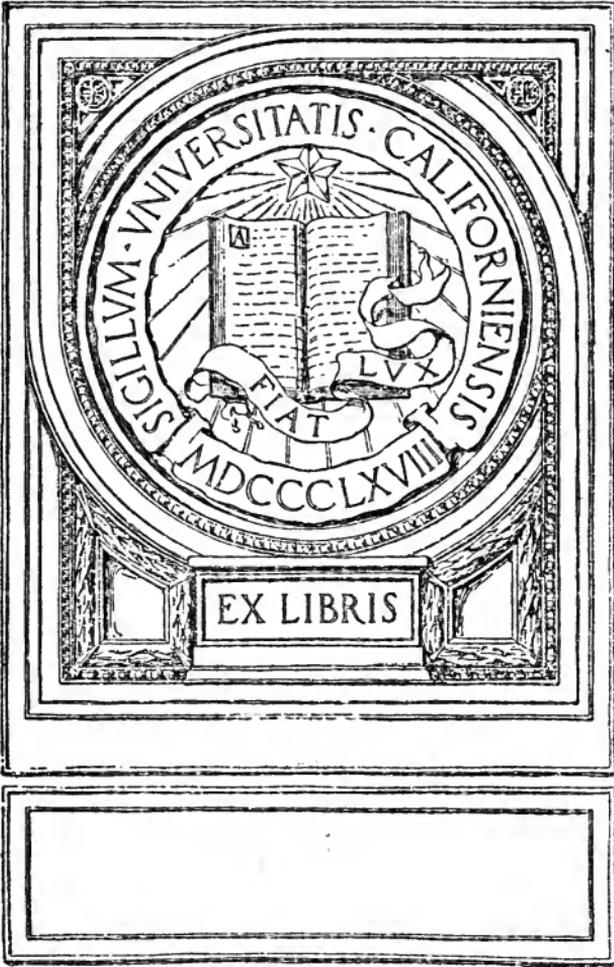
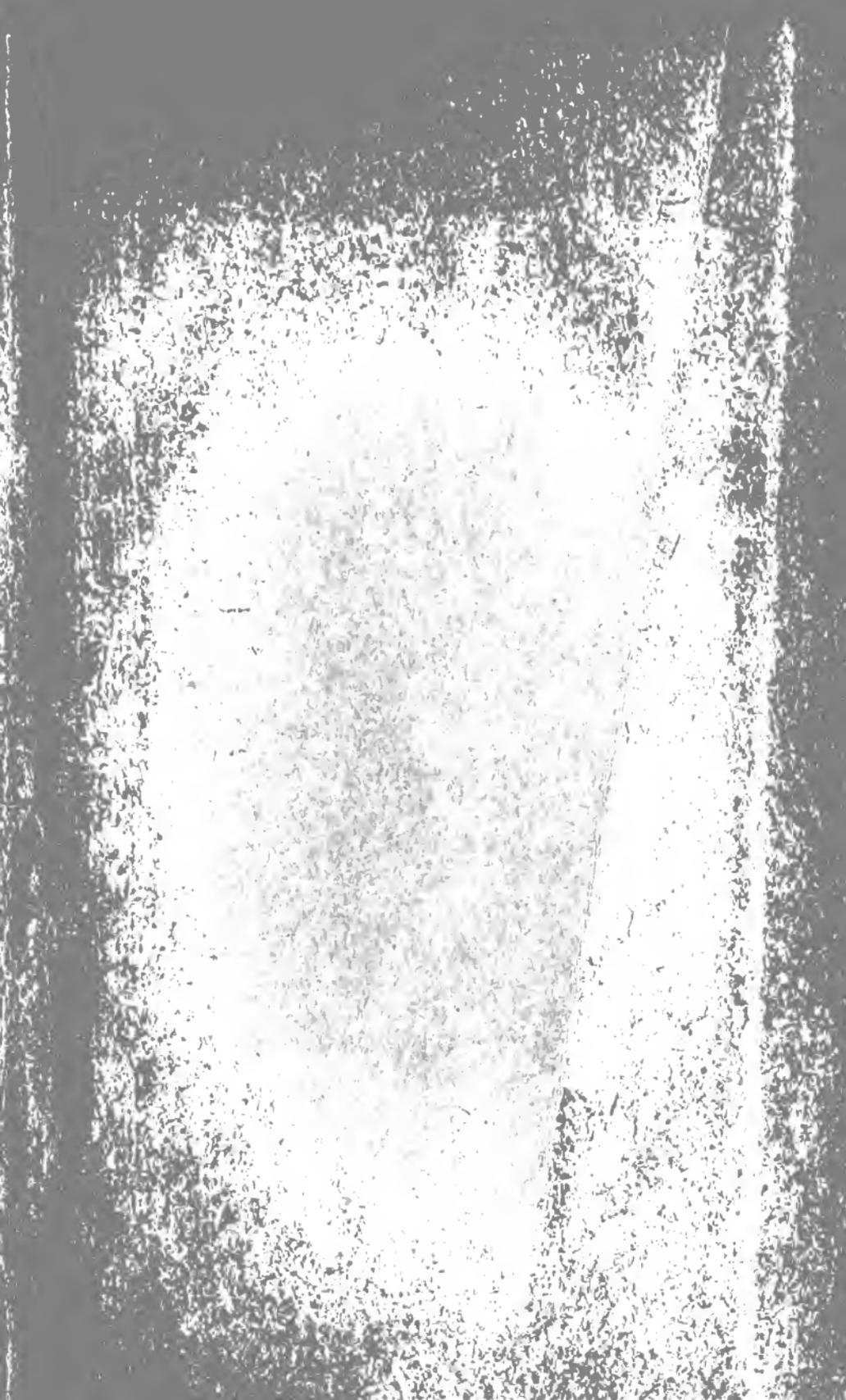


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THE COSMIC ROOTS OF LOVE

BY
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NOTE.—A true philosophy of history and politics is of supreme importance for all workers for the peace and better organization of the world. The clear conception of a law of progress in human affairs, an "increasing purpose" running through the ages, is the mightiest reinforcement for the workers for progress. Immense harm has resulted from the fact that our modern doctrine of evolution, intrinsically so solvent and illuminating, came into vogue in connection with the more or less mechanical and unspiritual philosophy which was then prevalent in England and Germany,—a philosophy which did not see beyond the realm of secondary cause. It is questionable whether, by reason of this fact, the net result of the influence of the doctrine in ethics, politics and sociology has not been up to the present time quite as baneful as beneficial. The common conceptions of "the struggle for existence" and "the survival of the fittest," which for half a century have had such wide currency and influence, have been made the basis and excuse for manifold national as well as individual selfishness and exploitation of weaker peoples by the strong. The doctrine, with the philosophy in whose saddle it rode, did not tend to promote self-sacrifice, co-operation and the ideals of an organic international life. It was only when it became interpreted in the terms of idealism and a clear teleology, as here in America in such books as John Fiske's "Destiny of Man," that it began to render its true service in the political and social field. Immanuel Kant, a century before, in such essays as that upon "The Natural Principle of the Political Order," had really covered thoroughly the same ground; and it was but natural that, with such a philosophy, he should write his famous essay upon "Perpetual Peace," in which he rendered such conspicuous service to the peace movement. It is in the spirit of this philosophy that the impressive paper reprinted by permission in the present pamphlet, a paper so thoroughly informed by the doctrine of evolution, is written. Henry M. Simmons was one of the most thoughtful and gifted men in the American pulpit in the last generation, serving during the later years of his life as minister of the Unitarian church in Minneapolis. The essay here presented was included in his volume entitled "New Tables of Stone," published in 1904, about the time of his death.

A striking illustration of the same philosophy of history is furnished by the chapter upon "The World State," incorporated by Professor Philip Van Ness Myers in the latest editions of his popular text-book of Mediæval and Modern History; and this is especially commended to the attention of teachers as a significant new phenomenon in school histories, and emphatically a sign of the times. Professor Myers places at the head of this chapter the following word from Bluntschli: "Unconquerable time itself works on unceasingly, bringing the nations nearer to one another, awakening the universal consciousness of the community of mankind; and this is the natural preparation for a common organization of the world." The long processes, collisions and struggles of history, the chapter shows, find their justification and interpretation only as we see that they have all been informed by the increasing purpose and have been preparations for the fraternity and co-operation of peoples and a true world order. See Emerson's essay on "War" and Bushnell's "The Growth of Law."—E. D. M.

“THE COSMIC ROOTS OF LOVE.”

BY REV. HENRY M. SIMMONS.

One of the last papers published by John Fiske is his Phi Beta Kappa address on the ethical aim in Nature. It is entitled “The Cosmic Roots of Love and Self-sacrifice.” It seems, however, to leave these roots quite short of cosmic. It locates them in the prolonged infancy and close motherhood of mammalian life. But, surely, they reach lower than that. The hen is no mammal, and her infants walk the first hour; yet she shows so much “love and self-sacrifice” that even Jesus took her to illustrate his own. Poets back to Euripides have praised the devotion of birds for their young. Nor is it limited to their young, but we read of them dying of grief for mates; and Darwin tells of pelicans and crows, old and blind, but faithfully fed and cared for by their companions. Here seems a foregleam of the benevolence that builds our hospitals for the aged and infirm. Even the parental devotion in every bird’s nest shows the growth of love already begun.

Below birds it has begun, and Romanes says “parental affection” is found among reptiles and fish. Back in the old Jurassic swamps and Devonian seas there was some virtue. Even below vertebrates, in the insect world, there was something like it. Bees sacrifice themselves for their community, dying for their hive as patriots for their country, or attacking another as devotedly as Christian armies sack Chinese towns.

So the ant is praised by even the Bible as an example for men; and not only “sluggards,” but most citizens, might “consider her ways” and be wiser. Professor Everett said, “In the ant-hill there is a civilization very like our own,”

—and in some respects it seems better. An ant community may contain more members than there are men in Louisville; yet Lubbock says they never quarrel, but are all “laboring with the utmost harmony for the common good.” They may have no moral sense, but they do their duty better than many a man who boasts of his. They may have little sympathy; but Lubbock says there are “good Samaritans among them,” helping wounded sisters with something like “humane feelings,” while all show extreme devotion to the larval infants that are not even their own. When we think further of their vast numbers,—more in a square mile than there are men in America,—all and ever busy in work which Spencer calls “almost wholly altruistic,” we see that “the roots of self-sacrifice” not only reach far below mammals, but pervade a vast world of social insects.

Lower still this social and altruistic principle may be traced down the animal scale, to the very sponge, which is a genuine society, made of many individuals united in service of each other and their community. Such societies may have no ethical or even conscious life, but they already proclaim the ethical principle of mutual service for the common good. They show the “roots” we are searching,—only roots, indeed, and with no hint of the rich fruit to come, but already started in life so low that it used to be thought vegetable.

Even in vegetable life they have started. The plant, too, is a sort of society, with varied members united in mutual service and sacrifice. Leaves give their lives for the tree, like good families for the State. The flower is a family, botanists say, with even the wedding of sexes and parental sacrifice for the offspring. The flower may not be conscious of its virtues,—and we often wish that some human families were, in this respect, more like it. But in it the ethical principle is on the way to consciousness.

It is on the way far below the flower. Down among the moulds and microscopic algæ we see two cells of different

sexes, giving themselves to each other and their offspring with something of the same principle and process seen in the bird's nest and the human home. To such unions even so unfastidious a scientist as Haeckel ascribed the origin of love, tracing its source back to what he called "the elective affinity of two differing cells." Even so orthodox a writer as Drummond, using the same term as Mr. Fiske and somewhat before him, spoke of their "self-sacrifice," and said, "Love is not a late arrival," but "its roots began to grow with the first cell that budded on this earth." So do they reach to the lowest foundations of life.

Do they not reach even back of life to the inorganic world? The same principle of union and co-operation is found in everything there. In every rock and crystal of the mountains and drop of the sea, molecules have united in systems; and each molecule in turn is called a marriage of atoms. Not only Haeckel's "affinity of differing cells," but all chemical affinity, is at least prophetic of that which unites us in societies and families.

And is not the earth itself member of a society which is something like a family? Even the most prosaic astronomers call the planets a "sisterhood," which have all sprung from the solar mass as a common mother, and have in turn given birth to a score of satellite daughters. All these worlds form a family; and, though they have separated so far, they are still held together by a sort of family affection, which is none the less real because named gravitation. Under its rule, each daughter world not only bends her onward impulse into a filial orbit around her mother, but turns from her course to greet every passing sister planet. Even the wayward comet sons come back from their wide wanderings to be welcomed and warmed again at the family hearth.

A foolish fancy, of course, but yet a fact! The very gravitation which unites the solar system is another of these mutual attractions which we have been tracing. Nor is it limited to our own, but is seen in many a system of double

or triple stars moving about each other or around their common center. It not only moves worlds, but gathered and globed them to begin with, astronomers say; and in the spiral streaks of many a nebula we seem to see the movement starting, and matter slowly drawing together to shine in new suns and systems.

So does this attraction and union, in one phase or another, pervade the universe,—a cosmic principle. It is ever attended by the opposite one of separation, but is the more creative of the two. It blesses everywhere, from the gathering and warming of worlds in systems up to the gathering of animals in societies and of men in families warm with sympathy and love. In it, rather than in the mere prolongation of infancy, would I see the “cosmic roots of love,”—reaching back of mammals and of all motherhood, back of Haeckel’s cells and oldest suns, running through the wreaths of the nebula, threading every atom, thrilling through the infinite ether, already alive in that mysterious gravitation which, like the spirit of God in the Biblical story, first moved on the face of the abyss, and said, “Let there be light.”

I fancy there may yet come some poet-philosopher who will commence his ethical study, not with Scripture, not even with human souls or lowest cells or solar systems, but, back of them all, with the first movement of matter toward union. He will read in the lines of the gathering nebula a heavenly scripture already revealing the law of love, and in every star a text in prophecy of Christ. He will simply trace this cosmic principle of *union* through its advancing phases in creation.

It is ever opposed by repulsion, separation, strife, but is ever harmonizing the strife. Just as, in gravitation, it gathered diffuse matter into globes, and the separating globes in systems, so on our globe, in the finer chemical affinities, it combined atoms in molecules, and these in compounds ever more complex. In condensation and co-

hesion it brought liquids and solids. In crystallization it built the myriad shapes of beauty in the rocks. In more marvellous vital organization it combined compounds in cells, and these again in the countless forms of life.

Among these individual forms came that cruel competition and strife which pessimists make so much of, and which has indeed given to Nature a tragic aspect. But in melioration of the strife our principle took a *social* form, uniting individuals in societies of mutual help, which pessimists forget. This social principle has everywhere prevailed, not only in the vast insect world, but in animals of all sorts, from buffaloes on the plain to beavers in the pond, bringing swarms, schools, flocks, herds and myriads of minor co-operations, like those told in Kropotkin's book. He holds that, even "as a factor of evolution," the fraternal principle of mutual aid has been much more important than "mutual strife," and has thus largely redeemed Nature from the common charge of cruelty.

Most of these animal societies seem to be merely utilitarian, with little real sympathy. But this comes with the higher union of the *family*. The family begins low, as we saw, and its affection is long feeble. Even conjugal love is at first fleeting. Among some insects the bride does not hesitate to slay her husband when the nuptials are over. Maternal love may be no stronger. Even among vertebrates, eggs and infants are widely left to perish, as they may well be when there are so many of them. When the progeny of a single herring would soon fill the ocean solid, maternal care would hardly be a virtue. But, with higher organization and fewer offspring, that care increases. In birds it becomes proverbial; and the mother, if not loving her neighbor as herself, at least loves her infants as herself, and so seems almost to have begun to be a Christian. Her love is very limited, however, and lasts only a month, after which her moral law is suspended till another season.

But the mammalian structure carries that union further,—

unites mother and infant much more closely and longer. At length, the delicate human body and brain so prolong the helpless infancy that the union has to last for years, and thus becomes a habit to last through life. The family becomes permanent, and its affection fixed. Its permanence also extends the union,—holds together parents and children and children's children in a widening circle of kinsmen. So we reach one of those clans, gens, or little tribes, in which society seems everywhere to have started. This cosmic principle of union, working from atoms upward, has at length unfolded its higher meaning, and brought, not merely a utilitarian society of animals, but a human brotherhood inspired with sympathy.

This little *tribe* often shows that brotherhood perfect between its own members, however cruel to others. Boyle says that even the Dyaks, so famed for ferocity and murders, were yet, among themselves, "humane to a degree that might well shame" us. Some refuse to believe this of savages, especially of heathen. But why? Why think affection impossible among barbarians, when it abounds among birds? Why think self-sacrifice impossible among the heathen, when it is the law of every ant-hill? Why think pagans cannot keep the ten commandments, when the mere moon keeps every one of them, except that of the Sabbath? Kindness comes by nature, and even by necessity, for the tribe cannot hold together without it. It is still confined to the tribe, however, and perhaps is fiercely hostile to outsiders, only the narrow harmony of a hornet's nest.

But our principle works on through history to extend the harmony. It unites little tribes in larger, and these in larger still, until a *nation* is formed. The nation keeps new peace within, and cultivates the juster ideals seen in ancient literature. Plato wrote, "May I, being of sound mind, do to others as I would that they should do to me"; and already the sentiment was familiar from Athens to the end of Asia. This brotherhood, however, was only national. Even

the comparatively humane Greeks did not try to be so to foreigners; and Plato, in giving the Golden Rule, did not mean for a moment that it was to be practised toward barbarians.

But the principle worked on, joining nations in larger union and extending the *humanity*. In the West this extension came through the Roman rule, uniting peoples from the British Isles to the Euphrates, and giving to ethics a cosmopolitan tone. In the century before Christ, Cicero and the Stoics preached universal brotherhood; Varro, in giving the Golden Rule, no longer left it local, but said it should embrace all the nations of mankind. In the time of the apostles the pagan Lucan predicted that the world would soon cast aside its weapons, and all nations learn to love. In practice, too, there was for two centuries, in the "*Pax Romana*," such a world-peace as earth never saw before or since. The Romans, however, were not the people to perfect that union. They had brought it through vast wars, and still kept class divisions and cruel wrongs that made the Stoics' precepts seem a mockery.

But now came from the nation of *Israel* a movement to further that brotherhood, and, still more important, to identify it at last with religion. That nation itself well illustrates this law of ethical growth. It had started, according to the Biblical story, in one of those primitive families, with not even the domestic virtues yet fully established. Jacob robs his twin brother and deceives his dying father, and is incited to this by his mother; and his sons, the fathers of the tribes of Israel, seek to slay their best brother and finally sell him into slavery. These tribes, too, though fairly united within, had fought each other, and had well-nigh exterminated Benjamin. But they had at length united in a nation, reached a larger justice, and learned the Decalogue. The justice, however, had been only national. Even eminent saints in Israel denied the Decalogue in dealing with other peoples. They burned town after town even in the name

of the Lord, and "utterly destroyed all that breathed." Of course, we need not believe it was really so bad as this; and the Bible often shows these annihilated towns and tribes reappearing right afterward, active as ever. But the stories show no less the low ideals of the authors, in both morals and religion. These ideals, however, continued to rise, until the great prophets of the eighth century B.C. not only plead passionately for brotherhood within the nation, but even predicted the union of nations, when swords should be beaten into ploughshares and the world should learn war no more.

But, most important of all, this brotherhood was made the essence of *religion*. It was taught that the Lord cared little for their ceremonies and prayers, wanted no more blood of animals or men, but only that they should "do justly and love mercy." This teaching, though of course unheeded, continued among the best Jews. Rabbi Hillel, in giving the Golden Rule, called it "the substance of the law"; and Jesus called it both "the law and the prophets." Jesus' Beatitudes are all only ethical, and do not hint that religion is anything more. They give the highest blessings to those who "hunger and thirst after righteousness," to "the meek" and "the merciful"; and, if God is mentioned, it is "the pure in heart" who shall see him, the "peace-makers" who shall be called his "sons." It is the simple religion of righteousness and brotherhood. Jesus seems to have cared for little else. He preached "mercy and not sacrifice." He ordered men to leave the altar until they were reconciled to others. This reconciliation was itself the best prayer: "for if ye forgive others, your heavenly Father will forgive you," and he will not otherwise. Forgiveness was the true religion, and must be repeated "seventy times seven" times. This was also taught among his disciples, one of whom wrote that, "if we love one another, God dwelleth in us," for "God is love." Love was itself God and the only way to find him. Saint Jerome tells how John, when an old man, kept repeating, "Love one another"; and how, when asked why he

said no more, he replied that no more was needed. So did early Christianity promise to perfect the union which the Roman empire had brought.

But the promise failed. Between barbarians without and corruption within, that uniting empire went to pieces. Even before it fell, Christianity fell worse,—fell from its high ideals of harmony to things that divided. It separated into sects quarrelling over theological questions. It opposed the social sentiments with ascetic practices, and sought sanctity by fasts and bodily penance rather than by brotherhood. Many a holy hermit abandoned his own children to save his soul, and a nun was said to have been sent to Purgatory for loving her mother too much. Formal observances were again exalted until they seemed holier than innocence itself. Baptism, which Paul once thanked God he had practised so little, came to be thought more important than purity; and ceremonies to atone for a crime seemed more meritorious than not to commit it. Such opinions prevailed for centuries, and Jesus' religion of love was so buried that his professing followers sometimes sought to serve him by slaying each other.

Yet, all this time, the tendency to union was also active, and was aided much by Christianity. Whatever the quarrels of the Church, it still taught brotherhood. Amid all the divisions of the falling empire and of the feudal system, the Christian name and organization kept alive the feeling of unity. Even then Crusades helped to unite Europe, and the wars which followed them were partly redeemed by gathering conquered peoples into great nations again.

But the union has been furthered more by the *secular* forces that revived with the Renaissance. The arts undermined intolerance. Learning linked men of even different religions and races in a common cause and sympathy. Advancing science softened bigotry, and the agnostic spirit began to show the folly of quarrelling over questions about which neither side knew anything. Increasing commerce

joined the nations ever more closely, and economics slowly learned that the interests of each were the interests of all.

The harmony of nations and the folly of their quarrels was also taught more and more by *eminent men*, from Sully and Grotius onward. Voltaire wrote most earnestly against wars. Benjamin Franklin said there never had been and never would be a good one. Jeremy Bentham denounced war as "mischief on the largest scale." Robert Hall condemned it as "the temporary repeal of all the principles of virtue." Carlyle asked whether the French and English soldiers who "blow the souls out of one another" have any real reason for it; and he answered, "Busy as the devil is, not the slightest." Long before General Sherman, Channing said that a battlefield is a vast "exhibition of crime," and that "a more fearful hell in any region of the universe cannot well be conceived." Auguste Comte closed his "Positive Philosophy" with congratulation that the old evil was ending; and at about the same time Emerson wrote that "war is on its last legs" and "begins to look like an epidemic insanity." Charles Sumner called it "international lynch-law" with words "infinitely evil and accursed;" and he said that the greatest value of the Springfield arsenal was that it had inspired Longfellow's poem against war. Theodore Parker wrote, "Posterity will damn into deep infamy that government which allows a war to take place in the middle of the nineteenth century." Even during our Mexican War Parker denounced it as "mean and infamous,"—as not only a "great boy fighting a little one," but as a fight where "the big boy is in the wrong, and tells solemn lies to make his side seem right." So Lowell opposed that war of his own country,—made Hosea Biglow "call it murder," and made Parson Wilbur rebuke it in behalf of a higher "patriotism" and of that truer country which is not territory, but justice. In 1848 and 1849 great Peace Congresses for international arbitration and disarmament met in Brussels and Paris. At the latter Victor Hugo predicted the

day when cannon would be obsolete and seen only in museums as curiosities. Even England, during a whole generation of peace, had reached the "belief that wars were things of the past;" and Buckle soon after wrote that the national taste for them had become "utterly extinct."

The work of union continued, and even the wars that followed were sometimes in its favor. Our own Civil War was in the name of "the Union." Italy was at last united again. The great German empire was organized where a score of petty States had once opposed each other. But union has been advanced most by the peaceful processes of industry, trade, travel, intercourse of every kind. Victor Hugo contrasted the great Industrial Exposition at Paris, where the nations had come together to learn good from each other, with "that terrible international exposition called a battlefield." Even the electric flashes through the Atlantic cable moved Whittier to sing,—

"Weave on, swift shuttle of the Lord,
Beneath the sea so far,
The bridal-robe of earth's accord,
The funeral-shroud of war."

Every peaceable ship is a fuller shuttle for that shroud; every railway-train, with its merchandise and mail, adds its thread to that bridal-robe. Through these secular agencies, human sympathy has already widened until men give their tears and treasure for suffering heathen around the earth whom once they would have thought it sacred duty to slay. The very laws of the world are working for the true Christianity and the final union of mankind.

Not, indeed, that we are near it yet. The nations still try to out-trick each other in trade. In the most "Christian" nations the citizens sometimes do; and possessions are not shared with perfect brotherhood even in the Church. No longer is Ananias struck dead for keeping back part of his property, but he and Sapphira sit safely in their pew, with no question about their land. No longer is Dives sent

to "hell" on account of his wealth, but has become a deacon, and the preacher has found a way to get the camel through the needle's eye. Nor is Lazarus as peaceful as he used to be. He is ready to dynamite, not Dives only, but every Lazarus who will not join his strike to cut off the country's needed coal or beef.

For the spirit of *violence* still survives to rend society. It inspires not only the poor and ignorant, but their leaders and rulers, and sometimes takes possession of a nation. That long dream of peace to which we have referred was broken by a most destructive series of wars. Those of the ten years ending in 1871 are said by Mulhall to have cost nearly a million and a half of lives and nearly six billions of dollars. Since then the armaments in Europe have much further increased. A standard new History tells us that the "civilized Christian nations" now occupying the old Roman territory, though no longer in danger from outside barbarians, yet keep "under arms ten or twelve times the forces" of the pagan emperors. Military expenditures are vastly greater than any other. Even in our own country, in 1899, the Naval and War Departments and pensions consumed nearly three-fourths of the entire expenditures of the national government. President Eliot recently reminded us that the sum granted to our great Agricultural Department for a year was "about the cost of one day of the war with Spain;" while the annual amount given to the beneficent work of fish-culture was less than that spent in maintaining one battleship. Fifty years ago Charles Sumner said: "Every ship of war that floats costs more than a well-endowed college; every sloop of war, more than the largest library in our country." To-day battleships are far more costly and numerous, and eminent Americans who profess much zeal for Christ want to increase them.

They want to use them, too; and even preachers are not always opposed to this. General Francis A. Walker wrote, in 1869, that in five years' pretty constant attendance at

church, and in listening to sermons from fifty different pulpits, he had "not heard a single discourse which was devoted to the primitive Christian idea of peace, or which contained a perceptible strain of argument or appeal for international good will." A few years ago we kept our Christmas season of "peace on earth" by a clamor for a mighty war with England about a Venezuelan boundary. Our people and press had just been crying out against the horror of a proposed pugilistic fight between two fools in Texas, but now became eager to send into the ring half a million Christians to engage in battles beside which prize-fights would be bland and benevolent. Some even argued that our national character would be ennobled by a war, and our moral tone improved by bombarding a few towns and butchering their people. The excitement passed, and how that boundary question was settled few now know or care. But we have since tried that method of ethical training, though on a much smaller and safer scale. The ideals of the battlefield and of the "water-cure" have spread among the people, yet without the predicted moral improvement. Indeed, violence seems to have become unusually popular, strikers club and kill other workmen with medieval ardor, and now and then a community gathers with the greatest delight to watch the writhings of a negro burning to death. In pessimistic moments one sometimes feels that our civilization is little more than a film, beneath which the old savagery is still seething.

These evils, however, are exceptional, and we must not make too much of them. A little bad gets all attention, while the great current of good goes on unheeded, just because it is so great and common. The bad may even be a sign of progress; and part of the violence to-day is a passionate outcry against wrongs that have long been allowed and that must be ended. But, amid the violence, peaceful methods are advancing, and arbitration is more and more settling labor troubles and preventing wars. Even the

wars that do come are no longer between the foremost nations, but have mostly sunk into expeditions of some powerful people to conquer some feeble one. Even these inglorious conquests have become so difficult and expensive that they will not often be attempted; while real war between two great powers would be so vastly more so that M. Bloch pronounced it already impossible. Certainly, war seems destined to die at length by its own growth, to kill itself by its costliness. Even now two equal nations could not long continue it without the bankruptcy of both.

So do the laws of progress work for peace. A wise man, when challenged, replied that any fool can propose a duel, but it takes two fools to fight. The nations will yet learn this. Already they are questioning the wisdom of wasting most of their wealth in endless preparation for wars which can be avoided and which cannot come without mutual ruin. Already they see a fallacy in the system which spends millions on a battleship that soon becomes useless by the invention of a better one, and which is forever improving walls to resist cannon, and then improving cannon to destroy the walls. They begin to see the folly of fortifying boundaries at infinite expense, when that long one between us and British America has been safe for nearly a century, without walls or warship, by mere mutual agreement. They see something worse than folly in the system which uses our noble youth like Falstaff's ragamuffins,—as "food for powder" and "to fill a pit,"—and sometimes to fulfil viler purposes. For the moral fallacy, too, is more and more seen. Why condemn brutality and crime at home, and then cultivate them abroad? Why hang for killing one man, and honor for killing a hundred? Why imprison a starving woman for stealing a loaf, and then praise rulers or soldiers for looting cities and stealing a whole country? Shall justice be abolished by a national boundary, and the moral law stop at the State line?

Emerson once said, "The arch-abolitionist, older than

John Brown and older than the Shenandoah Mountains, is Love, whose other name is Justice, which was before Alfred, before Lycurgus, before slavery, and will be after it." That same Love and Justice, older than battleships or the brutality that wants them, is still here,—was alive before wars began, and will be after they are ended.

Doubtless this principle of union will work on until it links all nations by just laws and settles their quarrels by peaceful courts. It will also unite all classes in them. It will not, however, cement society in any spiritless communism like an archaic sponge or bind men in any tyrannic labor union which denies liberty to its members. For individualism also has been an aim in Nature,—from rushing worlds to roaming bees and soaring birds and free souls. The perfect system will combine fraternity with freedom,—“liberty and union, one and inseparable, now and forever.”

This principle will perfect religion also. So ancient prophets and apostles taught. So the best modern ones have taught. Dr. Putnam said the one thing he worked for was “the sense of universal unity and brotherhood.” Dr. Channing not only made this his chief aim, but saw it as the substance of religion, and said, “The love of God is but another name for the love of essential benevolence and justice.” So Emerson declared this sentiment not only “the essence of all religion,” but the essence of Deity: “If a man is at heart just, then in so far is he God; the immortality of God, the majesty of God, do enter into that man with justice.” These words seemed profane, but they are almost the same which the apostle wrote: “If we love one another, God dwelleth in us,” for “God is love.” Some pious people slur love as “not religion,” but “only ethics.” Only ethics! Only love; that is, according to the apostle, only *God!* But this is exactly what pious people were seeking. The “cosmic roots of love” are also those of religion.

Such is the sweep of this principle of union. It is indeed a "cosmic" principle, working from the nebula to now,—from the primal atoms to the perfect civilization and religion. The great Kant adored two wonders,—the stars above and the moral law within. But the two wonders are one, and all the more wonderful because one. The moral law within is the higher music of the same law which "the morning stars sang together" and have been singing ever since. It is sung ever more clearly through creation,—from solar systems up to human society, from nebular mist up to minds that outshine the stars, and to souls and sentiments that hope to outlast the stars. It has brought love. Rather, it is love, and has been love from the first. Its lesson is to work for love now, and to trust the Love eternal.



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