

The Open Court

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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

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THE PRINCE AND HIS PLAYMATE.

BY VAN DYCK.

[Charles II of England as a child.]

Frontispiece to The Open Court.

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THE RESURRECTION OF JESUS—AN HISTORICAL INQUIRY.

BY THE REV. JOSEPH C. ALLEN.

WHAT occurred, after the death of Jesus, to give rise to all the New Testament stories of His resurrection? The problem is tremendously complicated, and no answer has yet been given that has satisfied the majority of those students even that are able to put aside theological presuppositions and the real or supposed interests of religious faith.

In passing, it is worth while, however, to point out that the question of the immortality of the human soul is not at all involved in this historical problem. If a human body became alive again after it had been dead three days, that would have no bearing on the immortality of the soul. If such a thing should occur quite a number of times, it would be evidence that the immortality of the body is a possible achievement for the race. But if it occurred only once in human history, it would indicate only that the body concerned was different from that of all other men. In neither case would physical resurrection have any bearing on the immortality of the soul. Nor would it, in case the resurrection were a solitary occurrence in all history, prove anything as to the soul or personality of the possessor of such a body. The divinity or deity of Jesus is not proved by his rising from the grave, nor is it disproved if the resurrection be refuted. No rational foundation of Christian faith can be shaken by an unbiased enquiry into this historical problem. But it is complicated enough, when we have laid hopes and fears aside, and are ready to consider it in the dry light of reason, and with no purpose but to ascertain the actual fact.

These stories of the resurrection of Jesus are so abundant that we cannot brush them aside as baseless and inconsequential. They are, however, at the same time so strange, and so contradictory one of another, that we are compelled to regard most of them as far from accurate, and all of them as somewhat suspicious. Did the risen Jesus appear to the disciples in and near Jerusalem alone, as Luke declares; or (except for the appearance to the women near the grave) in Galilee alone, as Matthew states? Was the first appearance to Peter (I Cor. xv, 5, Lk. xxiv, 34, and by inference from Mk. xvi, 7), to Mary Magdalene alone (Jn. xx, 14), or to Mary Magdalene and "the other Mary" (Matt. xxviii, 9)? Did He forbid to be touched before He ascended into heaven (Jn. xx, 17)? or, before this ascension had taken place, did He invite the disciples to handle Him (Lk. xxiv, 39; cf. 50 f.)? Again, when did Jesus ascend into heaven? Luke places this event on either the evening following the resurrection, or possibly very early the next morning. The same author, writing some years later, dates His ascension forty days after His rising from the tomb (Acts i, 3 f.). John's account of the appearance to Mary Magdalene, and of that to the eleven eight days later, imply that Jesus has ascended to heaven in the time intervening. No description of the ascension is given anywhere but in Luke and Acts, and the appendix to Mark. Mark's evidence is unfortunately lost, as we have not the genuine ending of his gospel. Neither Matthew nor Paul mentions the ascension. Paul appears to think of the resurrection and ascension as one and the same event, and to hold that Jesus either showed Himself from heaven, or came down to earth occasionally to meet His disciples.

Such glaring contradictions do not, however, indicate that the stories are baseless. On the contrary, they are evidence that something startling occurred, and that those who saw it were so moved by the experience that they were not able to remember and report it accurately.

And not only these contradictions, but the great volume of the testimony to the resurrection of Jesus, is evidence of some startling and definite fact or experience. Paul had spent fifteen days with Peter (Gal. i, 18). It is obviously, then, on Peter's authority that he gives a list of the appearances of the risen Jesus (I. Cor., xv.). Among these appearances, he states, was one to "above five hundred brethren at once, of whom," he says, "the greater part remain until now, but some are fallen asleep." We can hardly doubt that this particular statement of Paul is based on an actual experience of a

large number of disciples at some assemblage, or that the experience was of such a sort as to make them believe that they had either seen Jesus with the physical eye, or felt in the mind His real presence.

This story of the appearance to the five hundred was a part of the apostolic tradition. Why, then, is it not related in any of the Gospels? On the other hand, why is Paul silent about the empty tomb, the appearance to Mary Magdalene, the exhibition by Jesus of His wounds and His inviting the disciples to touch Him, and lastly His eating and talking with them? Here is indicated a profound difference of view between Paul and the evangelists. To him the resurrection was spiritual—not a reanimation of the body. Jesus, he says, “was seen” (ὡφ η̅ I. Cor. xv, 5) by Peter and others, and lastly by himself. The word emphasizes the mental element, and may be used with especial fitness of visions. It was, in fact, in a vision that Paul had seen Jesus, and he evidently did not think it necessary to distinguish between this vision and the other appearances that he summarizes. For to Paul’s mind the body of Jesus that was laid in the tomb did not come to life, and the manifestations were not material.

On the other hand, the writers at least of the Synoptic Gospels believe that a physical resurrection took place; and therefore they are not interested in any appearance except such as indicated this physical resurrection. John possibly held a different view; but if he did the Synoptic tradition was in his time so fixed that he had to follow it in the main.

Paul, then, and the Gospels are not radically inconsistent in their accounts. Each selected such appearances as bore out the one or the other theory of the resurrection. Some at least of the appearances Paul enumerates were actual experiences, whether or not they correspond to any outward reality. Yet at the same time the Gospel stories of the physical resurrection may be based on actual occurrences.

A reanimation of the body is, however, too great a marvel to be proved on the evidence before us. Some even of the Gospel stories are really against it. For a human body cannot pass through walls, to appear to the disciples “when the doors were shut” (Jn. xx, 19 and 26; Lk. xxiv, 36 and 37), appear and disappear repeatedly without regard to physical conditions, and finally rise from earth to the sky. Moreover, the silence of Paul as to the physical manifestations is significant. He had visited Peter and received the Apostolic tradition somewhere between fifteen and twenty years after the event, while the memory of it was still fresh and many witnesses

were still alive. The Apostolic tradition must at this time have been a little uncertain as to a physical resurrection, or Paul could not have been utterly silent on this point.

Uniting, then, the evidence of the Gospels with that of Paul, we gather: First, that the disciples had such experiences as convinced them that Jesus was still alive; secondly, that they thought they had also some evidence of His bodily resurrection; but, thirdly, that they were not absolutely sure that His body had been restored to life.

What was the evidence that made them think Jesus had risen bodily? Among the Gospel stories of the resurrection, one stands in supreme and unique prominence, namely, the visit of the women to the tomb, and their finding it to be open and empty. All the Gospels, the uncanonical ones included, tell this story without serious disagreement. It is the only resurrection story to which the unanimous and consistent witness of the Gospels is given. In time of occurrence this precedes all other Gospel stories connected with the resurrection, save only Matthew's tale of the watch at the tomb. In all the others of these stories, the women's discovery is presupposed. To all of them it might give a natural occasion. The report of the empty tomb might give rise to the rumor that Jesus had come to life and walked bodily out of His grave. From this might grow other rumors of His being seen and touched, and of His eating with some of the disciples. These rumors would seem all the more likely when visions of Jesus had actually been experienced. But, on the other hand, none other of the Gospel stories, nor all of the visions, could give rise and general credence to the report that certain women had gone to the tomb on Sunday morning and found it to be empty.

A certain detail of this story of the women deserves more attention than is usually given to it. Mark relates (xvi, 5 f.) that, "entering into the tomb they saw a young man sitting on the right side, arrayed in a white robe; and they were amazed." Matthew also writes of the angel, but tells of his being seen outside instead of within the tomb, and of his rolling away the stone door and sitting upon it (xxviii, 2 f.). Evidently these are variants of the same story, and Mark's version is the more primitive. Matthew has also a story of an appearance of Jesus to the women on their flight from the tomb (xxviii, 9, 10). The original ending of Mark probably did not contain a record of this meeting. For the abrupt ending of verse 8, "And they went out and fled from the tomb; for trembling and astonishment had come upon them; and they were

afraid—," indicates that the writer has finished telling what they saw. Luke, moreover, tells nothing of this appearance to the women. But John (xx, 11 f.) comes to the support of Matthew in this particular.

Luke's version of the sight of angels at the tomb may throw light on Matthew's story of the appearance of Jesus to the women. He relates (xxiv 3 f.) that after they had entered the tomb and found that the body of Jesus was not there, "behold, two men stood by them in dazzling apparel." These were evidently angels; and apparently they were seen by the women inside the tomb. John also relates that two angels were seen in the sepulcher (xx, 11 f.). Now if an early, or perhaps the original, form of this story of the women's experience at the tomb, told of two angels being seen there, it might easily be transformed into the report that one angel and Jesus himself had been seen. But if the women had seen only the one angel, it is not easy to account for the report of two. Furthermore, (and this is a stronger point,) if they had seen anything resembling one angel alone, the story would have been quickly transformed to the effect that they had actually beheld, not an angel, but Jesus himself. Or if the story of the vision of a single angel were not based on an actual experience, it would just as quickly be transformed. Nothing but the point that two angels were seen, instead of one alone, could keep the story from changing to the effect that Jesus himself was seen.

On the other hand, we cannot think of this incident of the presence of two angels as an imaginative addition to the story of the empty tomb. If it were mythical, it would not speak of two, but only of one. The women must have actually seen what appeared to them to be two men or angels in white garments. This carries with it the necessary inference that the whole story of the visit to the tomb is in the main true.

The seeing of the angels at the tomb evidently made a deep impression on the disciples. All four of the canonical Gospels record it. John, moreover, seems bent on explaining it away. Angels are so seldom mentioned by this writer, and, when mentioned, referred to in so noncommittal a way that it is doubtful whether he believes in them. He relates, in substantial accord with Luke, that Mary Magdalene, looking into the tomb, beheld two angels in white. But he informs us (xx, 3 f.) that a little while before this, Peter and "the disciple whom Jesus loved" had gone into the tomb and seen on one side the linen cloths in which the body had been swathed, and, rolled up in a place apart, the napkin that had been upon the head.

The thought naturally suggests itself, that this was the cause why Mary Magdalene saw the two angels; and the writer seems to have had this thought in mind in telling of Peter's discovery. But beside this purpose to discount a miracle that seemed to him gross and meaningless, there is also here an effort to discredit the tradition that Peter had been the first to see the risen Jesus. For, according to the Fourth Gospel, it was not Jesus, but only the grave-clothes Peter was permitted to be first to see.

The attempt of the writer of the Fourth Gospel to rationalize the story of the angels at the tomb, is an indication that it was in his day a tradition so well established that he could not afford to ignore it.

The influence of this tradition is seen in one or perhaps two stories that relate to other occasions. The account of the ascension given in Acts (i, 9 f.) tells that, "while they were looking steadfastly into heaven as he went, behold, two men stood by them in white apparel; which also said, Ye men of Galilee—" etc. This is a close parallel to Matthew's, Mark's, and especially to Luke's story of the angels at the tomb. Compare, for example, Lk. xxiv, 4. Note also the reference to Galilee, which is given besides in Mk. xvi, 7, Matt. xxviii, 7, 10, and Lk. xxiv, 6. This story of the two angels present at the ascension, is evidently a reminiscence of the other story about the two angels at the tomb.

The tradition of the transfiguration (Mk. ix, 2 f. Mt. xvii, 1 f. and Lk. ix, 28 f.) may also have been influenced from the same source. Here also are the dazzling white garments, and the two personages from a supernatural sphere. Note, too, that according to Luke these two persons talked with Jesus "of His decease which He was to accomplish at Jerusalem." Finally, note that according to Mark and Matthew, Jesus commanded the three disciples that were with Him at the time, to keep silence respecting this thing until after His resurrection.

It has already been argued that the story of the angels must be historic, because otherwise it could not have kept its peculiar form. This conclusion is re-enforced by the consideration that the tradition of these angels was so fixed and persistent, and was potent to create the myth of the angels at the ascension, perhaps also to influence the story of the transfiguration.

Further proof of the authenticity of the women's story is found in the influence it as a whole appears to have exerted. As has been pointed out, the Gospel narratives of the resurrection are all pivoted on this story. That is to say, if these stories are myths, they could

not have arisen except on the basis of this report. The physical manifestations of Jesus, the proofs that He carried His natural body with Him, presuppose the empty tomb.

And, further, even the evidence that Paul summarizes also presupposes a physical resurrection, and consequently an empty tomb. Paul himself, as has been pointed out, did not believe in a physical resurrection. But unless the resurrection of Jesus was physical, it becomes so indefinite and indeterminable, that it cannot be identified for historical enquiry, and consequently cannot be classified as fact or fiction. Take away the defining concept of physical reanimation, and the resurrection from a thinkable historical occurrence dissipates into a series of visions, with no necessary connection and no definite and unalterable relation to an objective reality; or on the other hand it may lose itself in the general idea of personal immortality, or of living in human hearts as an influence.

To such a disintegration of the belief in the resurrection of Jesus, Paul himself was a witness and, though he did not know it, an unwilling contributor. He for his part went so far as to reject belief in a strictly physical resurrection (I. Cor. xv, 50). However, he held to the rising of a "spiritual body" resembling the natural one, but not the same, and free of all grossness (I. Cor. xv, 35 f.). This conception is necessarily vague and unstable; and it is obviously a modification of the idea of a physical resurrection. It is not surprising, then, that some of the followers of Paul took more advanced ground, and denied any sort of resurrection (I. Cor. xv, 12 f.). We must not infer that they doubted or denied the immortality of the soul. They were Greeks, and could conceive of the soul as something utterly distinct from the body. But Paul, with his Jewish training, could not go so far; and so an utter denial of the resurrection meant to him a denial of personal immortality. Such a fear we cannot share; but the point is well taken when he declares, "For if the dead are not raised, neither hath Christ been raised." The immortality of the spirit of Jesus is not disturbed by doubts of a physical resurrection. But His resurrection as a historical fact was unsettled by Paul's spiritualizing tendencies, and constructively denied by some of his followers.

The visions Paul enumerates could not of themselves alone be of great historical significance. Seeing dead men in visions was never a very rare occurrence. These visions might perhaps be subjective; but probably in an unscientific age they would be accepted without much question as evidence of the immortality of the person so seen. Such appearances, however, if they occurred at different

times for a month or a year, or possibly for several years, could not, even to an unscientific and susceptible mind, lead to the conclusion that a resurrection had taken place on a certain day. But given beforehand a report of such a resurrection, and these visions might confirm people in the belief that it had actually occurred.

But suppose these visions, or most of them, occurred on the same day—the third after the death of Jesus? In that case there must have been some occasion for their occurrence at that particular time. And that occasion could hardly be anything else than a report then received, that Jesus had risen from the grave. But even in that case it is difficult to believe that the visions would be confined to that day alone.

Accepting, then, as historical, these visions or most of them, that are mentioned by Paul, we must think that they were partly, at least, occasioned by the report of the women's experience at the tomb. This story would set the disciples in an attitude of expectancy and emotional tension very favorable to visions. Some difficulty appears, however, from the record of Mark. He declares that the women, after they had been to the tomb, "said nothing to any one." This may mean one of two things. First, that they did not immediately report what they had seen. If this is the meaning, there is no difficulty. It is easy to imagine that the women, "seized with trembling and astonishment," kept silent regarding the sight until their awe had somewhat abated. Prudence, too, may have dictated silence until they were safely out of Judea. It is possible, also, that Peter, suspecting they had something interesting to tell, questioned them until he obtained their secret.

Secondly, however, the meaning may be, that the women had carefully kept this a secret for years, until the writer of Mark, or of Mark's written source, obtained it as new or perhaps private information. In that case Mark must have had some particular reason for this explanation. We might conjecture that his purpose was to allay the wonder and suspicions of disciples that would ask, "How is it we never heard this story before?" But it is not likely the disciples would examine very curiously into such a story, or receive it with suspicion, even if it were not known until a generation after the event. They would gladly accept without question any tale of the resurrection that was not wildly improbable. We must seek another reason for Mark's explanation. It may have been felt that this evidence of the women was, after all, a weak point, and would weaken the whole story, not indeed in the eyes of the believers, but of unbelievers. Perhaps the disciples had already found this

in their efforts to convince others of the fact of the resurrection. Mark then may have wished to answer the charge already made, or to avoid its being made in the future, that all this story of the resurrection grew out of the report of two excitable women, respecting something they had seen at a tomb "very early in the morning." We can, then, imagine Mark to be saying in effect, "No, this story of the resurrection could not have begun with the women; for, until quite recently, they have been silent respecting what they saw." If such a purpose was behind Mark's statement that the women "said nothing to any one," we need not question his honesty, but may think it likely that the wish was father to the thought. On the other hand it is very unlikely that the women would keep the story strictly to themselves for any long period of time.

The story of the women is not improbable on either historical or scientific grounds. As Jesus was crucified on Friday, it was natural that the women should defer their return to Galilee until after the Sabbath. It was natural, too, that before beginning their trip homeward, they should go to see the place where Jesus had been buried. The tomb may have been opened over night. The body may have been removed just after the Sabbath to some other resting place. If this was done, it was probably done by order of the owner of the tomb. A reason for haste might be found in the fear that decomposition would set in, so that soon the removal of the body would be offensive. In the warm climate of Judea a dead body would soon show signs of decay. As to the appearance of the angels, two living men may have been in the tomb at this time. They may have returned for some purpose after removing the body. Perhaps they were talking together, and the women heard something about Galileans. This would be natural, since Jesus and His disciples were Galileans. The women, finding that the tomb was open and the body of Jesus was not inside, but seeing instead the two living men and hearing them speak—and all this in the dimness of early dawn—would naturally run away in great fear, instead of tarrying to make a careful investigation. The garments of the men may have appeared preternaturally white against the shadows of the tomb, so that the women would think they had seen angels. The men may have said to them that the body was not in that tomb. The imagination of the women would quickly add to the words, "He is not here," the further words, "He is risen." As they had overheard some remark about Galileans they would interpret it, "He goeth before you into Galilee," or else, "He told you in Galilee."

We may vary the conjectures. It may be that the men were

not at this time in the tomb, and that the voice was not heard but imagined. Certain grave-clothes may have been left when the body was removed. In the dim light of early dawn, the women may have taken these grave-clothes for living persons. Again, it is possible that the body had not been removed, but that the men were in the tomb for that purpose, at the time the women made their visit. Finding the tomb to be open, and seeing what seemed to be angels within, they concluded that Jesus had come to life and walked away. Finally, we may conjecture that the body was not at this time or ever afterward removed from the tomb. But the great stone door may have been hastily and carelessly rolled against the entrance, leaving an aperture through which one could look within. Some grave-clothes may have been left beside the body, as there had not been time for proper burial before the Sabbath. The women may have been ignorant of these circumstances. When they came to the sepulcher, they would marvel at seeing that the stone was not quite in its place. When they peered within, they could not make out the body in the dim light, but could see the grave-clothes, and thought they were looking at angels. There is, in short, a variety of not unlikely conjectures that can be made. The essential and trustworthy parts of the story are as follows: The women came to the tomb early in the morning. The stone was not in place. They looked in (perhaps hastily) but did not see the body. They did see two white objects that they took to be men or angels.

Naturally the women would think, from the presence of the angels, that something supernatural had taken place. The displacement of the stone they would attribute to the work of these angels. The fact that the body was not seen, would make them think Jesus had come back to life, with the assistance of these angels, and had walked out of the sepulcher. When they told the disciples the things they had seen and surmised, their story would cause great excitement, and in this excitement visions would easily be experienced. The first of these visions, we may well believe, was experienced, as Paul states, by Peter.

It may be well, at this point, to show that it is altogether unlikely that Peter, or any of the apostles, could have been concerned in the removal of the body, if it was really removed, or in any way parties to a fraud or deception. In the first place, they were too much dismayed by the death of their Master to think of any such scheme. But chiefly it must be urged, if they knew the faith of the early church to be based on a fraud, they would not have been wil-

ling to die for it. It is impossible to think these apostles were anything but sincere. So if the body was removed, this must have been done by order of the owner of the tomb, and the apostles must have remained in ignorance of the fact. The story of the Fourth Gospel about Peter and the beloved disciple going to the tomb after the report of the women, and carefully inspecting the place, is highly improbable. The disciples were probably at this time well on their way back to Galilee. But if Peter and John did inspect the tomb and ascertain its true condition, it would be their duty to enquire whether human hands in fact removed the body. Or, at least, what they had seen ought to have been made public, and become a part of the apostolic tradition. But the absence of any account of this in the Synoptics (Lk. xxiv, 12 is an interpolation), shows that it was not a part of the apostolic tradition.

We have, then, in this visit of the women to the tomb, the true historic basis for the Gospel stories of the resurrection. There was, however, at least one other factor that contributed to the formation of these stories—namely, the visions that our Gospels have omitted to mention, but Paul has enumerated. The story of the women would probably not have brought about this general belief in the resurrection of Jesus, without the help of these visions. It is true, on the other hand, that these visions must have been largely occasioned by the story of the women. But that is not to say that the visions were caused only by the excitement due to this story. What spiritual cause they may also have had, and whether they were entirely subjective, or were real manifestations of the spirit of Jesus, or revelations of His immortality, are questions that are, for the present at least, beyond the reach of historical enquiry. By these visions the disciples were at least convinced that their Master was still alive. If, as it appears, because of the report of the women, they also thought He had walked bodily from His tomb, it was a rash conclusion, it is true, from such slender evidence, but at any rate, only an incident to their conviction of the glorious immortality that belonged first of all to Jesus, and then to His disciples.

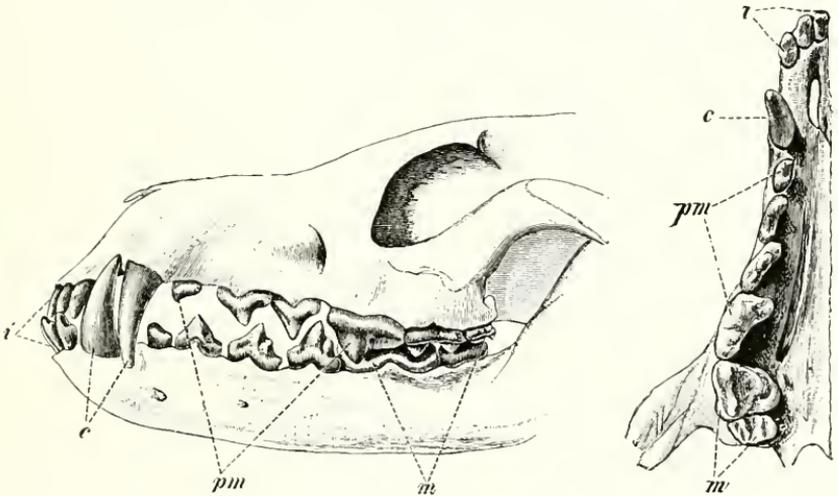
Lastly, it is proper, even in a strictly historical enquiry, to glance upon a certain poetic aspect of this story of the resurrection of Jesus. Without doubt the belief of disciples, from the first century until now, in the resurrection, has been based somewhat on their own personal experiences. "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world," are, according to Matthew, the last words of the risen Jesus, before he disappeared forever from the eyes of the disciples. The promise has been fulfilled from that day to this

in the experiences of many believers, who feel the actual presence of Christ in their hearts. This doubtless has made many feel that the resurrection of Jesus is indeed a thing they know to be true. And in this sense the resurrection is really true. For, beyond all considerations of personal immortality, Jesus lives to-day, perhaps as no other human personality, in the hearts of His followers.

THE WEAPONS AND TOOLS OF THE DOG.

BY WOODS HUTCHINSON, A.M., M.D.

THE main thing a dog is built for is to carry about and “back up” his teeth. If you know the teeth you know the dog. He is literally almost like the Cheshire Cat in “Alice in Wonderland,” who could be built up again from his grin. And, indeed, this is true of all sorts of animals. Their teeth will give you the best possible key to the puzzle of their make-up. Look closely at any animal’s



TEETH OF THE DOG. (*Canis familiaris*).
(Wiedersheim.)

teeth, or, if he be a bird, his beak, and if you know how to read them, they will tell you at once what sort of an animal he is, and even what kind of a body and legs or wings he has.

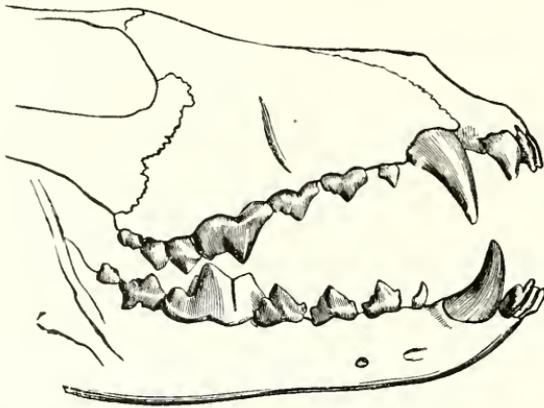
And if you will think a moment you will see why. An animal’s teeth are fitted, not only to eat his food, but to cut it up and catch it as well.

You can tell what kind of food an animal lives on, by a look at his teeth, just as you can tell that you're going to have boiled eggs for breakfast by seeing the egg-cups on the table.

If you lift a dog's upper lip, or get him to smile at you, you will see that he has, right in front, six small, flat teeth and on each side of these, above and below, two long, strong, spear-pointed teeth, like curved ivory daggers.

If you have no dog, look at the first picture, but the real teeth are best.

What can these big spear-shaped teeth be for? Certainly not to clip, or crop, leaves and grass, or bite off bread and butter, or crack nuts. There's only one thing they could be useful for and that is to plunge into something and either tear it to pieces, or hang



GENERAL AND SIDE VIEW OF THE DOG'S TEETH. (Chauveau.)

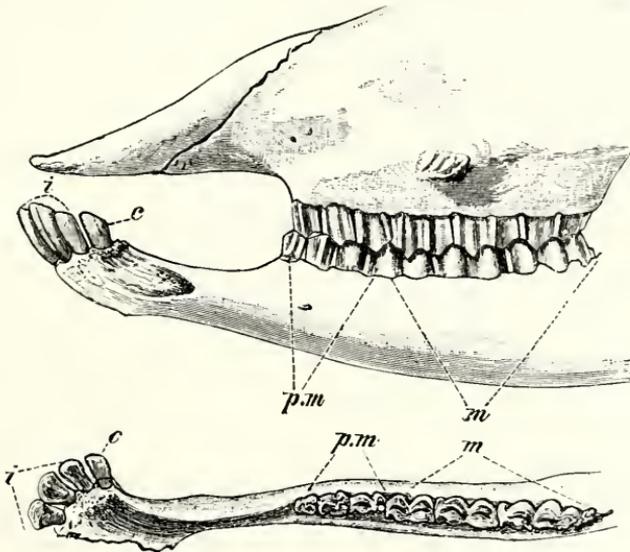
Notice number of teeth in each jaw, and small size of four front- or pre-molars.

on like grim death. If we look at the way the upper pair of these big teeth (which are called *canine*, or *dog* teeth, because they are so large in all the dog family) drop down behind and outside of the lower spikes, when the jaws close, locking them together like the teeth on the jaws of a rat-trap, we shall see that to hold fast to the throat of a deer, or the nose of a wild bull, or the hide of a badger, is just what they are suited for. If they were simply for catching little animals, like rabbits and squirrels, they would not need to be so big and strong, or to interlock so beautifully. Then in those tremendous battles which wild dogs and wolves have to fight, with one another for food, or from jealousy at the mating season, or with rival packs, these great, ivory daggers are deadly weapons. And as

dogs work for a living with their teeth as we do with our brains and our hands it is no wonder that they are so big and beautiful.

Supposing that we had never seen a dog and were to come across his skull somewhere, we should say at once, from the size of the "dog-teeth," that those were the only important weapons he had. And we should be quite right, for the dog has neither hoofs like the horse, nor horns like a bull or goat, nor fists like a man.

Then, says someone at once: "Have these animals no *canine* teeth?" Let us look at their jaws for a moment. Take the goat, for instance, and we find at once a row of chisel-teeth in front and a row of big grinding-teeth at the back of the mouth, but between the two a long



TEETH OF SHEEP. (*Ovis aries*.)

(Wiedersheim.)

Showing disappearance of upper incisors and incisor shape of canine and gap between canine and premolars.

gap, not a trace of a canine, apparently, although if you count carefully, you will find what looks like a small, extra fourth chisel-tooth, which is all that is left of it.

And here is his first cousin, the sheep, with exactly the same gap. If you had never seen anything else of a goat but this skull, you would be able to say at once that it defends itself with some other weapon than its teeth, and all of you who have seen—or felt—a goat "butt" know what a formidable battering-ram it has in place of canines.

In the horse's mouth you find the same gap, and here it is quite

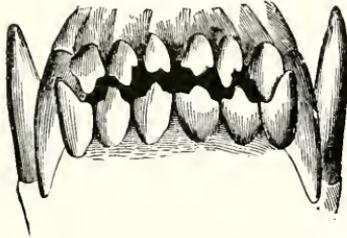
useful to us, as it is where the bit drops in when a bridle is put on. If you have tried to put a bit in a dog's mouth to drive him to a toy wagon you have found that there's no comfortable place for it to rest. Perhaps some of you may think that this space was made for the bit, or by wearing it constantly, but that couldn't account for it, for wild horses have it also. Indeed it was there long before there was such a thing as a bit, or even a man to think of using one.

And again, our rule holds, for, as you all know, a horse's most dangerous weapons are his hoofs, and especially his hind ones, though a few very vicious horses will use their front hoofs like a prize fighter, and tremendously hard they can hit, too. But it is usually safe to walk right up to any ordinary horse in front, though never behind unless you know him fairly well. However, horses do bite sometimes with their front chisel-teeth, as we shall see when we come to look at them, and, to prevent your getting a partly wrong idea, I must tell you that in full-grown horses two small but very sharp *canine* teeth do grow up in this gap. But here again they are according to rule, for they come just when they are needed by the horse to fight off other horses, wolves or panthers, from his herd of mares and colts, and the bite of an angry stallion is one of the most dangerous injuries in the world.

In fact you will make up your minds from looking at these jaws that the goat, the sheep and the horse, eating no meat, hence needing no tearing teeth, and having other weapons to fight with, have practically lost their canines, while the dog, doing both these things with his teeth alone, has kept and improved his, and we shall see this still more clearly when we look at our own teeth. Turn to a looking-glass, smile broadly, and what do you see? Ivory daggers sticking up three-quarters of an inch above the other teeth? A gap between front and back teeth? Neither one, but if you look closely just at the corners of the mouth above and below, you will see four strong, spear-shaped, blunt-pointed teeth, the points of which may perhaps just stick up above the other teeth far enough to be seen. These are our dog-teeth, and by putting them alongside of the other skulls you have seen, you can soon puzzle out why they are so much smaller than the dog's and yet haven't gone the way of the goat's and the sheep's. When we go to war we fight with weapons held in our hands—swords, spears, guns, and have done ever since our savage forefathers learned to swing a club or throw a stone or dart, so that we no longer need great canine teeth to fight with, but we still eat meat, and hence need small ones to tear it with. If you find it hard to believe that they were ever big enough to fight with, just pass your

finger up under your upper lip from the root of one of them and feel the great ridge which runs upward almost to the floor of the nose and which indeed can be felt on the face through the lip.

This is made by the great, powerful root, almost twice the size of the part of the tooth that stands above the gum, which shows that our tooth-spear had once a much longer head than it has now. From its running up so far towards the eye, has arisen its common name of "eye-tooth," though it has, of course, nothing whatever to do with the sight. Although we have long ago forgotten that we had ever used our teeth to fight with, yet if you will stand before the glass and try to look very scornful and angry, you will see your upper lip curl up just like the dog's when he growls or snarls. And it curls up precisely at the point where it will show the canine tooth to best advantage, so that the "lip of scorn" or the sneer is really a threat of attack, by half drawing your weapon from its sheath.

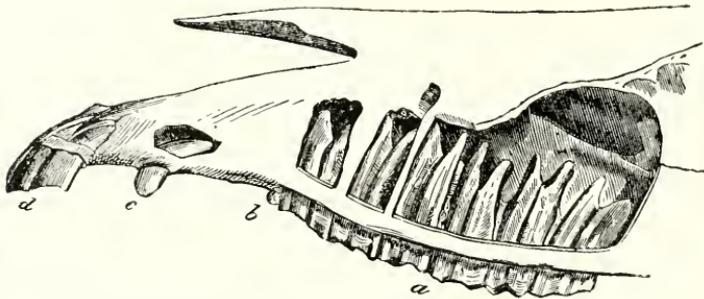


FRONT VIEW OF THE INCISORS AND CANINE TEETH IN A YEAR-OLD DOG. (Chauveau.)

Though we never think of biting any one we dislike nowadays, yet when we sneer we make a face just as if we were going to. So hard is it for our muscles to forget old habits.

Now that we have seen that the big "spear-teeth" of the dog are not only the largest but the most useful and important of all, let us look at the others. Here are a row of little ones across the front of the mouth which are quite different from the canines. Instead of being round and pointed, they are flat in front and behind, running up to a sharp cutting edge, like a notched chisel. They are very narrow chisels, however, and quite small, not more than a fourth of the size of the canines. Now what could such teeth as these do? They could not hook into anything so as to hold it firmly or tear it, because their tops are too wide and all on a level; besides they stand close together and the upper ones only just touch the tips of the lower ones when the jaws are closed, or perhaps overlap slightly, instead of fitting down between them. Evidently the only thing that

these teeth can do is for the six above to play against the six below, like the rather jagged blades of a pair of scissors, or the jaws of a pair of punch-forceps, and cut off anything that comes between them. They are so small, compared with the canines, that we should be inclined to think that the dog eats but little food which needs to be cut or sheared off in this way, and, of course, as we all know, this is the case, for neither the bodies of birds, nor of animals, or indeed meat of any sort could be clipped up in this fashion. What sort of food could be cut up with teeth arranged to act like the blades of scissors? Grass, or leaves of any sort, or fruits. Then if we were to look into the mouth of any animal which lived mainly upon any of these might we expect to find its front teeth well developed? Here is the horse's skull again, and we see across the front of both jaws a closely-packed row of large, strong, square-edged, chisel-like teeth, which your pony, when he is pretending to bite you, can bring to-



PROFILE OF THE UPPER TEETH OF THE HORSE.

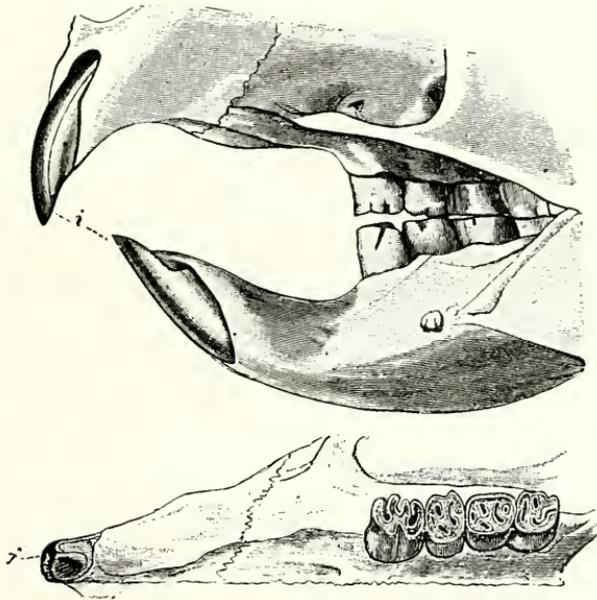
Showing molars, the roots of which have been exposed. (Chauveau.)
 (a) Molar teeth, (b) supplementary molar, (c) canine, (d) incisors.

gether with a snap like the jaws of a trap and which are just fitted to crop the grass off as close and even as a lawn mower.

Look at our picture of the sheep's skull. In its lower jaw you find just such another strong, keen-edged row, but in the upper jaw not a sign of a tooth. Was the poor creature so old that it had lost all its upper front teeth? Hardly, because here in the sheep and in the cow you find exactly the same thing; and if you will watch a cow or a sheep grazing you will see that instead of cropping quietly with both jaws, like the horse, they hook a tuft of grass into their mouths and across this tooth-sickle with the tongue, and then cut it off by jerking their heads upward and sideways, so that you can see their chins going jerk! jerk! the whole time. And this is why a cow cannot graze the grass off as close and clean as a horse can, although

a sheep with its much smaller jaw and sharper teeth can do almost as well.

Why hasn't a sheep or cow kept its upper front teeth like the horse? I will answer by asking another question: "What does a horse still do with its front teeth, which a sheep doesn't?" Then a dozen of you will answer: "Why, fight and bite, or course." The horse still uses his front teeth to fight with, especially against other horses and wolves, though not half as often as he does his hoofs. Most of the nips that you will see or feel him make with them are only half in fun and meant as a "Don't, please!" against having his hair brushed too hard or his harness put on roughly, yet when he's



TEETH OF THE PORCUPINE (*Hystrix hirsutirostris*).

(Wiedersheim.)

Showing huge development of central incisors and disappearance of canines and premolars.

really angry he can give a terrible bite with his hard, yellow teeth and huge jaws. A vicious stallion will sometimes catch his keeper by the arm or shoulder and lift him up and shake him as a terrier does a rat.

Now, if you will look at your own front teeth and see what broad, strong, straight-edged chisels and wedges they are, and what a close row they form, you will not be surprised to find how much

use you make of them in eating bread, biscuits, apples, celery, tarts, in fact everything that you don't cut up with a knife, or eat from a spoon. As we've only been using forks and spoons for about three hundred years, think how much more useful they must have been before that, and you will not be surprised to find that in a savage's skull they are often worn away down to *the very gums*.

Just to see what huge chisels they can develop into when needed for gnawing purposes, look at this porcupine's skull as a sample of all the "gnawers" or *rodents*, like the beaver, rat, squirrel, etc.

From their usefulness in cutting food up into bits, to be chewed or ground by the back teeth, they are called in all animals *incisors*, which is simply Latin for "cutters-into."

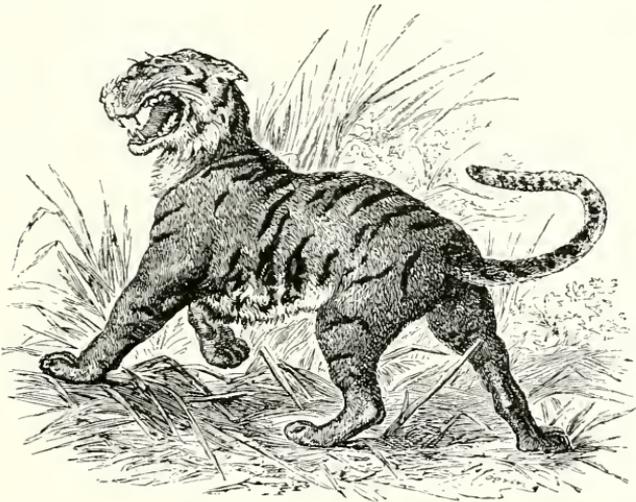
We have found from all these examples that the front or incisor teeth follow exactly the same rule as the canines, they are just as large, or as small, as fully present, or completely absent as the food of the animal requires.

If we look again at the dog's front teeth, after having seen those of the other animals, we are struck by their smallness and weakness and poor cutting-shape, the line of their tops is more like the top of a picket fence, than the edge of a sickle. Indeed, if you will examine a full grown dog's mouth or a skull that has been handled roughly, you will often find two or three of these teeth so loose in the jaw that you can move them about with your finger, while the canines stand as solid as fence posts. This further supports our rule, because the dog's incisors must be short to let his canines interlock (as you can easily prove by trying to make your canines interlock) and as he eats no grass, or leaves, or vegetables, and does all his fighting with his canines, he really makes very little use of his incisors, and they evidently incline to go the way of the goat's upper ones.

Now, although these cutters and canines are the only teeth which show in the dog's mouth under ordinary circumstances, if you can catch him at meal-times, or when he yawns, you will see that he has a whole mouthful of teeth behind these. Two long gleaming rows of ivories, all of about the same size and shape, apparently, but getting larger and stronger as they go back. The same row and canines show in the tiger and all the cat family. At first sight it looks as if there were ten or a dozen in each row, but when you look closer you will find that each tooth has from three to five points, or peaks, the middle one usually highest, and that there are only six teeth above and seven below, on each side.

Most of these smaller "teeth upon teeth," "cusps," as they are called, are placed in an almost straight line running backward, so

that this part of the jaw looks like the edge of a very large and jagged carpenter's saw. Now what can tools of this shape be useful for? Evidently not for cropping grass and leaves, for they are too jagged and too far back in the mouth, nor for plunging into things and hanging on, nor for grinding corn, or grass, into a pulp. But they would carve meat up into pieces very well and if you give a dog a large piece of meat, too big to be bolted, and especially one with a bone in it, you will see him turn the side of his mouth towards it, push it just as far back as he can, shut the eye on that side, and gnaw away at it with these great saw-teeth, until he succeeds in half cutting, half haggling off, a piece small enough to swallow. Then, when he gets down to the bone he'll hold that down with his paws,



THE TIGER.

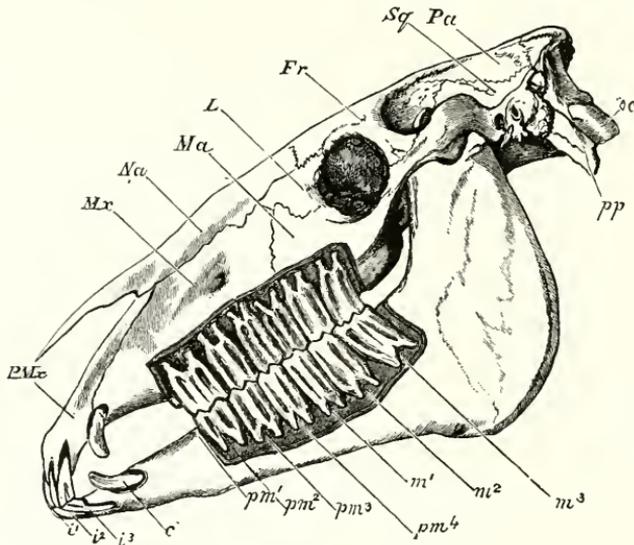
Showing slim body, muscular thighs, strong front legs and paws, and short face with large teeth, all with sharp edges, especially canines, and one (the *carnassial*) near the back in both jaws. (Tenney.)

and laying his head alongside of it rasp and gnaw and scrape with these double saw-blades till he has cleaned all the meat and gristle off it. If the bone is a round one, he'll thrust it right into his mouth, far back, and bring the largest of those strong white wedges together upon it with all the force of his jaws till "crack!" it goes into splinters, and he can lick the marrow out of the hollow inside it. A long, slender tooth like the canine would soon be broken to pieces in this sort of work and an incisor, even if big enough, would be too

top-heavy, so you see again that teeth are just the shape that is needed for the work they have to do.

But, if this be true, we ought to find the back teeth of the horse and goat of quite different shape, for they have no meat to cut up or bones to gnaw, and so you will see, at once, when you look at the cuts. Here you will find a thick, square-sided row of teeth on each side, as close together as bricks in a wall, their tops forming a broad, flat surface like a paved walk, broken only by fine curving ridges running across it every quarter of an inch or so.

Now look in your own mouth, and you'll see another broad, thick, solid row on each side, though not quite so flat and even along



SIDE VIEW OF SKULL OF HORSE.

With bone removed so as to expose the roots of the teeth. i^1 , i^2 , and i^3 , the three incisors; c , the canine; pm^1 , the situation of the rudimentary first premolar, which has been lost in the lower, but is present in the upper jaw; pm^2 , pm^3 , and pm^4 , the three fully developed premolars; m^1 , m^2 , and m^3 , the three true molars. Note how closely the surfaces of upper and lower "mill-stones" of molar teeth fit together. (Flower.)

the top. What do such teeth look fit to do? Grind something, of course, and if you will put a few grains of corn, or a piece of hard biscuit into your mouth, you will find that your tongue carries it back at once to between these teeth and your jaws begin to move, not up and down, but with a swing from side to side, and the corn is caught between and ground into pulp in a few minutes. Watch a horse

when eating, or a cow when chewing the cud, and you will see their jaws swing in exactly the same way, and then you may know that these big "mill-teeth" are at work on the hay and corn. And when you have seen them at work you will know why they are called *molar*, or "mill-teeth." The first two to four of this long line of teeth are usually smaller and less regular than the others, as you can see in the dog's and your own jaw, and are called *premolars*, or "fore-mill" teeth, *bicuspid*s in our own mouths.

Now that we have seen the shape of the teeth in the different parts of a dog's mouth, it will be interesting to watch and see how he uses his teeth. In eating out of a dish of scraps, he uses all sorts at once, or picks things up with his incisors, and, after a hasty crunch or two with his molars, swallows them whole. When he is picking up something carefully to see what it tastes like, or pulling burrs out of his coat—or off his master's clothes, as one good little dog of my acquaintance used to do—he uses his incisors. When he catches at anything to hold it, or lites savagely, he uses his canines; no matter how straight he may fly at another dog's throat he nearly always turns his head to one side slightly, before taking hold, so as to bring his canines into play. If he's trying to bite his strap or rope in two he gets it as far back between his molars as possible and chews till he cuts it across. Hold out a stick for him to tug at, and he will twist his head quite to one side, seize it between his strong back teeth and then pull for dear life. Throw him one to carry, and he'll slip it just behind his canines, and let it rest behind them and between his front molars, so that if you take an end of it in each hand and pull him straight towards you, you can lift him clear of the ground by it, for it is so "hooked" in behind his canines that he can hardly let go.

But it is the dog's great-great-grandfather, the wolf, who can do really artistic things with his teeth.

In the first place, he can open his jaws nearly twice as far as a dog. If you see a wolf yawn you think his mouth is going to open through to the back of his neck, and this gives him more room to swing his daggers. When he is fighting with an animal as large as himself, he doesn't seize it by the neck or shoulder and hang on, like a dog, but he just brings his jaws together with one tremendous snap, usually making his teeth cut clean through whatever he catches, and then springs back to watch for another chance. He will cut a dog in a dozen places before the latter can get hold of him, or even after he has pinned him, so that one wolf will often slash his way through a pack of five or six hounds.

Then, he is most cruelly clever in knowing just where to use his ivory lancets. If he is attacking a deer or sheep he aims at the neck, or slack of the flank, and either cuts its throat, or pulls it right down. But if a buffalo, he dares not risk a front attack direct, so, while two or three of the pack bark and snap at his head, to distract his attention, the leader makes a stealthy rush from the rear, a spring, a lightning-like snap at the leg just above the hock, and crack goes the great hamstring tendon and down goes the poor old bull at the mercy of the pack. He also knows just where the great veins run in the neck of a sheep or deer, and can plunge his dagger-teeth into them so exactly that scarcely a drop of the blood will be lost.

When I was a boy I had charge of a flock of sheep in a distant



THE WOLF (*Canis lupus*).

Showing the dog-like form and prominence of canine teeth.

pasture, close to a belt of forest. Three or four times during the summer, wolves, ranging through the forest from the "big woods" down on the river, got among the sheep at night and killed right and left, until we put bloodhounds on their trail and made the neighborhood too hot for them. I have gone down in the early morning and found two, three, or even four, sheep, lying quietly upon the ground just as if they were asleep. I could never discover a trace of injury until I turned them over and my eye fell upon a small patch of dull, red stain upon the wool of the throat. No wound or tear to be seen, but upon carefully parting the wool two small, oval slits in the skin could be found through which the canines had pierced the vein, and the life-blood been sucked out. Not another mark upon the body,

and unless you knew what to look for you might easily think that the victim had died from disease or poison, as indeed I did the first few wolf-killed sheep I saw. A dog's handiwork, on the other hand, can be recognized at a hundred yards, so that a shepherd can tell at a glance whether a dog or a wolf has been among his flock. This kind of skill sounds very cruel, but we must remember that we are hardly in a position ourselves to call poor "Brer Wolf" *very* hard names, because he kills sheep to get mutton-chops.

But you must not think that the dog and wolf use their teeth only for serious work, such as fighting and cutting; they're also very fond of playing with things with their teeth, just as we do with our hands. There is no prettier sight than to see a lot of puppies, or wolf cubs, pulling each other's tails, biting each others' ears and pretending to worry throats, just for the sheer pleasure of making their teeth meet on something, and I have seen scores of grave and solemn old dogs or fierce-looking wolves and vicious little foxes playing just the same tricks. A dog's teeth, especially his front ones, are his fingers, and a very little "nip" at a thing will tell him whether it's fit to eat or to play with, almost as quickly as your fingers will tell you how hard or how heavy it is. A dog boxes and wrestles and plays with his teeth just as we do with our hands, and old ranchmen upon the cattle ranges tell me that wolves get together in quiet places among the hills in the autumn, just for regular games of tooth-play and romping. One of them told me that he was out looking for lost horses one day, up in the foot-hills, when he suddenly saw the head of a big grey wolf stick up for a moment over the edge of a "blow-out," or great sand-pit scooped out by the wind. He had only his revolver with him, but, as the "greys" are terribly destructive to colts and young cattle, he galloped off down a side valley at once till he was well down the wind from the "blow-out," so that his scent wouldn't be carried toward the wolf, then hobbled his horse and worked his way across the ridges till he finally crawled on his hands and knees up to the edge of the hollow and peeped over, thinking to surprise Mr. Wolf. But it was his turn to be surprised, for there not thirty yards below him were seven great, shaggy brutes, each nearly as big as a Newfoundland dog, rolling and tumbling over each other and showing great rows of glistening teeth, that looked as long as his finger.

He said it struck him, all of a sudden, that it wasn't a very good day for wolf-hunting, after all, and he rolled down the side of that hill and scuttled across to where his horse was hobbled, as fast and as noiselessly as his legs would carry him. Fortunately the wolves

were so well pleased with each other and so busy with their game that they didn't see or hear him at all, for if they had and had caught him before he reached his hobbled horse, there would have been nothing left of either of them, except the wood of the saddle and a few of the largest bones.

In spite of their hardness and sharpness the dog can use his teeth surprisingly gently at times. Watch a mother dog carrying her puppies to another nest, and see how lightly and skilfully she balances them between her teeth so that they don't seem to mind being swung by the scruff of their necks at all. Any good setter or



A PRIZE-WINNER BULLDOG.

retriever will catch a slightly wounded quail, or duck, and bring it to you alive without even breaking a feather. And I have heard of a pointer who, while helping his master catch a canary which had got out of its cage got so excited that he finally gave one jump and a snap and poor Dickey disappeared between his great jaws. Everybody thought he had gone down like an oyster, but the old fellow walked quietly up to his master, opened his mouth, and out fluttered birdie, a little ruffled as to his feathers, but otherwise none the worse.

If what we have been finding out about the shapes of teeth is the rule, we ought to find the jaws and teeth of different breeds of the dog suited somewhat to the "trade" of each one. And so we do, only, of course, as all breeds of dog have to catch, eat and fight with their teeth, they are all much alike. A pug's, perhaps, have changed most, for in getting his poor little jaws short and small enough to give the "pug-nose" and wrinkled-up face that fanciers admire, his teeth have suffered sadly. They are so poorly-placed as to be almost useless, and some of them so slight and loosely set that if he were to attempt to fight with them they'd be in danger of pulling loose or breaking. Pugs are sometimes very plucky, but they cannot punish another dog to any effect and most dogs seem to know it and treat them with a sort of good-humored contempt.

Many of them cannot be fed on meat, but have to live on bread and milk, soaked biscuit, and other soft foods

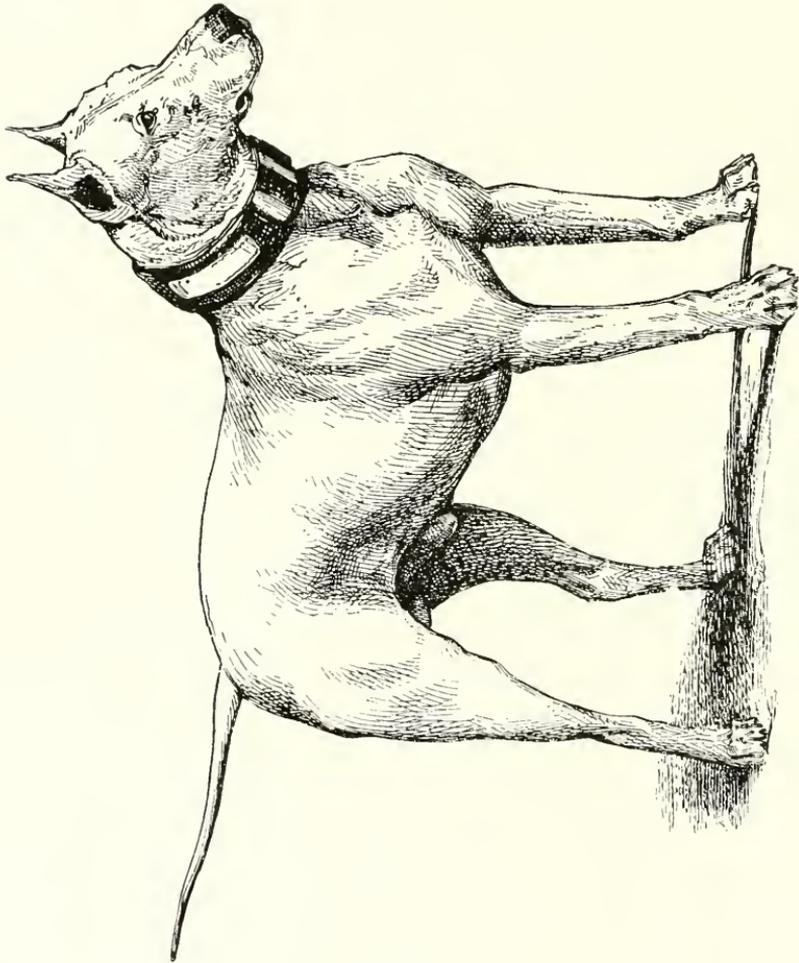
On the other hand the bull-dog's teeth have gradually become so huge and strong that his square head and jaw look big enough to walk alone and almost seem to be dragging his body after them.

So long and powerful are his canines and so tightly do they interlock that when they are once clenched in anything it is really difficult for him to let go—and still more so for anyone else to make him. In training a bull-terrier for a fight he is egged on to set his teeth into a leather sack stuffed with hair, which hangs by a rope from a pulley, and when he has got a good hold he is hoisted clear of the floor and allowed to swing backward and forward by his teeth. A good dog can be hauled up almost to the ceiling and back by his teeth, when he's getting into proper condition. In a fight he will get a favorable "hold" and keep it without slackening for an instant, for three quarters of an hour if necessary. In order to be able to do this, however, two other changes in his "face," besides the size of his eye-teeth, are necessary, and these have spoiled his looks sadly. One of them is the strange tilting upward and backward of his nostrils. If you will look at the nostrils of an ordinary dog you will find that they open almost at and on the end of his nose. Now when he plunges his teeth deeply into the flesh of another animal he pushes the end of his nose into and against its side and thus nearly blocks up his nostrils; so that he cannot get breath enough through them to keep up his hold for long. But look at the bull-dog's nostrils and you will see that his nose is very short and square and that the nostrils are tipped upward and backward so that they open almost upon the upper surface of it. Thus he can crowd the end of his nose against another dog's throat or side as hard and long as he pleases and yet have his nostrils free to breathe through. The other is that in order to let him get a longer mouthful and a firmer hold, his lower jaw and teeth have pushed forward half an inch or more beyond the upper, so that his front teeth don't meet at all, and in some cases are not even covered by his lips when the mouth is closed. This gives poor "Bull" that sweet and engaging expression that we know so well and makes him look as if he were continually "showing his teeth" at you. His "face is his misfortune," for he is really a most good-natured and peaceable dog unless he has been fought too much, which isn't *his* fault, poor fellow. His "ferociousness" simply consists in not knowing how to stop after he once gets started fighting.

Like all really brave people, he is usually very slow to start a

quarrel and almost never will attack a smaller dog than himself, unless some cowardly scoundrels of boys or men make him. Like most animals his worst faults are really those of the men about him, and he would be a very decent fellow if he was not obliged to associate with a certain class of human beings.

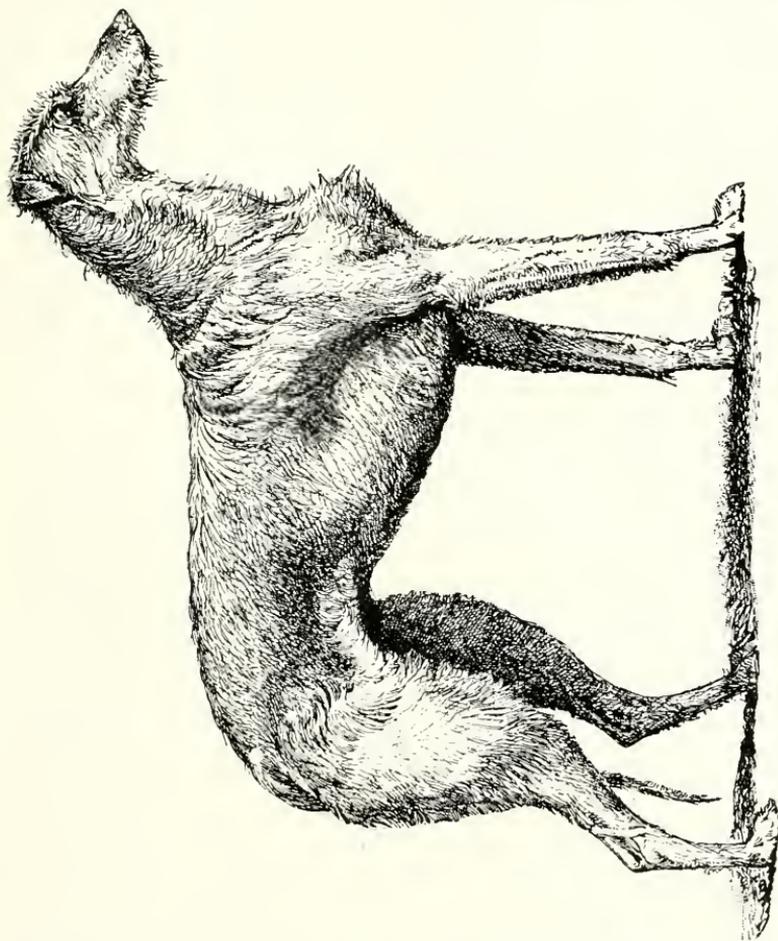
Now that you are getting to be judges of teeth you will not be



THE BULL TERRIER STREATHAM MONARCH.
(Wesley Mills.)

surprised to learn that the modern "Holy Terror" bull-dog of the bench-shows is not a fighting dog at all. He has been bred for so many generations, simply for the sake of his magnificently ugly face, that the projection of his lower jaw has become a positive deformity and though he can still pin a bull by the nose and drag him down, as he used to in the old cruel sport of "bull-baiting,"

which gave him his name, he is not half as effective a fighter as his smaller and much handsomer cousin, the bull-terrier. This latter gentleman has the handsomest set of teeth in the world and the intelligence which usually goes with good tools. He fights with his head and legs as well as his teeth and can use them equally well for a fierce razor-like slash or for a



THE SCOTTISH DEERHOUND RONA III.
(Wesley Mills.)

death-like grip. I have seen a particular friend of mine, of this breed, clear his way through a mob of strange dogs, who had rushed out at him as he galloped after my buggy, by three or four quick upward and downward slashes of his long canines, almost without checking his stride, just as a wolf would have done. He was a dear fellow, handsome as a picture, barring a trifle of squareness about the head, kind, affectionate and the most intelligent creature upon four

fect I ever knew, but he was led into trouble by some bad boys—who, of course, ran away and left “that savage brute of a bull-dog” to bear the blame, and I had to exile him to a lonely horse-ranch up in the sand-hills of Nebraska. There he met a young lady cousin of his, and in the course of their joint explorations a few weeks after he got there they stumbled upon a big rattle-snake. As neither of them knew what it was to be afraid, they walked up to him to see what business he had there, and he most injudiciously bit one of them. Then of course they killed him, both getting bitten several times in the process. Surprising as it may appear, they didn’t either of them die, but they lay about in doleful plight for a week or so, one with a head like a turnip, and the other with a paw like a boxing-glove, and everybody said, “Well! those pups have learned something, and will let rattlers alone in future.” But no such thing; the ball had just begun for the snakes, and as soon as they were able to toddle they went out and slew another. This time the bites didn’t swell half so much, and they only had to lie up for a day or two before they could go on the war-path again. As rattle-snakes in that neighborhood were, in the language of a scripturally-minded cowboy on the ranch, “as plenty as fiddlers in heaven,” they soon found another, and so they kept on, until, before frost came and drove the snakes into their holes for the winter, they had killed some thirty or forty of them. After their first three or four encounters they seemed to become completely hardened to the bites and showed no ill effects whatever from them, although killing sometimes two or three snakes in a day. The first kill was only ignorant rashness, but the second and third took real pluck, for the agony of the stage of swelling in a snake-bite is something terrific, and even to the last the bites must have hurt them at least as badly as hornet stings do us.

But you thought a rattle-snake bite was sure death even to a man? Not by any means, although most of the story-books say it is. I have known personally some seven or eight men who were bitten, and not one of them died. Indeed Dr. Weir Mitchell, who has experimented extensively with the poison—and been bitten himself in the process—declares that it is the exception to the rule if a grown man or woman dies after rattle-snake bite. When you remember that the rattle-snake cannot tear his prey in pieces but has to swallow it whole, you can easily see that it would be a waste of good poison for his sac to be “loaded” with more than about twice as much as would safely kill an animal the size of a rabbit, which is about the limit of his swallowing powers. Whether this is the explanation or not, the fact remains that animals weighing over forty

pounds usually recover from a single bite. The wonderful reputation of whiskey as a cure for snake bite rests chiefly upon the fact that the victim in nine cases out of ten would get better anyhow, if he never touched a drop of the "remedy."

There is another dog whose tooth-play is peculiar, and that is the grey-hound. This gentleman like his first-cousin, the deer-hound, has been bred solely for speed, and no special attention paid to his teeth, which have consequently remained pretty much as they were in his ancestor, the wolf, but a little blunter. His jaws are



A DISTINGUISHED MEMBER OF THE HUMANE SOCIETY.

(By Landseer.)

just the opposite of the bull-dog's—long, slender and with a very wide gape. And they are just suited to his method of using them. In picking up a hare at full speed (twenty miles an hour) all he has time to do is to make one, single, lightning-like snap—and if that misses, shoot past fifty yards until he can turn and try again. A bull-dog grip would be utterly useless to him. A clever old dog won't even waste time on a snap, but just thrusts his long nose under poor Puss, jerks her high into the air and catches her in his jaws before she touches the ground again. If he is loosed on a wolf or an

antelope he plays a very similar game. He knows perfectly that neither his jaws nor his neck are strong enough to fight one or pull down the other, so he makes flying snaps at the side, the shoulder,



DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE.

(By Landseer.)

the thigh, runs into them, between their legs, and in every way tries to delay them until the trail-hounds or huntsmen can come up.

I had a big black grey-hound once who was very clever in tackling a wolf. He would race up to him and, first of all, make believe to fly at his throat; the wolf would turn on him, he would spring back, and they would stand and snarl at each other for a minute or two. Then the wolf would hear the baying of the trail-hounds and decide to start on again and pay no attention to the grey-hound. This time Pedro would get closer and make a sharp snap at his shoulder or flank. He didn't attempt to hang on, simply to give one jerk and spring back, but if that jerk could be given well forward on the shoulder it would twitch the wolf's head round just far



DOG AND CAT. (By Landseer.)

enough to upset his balance and send him rolling over and over. Then if he missed this he would run off a little ahead and to one side, turn and charge him at an angle, just as an end-guard does a half-back who is too heavy for him to tackle. In fact he would try all sorts of clever tricks with his speed and quickness to delay the wolf till the blood-hounds who were following his trail could come up, knowing perfectly that the wolf dare not stop and fight him, for fear of the latter. Another grey-hound friend of mine used to play a very curious variation of the hare—throwing trick. He would tear up

to the wolf at nearly right angles to his course, but instead of charging right into him, give a sort of dive right underneath his body and come up on the other side. It was a risky play to make, for of course he ran the chance of a bad fall himself if he bungled but if he succeeded it was almost equal to the terrible "over-the-head" throw in wrestling; the tremendous speed at which both were going would send the wolf flying up into the air, to come down with a thud that would almost knock the breath out of his body. I have never seen this trick played, personally, but several of my old hunter friends have, and a dog that possesses the accomplishment is highly valued.

You can tell more about a dog's habits and character by a look at his teeth and jaws—whose shape is made by his teeth—than by any other three things about him. Now what have we concluded about the teeth of the dog by patching together the various things that we each know about them from personal acquaintance?

First—That a dog's longest and most important teeth are his canines (as their name implies) and that he uses them for catching and holding his prey, tearing up his meat, and fighting his battles. That sheep, cows, and most horses, which neither catch things alive, eat meat, or fight much with their teeth, have practically lost their canines, while we who still eat meat have kept ours, although they have grown smaller, as we no longer fight with them—except when we're *very* naughty.

Second—That a dog's front teeth or "cutters-into" are comparatively small and weak, as he only uses them for picking up soft food and "tasting" things, and if they were longer they would hinder his canines from interlocking so well.

In the sheep and goat, however, where they are constantly used for cropping grass and leaves, they are large and strong and even, though found only in the lower jaw, while in the horse, where they are sometimes used for fighting as well, they remain in both jaws.

Third—That the dog's back teeth are pointed and set like the teeth of a saw and used for cutting up large tough pieces of meat, cracking bones and rasping the meat off them. In the horse, sheep, goat and ourselves, where they are used only for grinding grass, corn, bread, etc., they have become broad, flat mill-stones, or "molars."

Fourth—That a dog or wolf knows just how to use his teeth to the best advantage.

Fifth—That our different breeds of dogs have had their original wolf set of teeth modified by the way in which they have been selected and bred for a particular "trade."

ROMANTIC POETRY IN GERMANY.

AN ATTEMPT TO ADAPT EMOTIONAL REALITIES TO INTELLECTUAL IDEAS.*

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THE idea of "the social soul" was latent in the intellectual life of Germany for half a century prior to its formulation in Romanticism. Klopstock, Moses Mendelssohn, Lessing, Hamann, Herder, the poets of the "Storm and Stress," Kant, Schiller, Goethe—these, and many others, contributed the intellectual elements for which Romantic philosophy, Romantic conduct, and Romantic poetry sought a common valuation in social experience. The failure of Romanticism was not due to the new principle of valuation, neither was the Romantic principle disproved, though it was for a time discredited, by the Romantic failure.

With Romanticism the old century closed and with it a new century began in Germany. Henceforth democratic individuality became the watchword. Under the influence of the new postulate of freedom German poets of the nineteenth century sought a new interpretation of the conduct of life. Through their work—whatever its esthetic value—they set forth the moral significance of life in a new light. They attempted more than this. They roused the "drowsy sphinx," and to her brooding query:

"Who'll tell me my secret,
The ages have kept?"

they made bold to reply: "We the modern seers! We the poets of the social soul!" And who shall say that they failed to "tell one of the meanings of the universal dame," or that they did not, in the entirety of their answers, reveal something more of

* The present paper continues the article "The Significance of German Literature of the Eighteenth Century," (*Open Court*, Dec. 1904.) in which article the Romantic principle was discussed at length.

“The fate of the man-child,
The meaning of man.”?

Romanticism as a philosophy of life should not be confused with Romanticism as a method of poetic activity. The philosophy which we call Romanticism and the method of poetic procedure which bears the same name, were two entirely different things. Romantic philosophy postulated a new basis for poetry. Romantic poetics made the poetic realisation of this postulate a most difficult, if not an impossible, task.

Likewise it should be borne in mind that Romanticism, as a philosophy, was in its inception a theory. The Romantic idea of the “social soul” was invented, not experienced. As individual beings the Romanticists were children of their day; they were men of pronounced individualistic temperament. The social impulse was there, but it did not, and it could not, find its corollary in social experience.

The foregoing distinctions are of the greatest importance in the study of the religious life of Romantic poetry, since this life was an artificial composition of the disparate values of philosophical theorising and of individual daily experience. If we were to regard the speculations of Romantic poetry as the only content of Romanticism, we should do a grave injustice to the Romantic philosophy of life. If we were to regard these speculations as the equivalent of the human experience of the men who framed them, we should be identifying a poetic theology and a religious reality. It is true that the Romanticists finally adopted these poetic speculations as their religious reality, but in so doing they were insincere. They deceived themselves, and they paid the penalty in their human experience, in their philosophic speculations, and in their poetic creations.

The poetry of German Romanticism was at no time poetry of the religious life. Even if we judge this poetry by the standards of Romantic philosophy, we shall not escape this conclusion.

Modern thought and modern sentiment have passed through a similar judgment. The poetry of Novalis alone has, in a measure, retained a certain hold on modern life. Some of his *Geistliche Lieder* have been incorporated in every Evangelical hymnal of Germany, and in not a few of America; and they remain to this day warm favorites with the Evangelical church-going populace of Germany. Any one who has heard a German congregation sing the successive stanzas of Novalis's hymn:

“Wenn alle untreu werden,
So bleib' ich dir doch treu” etc.

[My faith to thee I break not,
If all should faithless be.]

will feel small inclination to declare that the hymn is not poetry of the religious life. And yet, it is true that this hymn (and indeed all the poems of Novalis) was not, and is not, what it seems, or professes, to be.

The question which Romantic philosophy undertook to answer was this: Can the *individual* fashion his intellectual and his emotional experiences into a religious unit? Or, to put the question in another form: Is the religious life a matter of *individual* experience? Romantic philosophy answered with a very positive No. It held that individualised experience cannot be religious experience. For example, the experiences that Professor James calls “religious” in his *The Varieties of Religious Experience* would have been characterised by Romantic philosophers as “individualised” experiences, and for that reason, as not religious. The Romanticists would have contended that in every case cited by Professor James the individual has failed to realise the source of his emotions, or of his ideas, in so much as he has looked for this source in his individuality. Hence, they would have concluded, the individual has created for himself only a fictitiously religious life. This assertion would have been supported by the following argument: Ideas and emotions are only individual differentials of a universal integral. Every experience, whether emotional or intellectual, is in its very nature an act that impinges on individuality, making it to the extent of this impingement, universal. You do not feel, nor do you think, as an individual. You feel as a personality and you think as another personality. You live the religious life when you feel and think as *one* personality. You can think and you can feel as *one* personality only when you are conscious of a universal, or at least a common source of your emotions and ideas. Manifestly this consciousness is impossible, or at least incapable of development, as long as you insist on the inceptive energy of human individuality. The perfecting of your personality depends wholly on the perfecting of your consciousness of the universal integral, and the more you perfect this consciousness the more nearly you realise universality in personality. Therefore, the moment this consciousness actually is perfected in personality, that moment the universal integral comes into absolute personal existence. All individual differentials have vanished. Individuality has merged completely in universality.

However, since by this last act the universe attains conscious life, it becomes *ipso facto* the absolute personality, and hence the sublime individuality. This was the tremendous paradox of Romantic philosophy: individuality becomes universality, universality becomes individuality.

Now if we look for a moment at the lives of the men who constructed this system of philosophic unity, we have to admit that they typified, on the whole, the exact reverse of that which their philosophy preached. They were as individualistic in their conduct as it was possible to be. Under conditions as they prevailed in Germany toward the close of the eighteenth century, it was an almost impossible task to realise conscious life as the reaction on individuality of social relations. The disintegration of social life very naturally centred the sources of conscious life in the characteristic energy of individuality. All we know of these Romanticists goes to show that they felt themselves cut loose from their day and generation. They went through life as individuals, and the very fact that they endeavored to found a "school" which should be the nucleus of a social life, proves their individualistic temper. They made the most wonderful efforts to live up to their doctrine, and succeeded only in discrediting it by their idiosyncracies. No other conclusion is possible than this: Romantic conduct reduced personal liberty to individual license.

One has but to observe the emotional life of any Romantic individual in order to become thoroughly convinced that this life was abnormal. Any happiness or pain that came to him was straightway hugged to his bosom and coddled, as though it were an experience in which the individual and the individual alone was interested. Its social significance dwindled into infinitesimal proportions, its individual significance waxed beyond all recognition. "Here am I," the Romantic individual seemed to say, "yonder is the universe, yonder all the endless phenomena of nature. Let me drink in all this magnificence, let it fill me. Thus shall I expand into universal being." In the conception of even those ideas, and in the exercise of even those emotions which the veriest tyro recognises as social, these men showed the same curious inability to avoid the purely individualistic attitude. What else than a parody on the social idea of love was the relation between Novalis and Sophie Kühn? When he and she first met she was a mere child of twelve, he a student of twenty-three. There can be no doubt that the charm of Sophie's personality was extraordinary. There can be as little doubt that she made a deep impression on Novalis. But how did

Novalis treat this impression? He magnified it, and kept on magnifying it, until he veritably believed that his love for the child was the love of man for woman. Within a few months he engaged himself to her, or if one desire to be facetious, engaged her to himself. Where is there a more striking instance of the individualistic interpretation of a social idea than this behavior of Novalis. He had heard of "love" and he forthwith gave to love no other content than that which suited his immediately individual experience. He prepared to marry the child, and certainly would have married her without any hesitancy, had his means and her parents permitted. Three years later Sophie died. And then what? Novalis constructed for himself a mystical world in which he sought communion with the dead. He prostrated himself before the idealised image of the departed. Here is an extract from the diary of Novalis, written a month after the death of Sophie Kühn, and dated—as was his wont—from the day of her death: "This evening I passed an hour of sweet, cheerful, and most vivid reminiscence. He who flees pain, no longer cares to love. A lover must keep filling in the gap forever, keep the wound open continually. May God always preserve in me this indiscribably precious pain, this sad memory, this courageous longing, this manly purpose, and this unshakable faith. Without Sophie I am nothing, nothing; with her I am everything!" Sophie died March 19, 1789. In December of the same year Novalis went to Freiberg to study at the mines. Here he met Julia von Charpentier, the daughter of the overseer of the mines. He was engaged to her before the month closed. Spring, summer, and autumn Novalis had passed through an intensely emotional struggle. On the one hand an almost extatic longing to be transported into those spiritual realms where the image of his idealised Sophie abode, on the other the insistent experiences of human life which summoned him back to sane activity and human society. The social experiences of life seemed to prevail. He surrendered to the charms of Julia. But how? Did this new relation supersede the old? Did Novalis interpret this new affection as consciously social beings would interpret it? Not at all! He interpreted it as the realisation of his previous conception of love. His union with Julia became the present actuality of his hypostatic union with Sophie. Is it possible to conceive of a more definite instance of the individualistic interpretation of social emotions than this?

One may assert without much fear of contradiction that the conduct of all the leading Romanticists was of this individualistic type. Ideas were constructed out of individual experience, and then

experience was distorted to sustain these ideas. The individual was the only conscious centre of life. It cannot be said that the Romantics were aware of any insincerity in their conduct. Most of them, it must be admitted, believed themselves sincere. Certainly, no one can impute conscious insincerity to Novalis. Yet, so far as the conduct of Novalis and that of the others was sincere, it was the sincerity of insincerity. And for this paradox the practically avoidless emphasis that fell on individual life in those days and the equally resistless force that was secretly opposing this emphasis in the intellectual life of Germany must be held responsible.

Out of these two opposing factors Romantic poetry was produced, and we shall never understand its true character, particularly not its religious significance, if we persist in identifying the life of this poetry either with Romantic philosophy or with Romantic conduct. In this poetry we have an effort to unite the philosophy and experiences of these men, but an effort which resulted merely in a combination of both. And according to the manner in which this combination was effected, we may distinguish between poetry of the original school with Novalis, Tieck, and the two Schlegels as its principal representatives, and the poetry of their successors, among whom Fouqué, Achim von Arnim, and Clemens Brentano, Schenckendorf, and Kerner are perhaps the most prominent.

It follows from the foregoing, and should be clearly and definitely understood at the outset, that the poetry of these men was not a poetic search for original ideas to match individual experience. It follows likewise, that the poetic presentation of Romantic personality was not attained, or even contemplated effectively. In the case of Novalis, Tieck, and the two Schlegels, we come in contact with poetry which attempted the composition of Romantic personality through adaptation of individual emotions to social (traditional) ideas. In the case of the other poets mentioned, we observe the poetic attempt to compose Romantic personality through the adaptation of social emotions to individual ideas. The shifting of the emphasis from the social nature of ideas to the social nature of emotions caused the distinction between the religious poetry of the Romantic school and the religious poetry of its immediate successors.

The obfuscation of the spiritual vision in the poetry of Romanticism has been overlooked too frequently by students of the spiritual reality which this poetry represented. In the poem of Novalis, "Wenn alle untreu werden," to which reference was made in the foregoing, we have a case in point. The last stanza of this poem runs as follows:

“Ich habe ihn empfunden.
 O, lasse nicht von mir!
 Lass innig mich verbunden
 Auf ewig sein mit dir,
 Einst schauen meine Brüder
 Auch wieder himmelwärts
 Und sinken liebend nieder
 Und fallen dir an's Herz.”

[Thou with thy love hast found me!
 O do not let me go!
 Keep me where thou hast bound me,
 Till one with thee I grow.
 My brothers yet will waken,
 One look to heaven dart—
 Then sink down, love-o'ertaken,
 And fall upon thy heart.]

(Novalis's *Spiritual Songs*, No. 6. Translation by George MacDonald.)

In the first lines, the Romantic desire for the translation of individuality into universality is distinctly expressed. In the last lines, the individualistic interpretation of social ideas is clearly manifest. It is apparent that the idea of “brother” has no real social significance in these lines. The poetic interpretation of this idea is extra-social. It is individualistic, since the subjective attitude of the man toward the universal so controlled the poet, that he disregarded the value of the idea which he as a social being recognised. If any one feels inclined to doubt this statement, let him turn to the last stanza of another equally well known hymn by Novalis, “Wenn ich ihn nur habe.” Here is the stanza:

“Wo ich ihn nur habe,
 Ist mein Vaterland:
 Und es fällt mir jede Gabe
 Wie ein Erbteil in die Hand:
 Längst *vermisste* Brüder
 Find ich nun in seinen Jüngern wieder.”

[Where I have but him
 Is my fatherland:
 Every gift a precious gem
 Comes to me from his own hand!
 Brethren long deplored,
 Lo, in his disciples all restored.]

(Novalis's *Spiritual Songs*, No. 5. Translation by George MacDonald.)

Do not these words of Novalis assert that brotherly love is an experienced reality only in the common surrender to his mystic conception of the Divinity? Does he not declare that the social

idea of "brethren" has no value save in his own dogmatic reality? The second stanza of the same hymn proclaims even more positively the poetic negation of social ideas. It runs as follows:

"Wenn ich ihn nur habe,
Lass' ich alles gern,
Folg' an meinem Wanderstabe
Treugesinnt nur meinem Herrn;
Lasse still die Andern
Breite, lichte, volle Strassen wandern."

[If I him but have,
Pleased from all I part:
Follow on my pilgrim staff,
None but him with honest heart;
Leave the rest, nought saying,
On broad, bright, and crowded highways straying.]

(Translation by George MacDonald.)

And now, if we revert again to the first hymn, what is it that Novalis tells us in the opening stanza?—This:

"Wenn alle untreu werden,
So bleib' ich dir doch treu,
Dass Dankbarkeit auf Erden
Nicht ausgestorben sei.
Für mich umfing dich Leiden,
Vergingst für mich in Schmerz:
Drum geb' ich dir mit Freuden
Auf ewig dieses Herz."

[My faith to thee I break not,
If all should faithless be,
That gratitude forsake not
The world eternally.
For my sake Death did sting thee
With anguish keen and sore;
Therefore with joy I bring thee
This heart forever more.]

(Novalis's *Spiritual Songs*, No. 6. Translation by George MacDonald.)

First and last the religious life is based on the definite dissociation of the individual from his social relations. It is worthy of notice that the idea of gratitude is treated in these lines in the same individualistic manner as the idea of brotherly love in the last stanza of the poem. A casual glance at the *Geistliche Lieder* of Novalis will convince every fair-minded reader that all ideas are deprived of their social values as soon as they come within the vision of the poet. Grief and joy; desire and fulfilment; love and hatred; peace

and discord; life and death; home and country; wisdom and folly; light and darkness; matter and spirit; past, present, and future—all these ideas are supplied with a purely dogmatic content. To the mystic life which Novalis pictured in these hymns one may apply his own characterisation of the ordinary social relations of life:

“Der Puls des Lebens stocket,
Und stumpf ist jeder Sinn.”

[Life's pulse is flagging listless,
And dull is every sense.]

(Translation by George MacDonald.)

It is difficult to believe that this substitution of dogmatic ideas should produce an unconditional balance. Especially is this the case when we notice that in fourteen out of the fifteen hymns, which make up the collection *Geistliche Lieder*; the religious life is based on a condition not merely implied, but expressed. This condition is the acceptance of traditional Christianity. The conditional conjunction *wenn*, or its equivalents, trails through every poem. It is evident that Novalis attempted to poise the intellectual and the emotional life of his poetry on dogmatic religion.

Novalis's poetry of the religious life was the sweetest and the least disingenuous of the religious poetry of the Romantic school. It certainly would *seem* as if he expressed in his *Hymns to the Night* and in his *Spiritual Songs* precisely that subjective mood which prevailed in his relations to Sophie Kühn and Julia von Charpentier. Apparently the same isolation of his individuality and the same sovereign license in the treatment of ideas and emotions prevails in the life of this poetry. Apparently the poet makes no effort to adapt the conduct of his life to the theory of his philosophy. If this were really so, the poetry of Novalis would base the religious life on a search for original ideas to match individual experience. This is not the case. Isolation of the individual is, indeed, the expressed cause of the religious longing; but it is not treated as the essence of the religious life. Moreover, there is no express mention of that Romantic personality through which individuality was supposed to expand into universality; but this personality is everywhere implied as conditioning the religious reality. In order to partake of this religious reality, the individual must first surrender his intellectual realities to the intellectual realities of theology. He thereby enters a world of spiritual ideas, which means that his individuality is transformed into a spiritual personality. He must

then make the effort to experience in this spiritual state the emotions of individual life.

These are the two conditions on which the poetry of Novalis would base the religious life. Observe, for example, how the transformation of the rational individual into Romantic personality and of Romantic personality into emotional individuality, is inferentially the essential motif of the following lines:

“Wenige wissen
 Das Geheimnis der Liebe,
 Fühlen Unersättlichkeit
 Und ewigen Durst.
 Des Abendmahls
 Göttliche Bedeutung
 Ist den irdischen Sinnen Rätsel;
 Aber wer jemals
 Von heissen, geliebten Lippen
 Athem des Lebens sog,
 Wem heilige Glut
 In zitternden Wellen das Herz schmolz,
 Wem das Auge aufging,
 Dass er des Himmels
 Unergründliche Tiefe mass,
 Wird essen von seinem Leibe
 Und trinken von seinem Blute
 Ewiglich.”

[Few understand
 The mystery of Love,
 Know unsatiableness,
 And thirst eternal.
 Of the Last Supper
 The divine meaning
 Is to the earthly sense a riddle;
 But he that ever
 From warm, beloved lips,
 Drew breath of life:
 In whom the holy glow
 Ever melted the heart in trembling waves;
 Whose eyes ever opened so
 As to fathom
 The bottomless deeps of heaven—
 Will eat of his body
 And drink of his blood
 Everlastingly.]

(Novalis's *Spiritual Songs*. Opening lines of No. 7.

Translation by George MacDonald.)

In these lines the sexual emotion which we call love, is poetically treated as a satisfying reality only when, in its enjoyment, we

are conscious of being more than our individual self, and are conscious of that divine significance of our conduct which is expressed in the doctrine of the transubstantiation. Our individual idea of love must, therefore, first give way to the divine idea as interpreted by traditional Christianity. Controlled by this interpretation—which control Novalis identifies with Romantic personality—we are enabled to spiritualise our physical experience. Under these conditions love is infinite even in the finite.

“Nie endet das süsse Mahl,
 Nie sättigt die Liebe sich:
 Nicht innig, nicht eigen genug,
 Kann sie haben den Geliebten.
 Von immer zärteren Lippen
 Verwandelt wird das Genossene,
 Inniglicher und näher.
 Heissere Wollust
 Durchbebet die Seele,
 Durstiger und hungriger
 Wird das Herz:
 Und so währet der Liebe Genuss
 Von Ewigkeit zu Ewigkeit.”

[Never endeth the sweet repast;
 Never doth Love satisfy itself:
 Never close enough, never enough its own
 Can it have the beloved!
 By ever tenderer lips
 Transformed, the partaken
 Goes deeper, grows nearer.
 Passion more ardent
 Thrills through the soul;
 Thirstier and hungrier
 Becomes the heart;
 And so endureth Love's delight
 From everlasting to everlasting.]

(Novalis's *Spiritual Songs*, No. 7. Translation by George MacDonald.)

Now the difference between the mystic process in the poetic activity of Novalis and the mystic process in the conduct of the man himself was simply this. As a man, Novalis did not surrender his reason into the keeping of traditional dogmatism, and then fit his emotions to this dogmatic faith. Out of his experiences, which were treated as facts of his individual life, he constructed, so to speak, his own theology. He believed that this theology was original with him,—which of course it was not. As a poet, however, Novalis did adopt traditional religion. Since this poetic adoption disagreed with his conduct it was insincere. It was, however, sincere as an

attempt to realise in his poetry the principle of his Romantic philosophy. In the traditions of life the Romantic poets recognised a social interpretation of life. They were quite aware that traditional religion is not necessarily the equivalent of the religious life. They knew that a generation which apparently submits to the intellectual rule of tradition may have advanced, or retrograded, to a point where tradition loses its spiritualising energy. Moreover, they recognised the fact that the intellectual content of the traditional religion in their day was out of keeping with its intellectual temper. Nevertheless the Romantic school of religious poetry made the effort to vitalise traditional religion, and this for two reasons. In the first place, the Romantic principle demanded that the poetic consciousness identify itself with social individuality. In the second place, these poets were unable to discover any evidence of social individuality in the Germany of their day except in the traditional forms of faith. Accordingly they adopted these forms as the only available expression or manifestation of the "social soul," and then adapted their individual experiences to this adopted reality. Under the circumstances this act individualised tradition, not in the sense that a general social experience was vitalised for the individual, but in the sense that the forms of traditional religion were used as allegorical interpretations of individual speculation. This peculiar tergiversation characterises the only song of Novalis's *Geistliche Lieder* which does not expressly condition the religious life on the acceptance of tradition. This poem is the last one of the series. The subjective interpretation of the dogma of the Virgin Mother is its theme.

"Ich sehe dich in tausend Bildern,
 Maria, lieblich ausgedrückt,
 Doch keins von allen kann dich schildern,
 Wie meine Seele dich erblickt.
 Ich weiss nur, dass der Welt Getümmel
 Seitdem mir wie ein Traum verweht,
 Und ein unnennbar süsser Himmel
 Mir ewig im Gemüte steht."

[In countless pictures I behold thee,
 O Mary, lovelily expressed,
 But of them all none can unfold thee
 As I have seen thee in my breast!
 I only know the world's loud splendor
 Since then is like a dream o'erblown:
 And that a heaven, for words too tender,
 My quieted spirit fills alone.]

(Translation by George MacDonald.)

It is, of course, hardly necessary to point out that Novalis voiced in this doctrinal allegory the adoration of his deceased and idealised Sophie. Somewhere in his diary, Novalis remarks: "I must endeavor to live more and more for her sake. I exist only for her, not for myself, not for any one else. She is the highest, the only one. The first purpose of my life should be to place everything in relation to the *idea* of her." Novalis's *Hymns to the Night* and his *Spiritual Songs* were written during the spring, summer, and fall of 1798, at the time when he was jotting down a record of his emotional life in his diary. A careful comparison of this record with its poetic counterpart establishes the fact that the idea of Sophie, i. e., Novalis's subjective idealisation of her being, was translated into poetic life by means of the dogmatic ideas of tradition. The man's mystical adoration of Sophie became the poet's mystical adoration of Jesus. In the dogma of the Redemption the poet incased, as it were, the thought of conscious perfection through intimate communion with his spiritualised Sophie. Novalis's poem "To Julie" was only the logical application to a new experience of this process of adoption and adaptation. The vinculum that unites the lovers in this poem is not the man's subjective idea of Sophie, but the poet's dogmatic idea of Christ.

All that has been said of Novalis leads inevitably to the inference that the religious life of his poetry was not the religious life of his daily experience, and also not the religious life of his Romantic philosophy. His poetry was a peculiar combination of both, in that social ideas—for as such the ideas of traditional religion were treated—took the place of speculative ideas, and were then in turn metamorphosed into speculative ideas through the individualistic temperament of the writer. If this is true of the sweetest and most genuine singer of Romanticism, how much more true must it be of his contemporary Romanticists? They were perhaps no more insincere in their poetic efforts than Novalis, but their insincerity was more apparent, and this for the reason that their conduct stood in no such intimate relation to their poetic dogmatism as that of Novalis. Z. Werner came to lead a dual life. He grovelled in the dust alternately before the dogma in which he sought his poetic imagery, and before the licentious passions which controlled his reason. The mysteries of dogma were not merely transubstantiated in the religious rodomontades of Werner; they became carnal realities in which the heated imagination of the poet revelled in carnal lust. His poetic insincerity was, however, of the same type as that of Novalis. Both poets adopted the intellectual product

of a past religious life as the emotional content of present religious life. Any one who can regard the familiar lines in some of our own hymnals:

“There is a fountain filled with blood
 Drawn from Immanuel’s veins,
 And sinners plunged beneath that flood
 Lose all their guilty stains”—

as poetry of the religious life, and not as poetical, or rather versified, theology, will of course look upon much of the poetry of Novalis as sincerely and genuinely religious. He should do the same with the poetry of Werner. But since he finds that Werner chose as the touchstone of the religious life the specifically Evangelical dogma not of the Protestant Church, but of the Roman Catholic Church, he refuses to regard this poetry as poetry of the religious life. And precisely the same view will he entertain of the poetry of Novalis whenever the doctrinal allegory of this poetry departs from the beaten track of the critic’s dogmatic views. The Protestant Evangelical admirer of Novalis will always reject the setting which Novalis gave to the religious life in all those poems that seemingly glorify the Madonna.

The writings of Novalis and of Werner marked the two extremes of that phase of Romantic poetry which strove to vitalise experience through dogmatic thought. The poetry of Novalis was not without its appeal to the religious instincts of his readers, but it did not, and could not, satisfy these instincts. It intensified the longing of the soul, but freed this longing of none of its vagueness. That magnificent little story, the parable of “Rosenblütchen and Hyacinth,” a perfect gem of Novalis’s poetic art, is pre-eminently of this character. The fanatical outpourings of Werner made, and could make, no appeal, unless it was to the curiosity of the metaphysician. They disgusted where they purposed to allure. Negative pleasure and positive displeasure; between these two extremes the poetic adaptation of emotions to traditional ideas moved back and forth.

In a vague sort of way, we can feel in all this earlier Romantic literature the presence of that pantheistic experience which modern science has made the common privilege of all. But when we follow the indistinct traces of this pantheistic sentiment we nowhere meet with its poetic reality. The pantheistic temper of the authors developed none of that robustness which only a healthy interest in scientific realities can impart; and it never acquired that power of poetic concentration which is possible only when the emotional and

the intellectual experiences of the individual find their balance and come to rest in the social experience of his age.

The seeming disregard on the part of Lessing, and other earnest rationalists, of the spiritual force in life had become actual denial in the materialistic rationalism of men like Nicolai. Accordingly, the distinctively modern spirit in Rationalism was not realised by the Romantic opposition to the soulless materialism of degenerate Rationalism. No discrimination was made between that which Lessing, Kant, and Schiller stood for, and the fortuitous spread of materialism. Rationalism unfettered the impulse to substitute *living experience* for traditional authority. Materialism struck out the word "living" and treated experience as a mere sequence of physical facts. The revolt of the first Romanticists was directed against this materialistic development of Rationalism, but it expressed itself, as we have seen, in a manner that enthroned traditional authority over living experience. The poetry of Romanticism stultified the instinctive modernity of the men who wrote it. Passage upon passage, drama upon drama, poem upon poem, gives evidence of the pantheistic temper of the writers. But there is hardly an instance in which this temper is not poetically perverted to the glorification of dogmatic conceptions. Here is a passage taken from Tieck's *Leben und Tod der heiligen Genoveva*. It is characteristic of the peculiar Romantic subversion that left its stamp on the whole drama. It is also generally representative of the Romantic manner. The words are spoken by Genoveva (the canonised saint) just previous to her death.

“Wohin ich blickte, sah ich Blüten prangen,
 Aus Strahlen wuchsen Himmelsblumen auf.
 Am Trone sprosstes Glauben und Verlangen
 Und rankten sich wie Edelstein hinauf.
 Gebete blühend in den Himmel drangen,
 Zu Füßen aller goldnen Sterne Lauf,
 Und die Natur in tausendfachen Weisen,
 Den dreimal heil'gen Gott, Sohn, Geist zu preisen.

“Gebete stiegen auf, herab der Segen
 Zur Erde nieder durch das Firmament,
 Die Sterne kamen Gottes Lieb entgegen
 Und drungen in das ird'sche Element,
 Verschlungen all in tausendfachen Wegen,
 Dass Himmel, Erd' in einer Liebe brennt,
 Und tief hinab in Pflanz', in Erzgestalten
 Des Vaters Kräfte im Abyssus walten.

“Der Sohn war recht des Vaters Herz und Liebe,
 Der Vater schaffende Allgegenwart,
 Der Geist im unerforschlichen Getriebe,
 Das ew'ge Wort, das immerfort beharrt;
 Und alles wechselnd, nichts im Tode bliebe,
 Indes der Vater wirkt die Form und Art,
 So Lieb und Kraft und Wort in eins verschlungen
 In ewiger Liebesglut von sich durchdrungen.

“Wie Strahlen gingen Engel aus und ein,
 Entzückt in der Dreieinigkeit zu spielen,
 Sich niedertauchend in der Gottheit Schein,
 Die volle Séligkeit beherzt zu fühlen,
 Sie durften in der Kraft und Gnade sein,
 Die Sehnsucht in der grossen Liebe kühlen,
 Auch meine Seel' muss sich dem Tod entringen
 Und in dem Lebensmeer als Welle klingen.”

[And I beheld luxuriant vegetation,
 Saw rays of light break into heavenly flowers,
 Saw by the throne grow faith and aspiration
 And twine along its sides in jewelled bowers,
 In Heaven blossom human supplication,
 The stars beneath me course in golden showers,
 And Nature in her multinomial lays
 The Triune God, Love, Spirit praise.

Prayers upward rose, and down the heavenly blessing
 Descended earthward through the firmament,
 The stars toward Love Divine were closer pressing
 And entered in the earthly element,
 Their many courses merging, ever lessening,
 'Til Heaven and Earth to one great Love were bent,
 And in each plant, in all metallic form
 The Father's Will was the abysmal norm.

The Son made Father-Love reality,
 The Father was the omnipresent cause,
 The Spirit in mysterious activity,
 The Word Eternal without let or pause:
 A constant change robbed death of victory,
 Meanwhile the Father ruled in forms and laws;
 And Love and Cause and Word, in one united,
 The Passion Infinite thus mutually ignited.

And angels came and went, rays gleaming bright,
 Enraptured in the Trinity to play,
 And low they dipped them in the Godhead's light
 And delved in perfect bliss without dismay.
 For they could dwell in Grace Divine and Might,

Their longing now in Love Supreme allay.
 With death my soul must also end its strife
 And sing its wave-song in the Sea of Life.]

(Translation by J. F. C.)

It goes without saying that the pantheistic theology of Romanticism not only lacked, but often purposely neglected that robustness of scientific experience which the enlightened thought of Germany was demanding and which we find at its best in the writings of Goethe. This was true of Romantic conduct in its earlier stages, as well as of Romantic poetry. It was true also of the speculative theology of these men. In his *Reden über die Religion* and his *Monologen* Schleiermacher, to be sure, proclaimed the base of religion to be pantheistic. He heralded the fact that conscious life is full of the longing for an immanent God, and that the insistent aspiration of this life is for infinity in the finite and for immortality in the mortal. But Schleiermacher was in one respect less progressive than the poets Novalis, Tieck, or Heine. These at least acknowledged the irrepressible impulse which has never, in the whole history of the religious life of mankind, permitted human beings to rest content with the mere feeling of their immortal and infinite essence. Schleiermacher upheld the sufficiency of this feeling. Despite the assertion of Schleiermacher, impartial students of religious history will admit that the mere feeling of unity in all life has always been accompanied by the effort to see that which was felt. They will also admit that this effort has been quickly followed by some image, some icon, which revealed to the intellectual vision, in some form, however imperfect, the content of the great aspiration. Modern life has not eradicated this tendency. It was as strong in Rationalism as it was in Romanticism, and it is as active in scientific Realism as it was in Romanticism. This only must be borne in mind: the *method* of meeting the intellectual demand of every stage of religious experience varies with the ages. Novalis and his fellow poets clung to the imagery of a past religious experience. Schleiermacher rejected iconography and the attempt at intellectual representation. He, however, paid his tribute to the modern spirit when he preached the community of feeling as the determinant of the religious reality of the individual. Modern life, in turn, demanded in those days and still continues to demand, something more than personification and something more than community of feeling. It demanded, and demands to-day, a community of scientific experience and the presentment of the infinite reality in terms of this common experience.

AN ORIGINAL SIN.

BY WILLIAM J. ROE.

WE were married in 1869; our daughter—Clare we have always called her, though she was named Clara, after her mother—was born in 1870, and was married and living near us, while our only son, Walter, born in 1874, lived at home.

Walter was cashier in a suburban branch of the — bank. His habits were extremely regular, and he was, moreover, engaged to be married to a girl of whom we had all grown fond. Walter had his latch key and came and went as he pleased. Sometimes when a late entertainment, theatre party, or even press of business was likely to detain him, he would mention the fact of his probable absence, telling his mother “not to worry if he did not turn up at breakfast”; but usually he said nothing, and Clara never worried, knowing that in such cases Walter went to a hotel for the night.

For these reasons, when one morning Walter did not appear at the breakfast table, neither of us felt the least anxiety. It was my habit to glance over the daily paper while sipping my cup of coffee. That morning Clara happened to speak of Walter’s betrothed: “Eleanor is a sweet girl,” she was saying, “yet I cannot help wondering how she would stand any sudden reverse of fortune,” when my eyes fell upon this, in bold, black headlines: “Defalcation in the Harwick branch of the — National Bank—Cashier Walter Galbraith a Defaulter.”

I need not describe the miserable details of the next few days. It was all true; wretchedly true; Walter, our own boy Walter, had brought that disgrace upon us. When I read that startling headline I made an excuse and left the breakfast room. Alone I read the account through—the long column, full of brazen horrors—the criminal act, the cowardly flight, the successful evasion of the process of law. With Walter’s mother lying stupefied with her grief and humiliation; with poor Clare, half frantic in her own agony, making

futile effort at consolation, was it less or more deplorable that Walter had fled beyond the jurisdiction of the state, beyond—as I knew—the chances of extradition? In a later edition of the daily there was more told; the door bell had been rung a dozen times, and the reporters—though I never saw one—had “written up” what they called “the heart-rending scenes in the defaulter’s family.” There was an editorial, too, in which the greatest wonder was expressed as to the motive for the crime:

“Thus far (so the editorial was worded) not a particle of evidence has been brought forward to show what disposition has been made of the stolen funds; it seems to be admitted that Walter Galbraith, Jr., had none of what are commonly called ‘bad habits’; he neither drank nor gambled; was engaged to be married, it is well known, to Miss Eleanor, daughter of Hon. John Bradish; in short, had every inducement to a perfectly correct life. And yet, he is a defaulter. Why? The answer is not to be found in any facts that have thus far come to light, or, we may add, are likely to come to light. We ask the question seriously, soberly—why is this young man a defaulter?

“Theology tells us of something called ‘total depravity,’ and of another, or the same, something called ‘original sin,’ and science—the science of psychology, yet ‘in its manger,’ has begun to give us hints of an element of certainty in ‘heredity.’

“Perhaps here may be found the solution of the difficult problem of motive; perhaps, even it may be centuries backward in the past, some degenerate ancestor of this young criminal betrayed a trust, so filling his veins that in him the virus—the ‘black drop,’ burst without volition, unbidden and unwanted.”

Our friends—and we had many that we considered real friends—were most sympathetic; our rector, Dr. Wainwright, perhaps more helpful in his sympathy than any other. Candidly I had never sought the “consolation of religion,” but to my wife and daughter his words were the greatest consolation as he prayed with them fervently for the “erring one,” and besought for his sin “absolution and remission.” To me he spoke of insanity—that “temporary insanity,” available often, I cannot doubt, as a plea for an act of sudden passion; but—who does feel instinctively?—hopelessly untenable to extenuate premediated crime. The substance of those editorial remarks concerning “heredity,” seeming to cast the burden of guilt back upon some ancestral sinner, the good doctor made haste to repudiate as contrary to “the Gospel.”

One afternoon, about a week after the exposure, I was sitting

with Dr. Wainwright in our library when the servant brought in a card—"Miss Bradish." Clare was with her mother up stairs, so I saw Eleanor in the library alone with the rector. What occurred was hardly unexpected—the formal card, so at variance with her usual ways—gave ample warning. Remember, I do not in the least blame Eleanor Bradish; she was perfectly justified in breaking the engagement.

"I would have written," she said hurriedly, and evidently prepared for "an ordeal," "but—what was there to say? What could I say? Walter—I mean Mr. Galbraith—has written; he admits everything, and; well, Mrs. Galbraith sent to ask if I were ill. I thought it best—my mother thought it best—to call. Of course I am very sorry for you, Mr. Galbraith, and for your wife and Clare. Of course (she repeated nervously) I am sorry."

Mr. Wainwright relieved me of any necessity for reply. "My dear Eleanor," he said quietly and familiarly as to one whom he had known from her cradle, "you say that Walter has written. I am sure his father would like to know—has he told you that full restitution has been, or is to be, made?"

"Yes, Oh yes!" said Eleanor, "yes, he said that—"

"And that he is truly penitent?"

"Penitent!" she replied quickly, her tone sharp and harsh and her eyes snapping. "Well, he might be penitent, Dr. Wainwright; I sincerely hope he is penitent, for his sake I hope so. But what good will his penitence do now? Can it wipe out the disgrace to me?"

"Perhaps," suggested the rector, rather hopelessly, "perhaps he did not realize the nature of his sin—"

"Realize!" she exclaimed impetuously, "it was his duty to have realized. No, there is no excuse for him—none. Actually, I don't know what the man can be made of. He writes that he is—what he calls—bewildered; that he doesn't know why he did what he did; that the opportunity came—so he goes on, page after page, and ends by saying that he is sure that I will understand—that he relies upon my sympathy—"

"And do you not sympathize, my dear child?" asked the doctor, mournfully.

"Sympathize? Oh! in a way—yes, I suppose, as a Christian woman, I am bound to feel sympathy. But yet, how can I feel much? Why, doctor!" she burst out, passionately, "he begs me to forgive him—he even seems to imagine that I would marry him."

"I suppose," said the doctor wearily, "that that is now impossible?"

"Impossible!" she cried, scornfully. "I should think so. Surely you cannot imagine that I would marry a thief?"

"Eleanor!" said the doctor, sternly, "you are forgetting his father."

She started slightly, and her face crimsoned. "I beg your pardon, Mr. Galbraith," she said, not very graciously, "I had forgotten that you were in the room."

Forgotten! Yes, both of us had forgotten; Miss Bradish in the mad delirium of her wild justice—a justice none could gainsay—and I in a depth of misery too deep for words. There was but little more said, and this blurred to both hearing and consciousness. When at last Eleanor went away, Doctor Wainwright turned pityingly to me. "I fear," he said, soothingly, "that this has been too much for you, my friend; you seem to be completely stunned."

Yes, I was stunned. How could it be otherwise—holding alone the knowledge of my boy's innocence, conscious of his integrity and another's guilt? Stunned! Who would not have been so? If only I could have spoken; but well I knew how hopeless would any words of mine be. I do not remember, but I think—staggering under the blow—that I must have said something to this effect to Dr. Wainwright, for I recall his saying with unutterable sadness: "My poor friend, Oh! my poor friend."

Perhaps the good man thought me mad—that my terrible trouble had been too much for the fine fibre of my brain. But I was not mad.

Many remember, some to their sorrow, others that from that period dated the founding of their family fortune—the disastrous panic of 1872. There was then a most extraordinary fall in prices of even the most conservative securities; for three days—to avert utter ruin to all—for three entire days the doors of the Stock Exchange were closed; there was loss and disaster everywhere, and none could know or hope to forecast at all the future. The worst, perhaps—worse even than the terrible scaling down of values—was the gambling mania consequent upon the general demoralization, several of the stocks previously active beginning to fluctuate violently. At that time I was note-teller in the Northern State National Bank, then, as now, one of the strongest financial institutions of the country. When the panic broke out I had been married about three years. I had managed to save out of my salary something like ten thousand dollars, and this had been invested in the house that we occupied far up town.

My wife's father was president of the ——— Railway, and was

reputed to be a very rich man. As a rule he was extremely reticent about his business affairs; but one night in the midst of the very worst of the panic, he came to our house, and while my wife was up stairs after dinner with little Clare, he gave me his confidence. As men are often impelled to do in sudden straits, he was impelled to relieve his mind rather than in the hope of any counsel in what was really a serious difficulty. Briefly, he was what is called "long" of the stock of his own company. That is, in addition to his own holdings, he had bought "on a margin" many thousand shares at a price which, if he were now obliged to sell, would ruin him.

That night I confess to much more wakefulness than usual. I had never been a man to "wait for dead men's shoes," but it now occurred to me with tremendous force how great would be our loss if my father-in-law became insolvent. For some time past we had sensibly increased our expenditures chiefly on account of his liberality to Clara. She was his only child, and there seemed no reason why I should not accept willingly and gratefully what was so freely offered. At this very time I had gone to considerable expense—having a new bath room, steam heat introduced, and so on, reckoning upon our customary Christmas gift. It was with actual alarm that I thought of the chances of this amount not being forthcoming. I summed up what our improvements would be likely to cost. The aggregate, about three thousand dollars—exactly my year's salary—filled me with nervous apprehension.

The next day I was early at the bank, and as soon after ten as a pretext could be made, slipped out to look at the quotation of the — R. R. on the ticker. This stood at $28\frac{3}{4}$, an eighth above the closing price of the previous day. Before the crisis the stock had sold quite above par, but had dropped at once like lead. I knew the stock to be (as everyone did) in normal times a good six per cent. investment stock. Now, however, no one could tell how low it might fall. If it fell to 25, my father-in-law had told me, he would be called upon to make his margins good, and that he saw not the slightest prospect of being able to do so.

Just before noon, when a talkative customer came in saying "things are getting worse and worse; the bottom's dropped out of everything," I felt myself actually giddy with dismay. However, when I went out to lunch the tape showed — R. R. Common at about the same figure as at the opening. At three o'clock the closing price was $27\frac{5}{8}$ bid.

In that time of excitement the gamblers were not satisfied to quit at the close of ordinary business hours. I knew that there would

be many to keep up the feverish work far into the night; so after our late dinner I went around to "The Sutherland," in whose lobby I found spirited bidding going on for the more active securities. Suddenly someone offered to sell a thousand shares of — R. R. Common at $27\frac{5}{8}$, the closing quotation on the Exchange. There were no takers; then followed quickly offers at $\frac{1}{2}$, $\frac{3}{8}$, $\frac{1}{4}$, $\frac{1}{8}$, 27, and still no sign of a buyer. What this man's object was I do not know; he was acting probably under instructions to depress the stock in the interest of the "shorts." I was talking at the time to an acquaintance, a member of the Exchange, and a very conservative dealer, who confined himself exclusively to a strictly commission business.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, when the offer touched 27, "that is 'bed-rock,' sure enough—the best purchase I know of; it almost tempts me. Why, that stock is dead sure to be back to 50 within a fortnight, and like as not back to par before the month is out." What mania seized me I cannot say; but on the spur of the moment I told my friend to buy me a thousand. In a breath the transaction was completed, and I went home having obligated myself to put up ten thousand dollars the following day, without having at my command as much as a tenth of the amount.

When the thought first occurred to me to write this true (too true) narrative, it was my intention to have related in detail the exact method by which I availed myself of the funds of the bank (for that was what happened) in order to make my account good with the broker. But this, on sober second thought, I have concluded to leave unsaid. Happily since then the system of bank bookkeeping has been so far bettered that the particular method employed by me is no longer possible. But—there are yet "others."

Not only did I abstract enough to make a deposit of my margin, but sufficient to greatly increase my holdings. For these additional purchases I gave the broker the full margins in cash, and he went over at once to the Exchange to fill the order. In a few minutes he returned, manifestly much excited.

"I have bought your stock," he said, "though I had to pay 28. You're in luck's way, I guess; at any rate someone's booming it. Before I left the floor — R. R. Common was up to $28\frac{3}{4}$. Come over to the ticker; let's see what it is now."

Trembling with nervousness I let the tape glide through my fingers. The record, fresh from the Exchange: — R. R. Common 30, $30\frac{1}{8}$, $\frac{1}{4}$, $\frac{1}{2}$, (skipping a fraction) $\frac{7}{8}$, 31. Then, while I watched, under my very eyes, the movement began to dart upward, no longer by fractions, but whole points—32, 33, 34, '5, '6. It was no ordinary

rally, no common recovery. Some power (I believe it was never positively traced) in finance had come into the market, and was now mercilessly "squeezing the shorts." At 38, at which price the stock stood at 2:30 p. m., I had cleared much more than enough to make good my deficit. Imagine the eagerness with which I hastened to get the cash and to restore what I had taken, and imagine too—if you can—the delirium of joy, with which at first no pang of conscience mingled, contemplating the possession of thousands of shares of the — stock "on velvet."

My father-in-law had failed to make his margins good (for the stock had gone below 25 early in the day), and that night on my return home I found the old man there, "all broken up," and poor Clara on the verge of hysterics. It forms no part of this story (if it may be called a story) to relate with what duplicity I managed in the way of gradually softening the blow. But I may say right here that I had "cleared up" over \$300,000.00.

In the following November I sent in my resignation as note-teller to the directors. As such matters inevitably will it had leaked out that my profits during the panic had been large. I may, of course, have been mistaken. But it is my belief that the president and probably the entire board had some vague ill-defined apprehension that there might be something wrong in my accounts. For some days, while the expert accountants were busy over my books, I knew myself to have been "shadowed." As I gave no sign of apprehension, and especially as everything was found in admirable shape at the bank, my reputation did not suffer.

About Christmas time I received an invitation to meet the Board of Directors "socially" at the bank. It was with no qualms (at least of fear) that I accepted the invitation. The greeting I received was remarkably cordial. We smoked and chatted (after a little "spread") and some jokes were made at my having ceased to be a "day-laborer" and joined the ranks of "bloated bond-holders,"—a favorite expression then, but now that the "trusts" and "industrials" have come, quite antique. After a while the president laid down his cigar, got upon his feet, and after some preliminary coughs, began what proved to be quite a speech. He himself (he said) was in a position to know, and he was sure (here he bowed and beamed at his associates in the directorate) that all connected with the institution knew, that having lost my invaluable services the bank had sustained a loss not to be measured by mere money. He trusted, however,—they all trusted—that I would pardon them for giving due expression to their feelings. So he went on, and at last, having alluded feelingly

to my "faithful and honorable services, as notable for ability as they had been for the strictest integrity," produced after some fumbling, from an inside pocket what he designated as "a small token of their high appreciation." This token was in the form of a small scroll, elegantly engrossed and illuminated, containing sentiments similar to those which had been orally expressed. With the scroll was a check to my order for \$5,000.00.

With some natural diffidence, but without perceptible embarrassment, I made the proper acknowledgements for this munificent offering, accepting modestly the scroll, but declining absolutely the gift of money, protesting that it was from no lack of respect, but that I had done only my duty.

Yet all the while that I was protesting, an undercurrent of cynical emotion filled my mind. How great, I thought, must the relief of those worthy gentlemen have been to discover, by the laborious investigations of their accountants, that I had not been a defaulter.

When these matters had been settled (with some difficulty, for they were very urgent) I begged to volunteer a trifle in the way of counsel. I then proceeded to explain at considerable length how such and such things might be made to happen in the hardly supposable case that a dishonest man had access to the cash in my department; how cash could be abstracted, accounts juggled with, and wool pulled over everybody's eyes—bank examiners and all. In short, while relating a purely hypothetical case, "gave the whole thing away." You may easily believe that I caused something of a sensation. When I concluded, the president, almost gasping at the ease with which speculation could have been carried out, arose again to say that he "voiced the sentiments of the entire board and of every shareholder in saying that I had added to the bank's indebtedness to me tenfold."

It is very far from my intention to inflict upon you any moral reflections; the style of acceptable "fiction" comes and goes, but always the thing of ugliness is a horror. You who read this have, one and all, being human, "secret sins" of your own; none, perhaps, as flagrant; none perhaps liable, as mine did, "to find you out" with such malignant cruelty. Say, if you please, that mine was a singularly good stroke of luck; delude yourselves with the sophistry that the "tracks were well covered up," yet I assure you it is with no specious causistry that for so many years I have succeeded in dulling the blade of relentless thought. The money that has surrounded my family with lavish luxury; that enabled me to provide abundantly

for my wife's father till the day of his death; that I have strewn in charity—none of it has been my own—it was all stolen.

At first I did not realize this; even, perhaps, "blasphemously" hugged the delusion that it was even "providential." For as much as a year the joy predominated over the sting. After that, little by little, the stings came more and more frequently and with increasing venom. Something would occur, some casual word, something on a printed page, something in the way of suggestion. By the end of the second year what I may call the habit of remorse quite mastered me. Never since then have I been wholly beyond the shadow of my crime; never have I awakened from even the most refreshing sleep but the thought of my guilt confronted me. In winter the sleigh bells jangled to the refrain: "You thief, you thief," and in the August nights the katy-dids chirped the same: "You thief, you thief!" It was, you say, morbid; yes, it was morbid, but very, very real. Do not think that it required the blow of my boy's crime to arouse the sense of the criminal in me. No, it was long before. Towards the close of that second year, Walter was born. He was a well grown lad—fifteen or so—before my attention was called to the possibilities of a development of evil in him. Then it was because of a lecture that I attended. After that I watched the development of his character with painful interest. At a large boarding school that Walter attended one of the boys was caught, red-handed, stealing. The paragraph in the daily (it was a "special") mentioned no names, but for some hours I was sure it must have been my son. But why need I go on? You know what happened. When we removed to a city of the Far West to be with our boy and help him to "live it down," there were many to say that we had been too lenient, too ready to forgive. Others loudly praised what they called my "noble conduct." What care I?—blame or praise are both indifferent to me. Walter knows and he has forgiven. I would have told his mother, but he implored me not, so I have kept silent, yielding for his sake to spare her some last lingering faith that all was not amiss with the world.

And all is not amiss. The world is right; the eternal steadfast laws are right. As a story, mine is woefully—even willfully—defective. From the standpoint of a casual reader not a ray of light touches the horror and the gloom. I offer it, however, to no casual reader, offending none with any obstructive moral reflections; offering it—with Walter's "vicarious atonement," his mother's faith, and this crucifixion of myself, in proof that though penalty to law must be exact, pardon and peace may be found.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE SYMBOLS OF GOD.

Men say: God is a tree,
With roots in hell, and branches in the sky;
Men are the leaves, which falling downward, die,
Again to grow; content to breathe and be
For some scant seasons in eternity.

Men say: God is a sea,
Embracing all the world, and men, as waves,
Leap to the crests of never-resting graves,
A part of the great ocean, bond, yet free,
And one brief moment holding life in fee.

Men say: God is a fire,
Illumining and consuming with a flash
These human sparks that for an instant clash
Against each other in a vain desire
For love and glory ere the light expire.

DUDLEY W. WALTON.

A CORRECTION.

To the Editor of The Open Court:

In the article upon "The Ainu," printed in the March number of *The Open Court*, the following statement occurs (p. 163): "...the Japanese authorities tried to frustrate the project" (of bringing a group of the Ainu to the St. Louis Exposition). This is a mistake. Before I left America last year, Mr. Ota, the acting Commissioner General at St. Louis, and the Japanese Minister at Washington, both took a hearty interest in my planned expedition and supplied me with strong letters to the Tokyo officials. Although I reached Tokyo on the very day upon which war was declared against Russia—when a lack of interest in my errand might have been readily excused—I found the warmest interest and the promptest and fullest aid. At Tokyo, Mr. Tejima, the Commissioner-general, and Baron Matsudaira, Vice-president of the Commission, and at Sapporo Baron Sonoda, Governor of the Hokkaido, met all my requests immediately and heartily. It would be inexcusable for me to permit the statement quoted to pass uncontradicted.

Chicago, March 3, 1905.

FREDERICK STARR.

ADOLPH BASTIAN: AN OBITUARY.

Adolph Bastian, the indefatigable explorer, the coryphaeus of ethnology, and the father of the great national *Museum für Völkerkunde* at Berlin, died on March 3d of this year at the advanced age of seventy-eight. He was visiting the island of Trinidad, while on a journey which he had undertaken in behalf of his scientific investigations, and was taken sick while on a trip to Grenada and Venezuela. On the second of February the German Consul was informed of his serious condition, and Mr. Bastian was placed in the care of the Colonial Hospital of Trinidad. The Consul visited him repeatedly, and it so happened that the famous traveller died in the arms of the representative of his country.

We published in June, 1904, an appreciative article on Adolph Bastian's work, and we feel ourselves indebted to the deceased for the various courtesies which he extended to *The Open Court* during his lifetime, and also personally to the Editor.

BOOK REVIEWS.

IDEALS OF SCIENCE AND FAITH. Essays by Various Authors. Edited by *The Rev. J. E. Hand*. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. London: George Allen. 1904. Pp. xix, 333. Price, \$1.60.

The editor of this book is anxious to find a conciliation between science and religion, and so he collects a number of essays by various authors who show the tendency of a mutual approach. The contributors of this symposium are: Sir Oliver Lodge, Principal of the University of Birmingham; Prof. J. Arthur Thomson, Natural History Department, University of Aberdeen; Prof. Patrick Geddes, University Hall, Edinburgh; John H. Muirhead, Professor of Philosophy, University of Birmingham; Victor V. Branford, Honorary Secretary of the Sociological Society; Hon. Bertrand Russell, author of *The Principles of Mathematics*; The Rev. John Kelman, author of *The Faith of Robert Louis Stevenson*; The Rev. Donald Bayne, editor *Hooker's Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity*; The Rev. Philip Napier Waggett, author of *Science and Religion*; Wilfrid Ward, author of *Witnesses to the Unseen*.

The spirit of the editor is expressed in his comment made in the Preface: "That the feud between Religion and Science will wholly disappear is perhaps more than can be hoped for under present circumstances; but on all sides is a growing recognition that the ideals common to both Religion and Science are not only numerous, but are indeed the very ideals for which the nobler spirits on both sides care most. Hence it is that men of science and theologians alike evince an increasing desire for mutual toleration, sometimes even for some measure of co-operation, if not positive alliance. That is a position from which the deepest and most practical minds on both sides have never been far removed."

As to the contributors we can only say that, contradictory though they may be among themselves, we see much in all of them to admire and to sympathise with, but no one of them presents a solution that would prove satisfactory to both the man of religious sentiment and the truly rigorous scientist. Prof. Bertrand Russell is perhaps the most radical, yet his "Ethical

Approach of a Conciliation between Religion and Science" will be most disappointing to religious devotees. Yet, after all, Prof. Oliver Lodge's word with which he concludes his essay, remains true: "The region of religion and the region of a completer science are one."

RESIST NOT EVIL. By *Clarence S. Darrow*. Chicago: The Hammersmark Publishing Co. 1904. Pp. 179. Price, 75 cents.

Mr. Clarence S. Darrow, an author of no mean power, has been so influenced by Tolstoy that he adopts his theory of non-resistance and applies it to all the several provinces of life. He depicts his views in an interesting booklet entitled *Resist not Evil*, in which he claims that the nature of the State is usurpation. He says:

"Every government since then has used its power to divide the earth amongst the favored few and by force and violence to keep the toiling, patient, suffering millions from any portion of the common bounties of the world."

Our armies have no other purpose than to sustain the government in its unjust policy. Our government therefore is sometimes to be despised and condemned, and especially its theory of crime and punishment is to be abolished. Mr. Darrow says:

"The student who is interested in the subject of criminology, and wishes to carefully investigate crime and punishment, will find that most of the great historians, philosophers, and thinkers will amply corroborate the views herein set forth, as to the cause of crime, and the evil and unsatisfactory results of punishment."

His main principle is expressed in the concluding words:

"Hatred, bitterness, violence, and force can bring only bad results—they leave an evil stain on every one they touch. No human soul can be rightly reached except through charity, humanity, and love."

Richard Strauss is a new star rising on the musical horizon, and the German musical magazine *Die Musik* has devoted a special number to his compositions as well as his personality. This will be of great interest to all lovers of music, and especially to those who were fortunate enough to hear him in his recent tour through the United States. The contents of this special Strauss number are varied, consisting of articles by the New York musical critic James Huneker, as well as Dr. Alfred Guttmann, Prof. Karl Schmalz, and Wilhelm Klatte, who treat Strauss in his different aspects as a composer. In addition to these treatises, there is a series of very interesting portraits, caricatures and other pictures of Strauss himself, his father, and other persons of interest connected with his life.

The present war has suggested to Count Hans von Königsmarck, a former military attaché of Germany to Japan, the idea to publish his reminiscences under the title *Japan und die Japanesen* (Allgemeiner Verein für deutsche Literatur, Berlin, 1904), and the little volume makes an attractive book with twenty-seven illustrations and two maps. The Count tells of his arrival in Japan and his journey from Tokyo to Niko; he describes the city of Niko and its surroundings, Yezzo, Tokyo, etc., and finally the imperial manœuvre of the Japanese army. He gives an account of ancient Japan, its mediævalism and its knighthood, of Japanese women, of the Mikado and

and his wife, of the Japanese love of the cherry blossom, and the chrysanthemum, Japanese art and religion, especially their ancestor worship, their peculiar conception of honor, Japanese patriotism and policy, its military accomplishments, and kindred topics. Among the pictures we find the author with other military attachés, a portrait of the Emperor, Japanese types, Japanese landscapes, towns and temples, and the great Buddha of Kamakura.

The book contains many undiplomatic statements and though its tone is kind, almost condescending, it is sometimes unjustly sarcastic. For instance, General Fukushima's long distance ride through Russia is spoken of with ridicule and its genuineness doubted. We trust that the author would be glad to revise and correct in a second edition many passages in which he failed to take the Japanese seriously or to appreciate their accomplishments; yet, in spite of several such shortcomings, the book is pleasant reading and will be welcome to those interested in the country of the Rising Sun.

NOTES.

Professor Leuba of Bryn Mawr, Pa., takes especial interest in the psychology of religion. His name is probably known to our readers through contributions to both *The Monist* and *The Open Court*, and also through his psychological investigations. His method consists in collecting materials from a great number of people, and he is grateful for any information that a serious person is willing to give him. He promises strict discretion and will make no use of data thus received except anonymously and for strictly scientific purposes. He wishes the Editor of *The Open Court* to publish the following *questionnaire*, to which, accordingly, we take pleasure in giving publicity:

"A great many persons who no longer accept Christianity as their faith, nevertheless continue to regard themselves as, in some sense, religious. What becomes of religious life when the traditional forms of Christianity are gone, is a question which is giving thought to many. To deal profitably with this problem, one should have definite information as to the actual religious needs, feelings, beliefs, and hopes of those who have left behind the Christian doctrines.

"Will you not jot down whatever answer you can make to the following questions, *even though it should be nothing more than a negative?* Any seriously considered answer expressing the condition of the writer himself—not his theoretical opinions—would be a valuable answer.

"1. What needs, desires, hopes, or beliefs do you have which you would call religious?

"2. Do you attempt to satisfy these needs and feed these hopes? If so, in what way; if not, why not?

"The answers need not be signed. When given, the names will be kept strictly confidential.

"Address the answers to PROF. J. H. LEUBA, Bryn Mawr, Pa."

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Singing, not at the baton's sway, but to the rhythm in my heart;
Loving because I must;
Doing for the joy of it.

Some one who has "entered in" sends back to us this inspiring prayer book, and to seize its spirit and walk in the light of it would still the moan and bitterness of human lives, as the bay wreath ends the toilsome struggle in the hero's path. Measure the height attained in this one reflection for the weary army of the unsuccessful: "He is to rejoice with exceeding great joy who plucks the fruit of his planting, but his the divine anointing who watched and waited, and toiled, and prayed, and failed—and can yet be glad." Or this, in exchange for the piping cries of the unfortunate: "I do not bemoan misfortune. To me there is no misfortune. I welcome whatever comes; I go out gladly to meet it." Cover all misfortune, too, with this master prayer: "O God, whatever befall, spare me that supreme calamity—let no after-bitterness settle down with me. Misfortune is not mine until that hour." Here, too, is the triumph of the unconquerable mind: "The earth shall yet surrender to him and the fates shall do his will who marches on, though the promised land proved to be but a mirage and the day of deliverance was canceled. The gods shall yet anoint him and the morning stars shall sing." And this the true prayer for the battlefield: "I never doubt my strength to bear whatever fate may bring, but, oh! that I may not go down before that which I bring myself."

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