

The Open Court

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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

Founded by EDWARD C. HEGELER

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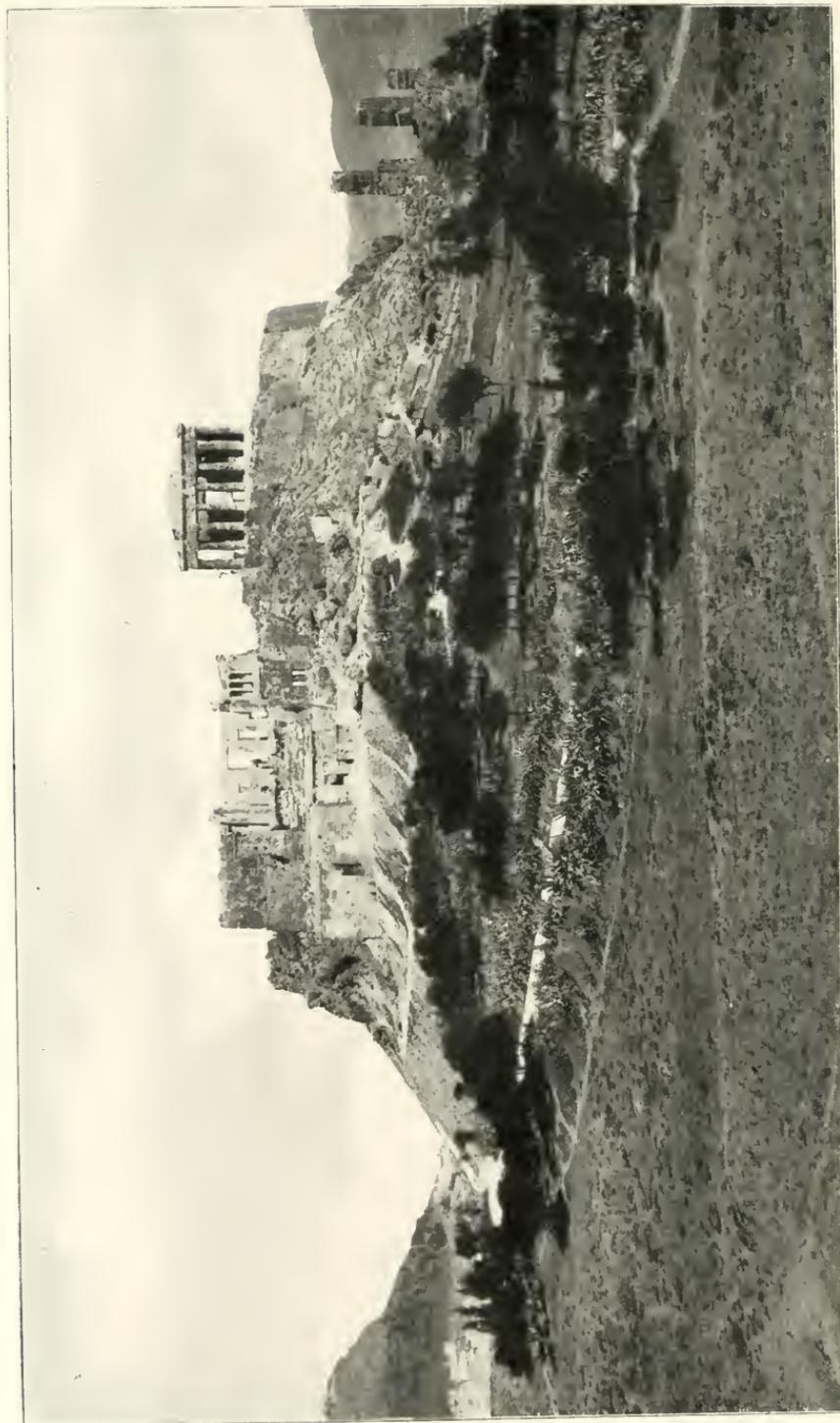
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THE ACROPOLIS.

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THE SCIENTIFIC METHOD AND RELIGION

BY WILLIAM F. CLARKE

I

IS the practice of the art of religion, as it has been understood in the past, doomed for want of a special science of its own to become fused with the practice of the other branches of the art of life? Will religion survive the ordeal of modern criticism and arise to new power and greater utility? That the group of activities which we have been accustomed to include under the name of the religious life must submit themselves to the scientific method of investigation is evident, for this method has been introduced into philosophy itself—the same philosophy whose function it is to survey the whole field of life, to reveal the various elements which constitute the field, and to organize these elements into some kind of unity—in fact, to give us wisdom.

If religious activities are a necessary element in the full life a critical philosophy cannot eliminate them; it can but clarify them, and assign to them their right and proper sphere. If they are *there*, and are ignored, they will inflict upon philosophy a gaping wound: they will be the goal against which philosophy, to its own hurt, must kick, until it sees fit to repent and take the missing element into itself.

If the "goods" of religion exist as facts of experience, and if by science we mean all that can ever enter into the knowledge of men, then there can be no conflict between true science and true religion. But all that religion claims to possess may not be there, and, too, the philosopher, even when provided with the scientific method, is not, of necessity, endowed with all knowledge. Here is ground for conflict.

Between the scientific philosopher and religion there is a conflict, and it is foolish for us to shut our eyes to the fact. Be-

tween the different branches of natural science—atomic physics, astronomy, chemistry, etc.—and religion there is no conflict; they are concerned with different activities of the human spirit. But when the scientific method is introduced into philosophy, and the philosopher, armed with a weapon which modern science has made keen and ready for his hand, claims to reveal *all* the relationships, given in experience, of the different activities of life, then, and there, the possibilities of conflict loom up before us.

What are the elements of the conflict as we can visualize them today? On the scientific, naturalistic side we have presented to us a world of "experience"—the only world we know, or can ever know. This world is all-inclusive nature, the world in which we live and move and have our being, and, too, man's inner world of thoughts, ideas, hopes and fears—the world of matter *and* of mind. Man is in nature and of nature. Individuals are particularized centers of nature's initiation and energy.

This philosophy is not without its mysteries. Every fact, every event presents an aspect which is unique and ineffable. To the fundamental mysteries of energy and the primitive "stuff" of things are added all the new qualitative existences which arise through the ever-increasing complication of relationships in organized centers of energy—awareness, memory, foresight, love, hate, etc. The question of the ultimate nature of a fact—an existence—the naturalistic philosopher may be willing to leave for ever open; it is part of the mystery of life, something to be pointed at but never known. The question for him is the question of the scientist: how does existence manifest itself, and how can man know the manifestations in such a way as to be able to make use of them in the furtherance of the interests of human life?

In this philosophy all dualism of mind *and* nature, soul *and* body, is gotten rid of—all is a development of nature. Mind, consciousness, reason, are tools—the latest and greatest tools—which nature has produced for the furtherance of its ends, its every-day ends; for nature has no final ends. God and the soul are equally banished from the field as unnecessary encumbrances, myths taken as objective existences and falsely tacked on to the scheme of things. It is, indeed, a fact that all the activities of nature do show recurrent groupings, significant characters, notable qualities, and that these characters can be pointed at, ordered and utilized in consciousness. In idealistic philosophy these same re-

current qualities, when abstracted and torn from the conditions which gave them birth, become the "eternal laws", the "universals", the "cause", the "living soul" of the very events to which they owe their own life!

All natural events—and there are none supernatural—from the dance of electrons to the conscious, willed direction of human energies, show a certain tendency. This tendency, which manifests itself in the human sphere as a desire for the satisfaction of felt needs—needs of every-increasing degrees of complexity and difficulty of satisfaction—as it is in the nature of things, may be said to be the "purpose" of nature. But this purpose must not be interpreted as originating in a will outside of nature, or of a conscious will in nature. In the place of a universal mind or soul we are presented with a natural grouping of events exhibiting a tendency to eliminate from the mixed texture of existence the accidental, irritating, destructive elements and to select, organize and perpetuate those that are recurrent, more stable, and more comforting. In man alone this purpose becomes conscious of itself and manifests itself as desire for pleasure, order, peace and joy.

Is this a revival of the ancient philosophy of pleasure? Perhaps it is. But, with the modern school, pleasure is expressly carried far enough to include the joy in the search for and the ever more full finding and expression of the highest values of human life—wisdom and knowledge, truth and beauty, harmony and peace, fellowship and love. Although there is no place here for the hope of individual immortality, still, man, freed from the tyranny of fate and all the terrors of false gods, inspired with the consciousness of the creative power of his own thought and abiding in loving fellowship with his neighbors, can find fulfilment of "desire" in the execution of the humble tasks of daily life "with all his strength, with all his heart, with all his mind". It may be hedonism; but it is not the hedonism of "Let us eat and drink for tomorrow we die". The new hedonism would call its followers to the feast with the bidding: Let us work and think for tomorrow, and to the end of time, we live: our work and our thoughts do follow us forever.

This, surely, is no mean philosophy. It is not proof against all criticism; but it cannot be dismissed by any shallow, fundamentalist oratory. That it is superficially attractive is suggested by the fact that the majority of the students entering our colleges

would seem to have given up Christianity, and do not think it necessary to take God into account in their plans of life. To the careless the prophets of this philosophy may seem to say: We are here today and gone tomorrow. We are our own masters, free. There is no God and no hereafter. Let us be happy whilst we can! Whereas their message is: Yes, we are free. Life is ours. The future is in the hands of men and our time is short. *Therefore* let us put our heart and mind into every passing moment, and so make events give up their meaning and minister to a rational, stable, and progressive life; for a life which is not both rational and progressive can never be stable, joyous and free.

"Let us cherish our ideals until we have converted them into intelligence. Let us throw in our lot with the universe. Though it slay us we may trust, for we are one with it. Only thought and effort can better things."

In these words of John Dewey there is an echo of the words of Jesus:

"Consider the lilies, how they grow!"

"Seek and ye shall find."

"Knock and it shall be opened unto you."

"Strive to enter in at the strait gate."

Scientists and Christians alike have only to look around them and within to see how very narrow is the gate, and how very difficult is the way that leads to wisdom—the Kingdom of Heaven.

II

Are we then any further advanced, by the scientific method, on the road to wisdom, when we arrive at a definition of "soul" as a group of natural activities "organized into unity" and are left in utter darkness as to the nature of the binding force which organizes and unifies this bundle of activities? Here it would appear that the philosopher has taken the leap which we are all tempted to take: has, by an act of inverted faith—a will to disbelieve—jumped from the solid ground of his own experience to an unjustifiable denial of possible fact which does not fit in with the position which he is anxious to maintain—a leap which no scientific philosopher should ever take.

Again, we may ask, are we any nearer the truth of things when we regard "thoughts" as histories—reconstructions of the world of things and events—which come to us laden with quali-

ties, the qualities we call memories, feelings, meanings, and upon thinking as a disposition of living activities which need no thinker?

In the assumption that because all man's highest activities arise in and from the ever-changing course of events in the world of physics therefore the spirit of man is hopelessly entangled in the meshes of the body, and that with the break-up of this organism, as we know it, all capacity for reorganization is lost and the spirit is no more, the philosopher, against all his own reasoning, lands us at final and beyond which nature cannot go. The tragedy of this hopeless situation—the final extinction of all meanings which the spirit of man has, through the ages, wrested from the stubborn field of nature—has been very forcibly expressed for us by Bertrand Russell:

“Brief and powerless is man's life, on him and on his race the slow sure doom falls pitiless and dark. Blind to good and evil, reckless of destruction, omnipotent matter rolls on its relentless way; for man, condemned today to lose his dearest, tomorrow to pass through the gates of darkness, it remains only to cherish the lofty thoughts that ennoble his little day.”

But is the evolutionary process of necessity a circular process—out of the sun yesterday, here today, back into the sun tomorrow? Is it not rather an eternal process carrying along with it, in every step, an element of freedom?

The fact that in the comparatively recent history of the earth nature has developed centers of consciousness which are able, by taking thought of meanings and using them in art, to share in the direction of the evolutionary process should humble us and make us hesitate before we put limits to the activities of nature. If in our little selves we find consciousness, reason, self-directing power, all of which can, on rare occasions, be fused into a unity of living love, can we safely deny to infinite nature at least this much? As well might the cells which circulate in our blood and have a limited freedom of their own, were they endowed with consciousness, deny the existence of the organism in which they have their meaning and their life.

Surely one of life's greatest mysteries is the tendency of some natural events to show meanings, and at the same time of other events to develop centers “organized into unity” in such a way as to be able to interpret these meanings, and to make use of them in the furtherance of the highest aspirations of the

imagination of the human race. But we are asked to believe that these meanings are never meant; that they are just qualities of things, like the scent of a flower. Qualities are ineffable existences to be taken as they are and no more questions asked. Minds, these organized centers of nature's activities which have developed a consciousness of meanings, but the meanings must never be taken as intended signals sent up by a friendly nature to men. This would introduce the idea of God—a personality in and behind nature—an idea which must be rigorously excluded from this scheme of things. We are left with something which looks like purpose but is not willed, something which looks like friendliness but which reveals no Friend.

III

In the face of this philosophy what positive contributions can religion claim to make to the common stock of experience, and what is the position it must take up in the defence of its claim?

At the outset, it would appear that the defenders of the religious position will have to surrender much to the conclusions to which the scientific method has led us. Whatever may be the origin and destiny of man's spirit he is tied hand and foot, body and soul with the every-day happenings of nature; energy and matter arise together, and so, too, do mind and body—force without *some* matter, and spirit without *some* body are both alike inconceivable. All man's achievements are built up on a foundation of natural events. Even his highest values are values in and for life as we know it, and have been rescued by his intellect from the mixed and ever-flowing stream of things. A supernatural world utterly detached from this world is, inevitably, outside man's experience and unknown. God and the soul may both be ineffable, beyond man's powers of conception or expression, but the activities which result from the contact of God and the soul to be known, at all, must be brought within the field of common experience; and here these activities must submit to be tested and tried by the scientific method of criticism: hidden forces both in physics and in life are known by what they do—by their fruits.

One of the first results of the application of this method of the religious field is that all appeal to supernatural authority must be abandoned. Both prophets and priests have always

shown themselves to be human like the rest of men, and when they have clothed themselves, in a mechanical way, with divine authority they have committed their worst crimes: having made a God in their own image, and in their imagination confused their idol with the only God, they have carried out the dictates of their own envy, hatred and fear in the sacred Name.

The great prophets of all peoples have never taken their inspiration mechanically as their historians and followers have often done. William Blake, in an illuminating passage, tells us that he once asked the prophet Isaiah how he dared so roundly assert that God spoke to him. Isaiah answered: "I saw no God, nor heard any, in a finite organical perception; but my senses discovered the infinite in everything, and as I was then persuaded, and remain confirmed, that the voice of honest indignation is the voice of God, I cared not for consequences, but wrote."

True prophets have always been men of genius, who, having exercised all the gifts with which they were endowed in the extraction of the meaning of events, could with the authority of wisdom—and to them the voice of wisdom was the voice of God—point to the inevitable consequence of the actions of men. That they did not look upon themselves as passive agents, mere channels for the word of God, is suggested by the description which Isaiah gives of the ideal prophet:

" . . . the spirit of the Lord shall rest upon him, the spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of council and might, the spirit of knowledge and of the fear of the Lord."

Jesus, called by the same spirit to fulfil the office pointed to by Isaiah, at the outset of his ministry went through the experience which, in the language of poetry and drama, is symbolized for us in the account of the Temptation in the Wilderness—an experience in the deep regions of the personality which no photograph could ever have put upon the screen—the temptation to adopt a mechanical theory of his inspiration and to act contrary to the highest light of reason. With the vision of Satan and "the wild beasts" on the one side, and of God and the angels on the other, Jesus is making the decision upon which his whole life is to turn: God or Satan? He hungers with the hunger of unsatisfied desire. The temptation comes to him to satisfy this hunger in three typical ways: the way of riches, material "goods", which would limit his activities to the economic plane; the way of ecclesiastical power, which would necessitate

all sorts of compromises with the world and the flesh; and, lastly, the way of world-wide political power.

Jesus answers the Tempter in words which give us the meaning of a "Son of God".

The Tempter said unto him:

"If thou be the Son of God, command that these stones be made bread."

Jesus replies:

"It is written, Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God."

Then the devil taketh him into the holy city; and he set him on the pinnacle of the temple, and saith unto him:

"If thou be the Son of God, cast thyself down, for it is written: He shall give his angels charge concerning thee: and on their hands they shall bear thee up, lest haply thou dash thy foot against a stone."

"Again it is written, Thou shalt not make trial of the Lord thy God."

Again, the devil taketh him unto an exceeding high mountain, and showeth him all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them; and saith unto him:

"All these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me."

"Get thee hence, Satan: for it is written: Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve."

The world kingdom towards which Jesus set his face was the kingdom pointed to by the same prophet, Isaiah, with the words: "They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea."

In this experience we have clearly presented to us what religion demands in an inspired leader of men. He must be wise with wisdom of the gathered experiences of the past handed down to us in the treasures of literature and art—"scriptures" from which, by laborious search, we may extract the eternal life which they enshrine. He must try no experiments with God contrary to the light of wisdom—experiments which in their inception necessitate the breaking of the bonds of love and faith—expecting that God will help him. And in the object of his worship he must place the illuminating, liberating energy of love above all might and power.

Here we have all that the scientific philosopher can ask—

the ever-active search for knowledge, understanding, wisdom—with the added element of the knowledge and fear of the Lord. And “fear” is not the fear of terror, but the fear which is one with love: fear which is worship and “delight” the highest form of pleasure. Is there any basis in existence and in experience for this added element?

This brings us to the center of the religious position. Behind the face of ever-changing nature is God: God, the source of all power, the creator of all beauty, the truth of all stable relationship, the life which flows through all things: God in whom the highest attribute of man—love—finds its eternal fulfilment in fellowship with the source from which it flows: The meaning of all meanings is joyous activity, not the dead end of all that life means to us.

Jesus proclaimed himself to be the Way to be trodden to the Father, the Bread of Life to be eaten and inwardly digested, the Word to be heard and understood, the Light to be used and not hid. He did not offer himself as a meaningless portent to be gazed at in passive contemplation: one whose Name could be used as a magical formula by men in the furtherance of their own ends.

The God which religion thus presents to us is not the God of pantheism, in which all personality loses its meaning, and the soul of man is extinguished, sunk in the soulless mechanism of nature. This God is the eternal person in whom are gathered up all the mysterious elements which go to make up nature’s meanings and man’s personality—the God in whom wisdom and power are one with love. In loving God, and in being the object of his love, the soul of man finds immortality.

Can man experience such a God? Many of the great personalities of history, whose works and words are active forces in the lives of men today, have told us that in such experience they found their joy, their inspiration, and their strength. Can he who has had such experience so express his experience as to be a light and guide to his fellow-men? Yes, even that has been done. It is not easy, for the language of the deep regions of the soul—of heaven—is the language of poetry and symbol, of highest art, and so to the pure scientist, foolishness; to the fundamental literalist, a stumblingblock; but to one who “knows himself in religion,” the wisdom of God.

Those who have found God in their lives tell us, that in

any fruitful seeking of the meaning of all meanings, we must be prepared to detach ourselves from every fleeting thing, every realized, temporary end. We must watch the pointing of events, take their message, and ever press on our way, until, denying ourselves and ceasing to cling to any one of the multitude of things borne on the surface of the stream of life, we find ourselves conscious of the deep current which bears all things on its breast. Here, in the bosom of the Father, we find all "things" of nature given back to us set in their true setting, clothed with beauty, and radiant with eternal meaning; and here, too, in this consciousness we find unutterable joy.

The saints of all ages and of all races tell us they have found God—the Abyss of Darkness which no illuminated thing within the compass of the mind of man can image forth—God to whom the fire of love alone can guide us; and that in Him they have found the light of all their seeing:

“Into the happy night
 In secret, seen of none,
 Nor saw I ought,
 Without or other light or guide,
 Save that which in my heart did burn.

This fire it was that guided me
 More certainly than midday sun,
 Where he did wait,
 He that I knew imprinted on my heart,
 In place where none appeared.”¹

“O lamps of fire that shined
 With so intense a light,
 That those deep caverns where the senses live,
 Which were obscure and blind,
 Now with strange glories bright,
 Both heat and light to his beloved give.”²

Such has been the experience of the truly great saints, and in their lives and in their deaths they have shown forth the fruits of their experience.

¹ *San Juan de la Cruz: Noche Oscura del Alma*: translation by Gabriela Cunningham Graham.

² *San Juan de la Cruz: Llama de Amor Viva*: translation by Arthur Symonds.

GREEK OR ROMAN?

BY ERNST JONSON

IT is a curious fact that while the aestheticians extoll Greek architecture, our architects follow the Roman tradition. Students of Classical Antiquity, who are not architects, generally persuade themselves that in the Greek temple architectural form reached its highest development, and that wherever Roman architects departed from the Greek precedent, there degeneration occurred. It is not difficult to understand how this predilection arises. The ordinary merits of the Greek art, especially in the fields of sculpture, drawing, poetry, and drama, together with the high achievements of Hellenic philosophy, naturally induce a tendency to surround all the products of the Greek mind with a halo of perfectness. The sculptors of Rome never attained a degree of mastery equal to that of the Greeks. Nor has any school of painters drawn the human figure, or animal forms either, with such force, and with such fullness of life, as the craftsmen who painted the Greek vases. Why, then, do modern architects, with few exceptions, follow the Roman tradition rather than the Greek? Why does the practical worker, who has not come under the spell of the highest achievements of the Greek mind, invariably choose the Roman tradition in preference to the Greek? And why have the best schools of architecture been those based, directly or indirectly, on the art of Rome? Evidently there is something in the character of Roman architecture that makes it more congenial to the modern mind than the architecture of Greece.

During the centuries which separate Greek and Roman architecture, a great progressive change occurred in the Hellenic world, a change most fundamental in character and involving far-reaching consequences; for it was a change in man's attitude toward the universe.

To the Greek mind, destiny was final. From its rule there

was no way of escape. The common, every-day destiny of man might indeed be foiled through the spell of magic, but beyond this destiny—and beyond the reach of the sacred word—was another, a higher destiny whose spell neither man nor god could break.

Then a new light dawned on the Western world. Perhaps it came out of the East, perhaps not. Man discovered in himself a hitherto unsuspected power—the power to transcend all destiny. There was born in man a sense of dominion, through which he might rise superior to even the highest destiny. Spiritual religion superceded magical religion in the Western world. In the East this change had occurred many centuries earlier. The new attitude toward the universe found its chief expressions in Christianity, Neo-Platonism, and a host of other religions, the dominant note of which was man's dominion over destiny.

If man, through an act of supreme self-assertion, can renounce the world for but an instant, and thus wrench himself free from the grip of destiny, and be one with the Creator, human life assumes an aspect radically different from that which it had, when destiny seemed final. We who feel, most of us in a rather inarticulate and even confused way, that whenever we choose, we may break through these surface phenomena which we call the world, and sink ourselves into the depths of the underlying essence, and come in contact with the source from which flows the external world, to rise again into the world invested with greater fullness of life, and added dominion over nature,—we can enter into the Greek attitude of mind only through a supreme effort of imagination. We find in the universe an element of tenderness foreign to the Greek, and we have even acquired some of that sense of mastery achieved long ago by the sages of the East.

In this change of attitude seems to lie the reason why Greek art, especially its drama, architecture and decoration, seems barbaric when compared with the more human art of Rome. There is, in the extraordinary refinements of Greek form, a coldness, and a sense of the inmedicableness of destiny, which repel us. The sometimes cruder work of the Romans gives us a wholly different feeling, a feeling of human power, which, in the Renaissance adaption of Roman form, rises to the pitch of positive cosmic tenderness. This difference is felt in every detail: in the profiles, in the ornament, and in the proportions.

Besides this intrinsic difference between the two styles, there is also a difference of association. Our culture, the bulk of it, is a continuation of the culture of Rome. In a general sense, this is true of the entire body of European culture, except our philosophical and mathematical traditions, but it is more immediately true of that phase of our culture which resulted from the revival of Classical learning in the thirteenth century, and the artistic revival which followed it, and which we now know as the Renaissance. For seven centuries we have lived under this predominatingly Roman tradition, with a mental and social equipment predominatingly Roman, so that the general cast of our minds has become Roman. And for three centuries the Roman tradition dominated all the arts, and these were centuries of high achievements in architecture. In this heritage we find another ground for the preeminent congeniality of Roman form, a congeniality so obvious that it makes, by comparison, the specifically more Christian art of the Middle Ages seem foreign to us.

ONLY A TEACHER

BY C. F. CASTLE

THE word *teacher* is tabooed in universities. The stigma is indicated in the question which one university man frequently asks of another: "Are you teaching or working this Quarter?" *Teaching* to such a questioner means only imparting some known information to others; almost anybody can do it. It is written down in books; anybody can read them and communicate the ideas to listeners. But *working* to him means a laboratory, some worm, animal, bone, or gas, on which to labor with the suitable appliances. *Working* is seeking to discover something new, especially in Nature. The *worker* does not want to be bothered with students. His thought is: "Oh, if it were not for the students, a university would be a nice place, and I could carry on my investigations undisturbed." To be an investigator is the thing!

But investigators are usually very poor hands at communicating what they know to others. They work in their laboratories in silence. Silence is best for their work. The creatures or materials they work on do not speak and interrupt their thoughts. Investigators do not like to be interrupted by human speech in the course of their research.

The teacher, however, works with more interesting material than bugs or worms, for example. He works with students, who do not have to be caught in April and kept in alcohol or an ice chest to preserve them, like the worm that lives in water near the freezing point. Moreover, they speak the language of the instructor, can ask questions, and talk back. No one should ever try to teach who does not like people and have a capacity for sociability. Silent people make good investigators, but not good teachers. Good investigators are often failures as teachers.

Not many years ago a fine investigator was called from the stock-room and tomes of lore to be the head of a department in a university. It was expected that because of his record as an investigator he would train up fine investigators in the university. But he could not interest students in his subject, and after a few years' trial he resigned his position in the university to return to his studies of books. The book-worm was back home, happy, in the silence of the library, among his friends, the books.

A story told by a man named Schaufler in a talk to the Y. M. C. A. at Yale on a Sunday afternoon well illustrates the difference between associating with human beings and with things that do not talk. Mr. Schaufler was engaged at one time in New York City in trying to improve the living conditions of poor people by removing them from miserable tenement houses to new homes in the country, out in Connecticut. A forest had been cut down and houses built among the stumps of the trees, which had, after being felled, been sawn into lumber.

He had found an old Irish washerwoman up in the top story of a house whose roof leaked badly; an umbrella had been put up through a hole in the roof to keep out the rain. He labored a long time to secure the consent of the woman to leave this ramshackle place and go to a new house in the country. He finally succeeded in his effort. He located her where there was sunshine and shade, in a new house, with a garden where she could grow flowers. He felt well repaid for all his labors. A few months later when he was in New York one day in the neighborhood of the place from which the Irishwoman had moved, out of curiosity he went up to the room in which she used to live, to see who was living there. To his amazement he found the identical Irishwoman there, engaged in washing clothes as before. In disgust and vexation he asked her what she was doing back there after he had placed her in such a comfortable home in the country. She replied: "Och, Mr. Schaufler, people is more company than stumps!" She had the right idea!

So in teaching, live students are more interesting than material things or creatures that speak not. There is a companionship which in some cases may last as long as life itself. Naturally, no such relationship can exist between an investigator and material objects or dumb creatures. To be sure, the dog and the horse are exceptions; they are companionable, but not to the

same extent as man, especially when they are mere subjects for laboratory study and experiment.

What every college graduate should be, the successful teacher must be—a good mixer. The perils of college life consist largely in idleness and aloofness. Aloofness was the trouble with President Wilson. If he had mixed more with his lieutenants in Congress he might have put over that which he most desired. Aloofness and conceit will ruin anyone who wants to guide others. A teacher must give and take; for the time he must be one of those he would teach or lead.

To illustrate: Many city people spend their summers in Michigan. One day a gang of country boys were engaged in play. They had a bottle in which a ground glass cork had become fast. They tried to pull the cork out, but failed. Just then a city college boy came along. In derision they called to him: "Here, you city feller; pull this cork out," thinking that he could not and so they would "take him down" a little. But he was sensible and knew a little physics; e.g., that heat expands and that friction causes heat. So he picked up a string, wound it around the bottle, pulled the string back and forth for a few minutes until the bottle was warmed a little, and then quietly and smilingly pulled out the cork! The country boys saw that they were beaten, for the city boy knew what they did not. They invited him to join them in their sport, and he had sense enough to do so. In fact, he kept on playing with these boys all summer, and became their leader. He was a good mixer and was qualified to be a wise leader.

A good teacher may sometimes be recognized when seen in the school yard engaged in the games of the pupils. The intellectuals and aristocrats, the "high-brows," are most apt to fail as good mixers. The more they know, the greater the danger of failure in this particular. This is natural. They like their own sort best; they enjoy brilliancy. "What is the use," such an one says, "in trying to learn anything from those who are more ignorant than I?" They forget that the "high-brows" are only a small minority of the people they are likely to deal with. They forget also that there is a great deal of knowledge and wisdom in those not of the "high-brow" class. Preachers, especially, are apt to converse and associate with the aristocrats, the most influential members of their own and of other churches. Of course, they are the most interesting, from the preacher's standpoint;

the most interesting intellectually. But the majority of the people in the preacher's audience are not of that sort; to know them and to be able to win them the preacher needs to mingle much with those intellectually his inferiors. Otherwise he will never know his audience. The success of "The Great Commoner" as speaker and leader was in the fact that he was one of the common people; he understood masses of them, and spoke their thoughts and language. I use him as an illustration, by no means approving of most of his ideas. The point is that those of us who wish to instruct, to educate, to help the more ignorant people, young or old, to better ideas and ideals, must mix with them to get their point of view, and to combat it if it is wrong.

The teacher must look at things from the standpoint of his students, to ascertain the difficulties they have in undertsanding what he desires to impart, or that in which he desires to interest them. Even the investigator of the worm that lived in cold water had to look at things from the worm's standpoint. If the water had been warmed a little, as a human being would like it, the worm would have gone to pieces. The worm had to be fed certain food which it was necessary to ascertain by investigation. Then, too, it was discovered that the worm would not live in city drinking water as sterilized by man to prevent typhoid fever.

The teacher, likewise, has to be an investigator of the human animal that he is trying to instruct, but his investigations are much more interesting because of the comradeship that should exist between teacher and taught. He may interest the student in a certain subject and so induce him also to become a specialist in that line. Thus one great teacher, Clarence Herrick, in the small "Hill-top College," by his presentation of science induced a boy who later became one of the greatest of modern biologists to enter that field instead of the ancient classics, which had been presented to him in an uninteresting way.

The fact is that a good teacher has to be an investigator, not only of the subject he wishes to present, but also of the human beings whom he aspires to teach. He must be human, and know the minds and ways of thinking of many other humans. And the more he knows and the wiser he thinks he is, the more difficult is his problem. He may think that his views are the only correct ones and that all others are nonsense. So he may decide to ridicule all views but his own, and by brilliancy of speech and repartee preen himself before his students and win applause

for the moment. But he will not teach many, even though they applaud while under the spell of his eloquence and wit; nor will he ever win their affection, because he looks down upon them with condescension.

The teacher must adapt what he says to the understanding of his audience, just as the public lecturer has to do. Recently a distinguished preacher to student audience was reported as "firing over the heads" of the students he addressed at a certain college. He did not hit the mark; he shot too high. It would have been even worse to aim too low. He was right in attempting to inspire higher thinking, but he misjudged his audience, or perhaps his language was not such as to appeal to them.

The lecture method of teaching is faulty, in that it is difficult under this system to study individuals, which is essential for perfect companionship between the teacher and the student. As the father should be the companion of his son, and the mother the companion of her daughter, so to a certain extent should teachers be the companions of their pupils in these days when parents have given over their job of educating the children to nurses and teachers. The conception of Mark Hopkins on one end of a log and the boy on the other end had in it the idea of treating the boy as an individual—the idea of personal contact between teacher and pupil. There are great possibilities in it. For graduate students, of course, "research work" is largely individualistic, like the work of the student on the worm, as recorded in a previous chapter.

It is said that "teaching which consists merely in imparting information is not university teaching. The vital spark necessary for a true university is given by its research activities." A good deal depends upon the way in which the information is imparted; whether it clarifies thinking or beclouds it. Sometimes information thrown in chunks may stun for a moment and then set one to thinking; whereas if dry and fine as dust, like dust it simply beclouds. Who is responsible for the notion that research work must be recorded in dignified and judicial frigidity, and that obscurity is a sign of depth or wisdom? We know, of course, the dictum of the French writer who said that the use of language is to conceal our ideas. That, I fear, has been the trouble with some of our modern writers on philosophical and theological subjects. They nourish the notion that they are great authorities on what they profess to understand, and that they must show

it by profundity, as they probably consider it, but as others more properly dub it—obscurity to conceal a lack of ideas. Certainly President Jacob Gould Schurman had ideas, but he was not obscure; he spoke on psychological and philosophical subjects so clearly and delightfully at Chatauqua that he filled the Hall of Philosophy daily with interested auditors for weeks at a time. Other speakers on many university themes create no “vital spark” by what they say, but only smoke.

Teachers may learn from the business world, especially university teachers whose students are much sought for these days in the commercial and industrial field. Business men want salesmen who can sell their goods—bonds, automobiles, or what not. The dry-as-dust teacher will not produce that sort of individual. If he thinks his subject valuable, why not say so in a style that will convince or enthuse his students, and make them believe in him and his ideas? A teacher who cannot “sell” his own courses to his students would not be employed by a business man to sell goods.

The Greeks began research work in nature and science, and later in literature. They were teachers and investigators in many subjects. Some of the greatest of them were Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, and Isocrates. These men had many followers who were devoted to their masters, because the latter were thinkers, who taught and spoke in an interesting way about their research. They were the foremost investigators and teachers of their day, and their written works which have come down to us are still among the world’s greatest literary and scientific treasures.

The marvelous Teacher, Jesus of Nazareth, the carpenter’s son, worked with people; he loved people and addressed them in language that they could understand. Too many learned teachers of to-day speak a technical language, understood perhaps only by specialists to whom their thoughts are addressed. They cannot popularize their subject by such means; or, to use once more the expressive commercial term, “sell it” to the people. Evolution might be better understood and cause less objection, if it were more simply expressed, so as to be more clearly comprehended.

The following remarks by F. C. S. Schiller, of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, in the little volume entitled “Tantalus, or The Future of Man,” offer much food for thought:

“Human institutions, like the human body, are ever tending to

get clogged with the waste products of their own working. Hence, so far from performing the functions for which they were intended, they are constantly becoming the most formidable instruments for their own frustration. Experience shows how easily churches become the most effective deadeners of religious zeal, how often law becomes the negation of justice, how deadly is the School to the inborn craving for knowledge which seemed to Aristotle so characteristic of man's nature.

"Accordingly, no one familiar with the actual working of academic institutions is likely to fall into the error of pinning his faith to them. They are of course designed for the purpose of preserving and promoting the highest and most advanced knowledge hitherto attained; but do they anywhere fulfil this purpose? Its execution must of necessity be left to professors not exempt from human frailty, always selected by more or less defective methods, whose interests by no means coincide with those of their subjects. The interest of the subject is to become more widely understood and so more influential. The interest of the professor is to become more unassailable, and so more authoritative. He achieves this by becoming more technical. For the more technical he gets, the fewer can comprehend him; the fewer are competent to criticize him, the more of an oracle he becomes; if therefore he wishes for an easy life of undisturbed academic leisure, the more he will indulge his natural tendency to grow more technical as his knowledge grows, the more he will turn away from those aspects of his subject which have any direct practical or human interest. He will wrap himself in mysteries of technical jargon, and become as nearly as possible unintelligible. Truly, as William James once exclaimed to me, apropos of the policy of certain philosophers, 'the natural enemy of any subject is the professor thereof!' It is clear that if these tendencies are allowed to prevail, every subject must in course of time become unteachable, and not worth learning.

"Thus educational systems become the chief enemies of education, and seats of learning the chief obstacles to the growth of knowledge, while in an otherwise stagnant or decadent society these tendencies sooner or later get the upper hand and utterly corrupt the social memory. The power of the professor is revealed not so much by the things he teaches, as by the things he fails or refuses to teach.

"History is full of examples. How many religions have not perished from ritual sclerosis, how many sciences have not been degraded into pseudo-sciences or games! Logic has been just examinable nonsense for over two thousand years.

"The present economic chaos in the world has been indirectly brought about by the policy adopted by the professors of economics forty or fifty years ago, to suit their own convenience. For they then decided that they must escape from the unwelcome attentions of the public by becoming more 'scientific'; i. e., they ceased to express themselves in plain language and took to mathematical

formulas and curves instead; with the result that the world promptly relapsed into its primitive depths of economic ignorance. So soon as the professors retired from it, every economic heresy and delusion, which had been exposed and uprooted by Adam Smith, at once revived and flourished. In one generation economics disappeared completely from the public ken and the political world, and the makers of the peace treaties of 1919 were so incapable of understanding an economic argument that not even the lucid intelligence of Mr. Keynes could dissuade them from enacting the most preposterous conditions which rendered impossible the realization of their aims."

W. R. Harper and E. Benj. Andrews, two of the greatest teachers that universities have produced, were both great investigators as well as great teachers. A teacher must, indeed, investigate, as already pointed out, to be worth much as a teacher; and investigation must be continued to the last. Whether the results of an investigation are published or delivered orally to students is another matter. The most impressive words of President Harper and President Andrews were not put into books but spoken with all their enthusiasm and magnetism to students seated before them, whom they wished to set to thinking. It is significant that both Socrates and Jesus never wrote out any of their great thoughts which have so mightily influenced the world; they taught exclusively through the spoken word. Even Shakespeare, whom we think of as a writer, *par excellence*, never wrote his great dramas for publication. The plays were intended for oral delivery. The few which were published during his lifetime were printed in pirated editions from players' manuscripts stolen or otherwise abstracted from the playhouse by interested persons, and were without his personal revision. The great majority of the plays did not appear in print until seven years after Shakespeare's death in an edition published by some of his friends, on their own responsibility, from imperfect manuscripts.

In books personality is not so effective as it is face to face. Teachers, like poets, are born, not made; but they may be helped greatly by the right sort of contact with the great masters of the craft.

Teaching is an art—the art of imparting knowledge so as to inspire a desire to know and to investigate for oneself. That is what the great teachers herein mentioned did.

The other day I met a student who will take the bachelor's

degree in June. She remarked: "My education will then begin at my home!" She lives in Kansas. She has acquired a desire to know and to investigate, and she has it all planned out how it is to be done. Her university course has been a start in the right direction, and has prepared her for further progress in what she desires to find out. Her preparation has been a great success.

The call for better teachers in universities is beginning to be heard, though only faintly as yet. The experience of those who gain the great desideratum—the Ph. D.—is somewhat disillusioning. They realize that they have to learn the art of teaching after they have gained the degree that is supposed to fit them for a university professorship. Their students do not enthuse over the coldly presented lectures of the learned professors with whom the young doctors have studied. Those lectures have to be revised and put into language that will appeal to a generation of lively youths. If the universities desire better teachers, they must train them by better teaching in their own halls. The schools of education will not supply them.

Moreover, the universities will have to recognize the better teachers as doing work as difficult as, if not more difficult than, mere research, and certainly as important. And the remuneration must be as great. The universities have it in their power to produce what they want, whether great research, or great teaching, if they will encourage those who are able to perform the work, and if they will pay the price in cash and honor.

It is sometimes difficult for a teacher to know whether he is a success or not. All he can do is to do his best—to throw himself into his work with all his might, unselfishly, hoping for the best. He may not accomplish what he desires, but something entirely unthought of and unsuspected. I once had a girl in my classes for some years; I was never sure whether she was really interested or not, though she was faithful in attendance and did fair work. But after she was graduated she wrote me from a distant State a note of thanks and appreciation for what she said I had done for her. There was, she said, "a certain atmosphere" in my classes. I do not quite know yet what she meant—I did try to keep the room well ventilated! But of course I think she meant something else.

Another girl who has now been teaching for twenty-five years happened to sit behind me in a large audience a while

ago. She bent over and spoke to me; she told me of a chance remark I had made one day in class which she had never forgotten. She said nothing about a half-dozen courses she had taken with me; this one remark, it seemed, had helped her more than all the rest, though to me it seemed trifling. She was a serious student and fine personality. One never can tell what one may accomplish unwittingly. One should just do one's best; or, to change the figures, keep shooting—something may hit the mark.

One day in a crowded street a man jumped out of the crowd, grabbed my hand and said: "I haven't seen you in twenty years; you don't remember me, but I do you. My name is Blank, and I want to tell you that I wish I had taken more Greek and Latin, for I made my best grades there, and I might have made Phi Beta Kappa." I had forgotten his existence!

Another student, now a writer of distinction, after ten years of literary work tells me that a certain Greek course was the most valuable course that he took in his four years of university preparation for journalism, and that he found it worth while more for what the teacher put into it than for what the textbooks gave him. Evidently the teacher, whoever he was, was a real one.

It is easy to get on pleasantly with students, but their parents may be a nuisance, especially if they chance to be university professors and their wives. I sometimes think that this class of persons should be prohibited by law from interfering in the scholastic education of their offspring. Of course, this is an exaggerated statement, but in all seriousness I could name some who have been the ruin of their children in this respect. Educationally the children were a disgrace to their brilliant parents, as I frankly told some of them. They were so "smart" that the parents thought they didn't need to be taught. The students of extraordinary natural ability are the hardest to deal with; and, as a great business man has truly said, they rarely achieve lasting success. It is true that great ability should be a help to students, if they are blessed with it, but far more is due to the habit of never doing anything less well than one can; in other words, of doing one's best. It is the person who "keeps at it" and is always striving to do better that really achieves. The brilliant ones are likely to degenerate into loafers, if not worse.

In the "Hill-top College" the dullest man that I knew in a

certain class was the first of all to reach real distinction. His examination papers were always better than his term grades, because a week intervened in which he *kept on working*. He took a divinity course, went to a small town in New York State to preach, and when he died, after ten years' work, he was so beloved by the people of that town that the other ministers in the town filled his pulpit on successive Sundays for the rest of the year.

If one likes to deal with pleasant young people, there is no more enjoyable occupation than university or college teaching. One keeps young and up to date; one has to be on the alert and always learning. "Only a teacher," instead of being a reproach, is a real distinction, the more so if one can be numbered among the superlatively great teachers—with Arnold of Rugby, with E. Benjamin Andrews, and with William Rainey Harper. Greatest, perhaps, among the rewards of teaching is the abiding friendship of many who consider that they owe much to a teacher's influence.

THE TINKER'S HUT

BY LLOYD MORRIS

NEARLY two thousand feet up it stands on the bald top of a wind-stricken hill in the Welsh Marches. On three sides its crannied walls bulge blindly out beneath a roof scabbled over with an ancient thatch; on the fourth, a filmy-blue window peers sinisterly, on to nine giant boulders scarred with the rasure of ancient glaciers; and hard by the crazy door a few distorted sycamores sentinel a boggy pool over-slimed at the margin with virent weed.

Here was the pitiful habitation of a vagabond tinker. From it he sallied with his woman, impelled by hunger to ventures on the world of men: crying through the country-side, pots and kettles to mend; and peddling a scanty ware. Here, at intervals, they returned, wayworn, and with a beggarly handsel that for a brief period from wandering should keep bare life within them.

What manner of man, as noon drew on to night, bowed sullenly beneath his pack and trudged dumbly through churlish weather up this desolate mountain-side; what trull plodded mutely after and followed through the mouldering door—come to rest at last, as the sun went down, in the harsh shelter of four blotched walls that was home?

A decrepit stool and narrow bench were furnishing that offered no comfort, only deject show and a rigorous amelioration, from the cold damp floor, whereon they could sit and eat an exact and scanty meal of hoarded victuals; and then break into foul recriminations; hold brutish silence, or snicker at one another in the fugitive blaze of a twig fire; with no rag of friendly curtain at the bleared window to screen the cruel hills—stretched range beyond range to a last far-off profile jaggling

into the horizon like a broken edge of sword blade and dripping with the blood-red glory of a threatening west; no creaking shutter to veil the great and fearful shadows bowing monstrously before the naked window, and gathering and shifting unto the glooming of night among the sinister sentinels of the pool; to shut out the "corpse candles" wavering over the slimy weed, and hold back the ghostly fingers of rain from tapping at the leaky casement. On a framework of wood, with four slabs of flat stone replacing a missing leg, they must lie with a wrappage of sackcloth for their bedding: taking uneasy rest while the snarling wind swooped down to wrestle with the groaning sycamores; waking to hear it stealthily circling their defenceless hut, and feel the walls quiver to the resistless push of its giant fingers settling slyly to their grip, then with a burst of insensate fury shaking the frail habitation and rushing away over the mountain tops shouting, Doom! Doom! Doom!

To this remote and squalid dwelling I came by hazard upon an autumn afternoon. A ruffian wind shrilled bleakly in my ears; an hawk hung high over the solitude; and from a trifle of bracken, a viper regarded me with malignant concern: the menace of the place was express, its show of human occupation pitiable—suddenly I realised it significant of nature's blind hostility to man, and, also, of the value and achievements of human fellowship and co-operation.

By virtue of his intellect man has separated from the brute; and by gregarian effort he has established, and maintains, himself in town and city, as shelter from the stress of crude forces and as being the seemly environment dictated by his moral development; but here in this tinker-woman blowing with coarsened cheeks her scanty fire, and her man out in the bitter dawning to repair the wind-torn thatch, was humanity reduced from the complex values of civilization to its lowest term—an animal; segregated from its kind and the aid of their collective triumph over matter, and set down in the elemental condition of individual confrontation to raw nature.

But it was not merely that my intellect had been stirred, by this wretched dwelling and its harsh surrounding, to a consideration of sociological values and nature's pitiless and mechanical cruelty; something in me more ancient, more fundamental, and more elusive had been touched and was profoundly disquieted.

From the lee of a boulder I uprose against the west. A

declining wind fluted in my ears, and a solitary curlew piped plaintively in the gathering dusk; straggling clouds of the spent tempest trooped in shifting arabesques along the distant horizon, beaten at their tops into a surf of light, their bases trailing the hills with veils of crepe: something here in time and place was unhappily familiar in its sinister significance, and the sad fancies of a dead youth it had evoked.

When the chimes stole sadly out over field and hamlet on quiet sabbath evenings; when dolorous stroke of the passing-bell knelled on my heart; when my breast swelled with rapture at tales of noble books and deeds of high emprise; when in chill twilights I kneeled to unwilling prayer at my mother's knee; then, also, had come this mournful sensation my reason now labored to incarnate in word or phrase—startlingly came the vivific perception that my disquietude was a spiritual terror, and this Tinker's Hut but a symbol that had evoked a primal fear of an ultimate horror in this our spectacular universe.

The wind, the wave, the sterile soil, the merciless lash of elements were for primitive man unfriendly yet common tangibilities that afflicted his body, and against which, for life and subsistence he must wage sullen and unceasing strife; but it was not the material wind nor the material water that horrified him; behind these physical manifestations his laboring mind conceived invisible powers; and what the wind mutters and the night bodes forth, that which is deep beneath the wave and far under the soil: these were the terrors of his untutored soul.

We, too, the descendants of this primal intelligence, battle with nature for our living, in frozen waste and fever-stricken tropic; we, too, conceive first causes, and labor beyond phenomena after what the wind mutters and the night bodes forth, that which is deep beneath the wave and far under the soil. We put questions to infinity; become candle-wasters, pry into the muck of matter after the ultimate, and in a slimy smear, tiny beyond our unassisted sight, spy the meaning of this aloof universe: we joust with theories; convene ourselves into societies, there in formal terms to proclaim conclusions that, undoubtedly, we declare lead us to the verge of genetic life; but out of the mass of facts the toiling rational mind gains no soothing for its fret at the pain of creation pressing out its inscrutable issues: reports us prisoners on a spherical horror of writhing life hurled timelessly through voids that strike comprehension to craziness,

and in all the survey, from the ponderous aspect to the microscopical circumstances of its most insidious form, discovers behind phenomena no comfortable doctrine for the bleached reason, only the blind mechanism of an empirical Cosmos.

And this is the ultimate horror: the crowded horror of primitive man's Demonism, and the blank horror of decadent Nihilism; the terror that the phenomenal world masks something, and the terror that it masks nothing.

Of the former are the superstitious fancies that assail the pioneer in the great waste spaces of earth; a child's vague fears and the awful meaning and evil presage that it will see in some wholly commonplace and familiar object. These manifestations are perhaps reverberations of ancestry that the child may outgrow, and which die away when the pioneer leaves the wild and becomes a dweller in cities.

The latter sort is more subtle, visiting the intelligence grown over-acute and sickly with centuries of reflection. Each waits stealthily on those who gaze solitarily into the untamed face of nature: whether in remote desolation, or through a microscope lens in a city laboratory. She hypnotises them by sheer immensity and infinite littleness; they become overwhelmed by the mere idea of the existence of existence, and in the last resort only social intercourse and the doing of some simple human duties, or the transcendent control of the Divine Idea can minister to the tottering mind and hold back the hand from self-slaughter.

In the material world it is only to himself that man is of any importance; to the Cosmos he is nothing. The earth opens and cataracts of fire devour him; the heavens split and cataclysms of water overwhelm him; together with the beast of the field, bird fish and vermin, this self-titled lord of the world is ignobly swept by a brutal and indifferent Cosmos to atomic destruction. And the sun continues to go down to his setting, and the moon to mount up on high; the blue waters flash and earth blossoms fairly over the human dead; for dumb creation knows not nor cares that its lord who so arrogantly fronted the heavens is done wholesaley to death. Only mortal man mourns for mortal man, and stares affrighted at the resistless forces by which he is surrounded.

Yet so far from our rude beginnings are we travelled in progress to the establishment of a tolerable life in this rigorous

world as to be exigent of its adornings; and, oft times in our fenced cities, forgetful that man is still the dependent and imperilled witness of nature's operations; and therefore his aim should be ever more straightly to constrain natural forces to human needs. But we abate our powers in an ill-organised social life, and the wastes of war and armed peace; and, caring overmuch for the flower and perfume of intellect, are remiss to foster its vital avail. We acclaim the pretentious, and run about after the vulgar; careless that such as the chemist who forces a new secret from nature, the doctor who discovers a more efficient method of preventing disease, and the physicist who gains an ascendancy over time and space, are truer heroes of man's ascending effort.

With the experience of nature's implacable dominion strong upon us, overcast by vestiges of fallibility, and beset with fug-lights; lashed by aspirations and jailed by the senses within the prison of the mind, nevertheless we do stand where reason falters and faith and hope take up the tale, and listen to a cry as of a child crying in the night, of that which would be enlarged of its bonds; beseech that mankind be not left derelict and utterly cast away; make anxious supplication for those at travail on the earth, plead that the peril of wind and wave may be withheld from some friend, or lover, or kin adventuring from home on the hazardous sea.

And to our litanies the variant voices of the sea chaunt high and calamitous responsal; and the morning journal recites sad stories of wreckage and sea-stained bodies littered on far-off plangent shores; of men perished in drifting snows, entombed in fatal pits, and pitifully dead at fratricidal hands.

And the clear-eyed boy forth to the sea with a careless wave of the hand, and tears of love undried on his hair; the tender girl, the man old and frail, and the sea-scarred mariner—there they lie, beneath waters that heave with sullen threat or leap together in fatal sport; some anciently engulfed, with the seemly flesh gone from its staring frame; some but lately choked out of life; stared at by dreadful fishes, done with the business of life, and everlastingly deaf to the clamor of wind and wave chanting triumphantly over them—Doom! Doom! Doom!

From far down the mountain-side I looked back: from the illimitable arch of heaven the blackness of night drooped sinisterly over the mountain-top. Beside the fantastic shapes of the giant

bowlders and the gaunt-armed sycamores, the Tinker's Hut, desolate, frail and defenceless, stood naked to the universe; a symbol of man's physical insignificance, peril and impotence before the vast and catastrophic forces of nature. A reason and an exponent of the necessitous value of human co-operation; a plea that it be not diminished in mutual strife; and the talisman of that bright vision reserved, of a light that never was on sea or on land, illuming the portals of the Infinite.

CULTURE-EPOCHS AND THE COSMIC ORDER

BY HARDIN T. MC CLELLAND

VITAL as have been the influence and effect of Art and Culture on the individual minds of the world's historical esthetes, this affective action did not embrace the complete function of the artistic life any more than of the cultural procedure in education. Rather has this function found its full expression in following out the dual aspect of progressive improvement in the whole world's esprit as well as in the life and mind of the individual. It has served a sphere of far greater amplitude than that of any selfish interest or temporal exploit, for it has been the leading vehicle bearing us forward in that great venture known as the evolutionary purpose of life. At present it has reached to a domain not specifically bound by any definite limits of race, creed, color or nationality, but given rather to those liberal and exalted mental attitudes which look only for the truth and spiritual character of the various Culture-Epochs of the past which have produced the civilization on which our own has been established and from which we draw whatever we enjoy of inspiration and security. It has fortunately come to have an international patronage and a cosmopolitan appreciation among people of responsible intelligence, and does not have to depend precariously upon a cycle of existence whose nodes are always determined from the fool's finite center of selfish interest.

Accordingly then, we can acknowledge that the general evolutionary purpose of life has not been betrayed by human nature as a whole; our historical studies, religious aspirations, scientific efforts and philosophical speculations, in fact man's whole cultural ambition and comparative aesthetic success have not served in vain because we can now find the study of a delightfully chronicled past highly delectable as well as morally instructive, we have come into a keener taste for joyous intellectual contempla-

tion, and can even count numerous beatitudes under the beneficent protection of religious tolerance and piety. We are now beginning to live again renaissant days of enlightened and ennobled social cooperation in everything we love or dream or plan to do. What better issue from the cultural text of past endeavor and achievement could be desired? Something similar to this expectant mood has always marked the jubilee and justice of man's slow periodical transit from the lesser to the greater age of his progressive civilization. It was we know a veritable passion in the days of Renaissant Humanism, the Enlightenment, and the Reformation, which changed the whole course of man's thought and faith and social work. It was the chief relish and documentary delicacy of that most epicurean of centuries (the 18th) when the men who championed moral and aesthetic culture were thinkers and poets consecrated to both romantic and reasonable interpretations of reality. How then, we might well wonder, could such rare geniuses as Dryden, Hume, Voltaire, Rousseau, Rosmini, Vico, Lessing, Herder, Wincklemann or Schiller have lived at all if they could not encircle a whole world's progressive cultus and draw a wealth of instruction and inspiration from it? They themselves were products of an historical evolution, the whole process of civilization since antiquity, so why should they not also be pleaders and champions of that which was their spiritual godmother and gave them their birthright to a true and nobly aesthetic function, their capacity for artistic expressions to influence and inspire their fellow men? We do well also in looking back to men of such admirable achievement, and reflect that they did not in the least betray the purpose behind life's cultural destiny, nor did they seek any fleeting reward or academic exploit by misexecuting the precious power their rare artistic wizardry had given them.

Referring to a more distant past, the dramatic and philosophical literature of the ancient Greeks lived as a necessary part of their daily lives. The last of the old comedy writers, Aristophanes and Menander, were known by heart even in the less immediate provinces of the peninsula. Antiphon and Menaechmos, the literary inquisitors of prehellenic culture, had constant critical use of both comic and tragic drama, while their phrase-borrowing shows how faithfully they supported the querulous avidity of the keen-witted Aristarchos. The sophists led by Protagoras and Gorgias popularized philosophy and its intellectual

distinctions to such an extent that no one of any culture at all could be found who was, for that period at least, to be considered ignorant of the general speculative theory of man's origin and the world's destiny. And who will attempt to say that old Aeschylus, Sophocles and Euripides were not the supreme relish of all who had any life-love at all in their hearts? Being not only an instructed age, but also one which had cast off its early heritage of uncouth commercialism, its barbarian sympathies and the quondam atavism of its Dorian plunderquest, the Athenian Era, lasting for close onto three centuries, is especially remembered as being one of polish and proficiency. The Greeks of this period were supreme in Art, Science and Philosophy, giving out in what was the world's first formal exposition principles of thought and conduct which we still recognize and use today. Even their religion was of a rare purity and sincere honesty so far as the polytheistic hegemony of their age would permit. And it is not within our judicial authority to say that honest men then could not have been just as good and courageous with their ancient ritual as we are with our own cosmopolitan modernism. The Romans too were great users, quoters and reproducers, altho not near so original or creative. As a pattern of them we might say that one of Terence's best characters, Chremes, gives only a simple sansculottist religion of the New Academy's *homo sum* while his actor-manager, Plautus, is famous largely for having laughed deliberately in the face of captious hypocrisy, idle usury, and the slavish literary prostitution of Neronic Rome.

Among the great prophetic pioneers of Italian Humanism and the Florentine anticipators of the cosmopolitan culture of the transition period of the early Renaissance, the leading poetic innovator was Dante—that is, if we except Avitus, Augustine, Aquinas and Vondel on the especial grounds of their nationality and particularly temporal activity, altho they were faithful exponents of the Platonic triad of human capacity, that we have three equal senses (of rectitude, certitude, and pulchritude) for determining the Good, the True, and the Beautiful. And yet, strange as it may seem to us to hear of such a proposition, an almost adverse criticism could be raised against Dante for having sought out and utilized such a heterogeneous complex of literary material and cultural derivation as are sometimes called the most pleasing ornaments of his achievement. A clearance-index of his works shows us that Dante built his poetic structure (and not a

few parts of his prose works also) out of such actually incongruous materials as Aristotle's metaphysics and ethics, Christian-Roman mythology, scholastic theology and philosophy, Ptolemaic astronomy, and Florentine-Guelph politics. And in keeping with the medieval conception of spiritual evolution hatred, resignation and aspiration were the main themes of the *Inferno*, *Purgatorio*, and *Paradiso*, respectively.

However, Dante was champion of the cultural renaissance when it was at its high tide in Italy, for after his generation it began to ebb back into popular assumption and ignorance. Petrarch and Boccaccio and *Salutati* may have been in their turn the appointed apostles of pristine purity, licentious elegance, and critical commentary, yet their very efforts at reestablishing the classical style and inspirational power of the masters were destined to be the gaudy harbingers of a proud but inane dilettantism, a pseudo-classicism, and a locus of departure for all the movements of the next three or four centuries were reactions one way or another from this blasé humanism sometimes masqueraded as a warm or affective romanticism. Puritanism objected to the grossly human immortality of *Mort d' Arthur* and soon checked the passion for this romanticism in 17th Century England; then when a similar movement was advancing toward risque scandal and weak sentiment in France Rabelais sent forth his *Géant Gargantua* to turn the tide of such empty folly; and similarly in Spain Lope de Vega with his "*Arte Nuevo*" and Cervantes with his rebellious *Don Quixote* and his secret passage out of "*The Labyrinth of Love*" greatly disillusioned their contemporaries out of their futile daydreaming and pretentious luxury. They were works of a more determinative character than the otherwise pleasing "*Autos Sacramentales*", Calderon's spiritual allegories of the reality and significance of the Eucharist, for tho he was inconceivably industrious and "musical as *Metastasio*", Calderon still lacked the melody of picturesqueness and broad compass of power. He was attempting to establish the very sort of religious and philosophical rationalism which in Germany was being constantly disapproved by the reactions of neoscholastics like Leibnitz and Wolff.

The time was not yet ripe for rationalism to be a successful movement over the romantic aesthetics of literature and art. Lessing's own romanticism was never dimmed by his rationalist allowances for the universal impartiality of Nature in bestowing

her gifts of intellectual power, wit and wisdom, almost a century later. We recognize that while Klopstock may justly be considered one of the first pioneers of modern German aesthetic literature, it was Lessing who bore the light of its torch to the eager hands of Goethe, Wieland, Herder, Wincklemann and Schiller. Lessing's was a rare combination of harmonized aesthetic and logic, art and philosophical criticism; but by Schiller's time the practice and the theory of these things had become distinct fields of intellectual activity, for his tendency to be cruel and insatiable in his great tragedies (*Robbers and Wallenstein*) is a distinct affair from his easy romanticism in the philosophical spieltrieb. Then again where Schegel cannot tolerate Moliere's "Misanthrope", Goethe reads it over and over again with love and admiration as in this contentual respect it resembled his own "Wilhelm Meister" (the obvious self-portrait of its author) or even "Tasso". While Moliere passed the reason-over-emotion theory of poetic sublimity from Boileau to Racine he yet kept within his own heart, as expressed in "Melicerte", a warmth of sentiment and emotional vivacity rarely found in the literature of rationalist days. This modern Menander of the early Louis Quatorze period was slightly older than Bossuet, Boileau, Racine or Pascal (that "champion of faith against doubt and Montaigne"), so he was fortunate to miss the full force of the opposition of religious frenzy and critical bigotry which marked the climax and later years of that period, just as he had been very fortunate in acquiring his philosophical training first from Gassendi and second from De Hesnault, as may well be observed in his translation of Lucretius and his religious satire so thoroly disguised in "L'Ecole des Femmes". And he even anticipated many of the 18th Century freethinkers in raising and proving their gratuitous argument that active philanthropy and true benevolence are far superior to any passive tho rhetorically flourishing love of distant Gods. He even touched upon Voltaire's shrewd opportunism in flying into the editorship of "the Christian" Corneille's tragedies, so as to build his own (Voltaire's) fame on the textual criticism of another's more capable and original work, while Richelieu regrets that Corneille "does not possess a continuous intellect thoroly clear and piquant".

His great contemporary, La Bruyere, came straight to the point in his "Discussion on Quietism", showing that the source of all Truth, Beauty and Goodness is to be recognized only by

inward vision and contemplation for in the heart and mind of man serenity and moral scruple are of august necessity. To be free of all external anxiety and overly ingrained taste man must commune with the essential reality of higher things and aspire to be one with the Cosmos wherein he has such all-embracing sympathies. This is the secret value and utility of his individuality; his equanimity depends wholly on the power by which his destiny is controlled, his own civilization saved, and his ethical pledge redeemed. But mankind in general seems determined to die by imitation disease. If this were not so it would not be in reverse order necessary that his spirit be immortal only by virtue of his creative originality and the charming audacity of his speculative mind.

We learn from our histories that there was a recognition of this critical and actional necessity even in the hazy age-distance of Egyptian civilization when Ptah-Hotep inscribed his moral instructions on a roll of sheepskin, when Amenemhat and the scribe Ani were so deeply concerned over their sons' political and literary education. There was an equally primitive yet powerfully upright consciousness of the requisite affections in moralism even in those first Chinese dynasties when Fu Hsi, Shen Neng, and Wen Wang inscribed their thoughts and aspirations, as well as invented many practical contrivances, to assist their brothers in ennobling the nation and all humanity. This cultural intention came very near antidating the structural zest of all the ancient writers, and enjoyed a corregency over the literary genius of the pre-Brahmanic Veda chanters, the philosophical Sutra-writers, and the exhortant rishis of classical India. So was it a veritable law of the religious conscience with the sons of Hebron and Israel. The Greeks we know, and the Fathers, the Roman censors led by Cato, the scholarly apologists, Charlemagne's champions of regeneration, the quiet monastic thinkers, the Humanists, the leaders of the Enlightenment Reformation, the Rationalists and Romanticists, all the way from the neoclassical transition down to the Victorian wizardry and our own fashionable age of scientific evolution and world-courts of justice, there has been an everlasting war against the worldling, the vandal, the panderer, vulgarian, fool, rogue, decadent dupe and ruthless realist. Let us hope that if this really is a cultural *combat a outrance*, it will not last forever. Some of the weaker reinforcements are already

beginning to waver, and ere long may become disorganized and give up the fight.

All good art, whether national or individual, epochal or precocious, is bound to live even if only in the relish of the chosen esoteric few. Racial culture, like the spirit of truth and justice and aspiration, endures the ephemeral periods of local storm and stress, only to live out its destiny as the goodly imposition of what is superior and intelligent over what is inferior and incompetent. So too, with personal nuances of achievement; even when we realize the imposition of certain geniuses, yet we relish the charm of their style or the instruction of their expression. The reason for this rare durability is this: if a work of art has had a really aesthetic genesis (creative function) and an actually sustentant development (cultural taste), it will not readily be cast aside or forgotten, for its credentials are of the heart and mind rather than of the material avenues of sense. Yes, it will live *to* our delight, instruction and inspiration in the exact proportion that it lives *in* our appreciative thought and aspiration to emulate or adopt its moral pattern; in other words, it will live in the very tangible realization of the soul's most vital vision, its peculiar faculty for creating new ideas and expressions of cosmic truth, its liberal capacity for the love of beauty and wisdom. By virtue of its noble embodiment of our own devout longings we will carry its symbol with us to our own aspirant destiny, by virtue of its power to reflect the essential character of humanity we will give it intelligent cherishing and accommodate its cultural insignia to our spiritual attention and loyal patronage.

The cosmic order is not *against* the survival of humanity's numerous culture-epochs, it is only stern and determined that they be genuine periods of true melioristic ambition and effort, for this is the only characteristic that is allowed to stand in a progressive series of living spiritual forces such as make up the world; in fact, they *are* the cosmic order, for without them it is nothing, a no-world, as Carlyle had it. There is no room for merely nominal or adjectival affairs in this survival; the critical demand is that anything is not even real if it is not spiritual, creative, artistic, moral, constructive and just. Any fool with an energetic hand can turn out *some* form of self-expression, but that is not even the beginning of such competent power as will *make* his expression spiritual or morally constructive: he

would have to change his own nature first, else all his art-pretensions will never get beyond the irrational symbolism of folly and incompetence. Here is the primary reason why I cannot understand Pater's coup de caprice in arguing for the sensuous establishment of art and criticism; he seems to have been too sharp a critic to have done this sincerely. And anyway his aesthetic hedonism was miscreant to his law of progressive culture-epochs because real affection for Art and Symbolic Truth is generous, creative, progressive, and never selfish, consumptive or atavistic. No amount of cleverness or dual personality will enable a man to actually advance and relapse at the same time; he has to choose one or the other direction for his expression of energy and affection. The Universe may be full of many various sorts of cosmic order, but I doubt if it is anywhere inconsistent or at odds with the divine organon of Beauty, Truth and Wisdom which was the real subjectivism behind the refined aesthetic relish and flaming moral philosophy of the romantic Victorian age.

We are all prone to foist our own image and imprint on the external world; thus endeavoring to accommodate the elements of fact to our own storm of sentiment, and to thereby render to ourselves an agreeable cosmos fully consistent with whatever type of philosophy we are proud to advocate. It is not every man who is wise enough to see that his own particular foist is *warranted* by some external situation, action-series, or eventual realization of spiritual function. It was just such an instance as this that forced Philostratus to distinguish between the Platonic copyist mimetic and the Horatian creative imagination which Cicero had claimed could alone guide the hand and eye of genius to express the beauty or the truth his soul was conscious of. It led Plotinus to include in his mystical ecstasy a vague sense of beautiful ideas and outline the orthodox Neoplatonic doctrine that the soul is the Pierean Spring of all aesthetic experience, that the beauty, truth and goodness of external objects have their existence by virtue of reflecting their archetypes in the fine balance and purity of the human soul, and that while this inner experience shows us beauty and the expression of it in external nature is copied in mimetic art, yet neither the beauty we see nor the art we produce, neither the aesthetic act nor the artistic fact, can be rationally identified or considered functionally the same in scope or power. Again, Campanella in his *Poetica* calls beauty

the good sign (of Power, Wisdom, Love) and ugliness the bad sign (of impotence, folly and disaffection). But these are our impressions, our own readings from life about us; things in themselves are neither beautiful nor ugly, they only appear so by adjectival predication and other attributions from our affections and aversions. They might have inherent power sufficient for the consummation of their own specific function in life, and yet be wholly impotent to serve any extraneous purpose such as our pleasure or employment might desire of them.

This automorphic solipsism in metaphysics was still being argued and tacked onto ethics and art-theories by the 17th Century geometers and empiricists, but in the next century Cartesianism was shown to be too abstruse and too coldly aloof from the actual aesthetic situation which is essential to both conscience and artistic genius. Locke anticipated Fichte and Schelling by compromising our experience of pragmatic particulars into one grand triumphant piece of personal identity between sensation and objective idea. Shortly afterward Baumgarten's famous treatise on *Aesthetik* showed that the science of *sensible* knowledge should proceed straitway to distinguish between sensible facts and mental facts, a clear distinction which lay the foundation for Kant's great Critique and Hegel's *Aesthetik*. Kugler's realism from ancient art hardly justified his attempted refutation of Hegel's idealism as to the origin of art when he had previously agreed with the latter that "the end of art must lie in something different from the purely formal imitation of what we find given, which in any case can bring to the birth only tricks and not works of art".

Some of the modern Hegelians like Caird and Croce have given his notion about the ideal origin of art a pragmatic turn by saying that the hypostasis of abstract fancies, ideals or sentiments into (supposedly) real existences is practically as good as if they were facts of life, at least any notion so taken will exercise as much influence as if it were objectively real and true. It seems to me this is probably a variety of Aristotle's *hysteron proteron*, the fallacy of putting the cart before the horse or putting one's ideas in front of the experiences which originated and now sponsor them, giving reverse order to our empirical derivations as tho reality depended upon our growth of perception and rationalized schematism of knowledge, instead of the true situation which is that *Reality was there first* and all of our experi-

ence and knowledge are derivative products of contact with and sentient response to its numerous stimuli. We depend on Reality, not Reality on us; and any effort to hypostasize the latter notion is a fallacy similar to that of romantic irony or conceptual solipsism. True art and genuine moral sense never rise out of the superficial egotism which was at the bottom of Schlegel's or Tieck's romantic irony, for this was really a misapplication of Fichte's principle that every man's philosophy must necessarily start and end with what he knows of himself, and *that* means humility; it is never any blatant function of the superiority-complex which assumes that we live above the world unamenable to the laws of God and Cosmos, immune from any penalty or prosecution.

The solipsistic fallacy in epistemology, holding that only one's personal subjective states of consciousness can be known, has been shown by Bradley and Munsterberg to be proven by the fact that the subjective cannot be made objective and still be actively thinking, the moment of activity must be past before it can be made objective. Canning Schiller's heroic rescue with new definitions and the suggestion that "any I will do" really throws the whole question over the fence among the thistles of egotism and rhyonistic sanction. No one but an imbecile denies that there are other minds, other states of consciousness, and other sorts of knowledge than our own; he has power to see and understand why there is no exclusiveness of the noetic process, no empirical preclusion except it be caused by functional incapacity, and no agnoiance except what is caused by non-consciousness, misdirection or incompetence. Of course, each one of us may speak authoritatively of "my experience", but not in philosophical code nor any other ambitious scientific analogy. The proper defense of philosophy (and this includes both ethics and aesthetics) against solipsism is not in juggling the ambiguities of private consciousness, but a closer and more rigorous analysis and validation of *all men's experience* of and aspiration to identify themselves with external reality. They are honest enough to admit that the external world is there first so far as each individual mind is concerned and that the latter's development out of infancy only takes place thru contact and response, either with such external reality or to the instruction from others who have been over the same road.

The moral aesthetic is no gig harbor for retired mariners;

it demands that the human mind and spirit be vigorous with life and ideal purpose, love of the ever-elusive Truth and Beauty which are such a large ingredient in the makeup of all the good things of life. Its first requisite, I believe, is the zetetic spirit handed down by the purer Pyrrhonism of modern scientific research which will be about all that shall really redeem our future thinkers from the too habitual obscurantism of dogmatic tradition and chauvinistic authority. It at least has a *free eye* for Plato's "fair and good", because one of its surest maxims is that there is no human competence of faculty capable of putting any defensible disguise of finality on man-made conceptions of truth and reality; and if these be indeterminate, how much more elusive and eternally intriguing are Beauty, Justice, and all the other divine hierarchic essences! This new "spirit of research" does not hold any devout converse with possessive hypotheses or finality-notions: its primary ideal is one of pure conation, and by pure conation it means more than bare intellectual tendency, it means the voluntary aesthetic desire, the philosophical unrest, the moral anxiety to be up and doing, and its affective impulses are always positive and melioristic. In aesthetic pursuits especially there shall be no stoppage because the conative affections reach farther than bare animation and hedonistic satisfaction, they supply a driving force which aims to keep urging the subject on until he responds by giving some positive expression to the *volonté*, *streben*, or *conatus* of his erstwhile latent genius. They are the eidolons of all artistic birth and rebirth.

All man's dreams and all man's experiences fall within the scope of life in *this* world; none of them ever being sufficiently bizarre and exotic to prove that they had an other-worldly origin. So too do all man's efforts and ideals aim at some effect in this world, its enlightenment, amusement or meliorism; not to any problematical delectation of the astral realm before or after the present mundane existence. This is a real distinction and has a universal scope as being inclusive of all human history, made and yet to be made; it covers all of those climacteric culture-epochs found so inspiring and exhortant in the past, and will be able to cover all those vaster epochs of knowledge and civilized progress (meaning genuine cosmopolitan culture) which will attend when man has succeeded in navigating from world to world in the interstellar spaces. A good piece of advice to remember when facing this or any similar situation is to keep

faith in Beauty, Truth and Justice, keep faith with the Universe of Life where these three supernal entities find their fertile flower in the mind and soul of Man, keep faith with the cosmic continuity, integrity and sobriety because it is under their beneficent dispensation that man has power and inclination to be philosopher, saint or sturdy citizen. Or, if not capable of this supreme confessional, then at least seek the heroic calibre of aspirants, those dilettanti who have learned to believe that great men *do* mean what they say, and that it is both unnecessary and inexcusable for us to feel that we are morally below their level or have any good reason to misunderstand their counsel unless we first adulterate it with our own superficiality and stupidity.

On the other hand, we should not take too seriously to those philosophical baroques whose authors seem wilfully perverse and anxious only to create some odd monstrosity of logic or interpretation. If they stopped at the normal material limits of grandeur and magnificent proportions, at the normal skill-limits of an original intricacy of design and definite symbolic function, their creations would be more readily appreciated and perhaps become immortal. But when they rush headlong after more and more grotesque, ill-balanced and exaggerated combinations of functional skill and material structure they are treading dangerously close to the edge of fallacy and mesalliance, and the works they produce cannot help but border on the penumbral limbo of the ugly, the degenerate, the decadent and irrational. Men of soberer minds know that the Universe is not an exotic baroque of such wierd construction, but is founded on such plain and incontrovertible facts as continuous law, conservation of energy, integral causality, functional sufficiency, and melioristic economy. They know that even tho it is seen as a multiple cycle of various orders, it is still a Cosmos, a homogenous continuum, and not a chaos of conflicting destinies and heterogeneous disjunction. And following this primary pattern on out to their daily affairs they will be morally sober, not hysterical or intoxicated by fickle sentiment; they will above all renounce the casuist counsel of those false *cymini* sectors who trifled with moral law and learning in Bacon's day and go back to the exemplary conduct of that original splitter of cummin seed (Antoninus Pius) who was honestly scrupulous and diligent to inquire into all the evidence so as to know the true merits of every case that was brought before his attention.

Man's art can never be any nobler than his morality, and if

his morality is at its best when patterned after the laws which govern the cosmic order then it behooves him to know these laws and *how* they function in maintaining the cosmic order if he expects to validate his art or justify his conduct. If the Universe is a pure synechism of being then its reality, truth, law, justice, beauty and intelligence are also continuous, knowable and exemplary; but if it is a broken fugue instead of a divine harmony, if it is a discordant and disparate series of pluralistic masses, heterogenous and disjunctive, then we have little need to try knowing it in the customary guise of order and progressive function because terms such as continuity, law, logical schematism or any other hypothesis supplied by our intellectual integrity would be alien and quite meaningless. But it seems a cruel paradox that what little skill and knowledge we do have should be so reasonably efficient on the basis of law and order, if the same schematism is not continuous and commonly operative thruout the Universe. Still, it is quite possible that all the law, order, purpose, destiny or other *rationalia schematici* which can ever enter our field of conscious conception are only the terminology of our own particular phase of the cosmic cycle. Accordingly we could not expect to know anything about such other phases as might be, for instance, quite non-human, non-rational, non-moral or of any nature whatsoever that is different from or metempirical to the section of Reality that we know.

If the Universe is a true multiversal continuum, in contradistinction to the synechistic continuum) then it is not homogeneous of any one particular conceptual or biological series thruout; it would be heterogeneous, to be sure, but not necessarily discordant or conflicting, it would be knowable severally rather than wholly, each to each rather than all to all. It would be paralogistic (Greek meaning) rather than dyslogistic, paralogical and disjunctive rather than analogical and conjunctive, and in the functions which each cycle contained there would be no slightest feature duplicated in any of the other cycles; while each one was a "perfect" field in itself, in the sense of being self-contained and self-sufficient, there would not necessarily have to be any common bond of relation or law between any particular couple or group because that would be in conflict with the infinite disjunction. Such a Multiverse would be an unlimited field of both alien and exotic features, each part would be unimaginable and considered impossible to its neighbor; it would

be an endless scene of various function, forms of evolutionary process, prelogical and paralogical causality, discrete differentia of themistic application, and no amount of synthetic analysis would be able to reach all the different phases of the various cycles of the existential medley. No conceptual aggregate of theories in or out of logical series would be able to cover the whole field any more than any possible aggregate of divisions or collection of points can be said to fill up a continuous line; there would still be values, viewpoints, aperçus and dreams left over and not accounted for. Einstein and the relativists have tried to domesticate some of the alien and exotic phases of this Multiverse by inventing curved space and returning cycles of time, but I doubt whether any intelligence in *this* humanly-known series can devise any trick or procedure adequate to overcome the inter-cosmic disjunction and effect conscious experience of what is real and true, beautiful or good, in some *other different Cosmos*. It might very well be that our whole Universe, solar system, earth and human evolution are only the one single phase that we are capable of knowing and philosophizing about; we have no intimation what the other phases may be like, it seems sufficient for us to be only conscious of their possibility.

However the future cosmologists will look upon this very interesting inquiry. I cannot give further space to its discussion here; I only mentioned it as having some slight bearing on our ethics and aesthetics, especially in the argument that we have cosmic patterns and continuous analogies from the Universe itself for all our moral laws and lapses, all our arts and deceptions, all our genius, taste and righteousness. In a more casual and customary field of inquiry I will devote a few concluding paragraphs to the historical viewpoint as a means of matching the culture-epochs of man's brief intellectual career against the cosmic orderliness of his spiritual power and expression in the functions of Morality and Art.

There is no antinomy between Morality and Art in the sense that there is a very apparent one between Morality and History. Where Morality is concerned with the sphere of volitional expression and realization, Art is concerned with the sphere of aesthetic creation and delight, functions which depend mainly upon sensuous feeling, conative inspiration, spiritual insight, and intellectual symbolism. Art is therefore a moral activity (when it is good or true Art), but it is not Morality, this being the blanket term

covering all of man's various titles to rectitude, sobriety, honor and attention to duty. Art becomes a subject-matter of moralism only when we seek to analyze its means and purpose or when we seek to appreciate its creative destiny or temporary enjoyment and cultural effect. Where moralism is normally attentive to the principals and practices on which virtue and happiness are founded, Art *per se* is attentive in its proper functions only to those symbols from Nature and human genius which represent Beauty or Sublimity and their various proportions. History is a concrete field, not nearly so abstract and symbolical as Art, and hence presents many features far more easily contrasted against the rational morality of man in numerous more or less definite antinomies. Man's historical progress is only the last laboring travail of his cosmic gestation; it does not cover his deep-rooted and more or less unconscious heritage of inclination, passion, dream or desire out of the penumbral geological past; neither does it take into account any of the numerous chemical origins, structural modifications, functional experiments, vital transformations or mental tropisms which certainly went into the makeup of his body, mind and spirit when History does begin to record some of his antics and anticipations, some of his struggles, failures and victories.

This prehistorical phase of man's derivation is the only field from which to draw any admissible evidence supporting the notion of palingenesis in the dual personality of the modern vulgarian. It offers the only just excuse for the dualistic moralist's taking Gadarean refuge in that specious Apollinarian irenic which tried to show man's soul dually composed of bestial and divine, imbecile and rational elements. This subterfuge might have served for the time being to get around the Athanasian problem of the homoousion, but it is as outgrown and repulsive today as it was in the days of the Ephesian Synod when Nestorius and his neo-Arianism were condemned. Modern ethics does not look upon man as any longer the theriastic apex of creation; he is no longer bestial in his nether nature but merely selfish, ignorant and susceptible; epithets of stupidity, weakness, passion or folly now cover the Gadarean theriasm of a bestial ancestry. How differently would our *real* history read if its terminology was not subject to the same egotism which writes and reads the one we do have!

Morality and Art, like History and Art, have mutual honors and service; under the same clearance-index they show a melioris-

tic reading and even the main features on their table of contents are the same. They share a common influence in making every man worthy of his neighbor's friendly trust; they are joint messengers telling us of the cultural loyalty which survives in every leading nation as it gradually outlives and outgrows the achievements of its predecessor. The industrial arts, even more cogently than the fine arts, attest the historical value and melioristic significance of this survival, whether it be properly exponential and symbolic of spiritual or of worldly goods, whether the ethical function is of equal power and persuasion with the material or commercial. A certain critical accuracy is as possible on this ground as any other cycle of precision which aims to be both aesthetically appreciative and philosophically competent; it will lay large store by the *full* historical development of human genius in the progressive order of the culture-epochs which have marked the rise of man from savagery and barbarism. It shows that this development may be validated *de facto* from the innate creative power of genius or it may be defended *de jure* from the irresistible idolons which urge or drive the genius on to realize his high aesthetic dream. In either case, by fact of being a genius or by righteous law of aesthetic will, his spiritual development is proven valid and commendable; but only as it is really moral and culturally progressive is it justly defensible as a unit, and individual factor, in the more general meliorism of the world and the cultural advancement of human civilization. It is not enough that each genius, or even each nation or age, should merely repeat the cycle of previous historical culture; it must *go on*, carrying the torch of civilization *farther* along the path of human evolution. If they do not perform this service generously and with masterly dispatch, I have my doubts whether they are genuinely moral and artistically creative. Real genius is always both responsible and refreshing in every phase of art production, moral power and spiritual insight. These are the tokens of aesthetic survival, these are the capacities which make genius immortal.

SOMETHING TO TIE TO

BY FREDERICK S. HAMMETT

THREADING the magazine is a stumbling, wondering groping for clearance. For clearance from the chaos which the inadequacy of man's conception of life's basis has brought us to. The thinking, writing man is but voicing in new query, but more urgently, the age long need of mankind for some stable, trustworthy point of attachment of belief. It is not only faith which man wants, it is belief.

In the maze which surrounds the kernel of truth there is but one path that leads to the goal of mind peace, and man has not yet found that path. He has followed many leaders along many of the ways, confident of the journey's end, only to find each road splitting up into a multiplicity of by-paths, no one of which brings him to rest. Most of mankind to-day has given up the quest and the following of the self-appointed leaders. It has come out of the maze and congregating around the entrance, passes the time of waiting for discovery of the right road in worried, incoherent, almost frenzied striving to forget that there is a haven to be obtained. It despairs of success and turns to the anodyne of momentary intensive interest in life's superficialities. The anodyne which protects it from its disappointment and from its fear of the unknown.

Man having nothing to tie to save himself, because he only knows himself, strives for himself only. But give him something to tie to, some recognition of universality instead of individual detachment, and he will cease this struggle for the self and obtain that mind peace he so fundamentally needs. His selfishness, his suspicion of his fellow, his envy, his greed, his hate is merely engendered by the fear of engulfment. Once this is gone and mind peace is attained, he will see what of real value

there is in the world about him and stop his mad scramble for the temporary satisfying but fundamentally fleeting pleasures.

True it is that a few searchers still start out intrepidly to solve the maze; but they either become repulsed because of its complexity or end up in some terminal canaliculus wildly shouting that they have found the haven. But from this mankind turns away because it sees the shouting is but the self-hypnosis of a woefully scared mortal.

Man, unable to understand the basis of the universe; awed by its manifestations; cowed by its relative immensity and fearsome for his existence and future conceived a Great Spirit. He worshipped this in fear and trembling. He built altars to it. He sacrificed to it. He raised images to it. He crusaded for it. He fought with and killed and persecuted his fellows because of differences of opinion over it. He never stopped to think that these differences of opinion were the products of man's imagination, and that since men were different men's opinions must necessarily be also different. He called the Great Spirit, Pragapati, Brahman, Jahveh, Zeus, God. His worship, his altars, his sacrifices, his crusades, his wars and his persecutions have been of no avail, for they have not brought him mind peace and freedom from the fear of the unknown universe. As he was ten thousand years ago, so is he to-day ignorant and afeared of what he cannot comprehend. But he is in worse state because one after another of the paths which have promised so much have turned out to be blind alleys against the walls of which he beats his head in vain. And this is leading to despair the reaction to which depends on the individual and the mass reaction to the individual discouragement.

Belief in the gods alone, the anthropomorphic divinities, has failed. Belief in the powers of intermediation of the self-appointed ministers and priests has passed. Belief that contemplation, study, introspection and education in thinking would lead to shelter from the immensity of existence has not sufficed. And finally we find that our belief that Science would give the solution is but gritty ashes. Since it was the knowledge of the unknown that was and has been sought, it is but natural that man has put his faith in those who have been unravelling the secrets of the unknown. True it is that material benefits have accrued to mankind from scientific investigation. True it is that life has been made a lesser evil for a greater number than ever before

and all through the efforts of the delvers into nature's secrets. But this is inadequate, it does not satisfy the fundamental craving for freedom from fear of the universe nor does it bring the mind peace desired. In fact as one fact after another has been disclosed, the recognition of the ruthlessness of natural laws has tended to bring man more and more under the dominion of this primal fear. His relative insignificance in the general scheme of things has appalled him, and he turns to the excitement of the moment for forgetting.

So far then the belief in gods, the belief in the intermediaries between man and the gods, the belief in the power of education and the belief in Science as a source of illumination have one and all failed of their good intent. They have failed because man has been trying to define the indefinable. He has been trying to limit by definition the illimitable. He has been trying to make finite the infinite. One cannot think of an infinite space which an act of the mind can not extend. One cannot think of anything so small but what it can be still further divided. Man has made God in his own image. Many men; many images; many gods. And no one of them true individually, but all of them containing an essence of verity because they recognise the essence of infinity. They can never be true because it is impossible to make finite the infinite. Common sense should tell that to attempt to put a fence around the infinite is futile. It is a waste of mental power. It is illogical and leads to chaos. The history of man's anthropomorphizing of the infinite shows this, if the present state of affairs is not sufficient proof of the thesis. Man can have a satisfactory conception of the infinite without definition. Man can have also a conception of an all pervading power associated with the infinite without expressing this power in terms of dynes or ergs. This power can be conceived of as infinite. It can be called, for simplicity, the Universal Spirit. It need not be defined, or limited, or enclosed in man built fences. There is no need to shape this Universal Spirit in the form of man. In fact so to do is downright silly. For if it is Universal it is in all things, and man is but one of many widely different things. A composite of some sixteen or more of the chemical elements of the universe. How really ridiculous it is to conceive of the Universal Spirit existing in the shape taken by the various combinations of these sixteen elements found in nature. Which

shape shall we use? I leave that to the judgement of the reader.

Some centuries before the Christian era the ancient Hindus conceived of this Universal Spirit. Being quite human they invested it with human attributes, mostly generative, and called it Pragapati. But their conception still held traces of the infinite and the indefinable. Notwithstanding the elaborated addenda given to the original idea there still runs through the Hindu philosophy the thread of the Universality of the Infinite. The beauty of this original and ancient conception is that each individual carries in him a representative portion of the Universal Spirit. Thus a recognition of man's participation in and being a part of the universe was had. Is there not here staring us in the face a solution of man's query? Is not the recognition that each of us bears within him a flame of the Universal Spirit which is inextinguishable, and which unites him with the universe as a whole an adequate basis for the development of mind peace?

What of where we come from, of where we go, of who or what made us? Is this really important? We cannot answer these questions, nor will we be ever able to, and so why torment ourselves with vain speculations that bring no permanent peace. Why not tie to this something we can conceive of, this flame of Universal Spirit within each of us? Why quarrel over the words of an incompletely translated record of two thousand years ago? Why say that this way or that points to mind peace when experience shows that the idea is false? Why not learn to tie to each other by the common bond of possession of the flame of the Universal Spirit? Tie to each other and depend on each other, not through sentimentality or emotional reactions, but through the upstanding recognition that our essence of universality makes us one in spirit and in aim. Here is something to tie to that is definite because bounded by our own bodies. Here is something that we can understand, something which comes within the bounds of our intelligence. A human being is not an indefinite, unlimited thing, but a tangible corporate reality. In him there burns the flame of the Universal Spirit and on him as the carrier of this we should put our dependence. Let's try it.

PETTY ADVENTURE AND GREAT

BY WINFRED RHODES

BR-R-R-R-! went the drum. Toot! toot-a-toot! went the horn. And Sammy stopped to look. It was only a scrubby little band, out to herald a sorry little show, but Sammy's feet were stuck fast until the seductive thing had gone by. In the middle of the next block the lure was a throng in front of a newspaper office where magaphone announcements were being made, and a score was being chalked up on a big board. A little farther on it was the sight of a man displaying mechanical toys on the edge of the sidewalk that halted Sammy's steps. Next it was the enticement of a bakeshop window.

And so it went all down the street until a sudden clangor from a steeple clock rent the air. Then, startled into real action at last, Sammy began to run. But when he reached the railway station, breathless and with legs all a-tremble because of the mad pace at which he had sprinted, the engine bell was dinging its last ding in the distance, and some swirling dust was about all that Sammy could see of the train vanishing beyond the end of the platform.

He had lost his great day. For momentary whimwhams he had tossed away the ecstatic surprises his uncle had planned, the thrilling stories his uncle would have told, the enchanting companionship his uncle would have given. And worse! He had lost—though he knew it not—the great results that afternoon's excursion would have had. For it would have changed all his future, and made his life a far more interesting thing, and a far more significant, than it ever became.

Sammy is grown up now, but he is still the same. He takes no interest in anything beyond the end of his nose. He shuts in the eyes of his mind and soul to short horizons and paltry

visions. He trifles with what really matters, and lets the petty ensnare his feet. He gives himself to mean adventure instead of to great. He yields his time to the tinsel trivialities that are always clamorous, he rattles his tongue over the vapid phrases of the moment's vogue, he uglifies himself in accordance with the sartorial comicality of the hour, he cultivates no ideal beyond that of being a machine-made man, a standardized duplication of what he sees about him. If commercialized sport is, in the eyes of his crowd, a more weighty matter than the League of Nations or the rate of democracy, so it is to him also. Instead of eagerly seeking splendid enlightenments and lifting himself up to great-minded and great-hearted contacts, he gives himself to be a conformer in the world, which too often means being a deformer of the world. Deep human understanding and the spirit of magnanimous friendliness—these things are to him of small consequence as compared with the *Me*, *Mine*, and *Now* for which he continually pushes. Never does he give himself the excitement of an ardor for science, or beauty, or the welfare of those who fare not well, or the great thoughts the mind can rise up to, or the possibilities of his own soul.

It is easy to be little. You let yourself run with the crowd. You immerse yourself in a daily round of futile twitterings and bootless doings. You yield to the siren voices that continually call, "Oh, you *must* do this!" or, "You *must* read that!" You persuade yourself that you are thinking when really you are nothing but the echo of an echo. You suffer the crowd to determine the spending of your money, the use of your precious time, the affections of your heart, the destiny of your soul.

The value of life comes not so. It comes from daring—and caring—to turn away from fiddle-faddle, and to set out upon high adventure: lone adventure if need be at first. From earliest times each better form of existence, whether physical or spiritual, personal or collective, has come into being because some lower form has dared put its trust in some quality, some power, that the previous life upon earth had not dared to trust. The result—and the history of the world is witness to this—has justified the abandonment of the lower and the trust in the higher. The keynote of history is adventure. Whatever progress the world has made, whatever progress man has made since his advent in the world, has come about because the call to adventure has been listened to, and because with that the level of daring has continually been

raised. The principle is just as true now as ever it was in all time. Whatever progress shall yet be made by the world or by any individual one of us developing humans will come as the result of adventuring, and of daring to raise the level of adventuring to its highest possible point, whether it be adventuring with body, mind, heart, or spirit.

Sammy thinks that by talking about his investments, or about the prominent people with whom he has acquaintance, or about the offices he has held, or about the places to which he has travelled, he makes himself seem desirable to this individual or that group that he has an eye to. And so he strives and strains to make an impression. It is a pitiful sort of upside-downness. Dimension of soul is what makes a man worth knowing: not fortune nor dress nor station nor power, but bigness of the intrinsic self—a mind that is interesting, judgments that are sound, speech that is creatively suggestive, a heart that holds the entire world in its capacious lovingness, a soul that has height and depth and length and breadth, a spirit that is really alive. If there is in a man something that is finely impressive, it will be discovered without any straining on his part. And that is really what the world is ever looking for, and ever responsive to, notwithstanding its seeming preoccupation with littleness.

Mere contact with marvels—and we can easily fill our years with that—does not of itself make for life that is worth the living. Fierce gyration day after day and night after night is more likely to result as in that farm machine called a separator, and drive all the cream out of life. To not a few of us that is the sobering question that the soul of the universe puts: Are you living, or only gyrating? “And therefore swink and sweat”—I like the vividness of that fourteenth-century *Cloud of Unknowing*—“and therefore swink and sweat in all that thou canst and mayest, for to get thee a true knowing and a feeling of thyself as thou art.”

“Poor Cousin Maud! I wonder when she stopped growing!” writes an old lady in a letter; and adds: “I wonder if that is a disease that anybody can foresee, and forestall!” The writer of the letter is several years older than the person of whom she speaks, but at eighty-three she is more of a woman than she was at forty-three. She thinks bigger thoughts. She reads bigger books. She bears heavy burdens more constructively, and with cheerfulness unknown at middle life. People remark about her being so interesting. But Cousin Maud! It was a good many

years ago that she stopped growing. Content with her small interests and small ways, she had no thought that further growth was either possible or desirable.

It is *self*-limitation from which we suffer. "We must pity minds that do not eat quite as much as stomachs", wrote Victor Hugo. The higher values and greater satisfactions of life are those which we, infatuated, suffer to be crowded out. Is it not indeed pitiful to see a man whose life has a length of seventy years, but a breadth of only twenty and a height of only ten? On the other hand, what is finer than to see a man or woman, approaching the end of life, who has never ceased to grow, never ceased to make his mind more comprehensive, his judgments more generous, his dealings with his fellows more helpful, his heart more hospitable, his relations with God more vital, more dear, more enlarging, more filled with a great confidence and a great joy? As long as he lives he tries to lengthen the line of his achievements. Never does he shut his heart to the desire for new and brave adventure. He begins to paint pictures after he is fifty, he begins to write novels after he is sixty, he comes back to life and activity and makes his business greater than ever after he is seventy, he takes up a new language after he is eighty, he continues to write for the press after he is ninety. (I speak of those I have known personally or know about.) He tries to add also to his breadth-dimension, seeking more knowledge of more things, making his heart more roomy to take in the people of China, the people of the Balkans, the people of India, the men and women and boys and girls who live around the corner in crowds and dirt, the men in the prison just across the river, and troubled people and suffering people and brave aspiring people wherever they are to be found. And knowing that his long, hard education can never cease until he has acquired height and depth as well as length and breadth, he tries ever more eagerly as the years go by to open his mind wide to the mind of God and his spirit to the Spirit of God, to lift himself up to illustrious stature of soul.

But intercourse with great spirits whether through personal contact or through books, the solace and inspiration of true friendship, the pursuit of that which is true and beautiful in thought and soul and in the expression of thought and soul—such things as these, things that make for the soul's enlarging, demand the consecration of time. The world is now acquiring, because of the increase of machinery and the organization of industry, a leisure

such as has never been known before. We must not permit that leisure to lead to the thinning of life and decrease in the stature of the soul.

It ought not to be that the world stands amazed more often before the marvel of men's machines, and men's activities, than before the marvel of men's souls. The passing on of knowledge is only the lesser part of any teacher's work. His more urgent task is to stir up in the young things that come to his classroom a longing to develop a Self that shall be worth the possessing, and a high vision of what such a Self would be. The first business of the educator is to create in his pupils some beginning of hunger for an enriched mind, wise and enlarged sympathies, a judgment that has worth, and a beautified personality. His special task is to stimulate those whom he touches so that their spirit shall become one that reaches out always after life's greater meanings and values, and makes their daily contacts with their fellows creative in their nature. By the possession of things such as those a man's life is made a thing of moment, and becomes filled with a joy not otherwise known. And, as in the larger sense all of us are teachers willy-nilly all the while, no one of us can rightly live until an energy like that of the true educator's goes forth from his own daily living.

There is a procreant power in true greatness of soul, which begets in the souls that meet that greatness a vision of something similar in themselves. Suddenly they find a new thing struggling for life within them: a desire to make their dealings with their fellow men more deeply honorable: and with that a desire to do this other and harder thing also: to make their dealings with themselves continually and splendidly honorable. Then they begin to set themselves free from the tyranny of phrases, and to aspire after reality whether in conduct or in character or in knowledge or in religion. People talk about a warm heart or a cold intellect. But why *either-or*? Is the mind, any less than the heart, an expression of the Eternal Spirit? A rightly disciplined mind is not a cold thing. It is flaming hot, and adds to the power of an eager, glowing heart, passionate to pour itself out upon all needy creation. Men and women who are able to think have a duty to think. With high integrity are they called to think, for the sake of souls. With the good doctor of the *Religio Medici*, who says, "I make . . . not my head a grave, but a treasure, of knowledge; I intend no Monopoly, but a community, in learning; I study not for my

own sake only, but for theirs that study not for themselves,"—so are they called to use the mind for love's sake and life's sake.

One longs always for the beautiful things that the world makes possible. But ever increasingly, as the years go by, one finds himself more hungrily longing for those fundamental sincerities and greatnesses in the inmost being that make for the enduring worth and greatness of the soul itself. One would have honesty and a fine bigness in all thinking about daily demands and problems. The maintaining of a high rectitude and magnanimity in one's attitude toward one's fellow men, whether close at hand or at the antipodes, becomes a passion. Nothing short of an actively outreaching good will to other men in such practical matters as money and privilege and pleasure seems worthy at all. Utter faithfulness always to that greater Self which is latent in the lesser Self with which one is too, too sadly familiar becomes the soul's necessity. And with that necessity lives another: the necessity of unforgetting and unwavering faithfulness to that same spiritual nature in every person one meets, so that he, too, may be helped to hear the call of the Eternal Spirit more clearly, to understand the meaning of that call, and to give himself to it with glorious abandon.

These are things that lift one up from pettiness in daily living to greatness of adventure as he pegs his onward way. And for the cultivation of them there is help. One of the finest bits of radiance in all the world's teaching is that word about the Spirit of Truth which shall guide into all the truth souls that will give themselves to such guidance; and another is the teaching about the Spirit of Power. In those words is greatest courage and joy for the soul that hungers for life that is real. Opening itself wide, and ever wider as the days go by, to the Spirit of Truth, that soul will enter progressively into knowledge of the truth, and increasingly the truth will enter into it. That soul, living now in this world, will find itself at the same time living more consciously with universals and eternal. It will find itself more truly living.

Let a soul give itself to such relations, and then becomes it the business of life to manifest that illustrious relationship in all the doings and judgments and utterances and reactions of daily existence. Other men may do as they will: it is his task, the task of that soul, without parade but with simple straightforwardness, to make it plain that not as an American first of all has he a point of view to give the world, not as a white man or a black man or a red man or a yellow man, not as a business man or a laboring man,

not as a young man or an old man, but as a man who is living under a high dedication. In his intercourse with other souls he will stay not always on the level of triviality, but will adventure up to the levels of real significance. In his dealings with himself he will adventure his mind with the great books, the great thinkers, and not confine himself to the petty. He will train himself to find his amusement in things that lead to the real values of life, and not just in those that are mere time-consumers. In his work he will take for his pacemaker the greater craftsmen and not the lesser. He will know that it is better to be ambitious for an education than for a degree, for results than for rewards, for realities than for appearances.

The life of the idealist is bound to be one of pain. First of all he longs for perfection in himself, and because the old ugliness is so hard to be rid of his days again and again are darkened with bitterness. He looks at people with longing, and wants to see them rising up to what they might be, and because so many seem content to give themselves over to that which is futile, he is made to suffer. He longs passionately for beauty, beauty of things and beauty of souls, and because there is so much absolutely unnecessary unloveliness in the world, heartache is set for his portion.

But if he who takes the ideal for his beloved companions with the cross, he companions also with joy. Beauty, wherever he does find it, thrills him with poignant delight. Longing for a perfection such as never yet was, but which he believes must come because he believes in God, he gives himself with a zest to life's greatest adventure, the adventure of the soul, and follows it high-heartedly whatever the vicissitudes through which it may lead. And deep in his soul joy lives continually because he knows that, making himself a partner of the everlasting God, the everliving Christ, the ever-near creative Spirit of love and truth and joy and life, he is making himself a partner of everlasting victory and everlasting greatness, and a sharer in those sovereign possessions.

ASPIRATION

BY FLETCHER HARPER SWIFT

I saw a fountain leap up to the sky,
A thousand times I saw it leap and fall:
Each time it fell, it sank with piteous cry,
Then sprang again up toward the shining wall.

I saw a rose-bud, near a cottage door,
Unfold to heaven its wealth of petals round,
It burst in striving to unfold them more,
And shed its perished beauty o'er the ground.

I saw a flame creep toward its father Sun,
I saw it climbing, climbing toward its goal,
I saw it smoulder where it was begun,
I closed my eyes and wept,—“My Soul,—My Soul”.

HAS CHRISTIANITY A FUTURE?

BY CHARLES C. CLARK

THERE are reasons for thinking that Christianity may not be the religion of the future, or even retain its historical significance. Sectarian divisions and rivalries are against it. These are not new but reach back to the earliest beginnings of Christianity and have greatly impeded its progress. The longing for Christian unity on the part of some of its representative votaries in all ages is both beautiful and pathetic and shows how thoroughly they deplored this almost fatal deficiency. Some of these divisions within Christianity are the result of doctrine, some of polity or government, some of usage and custom, and some are based on sacrament and worship. It is all too evident, however, that the number of Christian sects could be very greatly reduced and that the sectarian interest is, or seems to be for many more important than Christianity itself. That Christianity has been greatly weakened, and is weakened today, because of these numerous sects and divisions will hardly be denied. That there must in the nature of the case, be some divisions, will be most readily affirmed. Unity of thought in any sphere of endeavor is not easily attained, and is not yet in sight. Armenianism and Calvinism in the sphere of theology are no more compatible ideas than determinism, and indeterminism in the sphere of philosophy. Monarchy and democracy are likewise incompatible ideas.

Sacerdotalism and Quaker simplicity are at variance with each other. Granting then that there is at present no possible promise of Christian unity, there are still too many divisions, too many Christian sects, too many that are needless, useless, a mere expression of folly, waste, and senseless rivalry. Sometimes this sectarianism is likened to a military force, separate in its parts, but united with regard to its objective. The comparison is not well made. The waste, the dupli-

cation of effort, the petty antagonisms within Christianity are too pronounced to make the comparison worth while. The result, as many see it, means depleted vitality and final dissolution.

A second reason why Christianity gives little promise of being the religion of the future, is its numerical disparity. Statistics are very uncertain and unreliable at best, especially in relation to the religious faiths of mankind. Still they are a help to some extent in the sphere of religion and in other spheres. In respect to Christianity the latest statistics show clearly that it is almost hopelessly inferior in numbers as compared with the other religious forces of the world. The disparity as presented by Christian authority itself is something like four hundred millions. Unless some catastrophe not now in sight, overtakes the non-Christian cults, Christianity need hardly expect to convert or to absorb these millions. And yet Christianity has always been a missionary faith; has presented itself always as the only true and valid religion, and one that is eventually to absorb all others. The study of comparative religion, in more recent years, however, has changed the whole aspect of religion in many respects, while the history of Christianity clearly demonstrates that in many ways it is not different or superior to other cults, whether living or dead.

A third reason why Christianity is not likely to become the religion of the future is the unreliability of its historical and literary foundations. While Christianity bases its claims on subjective experience, and makes its appeal to experience, it is by no means a subjective faith only. It is, or is supposed to be, historical in origin, with an historical and literary background on which its subjective life depends. Assuming the background, the experience follows. Without the background, in part or in whole, the subjective experience called Christian must or at least may undergo a change. This is just what has occurred, and is occurring all around us—the historical and literary foundations on which the Christian structure has been raised is for many beginning to crumble and fall, and the subjective experience has suffered accordingly. This is the disadvantage that all religions have to meet that depend almost entirely on some personal founder, some incident, movement or miracle of history to create a valid religious experience. Christianity therefore can be, and is no exception in this respect. The records on which so much depends and often accepted are open to investigation, study, approval or

attack with each succeeding age, and each advance in knowledge. The Christian records—the New Testament scriptures—have for the last century or more been subjected to the keenest criticism and the most unrelenting scrutiny for the sole purpose of ascertaining the truth in relation to these scriptures—their origin, validity, purpose and content. The results obtained have brought about a tremendous change of thought in regard to these early documents. As the knowledge acquired becomes more widely diffused it cannot but add to the decreasing influence of the historical background on which Christianity is so dependent, and greatly impair its future.

A fourth reason why Christianity cannot guarantee its future is its almost universal and persistent antagonism of knowledge. This is the darkest page in the history of Christianity. What good it has done is seriously affected by this unfortunate and unreasonable attitude toward knowledge, this perpetual and insistent protest against the natural use of normal faculties. Almost every where, and at all, or most all times, reason has been decried and faith exalted. It is almost unbelievable to what extent Christianity, through its organized institutions has gone to retard advancing knowledge. Especially is this true in the sphere of natural sciences. The conflict has been a long and bitter one, and the end is not yet in view as to when this conflict will cease. It would seem that there is nothing the Church or Christianity can do, now or ever, to win back the confidence of those who know what it has cost real knowledge to acquire its freedom and establish itself. Belief as set over against knowledge, faith as set over against reason, this has been the burden of the Christian message. The gospels and the epistles are saturated with this spirit.

Faith is unduly emphasized and knowledge depreciated. Even ignorance is sometimes presented as an evidence of the worth of Christianity and the recipient of its mysteries. Christianity has followed only too closely the path its makers opened. This opposition to knowledge has cost, and is still costing the Church and Christianity immensely, and may mean ultimate extinction. For it seems certain that the religion of the future will not invalidate knowledge or eliminate the rational faculties.

Then too, Christianity is greatly impairing its future by persistently clinging to the supernatural and emphasizing doctrines that have ceased to be acceptable to many, if not discredited entirely. There are many who not only believe that the day of miracle is past.

but believe moreover that it never was. By clinging to doctrines that are more and more becoming untenable as knowledge advances, Christianity is fast weakening its influence and apparently hastening its decline. To affirm and insist that religion to be valid must necessarily be associated with such beliefs as miraculous intervention, vicarious atonement, Biblical infallibility, physical resurrection, an eternity of misery or of bliss is to demand more than many are willing to grant. It can be seen then that unless Christianity can divest itself of doctrines that are becoming more and more objectionable and readjust itself to conditions as they actually are, it cannot hope to become a universal religion.

Added to this doctrinal content, and its undoubted retarding effect on the future of Christianity is its failure as a moral incentive and moral objective. It is the province of all religions to emphasize the moral element, and all can be credited with so doing. No religion that has ever existed or that now exists, has been wholly indifferent to moral obligation. Mistakes there have been, serious and harmful as to what constituted human duty, but no religion has deliberately taught that to do evil is better than to do good. All have fallen short however, in bringing about a general social betterment for which so many earnest individuals have looked and longed. The failure of Christianity in this respect is no less conspicuous, if not even more conspicuous than other religious systems. Its failure is more conspicuous perhaps, for the reason that its claims, assumptions and promises have been more pronounced. Christianity in its earliest beginning taught that the kingdom of God was at hand. It has claimed and still claims to have the authority, power and equipment to revolutionize the world morally. What are the facts? Either its claims are unfounded, or it must be charged with wilful, deliberate and terrible failure. Either human nature is too degraded for the higher ideals ever to become realized, or Christianity is too weak and feeble to achieve its purpose. After two thousand years of effort, or it may be only seeming effort, the moral status of the world has not greatly advanced. And this too in spite of its supernatural claims. And the fact that much of the time it has had within its grasp, political and legislative power that could have greatly benefitted the world. The real difficulty has been, and is, that Christians themselves are without conviction as to the validity and worth of their own cult.

Until Christianity therefore, can, or will do better than it has done, there is no immediate or remote promise of its perpetuity.

Another and almost certain reason why Christianity as now constituted, cannot possibly be the religion of the future is its distinctly sectarian character. Allusion has already been made to the sects and divisions within Christianity, but Christianity itself is a sect, in the narrowest and strictest sense, and one of the most inhospitable of religions. Of course this will be denied by many and proofs demanded. The proofs are not far to seek. They are to be found in the exacting and dogmatic demands of Christianity that require belief in the supernatural and the miraculous, or the rejection of all those who do not comply with these demands. There is not, and never has been, the slightest note of the universal or of real tolerance in Christianity. Its way of salvation has been one way only, and it will not, and cannot admit of any other. The persistent claim that it is the only authoritative and revealed religion, it has not discarded and has no intention of discarding. But one will say, "Does not Christianity teach the fatherhood of God, and the brotherhood of man, and is not this universalism?" Yes, this is universalism of the loftiest kind, but this alone does not constitute Christianity, or any other one religious system to make it valid. The difficulty here is, that one is thinking of the ethical content only, when the idea of fatherhood and brotherhood is made the essence and core of Christianity. It must be remembered however, that Christianity has a dogmatic as well as an ethical content; that it is a system of thought as well as a way of life; and that it is the dogmatic element that has been most pronounced in connection with Christianity. Nor can Christianity be divested of dogma and preserve its historical connection. Liberalism, so called, in all its forms, so it seems to many at least, is manifestly illogical when it tries to eliminate the dogmatic element from Christianity and yet retain its name. The attempt to go back to the historical Jesus and make a distinction as to what he taught, and what Christianity is, or to choose between the religion of Jesus and a religion about Jesus does not greatly help. The gospel records are too vague and too uncertain to make the attempt promising, and at times makes Jesus the most imperative and dogmatic of men. It seems impossible therefore, since Christianity historically considered, is a system of thought as well as a way of life, to think of it as a universal cult. And after all, what value is there

to be attached to a name. When doctrines that have so long been held essential to Christianity, when the supernatural and the miraculous have been discarded, what is there left to justify the name Christian? If liberalism then, in any or all of its forms, really wishes to establish the kingdom of God on earth, and if that kingdom is comprehended in the idea of Fatherhood and brotherhood, it would seem that it can do so much more rapidly and much more effectively by discarding the name Christian. Divine Fatherhood and human brotherhood, devotion and social equity do represent the universal. They are not sectarian, nor original with Christianity, but have been in the world to some extent, and in some measure, ever since religion has passed the stage of fetichism.

If Christianity lacks then the universal note and gives little promise of being the ultimate religion, what is to be the future faith of mankind? There is no answer to that question at present. All that can be said is the future religion must in some sense, be eclectic; it will gather from all faiths that have ever been, and now are, and by a synthesis create a real and lasting theism, if religion is to be at all. For the man who has been able to construct for himself a satisfactory substitute for the idea of God, no religion will be needed. For others, the basis for the coming faith already exists, namely this: "Have we not all one father? Hath not one God created us? And, "He hath shewed thee, O man what is good; and what doth the walk humbly with thy God."

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