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

Founded by EDWARD C. HEGELEK

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ABRAHAM LINCOLN

(From Nicolay and Hays' *Life of Lincoln*, *Voi. 1.*)

Frontispiece to the Open Court.

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THEOLOGIES OLD AND NEW

BY EDMUND NOBLE.

THE simplest view of purposiveness, relieved of every complication and suited to the average mind of all ages, is that offered in the Book of Genesis, according to which God, by an act of creative will, called light into being, fashioned the earth and stars, gave rise on this planet to all manner of living creatures, and finally made man "in our image, after our likeness." Here was a conception which assumed omnipotence without assuring omnipresence; vaguely or clearly, moreover, it involved either the thought of creation out of nothing, or that of independent existence in the things "created." But as men grew away from anthropomorphism the Almighty came to be regarded as coextensive with the universe, now as identical with things, or again as pervading them with the attributes of life, mind and soul. Philosophical forms of pantheism have been in evidence from the earliest times. The process by which man projects consciousness into the universe is seen already in Plato's "absolute idea," identified by him with God, and in his "world of ideas," of which he regarded the world of sense as no more than a copy. From the thought of the Stoics, who held that the universe is "a living being of which God is the soul, the governing intelligence, the sovereign law and the animating principle," it is not a far cry to Bruno's assertion of a "universal intelligence" or "indwelling reason" in nature. Hegel (*The Philosophy of History*, Introduction) calls reason "the substance of the universe" and "its infinite energy," further describing it as "the infinite complex of things, their entire essence and truth"; and Fechner's *Ueber die Seelenfrage*, devoted to the thesis that plants, the earth and the stars have souls, culminates in the statement (p. 223): "God is the All, or the soul of the All, according as one wishes to understand it." Typical of many modern conceptions of divine immanence is Isaac Newton's belief ("Optics")

that the various portions of the world, organic and inorganic, "can be the effect of nothing else than the wisdom and skill of a powerful, ever-living Agent who, being in all places, is more able by his own will to move the bodies within his boundless uniform sensorium, and thereby to form and re-form the parts of the universe, than we are by our own will to move the parts of our own bodies." Nearly two centuries later Theodore Parker refashioned this definition in the words: "God, then, is universally present in the world of matter. He is the substantiality of matter . . . he fills all nature with his overflowing currents; without him it were not. His presence gives it existence; his will its law and force; his wisdom its order; his goodness its beauty." Josiah Royce sought to show "the whole universe, including the physical universe also, as essentially a living thing, a mind, one Great Spirit." And Lyman Abbott wrote in *The Theology of an Evolutionist*: "I believe that the theology of the future will affirm that this Infinite and Eternal Energy is itself intelligent and beneficent—an infinitely wise and holy Spirit dwelling within the universe and shaping it from within, much as the human spirit dwells within the human body and forms and controls it from within."

Between the earliest conceptions of a Deity external to the world and the new teachings of Divine immanence human thought has furnished teleologies of such protean forms as to make classification of them well nigh impossible. Some of them take Deity for granted; others posit a "world soul"; all seek to interpret the appearances of "design in nature." The Greek hylozoists were convinced that matter has an original life principle which shows itself in both inorganic and organic; by Anaxagoras the purposiveness revealed in things is referred to an ordering spirit or *nous*; Empedocles was content to trace the movements of things to love as uniter and to hate as divider. When the idea of the *nous* as cause and orderer was presented to Socrates he commented: "If this be so, then the mind of the orderer will dispose of all things and place each individual thing in such a way as shall be for the best." Plato pictured a world of ends in which the "divine Architect successively realizes his purpose through the plastic action of the Idea, the absolute good, against the obstructive opposition of matter." The conception of a divine *nous* reappears in Aristotle, who attributed life to a creative purpose," and in his doctrine of the "entelechy" asserted that organisms differ from inorganic bodies in that they are impelled by an internal principle, a *psyche*, which employs a number of organs to realize its purpose." To both organic and inorganic Hegel applied the formula of a "plas-

tic instinct," an unconscious purposive activity (*bewusstlose Zweckthätigkeit*), which "acts without consciousness with a view to an end"; Hartmann held that matter consists of an inseparable unity of will and idea, and that atoms must be conceived of as wills or efforts, as having "an unconscious idea" of their destiny in order to be able to realize it. It was the belief of Kant that mechanism fully explains the inorganic world, but he recognized the need of a teleological view for anatomy, physiology and biology. "It is impossible," he wrote, "to find in nature grounds for an explanation of nature, and we are compelled by the constitution of our intellectual faculty to seek for the supreme ground of teleological connection in an original intelligence as cause of the world."

Modern assertions of an intelligent purpose at work in the universe shade off into assertions of purposiveness in the organism, but in neither application is there any real attempt to meet the problem with a solution. The so-called definitions of life have descriptive, but no explanatory value. How are vital processes elucidated by Bichat's "sum total of the forces that resist death," by Bèclard's "organization in action," De Blainville's "two-fold movement of composition, at once general and continuous," or by G. H. Lewes's "series of definite and successive changes, both of structure and composition, which take place within an individual without destroying its identity?" Nor is explanation furthered by reversion to such vague conceptions as the "*physis*" of Hippocrates, the "*archæus maximus*" of Paracelsus, the "*Bildungstrieb*" or "*nisus-formativus*" of Blumenbach, Johann Muller's "organic force," Cudworth's "plastic nature," Hegel's "*Trieb der Perfectibilität*," Nägeli's "*Vervollkommungsprinzip*" or "tendency to progressive development," Bischoff's "peculiar and individual cause or force which creates and shapes the whole body," the "genetic energy" of Williams, Henslow's "property of self-adaptation," or Moore's "bathmic energy." Just as unavailing is Lester F. Ward's effort to explain vital characters from the advance in complexity which matter makes by becoming organic. "From the molecule of hydrogen to that of albumen," he wrote (*The Status of the Mind Problem*), "the process of evolution has been uniformly the same, viz., that of compounding and recompounding, of doubly and multiply compounding; in short, it has been the process of molecular aggregation. With still higher states of aggregation, therefore, we should naturally expect still higher forms of activity, still more marked properties." And he is more explicit still, adding: "The general truth is that chemical union results in a new

substance with new properties, differing from and of a higher order than those of any which have united to produce it. When the highest known chemical compounds still further combine we ought therefore to look for something remarkable. Where the largest molecules whose constitution can be determined in a laboratory form themselves into higher molecular systems we should not be surprised if the resultant substance should be an extremely strange and important one. The activities of all substances up to this point are molecular, but it might well be that the new compound should possess molar activities." This is plainly an arithmetical or multiplication-table theory of vital phenomena. It means that you have only to go on compounding and recompounding inorganic units to see life finally emerge. It implies also the wonderful things which might happen were the complexity to be still further increased.

F. A. Lange, in his "*Geschichte des Materialismus*" (p. 581) writes of "the mystical domination of the part by the whole," with the remark that "little can be done with that." The vitalists have tried to do much with it, and vitalism has had a long history, with distinctions only loosely maintained between the notion of a psychical principle in the organism and that of a "vital force" totally unlike force in the inorganic. It was the "vital" kind of force which Claude Bernard called "creative": "*Ce qui est essentiellement du domaine de la vie, et ce qui n'appartient ni à la physique, ni à la chimie, ni à rien autre chose, c'est l'idée directrice de cette évolution vitale.*" Schopenhauer, who projected "will" into nature, tells us in his "*Parerga und Paralipomena*" that the denial of vital force is absurd: "It is not disputed that physical and chemical forces are at work in the organism, but that which holds them together and guides them, so that the organism comes into being and subsists, that is vital force." For Lionel Beale (*Protoplasm*) life is "a peculiar force temporarily associated with matter," a "power capable of directing and controlling both matter and force," "an undiscovered form of force having no connection with primary energy or motion," "some directing agency of a kind peculiar to the living world." By Hans Driesch (*The History and Theory of Vitalism*) a return is made to the "entelechy," described as "an agent *sui generis*, non-material and non-spatial, but acting "into space, so to speak," also as a "psychoid" or kind of potentiality or power not present in inorganic bodies. But the inconsistencies and contradictions of vitalism find their completest representation in Henri Bergson (*Creative Evolution*), who reads psychism into nature with a *naïveté* almost passing belief. For him

there are two forms of existence—matter and consciousness, with their origin traced to some common source: matter, defined as a “reversal” of consciousness, a thing that continually unmakes itself and wears out”; consciousness described as “action that continually creates and multiplies.” It is asserted that there is a “universal life” with which “consciousness must be coextensive,” and that life appears by the action of consciousness upon “inert matter.” life being defined as consciousness launched into matter”; for whatever vital characters show themselves “it is as if a broad current of consciousness had penetrated matter” and “carried matter along to organization.” Life is “like a current passing from germ to germ through the medium of a developed organism”; there is “an original impetus, an internal push, that has carried life, by more and more complex forms, to higher and higher destinies.” More specifically, we are assured that “at a certain point of space a visible current has taken rise; this current of life, traversing the bodies it has organized one after another, has become divided amongst species and distributed amongst individuals without losing anything of its force, rather intensifying in proportion to its advance.” Bergson rejects what he calls “both radical mechanism and radical finalism,” asserting that his philosophy, “like radical finalism, though in a vaguer form,” represents the organized world as a harmonious whole. But beyond these highly generalized statements, which assume without elucidation of them the very modes of action to be explained, he makes no approach to a teleology that can be reconciled with the deliverances of science, with modern nature knowledge, or with the requirements of that common sense which, confronted with any machine-like apparatus realizing ends, insists on knowing “how it works.” How it can be true that “there are no things, there are only actions,” and at the same time true that there is an “inert matter” to be invaded and carried on to organization is not revealed by the theory? The asserted grip of consciousness of matter, each of them treated as unlike the other by a total difference of kind, is a manifest confusion of psychic with dynamic values. Nor does the notion of a “vital impetus” as the cause of life advance the explanation of purposiveness in the organism by a single stage: to attribute vital phenomena to an *élan vital* is like saying that the organism is alive because it has been vitalized. And the interpretation of reality as “unceasing life, action, freedom,” as “a ceaseless upspringing of something new,” is a manifest denial of the determinisms and repetitions which are essential to the order

we behold in the cosmos, and from which the only freedom possible to us as human beings can flow.

There is approach to a dynamico-chemical explanation of evolution in Herbert Spencer's system of thought, but no suggestion of a specific purposiveness in nature finally attaining to more complete manifestation in life: it is as if the author of *First Principles* were so sure of the utter lack of anything like a teleology in things that—except for a vigorous repudiation of vitalistic hypotheses—he did not even see the necessity of denying its existence. His doctrine of a general world drift towards "equilibration" recalls Fechner's "tendency to stability," yet by neither author is the conception worked out to its "purposive" implications. For Spencer all forms and configurations that arise in the material universe are due to the persistence of force, to the transformation of the relatively homogeneous into the relatively heterogeneous, to the "multiplication of effects" and to processes of integration and segregation culminating in equilibrium. He describes living aggregates as being "distinguished by the connected facts that during integration they undergo very remarkable secondary changes which other aggregates do not undergo to any considerable extent, and that they contain (bulks being supposed equal) immensely greater quantities of motion locked up in various ways." It is further stated that "all vital actions, considered not separately, but in their *ensemble*, have for their final purpose the balancing of certain outer processes by certain inner processes. There are unceasing external forces tending to bring the matter of which organic bodies consist into that state of stable equilibrium displayed by inorganic bodies; there are internal forces by which this tendency is constantly antagonized; and the perpetual changes which constitute life may be regarded as incidental to the maintenance of the antagonism."

It is here implied in a round-about way that the organism is engaged in maintaining itself, but when life is to be explained, rather than merely described, Mr. Spencer contents himself with calling it "the continuous adjustment of internal relations to external relations" thus placing his emphasis on a subordinate detail which has many analogues in inorganic processes, and which takes no account of the fact that the organism man, to say nothing of the lower animals, has been engaged from human beginnings in adjusting external relations to internal relations. How an organic aggregate which differs from one that is inorganic in having "immensely greater quantities of motion locked up in various ways" comes unconsciously to fashion its

own organs as man fashions his tools Mr. Spencer nowhere states. There is a further surrender of the need for explanation in the positing of "very complex molecules," forming an "extremely changeable substance" naturally "exposed to those innumerable modifications of conditions which the earth's surface afforded," and yielding under "the mutual influence of its metamorphic forms under favoring conditions . . . the still more sensitive, still more variously changeable portions of organic matter, which, in masses more minute than existing protozoa, displayed actions varying little by little into those called vital." For this view it is because of the molecular instability of organic matter, because its structure becomes more "heterogeneous," because under the stress of incident forces it obeys the law of the "multiplication of effects," not because the system is purposive from the beginning, that by means of successive integrations and differentiations the life functions arise and organs are developed. Empty of both causal and genetic meaning is the passage which defines "the structural complexity accompanying functional equilibration" as "one in which there are as many specialized parts as are capable separately and jointly of counteracting the separate and joint forces amid which the organism exists"; it ignores, moreover, the elementary fact that a large part of the activities of organisms is expended, not merely in counteracting, but also in utilizing external forces. And though Spencer came near an important purposive factor in his account of motion as following "the line of greatest traction, or the line of least resistance, or the resultant of the two," his application of the principle is made, not to the process by which organs are originally set up, but only to organic development in general especially to shapes taken and movements carried on after the organs have been formed.

One of the most recent efforts to explain the teleology of the organism is that of L. T. Hobhouse in *Development and Purpose*. Its author fully recognizes the "mutual determination of parts" which "must run through Reality as a whole," and is therefore led "to conceive of Reality either as being a system of parts which necessitate one another, or as being a collocation determined by such system." (P. 348). He is explicit also in defining the difference between inorganic and organic bodies, the one class made up of relatively independent units, the other of units dependent on the character of the system. But despite frequent reference to the requirements of the whole, we get no real recognition of the directing power of the total system from organic beginnings. An "unfinished window" is also

left in the account of heredity: "what must exist at the beginning is not the developed structure in miniature, but rather something that will seize on all that comes within its grip and throw it into place in such fashion that bit by bit the structure will grow." (P. 369). There is here no identification of the "something," and no explanation of the actual process of growth. And for the universe at large, as for the organism in particular, Mr. Hobhouse's "purpose" is plainly psychical, based on the consciousness implied in human design—not dynamical, founded in the nature of cosmic power. "The evolutionary process," he writes, "can best be understood as the effect of a purpose slowly working itself out under limiting conditions which it brings successively under control . . . This would mean, not that Reality is spiritual or the creation of an unconditional mind . . . but that there is a spiritual element integral to the structure and movement of Reality, and that evolution is the process by which this principle makes itself master of the residual conditions which at first dominate its life and thwart its efforts." And he yet more plainly allies himself with the psychomorphists, first by inferring "a power of the nature of mind operating under conditions towards the effectuation of a world-purpose," then by asserting explicitly that "there is a mind of which the world-purpose is the object," and that "such a mind must be a permanent and central factor in the process of Reality." But "how in detail its relation to Reality in general and the individual mind in particular is to be conceived is a question about which it is best frankly to confess ignorance."

The clearest trail in the direction of a reasonable cosmic teleology offered by those who do not undertake to formulate one is that recently indicated by Lawrence J. Henderson of Harvard University in his masterly account of *The Fitness of the Environment*. The aim of the book is to show that life could not arise or the organism be maintained without the suitable materials that occur and the favoring processes which go on in the general inorganic surroundings—that, in a word, as there is a fitness of the living body to the environment, so there is a complementary fitness of the environment to the organism. But this theory does not mean, as in some attempted utilizations of it, that the environment was so ordered in its powers and contents that living beings would necessarily come forth. If after water has been poured down the side of a rock and allowed to freeze as it goes the spear of ice could be raised and examined it would be found to represent all the sinuosities and protuberances of the stony surface into **which** it had fitted itself; but this would not mean that the rock had

been shaped so as to give rise to those particular conformations. A burning candle requires a fit environment, with oxygen in it, yet there is no need to conclude that the atmospheric conditions were designed with the production of flame in view. For the functioning of an umbrella there are required a human being, the earth and a whole set of meteorological factors; yet we are not bound to devise a teleological explanation of even that manifest environmental fitness. Otherwise, and in all such cases, we should have to make the false assumption that the results observed are inevitable, and that the causes have been so ordered as to produce them, instead of the true assumption that from such causes the observed results proceed, and that with other causes in operation the results would be different. Prof. Henderson, of course, draws no teleological conclusion of the conventional type from the "fitness of the environment," but he points the way to a rational theory on the subject when he asserts "that the properties of matter and the course of cosmic evolution are now seen to be intimately related to the structure of the living being and to its activities, and that they become far more important in biology than has hitherto been suspected" . . . "that the process of cosmic evolution is indissolubly linked with the fundamental characteristics of the organism, and that in some obscure manner cosmical and biological evolution are one."

Recognition of some kind of purposiveness in nature is thus an enduring element of human thought. Beginning with the ancients, it has survived the negations of materialism and the fortuities of natural selection; for our own time it recurs in vitalism and finds distinct reverberation in the biological doctrine of orthogenesis. Yet none of the teleologies or half-teleologies of the past, whether religious, philosophical or scientific, supply us with the explanation we need. The method followed in the most typical of them is to refer the appearances of "design" to some general entity or principle, and use that as the cause of the phenomena to be explained, but without effort to trace its operation step by step through the action to the effect. Many of the "solutions" offered are founded on man's well-nigh ineradicable tendency to read into the universe and its processes the life, will, consciousness or personality—sometimes all these—which he finds in himself. Where the principle invoked is psychic, the theorist sets consciousness, the latest arrival, at the beginning of things, but fails to show how mind can emerge for knowing and directive functions from a power system which is manifestly pre-organic; where the appeal is made to a universally diffused will he

commits the parallel yet more radical absurdity of positing life in advance of the only conditions that can make life possible. Too often, even in biological hypotheses, organic purposiveness is regarded as a new appearance in nature, as unlinked with any more elementary purposiveness in the inorganic. A vast amount of current reasoning about evolution proceeds on the assumption that teleological questions, being pertinent only to the realms of metaphysics and religion, can be safely ignored; much recent discussion in biology takes for granted that the issue regarding purposiveness in the organic is outside the purview of science. The specialist who studies vital phenomena is mainly concerned with the complications which life displays after it has appeared—with germ-plasm, heredity and the "Mendelian factors"; with details of cell development, with the manner in which the organism adapts itself to changes of environment, with the inheritance or non-inheritance of "acquired characters," and with the multifarious facts which bear on the "origin of species," as if none of the conclusions reached in these fields needed the buttressing of some radical insight into the meaning of life itself. And philosophy, which should realize that purposiveness is the fundamental problem in all nature study, busies itself more and more with the superstructure, lavishing its powers on the theory of knowledge, on the relation between mind and body, and on such sub-topics as pluralism, pragmatism and neo-realism. Needful as is work in these fields, it should not surprise that some of our modern teleologies are seen raising subjectivism to the n -th power, or succeeding only as contributions to the romance of metaphysics.

IN OLD PROVENCE

BY LEWIS PIAGET SHANKS.

GALLIA est omnis divisa . . . How many who once toiled over Cæsar know that this Gaul of the first century is a reality? How many Americans making their obligatory European tour turn aside to visit Provence? Mention it to a tourist agent, and he will say it is too hot there! As if Atlantic City were not hotter, as if Provence had not been for centuries a summer resort of the Latins! So chance and custom combine against a land so rich in Roman buildings as to rival Rome itself, a land which offers its southern hospitality for half of what Paris exacts today.

Most guide-books to Provence send the traveller south from Paris, when the trees begin to bud along the chilly boulevards. This is the season when the Midi is loveliest. But there is another way to reach it, which takes one straight across the Atlantic, through the pale blue peaks of the Azores, past Gibraltar and the snow-capped Sierras of Spain. Before turning north to Marseilles the steamer touches Naples, throned on her sapphire bay behind the golden rocks of Cape Misenum. Vesuvius, Pompeii, all these classical memories, make Naples the best of prefaces to an excursion in Roman Provence.

Unfortunately the boat gives you only a few hours there. A day at most, and you continue your way to that other Roman port, Marseilles, the sea gate to Provence. Now is the time to recall your ancient history; Provence, *provincia nostra*, first of the provinces of Rome, had been a gap in her defenses before its conquest. Through it Hannibal had marched to sack Italy in 218 B. C. There too, over a hundred years later, the plundering Cimbri and Teutones were defeated and destroyed by Marius in the battle of the Lar, and the monuments set up in honour of the great consul are standing to-day at St. Remy and Orange. Hence the Romans took Provence. They embellished its cities with palaces and baths and temples; and like

the bones of a giant dinosaur, these relics of a dead empire lie strewn over the lower valley of the Rhone. Here, at the end of the Middle Ages, flourished the troubadours, whose lyrics showed the way to Dante and so began that outburst of national literatures we call the Renaissance; here lived Petrarch, and the popes of the 'Babylonish captivity,' whose palace-fortress at Avignon is the largest mediæval building in France. Just across the Rhone from it lies Beaucaire, the fabled home of Aucassin and Nicolette; not far away lived the nineteenth-century singer who laboured for a Provençal renaissance. But even the genius of Mistral could not restore to favour a language which had fallen into a dialect, and Provence still remains a province, a dowager queen, living in her memories.

As the boat sails into Marseilles, one is reminded that this very modern city is older even than Roman Gaul. The islands which guard the harbour—*les Iles Phénices*—recall the Phœnician mariners who first traded here, before the Greeks founded the city. In the museum of Marseilles you may see the bronze and marble gods brought by these colonists across the seas; you may read—or examine—the Greek inscriptions which have been found here, together with coins bearing the imprint of nearly every town in Asia Minor. For the rest you find no traces here of the Greek Massiglia; you must be content with the romance of the seaport, so vividly described by Daudet and by Joseph Conrad.

A forest of masts cuts deep into the city, masts decked with the flags of every country. The wharves are piled high with merchandise and swarming with people; here and there one sees the gay coats or the baggy breeches of dark-skinned Algerian soldiers, and watching from her spire on the hill stands Notre-Dame de la Garde. This was our first objective, for the shrine of the patron of sailors is hung with scores of miniature ships, each commemorating a mariner's escape from the sea. The thrifty Marseillais have built an inclined railway up the rugged hill; but we mounted afoot, a tiresome climb, but well repaid by the view from the summit. The whole harbour is visible, together with the huge basins which have been added, protected by breakwaters. One can walk on from here to the Corniche road, which, skirting the rocky coast, leads the traveller into Italy. The sea is incredibly blue, probably because of the dark-green seaweed which covers the rocks beneath. Across the bay you can see the *Iles Phénices*, and rising from one of the islands a 16th century donjon which was long used as a prison. It is the celebrated Chateau d'If, where the hero of the "Count of Monte-Cristo" was imprisoned:

you are shown the actual cell! This excursion took up the rest of our morning; after luncheon, we went on to Arles, replete with bouillabaisse, but undistracted from our Roman pilgrimage by all the cafés of the Cannetière.

Arles, once the rival of Marseilles, more than repays one for the modernity of the latter. The dead city of to-day was prosperous under Roman rule; it was the Gallic Rome, five times as large as modern Arles. Though now 27 miles from the mouth of the Rhone, Arles was a seaport nineteen centuries ago; and it was here that Cæsar built the fleet with which he took Massiglia. In the museum, which contains so many treasures, you may see an antique pillar deeply furrowed by the hawsers of ships, and celebrating in its inscription the greatness of the emperor Constantine. But Arles was built upon the Rhone; in fact, Provence itself is the delta of the Rhone, which every year carries down to the sea seventeen million cubic metres of soil. Thus the river-god has raised the barrier which has saved this group of Roman monuments from the ravages of Saracen pirates and the destructive rebuilding which comes with increasing trade.

Constantine the Great had lived at Arles! The very streets we were walking had once resounded with the tread of his legionaries. That gleaning from our Baedeker determined our first promenade, down the river bank to the Palace of Constantine, built at the beginning of the fourth century. This duty done, we sought the square which now marks the site of the ancient Forum. It is a rather dingy little place, stripped of its former glories except for the two Corinthian columns, sole relics of a host, which grace the front of a modern building. A café close by offers its chairs and tables to the student; here one may reconstruct in imagination the Roman city, the Rue des Thèmes probably leading to the baths, the Rue des Arènes to the Amphitheatre. The baths are no more, but the Rue des Arènes does take you to that huge elliptical rim, fifteen hundred feet in circumference, where twenty-five thousand spectators once watched the gladiatorial games. By moonlight, the effect of this gigantic pit is overpowering; and one does not need to be told that its sides are over a hundred feet in thickness at the base, in order to feel that impression of brutal force which is so distinctive a note in Roman buildings. No modern sky scraper gives one the same impression, because no modern building uses stones of the same terrific proportions. And this is the reason it has endured. Used as a fortress by Goths, Saracens and Franks in turn, it became in the Middle Ages a

huge tenement, by the simple expedient of walling up its arches with boards and stone. The towers were added by the Saracens, and the loss of the cornice stones bears witness to their convenience as missiles, in the sterner gladiatorial games between Franks and infidels.

"Panem et circenses"—but the cry of the mob that sold its birth-right for amusement does not fully express the spirit of Arles. There were cultured citizens in that Mediterranean port, Greeks and Romans filled with Greek ideals; they built the theatre whose semi-circular seats once covered the side of the hill southwest of the arena. Today, this once splendid monument is scarcely more than a plan. A pair of columns, with a bit of entablature, mark the pillared line of the back-stage; and the parterre is still partly paved with its coloured marble slabs. It was the monks of the Dark Ages who overthrew this monument of a hostile religion; other monks, centuries later, built a monastery from the stones. With all its art-treasures, the ancient theatre must have been very beautiful, for one of these treasures is that gem of the Louvre, the exquisite Venus of Arles.

The other statues were probably burned and turned into mortar. But we must not lament, for the Venus of Arles is not the only legacy the Greeks left to this little town. They had sweethearts and wives here, as one may see by the clear-cut Grecian features of the women. Famous through all France, the Arlésienne looks at you from every souvenir and post card. You wonder sometimes, where are the originals? But it is possible that the theatre or the moving pictures capture them, before they become antiques like the majority of those we saw.

Archæological research is after all much more satisfactory. We soon learn to distinguish between Roman masonry and mediæval, we came home from our tramps tired and thirsty and white with the immemorial dust of Provence. There is so much to see. One must go to St. Remy, where Marius exterminated the barbarians in the battle of the Iar. A hundred thousand perished here, and to this day the field is called the place of carrion, Pourrières. The very site of the bonfire where the spoils were burned has been found, and every year until the French Revolution, peasants celebrated the victory with a bonfire of their own, on the site of Marius' camp, consecrated by a battle of the Lar. A hundred thousand perished here, and to this day Near by, on the height of St. Remy, is the monument which Julius Cæsar erected to the memory of his illustrious relative, an exquisite little pyramidal structure in the style of the choragic monument of Lysicrates, looking out sentinel-like across the battlefield. Beside it

stands Cæsar's own triumphal arch, built to commemorate the surrender of Vercingetorix and the completion of his conquest of Gaul.

Rome did not die; it merged insensibly into the Middle Ages. Nowhere is this better seen than in the palimpsest of Arles. Take for example the history of her antique cemetery. Here under the cypresses where Dante, perhaps, once walked, Christian tombs early found their place among the pagan, and the spot still keeps its pagan name, Les Alysamps, the Elysian Fields. By its cemetery Arles lived on into the Middle Ages. It became the cherished necropolis of Gaul; and it was enough to place the dead in a coffin, set the bier on a raft and launch it on the Rhone, which bore it safely with the burial fee to its destination.

It was in Les Alysamps that the Christ appeared to St. Trophimus, who first preached Christianity to the men of Arles, and it was here that the saint was first interred. Trophimus was one of the first seventy-two disciples sent out to the Gentiles. Ordained by Saint Peter himself, he came to Gaul in a sacred boat; and Mistral has told how the apostle first preached in the Temple of Arles, and the marble Venus fell from her pedestal as he spoke! So we did not fail to visit the great cathedral of St. Trophine, with its Gallo-byzantine portal and its lovely cloisters dating back to the twelfth century. Here you may follow, on sculptured capital and plinth, all the well-known stories of the Bible; but if you care to see the chapel where Trophimus really held his first church, you must go to the abbey of Montmajour.

Montmajour is only six kilometres from Arles. Founded by Childebert, as the story goes, the abbey dates from the sixth century, but the most of the present buildings are not earlier than the eleventh. We saw the cell of the saint dug in the rock, we climbed the tower for the view, and returned late along the dusty road, a bevy of black frocked French school-boys jogging back ahead of us. A *grenadine au kirsch* followed, then a dinner in the court of the little Provençal inn, where pet chickens came familiarly to gather the crumbs from our table. Next day we went on to Nîmes.

Nîmes is really very beautiful, but it is too modern, or shall we say too much modernized, to possess the intimate charm of the tortuous little streets we had trodden blithely for two days. At Nîmes, everything is neat and well-kept, the monuments set off by ample squares, so that the town is more like a tidy museum than a bit of antiquity gradually encrusted by the Middle Ages. A modern boulevard takes you to the amphitheatre, smaller than that of Arles, but so

well preserved in its exterior that the first view of it seems to roll away eighteen hundred years. Seventy feet in height, the walls of this huge ellipse rise before you, complete and perfect, the few restorations indicated by the sharper edges of the newer blocks. Even the cornice is mainly the original one, with the brackets and holes, nearly a foot in diameter, which received the masts of the awnings or *velaria*. The wall rises on two series of arches, the upper Doric, the lower with huge buttresses taking the place of the columns, and four gateways lead to the arena through a hundred and five feet of piled-up stone. Within, thirty-four rows of seats are divided into tiers, and twenty-four exits afforded rapid egress to the 24,000 spectators.

Once cleared of its tenements and restored, the arena was utilized by the modern Gaul in his own way. He held there bull-fights *à la provençale*, a game in which the bulls are usually cows, but which is still sufficiently sanguinary. I was disgusted to find the arena placarded with the posters of a moving picture show. Romans and Goths and Saracens and Franks had fought upon these walls; what mere shadow-machine could thrill one like the thought of these terrific shades?

We went on to the *Maison Carrée* in no hopeful mood. The modern boulevard leads on to another square, but in it stands the temple which is the most perfect work of man that has come down to us intact. Built in the reign of Augustus or perhaps of one of the Antonines, this temple is undoubtedly the inspiration of a Greek architect; for it exemplifies all the laws of symmetrical irregularity which we find in the Parthenon. It is a small building, only eighty-five feet long, but were it larger one could not see so easily the whole effect of its magical harmony. You have seen it in photographs, but no single view can show you the miracle of its beauty. You must see it yourself, look at it from every side, sit down and study it in all its changing symmetry and charm. This charm is due to little curves in lines one first imagines rectilinear; even in the photograph you can see that the roof lines are not absolutely straight. Now used as a museum, the temple contains statues, pottery and coins found in the vicinity; it was a stable before its restoration, a hundred years ago.

There is another temple at Nîmes, on the hill which overlooks the town, built to the glory of Diana in the reign of Augustus. Or was it in honour of the fountain-god, whose spring supplied the Roman baths near by? At any rate, this tiny Temple de Diane, with its broken barrel-vault, is one of the most charming ruins in

Provence. Long before it was built, the Celtic tribes had set up here their own shrine to the god of the spring, whose sparkling waters, led down through Italian formal gardens, invest the whole hillside with the beauty of vivid greenery outlined by marble pilasters and balustrades. The Roman baths are quite near the temple, somewhat masked by the formal gardening, but one may still see a few of the original columns in the water of the basin.

Nîmes with her antiquities gives one an idea of the luxury of Roman life (even in the provincial towns of Gaul). But to understand the force behind that luxury, the energy and the practical sense of the race, you must make a pilgrimage to the Pont du Gard. This aqueduct, which once served to bring water to the baths of Nîmes, spans the valley of the Gardon thirteen miles to the North-east; it is part of a conduit originally twenty-five miles long. The very railroad avoids it as something bigger than steam or steel, but no imaginative traveller regrets the walk from Remoulins up the lonely valley, covered with the olive trees the Greeks brought to Provence. Silence and solitude give the fitting background for this tremendous relic, which soon looms before you, 150 feet high and 880 in length, towering against the sky. The hand of man, whose ugly modern buildings seem to caricature the *Maison Carrée*, has left this ruin in its loneliness, and eighteen centuries have only gilded its stones and filled their crevices with flowers.

Before leaving Nîmes we made an excursion in the other direction to Aigues-Mortes on the coast of the Mediterranean. It was here that Saint Louis embarked for his crusades of the twelfth century; in fact the town was built and fortified to provide the kings of France with a seaport, Provence being still a separate county. The place is entirely surrounded by a wall, over thirty feet high, upon which we made the circuit of the town. Protected by the sand which has silted up her little harbour, Aigues-Mortes remains a perfect specimen of a medieval walled city; the fortifications, which have withstood no attack, have been thoroughly restored and appear like new. To the North-west there is a sort of citadel, called the *Tour Constance*, with walls seventeen feet thick. From the summit one looks out over the stagnant salt-marshes; from the sea side, at night, the city looks the very image of loneliness and desolation, a setting worthy of *Materlinck*.

A similar impression of lonely grandeur, but one untinged by any unhealthy romanticism, is experienced at Orange. You feel it slightly before the triumphal arch of Marius, set across the great

Roman highway by which the legions marched to the conquest of the north. Seventy feet high by sixty-seven wide, it is impressive by its mass, but it lacks simplicity; and one must seek the Roman theatre of Orange to match that great impression. The facade of this theatre, the finest of all still existing, is a wall three hundred and forty feet long by one hundred and eighteen high, the largest wall in Europe. Thirteen feet thick today, it was once even thicker, for it was faced with marble on the interior, which served as permanent back-scene for the stage. Behind the facade, on the slopes of the hill, were seats for seven thousand spectators and now that careful restoration has replaced the seats, you may hear *Oedipus Rex* or *Alceste* or *Phèdre* here in August, performed by actors from the *Comédie Française*.

Such a treat I had promised myself that Sunday afternoon. But rain deferred the performance, so I left Orange with only the memory of a long noon-hour spent upon the hill above the theatre looking down upon the great stage and across the curtain wall to the horizon. Silence and solitude made the moment worthy of the grandeur that was Rome, but the impression was not single, for behind that line of hills lay the city which I had found the most charming in all Provence, Avignon.

Was it because Avignon seems to keep the merry humour of the days when they danced the farandole on the ruined bridge across the Rhone? Or was it simply that we found, in this *Ville Sonnante* of Rabelais, a restaurant which even he would not have despised? Be that as it may, Avignon is a city where all good Americans might hope to die. I saw it first from across the river, a clustering mass of roofs and spires dominated by the battlements of the papal palace, the whole reflected in the sinister darkness of the Rhone. Within that palace fortress seven popes lived and reigned; to build it took all the energy of three of them. The building covers 6400 square metres. Seventeen feet thick, the walls show the wealth of the papal treasure and the necessity for its protection; within are everywhere secret passages and stairs. Here Benedict the Antipope held out through ten years of siege, unsubdued even by Bertrand du Guesclin, yet the castle shows hardly a trace of injury, and when you climb the highest tower and look down a hundred and sixty feet to the roofs of the town, you agree with half of Froissart's description: "This is the strongest and the fairest dwelling-place in the world."

Time was when the statement was wholly true. But fortune has

not been kind to the palace. Long a prison, it served as a military barracks through the larger part of the nineteenth century, and impious hands destroyed the frescoes painted by Italian artists. All this was explained to me by the guard, a fine old white-bearded Provencal, who displayed with equal conviction the cell of Rienzi and the tower climbed by the pope's mule in Daudet's charming tale. He had known Daudet, he said, but he spoke most of Mistral, his master, for he too was a *Félibre*, a nineteenth century troubadour. "In England," he added, "they talk a great deal about me." I have been unable to verify this modest assertion, but no one could hold that against so courtly a gentleman.

Another poet of Avignon, the great Petrarch, frequented this palace of the popes, and in the valley of Vaucluse close by he had a hermitage where he wrote his sonnets to Laura. It is a lovely drive to the valley, surrounded by hills, but the factories spoil the town of Vaucluse, one of them covering the site of the hermitage. The image of the poet confronts you everywhere—on postal cards, offered by women who resemble Laura in neither age or beauty. In all the valley, only one indubitable relic of the past remains, the ruined castle of Petrarch's friend, the Cardinal de Cabassol.

So it is more agreeable to think of Petrarch and Laura in the city where they met, in the papal palace or in the cathedral on the hill above. But on that rock, which rises sheer three hundred feet above the Rhone, you are likely to forget all your mediæval history in the panorama spread out before you. Nothing can equal the majesty of the slowly curving river, winding through a valley streaked with fields and dotted with old stone houses; on the opposite bank *Ville-neuve-les-Avignon* and the castle of *St. André*, at your feet *Avignon*, with its red-tiled roofs and its countless churches, clustered around the huge mass of the papal palace; and beneath the citadel, the broken twelfth-century bridge on which they used to dance. If you have ever spent a summer evening in the city, so gay and merry when its day's work is ended and the open air cinema brings everyone to the square and the principal street, you will admit that the old rondo expresses perfectly the soul of this summer land, careless of all her weight of years and young as when the minstrel first sang the *farandole*:

Sur le pont, d'Avignon,
L'on y danse tout en rond.

WHAT ARE THE PROBLEMS OF PHILOSOPHY?— TAKING STOCK

BY VICTOR S. YARROS

OURS is not a purely scientific age. In the first place, scientific men to-day are, as a rule, more modest than they were forty or thirty years ago, and claim far less for Science, with a capital S, than was the fashion during the last decades of the nineteenth century. In the second place, and largely because of the limitations frankly acknowledged by men of science, there has been of late a veritable renaissance of philosophy, if not of religion. Certain conceptions and assumptions in the domain of the natural sciences are so "idealistic" that the term "materialist" has lost its meaning. Science itself, in a word, has destroyed that narrow, superficial materialism which once so aggressively claimed the sole right to consider itself rational and scientific.

Once more, then, there is a field and a function for philosophy. But it is becoming increasingly difficult for the earnest lay inquirer and student to find in current philosophical writing a clear and sound definition of philosophy, and a satisfactory delimitation of its scope and province.

We have been told again and again that philosophy to-day is humble and does not pretend to explain the infinite and unknowable. We have also been told that philosophy has become practical and anxious to give aid in solving social and moral problems. We are told, half facetiously and half seriously, by Professor Bertrand Russell and the Pragmatists, as well as by the Neo-Realists and the Critical Realists, that in the older systems of philosophy there was a heavy admixture of humbug and barren dialectics. One is willing to grant all this, especially if one remembers that science and theology have also had their worthless ingredients. But the men who have much to say on the negative and critical aspects of the subject have strangely little to say on the simple, natural questions as to the mis-

sion and field of the new, the pure, the modest and practical philosophy. One sometimes doubts whether in the process of whittling down, clearing away, rejecting and disavowing, the modern philosophers have left themselves anything substantial and worthy of the name.

Philosophy once dealt with ethical, psychological and ontological problems. To-day it wisely leaves moral issues to the science of ethics, questions in psychology to the science of psychology, metaphysics to the professional metaphysicians, and so on. This policy we can all praise unreservedly. What we cannot praise is the reticence or silence of many philosophers on the type and kind of problems claimed by the philosopher *as solely or peculiarly his*. What does he do which the sciences cannot do and do not undertake to do? What, in short, is his contribution *as philosopher*?

Herbert Spencer, we may recall, regarded unification and synthesis as the mission of philosophy. Each science, according to him, solved certain problems and formulated certain laws and working theories. None of the scientific specialists—and all men of science are now specialists—attempt synthesis or unification; if such tasks are possible and profitable, some one not a specialist must attend to them. That some one, Spencer held, was the philosopher. It is he who co-ordinates, combines, harmonizes the respective conclusions of the several sciences, and it is he who, in the light of his synthesis, puts and answers certain questions not tackled by any science or group of allied sciences.

This was a very alluring theory respecting the function and mission of philosophy. But, alas, facts have played with it. The sciences have made wonderful progress since Spencer's day, but where is the philosophic synthesis, the unification? Spencer himself failed to produce any really synthetic philosophy; for some of his conclusions and convictions were too arbitrary and ascribable to temperament, mental habits, prejudices and environmental influences, and not at all to strict logic working objectively in the domain of science or philosophy. Spencer had definite views on politics, economics, ethics, social organization, education, religion. Other evolutionists, who started from the same premises as Spencer's biology, psychology and other sciences, arrived at political, or economic, or social, or moral conclusions radically, or totally, different from his. This, obviously, could not happen if the several sciences really imposed certain respective principles or deductions, and if the proper union of those principles and deductions imposed a certain philosophy of life and human conduct!

Spencer has few followers to-day as a philosopher. Some sort of philosophical synthesis is longed for and dreamed of, to be sure, but it is undeniable that those philosophers who claim to have made the greatest advance and to have attracted the most converts among instructed and cultivated men have refrained from encouraging such hopes and dreams.

There has been, from one point of view, striking progress in philosophy, but in what direction?

To answer this question, let us glance at the respective positions of three modern and influential philosophers—the late William James, Professor John Dewey and Professor Bertrand Russell.

James left no systematic, ambitious treatise on philosophy, but no attentive student of his stimulating and fascinating books and essays is in doubt concerning the essential elements of his philosophy. Moreover, an excellent summary of it is appended by Professor Perry to his work on *Present Philosophical Tendencies*. In Professor Perry's words, James, as a radical empiricist, a pluralist and a realist, could not but "abandon the easier and more high-handed philosophy of abstractions for the more difficult and less conclusive philosophy of concrete particulars." To him, then, philosophy was "the study of man as he works out his salvation." Keenly interested in humanly important problems, James "sought to answer for men the questions which exigencies of life led them to ask; and, where no certain answer was to be had, he offered the prop of faith." His philosophy "was his way of bringing men to the wisest belief which in their half-darkness they can achieve."

But it is necessary to bear in mind that the salvation James concerned himself with, the issues he faced, the faith he encouraged all had to do with the ethical, spiritual and religious values of human life. God, immortality, freedom, human destiny, truth, the nature of knowledge, the relation of object and subject, or thing and idea, the meaning of evil, the essence of good—these were the themes of James' philosophy. Politics, economics, administration, organization, mechanism, institutions interested James only insofar as they embodied ideals derived from philosophy. Like Tolstoy, James regarded "the meaning of life" and the purpose of God as man's greatest problems. In all this James, despite his strikingly original ideas and style, remained true to philosophic tradition. He was not an Agnostic in philosophy, any more than in religion. He sought his answers in human experience and he did not admit that they could be found outside of that experience. He staked everything on the

right interpretation of human experience—religious, spiritual and moral. To those who could not accept his interpretation he said frankly that he had no “message” for them. He merely admonished them to continue their search and their contemplation of experience. He could not guarantee the supremacy or triumph of good; God was to him only “one of the claimants”: the belief that the world is divine may not be susceptible of scientific proof, but it is as likely to be true as not, and, in any case, it helps humanity in the effort to make the world divine—that is, good.

Now, there is much in James that is tonic and inspiring, but it is evident on reflection that what he offers is not a philosophy, but “a second best,” a provisional substitute for philosophy. Indeed, by implication James denies the possibility of a *system* of philosophy. A few ideas about method, knowledge, mind, experience, function, activity are not sufficient to build up a philosophy in the proper definition of the term. Perhaps no coherent, true philosophy is possible, according to James, but he never said so.

We turn to Professor Dewey, who deals more fully and explicitly with the subject.

Professor Dewey deals with the mission and function of philosophy in several books, but nowhere more directly and elaborately than in his popular volume on *Reconstruction in Philosophy*. According to him, philosophy is not properly concerned, and cannot profitably concern itself with “puzzles of epistemology and the disputes between realist and idealist, between phenomenalist and absolutist.” It is, he says, the preoccupations of modern philosophers with alien and empty problems which have made that branch of knowledge and study “so remote from the understanding of the everyday person and from the results and processes of science.” Facing boldly and squarely the question what would be left to philosophy were it to renounce and abandon metaphysical and epistemology tasks, Professor Dewey writes in answer:

“Would not the elimination of the traditional problems permit philosophy to devote itself to a more fruitful and more needed task? Would it not encourage philosophy to face the great social and moral defects and troubles from which humanity suffers, to concentrate its attention upon clearing up the causes and exact nature of these evils and upon developing a clear idea of better social possibilities; in short, upon projecting an idea or ideal which, instead of expressing the notion of another world or some far-away, unrealizable goal, would be used as a method of understanding and rectifying specific social ills?”

That the foregoing statement is vague and incomplete, Professor Dewey is prompt to admit. But he seeks to amplify and clarify it by several "burning" illustrations. He refers to the world war, to the antagonism between capital and labor, the conflicts between social classes generally, the failure of the social sciences and the fine arts to keep pace with the exact sciences, with technique, with physical command of nature, and asks whether there be not to-day urgent need of more fundamental enlightenment and guidance than we possess—whether the time has not come to make a serious attempt—by means and methods peculiar to philosophy—"to find an intelligent substitute for blind custom and blind impulse as guides to life and conduct."

We have sufficiently indicated Professor Dewey's mature view of the province and mission of philosophy. Is it an altogether satisfactory view? Take his own illustrations. The question of war and peace is primarily an ethical question. It is also a biological question. It is, finally, a question of practical statesmanship, upon which history is capable of throwing much light. It is desirable to abolish war? If so, is it possible to do so? If possible, what are the most effective means to that end? Why have men fought; what have they fought for; what instrumentalities have they used to avoid war and settle disputes peacefully? Surely these questions will never be left to the philosopher. As intimated, biologists, sociologists, psychologists, moralists, theologians, economists, statesmen and writers of government are severally seeking and giving answers to them. They will continue to do so. If they shall fail to furnish the intelligent guidance needed, how will the philosopher furnish it, and what will be *his* data and materials? They cannot be different from those available to, and employed by, the sciences just named. There is, by the hypothesis we are discussing, no additional source of knowledge and wisdom open to philosophers. What, then, is to be their particular contribution?

Perhaps Professor Dewey implies—he does not say so explicitly—that the philosopher will assimilate and use the information and the inductions of all other sciences and build up a synthesis of his own. If so, he consciously or unconsciously reverts to the Spencerian idea of the task and business of philosophy, an idea, we repeat, which has not "marched" either in theory or in practical life.

What has been said about the war-and-peace problem may also be said about the capital-and-labor problem. Economists, moralists, theologians, historians, engineers and—of late—even psychologists

have been wrestling with that vexed and intricate question, and, as we know, nothing like a consensus of opinion has as yet developed even among advanced thinkers save, perhaps, to this extent—that the present system, mainly competitive, will be superseded in the course of time by a co-operative system largely if not entirely voluntary. Now, what can the philosopher add here to our knowledge? He must do what the humble lay person does—read Marx, Mallock, Hyndman, Kropotkine, Webb, Fabian literature, Cole, *et al*, and attempt to find a way of reconciling individualism with socialism, liberty with justice, progress with stability, private judgment with social control. And what are the chances of success in that attempt, or of agreement, among philosophers? It is perfectly certain that some philosophers will lean toward individualism, others toward Socialism, some toward conservatism, others toward radicalism. Our last state will be no better than our first. In addition to controversies among economists, moralists, theologians, etc., we shall have controversies among economists, moralists, theologians, etc., we shall have controversies among self-styled philosophers, would-be builders of synthetic systems!

Professor Dewey, we fear, claims for the philosopher at once too much and too little; too much, because Professor Dewey's philosopher would have to master all the sciences, keep abreast of the leading specialists and evolve a synthesis for the guidance of mankind; too little, because Professor Dewey's philosopher would have no corner, no patch of his own, no set of questions definitely assigned to him for investigation.

Yet Professor Dewey is most instructive and suggestive in that part of his volume in which he emphasizes and drives home the fact that "philosophy originated not out of intellectual material, but out of social and emotional material"; that "it has sprung from a clash of social ends and from a conflict of inherited institutions with incompatible contemporary tendencies": that under disguises and seeming abstractions unrelated to reality it "has been occupied with the precious values embedded in social traditions," and that the history of philosophy must be studied "not as an isolated thing, but as a chapter in the development of civilization and culture." It is certainly true—though often overlooked—that philosophy never really confined itself to ultimate and absolute reality—whatever that may be—or to things-in-themselves, or to entities above and beyond all human experience. We moderns want philosophy to deal frankly and directly with human experience, with reality, with the drama of

existence, with the moral and spiritual forces and the intellectual conceptions that produce that drama. But the question remains, has the philosopher a corner of his own to occupy and illuminate, or is he a sort of general manager, or chairman of the board of directors, in the house of the sciences, the arts, the religions and the politico-social systems of the world?

If a lay lover of philosophy may venture to express an opinion, philosophy cannot afford to abdicate, to renounce all territorial claims, to limit itself to the supervisory and co-ordinating function simply and solely. The philosopher should indeed be wiser, broader and more learned than any specialist. But he must in a sense, and to some extent, *be a specialist himself*. He should know everything about something that other savants neglect or study only superficially. We must have problems specifically and particularly his.

Moreover, there can be but little doubt as to the type and kind of problems that are philosophical in character. Man's relation to the universe is essentially a philosophical problem, though man's place in nature is primarily a biological problem. The test of truth is a philosophical problem, and so is the nature and meaning of reality. So is the "meaning of meaning," a subject about which a remarkable work has just been written. Realists, Pragmatists, Neo-Realists, Neo-Idealists, Critical Realists as well as unattached thinkers and writers of ability and erudition are not open to censure or ridicule for the subject-matter of their investigations or the methods they adopt. They have not strayed from their proper province; they are at home, engaged in the work assigned to them by tradition, by reason, by scientific classification of the activities of the human mind.

And assuredly the problems just specified as being strictly and unmistakably philosophical are not divorced from life, not empty, not trivial, not imaginary. They are, on the contrary, problems which even common sense now recognizes as possessing significance and sustaining vital relations to morals, religion, economics and politics. As to science, what specialist absorbed in biological, psychological, geological, anthropological, historical or other problems ever stops to consider the questions above defined as philosophical? On the contrary, the scientific specialists eagerly disclaim any competence or disposition to deal with those matters. They must be studied and discussed and settled by philosophers, if at all. And it is perfectly safe to say that they will be studied by the philosophers of all schools, though perhaps not in the same way, or under the same method.

It is gratifying to note that Professor Bertrand Russell, the iconoclast in philosophy, as in politico-social speculation, takes substantially the same view as we have just expressed, even though he, too, may be charged with unduly narrowing in one respect the scope and mission of philosophy. Mr. Russell is one of the thinkers who, to use the words of another philosopher, give mathematics "a sort of central position in philosophic speculation." He has been greatly impressed by, and has aided in furthering, the use of mathematics by, and the penetration of mathematics into, philosophic studies and modes of approach. In a sense, therefore, Mr. Russell's views of the subject we are discussing in this paper are even more interesting than those of Professor Dewey or of William James. In dealing with the ideas of the school of mathematical philosophers we have a feeling of thorough-going modernity and of intimacy with the scientific spirit. And what does Mr. Russell tell us in regard to the jurisdiction and proper claims of philosophy? This, in the briefest possible but rigorously correct summary:

That the true aim of philosophy is a "theoretical understanding of the world"; that philosophy is a highly refined, highly civilized pursuit, whose objects are "strange, unusual and remote"; that philosophy can do nothing to satisfy our more human desires, or to help demonstrate our world has this or that "desirable ethical characteristic; that the differences between good and bad are not sufficiently abstract to come within the province of philosophy; that love and hate are, from the philosophers' viewpoint, closely analogous attitudes toward an object; that while a vague sort of ethical interest may prompt philosophers they must beware of any ethical bias and take care to keep the results sought by their studies free from any ethical admixture; that philosophy must not hope to find any answer to the practical problems of life, but content itself with dry and abstract issues; that its hopes are "purely intellectual," and based on the ultimate intrinsic value in the contemplation of truth; that philosophers must acquire the disinterested intellectual curiosity which distinguishes the genuine man of science.

How different, how startlingly different, these ideas are from those of James or of Professor Dewey! What is the poor layman to think in the presence of such disagreements and contradictions!

But on one point Mr. Russell is staunchly orthodox. Philosophy, he says, must have a province of its own and aim at results which the other sciences can neither prove nor disprove; it must consist of propositions which could not even occur to the other sciences. The

essence of philosophy is logic, and it is modern logic—one part of which merges into mathematics—which has rendered philosophic discussion scientific and significant.

The foregoing requires no elaborate comment. Mr. Russell, though hoping for much from the new conception, the new start, in philosophy, promises little of a tangible character. He has scant respect for philosophic stocks—traditions, postulates, ideas—if, indeed, any stocks are left on the shelves after decades of mutually destructive criticism by the philosophers themselves. What he is certain of is that, at last, philosophy can forge ahead with confidence. What its field is, however, Mr. Russell does not tell us in clear language. He has definite ideas as to what philosophy cannot and should not undertake to do, but he gives us no definite idea as to what that branch of science and knowledge can and should endeavor to do. He is sure the philosophic output of the future, provided mathematics and logic control it, will be excellent, dependable and enduring, but he is vague concerning the nature and complexion of the product to be offered to the world by philosophers of the right school. Perhaps he is not willing to commit himself too far, seeing that the present period is one of transition and reconstruction in philosophy. Be this as it may, the lay student and the general public, who are being urged constantly to cultivate philosophy and encourage it by seeking its guidance and marrying it to life, will be more intrigued by Mr. Russell than enlightened.

The educated and reflective lay public has never doubted the fact that philosophy deserves a place in the sun. It has never doubted that philosophy aims to minister to the higher needs of man. But it is watchfully awaiting developments in philosophy, especially the emergence of a consensus of opinion as to the mission, function and exact province of philosophy.

THE SUN IN THE TALMUD

BY JULIUS J. PRICE.

THE Hebrews conceive of the sun as a torch of light suspended in the firmament (Gen. 1:16). The Greeks, however, regarded the worship of the moon, sun and stars so that nations do not become utterly Godless. (comp. Clem. Alex. Stnom. Book vi c. 13). That they must have worshipped (comp. Pliny, H. N. 11, 6, 12) this luminary (Comp. Cicero, Somnum Scip., c. 4) in adoption of non-Hebrew, Canaanitish or Babylonian custom during the periods of their back slidings, may be admitted on the evidence of such ancient names and localities as Beth-Shemesh and Enshemesh. This practice confirmed to the ancient opinion, that the sun was supreme because it led the starry choir, because it was King and guide of all the other luminaries and therefore, master of the whole world (see Julian of Lavdicoe, Cat. codd. Asbn. I. P. 36, L. I.) The Rabbis referring to this idolatrous sun worship say, "when the sun rises and all the kings of the west and the East put on their crowns and worship him; at once God is (Berachoth 7a) angry." But God on the other hand will not destroy the sun because people are foolish in worshipping (A. Z. 54 b.) According to their conception, the sun bows down before God and declares its obedience in His Commandments.

"Antonius (Sanhedrin 91b) Cæsar (Rashi in explaining the Emperor's meaning, states that what Antonius really meant was why is it that the sun should describe a visible circle and set where it rises in the East which would doubtless be more proper than rising in one place and setting in another, Rabbi, however, held that the sun in the east makes obedience to his Creator) asked Rabbi (the editor of the Mishnah): "Why does the sun rise in the East and set in the West?" "Thou wouldst ask the same question if the reverse were the case," was the reply. Antonius said: "I only mean whether it is for any particular reason that he sets in the west." "Yes,"

answered Rabbi, "to salute his Creator who is in the East," for it is said (Neh. ix :6) : "And the host of heaven worship thee."

In order to protect future generations from falling into the errors of their predecessors, the Rabbis forbade the eating of animals slain to the sun (Hullin 40a), and demanded that all vessels with the delineations of the sun upon them should be cast in the salt sea (A. Z. 42b), for we read, (a) "Animals slain in worship to mountains, hills, streams, deserts, the sun, moon, stars and constellations, in the name of Michael, the great prince, or the smallest insect, are sacrifices of the dead," and (b) "If one finds vessels with delineations of the sun, the moon or of a serpent upon them, let him cast them into the salt sea."

The Rabbis tells us that the sun pursues four paths (Peshim 94b). From Nisan to Sivan (Spring) he moves along the mountains to melt the snows. From Tammuz to Ellul (Summer) he moves over the inhabited parts of the earth to ripen the fruits. From Tishri to Kislev (Autumn) he moves over the seas to dry up the rivers. And it is about this time that they ceased to cut fuel for the use of the altar, because owing to the diminished power of the sun, it would not be dried, and the moisture might attract insects which would render it illegal (Taanith 31a). From Taveth to Adar (Winter) the sun moves over the deserts in order not to injure the crops. According to Rabbi Nathan, however, "The sun in the summer season moves in the height of the firmament: hence the whole world is hot and the Spring cold. In the rainy season the sun moves at the lower part of the firmament: hence the whole world is cold and the springs warm" (Pesahim 94b).

The sun passes every day over the whole inhabited portion of the earth. For thou mayest observe, that during the fifth hour (11 a. m.) the sun is in the East: in the seventh (1 p. m.) he is in the West: But during half of the sixth and half of the seventh, he is over the heads of (ibid. 94a) all men."

The sages of Israel (94b), however, affirm that by day the sun moves underneath the firmament and therefore is seen, and by night he pursues his course above the firmament and hence is not (Comp. Rashi a. l.) seen. But the sages of the nations of the world maintain, that by day the sun moves underneath the firmament, and by night underneath the earth. Rav said: "Their view (Rashi a. l. seems to be of the opinion that the springs are warmed by the sun from underneath the earth, is evident from the vapour which one may

see ascending every morning from the rivers) seems preferable to ours; for the springs are cold by day and tepid by night.

Rabbi Yosi says: If one cannot ascertain the different quarters of the earth, he may do so by means of the solar revolution. Where the sun rises and sets on the shortest day, there is the south side. Where the sun rises and sets on the longest day, there is the north side. At the vernal and autumnal equinoxes, the sun rises and sets due East and West; as it is said (Ex. I. 6.) "He (the sun) goes toward the south and turns about to the north," i. e., by day he goes to the south and by night he turns about to the north. Turning (Rashi explains the passage as follows: The north side is where thou seest the sun rise on the longest day of the season ending mid-summer at one point and set at opposite point: because the sun "goes" only by day and he does so always from the east to the south; but by night he "turns about on the convex side of the firmament. On the longest day the sun rising in the northwest corner "goes" east, south and west, and sets in the northwest corner "turning about," in pursuing his course on the convex side of the firmament along the north and reappearing in the morning, no more in the northeast corner but a little lower on the east side which makes the day a little shorter. On that day he sets a little short of the northwest corner and "turns about," that little space (of the west) the whole north and an additional little space (to the east, on the convex side). And so on every day until the end of the summer season (Autumnal equinox) He rises due east and sets due west and then (an equal). But the sun still continues receding towards the south both at his rising and setting), turning, goes the sun," i. e., in the east and west where he sometimes "goes," and sometimes "turns about."

The fixing of the beginning and ending of religious festivals and services necessitates an exact knowledge of rising and setting of the sun. According to the Mosaic Law, every day begins with sunrise and ends with sunset. This confirms to the opinion of Rabbi Yosi that twilight is like the twinkling of an eye; that is to say, with sunset day immediately changes to night. The Rabbis differ as to the duration of twilight. Rabbi Nechimyah says: "The duration of twilight from sunset is equal to the time which it takes a man to walk a half mile." Rav Chanena says: "If a man wishes to know the length of twilight, according to Rabbi Nechemyah, let him descend and dip in the sea just when the sun is still seen from the top of Carmel, and by the time he has emerged, twilight will be over." (Sabbath 35a).

"A fast day is not completed before the sun has (Taanith 12a) gone down," and a wrong decision by the authorities regarding the setting of the sun is considered a great error, for well do the rabbis remark, "If the constituted authorities have decided that the sun had gone down and he shines afterwards, this is not a decision, but an error (Yevamoth 92b).

A solar eclipse is an evil omen to the whole world. As if a king of flesh and blood had prepared a feast for his slaves and placed a light before them: when displeased at them, he orders his attendant to remove the light and leave them in darkness. Tradition teaches, Rabbi Meir says: Whenever the (celestial) luminaries are smitten, it is an evil omen to the enemies of Israel (euphemistically for Israel) because they are habituated to chastisements. When a schoolmaster enters the schoolroom with a thong in his hand, who is afraid? He that is accustomed to be beaten every (Taanith 8b) day.

When the sun is smitten, it is an evil omen to idolaters; and when the moon is smitten, it is an evil omen to the enemies of Israel, because Israel reckons time by the moon and the nations of the world reckon by the sun. If smitten in the east, it is an evil omen to the dwellers of the east; if in the west, it is an evil omen to the dwellers of the west. If his appearance be like blood, a sword, war is imminent: if black, it is indicative of coming famine; if it exhibits both colors, then both calamities may be expected. If smitten at sunset, the calamity is slow in coming; if at sunrise its advance is rapid. Some say that it is just the reverse (Succah 29a). And no nation is chastised by its deities are chastised with it: as it is said (Ex. xii:12) "And upon all the gods of Egypt will I execute judgment." But when the people of Israel do the will of God, they are not afraid of these things; for it is said (Jer. x:2): "Thus saith the Lord: Learn ye not the way of the Gentiles and be not afraid of the signs of heaven."

The sun is generally smitten on four occasions. When a president of a tribunal dies, and is not mourned over according to Rabbinical enactment; when a betrothed virgin cries in the city and no one comes to her assistance on account of self-abuse with mankind; and on account of the blood of two brothers shed at the same time. Other celestial luminaries are smitten on account of forged documents, false testimony, the rearing of small cattle in the land of Israel, and for cutting down useful trees (ibid).

The Rabbis record three occurrences in which the regularity of the sun's daily progress was suspended. According to tradition, the

sun was arrested in its course for the sake of Joshua, so was he also for the sake of Moses and Nicodemon ben (A. Z. 25a; comp. Also Ginzberg, *The Legends of the Jews*, vol. iv, p. 10) Guryon. In this connection it might be well to note that Homer (it might be well to note Horace's *Epodes* and *Satires*, 45-46 in this respect) likewise records an incident wherein a like incident occurred through the influence of a Greek Hero.

Our sages have taught: But for the noise occasioned by the whirling of the solar wheel, the hubbub of the city of Rome might be heard: and but for the hubbub of the city, the noise of the solar wheel might be heard (*Yoma* 20b). Again, there are three noises resounding from one end of the world to the other. These are: The noise of the soul when she parts with the body. The noise of the solar wheel, the noise of the hubbub of the city. Some add the noise of children. Some say also, the noise of (*ibid*) Rediia (i. e. Ploughing, Heifer, the name of an angel charged with watering the earth. Comp. Rashi, a. e.) Owing to the prayers of our Rabbis, the noise of the soul at the time of parting with the body has been suppressed.

The sun is benevolent (*Sam.* xxiii:4): and brings forth the fruits of the earth (*Dent.* xxxiii:14). The light is sweet; and it is delightful for the eyes to behold the sun (*Eccl.* xi:7). Sunshine on the Sabbath day is a boon for the poor; as it is said (*Mal.* iv:20: "And to you that fear my name, (i. e., that keep the Sabbath, Rashi), the sun will shine as a boon for healing his wings." (*Taanith* 8b).

THE WISDOM OF HERODOTUS

BY JONATHAN WRIGHT, M. D.

Just what part wisdom plays in science it is hard to say. It is not large. Science is knowledge, but knowledge is power only when it has an admixture of a very different thing,—wisdom. A man is not wise because he knows a lot of things. He is wise when he knows the relation between them, not alone in a review of the past as Virgil has it,—happy is he who has been able to discern the causes of things, —but especially in his comprehension of the present and in his forecast of the future. So long as education is confined to the acquisition of knowledge it is working at only a small part of a man's destiny and the practical results are,—in the most important affairs of life,—disappointing. Wisdom is very old in the world, much older than science, even as its conception occurs to the mind without much thought of its definition and without critical analysis. Just in proportion to a man's capacity to travel back over the history of thought and his ability to keep on the trace of science amidst a maze of other activities of the mind does science age for him. It merges insensibly first into knowledge and then into wisdom and there's where we find it in Herodotus. Now knowledge "is the state of being or having become aware of truth," while science is gained by "systematic observation, experiment and reasoning, co-ordinated, arranged and systematized." If our historical student, going backward, takes notice when he abandons the Latin word, science, for the Saxon word, knowledge—or the middle English and Icelandic,—the dictionary says, when he steps across the barriers insensibly imposed by the evolution of thought on our conceptions,—he need go back only two or three generations,—he will find his horizon broadens. Though it may grow more distant and dim when the conceptions of science and

*The references not otherwise indicated are to *Herodoti Historiarum Libri*, IX ed. Dietsch-Kallenberg (Teubner).

knowledge merge the same thing happens when knowledge merges with wisdom in the seven wise men of ancient thought.

In this sense science may be co-eval with wisdom, but neither science nor knowledge are co-extensive with wisdom and the Greeks, knowing all this, invented a word for which we have no equivalent, which is broader than them all,—*sophrosyne*,—a word we have almost adopted in our own language without being able to translate it and Herodotus had this more in mind than wisdom alone when he told the story of Cræsus and Solon, of Cyrus and Astyages, of Xerxes, of many another historical figure so dim to us now but for his pages.

Cyrus claimed¹ to be the favorite of the gods, because of his lucky escape from ravening beasts when as a babe he was exposed on the mountains of Media and carried home by a shepherd to his wife who had lost her own suckling. Astyages, his wicked grandfather, who had thrown him to the beasts of the field and the birds of the air, was stricken of God, not on account of his manifold sins, but because he appointed Harpagus, whom he had mortally, horribly, incredibly injured to a position of trust. To slay a man's only son and cut him up in steaks and roasts and set the cooked meat before the unsuspecting father and after he had partaken of it at the feast to tell him on what he had dined and then appoint him generalissimo of his armies, is to us all incredible. Indeed this might need the interference of God to bring it about and His intercession to make us believe such a story or similar episodes in the archives of the Atreidæ and others. The primitive creed that every thing is in the hands of God helps greatly our comprehension, but we of the western world read of such things in the pages of Herodotus, not with absolute incredulity because of the enormity of the deed, but with revolt at the thought of such folly, such absolute absence of wisdom in the ruler of an Oriental empire, not inconsiderable even before Cyrus. We know man can be a cruel beast, more cruel than any beast, but even now we can't reconcile ourselves to the idea a man can be a fool and sit long on any throne. It seems to us Cyrus was not so much favored of God in having been saved from wild beasts as in having such a grandfather as Astyages. Whatever the truth of the tale, we see peeping through it the motif in the philosophy of the ancient Greek that no wisdom, however effective in action, can provide for the fortuitous arrangement of atoms or of events in the world or in our world.

¹*Herodoti Historiarum Libri, IX* ed. Dietsch—Kallenberg (Teubner), 107 seq.

Herodotus heard the story, we infer from what he says, from the Medes and Persians perhaps a hundred and fifty years after it could have occurred. Now much may be said of his critical acuteness in sifting the sources of history I have already urged. He stands a little aloof from the story of Cyrus' birth and exposure and bringing up. It is the common stock out of which heroes and prophets are myth-made. So we may be privileged, if we are skeptical, to believe that Cyrus was the herdsman's son and had the wisdom of the serpent not alone in taking the advantage of a fool on the throne of Persia, but in starting the tale of his being in the royal line of descent, without which nothing of the kind was possible for a candidate of royal honors in the Persia of his day. But why should Herodotus have believed that Astyages could have been such a fool and still have had the astuteness to preserve his ascendancy over the wild and unruly tribes of the Medes in the mountains and the Persians of the plains, until he had ruled thirty-five years? Well, stories of this kind were not absent at all from the legends of ancient Greece. The fact is that such tales were believed by the Greeks and became current coin for the historian, but unlike similar tales among primitive people, the Greeks rested theirs on a quite plausible theory of religion and of all things Herodotus was a religious man, to whom philosophy and religion were synonyms. If an irresponsible God rules the world by interference more or less direct in the affairs of men why should not He and his satellites, the gods or the fates, produce such prodigies as a miraculous fool on a shaking throne? Then they go on to show how Nemesis introduces folly and madness into the minds of supremely fortunate and supremely powerful men. We sometimes call it paresis, but on the whole this does not cover the ground. The Greeks may have missed the pathology of it occasionally, but far better than we, they knew the disease of the mind which leaves no track at autopsy. Why should not Astyages have ordered his grandson killed because of a dream? Did Napoleon prate of his destiny, his star, for effect only? However that may be, it arose out of the inmost chambers of the soul. Why should not Astyages have played the part of an incredible fool in his dealings with Harpagus? The modern mind, it is true, is resistant to such suggestions but back of the Greek, back of Herodotus stood his philosophy, his religion.

The gods of the Greeks were too much like men not to be jealous of them, thought the Greek. There is still no quarter of the inhabited globe where riches suddenly acquired or prosperity long continued does actually make such an absurd fool of a man as in Italy

or Greece today. Our vulgar *nouveaux riches*, hard enough on the sensibilities of their fellow countrymen, can neither in France nor in England nor in America be placed in the same class with them, but in all there is that loss of the sense of proportion—of the just value of things, which is the inevitable result when human nature is exposed to certain strains and stresses of life without compensating supports of philosophy furnished by one's environment or by quite exceptional fibre in one's moral nature,—by nurture or nature. Practically we are all of us *nouveaux riches* in chrysalis. Evidently the ancient Greek thought just so and he took refuge in a mysticism to explain it and with this as a background the psychological element in the etiology stands forth as the literature of no other age has exhibited it. We see out of what have sprung a hundred wise saws familiar to the copy books of our youth. "Pride goeth before a fall." "Him whom the gods wish to destroy they first make mad"—with riches or with power. The hand of God must have been laid on the man at the start that he by his prosperity should have gradually and silently and subtly lost the very faculties by which he or his ancestor had secured it. The "sophrosyne" of the Greeks was the antidote their philosophers wished to instill into the souls of men to turn them from this path to ruin. It is a term we cannot translate, but as near to "wisdom" in functioning of mind as can be conceived. We find the Father of History impregnated with this philosophy. It was the atmosphere in which he lived. How can a man escape that? If he has any message at all for the men of his generation his literary product must be suffused with it. If he thinks he has a message for any future age there is only a chance in a million that he is not mistaken.

The preponderating chance at the time for the confident prophet is that his message, so pressing for his own environment, finds no one at home seventy-five generations later and that the prophet's confidence is a touch of that very insanity of which we have been speaking. It is only as looking backward we see it was no mere chance alone that has put the apothegms of Hippocrates and Herodotus in our text books. We see it is because our civilization followed a certain path along which Greek wisdom has here and there bloomed. Events might well have pursued other paths, the chance of battle at Marathon or Lepanto, at Platæa or Vienna, or the mere accident in their shaping which does not so strike our imagination and appeal to our homicidal nature as what happens on fields of battle and we would not have been what we are. Another turn of the card

and the wisdom of Herodotus would not have interested us at all. It is that turn of the card that did happen, many turns of many cards, which the Greeks saw as Nemesis which affiliates us with their philosophy, the fortuitous sequence of events which they visualized in a less teleological way also as the Fates. Immutable as they at one moment visualize it, at the next it is the intervention of a jealous god which guides Astyages along the path to destruction. Such inconsistency still exists in the thought of our time, the tag ends of controversy of another generation as to fore-destination and free will, so let us not stop to wonder at the contradictions of Greek thought. For Herodotus, like the devout in our day, it was the hand of God. For Democritus and for Lucretius and for us materialists who are their heirs, it is the fortuitous aggregation of atoms and events. What Herodotus wrote for the men of his day goes home to us here thousands of years afterwards, thousands of miles away in a land, travelled man as he was, Herodotus never dreamed of. I am not much of a believer in immutable truths, but this wisdom of Herodotus comes very near being one of the eternal verities if there are such things.

Herodotus drives the lesson home in many other passages. Some one may show sometime he has perverted the springs of history in doing it. They have tried hitherto to show that he has, but they have not succeeded; still they may. I do not know about that, but the lesson is a good one and can never be too often illustrated. We know the story of Cræsus and Solon. It is one of the tales of Herodotus which has found its way into our reading books. It was the wisdom of Herodotus, it was the wisdom of his day, it is the wisdom of ours, still with many illustrations in life all around us, in history in the making. When Herodotus told of Solon's unheeded warning to Cræsus that for all one's riches and power the world must wait until the man died to pronounce him happy, he was but echoing the lines of Euripides:² "Let no one be held happy before his death." On this with all the skill of his art he based the sketch, which remains to us as the history of Cræsus, the story of his vast riches, his overwhelming vanity, his readiness to venture at war with a great conqueror inured to arms and backed by a disciplined force of devoted and hardy slaves. From the blazing fagots and the swirling smoke of the pyre on which Cyrus bound his captive rose the cry: "Oh, Solon, Solon, Solon." And that cry saved his life, his life and

² Euripides: Trojan Women ll. 509-510.

nothing more. I know no lesson in all the homilies, temporal or secular, ever preached, aimed to inculcate wisdom in the sons of men, which has so deserved to have a career in the world, not for its worldly wisdom alone, but also for the dramatic force with which the lesson was driven home. It was 561 B. C. when Cræsus came to the throne and it was 546 B. C. when Cyrus sacked his city of Sardes and probably took him captive then, after he had established that gold coinage of which last year such a rich find was made there by American archæologists.³

After Cyrus had snatched him from the flames, curious to know who Solon was, and finding Cræsus suddenly (a little too suddenly, it seems to me) become a wise and a good man, honoring the gods at least, he asked: "Who in the world induced you to make an attack upon my territories, you, who have hitherto been my friend?" "O King," humbly said the chastened plutocrat, "I have done this for your glorification and for my shame. The reason of it is that the god of the Greeks tempted me to wage an offensive war against you. No one is such a fool as to prefer war to peace, for in the former sons bury their fathers, in the latter fathers bury their sons." This the man snatched from the burning said when the smoke got out of his eyes. Did the prisoner of St. Helena see that truth written on the South Atlantic skies? Does the hermit of Doorn get a glimpse of it through the fogs of Holland? Now what arguments did the jealous god of the Greeks insidiously instill into the mind of the exultant nouveau riche to lure him on to his destruction? We will wave the oracles aside, deceptive enough for a mind already deceived. They stand in the foreground of Herodotus' tales with omens and dreams. We refuse to give them importance. It was the statecraft of the Lydian monarch, master of vast resources, who had already yielded to the temptation to overpower the neighboring states of his Asiatic Greek kindred. He heard of the rise of the Persian power in the hinterland and he determined to attack it before it overwhelmed him. Though Herodotus does not say so, we know what all his counsellors except Solon, told him. We have heard it in our day. Prepare for war if you wish peace and when prepared for war strike at any one you think you see making ready for war before he is your equal. The man of business chimes in. Do unto others as others would do unto you and do it first. It is smart and its neat perversion of our ethical maxim makes it funny. That's the way the god of the Greeks led him into a delirium and Solon saw his

³ *American Journal of Archaeology*, Oct.-Dec. 1922, vol. 4, p. 389.

state and did not know what was going to happen, but went off muttering the wisdom of Herodotus and Plutarch, copied the sayings of Solon and the sequel, as Herodotus put them in his histories, and they both have handed them to us. I do not know why history should be written at all, except possibly for nursery tales, unless bearded men can find in it some such wisdom as the Father of History thus lays at our feet. All the people who make history tell us that the annalist is necessarily a liar. Why should the historian not try to be a moralist?

It would be perfectly easy to show how this motif in the histories of Herodotus is an ever recurring one hidden in the consciousness of the annalist,—perhaps unconsciously back of some of the tales, but the modern reader should not graft on it a sprig from the ethical tree of Christian life,—be good and you will be happy. Not all are happy in after life,—after a life of wickedness. Herodotus knew this. Modern homilies know it, but these are less familiar with the non-success of virtue and occasionally admit that disaster of religious ethics,—the mystery of evil. Herodotus and his Greeks however looked life steadily in the eye. Cypselus after a life of un pitying wickedness, cruelty, treachery and bestiality, after reigning over Corinth for thirty years, ended his life happily and his son Periander became his even more cruel successor in the tyranny.⁴ Herodotus drops the remark, almost incidentally as to the beast of Corinth,—having reigned thirty years and having ended the web of life happily his son Periander succeeded him in the tyranny.

So it was not because the moral sense of the gods was injured that they dealt heavily with Astyages and Crœsus, stripping them of their wealth and power. It was because their immoral sense was injured, the sense of jealousy that mortal man could rise so high as to suggest a rivalry with them. That was the, to us, degrading symbolism the Greeks threw over the fate of men losing their equilibrium when raised on high, but it was nearer to the truth than our own, it was more of a mental problem to them than a moral one. It is a psychological phenomenon of idealistic ethical values which has served to obscure the truth and hide the facts. Ethics had little to do with their gods. It seldom had much to do with primitive religion. It still remains no part of theology in the stricter sense. Ethics was a part of their philosophy, not of their religion. So far as it was not pure oriental fatalism it was because these unfortunates of Herodotus were sinners against wisdom—*sophrosyne*— that they fell from

⁴ *Herodoti Historiarum Libri*, v. 92.

power. The mystery of evil, the problem which has haunted us since the Church more and more insistently has coupled theology with ethics, had no mystery for them. One must not forget the clinging to oriental fatalism in all this and at the same time to an arbitrary deity exercising his functions quite aside from the interposition of natural law. It lingers with us yet. With bowed heads and crushed hearts we still say, Thy will be done, Inshallah, Kismet, Nitshevo. No virtue, no wisdom even, can forestall what the Fates allot each man ran through all Greek thought as it runs through ours. Napoleon talked about his star. It is the favorite attitude of triumphant effrontery. Yet the greatest of all the conquerors had at last insight into just what the Greeks meant when they insisted the gods were ever laying snares for the victorious, but they realized only too late they were in the toils. Napoleon knew there was no halt for him. He must move on or perish at home when his country had become enamoured of him because of his activity. Torpor meant ruin. Cæsar exposing himself unguarded to the tyrannicides daggers, Cæsar with the world at his feet preparing for the Parthian war, knew it was to come to this at last. What difference whether he died from the dagger of a "friend" or from a Parthian arrow? It was better than the stones of a disenchanting rabble at Rome. Napoleon carried his vial of poison with him, but failed to take it at the right time. Perhaps something of the kind moved Cyrus, the King of Kings, to perish in a foolish war against a petty barbarous people on his northern frontiers. Victory had nothing in it for him except the death he found and perhaps sought. It is not to be wondered at that the Greek mind wandered between the Kismet of the Asiatics, the snares of the gods, and the sins committed against "sophrosyne." For us the latter is the only moral, the experience of life and the history of three thousand years allows us to draw.

One of the stories referred to more frequently than other incidents in the pages of Herodotus was that of Xerxes weeping⁵ at the review of his countless host after they had crossed the Hellespont. Doubtless concealing or not understanding the true cause of his emotion he said he wept because the thought came to him that in a hundred years all that vast multitude would be dead, so brief is human life, but Artabanes assured him that there was not one of them but would in his life be so miserable that he would wish to die rather than to live. It is the misfortunes and sufferings of life make it seem long and life becoming burdensome death is the desired refuge, but life in reality is short. This is the opening thought of

the Aphorisms of Hippocrates as they have been arranged from his works by some unknown hand. It has been easy for a German scholar to point out the curious parallels in the thought of Euripides with some of the Hippocratic writings. We have found the saying of Solon appearing in Herodotus and unacknowledged of course in the lines of Euripides in regard to the uncertainty of happiness for men. I might have also shown the parallel of fathers burying their sons instead of the reverse, which we have found in Herodotus, perhaps also from Solon, is reproduced as well in *The Trojan Women* of Euripides, and here we are reminded of Hippocrates as we enter upon the subject of euthanasia at the door of the disgust for life. This too penetrated all Greek thought. It is absurd to suppose it borrowed always from one by another. Let us see if we can trace it to its origin in the life of primitive man in the pages of Herodotus and elsewhere.

They say that General Sherman, who had a wealth of human tenderness at the bottom of his rugged soul, became wearied beyond endurance with the band playing *Marching Through Georgia*, and being like many tender-hearted men somewhat short in temper in later life, would break out in wild profanity whenever he found he must listen to it again. We shall have no reason to wonder that Dr. Osler was overcome with a similar feeling towards the passing jest that made him so unwillingly famous among the laity. He had a right to be dumbfounded and disgusted that an idle turn of phrase made him responsible for a thought which is embodied in the history of thought, as it is easily to be found at almost every turn in its ancient and modern records. Herodotus⁶ relates the Thracians mourn over the new born babe entering a world of sorrows and they rejoice at the death of those dearly beloved as they are departing for rest or happiness ever more. Is not this a much more logical and unselfish attitude than that of the Christians who profess a belief in beatitude after death, but mourn when their friends, whom they enjoy, are torn from them by it and dread its approach to themselves as the King of Terrors? It is clear that Herodotus has exposed the springs of desire and despair, which lay at the heart of primitive man, unsmirched by the contortions and tergiversations of our civilization, as it lies at the heart of modern men. In a way we may say that this is an underlying cause why aged relatives are frequently killed by savage tribes and life and death regarded merely as a choice between evils that are known and the possibility of unknown evil, it is true but the probability of rest.

⁶ *Herodoti Historiarum Libri*, VII, 46.

⁷ *Ibid.*, v. 6.

That petty barbarous people on his northern marches, against whom Cyrus threw himself in the foreline of battle were the Massagetæ.⁷ Herodotus relates how Cyrus, after having made himself master of all hither Asia and much of northern India, forming one of the largest empires the world has ever seen, perished miserably in an attack on this tribe, dwelling along the Araxes river and his incidental account of this people supplies us with one or two items of interest in ethnology and even in medicine, but also introduces us to the mainsprings of the ethics in the philosophy of the Greeks and Romans which looked with indulgence on suicide, practised by so many of the stoics though not countenanced by all of them, and universally abhorred by the populace. The exigencies of the state prevents anyone from putting into action his belief that any particular one of his fellow men has lived long enough, but the moralists of these early organizations almost invariably commended the man who came to that conclusion as to himself and acted accordingly. The conviction that life is unbearable has its roots then in the earliest records of mankind and it is only in our day we have seen a strong moral sentiment against the practice of suicide rather ridiculously enacted into statutes, but of course no state could exist whose individuals preferred not to await the conviction and convenience of others in this matter of killing the sick and aged. Herodotus says, however, of the Massagetæ, "there is no specified time of life for it, but when a man gets to be very old all his relatives gather around him and use him and also with him sheep and goats as a sacrifice to the gods." In the previous paper on Herodotus in this journal I have alluded to a like rumor he relates of a people in further India, who kill and eat their relatives before they are unfit for food, but with the same sad convictions as to the worthlessness of life. With interested motives such as this it is a little surprising to hear of the survival of such people, with convictions and practices apparently unchanged, into comparatively recent times.

We get another hint from Strabo.⁸ According to him it is mentioned by Menander in a lost play and there existed a law in a state, probably more advanced in organization than the Massagetæ, embodying the unfortunate joke of Osler in a statute. Menander makes one of his characters say: "Phanias, that is a good law of the Cæns. Who cannot live comfortably, let him not live miserably." It is another instance of the fact to which I have so often drawn attention, there is no modern joke whose counterpart can not be found

⁷ *Ibid*, I. 201.

among people of the ancient civilizations, which, though ancient are still our own. Strabo says the law ordained that those above sixty years of age should be compelled to drink hemlock in order that there might be sufficient food for the rest. Ceos is an island in the Aegean. It is said that once when they were being besieged by the Athenians a decree was passed to the effect that the older persons, fixing the age, should be put to death and that in consequence the besiegers retired, —whether horrified at the cruel order or discouraged in the attempt to take a place whose citizens were so resolute to defend it.

Diodorus Siculus⁹ tells how at Meroe in Ethiopia the priests of the gods who were the most powerful of all men send whensoever they please to the King telling him to put himself to death, as such is the pleasure of the gods. Many of the ancient tyrants, Nero as to Seneaca, it is said, gave the same gracious privilege to some of their courtiers who were annoying. But Ergamenes bred in the Grecian discipline was the first to disobey the order at Meroe. He went there and cut the throats of all the priests and did away with that and many other customs. It was a bloody but a necessary step toward the better organization of society, for it is easy to see into what abuses the impulse of primitive men to escape the evils of life lead them. It would not be superfluous in the interest of sanity in the world to take the modern medical defenders of euthanasia by the hand and lead them back to Herodotus and the paths of historical experience which diverge from him in order to show them the evils their own limited intelligence would inaugurate as a new refinement of a late stage of culture.

It would not be uninteresting to refer to some of the data with which modern ethnology furnishes us on this subject, to the implications of which Herodotus opens his pages. From these it is quite evident that very horrid practices prevailed with a background of the principles of euthanasia and we have found evidence they secured entrance even into the statutes, at least the practices of the islands of the Aegean which nursed the infancy of the civilization of which we are the heirs. But this record can be found so much more fully set forth in some of the volumes of Frazer's *Golden Bough*, that I shall seek for it no further than the few notes I have on hand. Hale¹⁰ had already told us many years ago that when the Fijis were sick, man, woman or child, of a lingering disease, their friends "wring their heads off or strangle them." He was told by the missionaries

⁸ Strabo: x. v. 6.

⁹ *Diodorus Siculus: The Historical Library of*, tr. by G. Booth, London, 1814.

they knew of only one natural death, all the others having been strangled or buried alive. Even before this, Irving¹¹ had culled from the pages of the Fray Roman Pobre Hermito that in the Antilles, at the time of Columbus' voyages a dying Cazique was strangled out of respect and, if the cacique in other cases was willing, such favors were extended to others he wished to honor. As to the Fijis, Mayer¹² has more recently said that they believed that as they were at the time of death, so would they be in the world to come and they frequently requested to be strangled or buried alive. The Ahts¹³ of Vancouver and the Tasmanians¹⁴ abandoned the old and sick and deformed, and babes so afflicted were thrown by the Spartans into the nearest duck pond. The subject of euthanasia in medicine has a rather sombre background in modern ethnology as well as in the Wisdom of Herodotus.

¹⁰ Hale, Horatio: *United States Exploring Expedition, 1838-1842*. Philadelphia 1846.

¹¹ Irving, Washington: *Voyages and Discoveries of the Companions of Columbus*. Philadelphia, 1831.

¹² Mayer, Alfred Goldsborough. *Popular Science Monthly*, June 1915.

¹³ Sproat, Gilbert Malcolm: *Scenes and Studies of Savage Life*. London, 1868.

¹⁴ Roth, H. Ling: *The Aborigines of Tasmania*. Halifax, England, 1899.

THE AMERICAN PULPIT ON THE DEATH OF LINCOLN

BY WILLIAM E. BARTON

Reference has been made to the fact that for many generations, and until recent years, Massachusetts observed an Annual Fast Day, proclaimed by the Governor, and observed more or less generally in the churches. This day occurred in 1865 on Thursday, April 13. Rev. Dr. George H. Hepworth selected for his sermon on the death of Lincoln the remaining portion of a text, the first part of which he had used on the previous Thursday. He read his text:

“Can the children of the bride-chamber mourn as long as the bridegroom is with them? But the days will come when the bridegroom shall be taken from them, and then shall they fast.” (Matthew ix:15).

He then said:

“Brethren, last Thursday morning I read to you the first part of the verse which I have chosen for my text. It was a day appointed for fasting, humiliation, and prayer; but so signal had been the victories of the few preceding days, that this people, with one accord, united their voices in a great chorus of thanksgiving. Little dreamed we then, that so soon the latter clause of my text would call this mourning nation to the saddest duty of its life.

“Who can measure the great grief of this people? The blow came so unexpectedly, that we hardly yet know how to express our feelings in fitting words. Each man weeps for a friend in the loss of this our Foremost American Citizen. When the dreadful tidings first flashed upon our hearts, it seemed too appalling to be credible. We struggled against it. The wires have played us false, we said, and we almost grew indignant with the tamed lightning which but a few hours before had thrown the whole North into such a bewilderment

of joy as it told us the story of the fall of Richmond, and which now changed our joy into the very bewilderment of woe as it wrote upon the bulletin, "The President is dead!" We did not know how much we loved that good man, nor how much confidence we had reposed in him, until the fearful certainty of our loss assured us. Was ever public officer so sincerely mourned before? Every home of the North will drop its tear of genuine sorrow upon his grave, for mothers sent their boys to do the dreadful work of war all the more willingly because our commander-in-chief was so prudent, careful, and thoughtful; every hamlet will learn the lesson of the hour from its draped pulpit when the preacher shall tell how fell the unsullied patriot from the affections of the whole people into the bosom of immortal life; every city, from where the Atlantic wave moans its sorrow to the rising sun to where the Pacific sighs out its grief to the sinking orb, testifies its respect and love for the great man, by those emblems which sadly decorate every public building, if not every private residence, and which always tell us that the people's heart is heavy."—(*Boston Sermons*, pp. 109-110).

Rev. Wheelock Craig, speaking at New Bedford, Mass., on Fast Day, April 13, had protested against any attempt to limit the joy of that day:

"It should be a day of Thanksgiving. The things essential to a thanksgiving are that one be joyful, and that he acknowledge God as the author of his joy. We have abundant occasion at this time for the fulfillment of both of these conditions. We cannot expect ever to have so much public occasion for it again. It is a time when devout joy should fill the heart of every man and woman and child in the land. There are some who appear to feel that they and their chosen associates have a monopoly of the joy, and are entitled to turn it into a secular and partisan channel; and when they meet persons not of their own clique, there is a look in their eye, or an utterance from their lips, which says, What! are you glad too? what right have you to participate in this gladness? Such feelings evince very great narrowness and illiberality of feeling, and ignorance of human nature. Some of the most joyful hearts today are those whom the Pharisees of loyalty and patriotism would shut out of their synagogue; it is the very fervor of their yearning for such a day of peace as this, which has given them hesitancy in approving of some of the measures which, under the good providence of God, have ripened into this auspicious consummation; and he is a cur of the kennel, and a foul fly in the ointment, who mars the jubilant har-

mony of the hour by obtruding such objections. Let the men of every shade of opinion, in oblivion of the past, come freely forward upon the broad national platform, and join us in making the welkin ring with exultant shouts. Who can have it in his heart to think of private feuds? All who occupy that platform hold out to everyone accepting it the hand of welcome.”—(*Two Sermons*, I, pp. 6-7).

But on Sunday, April 23, he said:

“It was indeed true, as we agreed a week ago, that we were in a dream. We were smitten down and stunned by the terrible blow. And all our utterances, in those first hours of our dismay, partook of incoherency of somnambulism. On Wednesday, the day of the funeral solemnities, our slumbers, instead of being dispelled, had grown deeper and more bewildering than ever. Our minds were taken up with strange, superficial aspects of our condition, and we but dimly discerned them after all. The hurried confusion of those swift, wild days, the midnight alarm, the nocturnal vigils, the constant thrill of the nerves, and the weight upon the brain, the draped buildings, and the silent, grotesque, melancholy streets—these absorbed our thoughts, and precluded reflection upon profounder elements of the distressing theme. I am not sure that we have attained a thorough spiritual calm even yet; but, to a certain extent, the heaven has had opportunity to fulfill its work in our spirits; and we are therefore better prepared than we then were to do what we did not then attempt—that is, investigate the full nature of our calamity, and form an estimate of our loss.”—(*Two Sermons*, II, p. 3-4).

He declared that he was not a politician, but he called for loyalty to God and the Government.

“There are not a few of us who can never be politicians, in the technical sense. We join no organizations. We acknowledge no partisan designations. We march under no other than the national banner. We incur, without a murmur, the obloquy and the misrepresentation to which this course subjects us; for such a course is the tribute exacted of us by our vocation, by our training, by our habits of life. It is not in us to be politicians; and the attempt to be such would detract from our Christian effectiveness in our chosen lines of service. But we are patriots. We are loyal men. Our hearts and our voices are with the government in every hour of its extremity. And as, in the days of the taking of Fort Sumter, we said to President Lincoln, and to those enlisted with him in supporting the government, so now we say to President Johnson and to his adherents, We are with you; count us in on your side; our help is not

of much account, but such as it is, you shall have it. Keep the ship of state headed as President Lincoln had headed her, when his patriotic grasp fell from the helm, and all that we can do, we will do, to assist you in sailing her. And let no man of such a spirit give way to despair. God will help us, and all shall yet be well. When President Taylor died, men's hearts failed them for fear. On that occasion Henry Clay happened to be visiting Newport. A friend, calling on him, uttered the observation, the nation cannot stand up under this blow. You are wrong, rejoined Mr. Clay; President Taylor was a great man, and his death inflicts a great loss; but no man's life is indispensable to the prosperity of this government. Let us partake of that trustful spirit evinced by Henry Clay. Let us feel that underneath us are the everlasting arms."—(II, pp. 11-12).

The contrast between Thursday's jubilant fast and Sunday's tragic Easter was mentioned by many of the preachers in New England. Rev. W. R. Nicholson said:

"I know how hard it is, at times, for the stricken heart, under the shock of terrible and scathing bereavement, to school itself (I will not say into submission, or resignation, for these are, comparatively, tame words) into joyous, hopeful, filial trust.

"I know what extraordinary and mighty reasons there are to tempt us, in spite of all the signs of wise design and overruling Providence in the past, to treat this event as being too *ill-timed* to furnish occasion for the exercise of these Christian graces, or to be regarded as anything else than a bad chance-stroke, full of disastrous portent to the fortunes of our country.

I know how prone are the shocked sensibilities of some to arouse the fear of strange evils that throw their shadows before, (as a patriotic woman and mother expressed it yesterday), of a Reign of Terror like that which racked revolutionary France in the days of Robespierre.

"I know how a dreadful depression of spirit is likely to be produced by the contrast between the tone of the last public service in this sanctuary and the tone of the present; between the glowing scene of Thursday, when a Fast was turned into a Festival by that last triumph of our arms, which seemed like a new proclamation from the Supreme Governor of the world, and the more than funereal gloom that overcasts our lurid sky at this hour, and turns the greatest Festival of Christendom into a Fast, to the sickened heart of Christian patriotism. I know this, and I feel the oppressiveness of the

murky air laden with rumors of coming trouble.”—(*Boston Sermons*, pp. 133-134).

In the Episcopal churches it appears to have been more difficult to change the order of service to fit the calamity. At St. Paul's Church in Boston the regular service proceeded. The rector, Rev. W. R. Nicholson, told his congregation that on another day, it would have been otherwise; but as it was Easter, he asked pardon for “one moment's digression from our usual course.”

The Rev. Dr. Nicholson spoke as follows:

“My Brethren, in the extraordinary circumstances in which we meet together this morning, I feel unwilling to begin our joyous Easter services without a brief word of introduction. I am sure you will pardon me for this one moment's digression from our usual course.

“Easter is the synonym of joy and triumph, and Easter-day has come. How sweetly its blessed light has dawned upon us this morning. And yet it has brought with it the saddest tidings—yes, in an important sense, the saddest tidings—which have ever concerned us since we were a people. To-day, our whole land is filled with sorrow and mourning; not only so, but with the keenest sense of national shame and mortification. It is a dreadful public calamity—in every point of view a dreadful public calamity; and certainly it is God's call to us for a yet deeper self-humiliation. The instinct of my heart would be to observe this, the first Sunday after so grievous an affliction, with such outward expressions of sorrow in our public worship as might befit a worshipping congregation. Were it *another* Sunday, the irrepressible grief of our hearts would require us to do so. But it is Easter—the Queen Festival amongst all the glories of Gospel Truth. Oh, we cannot shove aside the grandeurs, the heavenly grandeurs, of our Savior's resurrection! It is the culmination of all saving truth; the only light for our darkness, the only joy for grief, the only solace in our deepest troubles. Were it the festival of an earthly joy, instinctively we should keep silence; but our Easter joys are the only medicine, as well for our national wounds, as for the individual heart.

“If properly looked at then; if these services are not construed as an æsthetic show, a mere parade; if we bear in mind that it is God's own truth which here concerns us; surely nothing could be more appropriate, even for so direful a calamity, than are these Easter services. Let our hearts be chastened; let us sink in self-humiliation deep and sincere; let us lift our eyes to Jesus in faith strong and

simple—then, all the more because of our present national grievance, oh, all the more, strike the very highest notes of Easter joy and triumph!

And may the benediction of our God descend and brood over us, in these our precious services!"—(*Boston Sermons*, pp. 125-126).

James Freeman Clark would appear to have used a considerable portion of his Easter sermon. His text was, "Who hath abolished death" (2 Timothy 1:10), and his opening paragraphs were apparently those of his sermon as originally planned. The decorations of the church, also, were those of Easter, save for the addition of a national flag, draped in mourning. But after the opening paragraphs, the theme changed. He then said:

"When the awful news came yesterday morning of the assassination of our President and of Mr. Seward, and the other murders which accompanied those acts, it seemed impossible to dress this church with flowers, impossible to keep Easter Sunday with joy to-day. As on Thursday we changed a Fast into a Thanksgiving, so it seemed to be necessary to-day to change this feast of joy into a day of fasting and sorrow. Yet, after all, the feelings and convictions appropriate to Easter are what we need to-day. When we say "Christ is arisen," we are lifted into that higher faith which is our only support and comfort in calamities like these.

"Perhaps the crime committed last Friday night, in Washington, is the worst ever committed on any Good Friday since the crucifixion of Christ. It was not only assassination—for despots and tyrants have been assassinated—but it was parricide; for Abraham Lincoln was as a father to the whole nation. The nation felt orphaned yesterday morning, when the black tidings came; for during these four years we had come to depend on the cautious wisdom, the faithful conscience, the shrewdness, the firmness, the patriotism of our good President. We have all quarrelled with him at times; we wished he would go faster; we wished he had more imagination, more enthusiasm: but we forget all our complaints to-day, in the sense of a great and irreparable calamity. Had he been a tyrant and despot, there would have been the excuse for the act which we make for Brutus and Cassius; but the chief fault of Abraham Lincoln was that he was too forgiving to his enemies, too much disposed to yield to those from whom he differed, and to follow public opinion instead of controlling it. He could not bear to punish those who deserved it; and the man who will suffer the most from his death is his murderer, for had Lincoln lived, he would have forgiven him. Simple in his

manners, unostentatious, and without pretence; saying his plain word in the most direct way, and then leaving off; he yet commanded respect by the omnipresence of an honest purpose, and the evident absence of all personal vanity and all private ends. Since Henry IV. fell by the dagger of Ravallac, no such woe has been wrought on a nation by the hand of an assassin. Good Friday was well chosen as the day—a day dedicated to the murder of benefactors and Saviours. We shall miss him often in the years to come, for when shall we find among politicians one so guileless; among strong men one with so little wilfulness; among wise men one with so much heart; among conservative men one so progressive; among reformers one so prudent? Hated by the South from that instinct which makes bad men hate the goodness which stands between them and their purpose, he never hated back; reviled by the most shameless abuse, he never reviled again. Constant amid defeat and disaster, he was without exultation in success. After the surrender of Lee, he caused to be written on the Capitol the words, '*Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory.*'

And so we find him mourned equally by the conservative and the progressive wing of the loyal people, because he was in reality a thoroughly conservative and a thoroughly progressive man. Both could depend on him as truly their own leader. For his moderation was not the negative moderation of a compromise which balances between two extremes, but the positive moderation of the large sincerity which accepts the truth on both sides. The Conservatives knew that he was sincerely cautious, and were sure he would never act rashly. The Progressives knew that he was sincerely ready to reform evils; and though he might move slowly, certain to move forward.

"Fortunate man! who thus exhausted the experience of life, beginning as a splitter of rails and ending in a chair higher than a monarch's throne; studying his grammar by the fire-light of a log cabin when a boy; when a man, addressing the senate and people from the capitol of a great nation; tried by hardship, hardened by labor, toughened by poverty, developed by opportunity, trained by well-fulfilled duties, chosen by God to be the emancipator of a race, and the saviour of a nation's life; and then, having finished his work and seen the end near, crowned with the martyr's halo, to be made immortal through all history and all time as the chief actor in the greatest drama of modern days. Happy in life; happy also in the opportunity of death." (*Boston Sermons*, pp. 96-98).

Without a single exception, so far as I have noted, the ministers

praised Lincoln; but they were too near him to praise him as he deserved. They qualified their praise, but on the whole were just. Dr. Henry B. Smith, later eminent as a theologian, said:

“Abraham Lincoln was not a model man, but he was a representative man. Called to what was at that juncture the very highest and most important post in the world’s affairs, he so discharged the sacred trust and bore the heavy burden laid upon him, that now all men see that he was a faithful, wise and sagacious ruler, misled by no extremes, blinded by no false lights, wedded to no impracticable theory, waiting for events long enough to study them, yet speaking and acting decisively when the opportunity came; thus being the man we needed to represent us in the perilous times when he was called to play so high a part. Many were oft asking for sharper words and more abrupt action; others were ever fearful that rashness would rule the hour and hurry us on to anarchy. But there was a wise man at the helm, and his hand, and his alone, has firmly held it during these four eventful years; and through all danger the ship of state has made its course, avoiding the shoals and the breakers, until it is now sailing on again, the storm behind it, upon the broad and open sea. It is verily God that hath wrought this; and he wrought it through the mingled caution and firmness of our late President.

“Mr. Lincoln, we say, was a representative man in his epoch—a fair representative of the best average character of the loyal people of the United States in our great crisis. Though he had not the breeding and mien of the courtier, he had the breeding and bearing of a strong and genuine manhood. God does not always choose those persons to execute his purposes, whom short-sighted men might think best fitted for the task. Hard work requires strong muscles. When great principles are to be maintained, we need manly sense, unblemished integrity, and practical sagacity, rather than fine-spun theories, courtly grace, or the arts of the skillful demagogue. In a great crisis, the demand is for a man in whom we can have entire confidence. He may make mistakes, for he is human; but he will rectify them, for he is intent on the public welfare. We like a strong man, of whom it can be truly said, that he means well, and is about right. This is better than genius, or eloquence, or external polish; it is better than either conservatism or radicalism, for it is the mean between the two. Such a man the people found in Abraham Lincoln; and they gave him their confidence in spite of the mere politicians and wire-pullers. He was emphatically our representative man. He was this in his homely sense, his practical shrewdness, his love of a

good story and an apt illustration, his logical use of the queerest anecdotes, his constant appeals to a roundabout common-sense; as also in his kindness of heart, his sympathy with the details of private griefs, and his magnanimity towards his enemies."—(*Our Martyred President*, pp. 372-373).

Rev. Dr. S. D. Burchard was fortunate in having at hand a lecture which he had preached while Lincoln was living, and was able to quote paragraphs from that address. Apparently not every one had agreed with it when he first delivered it, but, he said:

"In a lecture delivered in this place a year ago, I characterized him as 'the type man of the age.' Now that death has ensphered and immortalized him, and disarmed envious and malignant criticism, I may venture to quote what I then said, without fear of giving offence to any one."

"Having thus presented Jefferson Davis as the type and exponent of Southern civilization, we come now briefly to consider our type man, or the exponent of Northern civilization.

"The two forms of civilization are distinctly before you, the bases on which they respectively rest, the principles which they embody, and the spirit with which they are animated. And of all the men now before the public eye, whether in the cabinet or in the field, Abraham Lincoln, the censured and the praised, is our ideal, the impersonation of republican principles, the thinker, and the type man of the age! I am aware that this avowal is in advance of the popular sentiment, but posterity will do him justice and give him his appropriate niches in the temple of fame. He is not perfect; he needs refinement and taste. Just as our civilization is not perfect; it is in its boyhood state; it needs development, especially in its æsthetic forms. It is not graceful; nor wrought out into perfect symmetry and beauty. Neither is Lincoln handsome; but he is frank, generous, and true. He has muscle and sinew. He has wrought in the log cabin; on the flatboats of the Mississippi; he has wrestled with poverty and the tall forest trees of the West. He is, in the strictest sense, a man of the working classes. He was born to the inheritance of hard work as truly as the poorest laborer's son that digs in the field; and yet, by the strength of his intellect and by his untiring devotion to truth and right, he has come up, through an ascending series, from the walks of the lowly, and from the toils of a day-laborer, to stand at the head of one of the most powerful nations on the earth! Is he not great? Is he not entitled to our confidence and esteem?"—(*Our Martyred President*, pp. 263-264)

Dr. Burchard was confident that all his hearers would now agree with what he had said of Lincoln a year before. He went further and declared that he believed that even the men and the newspapers that had abused Lincoln were never quite honest in it:

"But where are his accusers now? The *Daily News* and the *World*, that never had a kind word to offer—that indulged in unmeasured vituperation and abuse while he was living, are among the first to do him honor now that he is dead. Have they been converted? Has death changed their views? No, my brethren; in their deep heart they knew that Abraham Lincoln was honest and true to his country's weal. But they were under the ban of party, and could not speak peaceably of him. His acts survive him; his deeds live, and by these, though dead, he yet speaketh. Posterity will do justice to his memory, and he will be known in history as the great Emancipator—the savior of his country. The almost universal feeling even now is, that in his death liberty has lost her greatest champion, humanity her truest friend, and America her purest patriot."—(*Our Martyred President*, p. 267).

Edward Everett Hale said:

"I dare not trust myself to speak a word regarding this simple, godly, good, great man, who, in a moment, has been called from the rule over a few cities to be master over many things, in that higher service where he enters into the joy of his Lord. To speak of him I must seek some other hour. Our lesson for to-day is, that the kingdom of God comes, and is eternal. The republic, if in simple faith it strive to make itself a part of that kingdom, lives forever. When we built this church, four years ago, we painted here upon the wall before you the beginning of the angels' song, in the words:

'Glory to God in the highest.'

"It was in the very outset of war; our own boys were coming home to us bleeding from the field, or were lying dead after the battle. And we stayed our hands at those words. We did not add the other words of the promise. But when last Sunday came, with its glad tidings, when it seemed as if we had endured to the very end, we ventured, in the fulfilment of the glad prophecy, to complete our imperfect inscription, and to add here the rest of the blessed legend:

'And on earth peace, good will toward men.'"

—(*Boston Sermons*, p. 274).

There are singularly few direct references to Booth. Here is one by Rev. Henry J. Fox:

"With regard to the *assassin*, there is no ingenuity by which he

can escape his doom. He may be hidden for a while; he may wander like a wild beast through the tangled briars of impassable swamps, but go where he may, the wide world will be to him a vast prison-house. Untamed brutes, hungry though they may be for blood, will slink away abashed at his approach. Men will hunt him as they would a tiger that had robbed them of their sons. He will be branded by rulers and people everywhere as a second Cain, and as the enemy of his race. Even the cannibal king of Dahomey would surrender him to the merited vengeance which he has invoked. If he could even evade, for a time, the avenging hands of his fellow-men, he cannot escape from himself."—(*Our Martyred President*, pp. 343-344).

Dr. William Ives Budington of Brooklyn was one of the preachers who found occasion for severe words of denunciation, and an opportunity for a fling at the loose theology of the time:

"People are talking of justice now, not forgiveness. There is for the moment wild talk of vengeance; for one extreme is apt to generate another; and vengeance is an extreme, but no more so than indiscriminate pardon. Before this war broke out, a lax theology prevailed amongst us, which had succeeded, to a considerable extent, in banishing from our pulpits, and from the minds of our people, the old and vital doctrines of the Gospel, the intrinsic evil of sin, and the absolute necessity of penalties to vindicate the law of God, and, by consequence, the need of an infinite atonement to open the way for pardon. Men ceased to fear God, or reverence his law; the guilt of sin was denied, it was only a mistake at worst; hell was derided as a superstition; and many were lapsing into infidelity and atheism. At the same time, and by legitimate consequence, low views were entertained of government, as God's ordinance, capital punishments were abolished, penitentiaries were no longer penal, criminals were sympathized with, and pitied rather than blamed, and the greatest criminals were the most shielded; treason had shrunk to the dimensions of a political theory, and was no longer a crime, much less the greatest crime known to the statute-book and possible to the citizen, while murder had lost its revolting character, by no longer putting the murderer's life in peril. From all this the war, we thought, had redeemed us; it had certainly taught us fundamental lessons of right and wrong, and made a chasm between them, in the blood of our sons, which nothing ever seemed able to fill up. But with the success of the national arms, and the comparative subsidence of the rebellion, there was fast returning upon us our old and loose way of thinking

and talking. Bloody treason began to be whitewashed; and the chief traitors found apologists, and men pleaded for the lives of traitors, who would have been the first to fall by assassination had the treason triumphed. How far this reaction would have gone, but for the last great crime of the rebellion, none can tell. The dying viper might, and probably would have been nursed into life again by the warm confidence of a country into whose bosom it had struck its venomous fangs. The genius and the virtues of the military leaders of the South were praised, as if the brilliant qualities of criminals, instead of enhancing, diminished the crime. A base-born hero-worship was already preparing to sacrifice the sacred interests of right to the pretensions of a proud aristocracy. But blessed be God! we have been spared this shame; in the hour of our triumph we have not been permitted to fall down, and beg pardon of our conquered foes for the heroism of our slaughtered sons. God's providence has saved us this! The wrath of man has been allowed one more expression, that we may not mistake, and that all the world may know, the malice, strong in death, of this man-hating and God-defying rebellion! It has stood for its picture once more, lest through the smoke of battle the features of the demon should be obscured; now upon the dark back-ground of the war, like a retiring tempest, a miscreant leaps upon the stage, brandishing the assassin's dagger, exulting in the murder of our good President! Blessed be God! the wrath of man shall praise Him!"—(*Our Martyred President*, pp. 123-5).

That Lincoln had been too lenient, and the generous terms accorded Lee in his surrender to General Grant were dangerously kind, was felt by some ministers, including Dr. E. B. Webb of Boston:

I do not criticise the parole which was granted, though, for the life of me, I cannot see one shadow of reason for expecting it will be kept by men who have broken their most solemn and deliberate oath to the same government. It was not kept by the rebels who took it at Vicksburg. Nor will I criticise, for I cannot understand, the policy which allows General Lee to commend his captured army for "devotion to country," and "duty faithfully performed." But I considered the manner in which the parole was indorsed and interpreted as practically insuring a pardon; and to pardon them is a violation of my instincts, as it is of the laws of the land, and of the laws of God. I believe in the exercise of magnanimity; but mercy to those leaders is eternal cruelty to this nation; is an unmitigated, unmeasured curse to unborn generations! It is a wrong against which every fallen

soldier in his grave, from Pennsylvania to Texas, utters an indignant and unsilenced rebuke. Because of this mawkish leniency, four years ago, treason stalked in the streets, and boasted defiance in the halls of the Capitol; secession organized unmolested, and captured our neglected forts and starving garrisons. Because of a drivelling, morbid, perverted sense of justice, the enemy of the government has been permitted to go at large, under the shadow of the Capitol, all through this war. God only knows how much we have suffered for the lack of justice. And now to restore these leaders seems like moral insanity. Better than this, give us back the stern, inflexible indignation of the old Puritan, and the *lex talionis* of the Hebrew Lawgiver. Our consciences are debauched, our instincts confounded, our laws set aside, by this indorsement of a blind, passionate philanthropy.

“Theodore Parker has a passage in his work on religion, in which he gathers into heaven the debauchee, the swarthy Indian, the imbruted Calmuck, and the grim-faced savage, with his hands still red and reeking with the blood of his slaughtered human victims. And the idea, to me, of placing the leaders of this diabolical rebellion in a position where they might come again red-handed into the councils of the nation, is equally revolting and sacrilegious. It makes me shudder. And yet I think there was an *indecent* leniency beginning to manifest itself towards them, which would have allowed to these men, by and by, votes and honors and lionizing. The soldiers did not relish this prospect. They are not to be deceived by the misapplication of the term magnanimity to an act that turns loose into the bosom of society the men who systematically murdered our prisoners by starvation, and again and again shot prisoners of war after they had surrendered.”—(*Boston Sermons*, pp. 155-156).

There were those who felt that Lincoln died in a favorable time. Had he lived, he would have been mightily burdened with the cares of reconstruction; perhaps it was better that he died at the very zenith of his glory. Of those who struck this note, Dr. John E. Todd was one:

“For President Lincoln *himself*, perhaps there was no better time to pass away. He fell in the very height of glory. Just re-established in the Presidential chair by the overwhelming choice of his countrymen, risen into the profound respect of the civilized world, permitted to see his long watchings and toils crowned with success, to rejoice in the stupendous military achievements, in the prospect of speedy peace, and in the assured approach of universal freedom, to

fall honored by all men, wept by a nation, in the bosom of his family, with his cabinet around him, with a nation waiting in tears, in the hope of the gospel, was a death becoming a Christian patriot,—a glorious death to die. It may be that he could not, in a hundred years, have found a moment in which to fall so lamented, or leave behind him such a memory. Henceforth a humble tomb in the capital of Illinois will divide with Mount Vernon the homage and pilgrimages of our countrymen. Perhaps if these mighty dead, the leaders in the two wars for freedom, are permitted to revisit their resting-places, the murdered President will experience the greater joy, in finding not only his head-stone worn with the kisses of his own race, but the sods of his grave sprinkled with the tears of eyes that used to weep in the house of bondage.

“God bless the memory of Abraham Lincoln!

“God bless the President!

“God in his mercy bless and save these United States of America!”—(*Boston Sermons*, p. 87).

Dr. Chandler Robbins was one of those who believed that Lincoln had died at a time advantageous for his own fame, but whether it was a good time for the country, he was not sure:

“Moreover, we cannot but feel that he has died in a good time for himself; in a moment of joy, in an hour of hope and triumph, in the midst of peaceful and generous thoughts, while offering grateful aspirations to God, and devising acts of forgiveness and magnanimity towards man. Though the manner of his death is shocking to *us*, yet we should not forget that to *him* it was without a pang. Though *we* contemplate the vileness of the instrument with indignation and abhorrence, yet he himself had no suspicion of the malignity of which he was the victim, and no feeling of revenge towards the murderer who hurried him to rest.

“Whether he has died also in a good time for his country and for us, remains yet to be revealed. That Providence designs this event for the ultimate good of the nation we will not, we cannot doubt. But of what nature that good may be, and in what ways it may be accomplished, only the future will disclose.”—(*Boston Sermons*, pp. 219-220).

Rev. Warren H. Cudworth of Boston felt that Lincoln’s assassination had saved him much anxiety and sorrow:

“Had President Lincoln lived on through the entire term of his office, being in our midst, and not always the representative of our ideas, no doubt he would often have failed of appreciation, had he

not provoked opposition, and some of his measures or recommendations would have been sharply criticised, if not severely censured.

"But now, as it were, he has bequeathed to us the principles of his administration as an inheritance bought and sealed with his blood, all the more sacred and binding upon us because he no longer lives to expound and enforce them himself. The more they are examined, applied and tested, the more they must be valued; the more thoroughly and faithfully they are adhered to, the more highly will they be esteemed."—(*Boston Sermons*, p. 208).

Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler was one of the men who believed that Lincoln's work was finished, and his life-work complete:

"Did Lincoln die too soon? For us and the world he did; but not for himself. It is all sadly right. God's will be done! The time had come when, like Samson, our beloved leader could slay more by his death than in his life. He has slain the accursed *spirit of slavery* yet lurking in the North. He has slain the last vestige of sympathy with the discomfited rebellion in every candid foreign mind. That pistol's flash has revealed the slave-drivers' conspiracy to the world—
'Not only doomed, but damned.'

"Our father died at the right time; for his mighty work was done. He lived to see the rebellion in its last agonies; he lived to enter Richmond amid the acclamations of the liberated slave, and to sit down in the arch-traitor's deserted seat; he lived until Sumter's flag rose again like a star of Bethlehem in the southern sky, and then, with the martyr's crown upon his brow, and with four million broken fetters in his hand, he went up to meet his God."—(*Our Martyred President*, p. 171).

The Philadelphia sermons appear to have been delivered mainly on Sunday, the 23rd, when Lincoln's body, then on its way to New York and Springfield, was lying in state in Philadelphia. Several of the sermons were printed. Phillip Brooks was at that time rector in Philadelphia, and his sermon is most eagerly sought of those delivered in that city. He said:

"While I speak to you today, the body of the President who ruled this people is lying honored and loved, in our city. It is impossible with that sacred presence in our midst for me to stand and speak of him today; and I therefore undertake to do what I had intended to do at some future time, to invite you to study with me the character of Abraham Lincoln, the impulses of his life, and the causes of his death. I know how hard it is to do rightly, how impossible it is to do it worthily. But I shall speak with confidence because I speak to

those who love him, and whose ready love will fill out the deficiencies in a picture which my words will weakly try to draw. I can only promise you to speak calmly, conscientiously, affectionately, and with what understanding of him I can command." (pp. 3-4).

He spoke with emotion and deep reverence for the character of Lincoln and stern hatred of slavery, the cause of his death. His closing paragraph has a beautiful reference to Lincoln at Gettysburg.

"He stood once on the battlefield of our own state, and said of the brave men who saved it words as noble as any countryman of ours ever spoke. Let us stand in the country he had saved, and which is to be his grave and monument, and say of Abraham Lincoln what he said of the soldiers who died at Gettysburg. He stood there with their graves before him, and these are the words he said: 'We cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men who struggled here have consecrated it far beyond our power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living rather to be dedicated to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God shall have a new birth of freedom, and that Government of the people, by the people and for the people shall not perish from the earth.' May God make us worthy of the memory of ABRAHAM LINCOLN."

In St. Louis there were outspoken sermons of admiration for Lincoln and loyalty to the country which he served. One that was delivered by Rev. Samuel J. Nichols, in the Second Presbyterian Church had as its text "There was no such deed done nor seen from the day that the children of Israel came out of Egypt." (Judges xvix:30).

Rarest of the St. Louis sermons is one delivered by Rev. Hugo Krebs, in the Church of the Holy Ghost. It was delivered in German, and translated into English by "a lady hearer." His text was, "Why seek ye the living among the dead? Ought not Christ to have suffered these things and to enter into his glory?" (Luke xxiv:5, 26). His sermon as printed is full of emphatic utterances in bold face type, and appears to have stirred his congregation powerfully.

Another sermon, delivered in German, attracted so much atten-

tion as to require its translation. It was preached at Skippackville, Pennsylvania, by Rev. Abraham Grater. It was printed in German in several German newspapers, and then printed in English in pamphlet form. Its text was, "Ye know nothing at all, nor consider that it is expedient for us that one man should die for the people, and the whole nation perish not." (John xx:50).

Rev. Frederick Starr, Jr., who was just leaving the First Presbyterian Church at Penn Yan, New York, preached on the death of Lincoln in that pulpit on Easter morning, and on his arrival at the North Presbyterian Church of St. Louis, repeated the sermon, which that congregation caused to be printed. His sermon was a vigorous indictment of slavery and its defenders, and it exalted Abraham Lincoln to a place beside John Brown.

Of the sermons delivered in Cincinnati on the morning of Easter, at least one, that by Rev. A. D. Mayo, is preserved in pamphlet form. It is a strong, brave sermon.

Cincinnati had spent Friday, the day of the assassination, in hilarious glee, as the day when the flag was raised again over Sumter. Several men who were alleged to be disloyal were roughly treated. On Saturday, the news of the death of Lincoln was a signal for a grief mingled with fierce indignation. At Pike's Opera House, Junius Brutus Booth, brother of John Wilkes Booth, was closing a two week's engagement. It need not be said that he did not play on Saturday night. The handbills were taken down from the boards, and the opera house was closed, and Booth's brother quietly left town. When the opera house reopened, it was for a service very different than had been planned.

A number of Cincinnati ministers preached on the death of Lincoln at their services on Sunday morning, but Rev. M. P. Gaddis of the Methodist Church on Sixth Street announced his purpose to deliver his sermon on Lincoln that evening. The newspapers of the next day state that scenes of great excitement attended this discourse. The crowd was many times as large as the church would hold, and it was announced that the service would be held in Mozart Hall. The janitor, however, declined to open the house without the permission from the owners, who could not be found. It was then announced that Mr. Gaddis would deliver the sermon to as many as could get into the church, but the crowd would not hear to this. Pike's Opera House was engaged and opened, and although the hour was late, the house was packed. Hundreds were turned away after the last inch of standing room was taken. Mr. Gaddis appeared on the platform

at an hour when the service should have been dismissed rather than begun, and delivered a stirring sermon from the text, "Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?" Again and again, as the newspapers assure us, the audience applauded Mr. Gaddis' address, and it was printed in pamphlet form.

The people of Chicago could not wait until Sunday morning for an expression of their sorrow. On Saturday night they packed Bryan Hall, every inch of seating room being taken, and it is stated in the daily papers that those who gained admittance were few in comparison to the multitude who were turned away. At this meeting impromptu addresses were delivered by Senator Lyman Trumbull, and a number of laymen and ministers. Among the latter were Rev. Brook McVicar, Robert Collyer and O. H. Tiffany. Resolutions were adopted expressive of the grief of the city over the death of the President.

On Easter practically every Chicago minister seems to have devoted his sermon to the event, but so far as is known none of these sermons were printed in pamphlet form. The Saturday night meeting and the plans for the meetings on the following Wednesday may have taken something from the edge of interest in particular sermons. The newspapers quoted from addresses on Sunday morning, by Rev. O. H. Tiffany, Rev. Dr. Humphrey and Bishop Duggan. One of the most outspoken of those addresses was by Bishop Duggan in the Roman Catholic Cathedral, paying high tribute to the greatness of Lincoln, and especially to his attribute of mercy.

On the Wednesday following there were services in nearly all the churches. The Methodists combined in a large meeting in the First Methodist Church, which was addressed by several ministers. Rev. Dr. Charles H. Fowler, who later became Bishop, delivered an address on that day which was afterward expanded into an oration which became one of the best known of all eulogies on the life of Abraham Lincoln and is published in his volume of Memorial Addresses.

Oak Park, in suburban Chicago, was a tiny village in 1865 and had one single church, the Congregational, whose pastor was a young man, Rev. Cornelius E. Dickinson, who had been ordained less than two years. Dr. Dickinson is still living and remembers well the experiences of the day. He cast aside the sermon which he had ready for Easter and on Saturday evening and Sunday morning wrote a new sermon, from the text:

"And Moses said unto the people, fear ye not, stand still, and see

the salvation of Jehovah, which he will work for you today: for the Egyptians whom ye have seen today, ye shall see them again no more for ever." (Exodus xiv:13).

He says that the sermon itself has long since disappeared, but that he remembers that it was complimented by members of the congregation and appeared to be in accord with their feelings. Concerning the sermon itself he says:

"I only remember that I treated this as a mysterious providence but said that we must consider that God was over all and we must have faith that it would result in good."

The little white church was draped in mourning and Dr. Dickinson remembers that the crepe hung there for several weeks, probably until after the burial service in Springfield.

Interesting as are the sermons delivered in the cities, those delivered in the towns and villages are yet more so. Among the rare items, "Not in Fish," that is, so rare that they were not known to be in any collection at the time Judge Fish made his Bibliography of Lincolniana, is one by Rev. Isaac Smith, at Foxboro, Mass. This interests me greatly, for I spend my summers at Foxboro. Unknown to Fish, also, is one by Rev. Samuel Gorman, at Canton, Ohio. Another unlisted item is the sermon of Rev. David Belden, delivered in Nevada. Less rare, but desirable, are the sermons by Rev. Robert F. Sample, at Bedford, Pennsylvania; Rev. Henry Clark of Poultney, Vermont; Rev. C. Burgess of Panama, New York, and Rev. Henry E. Butler, of Panama, New York. At Edgartown, Massachusetts, a village on Martha's Vineyard, Rev. S. Reed preached a sermon which was printed.

These village sermons lose nothing by comparison with those delivered in the cities. Apparently the country ministers met the situation with as great resourcefulness as the ministers in the cities.

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