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Volume XLII (No. 8) AUGUST, 1928 Number 867

THE RELIGIOUS EVOLUTION OF DARWIN

BY J. V. NASH

IN all the discussions concerning Darwinism and religion in recent years, little light has been thrown on the subject of Darwin's private religious convictions. What effect, if any, did the great Evolutionist's discoveries in biology exert upon his own inherited beliefs in the field of religion? And how shall we resolve the paradox that the man whose scientific writings have been criticized in many quarters as utterly destructive not only to Christian theology but to any system of supernaturalism should have been buried in Westminster Abbey with all the rites and honors of the Church of England?

Disliking theological controversy, Darwin was reticent in the matter of his personal religious views. He held that he was not justified in publishing his opinions on subjects in which he did not profess to be a specialist, and that his attitude toward religion was a purely private matter in which the public could have no legitimate interest. He shrank, too, from the thought of inflicting pain upon those who held different opinions and who found comfort and support therein.

A study of Darwin's religious evolution, as it kept pace with his scientific researches in the realm of biological evolution, is of peculiar interest and significance when it is remembered that, reared in an orthodox atmosphere, Darwin was once a candidate for the ministry of the Church of England. A phrenologist studying Darwin's head in later years assured him that he had a bump of reverence large enough for ten priests. Born in an earlier generation, he would quite likely have ended his career as The Most Reverend Charles Darwin, D. D., Archbishop of Canterbury.

Although Darwin published nothing on religious subjects, a wealth

of material bearing on this phase of his life is available to the investigator in Darwin's letters, of which a vast number have been published, in his posthumous autobiographical memoir, and in the writings of his son, Francis Darwin.

Entering life on the same day and in the same year as Abraham Lincoln,—February 12, 1809,—Darwin was baptized in the Church of England. He was nurtured in the odor of pious respectability and at the age of sixteen was posted off to Edinburgh by his father, Dr. R. W. Darwin, a successful physician, to study medicine. Thither his older brother, Erasmus, had already preceded him. But the sight of blood and the horrors of the operating room in the days before the use of anaesthetics were too much for his nerves. His father, hearing unfavorable reports from Edinburgh, decided to take him away. It occurred to the worthy parent that Holy Orders might offer better prospects for the discontented youth. As Darwin himself puts it:

"After spending two sessions in Edinburgh, my father perceived, or he heard from my sisters, that I did not like the thought of being a physician, so he proposed that I should become a clergyman. He was very properly vehement against my turning into an idle sporting man, which then seemed my probable destination. I asked for some time to consider, as from what little I had heard or thought on the subject I had scruples about declaring my belief in all the dogmas of the Church of England; though otherwise I liked the thought of being a country clergyman. Accordingly, I read with care *Pearson on the Creed*, and a few other books on divinity; and as I did not then in the least doubt the strict and literal truth of every word in the Bible, I soon persuaded myself that our Creed must be fully accepted."

In order to qualify for Orders, it was necessary that Darwin should attend an English university and take a degree. And so in 1828, at nineteen, he went into residence at Cambridge University.

The reference to Dr. Darwin's fear of his son's becoming "an idle sporting man" needs a word of explanation. From his early boyhood Darwin had been, as he tells us, "passionately fond of shooting." So strong was his ardor for the pastime that, in his own words, "I do not believe that anyone could have shown more zeal for the most holy cause than I did for shooting birds. How well I remember killing my first snipe, and my excitement was so great

that I had difficulty in reloading my gun from the trembling of my hands."

Another of his youthful hobbies was the more constructive pastime of collecting natural history specimens,—wild flowers, beetles, and insects of all kinds, which he classified as best he could. This interest, indeed, had manifested itself from his earliest childhood, and by the time he was nine years old it was well developed. A good psychologist might have found in it a clue to Darwin's latent genius; but to his father it seems to have signified nothing; even his teachers apparently saw no significance in it. So Darwin was consigned to the sacred ministry.

At Cambridge, naturally enough, the holy vocation for which he was ostensibly preparing rested lightly on Darwin. He disliked the classics and mathematics; for the latter his dislike amounted to a positive loathing. From these odious studies he found relief in three directions. First, by plunging into the gay whirl of student life, not without some drinking. He admitted having been positively drunk on at least three occasions, and thought intoxication the greatest of pleasures. Second, in roaming about the country in search of natural history specimens. Third, but by no means least, in hunting and shooting. A strange theologue was Darwin; yet in all probability by no means unique in some of the particulars. But the profession of the ministry, he assures us, was never actually dropped by him; it simply faded imperceptibly out of the picture and at last was forgotten.

Another destiny was already beckoning to him. A common interest in science brought Darwin the acquaintance and ultimately the close friendship of two scientists on the faculty of Cambridge University at that time. They were Professors Sedgwick and Henslow. To Professor Henslow belongs the credit of having set Darwin out upon his epoch-making career. It happened that in 1831, after Darwin had spent three profitless years in his abortive preparation for the ministry, the British government was about to dispatch a vessel called the *Beagle* on a five-year voyage round the world for the purpose of surveying the little-known coasts of the continents and islands strewn over the southern hemisphere.

A naturalist was wanted who would be willing to serve without pay. Professor Henslow instinctively thought of Darwin. The latter was absent on a geological expedition in Wales with Professor

Segdwick when a letter from Henslow, broaching the proposition, reached him. Catching fire at once, Darwin hurried to see his father in order to secure the latter's approval of the plan. Dr. Darwin frowned upon the project; so Darwin disconsolately sent off a reply declining the offer. But shortly afterwards when on a visit to his uncle, Josiah Wedgwood, he found a more sympathetic ear. Wedgwood volunteered to call on Dr. Darwin and endeavor to persuade him to reconsider his decision. So successful was he that the elder Darwin at once consented to his son's accepting the invitation.

This marked the turning point in Darwin's career. The fascinating story of that five-year voyage is told by Darwin in his memorable *Voyage of the Beagle*. It was his observations in many lands during this voyage, and the vast accumulation of data and specimens which he collected, that laid the foundation for his development of the theory of evolution by natural selection as the explanation of the origin of species, as against the then almost universally held theory of fixity of species, catastrophic destruction, and divine re-creation.

On Darwin's return to England he married his cousin, Miss Wedgwood, and settled at Down in Kent. Almost constant seasickness during the five years on the *Beagle* had left him a semi-invalid; hence he lived in much seclusion during the remaining forty years of his life, while one after another his memorable books issued from the press and his fame increased with the years. Here, too, a charming family circle grew up around him, for notwithstanding his invalidism Darwin became the father of no less than ten children, nearly all of whom reached maturity.

When Darwin started out on his memorable voyage to foreign parts, he was still perfectly orthodox in his religious views. His favorite theological work was Paley's *Natural Theology*. In later years he told Sir John Lubbock that he could almost have repeated the contents of this book by heart. Darwin's nature, however, was not religious in the devotional or mystical sense. William James, in his *Varieties of Religious Experience*, speaks of the once born and the twice born; i. e., those who never have felt any sense of spiritual maladjustment, and whose attitude toward life is one of healthy optimism; and those who are torn by an inner conflict and who can attain mental peace only through an emotional crisis or process of "conversion," whereby, at the cost of much *Sturm und*

Prana, a condition of harmony and equilibrium is attained through the establishment of satisfying relations with a Divine Power.

Darwin belonged to the "once born" class. He was essentially healthy minded. He found greater satisfaction, even when ostensibly preparing for the ministry, in going out hunting and fishing than in wrestling on his knees with the Lord in prayer and meditating on his and other people's "sins." So far as we can discover, Darwin never passed through any religious crisis. He accepted the creeds which came to him by inheritance, without much curiosity as to their validity. He fell in with his father's suggestion that he should take Holy Orders, merely because it seemed to offer a pleasant and respectable career, without too much hard work. When the way to a more attractive career opened before him, he quietly shelved the ministry. And when, in the course of his scientific studies, he came into conflict with Genesis and the New Testament miracles, he dropped the dogmas of Christianity one after another, without any particular regret, yet blandly retaining his membership in the Church of England. So at last he felt no qualms in announcing himself a complete Agnostic, while maintaining the friendliest relations with believers; and when death came, he was borne to his grave in England's holiest shrine, which the entire nation united in considering the most fitting resting place for his remains.

In terms of the most advanced contemporary psychology, Darwin was an *extrovert*. He was temperamentally optimistic, found life good, and liked to enjoy its pleasures. If his scientific researches had not fallen foul of his inherited religious beliefs, he would probably never have been prompted to examine the credentials of the latter. The Bible he took for granted as the great storehouse of spiritual truth for Christians. In a letter of condolence to W. D. Fox, April 23, 1829, on the occasion of the death of Fox's sister, Darwin, writing from Cambridge, said:

"I feel most sincerely and deeply for you and all your family, but at the same time, as far as anyone can, by his own good principles and religion, be supported under such a misfortune, you, I am assured, will know where to look for such support. And after so pure and holy a comfort as the Bible affords, I am equally assured how useless the sympathy of all friends must appear, although it is as heartfelt and sincere, as I hope you believe me capable of feeling."

"Whilst on board the *Beagle*," wrote Darwin in 1876, "I was

quite orthodox, and I remember being heartily laughed at by several of the officers (though themselves orthodox) for quoting the Bible as an unanswerable authority on some point of morality. I suppose it was the novelty of the argument that amused them." During his sojourn in South America, some pious Roman Catholics sought to convert Darwin to the religion which they considered the only real Christianity. "Why do you not become a Christian—for our religion is certain?" they pleaded. Darwin drily replied that he was already "a sort of Christian."

But when, on his return to England, he turned to the systematic study of the scientific material and data collected during those five years of wandering amid the watery wastes of the southern hemisphere, his inherited religious beliefs began to disintegrate. "During these two years," he informs us, "I was led to think much about religion." That the process must have been fairly rapid is revealed by his further statement that he "had gradually come by this time, i. e., 1836 to 1839, to see that the Old Testament was no more to be trusted than the sacred books of the Hindoos." He wondered, too, whether if God were now to make a revelation to the people of India, "he would permit it to be connected with the belief in Vishnu and Siva, etc., as Christianity is connected with the Old Testament. This appeared to me utterly incredible."

The miracles of the New Testament proved as great a stumbling block as the special creation stories of the Old. But he was reluctant to abandon belief. He tells us how he used to dream of ancient manuscripts being some day discovered, which would "confirm in the most striking manner all that was written in the Gospels." Yet the more he thought on the subject, the more his difficulties increased. He summarizes his reflections as follows:

"By further reflecting that the clearest evidence would be requisite to make any sane man believe in the miracles by which Christianity is supported,—and that the more we know of the fixed laws of nature the more incredible do miracles become,—that the men at that time were ignorant and credulous to a degree almost incomprehensible to us,—that the Gospels cannot be proved to have been written simultaneously with the events,—that they differ in many important details, far too important, as it seemed to me, to be admitted as the usual inaccuracies of eye-witnesses;—by such reflections as these, which I give not as having the least novelty or

value, but as they influenced me, I gradually came to disbelieve in Christianity as a divine revelation. The fact that many false religions have spread over large portions of the earth like wildfire had some weight with me."

At last he reached the position when not only did the existing evidence fail to convince him, but he could hardly imagine any evidence that would prove the validity of revealed religion:

"I found it more and more difficult, with free scope given to my imagination, to invent evidence which would suffice to convince me. Thus disbelief crept over me at a very slow rate, but was at last complete. The rate was so slow that I felt no distress."

Still, his belief in a personal God seems to have persisted for many years. "When I was collecting facts for the *Origin*," he remarks, "my belief in what is called a personal God was as firm as that of Dr. Pusey himself." For many years, too, he continued to use the term "creation" in speaking of the origin of life. But in later years he wrote: "I have long regretted that I truckled to public opinion, and used the Pentateuchal term of *creation*, by which I really meant 'appeared' by some unknown process. It is mere rubbish, thinking at present of the origin of life; one might as well think of the origin of matter." To be sure, Darwin sometimes personified Nature in a quasi-pantheistic way by the use of a capital N, a habit in which many of us unconsciously indulge. But he had no leanings toward pantheism; his outlook on nature was that of a scientific investigator, not that of a mystic or a poet. Wordsworth's rhapsodies no doubt left him cold; although, as we shall see, he could appreciate the beauty and sublimity of natural scenery.

The theistic argument from design, as expounded by the redoubtable Paley with his watch and watch-maker analogies, which once impressed Darwin with much force, was floored in its first bout with Natural Selection. He could no longer feel any conviction that "the beautiful hinge of a bivalve shell must have been made by an intelligent being, like the hinge of a door by man." Henceforth he could see no more indication of conscious design in the diversified structures of living organisms "than in the course which the wind blows." In *Plants and Animals under Domestication* he writes:

"If we assume that each particular variation was from the beginning of all time pre-ordained, then that plasticity of organization,

which leads to many injurious deviations of structure, as well as the redundant power of reproduction which inevitably leads to a struggle for existence, and, as a consequence, to the natural selection or survival of the fittest, must appear to us superfluous laws of nature. On the other hand, an omnipotent and omniscient Creator ordains and foresees everything. Thus we are brought face to face with a difficulty as insoluble as is that of free-will and predestination."

Speaking of design, he wrote to Asa Gray in July, 1860:

"One word more on 'designed laws' and 'undesigned results.' I see a bird which I want for food, take my gun and kill it: I do this *designedly*. An innocent and good man stands under a tree and is killed by a flash of lightning. Do you believe (and I really should like to hear) that God *designedly* killed this man? Many or most persons do believe this; I can't and don't. If you believe so, do you believe that when a swallow snaps up a gnat, God designed that that particular swallow should snap up that particular gnat at that particular instant? I believe that the man and the gnat are in the same predicament. If the death of neither man nor gnat is designed, I see no good reason to believe that their *first* birth or production should be necessarily designed."

Reverting to the same subject, in a letter to Miss Julia Wedgwood, July 11, 1861, he remarked:

"The mind refuses to look at this universe, being what it is, without having been designed; yet, where one would most expect design; viz., in the structure of a sentient being, the more I think on the subject, the less I can see proof of design. Asa Gray and some others look at each variation, or at least at each beneficial variation. . . as having been providentially designed. Yet when I ask him whether he looks at each variation in the rock-pigeon, by which man has made by accumulation a pouter or fantail pigeon, as providentially designed for man's amusement, he does not know what to answer. . ."

Then there was the old, old problem of theodicy, or the existence of evil in a world created by an all-powerful and all-good God. Unquestionably evil exists, but Darwin believed that on the whole "happiness decidedly prevails, though this would be difficult to prove." This seemed to him a logical conclusion, because "if the individuals of any species were habitually to suffer to an extreme

degree, they would neglect to propagate their kind; but we have no reason to believe that this has ever, or at least often, occurred. Other considerations, moreover, lead to the belief that all sentient beings have been formed so as to enjoy, as a general rule, happiness." Then, too, pain and suffering if long continued lower the vitality of an organism, whereas pleasurable sensations "stimulate the whole system to increased action." Happiness, therefore, has survival value, and must predominate over whatever suffering is involved in the struggle for existence.

On the ethical side, Darwin cannot believe that human suffering assists man's moral improvement, and animals certainly are not morally improved by it. "This very old argument from the existence of suffering against the existence of an intelligent First Cause seems to me a strong one," he admits, whereas the presence of suffering is perfectly explainable on the basis of variation, natural, selection, and the survival of the fittest. "The moral nature of man," he thinks, "has reached its present standard, partly through the advancement of his reasoning powers and consequently of a just public opinion, but especially from his sympathies having been rendered more tender and widely diffused through the effects of habit, instruction, and reflection."

In the *Descent of Man*, Darwin suggests the social instinct as a sufficient moral guide and inspiration to righteous living. To quote: "We have seen that even at an early period in the history of man, the expressed wishes of the community will have naturally influenced to a large extent the conduct of each member. . . . Thus the reproach is removed of laying the foundation of the noblest part of our nature in the base principle of selfishness." He even throws in the hope, "it is not improbable that after long practice virtuous tendencies may be inherited."

In any event, the abandonment of the old Pentateuchal idea of "the fall of man" seems to him a distinct gain. "To believe," he says in the *Descent of Man*, "that man was aboriginally civilized and then suffered utter degradation in so many regions, is to take a pitiably low view of human nature. It is apparently a truer and more cheerful view that progress has been much more general than retrogression; that man has risen, though by slow and interrupted steps, from a lowly condition to the highest standard as yet attained by him in knowledge, morals, and religion."

As to the God idea itself, he never definitely disposed of it, though he admitted the bankruptcy of the ontological and other intellectual arguments for the existence of God. "At the present day," it seemed to him, "the most usual argument for the existence of an intelligent God is drawn from the deep inward conviction and feelings which are experienced by most persons." (Here he might have shaken hands with Cardinal Newman.) Like Kant, he thought it futile to attempt to find God through the exercise of the "pure reason." "Formerly," he continues, "I was led by feelings such as those just referred to (although I do not think that the religious sentiment was ever strongly developed in me), to the firm conviction of the existence of God, and of the immortality of the soul." But as time went on, this feeling grew progressively weaker.

In South America, during those far-off days of the *Beagle* voyage, he had felt a religious awe in the presence of the grandeur of the Brazilian forest. "But now the grandest scene would not cause any such convictions and feelings to arise in my mind." Some critics, he allows, might object that he has simply become spiritually color blind. "This argument would be a valid one if all men of all races had the same inward conviction of the existence of one God: but we know that this is very far from being the case. Therefore, I cannot see that such inward convictions and feelings are of any weight as evidence of what really exists. The state of mind which grand scenes formerly excited in me, and which was intimately connected with a belief in God, did not essentially differ from that which is often called the sense of sublimity; and however difficult it may be to explain the genesis of this sense, it can hardly be advanced as an argument for the existence of God, any more than the powerful though vague and similar feelings excited by music."

Immortality was another problem. He recognized how men instinctively cling to this belief as an offset to the dismal prospect of the ultimate fate in store for the solar system. On this point he commented: "Believing as I do that man in the distant future will be a far more perfect creature than he now is, it is an intolerable thought that he and all other sentient beings are doomed to complete annihilation after such long continued slow progress. To those who fully admit the immortality of the human soul, the destruction of our world will not appear so dreadful." But, alas! such consolations are not for him. In a letter to Lyell, September 3, 1874, he wrote:

"Many persons seem to make themselves quite easy about immortality . . . by intuition: and I suppose I must differ from such persons because I do not feel any innate conviction upon such points."

Must we, then, conclude that the universe is merely the product of a "fortuitous concourse of atoms"? Is a "First Cause" conceivable? He had long felt "the extreme difficulty or rather impossibility of conceiving this immense and wonderful universe, including man with his capacity of looking far backwards and far into futurity, as the result of blind chance or necessity." Such reflections at one time did indeed incline him strongly "to look to a First Cause having an intelligent mind in some degree analogous to that of man." When holding this view he thought that he might rightly be called a theist. Yet this conviction also wavered and grew blurred. When writing the *Origin of Species* it occupied his mind, but "since that time it has gradually and with many fluctuations, become weaker; for there always arises the doubt, can the mind of man, which has, as I fully believe, been developed from a mind as low as that possessed by the lower animals, be trusted when it draws such grand conclusions?"

These words were written in 1876. In 1881, a few months before his death, his position was much the same. Writing to W. Graham, July 3, he returns to the same theme, and uses almost the identical language:

". . . . . . . you have expressed my inward conviction, though far more vividly and clearly than I could have done, that the Universe is not the result of chance. But then the horrid doubt always arises whether the convictions of man's mind, which has been developed from the mind of the lower animals, are of any value or trustworthy. Would any one trust in the convictions of a monkey's mind, if there are any convictions in such a mind?"

Darwin had no illusions about the ultimate fate of the earth and the solar system. Writing to Hooker, February 9, 1865, he observed: "I quite agree how humiliating the slow progress of of man is, but everyone has his own pet horror, and this slow progress. . . sinks in my mind into insignificance compared with the idea or rather I presume certainty of the sun some day cooling and we all freezing. To think of the progress of millions of years with every continent swarming with good and enlightened

men, all ending in this, and with probably no fresh start until this our planetary system has been again converted into a red-hot gas."

But there was a more optimistic view, on which he liked to dwell. He believed that the rise and development of the Caucasian race through natural selection gives promise of a still brighter future for the world; it seemed to him proof of the "higher"—i. e., more civilized—races being the fittest for survival in the struggle for existence. The defeat of the Turks as contenders for world dominion only a few centuries ago he thought especially significant and symbolic. "Looking to the world at no very distant date," he exclaims with unwonted exuberance, "what an endless number of the lower races will have been eliminated by the higher civilized races throughout the world."

Here Darwin for once proved himself a poor prophet. If he had lived until the days of the World War the future of the Caucasian race might have appeared more dubious to him. The so-called "lower races" show no signs of eliminating themselves in the near future. As for the Caucasian race, all over Asia its authority is slipping and its hold on Africa is, to say the least, precarious. Publicists like Stoddard view with alarm "the rising tide of color."

As we have already noticed, Darwin avoided as far as possible the discussion of his religious beliefs or unbeliefs. However, when pressed for a categorical statement of his position on the great questions of religion, he responded with perfect candor. For instance, replying to one J. Fordyce, in 1879, he wrote:

"What my own views may be is a question of no consequence to anyone but myself. But, as you ask, I may state that my judgment often fluctuates. . . .In my most extreme fluctuations I have never been an Atheist in the sense of denying the existence of God. I think that generally (and more and more as I grow older), but not always, that an Agnostic would be the more correct description of my state of mind."

His son remarks: "He felt that he ought not to publish on a subject to which he had not devoted special and continuous thought. Ill health, for one thing, prevented him from feeling equal to deep reflection, on the deepest subject which can fill a man's mind." This is a curious apology, inasmuch as religion is

so generally considered a special source of comfort and strength in illness.

Darwin's reply to a Dutch student, April 2, 1873, makes the point that whether God exists or not, the obligations of duty are still binding on man:

"It is impossible to answer your question briefly; and I am not sure that I could do so, even if I wrote at some length. But I may say that the impossibility of conceiving that this grand and wonderous universe, with our conscious selves, arose through chance, seems to me the chief argument for the existence of God; but whether this is an argument of real value, I have never been able to decide. I am aware that if we admit a First Cause, the mind still craves to know whence it came, and how it arose. Nor can I overlook the difficulty from the immense amount of suffering through the world. I am, also, induced to defer to a certain extent to the judgment of many able men who have fully believed in God; but here again I see how poor an argument this is. The safest conclusion seems to me that the whole subject is beyond the scope of man's intellect; but man can do his duty."

Darwin's position on the question which is agitating so many church people to-day concerning a conflict between Evolution and religion, is stated in his reply to a German student, in 1879, through a member of his family:

"He [Mr. Darwin] considers that the theory of Evolution is quite compatible with the belief in a God; but that you must remember that different persons have different definitions of what they mean by God."

The German youth, not satisfied apparently with this reply, wrote again, and Darwin—now seventy years old—replied personally as follows:

"I am much engaged, an old man, and out of health, and I cannot spare time to answer your questions fully,—nor indeed can they be answered. Science has nothing to do with Christ; except in so far as the habit of scientific research makes a man cautious in admitting evidence. For myself, I do not believe that there ever has been any revelation. As for a future life, every man must judge for himself between conflicting vague probabilities."

Still, Darwin fully recognized the theologically destructive tendencies of his scientific teachings. Professor Judd reported that

"Lyell once told me that he had been frequently asked if Darwin was not one of the most unhappy of men, it being suggested that his outrage upon public opinion should have filled him with remorse." And Darwin himself reflected: "What a book a devil's chaplain might write on the clumsy, wasteful, blundering, low, and horribly cruel works of nature!" On the other hand, commenting upon an orthodox gentleman's alleged harmonizing of orthodoxy with Evolution, Darwin wrote with some hilarity: "How funny men's minds are! He says he is chiefly converted because my books make the Birth of Christ, Redemption by Grace, etc., plain to him! How funny men's minds are!" And when the *Descent of Man* was published poor orthodox Mrs. Darwin wrote to her daughter: "I think it will be very interesting, but that I shall dislike it very much as again putting God further off."

But Darwin ignored as far as possible the attacks of orthodox champions; Huxley, "Darwin's bull-dog," rushed out at the critics and silenced them when they barked too loudly. When a pious spinster, Miss Cobb, published an article declaring that if Darwin's theories won general acceptance there "would be sounded the knell of the virtue of mankind," Darwin's amused comment was: "It is to be hoped that the belief in the permanence of virtue on this earth is not held by many persons on so weak a tenure." On the whole, however, Darwin strove to spare believers unnecessary pain; a contemporary eulogizes "the magnanimous simplicity of character which in rising above all petty and personal feeling delivered a thought-reversing doctrine to mankind with as little disturbance as possible of the deeply rooted sentiments of the age."

Darwin, too, remained on cordial terms with the rector of the parish in which he lived. He even took an active part in church affairs, and the parson was one of his most enthusiastic admirers. This reverend gentleman became an eloquent panegyrist of the great scientist. In his memoirs he writes as an illustration of the nobility of Darwin's character:

"On one occasion, when a parish meeting had been held on some disputed point of no great importance, I was surprised by a visit from Mr. Darwin at night. He came to say that, thinking over the debate, though what he had said was quite accurate, he thought I might have drawn an erroneous conclusion, and he would not sleep until he had explained it."

Darwin's ultimate attitude toward religion was pragmatic. If the belief in God is useful to fellow human beings, he would not disturb it. In the *Descent of Man* he remarked: "With the more civilized races, the conviction of the existence of an all-seeing Deity has had a potent influence on the advance of morality." He himself, frankly, was in "a muddle" on these great questions. He summed up the whole matter in a few words when in 1876 he wrote:

"I cannot pretend to throw the least light on such abstruse problems. The mystery of the beginning of all things is insoluble by us; and I for one must be content to remain an Agnostic."

Fifteen years earlier he had written to Lyell: "The conclusion that I always come to after thinking of such questions is that they are beyond the human intellect; and the less one thinks of them, the better." And to Asa Gray he wrote at about the same time: "Let each man hope and believe what he can. Certainly I agree with you that my views are not at all necessarily atheistical."

But through all the shifting mists of theology there was a star that ever shone with a serene radiance—the star of human love. "Talk of fame, honor, pleasure, wealth," he confided in a letter to Sir Joseph Hooker, July 2, 1860, the year after the publication of the *Origin*, "all are dirt compared with affection; and this is a doctrine which, I know, from your letter, that you will agree with from the bottom of your heart."

May it not be that he found in Love all the sustaining strength that others assumed to be the monopoly of Faith? For, in his last illness, when hope of recovery was gone, though his mind remained clear, he could say with perfect tranquillity: "I am not the least afraid of death."

IN A SYRIAN MONASTERY

BY JOSEPH G. HAROUTUNIAN

IT was during the summer of the year 1922, after my Freshman year, that my mother decided to take me to a summer resort and she chose the beautiful town Zahleh. In that narrow strip of land, on the western shore of the Mediterranean, nature is ever mild, colorful, and pretty. Chains of mountains, with green valleys and smiling villages, perfect cedar trees and over-burdened vines: this is Syria. Zahleh is the name of some thousand lowly houses, scattered upon the graceful bosom of a long sunny valley; it is about two hundred miles from the sea and has a population of ten thousand, in round numbers. In this small town, there are no less than thirty-eight monasteries, each belonging to a different sect or order, Greek Orthodox, Catholic, Jesuit, Franciscan, Benedictine, etc.

As the son of a Protestant minister, my curiosity was immediately awakened to know about the lives of those several thousand monks who spent their lives in apparent laziness. My unruly imagination pictured me preaching to those snobs to leave their useless monasteries and to help the people in the towns to become better men and women; to come out of their hallowed Hadic holes and throw themselves into the burning torrent of normal life; to live, to love, to struggle, to save and to die! Great heavens, what a sermon! With my iron fist I was pounding the tables, the walls, and the door of my room. The irresistable desire to make a benighted monk see the truth, to save a soul for society, was driving me to a frenzy only known to a soldier ready to fire his last shot. It was to be my first but the future of human society was at stake. Unborn generations were watching me pull the trigger and I had to fire.

However, before I could do this, I had to come in contact and become friends with the monks; and this was no simple matter. I spent whole afternoons walking along the main street in the valley,

trying to get acquainted with a hermit, a priest or anything with a cloak on, and every time I returned home unsuccessful, tired, and dejected. I was too happy to appeal to their austere natures. I neither knew how to make the sign of the cross nor even dreamt of asking their blessing by kissing their hands. Every man, woman or child, sturdy laborers and blossoming young maidens, stopped and kissed their hands. Once or twice I was tempted to do the same but the Protestant in me wouldn't have it. Days came and past and there I was, my sermons burning my own soul.

It was after two months of failure that a friend of mine told me of a monk who was looking for a tutor in English. "Heavens!" I said, "bring him to me; I'll teach him all I know." Next day he came over to our house with a long dark haired, hollow cheeked, bearded specimen of a monk. No flower of the feminine sex has ever given me such a thrill. I told him I would teach him English, all I knew, in the best way I could, and for nothing, if he would only let me live in their monastery for two days. He hesitated, and said he couldn't do it without the abbot's consent. I told him that I would insist upon this particular compensation and he went away. After two days he returned and told me that the abbot had consented. "The fool," I said to myself, "he should have known better. That place will only be fit for grandma's genii when I get through with you."

So the next morning I took a nightshirt and followed my monk to his home. We walked slowly and solemnly over well moulded hills and hidden valleys, following narrow pathways shaded by the rustling willow trees. Wild and ugly blackberry shrubs hid the vast stretches of mellow vines but a sweet odor from the heavy vines made one's lips quiver with hope. The thirst of my body was added to that of my soul; and yet we walked and walked. But after half an hour, "Here we are," he said; and as we entered the convent grounds, marked off with a high fence of treacherous barbed wire, I promised him to be God fearing and reverent for the next two days and to conform to all the convent rules. We passed the gardens and entered into the convent through an immense and roughly arched gate. The monk's voice sank into a whisper, he bent his head and walked toward a stone statue of the Madonna at the center of the circular courtyard and I followed him. When we reached the gigantic image, he crossed himself three times; then turned and

looked at me, expecting me to do the same. I didn't know how to do it and as a sufficient excuse I informed him I was a Protestant. He lowered his eyes to the ground for about a minute and then asked me to follow him. We had hardly walked ten paces, when three huge convent bells began a wild medley: meanwhile we stopped, the monk crossed himself and murmured a prayer which lasted as long as the bells kept ringing, which couldn't have been less than five minutes. A monk came came out of a door, crossed the courtyard but absolutely ignored our presence. "I don't see how God can stay in a place where people have such stupid notions about piety and manners;" I was talking to myself.

We were standing in front of an ancient two story building of very simple masonry. Except for a solid balcony running throughout the length of the second floor and some closed shutters, tiny and square, there was nothing on the facade of this house of seclusion that could have attracted the attention of a scrutinizing visitor. Through a large passageway we entered a long corridor running on its two sides. We turned to the right and walked down some fifteen steps. Through a low door, not more than six feet high, we entered into what might be called a large prison cell, where some hooded forms were seated in their wooden chairs, with their backs turned toward us; then there was an altar behind which stood a large and homely pulpit. Two candles, burning on the walls at the two sides of the pulpit, revealed a colorful picture of Christ crucified at the background; otherwise the place was bleak and barren.

In that twilight gloom, which buried the ecstatic souls of some fifty worshippers and left only so many rigid shadows contemplating eternity, I found myself only too willing to close my eyes and join them in prayer; then fixing them upon the flickering candle light, I watched my apostolic fervor burning down with the tiny sticks of wax. I tried to remember the sermons I had composed with such divine indignation but the few stray passages that flitted across my tormented mind, aroused my soul to ridicule and fury.

After a while, a man clothed in white got up from behind the pulpit and started a solemn chant and the congregation joined him with voices which flowed out from selfless souls lost in divine torpor. In that haunted cellar, they sounded like an army of swooning ghosts luring me to the lands of Many Shadows. Regiments of confused feelings permeated every nerve in my body. "How easy

it must be for these people to die! They may be wrong, but God can't help liking them. Don't they ever get tired of this?"

The man clothed in white opened a small book and read in Latin. Then followed a long period of meditation; not a breath was taken, not a movement made; it was men talking to their God, and the whole world seemed to wait and listen. Then the head monk walked out and we all followed him. This was the convent church.

We walked up the stairs, across the corridor and entered a long room containing five long tables and five pairs of benches, one on a side of each table. A white candle exposed the emptiness of each table. We all sat down. There came in several men with cloaks on but no hoods. They were the lay brothers and each carried a large plateful of grapes. They put them on the tables, went out, and returned each with an enormous piece of cheese and two loaves of brown bread. No prayer was made; they were praying all the time. We each took a piece of bread and a bunch of grapes. Silently but voraciously everything was consumed and we returned to the church, but, thank goodness, we didn't stay very long. The abbot offered a short prayer in a thanksgiving tone, blessed us all with water from a silver vase and we walked out.

My friend and I hurried up the stairs (probably he was trying to attract as little attention as possible), then along the corridor to the right, up another stairs, then along another corridor to the left and entered into a dark room. He lighted a small oil lamp which revealed a tiny room with two beds thrown on the floor, one table, one chair, two books and a towel. We stretched ourselves each on a bed and began to gaze at the ceiling.

"Look here, old man," I said, "I want to talk."

"Go ahead," he said.

Putting together all the nerve there was left in me, I opened my mouth and let loose a torrent of piercing Protestant philosophy. I told him to spend a whole lifetime worrying about what is going to come after death was the surest preparation to hell that I knew of; that our present society is the ignoble chaos out of which the elect are to shape the Kingdom of God on earth; that any man born of a father and a mother, living upon the accumulations of past and present experience, and shielded behind the noble flag of his country, who chooses a life of indifference and eccentricity, is a

traitor par excellence and to be hurried into the eternity of his dreams; and so on for some twenty minutes.

"We will have to wake up at two o'clock in the morning so you better sleep," was the only answer I got.

"To pray," I remarked with indignation.

"Yes," he answered.

So we went to bed.

I was dreaming that some Arab robbers were pouring burning oil into my ears when I jumped off my bed at the sound of the infernal bells. The monk was drying his face with the only towel in the room. "Good morning," I said, put on my clothes, washed my face somewhere in the corridor and we walked out of the room, to begin the day. I looked at my watch: it really was two o'clock in the morning.

"To the church, of course," I said and bit my lower lip. On our way down, the bells began to ring again and stopped only after we were seated in the chapel.

I must frankly admit that on this occasion I got one of the sublimest impressions of my life. It was the Matin Service. This time the place was lighted with an oil lamp. The whole monastery must have been present. In that bewitched hour, the transported friars broke into a hollow bass chorus which threatened the ceiling of the room. Under the powerful influence of that dignified and massive chorus which with an insistent conviction defied all the laws of man and nature, I could have believed every single affirmation of all the poets and all the saints of all lands; gods, devils, paradises, hells, angels, demons, evil spirits and good spirits of all possible sizes and shapes. Psalms, vocal readings, responses, choruses followed one another. Those monks certainly were not on earth. I was listening with my heart in my ears when a solitary bell hushed their deep voices and after ten seconds this grand choir singing in perfect unison burst into a heavenly chant. It was the *Te Deum*. For the first time in my life I wanted to go to heaven and sing His praises to the unhappy worlds. I was the mystic of the hour and could feel my soul merging into the ocean of infinite bliss. It could not have been an infinity of time or space because I wasn't thinking. It was an infinity of intensity and assurance. There wasn't a problem in the world that could have aroused my mind to its normal functioning. As I write now, I must admit that

it wasn't one of the most fruitful moments in my life but it was a state in which these men lived and were happy. Suddenly I found out that they had stopped singing. The Matin Service was ended and all returned to our rooms. I answered my friend's inquiring glance with a reverent silence.

We slept again and the friar woke me at 6:30 A. M. The bells began to ring and we hurried down to the chapel to hear the Morning Mass. I hadn't slept enough and was tired. Throughout the service I sat down, grim and sulky, thinking or feeling nothing. This was carrying it too far.

After the mass we returned to our rooms and spent the morning reading. He read from the Canonical Hours and I read from an English Bible: "and they took him (Joseph) and cast him into a pit; and the pit was empty, there was no water in it." The sun's rays came showering in through a small window and the smell of the fig trees filled the air.

About eleven o'clock those accursed bells began to ring again. "We are going to the choir," he said. "You can go, I'm not, was my prepared answer." So he went alone. About noon time he came again and called me to dinner.

This time they served some broiled mutton, lettuce without dressing, a glass of wine, bread and figs. We had had no breakfast, so we devoured everything we could lay our hands on. After the meal, we walked out into the vineyards to spend half an hour's recreation period. For the first time they were talking with each other and chatting was mixed with laughter. My friend presented me to some of his life mates who didn't seem to be overpleased to have met me.

Somebody was telling a story so we all joined the party and listened to the speaker's excited vociferations. "I was reporting the condition of the vineyard," he said, "when Maria Haddad, the girl who married Jani Nassar, came in and told the Abbot that she didn't love the fellow and never would. 'Ebaus Idek,' she said, 'my mother made me marry him because he came back from America and has five hundred gold pounds. It is true, but he is so old, so ugly, so stupid, so bad tempered. I can't stand him. I can't! I am telling you. Must I wash his socks all my life because he has five hundred pounds and came from America? 'Ebaus Idek, holy father, can't you save me?'

"The poor Abbot was so unhappy! He can't bear the sight of a cat falling from a wall. 'No, my child,' he said, with a trembling voice, 'your names are written in Gods' Holy Book. I can't do anything. You will have to go back to him, do your best to love him, and let God take care of the rest."

" 'But, father,' insisted the poor maid, 'doesn't God ever change what is written in His Holy Book?'

" 'No,' answered the Abbot, and buried his face in his hands.

"She was so lovely, so unhappy, so humble. I could have—" The sentence was left unfinished. The frightened monk crossed himself over and over again and so did the others.

Then we returned to our cell. The friar began to read the breviary as if he were reading Dumas for the first time. I was bored to death.

"What else do you do until evening?" I asked.

"Read and pray," was the answer.

"Then I'm going home," I declared.

"I am sorry you don't like it very much," he said, "I will accompany you."

I took my nightshirt and we stepped out.

As soon as we had crossed the vineyards, I woke up, full of shame and disgust. There I was going back to the world without taking with me a single soul to its labors and its problems. Not only had I failed to convert the solitaires but had also forgotten all my arguments against their way of life. Was it not true that so long as society failed to settle the supreme issues of existence, some souls would choose to desert its halls and withdraw into isolation to ruminate upon the Judgment Day, when all shall be known to everybody? I was experiencing the state of mental confusion in which ideas teem in oceanic profusion, and live upon each other's substance.

After a while, the monk who was my avowed superior both in composure and firmness, broke the intolerable silence.

"Well," he asked, "what did you think of our monastery?"

"Look here," I said, "a man who stays in there a month may be a saint. One who stays a year, surely is a fool, and who spends his life in that hole, is dead, 'dead as a doornail.' "

"I am dead," he answered, "And I am not sorry for it. The holy saints in all ages have found out that the only way to live in

God is to die in the flesh. Didn't Jesus say the same thing? What else did Paul say? You want to enjoy both the life of the flesh and the life of the spirit. It can not be done. To live eternally in spirit with the Lord Jesus, you must stay away from this world and its pleasures, which is the beginning of the torment of hell. The time shall come when we shall see who is right, and who is wrong. When death comes, and thank God it comes to everyone, I shall have nothing to lose, and you, certainly, shall have nothing to gain."

I was lost.

"But what about the rest of the world?" I asked.

"May the plans of the Almighty be fulfilled, "was the final and unquestionable answer. The burden of life was thrown upon God's shoulders, and the man was far too contented to listen to anything more. After retracing the steps of the day before, we both were only too glad to find ourselves in front of my door.

"You may come to-morrow, and take your first lesson," I said, and we parted.

THE PARADOX OF DIABOLISM

BY WILLIAM KILBORNE STEWART

SAMUEL BUTLER remarks in his "Note Books" that we have never heard the Devil's side of the case, because God has written all the books. If this is so, modern literature has certainly tried to adjust the balance by giving the Devil his due. Much has been written about diabolism in its various phases,—Devil worship, literary Satanism, etc. Our countrymen have contributed their fair share to this work: a naturalized American, the late Dr. Paul Carus, composed some years ago a perspicuous *History of the Devil,* and another American by adoption, Professor Maximilian Rudwin, has written many studies in comparative diabolism, which are excellent in that they are both scholarly and readable. But in all this investigation, the essential paradox of the situation, namely the interchange of rôles between God and Satan, has been rather curiously overlooked.

There is singularly little in the Old Testament about Satan, and what there is seems vague and sometimes contradictory. Even with the added material of the New Testament, his figure does not emerge in bold relief. Only the sketchiest outline is visible: almost all that may be said of him is that he is endowed with the fearful power of the unfamiliar, a Spirit of Evil whose malign sway is exerted in the affairs of the world and over the souls of men. He is the father of lies and a sinner from the beginning. But this very indefiniteness gave popular imagination its opportunity. In the Christian apocrypha and in the Church fathers, Satan rapidly takes on form and content, and soon the satyromorphic fiend is complete before us—the noisome and repulsive Devil of tradition, with horns, bat-wings, cloven feet and forked tail, whom the Middle Ages detected so unerringly and feared so mortally. To doubt him was to deny the Christian faith; so blaspheme him or even to invoke him

vainly was perilous in the extreme, for this Prince of the Powers of the Air was also the Prince of this World, as Luther so confidently knew. Satan was in truth a most necessary figure in the Christian epic, "the great Second Best," as Carlyle was to call him. Almost always he was unqualified Evil. There was little to be said in mitigation of his horror and nothing at all in extenuation of his guilt.

But the fascination that lurks in the terrible began presently to assert itself. From the very outset there was a certain ambiguity about the Devil personified as Lucifer. The Prince of Darkness was also a bearer of light. Comparatively early arose the saying that this Prince of Darkness was a gentleman (one finds the statement in "King Lear" and in a poem by Sir John Suckling), and would-be audacious writers in the nineteenth century like George Du Maurier added that that was more than could be said for his celestial adversary. Furthermore, in the minds of many Christians there has often been a confusion as to the respective functions of God and Satan. Cataclysms of nature have been called indifferently acts of Providence or machinations of the Devil. Even in theology their rôles have sometimes seemed interchangeable. Calvinism, for example, has been denounced as devil-worship by many people, not all of whom are to be counted among the impious. "I perceive that your God is my Devil," said John Wesley to Whitefield after an argument about predestination. But it has been reserved for the last century or so to put an end to this equivocality and to apotheosize Satan as a beneficient, humanity-loving being, a Prometheus of Christian mythology.

It was really Milton who took the first great epoch-making step in the rehabilitation of Satan. Out of the exceedingly malleable material furnished by the Scriptures, Milton was able, through his shaping power of imagination, to forge a figure so imposing as to dominate men's conceptions for some two hundred years. But it was his undoing for purposes of edification that he also unwittingly enlisted our sympathies for Satan. The fallen archangel is the great rebel, and men always delight in other people's rebels. He is also a good fighter, contending against impossible odds. His temperamental "guilt," which is simply the preference for action over contemplation and worship, is scant sin in the eyes of most men in our Western world. Above all, his grandiose rhetoric,

stately in its very vehemence, as he hurls defiance and asserts his invincible will, subdues us entirely to his mood. We are all, to use Blake's phrase, "of the Devil's party."

"To reign is worth ambition, though in Hell:
Better to reign in Hell, than serve in Heaven."

"What though the field be lost,
All is not lost—th' unconquerable will,
And study of revenge, immortal hate
And courage never to submit or yield:
And what is else, not to be overcome."

Here, then, is an ironic situation of the highest order. Instead of justifying the ways of God to man, Milton infects Byron, Shelley, Swinburne and James Thomson with the poetry of God—defying revolt. It is small wonder that *Paradise Lost* aroused uneasiness in watchful quarters. Daniel De Foe in his "History of the Devil" observes that "Mr. Milton has indeed made a fine poem, but it is a devil of a history."

The figure of Lucifer in Byron's "Cain" plainly owes much to Milton's Satan and is only slightly less important in the development of the paradox. But while Milton's Devil rebels from pride against eternal justice, Byron's Devil revolts against what he believes to be eternal injustice. He is, he says, one of those souls

"That dare look the omnipotent tyrant in his everlasting face
And tell him that his evil is not good!"

Lucifer is only Byron himself in one of his moods, as Cain is Byron himself in another and kindred phase. Leconte de Lisle readily fused the two figures and, dropping the mask of Satan entirely, made Cain the eternal enemy of Jehovah and the avenger of mankind.

The Byronic Satan dazzled the French romanticists, who saw themselves reflected in him, for they too felt lonely, sad and misunderstood. "Dear Satan, the first dreamer, the oldest victim!" exclaims one of them. Alfred de Vigny in a remarkable passage speaks of the secret human hatred of God as the author of evil and of death, and adds that those who, like Satan and Don Juan,

struggle against the injustice of heaven will always command the admiration and love of mankind. "*Ce qui excuse Dieu, c'est qu'il n'existe pas*," remarks Stendhal. "*Dieu, c'est le mal!*" vociferates Proudhon, that Goliath of paradox, as a French critic has rather ungently called him. And Swinburne intones in a chorus of "Atalanta in Calydon" the words "The supreme Evil, God," and "All we are against thee, against thee, O God most high!"

Such denigration and denial of deity of course do not in themselves constitute diabolism, but when one scale of the balance goes down the other inevitably rises. For a genuine reversal of values is here involved, which makes this paradox of diabolism far more profoundly significant than the familiar whitewashing of besmirched reputations, from Judas Iscariot and Nero down to Benedict Arnold and Marat. Satan's hey-day was in the Middle Ages. Now in certain important respects the evil of the Middle Ages has become our modern good. What more natural, therefore, than that Satan, the mediaeval embodiment of wickedness, the very fount of sin, should become, like Shelley's Prometheus, the vindicator of reason, of freedom of thought and of an unfettered humanity?

It is appropriate that Satan should now assume beauty in the estimation of men. Lammenais, in the days when he was still a faithful son of the Church, called him the very type of the beautiful mingled with the false and the bad—beauty separated from God. Certainly beauty was never a Christian value, but even that beauty which is sheer insidiousness can make its appeal to the eternal paganism in man. The lineage from Milton and Byron in this matter is very evident and the type that results is that of the *beau ténébreux*, the handsome, melancholy man of loneliness and mystery. Milton's Satan is a great romantic hero.

"Deep scars of thunder had entrenched and care sat on
his faded cheeks, but under brows of dauntless courage."

There is no doubt that Byron strove to realize this type in himself and in the characters in his poems whom he creates in his own image, those dark-browed, crime-stained villain-heroes, sardonic in gesture and stricken in soul, who are in turn the begetters of a whole progeny of other romantic heroes from Musset's Rollo to the Rochester and the Heathcliffe of the Brontë sisters.

However, not all the romanticists were actively rebellious or wished to conduct "a bold adventure for Hell." Those who were by nature less subversive indulged in their expansive mood of senti-

mental humanitarianism and, having compassion on the Devil, were solicitous for his repentence and redemption. We begin now to hear about the Sorrows of Satan. Alfred de Vigny in one of his best-known poems tells how Eloa, an angel of pity (and a very feminine angel, not one of the neuters that are said to people the Kingdom of Heaven) sought out Satan in his desolation in order to turn him from evil and restore him to paradise. Instead of succeeding in her enterprise, she herself succumbed to his blandishments. Yet this overthrow of her virtue was a sweet satisfaction to her, since it bound her fate henceforth inseparably to his. If the projected sequel had ever been written by Vigny, it would have shown how even the devastated heart of Satan was touched by this devotion, and once touched, was moved to a contrition which was the prelude to redemption. Victor Hugo once asserted that he could not worship a Jesus who would crucify Satan. The theme of one of his last poems was the end of the Devil. But Satan dead is reborn as the celestial Lucifer. Who now reads Bailey's *Festus*, that diluted, Anglicized *Faust*, which seemed to its early-Victorian readers so majestic and so sublime? Probably not even the historians of literature. The present writer was, by a peculiar combination of circumstances, inveigled into reading it in his youthful days, and he can still recall his thrill of delighted surprise, when on the Judgment Day Lucifer is suddenly, strangely, spectacularly pardoned, and thus "redeemed to archangelic state," the highest is content to become also the humblest.

The Mephistopheles of Goethe's *Faust* is *sui generis*, without either predecessor or, strictly speaking, successor. It was the first attempt to intellectualize the character of the Devil. Much as he delights in deviltries of all sorts, he was evidently conceived in no mood of adherence to the traditional view of Satan. He is rather the spirit of negation, of cynical criticism, which delights in curbing the free spontaneity of man and in pricking the bubbles of idealism. He is the sworn foe of all grandiloquence and evangelism. Such "evil" as he represents is subsumed in the universal good:

> *"Ein Teil von jener Kraft,*
> *Die stets das Bose will*
> *Und stets das Gute schafft."*

His most famous self-characterization, *Ich bin der Geist, der stets verneint*, has been declared by moral rigorists like Paul Elmer More

and Irving Babbitt to be a complete bouleversement of rôles. It is, say they, God who denies, not the Devil. Blake, indeed, called the God of Christianity "an abstract objecting power that negatives everything;" but Blake, it should be remembered, did not give his homage to this deity, but rather to the affirming, energizing, demonic Power, which he did not hesitate to identify with Hell itself.

In Carducci's *Hymn to Satan* (1867), which scored one of the great *succès de scandale* of the nineteenth century, the paradox of diabolism is complete. It reaches such a flourishing triumph in its forthright radical way, that thereafter subtlety is the only resource left for the diabolist who would invert these values. Carducci's Satan is as progressive and philanthropic as that Pagan Satan, the Prometheus of Shelley. He is, as Carducci himself says, "the immortal foe of autocracy and the banner-bearer of the great reformers and innovators in all ages." He stands for reason, beauty, science and freedom, while the Jehovah of the priests over whom he triumphs symbolizes, like Shelley's Jupiter, ignorance, tyranny and oppression.

> "*Salute, O Satana,*
> *O ribellione,*
> *O forza vindice*
> *Della ragione.*
>
> "*Sacri a te salgano*
> *Gl' incensi e i voti,*
> *Hai vinto il Geova*
> *Dei sacerdoti.*"

The sonority of these much-declaimed lines cannot be adequately reproduced in English. A stark prose version may serve in place of a deformation in verse: "Hail to thee, Satan! Hail the rebellion, the avenging force of reason! Let our incense and our prayers ascend to thee. Thou hast conquered the Jehovah of the priests." Carducci comments pertinently in one of his essays: "Prometheus is a superb representative of the struggle of human thought with theology in general. But I had to represent the vitality, the war and the victory of naturalism and rationalism within and against the Christian Church. Prometheus could not serve my purpose there, whereas Satan did suit me most excellently."

When Nietzsche came bearing his new table of anti-Christian

values, he did not assume the guise of Satan but that of Zarathustra. But in the years of feverish activity toward the close of his career, as he saw the issue narrow down to a personal rivalry and antagonism between himself and the founder of Christianity, he grew more and more to think of himself as the Antichrist, the incarnate antipode of the Nazarene. Antichrist is, in Pauline language, "that man of sin, the son of perdition, whose coming is after the workings of Satan with all power and signs and lying wonders." He is therefore to be regarded as an emissary, if not an actual emanation, of Satan. Thus the Nietzschian outlook, with all its Dionysiac and demonic elements, became in conscious intention, what it had always been in essence, unequivocally Satanic.

Anatole France, always fertile in devising paradoxical situations, has employed the myth of Satan's rebellion most entertainingly in *La Révolte des Anges.* His Satan, like Carducci's, stands for paganism or refined epicureanism, which was also Anatole France's own philosophy of life, with special emphasis on intellectual curiosity and the attitude of free inquiry resulting from it. "The Francian Fiend," as he has been called, proudly avows his love for the hell which formed his genius and made him a hater of tyrants, a friend of man and a lover of grace and learning. But in the end the great rebellion planned by him is not consummated, because in a dream he forsees himself becoming after his triumph as harsh, intolerant and greedy of adulation as his enternal enemy Jehovah. The successful rebel would only turn stand-patter.

James Branch Cabell's diabolism is similarly intellectualized and is edged with an equally fine irony. In his novel, *The High Place,* Janicot appears as "the adversary of all the gods of men." No toplofty Devil, he does not declaim ideal and eternal values. He is the Prince of this World, not worshipped in shining temples but always served in men's hearts. In many respects, this is the subtlest Satan of them all, for he represents the human instincts themselves, which have always opposed, and in the end successfully thwarted, the injunctions, prescriptions and curbings laid upon them. Is this human nature, which Janicot symbolizes, good or evil? Neither; it is simply itself, the alpha and omega, the starting point that must be taken for granted and the ultimate authority, beyond which there is no appeal. This naturalistic Satan has seen many gods come and go in the changing dynasties of Heaven. He has

known them too well not to believe in them, but unlike the devils mentioned in the Epistle of St. James, he does not tremble but shudders with distaste. None of them is less to his liking than the meddlesome Jehovah of the Jews (and, by inheritance, of the Christians). The laws of this upstart, and still comparatively youthful deity may, like those of all his predecessors, be admired as academic exercises, but they too were drawn up in heaven where there is nothing quite like the nature of man. And as for sin—that fine, impressive monosyllable—why, the wages of sin very often is life! But not even Janicot can control the insensate dreams of men, which obstinately aspire to a perfectibility that cannot exist. Not that men are bent on emulating what they worship; they only dream holiness; but so disastrously exigent is this human dreaming that in the end, perhaps, a god may be found to satisfy even its requirements. It is all very dangerous and silly and illogical; but why expect logicality in *this* universe, of all places?

Freudian psychology sees in the devil nothing but the other side of God—a negative anti-God evoked by the positive image. Everett Dean Martin says in *The Mystery of Religion*: "The Devil is then the reverse side of the father—image, and as such has value for the unconscious." And so, to quote Samuel Butler once more: "God without the Devil is dead, being alone." God and Satan represent the principle of specialization and the division of labor. Which may perhaps be interpreted to mean that we cannot have too much of either of them. In such wise does this paradox of diabolism, like many another of its kind, seem to lose itself in the promiscuous welter of things as they are.

WHAT ARABIA OWES TO MOHAMMED

BY JULIUS J. PRICE

THERE is an old Midrashic phrase "Beat the Gods that the priests may tremble (*Tanchuma Vaera*, S. 13, this is really what Mohammed had to do in order to reach his goal)." In spite of the fact that various diminutive epithets have been applied to Mohammed with regard to his becoming a religious teacher, to him alone does Arabia owe the greatest debt. If he did nothing more than cast out a number of the innumerable superstitions that existed in Arabia his name well deserves to be handed down to posterity.

The object of this paper will be to describe in more or less minute detail some of the superstitions of Arabia prior to the time of Mohammed. There is no doubt as records prove that Jews (Ibn Hish'am, p. 17; cf. also Muir, *Life of Mohammed*, p. xcvii) and Christians for a number of years fought vehemently against the gross superstitious idolatry practiced in that country and that as a result of their untiring zeal several of the Arabs accepted Christianity and others became followers of the Jewish and Mazian religion.[1] Although we are able to establish that in spasmodic cases an individual or a tribe was won over, yet the masses persisted in clinging to their superstitious practices.[2] So steeped were they in superstition during the period known in Arabic literature as the "Time of Ignorance" that necromancy was bound up with the minutest details of their daily life.

If we turn to the Ka'aba we find that it contained three hundred and sixty idols thus enabling the average Arab to worship a new idol every day. But in spite of these numerous idols we find that each individual tribe had its own special deity and each household

[1] Graetz, *History of the Jews*, Vol. III, p. 61.

[2] See Muir, *Life of Mohammed*, p. 521.

a family god worshipped as the Penates of old. In so great veneration were these family idols held that the first act of a traveler, either coming or going, was to prostrate himself before the household gods, offer up sacrifices to them and make a number of circuits about them. On one occasion a servant was sent by his master to offer up a cup of milk and butter to a family idol. After placing the offering before the idol the servant, according to instructions waited to see what would happen. He soon saw a dog run up, lick the milk and run away.

But even these numerous idols did not satisfy the worshipping nature of the pagan Arab. He needs must worship every white and beautiful stone, and where it was impossible to find such a stone he was so crude as to worship a hill of sand. Before departing on a journey the Arab would take with him four stones, three of which were to serve the purpose of a hearth, the fourth to be used as an idol. "The adoration of stones among the Ishmaelite says Ibn Ishak, "originated in the custom of men carrying a stone from the sacred enclosure of Mecca, when they went upon a journey, out of reverence for the Ka'aba; and withersoever they went they set it up and made circuits round about it as about the Ka'aba till at last they adorned every goodly stone they saw, forgot their religion and changed the faith of Abraham and Ishmael into the Worship of Stones."

Herodotus tells us that the Arabs had great reverence for stones.[3] When stones were not available the Arab, while on the road, would worship[4] any stones or heaps of sand that he found in the neighborhood. Can this be a remnant of the old Canaanites' custom against which the Deuteronomic code was issued?[5] To Mohammed is due the great credit of abolishing these abominable superstitions from the mosque and daily life.[6] If the prophet had accomplished no other reform than this his name well deserves to be enrolled with those of the great prophets and religious teachers.

In spite of the fact that Mohammedanism at the present time

[3] *Cf.* Herodotus III, 8.

[4] The Deuteronomic historian regarded the downfall of the people due to the erection of stones by Judah and Israel, I Kings, 23.

[5] *Cf.* Deut. xii. 3; also xvi. 22.

[6] There must have been a belief amongst the Semites that a stone was the habitation of a deity; *cf.* Gen., also compare the Greek boelutus. The Phoenicians also worshipped stones in the temples of Melkart at Tyre; *cf.* Herodotus ii. 44.

is charged with being a loose-moraled religion, it is only after one has inquired into the condition of woman prior to the time of Mohammed, and that not from biased missionaries, but from the broad-minded native writers, can one really appreciate the new era that dawned for the Arabian woman after Mohammed's reforms had taken hold of the elusive east. Evils affecting sexual relations were deep-rooted in Arabia during the pre-Islamic period. Prostitution was recognized as a necessity, and was practised everywhere and perhaps legalized, as it seems to be to-day in a number of civilized lands as a necessary institution. Or, as in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries in Europe, where mistresses were very numerous. Polyandry was likewise universal. (Tafsir-i-a-Ahmadi, p. 257).

In a number of cases it is recorded that the husband himself allowed his wife to have illicit intercourse.[7] This degrading practice was called Istibzs and is explained by Lane in his Arabic-English lexicon as a kind of matrimonial connection practiced by people in the "Time of Ignorance." When an Arab found he had no male issue he was permitted to have recourse to the Istibza so that he might fulfill the great debt to his ancestors[8] namely, the propagation of a direct line of descendents. Can this be the reason for Mohammed's innumerable marriages? (See Amoer Ali, *Life and Teachings of Mohammed*, p. 338.) This custom is still prevalent in India to-day. (Dubois and Beauchamp, *Customs, Manners and Ceremonies,* Vol. II, p. 371.) On such occasions the customary wording by which the husband would inform his wife of his intention would be, "Send thou to such a one and demand of him sexual intercourse to obtain an offspring." The husband would then keep away from her society until she had conceived by the man indicated, but after her pregnancy became apparent he would return to her. This abominable custom originated from a desire to secure a noble seed (Kashfu'l Ghumma, Vol. II, p. 56). The Arya Samaj is still adhered to in India and claims its sanction from the Veda, but in reality the custom is only a remnant of the Istibza practised by the Arabs during the "Time of Ignorance." Of grosser significance is the Arya Samaj of India for it allows the practice even in cases where there is only a sensual motive. It is recorded that in Arabia the custom was prevalent only among the lower classes who were

[7] *Mohammedan Jurisprudence*, Abdur Rahim, p. 7.

[8] See Arya Samaj, an account of its origin, doctrines and activities, with a biographical sketch of its founder, by Sajpat Rai.

actuated by the desire for the birth of a noble offspring, while the upper classes were free from this degrading practice.

Another evil in those days was the "Law of Inheritance." If an Arab wishes he could make his bequest in favor of anyone he chose, even in favor of a stranger, leaving his own parents and kindred in want (Tafsir-i-Ahamadi, p. 60-1). According to Jewish law however if one said before his death, "This my son shall have no portion of my estate," or if he should chance to appoint a stranger as his heirs in place of his legal heirs this declaration is void for this would be against the prescription in the Bible (cf. B.B. 130a, 133b). Each one of the sons of the deceased would receive his share of the estate of his father or his mother except the first-born of the father who received a double share. Jewish law even allows a share to go to a son who was born after the death of his father (cf. Yeb. 67a). On the death of an Arab such property as had not been disposed of, together with his wives, was inherited by the son capable of bearing arms (Tafir-i-Ahmadi, pp 234-5).

The method of proving a wife's fidelity was another cruel and pagan practice. When an Arab was about to set out on a journey he would fasten a string to a tree or tie one branch to another. Woe betide the wife if on his return he should find the tie broken; he would immediately accuse her of unfaithfulness. If on the other hand he found the tie unbroken it proved conclusively that his wife had been faithful during his absence. This was termed the Ratma or Ratam. This Ratam was also employed as a remedy for fever. The superstition in this case being that the fever was transferred to the one who tied the Ratam.

Another method employed to find out the unchastity of a woman was by means of a horse. If a branded horse should by chance perspire under her husband the woman would immediately be accused of unchastity.

Such were some of the sexual evils that the prophet succeeded in abolishing. Drinking (See Lyall *Ten Ancient Arabic Poems*, p. 146 seq. VV25-31) was another evil that sapped the strength and vitality of the Arab. All classes drank to excess, only the woman abstaining from this dire evil. Drinking bouts were quite the order of the day, and each household was well supplied with intoxicating liquors. It is recorded that when they ordered wine and other intoxicating liquors to be banished from the Arabian

household so many jars of intoxicants were broken that it flowed like rain-water in Medina.

Still another evil that weakened the Arabian character during the "Time of Ignorance" was gambling. The man (*Sura* ii216, and especially *Sura* V. 93f) who did not drink or gamble was regarded as a fool, and he who played most recklessly was looked upon as a great and generous man. When eulogizing a man the poet praised his drinking and gambling habits.

But to the modern mind the greatest of all evils was the burying alive[9] of helpless innocent female children, a custom which still exists in India to-day (Dubois and Beauchamp, *Hindu Manners, Customs and Ceremonies*, Vol. II p. 65). This evil is recorded to have been customary in Arabia for a number of centuries prior to the coming of the prophet (W. R. Smith *Religion of the Semites* 465). The practice was common among all tribes, its origin was doubtless the high sense of jealousy, the political unrest and above all the unsettled state of government in Arabia. The upper classes fearing that their women would fall into the hands of the enemy, often entombed their young girls alive. When a girl reached the age of six or seven years she was dressed most lavishly by her father and then taken to the desert where he had already dug a pit (Fneytag, *Arabian Proverbia*, Vol. I, p. 229). At her father's request the child would look into the pit and the father, seizing (Koran Sura XVII, 33; cf. LXXXI. 8-9) this opportunity, would push her over the brink. The heart rending cries of the innocent child victim were soon stifled by the falling earth (cf. also Tiele—*Gehrich Relig. im Alterthum* I, 212, 240, Maspero *Peuples de L'Orient* 1: 680).

A heart-rending story is told of such an incident. A man once came to the prophet and told him the story of the entombing of his only daughter in the manner described above. (One of the most touching Poems, where a father struggling with dire poverty desires to kill his daughter in the above manner, is "The Poor Man's Daughter." See Lyall, *Ancient Arabic Poetry*, p. 26.) She was loving and submissive and when he called her she came to him with great joy. He told her to follow him, which she joyfully did, and

[9] The birth of a daughter was reckoned calamitous. See Koran Sura, 59-61. The reason for this custom during the Jahileyyu was due to the frequent famines with which Arabia was afflicted through lack of rain and partly to a perverted sense of honor, fathers fearing that they would not be able to feed their daughters or else that they might be made prisoners of war.

he led her to a pit which he had already prepared. Holding her hand he threw her into the gaping tomb and even her pitiful cries did not move him. During the recital of this tale tears flowed from the prophet's eyes until his beard was wet. When the Arab had finished his tale the prophet commanded him to act righteously in the future.

It was also customary at a marriage to make an agreement with the bride that the girls she bore should be killed and spared alternately. In this case it was the mother who was responsible for the death of her innocent child. If a mother refused to part with her child the husband had a perfect right to divorce her. This ceremony was the cause of much joy and festivity. Relatives, friends and neighbors gathered to witness the pagan act. In India the Suttu or Widow burning caused equal joy. (Dubois & Beauchamp, *Hindu Manners, Customs and Ceremonies*, Vol. II, 361). The annals of Arabian superstition record cases where girls were either drowned or thrown from steep hills. With the coming of the prophet this abominable institution was banished once and for all from the pages of Arabian history.

The burial of renowned and generous Arabs was associated with a ridiculous ceremony called Baluyyah. In a pit beside the grave a camel with her forshank bound to her leg and her head thrown back, was left to die (cf. Erman, *Life in Ancient Egypt*, Chap. XVIII). The death of the camel was indispensable if one wished to be led by a happy road into the other world. Those who had performed this pagan act, when they arose, would find a camel ready to convey them to the great beyond. In India there is a similar custom called the Godama. A dying Brahmin will present a cow to some other Brahmin so that when he arises he will find a cow waiting to convey him over the river of flame to Yamaloka (Dubois and Beauchamp, *Hindu Manners, Customs and Ceremonies*, Vol. II, p. 489).

It was also supposed that when the bones of the man had decayed a bird would come forth from his head, which was called Suda or Hama.

Another superstition that it might be well to record was the means employed to bring about rain. When a drought came upon the country in the "Time of Ignorance," bundles of Wshar and Sala-i-e, two kinds of plants, were tied to the tails of several bulls

and cows. The Jews, however, in Talmudic times would pray on Monday, Thursday and Monday when they had no rain. (There is however a story told about Honi ha—Me'aggel which is worthy of some notice. Ta'anith 23a). The animals were then driven up the mountain side and their piteous bellowing would be heard by the pagan spectators in the plain. Inasmuch as the fire resembled a flash of lightning the Arab took this as a sign that rain would be made to descend. This practice is frequently found mentioned in verse.

Like other pagan peoples the Arabs were not free from the evils of vengeance for murder. Should the murdered man belong to a powerful tribe and the murderer to a weaker, retaliation or the death of the murderer was demanded by his fellow tribesmen, and the customary blood-money was in most cases rejected. But when the tribe that sought vengeance was not powerful enough to enforce its will, a milder course was adopted. An arrow would be shot upward to reveal divine judgment, whether war or peace should follow, or in other words whether revenge or blood-money should be sought. Should the arrow come back stained with blood it was a sign from the gods that blood should be shed or in other words that there should be a tribal war. On the other hand should the arrow come back clean it signified that the gods wished a peaceful settlement. We can conjecture that the arrow came back clean except in those cases where it had been stained by the pious relatives beforehand. No doubt the Arabs adopted this custom as a strategic means of employing peaceful methods without disgrace. The heirs of the murdered man were able to accept blood-money without jeer of derision from their fellow men.

When an Arab was hungry he attributed it to the bite of a serpent, called Safar, which was supposed to be lodged between his ribs. The modern man, with his knowledge of the human organism, stands aghast at such sheer nonsense, but the Arab attributed all natural conditions to supernatural powers. Most diseases were attributed to demonical powers, and as a remedy especially for madness all kinds of filth, or rotten bones, were tied about the sufferer's neck. The poets of the day very often eulogized this custom. It is recorded of a woman whose son had died in spite of the fact that he carried the prescribed charm about his neck that she said: "I made him carry filth but it did not benefit him and

surely lives cannot be saved from death." It is peculiar to notice that Rabbi Simon ben Jachai said, "a precious stone was worn round the neck of our Father Abraham, and every sick man who beheld it was restored to health." To account for chronic diseases the doctors said that the patient had stepped on a snake or other reptile and as a result was afflicted with the disease. One could hope for no recovery until the evil spirit had been compensated. I shall briefly describe the means of atonement.

A she camel of clay was modeled and loaded with barley and dates. With the setting of the sun the camel was placed in a westerly direction in a pit. If on the next morning it was found that the camel had remained in the same position in which it was placed, it was concluded that the evil spirit was pacified. Their number was then increased until the artificial camels were found prostrated on the earth.

It was customary that where one killed a snake some cow-dung (In India cow-dung is also used for purification and as a means for warding off evil spirits. See Dubois and Beauchamp, *Hindu Manners, Customs and Ceremonies*, Vol. I, p. 155) should be placed upon its head so as to ward off evil spirits.

A woman whose son died in infancy thought that by tramping on the body of a murdered man she would be able to ward off the untimely death.

If a man was lost and no trace could be found of him it was customary for those seeking him to find some secluded well and, looking into the water, call him by his name a prescribed number of times. If there was no answer it was concluded that the man was dead.

When one arrived on the outskirts of a city where there was a plague raging, it was customary to bray like an ass and wear a hare's bone as a charm against the evil spirits of the plague. It was customary to wear female ornaments as a prevention against snake bites.

The blood of the middle finger of a king was supposed to prevent dangerous complications setting in after the bite of a mad dog.

As if at a stroke these superstitions were all banished with the advent of the Prophet. When these reforms had once taken hold of Arabia, history shows us more civilized and more efficient people.

DIALOGUES OF POLEMARCHUS

BY LEE EPSTEIN

I, POLEMARCHUS, was present at the discussions which Plato purports to have recorded and which took place between his teacher, Socrates, and several others. From love of his teacher, whom the Fates have seen fit to honor with martyrdom, Plato has been moved to change many of the facts. I have here set down the dialogues as I remember them, beginning about that place in the discussion that Plato reaches at the middle of Book Five. Up to this place, Plato's account has been more or less true, save for the fact that he has Thracymachus depart at the brink of defeat. This is an apparent ruse to protect his master by not telling what actually happened.

At this point Thracymachus interrupted Socrates, saying, O! Socrates, you make us rash promises and you give us back our own words chewed over. By dint of clever manipulations you show us something which we never see, and you throw us off from the quest of the real essence of the Truth.

I promise nothing. I merely tried to show that there was a problem, and then tried to solve it along with you.

Aye, but by our questions with hidden implications, you could prove anything. I bow to your superior skill as a Sophist, but as a philosopher—tell your nurse to get you a coral string to chew lest you chew the eternal truths to shreds with your Sophistry. Do you believe that there is such a thing as Truth?

Certainly.

And that Truth exists independent of belief in it? I mean that if everyone in all Greece believed a lie, the truth would still exist anyway?

Of course.

And that if one man did not believe the lie, he would know the truth?

Yes.

Do you believe also that there is such a thing as good?

Most assuredly.

And that even though everyone in the world did wrong, there would still exist good, as an idea or a concept?

I think so.

And that if one man did not do wrong, he would know good?

Aye.

How then, do you reconcile the idea of a basic good and a basic truth, independent of acceptance or denial, to your idea of justice, which (you say) can exist only in a perfect state? If it is possible for the whole world to be untrue, or evil, and for one man to be true or good, how then is it impossible for one man to be just while the whole world is unjust?

Socrates was silent.

If only one man were alive, then according to the definition you have given us, he must be unjust. You maintain that justice is a positive virtue—a characteristic of the just state. I maintain that it is a negative virtue. It is the absence of a fault. It is the pursuance of a course of action which will hurt no one unnecessarily, and which will involve nothing mean or cruel. Of necessity, then, a man living alone would be just, for it would be impossible for him to be unjust to any but himself. However, his intentions to himself would always be just, and an act intended justly is a just act. Mind, I am making no definitions, but merely naming some of the characteristics of justice. I have learned many of your tricks, Socrates.

Be that as it may, you have not shown wherein my definition is false.

Your definition, pray? And was that a definition? Let us suppose that I asked you the way to Sparta. If you replied that I should set out, and that when I reached Sparta I should find myself there, would you call these directions?

Assuredly not.

How, then, can you say that you have given me a definition of justice when you say that justice will be the characteristic of a just state?

But I showed you the way to make the just state. If I said, in directing you to Sparta, go this way, then that, and then, after so many hours walking, you would be in Sparta, you would call these good directions, would you not?

Perhaps, if they took me to Sparta.

Well, when I told you to do this, and that, and then, after certain results were achieved, you would have justice, have I not given you good directions for the achievement of justice?

Ah, Socrates, a great power for circumlocution is yours. You did tell us that a just state would educate our children as soon as they were old enough to leave their mother's breasts, and that people would be divided into three classes. Does justice, then, consist of child-maintenance, or of division into classes? In a word, you told us some of the characteristics of a just state, but you did not tell us where we could find justice in the state—where we were to find the just methods of achieving these ends.

At this moment Glaucon and Adeimantus interposed, saying that they, too, had noticed this deficiency, but had not spoken lest they appear dull and stupid.

The true, philosopher, answered Socrates, is never afraid to speak lest he be thought stupid. He knows that doubt is the beginning of all knowledge. He is not afraid to confess his ignorance in order to open the path to newer truths. He is like an apprentice to a . . . .

That is all very well, Socrates, but answer our objections. Tell us where we can find justice in the state.

Observe, Thracymachus, the world about you. You will see that everything is divided into the realm of the real and the unreal. (Here followed the long speech reported by Plato in his *Dialogue on Immortality*) . . . Thus, the essence of justice belongs to the realm of the real—the invisible. I cannot point it out to you, but I can tell you of what it consists. You are right. I told you the characteristics of a just state, and it is in the fulfillment of these characteristics, in the every part of the state performing adequately its functions that justice consists. It is a co-ordination of all the parts to the whole.

It is, then, only in such a state as you outline that justice may exist?

Aye.

I think you make an error. You outlined that state, no doubt, with the ideal of justice always before you.

I did.

Well, you have not told us what that idea was. It existed before the state, if you modeled the state upon it, and it may exist after your idea of the just state changes. You will admit that although there is only one essence of good, at different times we deem different things to be good?

Agreed.

Then, as there must be some essence of justice, may we not at different times think different states to be just? What you have done is to say that the philosopher-king will know what justice is, and from this knowledge will outline principles which will make the state just and good. Justice, you therefore define along with goodness as characteristics of the just and good state. We are still in the dark as to the real meaning of justice or of goodness.

Socrates was silent.

You further set forth the principle that we are not working for the immediate good of the individual, but for that of the state, and that a state which is good and happy will ultimately consist of good and happy individuals, for the individual is part of the state.

So I maintain.

But I do not agree. Is it not true that if, for instance, Niceratus were to give all of his wealth to the state, the state would perhaps be happier?

Yes.

But Niceratus would not be happy. It is perfectly possible to conceive of acts which are unjust to the individual and would bring him sorrow and pain, but which are to what you would call the ultimate good of the state as a whole. What we had been wiser to see is that if we make every individual happy, and treat him justly, surely the state must be a just and a happy one, for the state is the sum of all the individuals.

At this moment, Thracymachus' servant came up and notified him that this cousin from Ithaca had arrived, and was awaiting him at his home, whereupon Thracymachus took leave of all most courteously, saying, I hope to continue later this pleasant discussion.

Bah! said Socrates.

MEH TI ON VIRTUE

BY QUENTIN KUEI YUAN HUANG

MEH TI says: "The ancient emperors, dukes, and great men, governing the kingdom, desired to have the country rich, with multitudes of people and order of administration. But instead of becoming rich, they became poor; instead of gaining multitudes, they got little; and instead of order, they got disorder." Thus, they lost what they desired but gained what they hated. Why? Meh Ti says: "It is because the emperors, dukes, and great men, administering the country, have no preference for the virtuous, nor ability to govern themselves." The more numerous those who are virtuous, the greater the order in the government. The fewer the virtuous, the less order in the government. Therefore, the duty of great men is to increase the number of the virtuous.

What is the way of increasing the virtuous? Meh Ti says: "If you desire to increase those who are able to shoot and to drive chariots, first you must enrich them, ennoble them, respect them and honor them. Then those who are able to shoot and to drive will follow you and be multiplied. This is more true with the talented, virtuous, eloquent and wise. They are the pearls of the country; they are the arm[63] of the nation. You must enrich them, ennoble them, respect them and honor them more. Then the best scholars of the country will follow you and be multiplied."

In administering government, the ancient holy emperors said: "No righteousness, no riches; no righteousness, no honor; no righteousness, no close relations; no righteousness, no intimacy." Hence the rich and noble of the country, on hearing of it, say: "at first, we depended upon our wealth and nobility. But now the superiors honor the righteous without disfavor of the poor and mean. So we can not fail to be righteous."

[63] "The Arm" is a Chinese phrase indicating the importance of a person or persons in the government.

On hearing of this, the close relatives say likewise: "At first, we depended upon our kinship, but now the superior honors the righteous without any distinction between the close and distant relatives. So we can not fail to be righteous."

On hearing of this, the favorites likewise says: "At first, we depended upon our intimacy, but now the superior honors the righteous without favoring the intimate ones. So we can not fail to be righteous."

On hearing of this those distant also say: "At first, we, the distant, had nothing to depend upon. But now the superior honors the righteous without disfavor of the distant. So we can not fail to be righteous."

From the ministers far away on the frontier to the common people near the court, the people everywhere, on hearing of this, all struggle to be righteous. Why? It is said: "The superior, commanding the inferior and the inferior obeying the superior is the one method."

For instance, there is a rich man who has built high walls and a deep palace. In building the walls, he has been very careful. On the top of the walls he chiseled doors. When robbers come to rob him, they know how to get in through the doors but they do not know how to get out. Why? Because he (the rich man) knows the essentials.

The ancient holy emperors, in administering the government, were themselves virtuous and honored the virtuous. Even among the farmers and workmen those who had talents they selected. They put such men into the highest rank; gave them large incomes; and appointed them to important duty.

The justification of my opinion would be, as it is said: "If the rank be not high, the people will not respect him. If the income be not large, the people will not believe him. If the commands be not decisive, the people will not fear." To give these three things to the virtuous was not as a reward but to make them able to accomplish their duties. At that (ancient) time, they were ranked according to their virtue; they did their duties according to their offices; they received rewards in accordance to their ability. Therefore, the officials were not always noble, nor were the people forever mean. The talented were raised up; the inefficient were kept down. Raise up the just and righteous; avoid the selfish and hateful. This is the meaning of the saying.

In the ancient times, Yao selected Shun from the country south of the Fu river and gave him the civil administration. There was peace in the world.

Yu selected I[64] among the people of Yin Feng[65] and gave him the civil administration. Nine prefectures were formed.

T'ang selected I Yin[66] from the kitchen and gave him the civil administration. He obtained what he planned.

Wen Wang selected Hung Yao Tien[67] from among the fishermen and gave him the civil administration. The Western Land was subdued.

At that time all those ministers who possessed high rank and had big incomes did their duties respectfully and in fear. The farmers and workmen dared not fail to struggle for righteousness.

Thus, the scholars want to be helpful to ministers and become their heirs. If scholars are obtained, his (the ruler's project will be carried out and his body will not be fatigued. His reputation will be established; and his merit will be wide spread. Evil will not grow. All this is because the scholars are used. Therefore, Meh Ti says: "Do not fail to honor the virtuous whether you like them or not. Desiring to follow the Tao of Yao, Shun, Yu and T'ang, you can not fail to honor the virtuous. To honor the virtuous is the foundation of the government."

Meh Ti says: "In ancient times when human beings were first born and there was no government, people had all sorts of opinions. Thus, one person had one opinion; two persons had two opinions; and ten persons had ten opinions. The greater the number of men, the more opinions. They all thought that their own opinions were right, while others' were wrong. Hence their relations were wrong. At home fathers and sons, elder and younger brothers separted from one another in hatred and could not possibly make any union.

[64] I was one of the virtuous men in the time of Shun (2317-2208 B. C.). When Yu finally succeeded Shun in 2205 B. C. after a mourning of three years' duration, he selected this widely known and virtuous man to be Minister. It is said that he came to his office in 2204 B. C.

[65] Ying Fend is the name of a place where Yu was selected by Shun. It has not been definitely located.

[66] I Yin, a famous minister under Ch'eng T'ang, the first emperor of the Shang dynasty, lived in the eighteenth century B. C. Ch'end T'ang summoned him to Court five times before he could persuade I Yin to be his minister. He kept the grandson of the emperor in exile for misconduct, until he promised to reform. I Tin's personal name was A Heng. Tradition says that he ingratiat himself with Ch'end T'ang by means of his skill in cookery.

[67] Hung Yao T'ien was the minister of Wen Wang who lived 1231-1135 B. C. The story is not recorded in the history.

The people of the world injured one another with water, fire, and poisons. Having extra strength they would not help one another and having extra wealth they would not share. They concealed the good Tao and would not preach it to others. The disorder of the world was like that of birds and animals. Alas! the disorder of the world has its birth in unrighteous elders."

Therefore, we ought to elect the virtuous and able and make him the son of Heaven. The son of Heaven is established. Owing to his deficiency in power and ability, the virtuous and able are chosen to be the three dukes. Hence the son of Heaven and the three dukes are established. As the world is so big, including people afar, and the difference of right and wrong, and of benefit and harm can not be clearly known, ten thousand countries are formed and barons and rulers are appointed. Thus, barons and rulers are established. Because of the deficiency of their power and ability, the virtuous and able of the nation are chosen to be magistrates. Thus, magistrates are established.

The son of Heaven administers to the people of the world saying: "On hearing good and evil, tell the superior. Whatever is right to the superior is right to you all; while whatever is wrong to the superior is wrong to you all." When the superior commits a fault, admonish him. When the inferior has done a goood deed, recommend him. This is to be like the superior, and not the inferior. To this the superior gives rewards and the inferior renders praises. On the other hand, suppose that on hearing the good as if it were not good, you do not tell the superior. Whatever is right to the superior is not right to you and whatever is wrong to the superior is not wrong to you. When the superior commits a fault, you will not admonish him. When the inferior has done a good deed, you will not recommend him. This is to be compared with the inferior and not a resemblance to the superior. This the superior punishes and the people defame. Thus, the superior gives rewards and punishments. Clear investigation is to examine truthfulness of the people.

A village elder is a benevolent person in the village. The village elder ministers to the people of the village, saying: "On hearing of the good which is not considered good, I must tell the lord. Whatever is right to the lord is right to you all. Whatever is wrong to the lord is wrong to you all." Get rid of bad words and learn the good words of the lord. Get rid of bad conduct and learn the good conduct of the lord. How can it be said, then, that there is

disorder in the country? Why is it that there is peace in the country? It is only because the lord is able to unify the opinions of the people of the country. So there is order in the country.

The lord is a benevolent person. The lord administers to the people of the country, saying: "On hearing of the good which is not considered good, I must tell the ruler of the nation. Whatever is right to the ruler of the nation is right to you all. Whatever is wrong to the ruler of the nation is wrong to you all." Get rid of bad words and learn the good words of the ruler of the nation. Get rid of bad conduct and learn the good conduct of the ruler of the nation. How can it be said, then, that there is disorder in the nation? Why is it that there is peace in the nation? It is only because the ruler of the nation is able to unify the opinions of the people of the nation. Thus, there is order in the nation.

The ruler of the nation is a benevolent person. The ruler administers to the people of the nation, saying: "On hearing of the good which is not considered good, I must tell the son of Heaven. Whatever is right to the son of Heaven is right to you all; while whatever is wrong to the son of Heaven is wrong to you all." Get rid of bad words and learn the good words of the son of Heaven. Get rid of bad conduct and learn the good conduct of the son of Heaven. How can it be said, then, that there is disorder in the world? Why is it that the world is at peace? It is only because the son of Heaven is able to unify the opinions of the people of the world. Thus, there is order in the world.

The people of the world are all to be like Heaven above. If there be one who is not like Heaven above, the calamities which are like the whirlwind and bitter rain coming in succession, can not be rooted out. So Heaven punishes the people for not resembling Heaven above. Therefore, Meh Ti says: "The ancient holy emperors governed the people with the five kinds of punishments and ropes of fishing nets for the purpose of uniting the people who did not resemble the superior."

GOD, THE INVISIBLE KING

BY E. LINCOLN HUTCHINS

MR. H. G. WELLS, in his book with the above title has given a clear statement of his religious belief. He writes:

> The writer's position here in this book is, firstly, complete Agnosticism in the matter of God the Creator, and secondly, entire faith in the matter of God the Redeemer. That, so to speak, is the key of his book. He cannot bring the two ideas under the same term God. He uses the word God therefore for the God in our hearts only, and he uses the term the Veiled Being for the ultimate mysteries of the universe, and he declares that we do not know and perhaps cannot know in any comprehensible terms the relation of the Veiled Being to that living reality in our lives who is, in his terminology, the true God.

and

> At the back of all known there is an impenetrable curtain: the ultimate of existence is a Veiled Being, which seems to know nothing of life or death or good or ill. Of that Being, whether it is simple or complex or divine, we know nothing; to us it is no more than the limit of understanding, the unknown beyond.

and

> God is a person, who can be known as a friend, who can be served and who receives service, who partakes of our nature; who is, like us, a being in conflict with the unknown and the limitless and the forces of death; who values much that we value and is against much that we are pitted against.

As I read I recall: "And Paul stood in the midst of the Areopagus, and said, 'Ye men of Athens in all things I perceive that ye are very religious. For as I passed along, and observed the objects of your worship, I found also an altar with this inscription, *TO AN UNKNOWN GOD*. What therefore ye worship in ignorance, this I set forth unto you.'" And am moved to declare the Supreme Power, which I interpret not as "a person like us," but as a force that has developed the universe, and everything within

it, as instruments through which to manifest the imponderable qualities which constitute that power.

Preliminary to that exposition, I ask you to assent to the following facts, which have scientific support.

(1) The electron was one, if not the very first, manifestation of energy.

(2) From combinations of electrons have come all the material forms; the gases, fluids, and solids of the physical universe.

(3) Through refinements or sublimations, matter became protoplastic; life (which is a manifestation of capacity to be irritated) began and developed concomittantly with the progressing power of the nerve stuff and of its instruments.

(4) Human beings, at the acme of that development, are the most important instruments in the cosmos for the manifestation of the imponderable qualities, which are superior to all material characteristics.

With this foundation we may assume, from manifestations, that the imponderable qualities are the underlying motivation of energy, procreation, persistence, order, rhythm, harmony, beauty, justice, truth and love, which are self evident to every normal human being, regardless of cultural attainment.

No one will dispute or deny these universal impulses, because they are part and parcel of each one's heredity that has been developing through the vast time that has elapsed since the first electron manifested itself in space.

This heredity is found in the elements that compose the vitalistic visceral system; the stomach, lungs, liver, heart and glands, in short, the entire viscera. These elements make the individual what he is; they are behind his feelings, desires, emotions, interests and instincts. All of these words are misinterpretations of the reactions that actually occur, but they must be used in communication until the average understanding is improved through exact science.

To return to individual make up; each person originates in a fructified cell which carries the elements that have been transmitted through a long line of ancestry, one half through the maternal and one half through the paternal line. The character or temperament of the offspring depends upon the dominant forces that unite in these combinations of elements in the ovum and the sperm. Such combinations are haphazard and limitless, but in the last analysis are

controlled by the imponderable qualities; not in a direct, planned, or purposive way, but negatively through punishments. As violation of physical laws, which are likewise subservient to the imponderable qualities, bring suffering, destruction and death, so do violation of the higher qualities bring like punishments. Results from experiences are the only criterion of right ways and wrong ways; any action that does not contravene any one of the imponderable qualities finds no hindrances, no contests, and persists as right; all acts that antagonize any of those qualities meet resistance, opposition and are slowly eliminated as wrong. It is no wonder, with the slowness with which experience works, the dissemination of results from the actor to other innocent beings, together with the infancy of the human race which has existed only a moment in the course of evolution, that so many wrongs still exist.

This hereditary system, with its nerves and physical effectors, has no direct connection with the sensory system except as it stimulates or is stimulated by it. The sensory system, i. e., the sense organs, striped muscles, and nerve connecting system, is ancillary to and interpreter of the fundamental hereditary self. All of the boasted knowledge of man is but an interpretation in words of the sensations that have been experienced; it has little to do with the subconscious hereditary system. At most it can but stimulate into activity some of the elements that are latent or dormant in the basic temperament. This sensory system is a wholly self-created one and is unique in each person. Its genesis and development can be exactly followed if full knowledge is had of the various factors affecting it. In the newly born babe there is no control or coordination or integration of the nerve processes to connect the sense organs with particular cells in the brain or spinal cord; all of the infant's movements lack definiteness, except those that are connected with his inherited visceral organization. It is not until experiences have created focussing centres to give force and direction, that his muscular system can respond to particular stimulations; his nerve energy is dissipated over a disintegrated complex of nerve action and his responses are indiscriminate, promiscuous and undirected. But with every repeated stimulation the nerve fibrils suck in more power from the blood stream, and the path from the sense organs to synchronizing fibrils in the brain structure is facilitated, automatic responses or habits are being constantly set up, and associations are

formed between the brain patterns and the word forms that become names or interpretations in the consciousness. This is nothing other than what must be expected when the operation of the mature nerve system is understood.

A stimulation attacks the fibrils in the sense organ, then those fibrils which are affected undergo an electro-chemical decomposition, the released energy acts as a stimulant to corresponding fibrils in adjacent neurons and pass on, gathering force and sucking in energy from all synchronizing fibrils, until, with its accumulated energy, it reaches the centralizing cells in the brain or spinal cord, whence it is transferred to the efferent nerves which conduct it to the striped muscles where the energy is transformed into heat and motion. This transformation causes a feeling, an awareness that has been named consciousness and constitutes all that can be included under the terms of thought or knowledge. Beside the external stimulation there are inner ones which come from the reactions of the nerves and homones of the visceral system under the motivation of the imponderable qualities in the hereditary self.

With this background we know what makes a person what he is; if one has predominating elements which express themselves in what we name energy, that one will be called a human dynamo; if procration elements are in the ascendency, one will be over-sexed; if elements of persistency are active, one will be sedulous in any cause, be it good or bad; if order elements prevail, one will be systematic; if rhythm and harmony are prominent, one will become a musician; if elements inclining to beauty, one will be artistic; if the moving elements develop truth and justice, one will attain honorable distinction; if the love element predominates, one will be a sentimentalist.

While every person receives from his ancestry all of the imponderable qualities in the elements of which he is composed, there is a great difference in the relative effectiveness of the elements. Training and environment profoundly affect the stimulation or the depression of the fundamental impulses. All of the imponderable qualities are inherited, but each in a different degree, depending upon the peculiar combination of elements in the chromosomes, and to the favorableness or unfavorableness of the environment and of the nurture. It depends upon the training and the situation in which one happens as to what element becomes dominant at the time.

Impulses from the different qualities are more or less conflicting; hence conflicts occur, not only with others, but within ourselves with serious results, often resulting in nervous breakdown or insanity. Equilibrium is the ideal state, in which the elements balance each other, in which the altruistic qualities restrain the more primary passions, and in which man arises from an egotistical, self regarding state to a realization of his social obligations. The progress of the world from the crude individualism of the cave man, to the conventions of the most advanced society of the present day, is all the evidence that is needed to prove the growth, though fearfully slow, in power of the higher, finer qualities in dominating the responses of human beings.

This exposition finds much in Mr. Well's writings to support and emphasize it, but he goes beyond facts when he postulates a finite, personal, loving and volitionary God. He has done that which he condemns in others when he writes; "Men will sit at little desks remote from God or life, and rack their inadequate brains to meet fancied difficulties and state unnecessary perfections. They seek God by logic, ignoring the marginal error that creeps into every syllogism." He allows that biology has changed the thoughts of men as to man's importance when set against the supreme importance of the species. He quotes Dr. Chalmers Mitchell; "I assert as a biological fact that the moral law is as real and as external to man as the starry vault. It has no secure seat in any single man or in any single nation. It is the work of the blood and tears of long generations of men." In the words of this exposition, it is the work of the imponderable qualities as through trial and error they have been hammering out an instrument capable of apprehending and of manifesting them.

"Religion," says Mr. Wells; "is the development and synthesis of the divergent and conflicting motives of the unconverted life, and the indentification of the individual life with the immortal purpose of God." That purpose of God, he says, is the attainment of knowledge as a means to power, and that to obtain that he must use human eyes, and hands and brains; he further says, "And as God gathers power he uses it to an end that he is only beginning to understand, and that he will appreciate more fully as time goes on." Surely he has almost reached the kingdom, it only needs the disabusing of his patterns of the superstitions that have been

impressed upon him by training and environment, that pattern of and anthropomorphic God, to achieve freedom in the wide fields of truth and righteousness.

Is it too simple for perplexed man, assailed upon all sides by stimulations that stir up patterns of a supernatural nature, relics or fallacious conclusions made possible by lack of knowledge of scientific facts, is it, I repeat, too simple to respond to the fact that the imponderable qualities, whose essence is unknown but of which there is indubital evidence in manifestations, are the only real, eternal objects in the cosmos and that all material forms are but instruments developed to manifest them; that the obligation of man is to increase his apprehension and manifestations of those supernal qualities. Is not this the Supreme Power which humanity has been seeking throughout the centuries, a true knowledge of which has now been made possible by scientific discoveries, particularly in the psychic nature of human beings.

SCIENTIFIC VIEWS OF A CULTURED JEW, FIRST CENTURY, B. C.

BY WALLACE N. STEARNS

THE Book of Enoch is the work of many men, many minds and dates through a period of a hundred years. In the Enoch literature we find the thought of Judaism under the stress of repeated break down of Messianic expectations, the dogged persistence of Jewish legalism, and the persecution of Hellenizing Syria, taking on those final forms that make-up the Jewish back-ground of Christianity. It is little wonder that pseudonymous authorship was resorted to.

Why there should be five divisions to this book can hardly be said, unless as in the case of the Psalms, in so important a book as the Enoch literature there should be conformity to the five-fold division of the books of the Law. Just why this particular treatise under consideration, Enoch 72-82, should be considered the fifth part of this composite work seems still more a puzzle, and a further question based on the date of this fifth unit, is, when was the merger made?

Coming to this section (72-82), we see that it too is composite, sections 80-81 being from another hand, for while the balance of the work, 72-79, 82 is strictly a scientific treatise, 80-81 have a marked ethical tone, a theological refitting, as it were, to prepare the entire section for a place in the Enoch collection. Also sections 72-79, 82 have suffered a dislocation; 82 should precede 79, thus 72-78, 82, 79. That 82 is now a part of the book seems likely; but section 82 must precede 79, for 79:1 marks the completion of the narrative of which 82:1 is a continuation from 78.

We now have sections 72-78, 82, 79 as a scientific treatise shorn of the frills put on to fit it for its new place in the Enoch group. We have here a statement of a cultured, if not a learned man's view of celestial phenomena, as held late in the pre-Christian period.

Before starting out to speak of this tract as a norm of scientific knowledge, it would be well to ascertain if possible the date. The views here embodied did not spring up in a day. The treatise marks the culmination of a group of teachings: the several data had, doubtless, been in vogue for years, even for generations. That many of the items occur in the Old Testament may well be true, but it is difficult to see in this book merely a summary of Biblical statements. Rather, between the two Testaments something has happened, men have been thinking, the period has been one of organic development. In Jubilees 4-17-23 an allusion is made to this section of the book of Enoch. This book *The Celestial Physics* is older than the book of Jubilees. In Jubilees 32:1, the high-priesthood is traced to the house of Levi and the high-priestly office was held by the Maccabean and Hasmonean Princes (descended from Levi) down to the time of Hyrcanus II (Jos. Antt. XVI, 62, Assumptic Mosis, 6:1). Also it was before the break between Hyrcanus, 105 B. C., and the Pharisees.

In Jubiles 30:4-6 we have, as Charles thinks, the shadow of the destruction of Samaria. In 38:14, is mentioned the tribute-paying of Edom (Jos. Antt. XIII ; 11 ; 21), in 24:28-32 is mentioned Judah's hatred for Philistia, and according to Jos. Antt. XIII, 13:4 it was Hyrcanus who destroyed Gaza, and the fall of Samaria occured seemingly within four or five days of the death of Hyrcanus in 105. Hence our limits for the book of Jubilees are 153-195 B. C., a period of less than half a century. This view is further supported by doctrinal reasons (Charles, Enoch, pp. 58-66; Pseudepigrapha, pp. 6-8ff). The book of Celestial Physics then, would reasonably be placed some later than the middle of the second century B. C., and would give the scientific views of an educated man of that period, who evidently felt no friction between Genesis and the teachings of the science of his day, or at least could reason out a method of harmonizing the two.

It is interesting to note that in a time of turmoil, when orthodox thought and intruding Hellenism were in bitter opposition; when fundamentalism and modernism were so violently at variance, a man or men had leisure and taste for such recondite matters. We are reminded of English society amid the Stuart struggle, or of our own country amid the horrors of the Civil War.

What view, now, did the cultured Jewish man of this period

take of the world, of the celestial phenomena above and about him? Our author is in a strait betwixt two. Throughout the book is evidence of his Jewish training; of his native love for the ancient Jewish teachings. Old Testament forms here and there assert themselves, and compel at least a compromise. The presence of the Greek cities, the craft of the Hellenized court, the beauty of Greek learning were at cross-purposes with the course of Judaism, and to light numerous finds at Askalon, Samaria, and in Trans-jordania. Traces of a native reaction appear at Sandahannah and Beth-Shean, told of a new and disturbing influence. Archaeology has brought and at Ain-duk near Jericho have been discovered remains of the new astrological ideas current with the incoming Hellenism (*Expositor*, 1926, p. 492, Col. 1).

A cross-section now of a cultured Jewish gentleman's views of celestial phenomena and their explanation. To his mind the earth is a plane, districted into four quarters of the heaven. An apocalyptic touch is added to the writer's geography. Seven great rivers flow: one, (the Nile) into the Great Sea; two from the north; (Tigris-Euphrates) into the Erythraean Sea; four others from the north, two (Indus and Ganges) into the Erythraean Sea and two into the "the Great Sea there" (into the Ural Sea?). We are puzzled to locate seven great islands "two on the mainland, five in the Great Sea." In Jubilees 8:29 these five islands are in the bounds of Japhet shirting the northern shores of the Mediterranean. We can guess Cyprus, Crete and Rhodes. The "two Islands in the Mainland" reads variously in the several manuscripts. We may note here that the moon is smaller than the sun (73:1) yet her circumference like the circumference of Heaven, marks with unfailing exactness the passing of the time until "the New Creation," (72:1), when they will be changed for all eternity—clearly a trace of the Messianic hope—Ha-Olam Hab-ba.

A forced accommodation to the new Greek Cosmology appears in the placing of Eden in the North (77:3). Greek, too, is his recognition of the Zodiac, in fact, if not in name.

To the west are six portals and as many to the East. Through the eastern portals sun, moon, and stars rise, and through the western portals they set. Six months up and six months back constitute the year, the fourth portal corresponding to the first month—Nisan, March 15-April 15. The twelve smaller portals above,

'though which flames appear,' explain the phenomena of sunrise—Homeric "rosy-fingered morn"—72:3, 75, 8f.

The moon rises, 41:5f, and sets with the sun. Its course from crescent to full is thirty days, during six months; for the other six, 29 days, a total of 354 days, 74:10-12, 75:2. The difference between solar and lunar years is thus ten days. Counting out (74:10ff, 75:5) the intercalary days 74:10f, the difference becomes six-days; 365-364—$1\frac{1}{4}$; $1\frac{1}{4}$x4=5/6 days, a quadrennium). Our writer was not necessarily critical, and fine distinctions between orthodox and the then modernist views did not trouble him.

The moon's progress from crescent to full proceeds through 28 stages, beginning on the thirtieth of each month. Moon's light is from the sun, which moon equals in size and with which moon rises and sets, except as new moon and full moon, for two months of the year, the moon pursues a course independent of the sun, but again after a 14-day period moves harmoniously with the sun.

In similar manner the stars enter through the portals and perform their courses. These stars vary in size and some of them he calls fixed stars. Charles sees here constellations, notably Ursa Major.

Through portals come also the winds, some favorable and some the opposite, three portals toward each of the four quarters of the earth. Four portals are favorable; eight bring storm, drought, locusts, frost, and snow. The middle portal in each quarter, four in all, bring good fortune, the outside portals, eight in all, are evil:—i. e., instead of eight points of the compass there are here 12. Here the Jewish theologian displaces the Hellenist; the South is so-called for there the Most High will descend, i. e., in the day of Judgment (cf. 25:3); the North is divided into three parts, one for men, and one for the seas, and one for Paradise. The two names of the Sun signify the two seasons of the Sun's greatest and least heat. Likewise the sun's declination seems suggested by the passing of the sun from east to west, via the north back to the east again. The twelve months thus provided for are not of equal length, but vary—thirty and thirty-one days. The four days thus added (4 months) give a total of 364 days against 360 of the Jewish years. The writer's Knowledge of the Greek eighty-year cycle, (Babbitt, Gr. gram., ¶726, every eighth year 13 months of 30 days each), the mention in the Slavonic Enoch of $365\frac{1}{4}$ days, (Charles, Enoch,

Introd. page 180), indicate that the Greek reckoning was current in our author's time. Our author has noted variation in length of day and night, the equinoctial seasons, summer and winter solstices. The four names of the moon correspond to her four phases. The chariots that bear the sun in his course are more Greek than Jewish though not unknown to the latter.

One can scarcely escape admiring our writer's frictionless mind. With perfect ease he glosses over irreconcilable difficulties, seemingly satisfied with approximate harmony. To outward appearance a Greek, at heart a Jew, at all times a harmonist mediating between the old and the new.

PERUGIA AND ASSISI

BY CAROL SCHNEIDER

IT may seem foolish to try to add to what has been written about the revival by the Fascists of the old conflict between the Church and the State. But those who call the struggle the *Roman* question and confine their interest to the duel between Mussolini and the Pope over the temporal control of the "eternal city," miss half the scene. However delicate and absorbing this political issue and its outcome may be, the more subtle and perhaps the more fascinating conflict is that between the two worlds of the imagination at stake. For Americans, whose public life since the political collapse of Puritanism has been quite secular, it is especially difficult to understand that in a Catholic country like Italy popular life and tradition have always been dominated by religious rather than by secular and political imaginative realms. Nor can Americans readily appreciate the boldness of the present attempt of the state to usurp the place in the imagination of the people which the Christian church has held since the days of Constantine.

Perhaps it began when the state adopted the policy of suppressing those who ventured to criticize the head of the government, for that was equivalent to claiming also for the state a privilege which had previously belonged exclusively to the church in the person of the Pope, namely the excommunication of heretics and the beatification of saints. To claim for the state this right of setting or recognizing patterns of perfection which can not thereafter be criticized, is one thing, but to establish such patterns in the hearts of the people is quite another.

In 1925-26 the church had the enormous advantage of a Holy Year, and has prolonged the jubilee throughout 1926-27 by the extraordinary attention it has directed to the celebration of the Saint Francis seventh centenary. Never before, I am told, was

any centenary of any saint so celebrated. And Mussolini is the last man to miss taking advantage of such outpourings of the spirit as have characterized the local feasts in honor of so great a national figure. For instance, he himself consented to open the summer session for foreigners at the University of Perugia, while lesser officials performed the same function at greater university centers. The date of the exercises at Perugia coincided with the official opening of the Saint Francis year at Assisi, Perugia's nearest neighbor and rival town. Suspicions that this coincidence was adroitly planned proved to be well grounded when Mussolini chose the fifth of October as the date for this promised lecture at the University of Perugia, for the fourth was the great feast of Saint Francis which drew thousands of pilgrims to the Assisi shrine. To understand how Mussolini could establish by such means a connection in the imagination of the people between himself and Saint Francis, it is necessary to appreciate the similarities of the two festivals.

First of all, however pious in its intentions, a pilgrimage in fact turns out more of a picnic. I began to feel it when I was yet as far away as Ravenna. Three women in new and identical black aprons and veils entered the church to pray, but remained to follow a tourist party around with scarcely suppressed excitement. And I saw them again the next day at the railroad station with ten others exactly like themselves — all headed for Assisi and Perugia. From Gubbio the crowds quite swamped the train, without regard for the class distinctions otherwise so respectfully observed. Even first class overflowed. A Franciscan friar was left in the jumble on the platform of a first class carriage, and soon became the object of jolly banterings across the noisy couplings from third class.

"Look what's here," said one rosy farmer, "a disciple of poverty riding first class. What penitence can he perform for the vice of such a luxury?"

And the friar shouted back, "For us luxury is not a vice, it is a custom, my brother."

Across from me were two old ladies, dressed plainly and alike in all details even to ear-rings. They wore no hats, but I could be sure that somewhere among the food and blankets that they carried, there would be two new black silk or lace scarfs. At home a handkerchief would do to defy the signs in the churches which read:

"Women who enter this church with uncovered heads or bare arms or otherwise adorned not in accordance with Christian modesty, incur the great wrath of God, and will be put out." But a scarf was the proper thing for a pilgrimage. I was to see hundreds of those new black scarfs at Assisi, just as there were hundreds of new black shirts at Perugia. The younger of these two women said when she paid their fare, "See I told you it would be only six lire, and it can't but be worth *that*." I saw their same blissful faces again both at Assisi and at Perugia.

The nearer I came to the feasts the more I felt that we were being unconsciously transplanted into a past that we had made remote only by our indifference to its spiritual meanings. Particularly the matter of miracles, for instance. The miracle of the feeding of the five thousand was spread before my eyes. Of course there was the precedent established by Saint Francis himself, when he called the Congress of the three Orders in much larger numbers than poor Assisi could hope to accommodate. And some of his disciples who were thoughtful and good providers were distressed by the impossibility of feeding the multitudes. But Francis, all indifferent to their demands, went on with his prayers and devotions. And in answer to them, the Lord put it into the hearts of the people to bring in food from all the surrounding country and all were content. That is the way it happened again this year. In the trains coming into Umbria I had stumbled over odd bundles of bread and wine and cheese and salami. On the day of the feast the people sat down all over the hillside and blessed their bread with their sociability and were more than content. I was fortified with one bun which I had not had time to eat at breakfast. But being a little proud and more than a little timid about my foreignness, I tramped the streets for over an hour to find a place in a restaurant when I am almost sure I could have sat down anywhere and multiplied that one bun with a few words.

The same miracle would have happened again at Perugia, except that Perugia is proud, and sent all the pilgrims home on special trains immediately after the ceremony.

I was in another miracle on the way to Assisi that helped to explain how they are made. The crowded bus was flapping along behind a huge truck, a combination tar-sprinkler and road-roller, when the latter without warning started to back into us. The bus

swung out as much as was possible with its unwieldy shape and weight, and the shouts and horns of the crowd and chauffeur did get the attention of the truck driver in time to prevent any accident. But we stopped to talk it over anyway. The Italian woman next to me said with a laugh, "Well, this will be another miracle of Saint Francis, if we don't look out." And I thought her attitude frightfully sophisticated for a pilgrim, until we started to go again, and she was the first to make the sign of the cross and mumble a prayer. Later on we were stopped at a railroad crossing, and another woman feared we would miss the procession and the mass, but was silenced thus, "If the blessed Saint has just saved our lives hasn't he a right to hold us up a little?"

Mussolini makes use of this tendency of a crowd when intent on one common subject, to expect and receive supernatural dispensations. But he knows that being yet living, he is in the early stage where miracles happen to him and not through him. Hence the persistently encouraged rumor that he enjoys a miraculous protection against the attempts made on his life.

There were differences, of course, between the feasts of Assisi and of Perugia, but they were more incidental and more unimportant than the similarities in the two feasts. For the religious feelings of the Italian people are not distinct from their other emotions. Religion has always been the raw material on which their imagination was fed and their art thrived. And the feasts and fasts of the church have been the occasions and outlets of all sorts of pagan emotions. Hence it has not been difficult for Fascism to take unto itself some of the interest in costumes and parades and rituals which have been expended on the church. They have also been able to establish secular associations, with certain church slogans. For instance, posters announcing the church program of the day or year at Assissi were invariably addressed to *the faithful*. The Fascisti bulletin board carried one of these notices beside another also addressed to the faithful, and saying:

"The feast of the Church is the feast of the State." And the banner across the gate into Perugia read:

"Duce: The Faithful of Umbria salute you."

In the process of establishing and using as sanctions such associations between the great figures of the church and the one great figure of the present state, Fascism, being young and over-eager,

has not always been willing to go slowly enough to avoid being crude, and even ridiculous. There is a recent pamphlet entitled *MUSSOLINI E SAN FRANCESCO*. It begins with a reproduction of Giotto's fresco of Saint Francis over against a photograph of Mussolini at his desk. It continues through many neatly parallelled paragraphs to expound the similarity both in life and character of the two saints, and reaches its climax in their common love of animals. Here there is another two-page cut—on the left, Francis preaching to the birds, and on the right, Mussolini behind the bars with a gloved hand on the head of a lioness. And to take this issue out of the realm of the imagination and the vaguer of universal emotions, and to make it explicit in detail, is to make it ridiculous.

It would also be ridiculous to try to estimate the possible influence of this general policy on the specific adjustments hoped for between the church and the state in Rome. That the Pope is conscious of this policy and its force if successful, might easily be inferred from his recent counter move in the same field—his establishing the feast of Christ the King. But the Pope is not the aggressor, and can never be said to have started this war of the imaginations, unless one wishes to go back to the first Popes and observe in them Christianity attempting and doing to paganism what Fascism now does and attempts to the church.

It is not difficult to see a parallel to the present situation in the manner in which the early church sought to compensate for the imaginative poverty which the abolition of paganism threatened. The Pomp and splendor in church ceremonies grew up as a substitute for the display formerly connected with the pagan games and festivals and "Roman holidays." And in the matter of symbols, by making the Christian lamb look as much like the Roman wolf as possible, the church appropriated the prestige of loyalty already established. Doubtless such association had as much success in establishing Christianity in the imagination of the people as, for instance, the depositions of Trajan and Marcus Aurelius from their respective columns in favor of Peter and Paul; certainly without this background mere imperial edicts would have had little effect. And so in the present conflict, the state hopes to give permanence to its diplomatic and political victories by its conquest of the spirit of the people, which, after all, lives so much in the language and the natural spontaneity of customs, in the symbols of human relationships, in memories as well as in hopes and expectations.

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