

The Open Court

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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

Founded by EDWARD C. HEGELER

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CONTENTS:

	PAGE
<i>Frontispiece.</i> St. Catharine. MARTIN SCHONGAUER.	
<i>The Puzzle.</i> FLETCHER HARPER SWIFT	129
<i>Nietzsche, France, and England.</i> ELIZABETH FOERSTER-NIETZSCHE	147
<i>The Mystery of Evil.</i> (Concluded.) PAUL R. HEYL	155
<i>The Antinomy of Freedom and Necessity, and the Problem of Moral Responsibility.</i> H. M. GORDIN	170
<i>"Joseph of Arimathæa."</i> WM. WEBER	184
<i>St. Catharine, Virgin and Martyr.</i> K. M. LANGFORD	187

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Frontispiece to The Open Court.

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THE PUZZLE.

BY FLETCHER HARPER SWIFT.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"The slaves of toil."

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

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

"And who are they who smile at me?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

II.

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

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

"Who are you?" demanded Youth.

"The poor of the world."

"Whence do you come?"

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

"How many of you are there?"

"Hundreds of millions."

"My master could not feed such a throng."

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

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

"Who are you?" asked Youth.

"Poverty."

"What do you wish?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Death."

"Where dost thou dwell?"

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

"Take me and my child to your abode."

"Not thee, only thy child."

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

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

"Thou must solve it," whispered Death.

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

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

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

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

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

"Can I forget the Puzzle there?"

"Thou canst forget everything."

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

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

"I am thine unknown self," whispered Passion.

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

"Let me see your faces," cried Youth.

"Behold mine!" said Forgetfulness.

"Beautiful!" cried Youth attempting to embrace her.

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

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

"I cannot till thou hast embraced me."

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

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

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

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

"Who are they?"

"Dost thou not know them?"

"One I know, one is Death."

"He is my master."

"Who are the other two?"

"Disease and Heredity, my children."

"They are all three hideous."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

III.

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

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

"The Temple of Learning," replied the gatekeeper.

"Who are those working at this late hour?"

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

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

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

"They know the three Necessities?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Yes."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

IV.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Canst thou then solve the Puzzle?"

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

Many refused to do this.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

NIETZSCHE, FRANCE, AND ENGLAND.

BY ELIZABETH FOERSTER-NIETZSCHE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE MYSTERY OF EVIL.

BY PAUL R. HEYL.

XVII. ATHEISM AT ITS BEST.

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

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

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

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

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

²⁰ Clifford, “The Influence upon Morality of a Decline in Religious Belief”: *Lectures and Essays*, Vol. II, p. 247.

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

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

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

²¹ Clifford, “The First and Last Catastrophe”: *Lectures and Essays*, Vol. I, p. 225.

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

XVIII. BEYOND THE ATHEISTIC POSITION.

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

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

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

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

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

²² Introduction to Clifford's *Lectures and Essays*.

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

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

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

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

XIX. THE BODY OF THE COSMOS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

XX. A WORD OF CAUTION.

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

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

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

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

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

²⁵ Osborn, *Men of the Old Stone Age*, pp. 18, 414f.

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

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

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

XXI. THE COSMIC SOUL.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

²⁶ Matt. x. 9-11; John xii. 6.

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

²⁸ Denmark abolished her slave trade in 1802, and Great Britain in 1808.

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

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

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

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

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

But there have been those who have realized this. Olive Schreiner, in her "Dream in a Ruined Chapel," has beautifully set forth the conception of a Cosmic Soul, clothed with the outward attributes of time and space and circumstance whereby the individual life is marked off from the life of the whole.²⁹ The German

²⁹ Ralph Iron (Olive Schreiner), *Dreams*, p. 71.

philosopher Feuerbach³⁰ was also aware of man's intimate connection with the Cosmic Soul, but, like Royce, went to the extreme of apotheosizing man. God, he held, is nothing else than man; He is the outward projection of man's inward nature. Swinburne, too, sings of "The great god, Man, which is God."³¹ And Clifford, in one of his essays, says:

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

XXII. THE DESTINY OF MAN.

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

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

³¹ Swinburne, "To Walt Whitman in America," in *Songs Before Sunrise*:
 "The soul that is substance of nations,
 Reincarnate with fresh generations,
 The great god Man, which is God."

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

³³ *Enc. Brit.*, Vol. VIII, p. 374b.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE ANTINOMY OF FREEDOM AND NECESSITY AND THE PROBLEM OF MORAL RESPONSIBILITY.¹

BY H. M. GORDIN.

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

Let us first state the arguments of the libertarians.

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

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

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

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

4. If determinism were true, moral responsibility, it is claimed, would lose its significance, since no one could feel remorse for the committal of a wrong if he admitted that, owing to causality, he could not have acted otherwise. The libertarian further asserts that the State would have no justification for punishing criminals, and that the improvement of man's moral character would be impossible if all human acts were predetermined by immutable causes.

Before answering these arguments, let us examine the nature of the acts that are involved in the controversy between the libertarians and the determinists. It is self-evident that acts which are beyond the ability of the actor to perform and acts which are committed unconsciously must be ruled out of our discussion: the former he, of course, never commits, and in committing the latter he cannot be said freely to choose his actions. Another category of acts that must be excluded are those which are involuntary, defining by this term acts which are imposed on one by an irresistible power and are condemned by the judgment of the actor, such as the unwillingly performed acts of a slave. Still another category

of acts that are not involved in the controversy are those which, like the preceding, are condemned by one's own judgment, and which are therefore never committed by an intelligent person unless he is under the influence of intoxicants, or in a fit of overwhelming passion when his mind is in a state of almost complete aberration, or when he acts under the influence of irresistible cravings or habits from which he would like to but has no will-power to break away. The acts of this category, too, are involuntary and obviously not causeless, the impulses to commit them being certain peculiarities in the nervous system of the actor. Hence even the libertarian must admit that they are not the results of free choices, but the inexorable consequence of forces over which the actor has little or no control.

The only acts that are involved in the controversy under discussion are therefore those which are voluntary, defining by this term acts which are not forced on the actor by an external master or an irresistible craving, passion, or habit, and are approved or at least not condemned by his own judgment. It is these that the libertarian claims are free of the restraints of causation.

The next step is to state clearly the claim of the determinist, and to show that it is in accord with facts. The claim consists in that voluntary acts are caused by desires, and that the choices between different voluntary acts are caused by the most approved and strongest of the desires, though the latter are not intense enough to be such irresistible cravings as to make the acts involuntary. The desires involved may be for the acts themselves or for their direct or indirect results, but desires there must be, and, when choice is exercised, they must be stronger and more approved than the desires for any other acts or their results that are appropriate to the occasion. In accord with this claim, when in respect to a given act a freeman says, I hate to but will none the less commit it, what he means is that he hates the act but likes its results, and likes them more than he likes any other suitable act or its results.

The correctness of this claim is proved by the most reliable method we have at our disposal, and that is, by interrogating the actor committing a voluntary act. Our traveler, for instance, will admit that, in accord with the claim of the determinist, he goes east because he desires a certain thing which he cannot get at home, that when he reverses his action he does so because the argument of the determinist created in him a new desire—the desire to confute his opponent—and that this desire is stronger and more approved than that for the thing he started out to get. In fact, should

the thing in the east happen to be to him of exceptional value, he will admit that he would brush aside his adversary and continue his journey eastward, telling the determinist that his desire for the thing there, while not an irresistible craving, is nevertheless so strong that he would not stop to bother about philosophical antinomies at that moment, and that he would discuss the matter with him at some more opportune time. Similarly, the voluntary act of a patient taking bitter and ill-smelling medicine is caused by his desire to improve his health, and this desire obviously is stronger and more approved than that for taking something pleasant that might either harm him or do him no good. In the same way, the average volunteer who is willing to sacrifice his life in defense of his fatherland will tell you that his desire to do his duty to his country is stronger and more approved than that for staying at home while his native land is being attacked by a foe, that he prefers the moral exaltation and the short life of a hero to the despicable and universally reprobated though longer life of a slacker.

So much for the causality of the voluntary acts themselves. As to desires and the choices between them, they, too, are not causeless, their causes being in most cases perfectly well known. Thus, his desire for going east the traveler will doubtless ascribe to the fact that the thing there will satisfy certain of his wants, and when he goes back on his original decision, he will admit that his desire to refute the claim of the determinist is caused by a feeling of pride in the correctness of his views on the free-will problem, as well as by a feeling of contrariness, or combativeness, and that the combined effect of these feelings is stronger than the feeling creating in him the desire for the thing in the east. The desire of the patient for improving his health obviously is due to his sense of self-preservation which under ordinary conditions creates exceptionally strong and approved desires for taking and doing things promoting our well-being, even when they are in themselves disagreeable. Finally, the desire of the volunteer to do his duty is the result of his moral sense which in the moral man creates powerful and highly approved desires to be moral.

If desires be pursued still further backward, it will be found that even the causes of their causes are, at least in some cases, well known. Thus, the causal series involved in the act of going to dinner is as follows: act of going—desire for food—feeling of hunger—certain changes in certain sensory nerves—withholding nourishment from the cells of our bodies. That is about as far as we need go, since the terms of the series lying beyond the

withholding of nourishment vary from case to case, and are of no importance in our discussion. But even when we cannot go as far as in this case, there is no reason for assuming that the series comes to a stop where we are compelled to stop, because a similar state of affairs is met with in the examination of every natural phenomenon without exception. Proceeding backward along the series of successive causes of any observed occurrence, we necessarily arrive at a term whose antecedents are unknown, but that does not prove that no antecedents exist. The fact that diligent research frequently discovers hitherto unknown causes justifies the assumption that the chain of causality is infinite. The only legitimate alternatives to this assumption are that the chain ends in a property that is as inherent in the last term as it is inherent in human intelligence that two and two must equal four, or else that it ends in a *causa finalis*, according to whichever assumption one prefers. Thus, the moral sense may be as inherent in the moral man as are his feelings of shame, sympathy, regret, and love of music, or may be due to some antecedent causes. When the free-will problem reaches this point, the determinist has already proved his thesis, because all he claims is that human activity is as subject to causality as the rest of the world with which we are familiar.

Why our consciousness or mind or ego or soul or whatever be the name of the human *vis vitæ* interprets changes in our nervous system as feelings, and why these create desires, are perfectly idle questions. Operations of this sort are essential attributes of conscious life; in their absence one is dead or at least unconscious. Why feelings and desires have certain particular forms, i. e., why they are so and so, and not otherwise, is also an idle question, because since they must have some form, one form is, in the absence of further light on the subject, as reasonable as another. As to their general uniformity for a given person, this is obviously due to his general make-up which is to a large extent constant throughout his life, and in so far as it is not constant, his feelings and desires really vary with his conditions and advancing age. Still more idle is the question why our reasoning faculty operates in such a manner as to approve or condemn certain desires. It must operate according to definite fixed rules of human logic, and must make use of the memory of past events and of the probability that, owing to the inexorability of causation, certain pleasant or unpleasant, moral or immoral, consequences are more liable to be the results of certain actions than certain other consequences. It must therefore work in a more or less definite manner, and its working in a certain particu-

lar manner is due to the structure of one's brain and to the numerous factors constituting one's personality.

That human activity is subject to causality is further proved by the fact that, as indicated above, one's acts vary in a more or less definite manner with one's age, sex, nationality, inherited characteristics, education, surroundings, etc. A complete knowledge of all of the numerous and complex factors influencing the desires of a given person would doubtless enable a psychologist to read his mind and foretell his actions under given conditions. To a considerable extent this ability is really possessed by many people having had much worldly experience and thus gained a good "knowledge of men." This would be perfectly impossible if desires, choices, and acts were causeless and therefore unpredictable.

Another proof is that when one of the terms in the series of successive causes of an act is inhibited, all the subsequent terms drop out. When the feeling of hunger is destroyed by a sudden shock of fright or bad news the desire for food vanishes, and the act of going to dinner is stopped. When a moral person who is on the point of committing an act approved or not condemned by his judgment, hears or reads arguments which prove that under the given conditions the act would be immoral, his desire for committing it is overcome by a more approved and stronger desire to be moral, and the act is not committed. When a nerve-center is seriously injured, all the feelings, desires, and actions controlled by it disappear.

Having shown that all human activity is controlled by causality, so that the first argument of the libertarians is untenable, it is easy to show that the second argument also is untenable. In his voluntary activity man is unconscious of any external authority and of irresistible condemned cravings driving him to action because such authority and such cravings are by definition absent from such activity, but he is fully conscious of the force of his strongest desires and of the logicity of the strongest arguments approving them, or of the absence of arguments condemning them. When hungry we are conscious of a powerful desire for food and of the cogent argument that if we want to live we must eat, and that under ordinary conditions we have a moral right to eat. And when our sound judgment tells us that, owing to our corpulency, it would be better for us to omit a meal, or that for moral reasons it would be preferable to give it to a starving person, there immediately arises in our consciousness a strong and approved desire to follow the counsel of our reason, and we are again fully conscious of the

new desire and of the soundness of our judgment. In our daily conscious life we are frequently confronted with several conflicting desires, moral, immoral, and amoral, and with reasoning arguments advising different choices. Particularly when the voluntary actions involved are of special importance do we feel that we are thrown upon our own resources; we hesitate, compare, sift, and argue with ourselves before making up our minds how to act. During this interval of time, which sometimes is of considerable duration, we are fully conscious of an inner struggle for supremacy between different desires and different processes of argumentation. Until we reach a decision we are particularly impressed with our freedom of choice between different desires because we are in the midst of a confusion which we may bring to order any way we like, and because we do not yet know which of our desires and judgments will come out victorious. The inexorable necessity of following the strongest desire and worthiest motive is thus hidden because we do not yet know which is the strongest and worthiest. When, however, we reach a conclusion and finally decide upon a definite mode of action, we are perfectly conscious of the fact that our action corresponds with that desire for it which during the inner fight has become stronger than the rest and has received the support of the best arguments. At that moment we become extremely conscious of the necessity of causality because in committing a voluntary act under these conditions we know full well why we are doing it as well as what we are doing. It is only in performing routine work that a man is not fully conscious of the fact that his acts are compelled by his desires and judgments, but this is so because such work meets with no resistance from within or without. Nobody interferes with it, and the actor feels no strong desires for refraining from doing it. It is performed in a mechanical way requiring little attention. The moment, however, some remark, thought or external phenomenon causes him to conceive a desire for doing something else, he feels the necessity of making a choice, and when he makes it he feels that his choice is the inexorable result of his strongest desire and strongest argument. Hence the second argument of the libertarian is, like the first, contrary to facts.

In order to answer the third argument, let us examine the nature of the compulsion causality imposes on the freeman. Since this compulsion amounts to nothing more than that in performing a voluntary act he must follow his own most approved and strongest desire which he loves to satisfy anyway, the law of causation is in this case entirely deprived of its sting of tyranny. It is perfectly

clear that when a person has a strong and approved or at least not condemned desire to commit an act he would commit it with no greater zeal even if the desire for it dropped into his heart out of the blue sky without any cause whatsoever, or if he manufactured it himself *ex nihilo*. If a man be asked what sort of freedom of action he would like to have as far as his possibilities go, he would certainly want no other variety than freedom to satisfy his strongest, approved, or at least uncondemned desires without the interference of irresistible undesirable forces. This degree of freedom determinism allows the voluntarily acting freeman; this degree of freedom is all he wants for his voluntary acts, and this degree of freedom is so great that, within the limits of what the freeman can do, it is inconceivable how it could be greater. Our traveler, for instance, goes east when he himself likes the thing there more than to confute his opponent, and he can and does reverse his original decision when the claim of his adversary rouses in him a stronger liking for maintaining the doctrine of his independence. He cannot do both things simultaneously; he must and, as a rule, likes to do either one or the other thing, and he actually acts as he likes to act. As far as the act of going in some particular direction is concerned, there can be no greater freedom of choice than is possessed by the freeman. Hence the doctrine of determinism bestows upon the freeman so much freedom that, barring impossibilities, there is nothing left for the libertarian to give him.

To claim, as the libertarian in his third argument does, that in his voluntary activity man must feel depressed by the necessity of following his own strongest desires is as absurd as to claim that a man who is hungry and freezing, and who does not want to let himself starve or freeze to death, but longs for a good meal and a warm bed, would feel depressed if his friend picked him up on the street and forcibly placed him in a well-provisioned palatial residence where he may eat and drink and do anything he likes and can. Furthermore, since even the strongest desires for voluntary acts are not so irresistible as to become overpowering cravings, the fact that such acts are forced by causality is less burdensome than the act of the man forcibly placing his starving and freezing friend in the house of plenty. Thus, in going east our traveler is not driven by an irresistible craving, since in that case his act would not be voluntary. Some particular occurrence or some cogent argument might create in him a stronger and more approved desire to go in some other direction, or stay where he is, and determinism permits him to do that. Similarly, the volunteer, who is making

preparations for going to the front in order to do his duty to his country, usually is not driven by the whip of an irresistible craving, because in that case his act would not be voluntary and would therefore not be moral at all, for an act committed under the influence of an irresistible force of any kind is no more moral than one committed per order of the chief of police. The democratic volunteer may, for instance, all at once become convinced, rightly or wrongly, that his country has become an autocratic tyranny that does not deserve to be defended. He would then change his action and stay at home.

If man has some reason to be dissatisfied it is not because his voluntary activity is forced on him by the necessity of following his own desires and judgments which have their immutable causes, but because the range of this sort of activity is not as wide as he would like it to be, i. e., because his possibilities are limited, since he is often the slave of his own passions or of somebody else's will, while in some cases his freedom of choice is limited to choosing the lesser of two evils. In other words, it is only in respect to acts that even the libertarian admits to be compulsory that man may feel depressed. The question whether it is prudent and justifiable for the man of our enlightened age to shed tears over what he cannot do instead of enjoying what he can do and has already done, I shall discuss on another occasion. Here it may suffice to point out that man's ability to perform voluntary acts should be to him a source of great satisfaction, since such acts imply the possession of a reasoning faculty which is far superior to that of every known creature, and to which he owes his civilization. A being devoid of this faculty is incapable of voluntary activity, all his acts being committed without deliberation, as direct results of his immediate impulses. The educated freeman should therefore not feel depressed and degraded but delighted by, and proud of, his ability and necessity to hesitate and deliberate and approve before acting. Our feelings, like our children, frequently bring us sorrow as well as joy; our reasoning faculty is our best friend and most reliable guardian. It is not the causality of our voluntary activity, but that of the physical phenomena and our own carelessness that sometimes bring us in trouble and may therefore cause a depression of our spirits. When a man gets hurt by falling out of a window, he may feel dissatisfied with his carelessness and the law of gravity, but when he voluntarily constructs a chute and slides down in order to escape from fire, he is mighty glad that this same law enables him to save his life by carrying out his voluntary

act, that his approved desire prompts him to carry it out, and that his reasoning faculty enables him to construct such an appliance.

As to influencing the course of events, it is a fact that man does have strong desires to improve himself and the conditions of life on his little planet, and that nature does not interfere in his activity as long as he obeys her laws. She even allows him to pit them against each other any way he likes, thus letting herself be subdued to his needs. In the course of his evolution, man's desires have multiplied, and just because he is compelled to find ways and means for satisfying them he has changed and is constantly changing the face of the earth and the institutions of society. This is an undeniable fact, and whether one believes in libertarianism or determinism, it is a cheerful fact.

It is true that the law of causation makes all future events, including those in which man takes part, predetermined by the past and the present, so that a being knowing all the causes which have operated and are operating in the world could foretell the course of all events to come. But such a being would also know that the human race is an integral part of the world, and that in following our desires and judgments we are influencing the course of events in accord with the law of causation. This again is a fact, a part of the scheme of the constantly changing world. What difference would it make to us if some being knew beforehand what sorts of desires we and our successors were going to have, what kinds of acts we and they will be compelled by causality to perform, and what part our activity will play in shaping historical events? A mother usually knows what her child will want on opening its eyes in the morning, but that does not prevent the child from actually shaping her actions by demanding and getting what it wants, and from enjoying the feeling that it is the pet and lord of the household. I know that my neighbor, who is very fond of music, is going to attend the opera next season. Does my knowledge encroach upon his freedom of action? Moreover, even if man himself had a complete knowledge of the future he would not lose his freedom of action and choice because he would then have strong desires to mould his activity accordingly. That this is so is proved by the fact that we feel and enjoy our freedom and deliberately follow our approved desires even when we have known to a certainty what they were going to be. We plan our theater parties days or weeks ahead, the details of our vacations months ahead, and the careers of our children years ahead, and at the time of realizing our plans we enjoy them in perfect freedom and with

as much delight as if they were created on the spur of the moment. In fact, we like nothing better than that our plans should not, on account of some outside interference, miscarry, though we know that they have been determined long ago.

It follows from our discussion that there is not the slightest contradiction between freedom and necessity. Freedom means freedom from external powers and disapproved irresistible cravings, which characterizes voluntary acts and gives the freeman the opportunity to act according to his own wishes and judgments. In this respect the freeman has freedom of choice. Necessity, on the other hand, means that voluntary acts are the immutable results of the most approved and strongest desires. In this respect man is compelled to choose. The inexorability of this necessity consists in that it is perfectly inconceivable why a freeman should not realize his voluntary acts. He loves to commit such acts, it is within his power to commit them, and his best friend and guardian—his own reason—approves or at least does not condemn their committal. Why, in the name of common sense, should he not commit them? Kant's third antinomy is therefore a pure fiction without foundation in reality.

Before answering the fourth argument of the libertarians, let us inquire into the meaning of their claims. If the doctrine of libertarianism claims for the freeman nothing more than freedom to act according to his own desires and judgments which, as shown above, are subject to causality, it is identical with determinism. If this doctrine claims that voluntary acts are free of the restraints of causality, it is contrary to facts. Moreover, this sort of freedom most probably does not exist anywhere in the world as we know it, and even assuming that it does exist in respect to some particular phenomenon, it obviously is not this sort that is involved in voluntary activity. A body moving about unconsciously and without any cause whatsoever, constantly or every once in a while changing the direction and rate of its motion for no reason and to no purpose, and having nothing to say about anything pertaining to its migrations, would exhibit an example of a causeless phenomenon. A freeman does not resemble such a stupid errant body, he would hate the purposeless freedom it possesses, and his voluntary acts, being conscious, desired, examined by his own judgment, and directed toward definite aims, are entirely different from its aimless peregrinations.

If the libertarian means that in advising particular choices man's reasoning faculty is not guided by causal necessities, but is

merely telling the freeman that he must act thus and so without pointing out to him the inexorable consequences which, owing to causality, will probably or certainly follow his actions, the claim is self-contradictory, because an agency acting in this manner would not be a reasoning entity. By its very definition the reasoning faculty must make use of logical arguments whose very essence consists in that certain acts will serve as inexorable causes of certain pleasant or unpleasant, moral or immoral, consequences, thus creating strong desires for obtaining or avoiding the latter.

If libertarianism means that man possesses an entity called will, or what Bergson calls *élan vital*, which produces impulses that have no causes or have causes incomprehensible to our intellect, and delivers categorical imperatives without regard to our reasoning faculty, the claim is again contrary to facts, since, as was shown above, the causes of our desires or impulses usually are well known and are subjected to the judgment of our reason before they are allowed to serve as motives for voluntary acts. Moreover, such an entity, even if it were guided by some mysterious causes, would have to be placed at the beginning of causal series as a *causa finalis*. But it was already pointed out that the assumption of the existence of final causes does not violate the doctrine of determinism. Finally, if man possessed such an irrational entity, only the insane, the stupid, and little children would obey its despotic and unexplained commands; the sane and educated freeman, who loves his independence and prides himself on the possession of much intelligence, would certainly consult and obey his reasoning faculty before committing a voluntary act. The voice of the irrational entity would therefore be a cry in the wilderness without any influence on the voluntary activity of the intelligent freeman. Hence libertarianism is either identical with determinism, merely applying to that phase of voluntary activity which makes it possible for the freeman to follow his own strongest desires and best arguments, or is a false theory that should be discarded.

We shall now attack the problem of moral responsibility. In addition to implying soundness of mind, the term moral responsibility is usually given two meanings: (1) that of accountability for harm one has already done, and (2) that of obligation to do no harm in the future. From a practical point of view, the second is much more important than the first, since it is much more important to prevent future harm than merely to find out why harm was done. The libertarian holds sane people responsible for their acts in both of the above senses, while the determinist holds them responsible

only in the second meaning of the term. The former assumes that they could have acted otherwise than they did, while the latter asserts that the fact that they have acted in a particular manner proves, that, taking into consideration all the factors which have influenced their past conduct, such as heredity, conditions, personal idiosyncrasies, etc., they could not have acted otherwise. In the light of the arguments of this paper, the view of the libertarian is untenable. But even assuming, for the sake of argument, that a criminal could have acted differently, his treatment by the State would be the same. When the harm of one's past act is rectifiable, it will be rectified even if it was committed against or without one's volition. Stolen goods will be returned to their owners even when one was compelled by somebody else to steal, or when they were stolen by a somnambulist. When the harm is irremediable, no amount of punishment will remedy it. Revenge as justification for punishment is nowadays considered unworthy of a moral and civilized State.

As to future acts, it is clear that when a past act is not followed by consequences disagreeable to the actor he and others will most probably repeat it when circumstances are propitious, but when it brings dire results they will create in him and others new and strong desires that may overcome their desire for repeating it or doing anything like it. This is one of the two justifications the community has for punishing crimes committed by people in a state of perfect sanity, the other being the sense of self-protection, since crimes are detrimental to the welfare of the community. Since the knowledge of the certainty of punishment for misbehavior exercises a salubrious influence on prospective criminals, creating in them strong desires for staying on the path of righteousness, punishment for crimes must be inflicted in order to prove this certainty, though we know that a past act could not have been avoided. The claim that the doctrine of determinism deprives the State of all justification of punishing criminals is therefore erroneous.

Equally erroneous are the other claims of the fourth argument. The claim that determinism deprives moral obligation of its significance is without foundation because the moral person feels the necessity of satisfying the demands of his moral sense, and he also feels his ability to decide in most cases which acts are moral and which immoral. Admitting this, he thereby admits his responsibility for whatever he intends to do, and actually tries to be moral. This is all we can expect him to do, and this is all we want by holding him responsible, and as long as he does try to be moral,

he feels himself and others consider him responsible for his present and future conduct. When, however, an act has past out of his control by having been carried away into the past by the irreversible flow of time, no one can claim that he could have acted otherwise, though, as said above, he must be punished for having acted immorally. Responsibility and punishment are therefore perfectly compatible with the doctrine of determinism.

Remorse for the committal of wrong acts is felt only by the moral libertarian, and even he soon comes to see the utter uselessness of crying over spilt milk. With the moral determinist remorse is a feeling of sincere regret for a deplorable though unavoidable past occurrence, and with him, too, the feeling is the deeper the greater the harm resulting from the act. Since the attention of most people is concentrated chiefly on the present and the future, since they feel the freedom of acting according to their own desires and judgments, and since they are not philosophers analyzing the forces underlying and determining their activity, the doctrine of determinism is either unknown or does not appeal to them. Believing that they could have changed their actions, they readily fall prey to the feeling of remorse. In so far as influencing future conduct is concerned, the regret of the determinist is as efficacious as the remorse of the libertarian.

As to the improvement of man's moral character, the State has the ability of instructing the young citizen in the principles of ethics, thus developing and strengthening his moral sense, in addition to frequently drawing his attention to the fact that, even from a purely practical point of view, moral conduct is preferable to immoral, because, as a rule, wrong doing brings woe, ostracism, and punishment to the wrong-doer. The State has therefore the power to mould the character of the citizen to a considerable extent. to create in him strong desires for moral behavior, thus contributing to making a moral man of a young person who, left to himself, might grow up to be a scoundrel. The doctrine of determinism does not prevent the State from doing so, since the acts are yet to be performed, and can therefore be influenced. Determinism merely claims that when the State does so it is forced by a sense of duty to its citizens. Sound moral education, punishment for, and public disapproval of, immorality have in the past contributed to the evolution of moral man from the amoral savage, and the application of these factors in the future will contribute to the further progress of our race along ethical lines.

MISCELLANEOUS.

JOSEPH OF ARIMATHÆA.

Mr. A. Kampmeier is entitled to my sincere thanks for his lexicographic note on "Joseph of Arimathæa" in *The Open Court* of last December. He compels me to discuss at greater length the meaning of the proper name Arimathæa in our Gospels, which I am inclined to think cannot be determined by applying to the lexicon alone.

As soon as I became convinced of the unhistorical character of the Joseph of Arimathæa pericope, the question arose whether that account was altogether legendary or based to some extent, at least, upon facts. I preferred to recognize in Joseph a real person who has been instrumental in securing a burial for Jesus. The pericope is clearly of Palestinian origin and, therefore, belongs to the first century. I doubt whether at that time a Palestinian Christian could and would invent the name of the man who buried Jesus.

Arimathæa is unquestionably the name of the place from which Joseph had come to Jerusalem. But it is well-nigh impossible to locate it in Palestine. For, on the one hand, it was not customary for Jews to modify their personal name by the name of their home town, notwithstanding the case of Jesus. The latter was called apparently Jesus of Nazareth first by his enemies who, in doing so, attempted to ridicule his messianic claims. "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" (John i. 46). On the other hand, the Old Testament mentions not less than five different places which went by the name of Ramah. Thus, Arimathæa, if intended to denote one of them, would have been a very unsatisfactory way of identifying a person.

These premises suggested to me Joseph of Arimathæa may have been the official agent of the high priest in his dealings with Pontius Pilate. That idea is not a mere guess. For the high priests actually employed such diplomatic representatives. We read Acts xxiv. 1f: "After five days the high priest Ananias came down with certain elders, and with an orator, one Tertullus; and they informed the governor against Paul. And when he was called, Tertullus began to accuse him." Tertullus is evidently a Roman name; but the bearer of that name must have been a Jew by birth and by religion. Otherwise he could not have been affiliated with the high priest. As a native of Rome, he had adopted a Roman name. Jews even at that time liked to bear a name of the people among whom they lived. That is proved by the Apostle Paul, whose Jewish name was Saul, while outside of Palestine he called himself Paul.

But it might be objected: Why should the priests of Jerusalem need the services of a middleman who commanded the language of Rome? For the governors of the eastern provinces spoke Greek. That question overlooks in

the first place the fact that there are always two, if not more, parties to any business transaction. In the given instance, the two parties were the Roman governor and the high priest. Assuming Pontius Pilate to have been a Greek scholar, we must in addition prove that the high priest or his associates spoke that language.

As a matter of fact, during that period, a person speaking Greek could travel as far as India and find everywhere people with whom he could converse and do business in Greek. For Alexander the Great and his successors had taken care to establish at all points of strategic and commercial importance Greek colonies. But those colonies never succeeded in supplanting the languages of the conquered nations. Wherever a country has been conquered by a foreign race, the population belonging to the soil, if sufficiently numerous, has always retained its language even if the invader represented a much higher civilization.

In the case of the Jews in Palestine, the inborn resistance of the people against the exchange of their native tongue for Greek was strengthened by their religion. The superiority of their religion as well as their less laudable religious prejudices rendered them inaccessible to Greek influences. One might indeed imagine the priests, who formed the Jewish aristocracy, to have been more open-minded and accessible to Greek culture. They enjoyed leisure and wealth. But these two factors alone have never been the cause of literary activity and achievements. Moreover, the servants of the temple were always dependent for their income upon the good will of their co-religionists. This forced them to foster the most conservative tendencies of their countrymen. Gentile learning would have discredited the priests in the eyes of the whole populace.

The Jews of the *diapara* occupied, of course, an exceptional position. They had no choice, but had to learn and use the language of the people among whom they had settled and among whom they were compelled to make their living. But the Jewish synagogue had taken care of them. Their children were instructed in the sacred language of their fathers. They expressed their religious thought in Hebrew. When they came to Jerusalem, they did not desire the priests to address them in Greek but to listen to the speech of the patriarchs, of Moses, and of the prophets. And the self-interest of the priests demanded that such feelings should be praised and confirmed rather than weakened by any compromises with the heathen world. For such weighty reasons the priests at Jerusalem from the highest to the lowest were innocent of the knowledge of any foreign language. Hebrew was quite good enough for them.

Yet Pilate by chance was familiar with Greek, and therefore the priests did not need the services of a Latin Hebrew interpreter but only of a man who commanded Hebrew and Greek. As a matter of fact, Greek became the language of the Roman Empire after the capital had been removed to Constantinople. But before that time, the official language of the empire was Latin; and no man could expect to become governor of any province simply because he happened to know the language spoken in that province. All the high offices at the disposal of the government went to friends and favorites of the emperor, and these favored men were expected to return as millionaires from their provinces. Of Pilate we know that "the unusual length of time during which he held office was, in accordance with the policy of Tiberius,

based on the opinion that governors who had already enriched themselves, would be better for the people than new ones whose avarice was yet unsatisfied" (*Dict. of the Bible*). Thus our information about him being very scanty, we cannot ascribe linguistic accomplishments to him which he needed neither at home nor in his province.

But all members of the better class of Romans are supposed to have spoken Greek as well as Latin. If that were so, how could we account for the total extinction of all knowledge of Greek at Rome and in Italy after the separation from the eastern provinces? Even the Church had forgotten Greek; and it was not until the age of the Renaissance that Greek literature, including the New Testament writings, etc., became accessible to the Western theologians. As a matter of fact, the average Roman was fully conscious of belonging to a race of world-conquerors. There was no incentive for undergoing the hard grind of mastering any foreign language. If anybody wanted to enjoy his intercourse and conversation, he had to do it through the medium of Latin. Only people of literary gifts and ambitions would study Greek. It was fashionable to send the boys to Greek teachers. But the fruits of such an instruction cannot have been superior to the results achieved in our colleges in their foreign language departments. The Epigrams of Martial show that clearly enough. Among his 1534 epigrams, there are just six in which a few Greek words are used. The famous Sixth Satire of Juvenal bears witness to the same effect. The poet attacks among others a lady who likes to speak Greek. He says of her: "Omnia Graece, quum sit turpe magis nostris nescire Latine" (verses 184f), and: "Non est hic sermo pudicus in vetula" (verses 193f). If a Roman of great literary ability thought so about Greek, how much more would the average Roman politician spurn the very thought of acquiring a knowledge of Greek to be enabled to govern any province!

But does not the Epistle of St. Paul to the Romans demonstrate how well known Greek was at Rome? That letter proves only two things. First, St. Paul could not write an epistle in Latin. Second, among the early Christians at Rome were people who understood Greek. Rome under the emperors was in many respects similar to our big American cities. It attracted constantly new immigrants from all parts of the world. They came there as prisoners of war, as slaves, as adventurers, and merchants. All those new arrivals acquired as soon as possible such a knowledge of Latin as they needed for their work and business; but they retained the knowledge of their mother tongue as a matter of course. Their children born and raised within the walls of Rome, however, would grow up as full-fledged Romans, speaking by preference the Roman language. They would imbibe the pride of Rome and despise even the language of their parents. Thus, the Christian church at Rome spoke Greek only during the short, transitory period from the first to the second generation.

For all these reasons, we may assume confidently that Pontius Pilate did not speak Greek. But even if he was able to use it, he would not have done so in official business. The majesty of Rome and his own dignity insisted that all affairs of state should be transacted in Latin. If the high priest had any complaint to make or favor to ask, he had to do so in Latin. That rule held good all over the Roman world. It was the conquered nation which had to address the victor in his language, not the victor's task to learn the tongue of the conquered nation. In accordance with that rule the sons of vanquished kings and chieftains were taken to Rome to be given a Roman education before

they were permitted to return to their native land and enter upon their inheritance. The rulers allied with Rome were eager to send their children to the imperial city for the same purpose. Herod the Great spoke in all probability Latin. Else he would hardly have been a friend of Augustus. Of his sons we know for sure that they all studied at Rome. One of them, Antipater the son of Salome, had become so proficient in Latin that he afterward pleaded his own cause before the emperor while Archelaos employed Nicolaos as his attorney (Jos., *Ant.*, XVII, 9, 5f).

In view of these facts, we cannot escape the conclusion that Joseph of Arimathæa, because he went to Pilate and asked him a favor, must have spoken Latin. This conclusion compels us to look more closely at the possible meaning of Arimathæa. For Ramah in Palestine, whichever of the five places going by that name it might have been, is out of the question as the seat of a school for Latin.

There is no room for doubt as to the meaning ascribed to the word by the original translator from Aramaic into Greek. He was sure it denoted a town in Palestine. For, otherwise, he would have given us the Greek name of the city. But if Ramah and Roma were both written with Hebrew letters, the two words would spell alike RMH. For at the age of Christ, vowels were not indicated in Hebrew words by special signs; and the final H simply indicates the feminine gender. In the Aramaic period, Rama had become Rima. Still, if the *scriptio defectiva* was used, the two names Rama, or Rima, and Roma would be spelled alike. But even if, according to the *scriptio plena*, the I in Rima was expressed by the Hebrew letter Yodh and the O in Roma by Waw, there was a fair chance of mistaking the one word for the other, for the head of both letters is the same. They differ only in the length of their necks. Both are slender and straight. If the manuscript had suffered much or if the neck of the Waw had been only a faint line from the beginning, the word intended to signify Roma could easily be read to denote Rima. The very word Romah is, by the way, a Hebrew word, used in Mic. ii. 3 as an adverb. It means "pride," or "haughtiness." That such a meaning would appeal to the Jews as a proper expression of the character of Rome is superfluous to state.

Consequently, in spite of Mr. Kampmeier's kind information, I have to repeat here what I suggested in my paper of last October. Arimathæa, for general reasons, must be and, on lexicological considerations, may be accepted as the Aramaic form of the name of the ancient mistress of the world.

WM. WEBER.

ST. CATHARINE OF ALEXANDRIA, VIRGIN AND MARTYR.¹

[OUR FRONTISPIECE.]

St. Catharine of Alexandria, Virgin and Martyr, was the daughter of a rich and noble chieftain who lived toward the end of the third century and was believed by some to have been the son of the Emperor Constantine. He was King of Armenia and by his marriage with a princess of Cyprus became king of that island, and founded the city of Fama Costa, now called Famagosta.

After the marriage a baby girl was born to them, who as she grew became

¹ Transcribed for *The Open Court* almost word for word from an ancient manuscript in the British Museum, by Katharine M. Langford. With some additions from the Abbotsford edition of the *Life of St. Katharine*.

exceeding fair and of a wondrous intellect. Her form and face were equally beautiful, and her intelligence was so far above the average in things natural as well as spiritual, that the learned men to whom her father intrusted her education were astounded and oftentimes puzzled by her wisdom and understanding.

Left an orphan at an early age, she managed her household and heritage with marvelous skill, and the chief men of the kingdom begged to be allowed to call a parliament at which she was to preside. Gaining her consent they proceeded to do so, and when they were assembled they implored their beloved queen to select a spouse that she might be married, and so hand down to posterity her beauty and her talents.

Catharine, whose character was pure and whose abilities as high as her fate was tragic and melancholy, had constantly dreamt of finding a kindred soul with high spiritual instincts, with whom her own might be linked, and she dreaded soiling her purity by allowing others to choose for her or being forced into an uncongenial union.

At some distance from the city there lived in the wilderness an aged anchorite, Adrian by name, to whom Our Lady appeared in a vision, and she told him to go to the palace, and search for the Queen Catharine and bring her back with him, for she desired that she should be married to her Son, the Christ Himself, for love of whom she had so often refused the love of many earthly kings. Adrian, to whom the way was entirely unknown, was miraculously guided to the palace, and when there he followed from one apartment to another, until he found the Queen alone in her room.

Catharine who was greatly surprised when he told his mission, consented to return with him. As they journeyed and drew near the place where his cell should have been, Adrian could see it nowhere, but suddenly as in a vision there rose before him a wondrous mystical temple, and standing in the midst was the Queen of Heaven, Our Lady herself surrounded by a glorious company of angels.

She commanded Adrian to come forth and bring with him his beautiful companion, upon whom she gazed with love and admiration, and told her that she should be married to the Blessed Christ Himself, but that first she must be baptized. Removing Catharine's garment she bade Adrian come forward, who for the time seemed stricken with blindness, and perform the sacred rite, but to retain the name of Catharine. The baptism over, Adrian regained his sight and then Our Lady conducted the young Queen into the choir, and presented her to her Blessed Son.

This beautiful King embraced her saying: "I take thee Catharine to my Spouse, promising truly never to forsake thee while thy life lasts, and after this life I shall bring thee to an endless life where thou shalt dwell with me in bliss forever." With this He put a ring on her finger and bade Adrian don his vestments and celebrate the mass, as belongeth to the custom of weddings. After the ceremony Catharine fell into a swoon and woke to find herself in the hermit's cell, and would have thought it all a dream if she had not found the ring on her finger.

Soon after this event arose the persecution of St. Catharine which ended in her martyrdom.

Constantine and Maxence were, upon a time, as in the Emperor's place highest in Rome, and a war broke out between them. Maxence fled to Alexan-

dria—Constantine pursued but remained in Illyria. The former made himself King of Alexandria, which was subject to Rome as was almost all the rest of the world, and began to persecute the Holy Church and all Christians like a mad wolf and drew many to heathenism, some by large gifts and diverse rewards, some through terror of his awful threats, and lastly some with severe torments and bodily pain.

Catharine, hearing of the horrors of the idolatry that were being carried on, was so indignant that she almost went mad, and felt it her bounden duty to protest openly before the cruel tyrant. She therefore went boldly into his presence and addressed him thus :

“Greeting O Emperor, would well become thee for thy high station, if thou gavest this, which thou dost to devils that destroy thee, both in body and soul, and all that pursue the same course—if thou payedst and gavest this, I say, to His honor, who made thee and all the world, and didst rule by His wisdom all that is made—I would greet thee O King, if thou understoodst that He alone is to be praised through whom and under whom all kings rule. Nor may anything withstand His will, though He has much forbearance.

“This Heavenly Lord loveth true faith and neither blood nor bone of innocent cattle, but that man keep and reverence His sanctifying behest. Nor is there anything by which the great folly of man more displeases Him than that the creature, man, whom He made and to whom He gave the faculty of distinguishing both good and evil by reason of wisdom, should become so irrational through the accursed peril, that he pays worship which He owes to God, to senseless things that the Fiend dwells in, and that he honors and reveres a visible creature, bloodless, boneless, and limbs without life, as he should honor the Creator Himself of himself and all things, who is the Invisible God.

“The Fiend that inventeth every evil among all crooked crafts, with none catcheth he more crafty, froward men, nor leadeth them to unbelief than in that he maketh men who ought to know well that they are begotten, born, and brought forth through the Heavenly Father, to make such idols of wood or of stone, or through greater folly of gold or silver, and give them diverse names of sun or moon, or wind, or of wood, or of water and revere and worship them as if they were God.”

When she had finished, the Emperor was greatly indignant, and caused her to be thrown into prison and severely punished, and he then issued a command that fifty of the wisest men, gathered from all parts of the country, who had never yet been defeated in argument, should assemble and confute the young queen, which if they failed to do they were at once to be put to death.

Catharine on hearing that she was to be brought up before kings and rulers for the sake of her Lord and Saviour, offered up the following beautiful prayer :

“Christ, God, Thou Son of God—sweet, compassionate Jesus, of all odors sweetest. Thou Almighty God, Thy Father’s Wisdom, Thou that didst teach Thy disciples, that they should neither be confounded nor afraid of torment nor any worldly tribulation—but warnedst them well how men would afflict and drag them unlawfully, and didst comfort them so that it was easy for them to endure all that men did to them and all that they suffered, for Thy dear love, precious Lord, and Thyself didst say: ‘When they deliver you up, take

no thought how or what ye shall say, for it shall be given you in that same hour what ye shall speak, for it is not ye that speak, but the Spirit of your Father that speaketh in you'—Lord abide with me and keep that which thou didst promise us, and put O Jesu such sayings in my mouth to-morrow and give such power and strength to my words, that they who are come against thy dear name to oppose me to my face with their worldly prudence may be overruled by Thy wisdom, and by Thy great prophecy master them, so that they may be totally checked and silenced or be converted to Thee, and worship Thy name, who with God the Father, and with the Holy Ghost ever livest in the world of all worlds eternally."

When she had finished praying, an angel, by some said to have been the Archangel Michael, appeared to her, strengthening her.

The next day, when called before the assembled court, she went saying: "I am determined to know none save Jesus Christ, my Lord and my Beloved, and I will destroy the wisdom of these worldly men, and reject the understanding of the worldly wise."

When she entered, all refused to speak until she had spoken, and she set forth the great Doctrine of the Incarnation in His twofold nature of the God-Man with great clearness, and when her opponents argued that it was impossible for God to die or for man to triumph over death she proved so conclusively that it was God in His humanity that died and God in His divinity who triumphed over death, that they were one and all converted and declared that they were willing to suffer martyrdom for the faith which she had expounded with such skill, and begged that they might be baptized.

The Emperor ordered them all to be burned, and their hands and feet being dislocated and bound together they were consigned to the flames, Catharine meanwhile assuring them that baptism by water was not needed since they were to be baptized with fire and the Spirit, and cheering them with the hope of the glorious eternity where she hoped soon to join them. Christians came by night and buried them, on November 13, A. D. 307.

The Emperor then sent for Catharine and used every inducement to win her for himself, promising her power, wealth, position, even the half of his throne, if she would renounce her faith. Nothing, however, would move her, and he commanded that she should be stripped and scourged. The fair form and face were horribly disfigured and she was cast into the torture-house for twelve days without food, the Emperor meanwhile commanding Cursates, known as "the Devil's herald," to invent a fresh torture for her at the end of that time; and to him is attributed the invention of the diabolical wheel known as "catharine-wheel."

It consisted of four wheels, the spokes and felloes of which were to be driven through with iron goads, so that the spikes and iron prongs so sharp and so strong might pierce through and project far on the other side. Two wheels turned either contrary to each other, and yet both one way, and the other two turned one way also but contrary to the former, so that when the first two would cast upward whatever thing they caught, the other two would draw it and dash it downward. So frightful was the contrivance that horror seized every one when he looked upon it.

While the wheel was in the making Catharine was made to sit by and watch, that the dismal sounds might cause her to cease her follies or else be torn to pieces by it. She in spite of all remained firm: and amid crowds

the fair maiden was plac'd to be torn and piteously rent if she would not listen or obey. But she lifted up her eyes and cried to Heaven full loudly with her heart, but with still voice:

“Almighty God, manifest now Thy power, and do honor to Thy high name, Heavenly Lord, and in order to confirm those in the true faith who are converted unto Thee and that Maxene and all his party may be confounded, smite sharply upon it that all the four wheels may be shattered to pieces.”

This was hardly said when an angel came with wonderful flight, flying downward and drove straight down toward it like a thunderclap and struck it such a blow that it began to rattle and to cleave asunder, to burst and to break as if it had been brittle glass, both the wood and the iron, and to dart forth whizzing the fragments among the crowd with such force that full 4999 of that accursed folk were slain. There one might have heard the heathen hounds yell and cry on every side. The Christians laughed for gladness and praised the Saviour who helpeth His people everywhere.

The Emperor was completely baffled, and his wife who watched from afar adressed him saying:

“Wretched man that thou art, wherefore wilt thou wrestle with the World’s Ruler? What madness maketh thee, thou bitter baleful beast, war against Him who created thee and all earthly things? Be now convinced, and acknowledge from what thou hast seen, how mighty and how powerful, how high and how holy is the God of this Christian whom she worships. How vengefully will He, all-incensed, avenge Himself on thee. O wretch! who hast scattered with a stroke, and destroyed on thy account to-day so many thousands.”

Many, moreover, of the heathen people who had rushed to see the sight, when they saw the wonder and heard the Empress’s words, all at once turned and cried out:

“Truly, very worthy and deserving of all worship is the maiden’s God and the Christ the Son of God, and Him we know and acknowledge as Lord, and great Saviour from henceforth, and thy vile idols are all accursed for they can neither help themselves nor those who serve them.”

Maxence, hearing his wife’s words and seeing the effect they had on the people, ordered her to be put to death with the most cruel torture, both breasts being torn away to the bone, and he commanded that Catharine should be beheaded.

She, when brought forth, begged of the executioner a few moments for prayer, and lifting up her eyes to Heaven, said:

“Lord, Light and Life of all true believers, mild Jesu who art Thyself the reward of maidens, praised and exalted be Thou, great Saviour, and I thank Thee Lord, that Thou hast permitted me and wouldest that I should be in the number of Thy women. Lord, be gracious to me now, and grant me what I desire.

“I request by Thee this boon, that all those who mention my pain and my suffering unto Thee, dear Lord, and invoke me when they are about to endure the struggle of death, or whensoever they do this in need or in trouble, Thou listen to them speedily O Heavenly Saviour!

“Make flee from them all war and want, and unseasonable storms, hunger, and every heat that depresses and harms them. Lo! I abide here the bite of the sword’s edge, let him who puts me to death do all that he may, let him

take what he can take—the life of my body, I send my soul to the Saviour in Heaven. Command that it be placed by Thy holy angels in the Heavenly Company among Thy maidens.”

She had no sooner spoken than there came a voice descending from Heaven:

“Come my dearly beloved, come, my spouse, most beloved of women. Behold the Gate of Eternal Life awaits thee fully opened. The abode of every joy expecteth and longeth for thy coming—Lo! all the Assembly of Virgins and the Company of Heaven are coming to meet thee with the crown of victory.

“Come now and doubt nothing in regard to all that thou hast prayed for. All those who think of thee and of thy passion inwardly in their heart, how thou enduredst death, at every time when they shall invoke thee with love and true faith, I promise them help speedily from Heaven.”

She at these words, stretched forth her snow-white neck and said to the executioner: “Jesus Christ, my Life, my Beloved and my Lord hath called me to Him. Now then quickly perform that which is commanded thee,” and as she bade him he lifted up the baleful sword and struck off her head.

In the same place, instantly two miracles were performed. One of them was, that there sprang out with the stroke, milk mingled with blood, to bear witness of her pure virginity; the other—that angels descended from Heaven and carried her up on high and bore away her body and buried it on Mt. Sinai, a twenty-nine days’ journey from where Moses received the Law. Pilgrims say that the Lord worketh there many miracles past recount, the greatest that a stream of oil ever flows from her small bones which have a healing power wherever they go.

She died Friday, November 25, A. D. 307.

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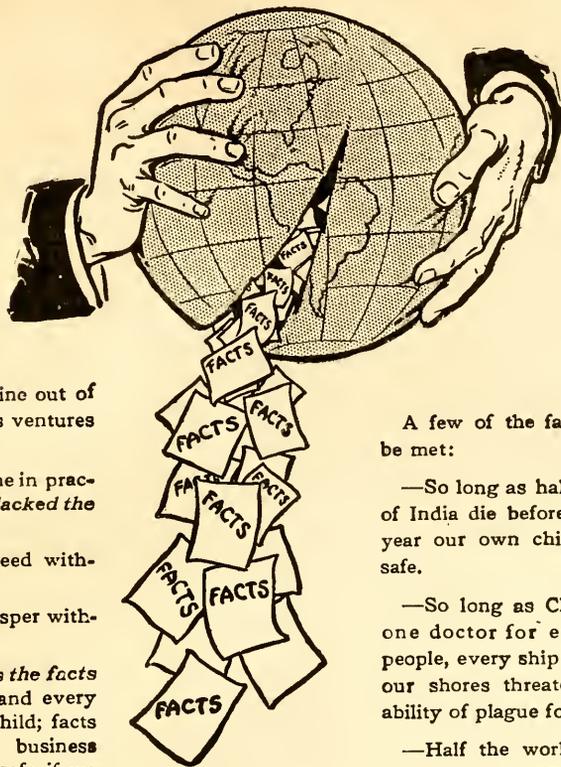
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