheating him out of his wages, has remained a faithful servant many years. They lose their way, and stumble—horse and men—among the snowdrifts. They are exhausted by their efforts to extricate themselves, and are compelled to huddle in the sledge to try to live through the awful night—the master snugly in his two fur coats, the man so ill protected that he is likely to freeze to death. Under the sudden stress of danger and suffering, the slumbering better part of the master awakens into life. He is caught by an impulse which he does not understand to rescue Nikita. He hurriedly undoes his girdle, throws open his fur coat and flings himself upon Nikita, covering him not only with his coat but with his whole glowing warm body. "There now! And you talking of dying! Lie still and get warm! That's how we—" But to his astonishment he could get no further, for the tears crowded into his eyes and his lower jaw trembled. He left off talking and only gulped down something rising in his throat.

Lying still for some time, he experienced a feeling of curious, quiet triumph. He wanted terribly to tell somebody how happy he was. Confused memories throng his brain. He dozes and dreams of his past life of sordid trafficking. Presently he wakes. He tries to rise, but cannot; to move his arm, but cannot, nor his leg. He tries to turn his head, but cannot do even that. It astonishes him, but does not vex him in the slightest. He knows that this is death, and neither does that vex him. He remembers that Nikita is lying under him, warmed and alive; and it seems he is Nikita and Nikita is he, and that his life is in Nikita and not in himself. Something quite new, such as he had never known before in his life, comes over him.

He remembers his money, his store, his house, his bargains and sales; and, in his new condition, cannot understand why the man they called Vassili Andreitch had worried over these paltry things. "He did not know as I now know. For I know now without a mistake—yes, *I know now.*"

"Again he heard a summoning voice calling him. 'I come, I come,' he answered joyfully, with his whole being. And he felt that he was free, and that nothing held him back. And these were the last things Vassili Andreitch saw, heard and felt in this world."

"Around the storm still raged; and the snow whirlwinds covered the coat of the dead Vassili, the shivering head of the horse, and the sledge, with Nikita lying warm in the bottom of it under his dead master."

A simple human experience in simplest human terms—a rebaptism and rebirth of a soul through a single heroic deed, under the spell of no craven fear of hell or calculating clutch at heaven. The man had risen from the dead; he had been cleansed in the suddenly flaming fire

of human pity and human love. He lost his life in saving it. He died that he might live—live for the first time in those moments of supreme moral and spiritual bliss.

It is well to recall this story, both for the sake of contrast with the story of "Resurrection," and in order to realize that Tolstoi recognizes more than one kind of spiritual rebirth—enforcing the truth that we know not when and how the transforming experience may come, and counselling that the lamp be kept continually lit and the loins well girt.

Pass we now, then, from this short story of swift resurrection in the last hours of a life, to the long story of a resurrection painfully and slowly wrought out through obstinate strife with adverse forces and against temptations to relinquish effort.

In brief, the story is that of a young Russian prince, Nekhludoff, whose pure boyish love for a lowly country girl turns, after he has been corrupted by the worldly life of a military officer, to ignoble passion. Meeting her again after three years of such experiences, he finds his old innocent love overborne by his lust, and he betrays her. A child (which soon dies) is born of his sin; his neglected victim becomes an outcast, and drifts into a life of shame in the city. Stifling his first feelings of remorse and pity, he soon extinguishes all recollection of his wrong, and lives the life of a fashionable, self-indulgent roué in town.

After ten years, when he is about to marry a beautiful, wealthy girl, as befits his station, he happens to be summoned to act on a jury in a poisoning case. One of the accused turns out to be the woman whom he wronged, now a poor degraded wretch known as Maslova, living upon the wages of her shame. The sight of her touches the still sensitive scar of remorse. He is profoundly affected. The trial takes its course; the culprit is by a

bungle on the jury's part unjustly condemned to hard labor in Siberia. The prince is stimulated to a desperate effort to right the wrong and save the woman. He visits her in the prison, reveals himself, and offers to make amends by marrying her. But depravity has done its deadly work upon her; she misinterprets his advances, and spurns and reviles him. He is shocked and wounded, but conquers his pride, and continues to exert every influence of his station to gain a reversal of the sentence or an imperial reprieve. His efforts are unavailing, but his obvious disinterestedness begins to tell on the woman. She gradually recovers some self-respect and begins to respect him. When the start for Siberia has to be made, he decides to follow the band of exiles, in order to protect her and to alleviate her sufferings in every possible way.

But while all this heroic devotion wins her respect and regard and slowly works its transforming effect, it is not only through Nekhludoff, but even more through the heroism, the tenderness and the self-sacrificing love of some of the political prisoners whom she accompanies on the long march, that her finer nature is fed, and that love once more stirs in her heart. She wins in turn their love by her sweetness, and in particular that of a noble-spirited man, one Simonson. He wishes to marry her, but before proposing to do so, lays bare his heart and desires to the prince, who, distressed at not having his plans carried through to the imagined end, nevertheless resigns any claims which his efforts may have given him, and leaves the woman absolutely free to act. This she is now enabled to do because an imperial order commuting her sentence is received. She is perplexed, but decides not to sacrifice the man so much above her in station, not to compromise his future. Although she really loves him, she will rather marry her fellow-exile, and share his hard lot. Thus her

life is at last redeemed by unselfish love; while the seal of disinterested devotion is set upon her protector's life by his final renunciation.

So it is that a double resurrection is accomplished—the resurrection of one who had selfishly wronged, ruined and deserted a fellow-being, and had maimed his own soul in the process, and the resurrection of the victim of his misdeed, who had lost her soul in the life of degradation which was the consequence of his sin against her.

This simple story is told with the powerful plainness and intense sincerity of which Tolstoi is the master. But it is deeply overlaid and complicated by extraneous elements. Tolstoi, the reformer and pamphleteer, is continually invading the province of Tolstoi the story-teller, the searcher and revealer of hearts and consciences. The burden of the world's wickedness and injustice presses so heavily upon him that he cannot or will not resist the temptation to expose and castigate them. The story is frequently delayed and weakened by discussions of the prison system and the courts, of officialism, of land monopoly and Henry George's remedies for it, and what not. Tolstoi takes every opportunity to drive home by didactic methods that philosophy of life and those principles of conduct which he has embraced with such fiery intensity of conviction—the wickedness of attempting to judge and punish one's fellow creatures, of resisting evil, and meeting force with force instead of with love and forgiveness, and so on. We have only to compare his early masterpiece, "Anna Karenina," with this book, to realize how much the didactic method of the preacher has encroached upon the method of the artist, and how sadly the powerful impression which the very human and moving story of "Resurrection" makes has been well-nigh ruined by these ill-judged and often tiresome interruptions from the pulpit.

There can be no greater tribute to the story element in "Resurrection" than the power with which it holds us and carries us through these irrelevancies. The chief explanation of this is found in the subtly truthful presentation of the psychological process by which the hero and the heroine developed towards their resurrection. This we will now follow in its principal phases. I shall consider chiefly the man, Nekhludoff; not because the resurrection of the woman, Maslova, is unimportant—from some points of view it is more significant—but because of exigencies of time and perspective.

With the tenderness and sweetness of which only true strength is capable, Tolstoi first reveals the height of innocent, chaste love from which the hero falls, dragging with him the girl whose innocence is even whiter and more radiant than his own. When Katusha, as she was then called, appeared—when he saw her white apron from afar, everything brightened in his eyes. The whole of life seemed full of gladness. And she felt the same. Nay, with the mere thought that she existed, the joy of life filled his whole being, and he knew that this sweet, merry little girl shared this joy with him.

When, after the three years of military life, he returns to see Katusha, a great change has taken place in him. He has become depraved and selfish, thinking only of his own enjoyment. His conception of life, of woman, of human relations and institutions have been vulgarized and soiled. What does this mean? The novelist's explanation may seem paradoxical, but it is no more than a distinction between selfishness and true selfhood. Nekhludoff has ceased to believe in himself and his own native interior standards, and has taken to believing others, accepting their standards and ways. He had found it too difficult to live believing oneself. For that meant

that "one had to decide every question, not in favor of one's own animal life, which is always seeking for easy gratifications; but almost in every case against it. Believing others, there was nothing to decide, everything had been decided already, and decided always in favor of the animal 'I' and against the spiritual." And yet when he again meets Katusha, and she looks straight into his face with a look of devotion, virgin purity and love in her eyes, the old better overlaid self awakens and contests the sovereignty of the baser self.

It was Easter eve; and as the bells rang out and the greetings of love pass round, all that is pure and sweet in these two beings blossoms. Forever after the vision of Katusha on that Easter eve remained with him as a rebuking memory; for "her whole being was stamped with those two marked features, purity and chaste love, love not only for him (he knew that), but for everybody and everything—not for the good alone, but for all that is in the world, even for the beggar whom she had kissed at the church door when he gave her Easter salutation."

This expansion, it may be remarked in passing, of an intense and pure love for one into a love for all others, recalls the wonderful testimony of Dante in his "Vita Nuova" to the similar expanding and consecrating effect of his passionate love for Beatrice.

But alas, the pampered, carnal man had grown so strong in him through those three years of indulgence that this high mood gave way to one in which he sought only self-gratification; and taking advantage of the trust and love of the girl, he brought her and himself to ruin. He had allowed the unclean beast in himself such free rein and pasturage for three years that when he should have curbed it, and knew that he should, it raged and trampled upon his better part.

Ten years later he is face to face as juryman in that court room with the consequences of his guilt—the depraved woman, whom now—with an irony brought keenly home to us—he, he, the cause of her shame—is to sit in judgment upon. At first he would not allow himself to give in to the thoughts of repentance which began to agitate him. He felt all the repulsiveness of his action, but did not wish to believe that what lay before him was in sober fact the effect of his action. He strove amain to keep up his courage. “Yet all the while in the depths of his soul he felt the cruelty, cowardice and baseness, not only of this particular action of his, but of his whole self-willed, depraved, cruel, idle life.” In his own despite, his eyes clear and his ears open: he cannot put by the call; which he now hears to rise from the dead—to put on the new man. He enters upon phase one of the process of resurrection.

In one of the most marvellous chapters, entitled “The awakening,” we have the clear delineation of this first phase of the resurrection:

“More than once in Nekhludoff’s life there had been what he called a ‘cleansing of the soul.’ By ‘cleansing of the soul’ he meant a state of mind in which, after a long period of sluggish inner life, a total cessation of its activity, he began to clear out all the rubbish that had accumulated in his soul and was the cause of the cessation of the true life. His soul needed cleansing as a watch does. After such an awakening Nekhludoff always made some rules for himself which he meant to follow forever after, wrote his diary, and began afresh a life which he hoped never to change again. ‘Turning over a new leaf,’ he called it to himself in English. But each time the temptations of the world entrapped him, and, without noticing it, he fell again, often lower than before.

“Thus he had several times in his life raised and cleansed himself. The first time this happened was during the summer he spent with his aunts: that was his most vital and rapturous

awakening, and its effects had lasted some time. Another awakening was when he gave up civil service and joined the army in war time, ready to sacrifice his life. But here the choking-up process was soon accomplished. Then an awakening came when he left the army and went abroad, devoting himself to art.

"From that time until this day a long period had elapsed without any cleansing, and, therefore, the discord between the demands of his conscience and the life he was leading was greater than it had ever been before. He was horror-struck when he saw how great the divergence was. It was so great, and the defilement so complete, that he despaired of ever getting cleansed. 'Have you not tried before to perfect yourself and become better, and nothing has come of it?' whispered the voice of the tempter within. 'What is the use of trying any more? Are you the only one?—All are alike, such is life,' whispered the voice. But the spiritual being, which alone is true, alone powerful, alone eternal, had already awakened in Nekhludoff, and he could not but believe it. Enormous though the distance was between what he wished to be and what he was, nothing appeared insurmountable to the newly-awakened spiritual being.

"At any cost, I will break this lie which binds me and confess everything, and will tell everybody the truth, and act the truth," he said resolutely, aloud. "I shall tell Missy the truth; tell her I am a profligate and cannot marry her, and have only uselessly upset her. I shall tell her, Katusha, that I am a scoundrel, and have sinned towards her, and will do all I can to ease her lot. Yes, I will see her and will ask her to forgive me.

"Yes, I will beg her pardon, as children do." He stopped—"will marry her if necessary." He stopped again, folded his hands in front of his breast, as he used to do when a little child, lifted his eyes, and said, addressing some one: "Lord, help me, teach me, come enter within me, and purify me of all this abomination.

"His eyes filled with tears as he was saying all this to himself, good and bad tears; good because they were tears of joy at the awakening of the spiritual being within him, the being which had been asleep all these years; and bad tears because they were tears of tenderness to himself at his own goodness."

Several times is Tolstoi relentless in exposing this taint of self-pitying, self-gratulation, self-righteousness in Nekhludoff's repentance—those moments when he was touched even to tears at his own goodness. The second phase of his advance is marked by the victory over this taint of religious sentimentalism. It is reached when he realizes what a grim and difficult task he has before him. Instead of responding to his good intentions, the woman scorns and tramples upon them. She is so insensate and depraved that she takes it for granted that he, too, has only a depraved interest in her. His professions of good disgust her.

"This woman is dead," Nekhludoff thought as he looked at the leering face. It was the familiar voice of the tempter "trying to lead him out of the realm of his inner into the realm of his outer life, away from the question of what he should do to the question of what the consequences would be and what would be practical." "You can do nothing with this woman," said the voice, "you will only tie a stone around your neck which will help to drown you, and hinder you from being useful to others."

But fortunately his better part had been too deeply stirred. His reawakened good self makes its second great stride. Maslova's repulsiveness and contempt "did not repel him, but drew him nearer to her by some fresh, peculiar power. He knew that he must waken her soul, that this was terribly difficult; but the very difficulty attracted him. He now felt towards her as he had never felt towards her or any one else before. There was nothing personal in the feeling: he wanted nothing from her for himself, but only wished that she might not remain as she now was, that she might awaken and become again what she had been."

This was the moment of supreme test. He stood alone.

No one sympathized with him. His friends and acquaintances thought him peculiar, unbalanced and quixotic. The woman whom he wished to help and make amends to was sunk too low to treat his intentions with respect, and had lost all sense of shame. The result was that he now realized the real enormity of his crime, and "only now saw what he had done to *the soul* of this woman—only now that *she* saw and understood what had been done *to her*. Now he was simply filled with horror, where before he had played with a sensation of self-admiration—had admired his own remorse." Here then is a crucial turning point in the slow, uncertain ascent of these two maimed souls toward their spiritual rebirth.

Nekhludoff's sentimentalism has received a decisive blow. The first feeling of triumph and joy in the renewal of life which he had experienced after the trial, and after the first interview with Takusha, vanishes completely; fear and revulsion take the place of that joy. But "he was determined not to leave her, and not to change his decision of marrying her, if she wished it; but it seemed very hard and it made him suffer."

It was also at this point in his life that he met with another severe rebuff in his attempts to better the lot of the peasants on his estate by letting the land to them on a new plan dictated by Henry George's principles, by which and by Herbert Spencer's arguments in his "Social Statics," he had been greatly influenced. He rises to the full height of his manhood. Nowhere in Tolstoi can one find a situation or an utterance that so clearly and adequately expresses the position which we of the ethical movement occupy. In the presence of the discouragements and problems that beset him, he recalls an occasion of his earlier days when in the flowering and fragrant garden at springtime he began to consider his life curiously; and

how confused he had become by the many difficult questions which then beset him.

"He asked himself these questions now, and was surprised to find how simple it all was. It was simple because he was not thinking now of what would be the results for himself, but only thought of what he had to do. And strange to say, what he had to do for himself, he could not decide; but what he had to do for others he knew without any doubt. He had no doubt he must not leave Katusha, but go on helping her. He had no doubt that he must study, investigate, clear up, understand all this business concerning judgment and punishment, which he felt he saw differently to other people. What would result from it all he did not know, but he knew for certain that he must do it. And this firm assurance gave him joy.

"Yes, yes," he thought; "the work that our life accomplishes, the whole of this work, the meaning of it, is not nor can be intelligible to me. But *to do* the Master's will that is written down in *my conscience*, that is in my power; that I know for certain. And when I am fulfilling it, I have sureness and peace."

Glams of light now flicker on his path. Maslova is altering. Step by step with his own resurrection her's too proceeds. He pursues his task of trying through every available channel to secure a reversal of the court's sentence with steady and unwavering persistence. Officialdom tries his soul, and reveals the pettiness of human nature—its intrigues and trickery in great affairs and momentous issues. When finally the appeal is dismissed, he prepares to follow Maslova to Siberia—to be on hand at every halting place and to alleviate her condition whenever possible. Only once did he waver slightly, but soon decided that, however easy and natural a return to his former way of life, it was impossible. He knew that state to be death. Shortly before they leave for Siberia he meets his sister, with whom the following conversation takes place:

"Well, Dmitri, I know all about it. And she looked at him.

"Well, what of that? I am glad you know."

"How can you hope to reform her after the life she has led?"

"It is not her but myself that I wish to reform."

His sister Natalie sighed: "There are other means besides marriage to do that."

"But I think it is the best. Besides, it leads me into that world in which I can be of use."

"I cannot believe you will be happy."

"It's not my happiness that is the point."

"Of course; but if she has a heart, *she* cannot be happy—cannot even wish it."

"She does not wish it."

"I understand; but life"—

"Yes—life?"

"Demands something different."

"It demands nothing but that we should do what is right."

Maslova's redemption, we have said, proceeds step by step with his. She now draws new friends towards her—women, refined, cultured women, and men—men of the idealist, reforming type—from among the political prisoners with whom she travels. The fact that she actually calls forth Simonson's respect and can awaken love in such a noble nature, raises her in her own estimation, and makes her strive to cultivate higher powers in herself.

The change delighted Nekhludoff, and led to the third notable phase of the resurrection—unlike either his first poetic love, or the satisfaction of duty fulfilled. It was a feeling of pity and tenderness—a feeling experienced fitfully before, but now become steady and permanent. And like Katusha's early love, which expanded until it embraced and illumined all men and all things, it too widened to include everybody. The floodgates of love were opened in his heart, and love flowed out to everyone he met.

What finally opened these floodgates in him were the

tragic experiences of that long march. As he follows these limping files of the condemned across that Via Dolorosa, hears day after day the clink of their chains and the crack of the lash about their limbs; sees them insulted and scourged until they drop maimed and dying by the wayside—an irrepressible pity and tenderness possess him. These feelings flow out towards Maslova, and on beyond her to embrace the whole of suffering and wronged humanity.

The final phase is ushered in with the receipt of the imperial message commuting Maslova's sentence of hard labor to one of exile to the less distant districts of Siberia. This opened the way to the fulfillment of Nekhludoff's promise to marry. But what about the new relations between her and Simonson? When the moment of decision comes, the choice she makes is one dictated by her sense of duty. She will not marry Nekhludoff because it would spoil his life. He felt the pang, but bowed his head. He is overcome by a feeling of being terribly tired of living.

"A New Life Dawns for Nekhludoff"—so runs the concluding chapter of this eventful history. The new life is a new call of duty to right the wrongs and to alleviate the sufferings he had seen—to work in the cause of the liberation of those hundreds and thousands who were locked up in the noisome prisons, or were otherwise the victims of human error and folly.

The closing scene is very Tolstoian. Nekhludoff, casually opening a New Testament which he finds on the table, his eye falls on some of those texts which for Tolstoi express the marrow of gospel teaching—that to enter the kingdom of heaven one must humble oneself and become as a little child; that one shall forgive an offending brother not only seven times, but seventy times seven, and others.

As he reflects, and again reads and reflects, it becomes clear "that all the dreadful evil he had been witnessing in prisons and jails and the quiet self-satisfaction of the perpetrators of this evil were the consequences of men trying to do what was impossible; trying to correct evil while being evil themselves—thinking to do so by mechanical means, making a business and profession of this so-called punishment and correction; so becoming utterly corrupt themselves, and unceasingly depraving those whom they torment."

He goes on to read the Sermon on the Mount, in which he finds those five laws by following which men would establish righteous and blessed conditions of life in which violence would cease:

1. Man must not only not murder, he must not even be angry with his brother; he must not consider any worthless or contemptible.
2. Man must not only not commit adultery, but must not even seek enjoyment in a woman's beauty; and he must be forever faithful to her if he has once bound himself to her.
3. He must never bind himself by oath.
4. He must return good for evil; must forgive offences, bear humbly all injury and affliction.
5. He must love his enemies; must not fight them, but help and serve.

Thinking of the monstrous confusions of life, he imagines what it might be if men followed these laws; and rapture fills his soul, bringing him a sense of ease and freedom which keeps him awake. He realizes that man's duty is to obey these laws, and that this is the only reasonable meaning of life. "And so here it is, the business

of my life. Scarcely have I finished one when another has commenced. * * * And a perfectly new life dawned that night for Nekhludoff, not because he had entered new conditions of life, but because everything he did after that night had a new and quite different significance."

And so this moving story closes with a Tolstoian tract on his well-worn theme—the Christian teaching. The reader is left, not with a vivid impression of truth embodied vitally in a tale, of life teaching by example; but with a doctrinaire statement which challenges his opposition. The great truths which had been burned into Nekhludoff's brain and heart by bitter experience, live fluidly in his character, and are regenerating principles in his life, are now suddenly cramped into a formal mould, assorted, numbered, and pinned to the wall for daily use. Not only because many of us cannot accept these principles as valid or as adequate, but also because a story should leave the mind and heart free to draw their own conclusions, free to grow and respond under the influence of profound vicarious experience, is this doctrinal conclusion a mistake. This protest does not involve any disparagement of didacticism or any discounting of the tremendous effectiveness, the almost apocalyptic power with which Tolstoi the teacher and preacher speaks and has so often spoken to us. It means that the didactic method and mood will not chime with the method and mood which the storyteller and artist demand of us through the major part of this story.

But I shall not close with a negative word. There are those who, like myself, have read the book eagerly from cover to cover without tedium. Much of the running commentary on human laws and institutions and practices may have been mere repetitions of familiar criticisms more per-

tinently made in Tolstoi's other works; but always we are held as if in the presence of a great personality—held by the irresistible sincerity and penetrating simplicity of his spirit—that potent and menacing personality and spirit felth throughout Christendom, and feared wherever men's deeds and purposes are evil. No writer conveys such an impression of first-hand reality, of direct dealing with facts. He does not make ours his solutions of personal and social problems—his appeal there is to the intellect; but his profound sense of erring, suffering, writhing, injured humanity, his profound pity, his overarching sympathy, he does make ours; for his appeal there is to the heart and conscience.

And in this story of "Resurrection" he conveys to us what we can appropriate for the increase of our own power to "rise on stepping-stones of our dead selves to higher things"—the deeper mystic joy that sooner or later accompanies the heroic fulfillment of difficult and distasteful duties—the sense of those deeper justifications of the stern laws which command us to shape our actions, not by nice calculations of consequences, and timid, short-ranged policies, but by considerations of ideal right and justice and mercy.

This epic of resurrection which Tolstoi has written for our pondering is a resurrection of the spirit out of the grave of selfishness and pride, a resurrection—to employ the terminology of Christian teaching—to that eternal life which is realized not in terms of duration or under other than earthly conditions, but in and through depths of earnest living and fulness of love and justice. It is a resurrection of the need and the possibility of which every returning spring-tide may act as a reminder. For what soul is so continuously clean that it needs no periodical cleansing? What soul is there so soiled, so sunken, but

it is still equal to the task of achieving resurrection? There are no limits to the "I can" of this great moralist. Tolstoi is of those who believe that all things are possible to him who has faith, who believes in his own power to redeem an error, a lost opportunity, a great wrong; who lives in the conviction that he may win

"God out of knowledge, and good out of infinite pain,
And sight out of blindness, and purity out of a stain."



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