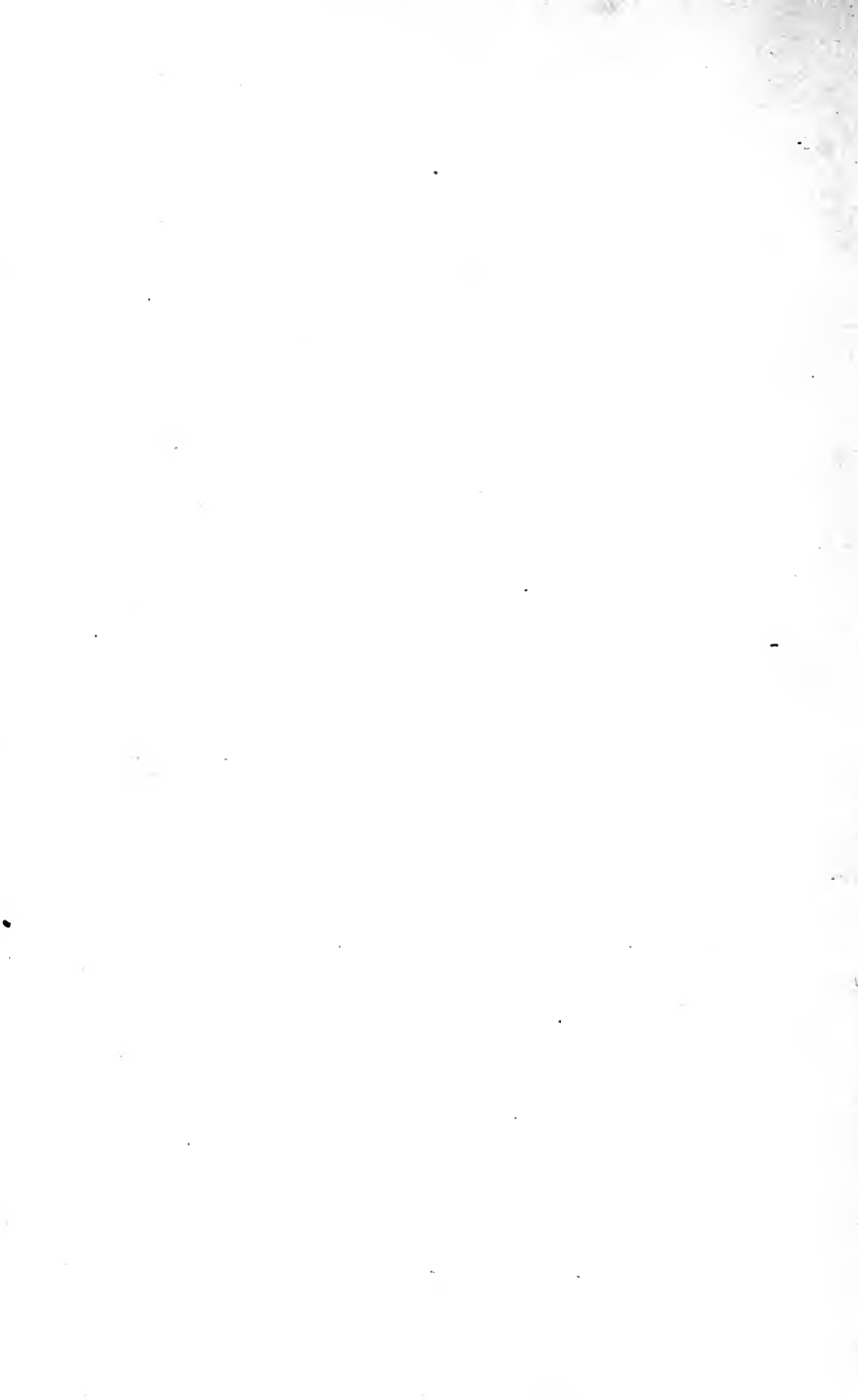






AP
2
. B55
v. 13
SMR



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

<http://www.archive.org/details/theglobe13philuoft>

THE
GLOBE

A

NEW REVIEW OF WORLD-LITERATURE,
SOCIETY, RELIGION, ART
AND POLITICS

CONDUCTED BY

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE,

Author of "Modern Idols," "Quintets, and other Verses," "Songs of the Soul," etc.

VOLUME XIII

1903

PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

J. S. Pinnard
6.12.03

Copyright, 1889, by W. H. Thorne.

CONTENTS

A GOOD WOMAN AND A GOOD BOOK	W. H. THORNE	60
AFTER RELEASE	CHAS. J. O'MALLEY	213
BELIEF AND PRACTICE	D. P. CAHILL	460
CHURCH AND STATE	W. H. THORNE	359
CHRISTIAN THEISM	A. M. DOOLIN	276
CATHOLICS IN NON-CATHOLIC COLLEGES	F. J. KRAMER	174
DEVOTION AND DEVOTIONS	F. W. GREY	137
EMERSON AND HIS BIOGRAPHERS	W. H. THORNE	181
GLOBE NOTES	W. H. THORNE 86, 213, 342, 473	
HALF-SOLING THE NATIONS	W. H. THORNE	I
INFLUENCE OF ORIENTAL ART	F. W. FITZPATRICK	200
LEO XIII	ABIGAIL TAYLOR	341
LOSSES OF THE CHURCH IN AMERICA	W. H. THORNE	454
MATERNITY	CLO. KEOGH	124
MARY THE PERFECT WOMAN	W. H. THORNE	266
POETIC IDEALS OF WOMAN	EUGENE PARSONS	17
POWER OF THE ICON	C. D. SWAN	78
RIGHTS OF THE CHILD	E. H. FITZPATRICK	22
RELIGIOUS TENDENCIES IN OUR DAY	MARY MORTON	159
REASONS FOR FAITH	THOS. E. H. WILLIAMS	269
ROOSEVELT'S FOOT IN PANAMA	W. H. THORNE	401
RELIGION AND POLITICS IN ENGLAND	THOS. E. H. WILLIAMS	426
SITE OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE	RT. REV. M. F. HOWLEY	125
SPEAKING SIGNS	F. W. FITZPATRICK	329
SAINTE LEO XIII	W. H. THORNE	229
SOME ROOSEVELT SOMERSAULTS	W. H. THORNE	390
THE ALBERTO-THOMISTIC WORLD VIEW	M. M. SNELL	44
TOLSTOY & Co.	W. H. THORNE	101
THE INTELLECTUAL PROLETARIAT	M. M. SNELL	163
THE BIBLE AS A BOOK OF DEVOTION	F. W. GREY	250
THE APOTHEOSIS OF REBELLION	E. H. FITZPATRICK	256
THE INFAMY AND BLASPHEMY OF DIVORCE	W. H. THORNE	304
THE FALL ELECTIONS AND AFTER	W. H. THORNE	394
THE GOAL OF SCIENCE	M. M. SNELL	385
THE STUDY OF SHAKESPEARE	B. P. DRURY	411
THE NEGRO PROBLEM AGAIN	W. H. THORNE	419
THREE NEW BOOKS	W. H. THORNE	464
WHO IS TO BLAME?	W. H. THORNE	27
WOMEN AND BOOKS	MRS. ARTHUR GILES	41
WHY NOT POSTAL INSURANCE?	F. W. FITZPATRICK	66
WALLACE AND THE WORLD'S PLACE	W. H. THORNE	141

NOTICE.

“One of the ablest reviews in the English language.”—
Most Rev. P. J. Ryan, Archbishop of Philadelphia.

“The spiciest and most thought-provoking magazine that
comes to this office.”—*The Boston Herald.*

THE GLOBE.

NO. XLIX.

MARCH, 1903.

HALF-SOLING THE NATIONS.

The dawn of the twentieth century, so loudly heralded, finds all nations of the world pretty well down at the heel and badly in need of repairs. At the same time, it must be admitted that the national and international cobblers, called kings, presidents, statesmen, governors, senators, philosophers and newspaper hacks, are hammering away at the old soles or souls, spell it as you will, of modern empire, and in their untaught, incapable and selfish way are trying with no small sweat and industry to stop the soles from leaking and to put the heels and uppers in some sort of walking condition.

We mean no disrespect to statesmen, so-called, or the nations in speaking thus to them as so many cobblers working on worn-out shoes. All civilization has been defined as a matter of clothes. Writers at all familiar, however, with the primitive habits of the tropical and unclothed peoples, are largely of the opinion that pure morality, which is at the basis of all true civilization, what is called civilization, without it being simply a more or less gaudily painted and shallow hypocrisy, nevertheless, that true morality predominates and dominates the unclothed rather than the clothed nations and peoples. It is a delicate question, perhaps too delicate for modern American drawing-rooms.

From his treatment of the unclothed people in Cuba, Puerto Rico and the Philippines, it is quite evident that President Roosevelt and his assistant cobblers do not accept the opinion of the writers indicated, or perhaps the fundamental principles of morality as held by President R. & Co. are as poorly and imperfectly defined as the cobweb absurdities of the so-called Monroe Doctrine, but be this as it may, it neither affects our general

proposition nor touches our profound respect for the cobblers in question. We only speak of Roosevelt as a small side-show that may serve to throw new light on the down heel-sole-needing condition of our twentieth century nations. Careful readers of THE GLOBE during the last twelve years are well aware that I have persistently taught that modern civilization was in a rapid decline, a galloping consumption, so to speak; tuberculosis sapping and saturating its entire system with blood poison of the most depleting and virulent quality. I have held, and from time to time have tried to show this from comparisons of modern statesmen, literary men and their productions, preachers and their utterances, with the works and compositions of corresponding orders of men a generation ago, or two or three generations ago. I have dwelt very largely on the moral and ethical qualities of modern life as compared with the qualities evidently existing in our ancestors and have seen that modern life had to be discredited. I have assumed, always assumed and insisted, that without ethical principles in accord with the Sermon on the Mount, no civilization was worth the ink consumed in condemning it, and that as a matter of fact, without such principles all mere commercial, military, scientific and other prosperity was a practical failure.

We hardly expected to find in our lifetime serious and elaborate historical literature in confirmation of our general propositions, for while twenty-five per cent. of the average community would hardly contest, in fact, would reluctantly admit the truth, it is not always easy to find a historian who is writing for twenty-five per cent. of the community. His bread is not buttered by the minority, but by the majority—mostly fools—heap big fools. Now, however, we have a man of sufficient faith in truth and in the people, to thrust such a history upon the American reader. The able book reviewer for the New York *Sunday Sun* of January 4th, thus introduces the volumes:

“A contribution of unique importance to the history and analysis of party machinery in the two principal self-governing countries will be found in the two volumes collectively embracing some 1,400 pages, and entitled *Democracy and the Organization of Political Parties*, by M. Ostrogorski, translated from the French by Frederick Clarke.”

In the last December GLOBE REVIEW we spoke of certain

phases of national degeneration in the two great Republican nations, not knowing then that these volumes in confirmation of our assertions were so near at hand. Then, as always, our conclusions were based on observation and various study covering the past fifty years, but we are not averse to using the labors of others, especially when they make for truth and agree with our own conclusions.

Naturally our interest is more directly concerned with the worn soles and the half soling of the United States than with the generally dilapidated condition of other nations, but our aim in this article was and is to point out the fact that a similar degradation is characteristic of nearly all the nations of modern times, to look for the causes of this general tendency in a moral slipshod condition and finally to suggest some thorough method of cure. On the principle that it is always best to study the home symptoms first, and to begin our reform at home, we will look first at *The Sun's* review of M. Ostrogorski's second volume, touching the condition of things here:

"The author begins by marking the precise period in our national history when the need of collecting and disciplining the voting power was recognized. It was not until the extensions of the electoral suffrage in the several States which distinguished the period between 1810 and 1840, together with the corresponding democratization of the administrative and judicial machinery of State governments had greatly increased the number and power of voters and the number of offices to be filled by election, that the imposing fabric of party organization which we see to-day began to be built up. Its foundations were laid between 1820 and 1830. The new system of party organization was the outcome and expression of triumphant democracy. The eclipse of the old ruling class, which became definitive after the first quarter of the nineteenth century, appeared to leave the individual, now a member of the sovereign people, in possession of the field. To secure the full enjoyment of his rights over the Commonwealth, and to facilitate the discharge of his political duties which were growing more and more complicated through the extension of the democratic principle to its furthest limits, and more and more burdensome owing to the great economic outbursts which absorbed every energy—the citizen accepted the services of the party organization formed on the representative method."

Thus in the outset, an author, though apparently of mixed birth and ancestry, shows that he has made himself familiar with the salient points of our national history, and proves himself competent to handle the question he discusses. Up to 1810, and reaching on to 1830, there was decidedly a ruling class in the colonies that became the great nation of which we are citizens to-day. It is this old ruling class that we have kept harping on the last twelve years as being so far superior to the party-made rulers or would-be rulers of these days. It was inevitable from the Declaration of Independence that said ruling class should dwindle and fade away; not that Thomas Jefferson & Co. meant it to do so. Their Declaration of Independence was simply meant as a plausible arraignment of the English king, and not at all as a working hypothesis of human and divine truth. T. J. & Co. still expected, of course, that there would always be a ruling class, and that they and their descendants would be members of that class and rulers of the new generations. Where are they now? So clear is it that this was their motive, that long after the foolish Declaration they wanted to make George Washington king, or at least ruler for life over the new corporation.

Some people say that they builded better than they knew. Others are inclined to think that their building was an egregious blunder from first to last, and they point to the national corruptions and contradictions of our day—a century after date—as an irrefutable proof of the blundering of those old days. M. Ostrogorski does not take this ground, but he goes on to prove forcibly enough the truth of our long contention that the loss of the old ruling class and the growth and control of the political party organization and the bosses generated by such, shows beyond question national, political and moral decline such as Mr. Theodore Roosevelt & Co. hardly dream of though they, themselves, are the executors of the degraded powers of the nation.

Certainly the population of the colonies increased, and the increase was made up of emigrants from all nations in the world, all of them with ideas of liberty, fraternity and equality in their heads, that is, they were impregnated with the principles of the Declaration of Independence—ideas which we now call socialistic, forgetting that the very founders of our nation were, by

their published declarations, socialists of the most pronounced type. As these children of liberty and dreamers of freedom kept coming, and as the old ruling class grew weaker and weaker in the land, especially as it became identified with the slaveholding system of our Southern States, and finally led to the slaveholders' rebellion or secession, and developed into civil war; all these things being so, there was absolute need of just what was evolved—viz.: a partisan political machinery, able to cope with and control the complex, heterogeneous, cosmopolitan and conglomerate mass that made up the bulk of our population, and control them in some measure, or with some semblance of reference to a recognition of the principles of the Declaration of Independence, paraded every year on the 4th of July, and the Constitution of the United States, amended and amended and at last grown so elastic that in the South whole thousands of our guarded and petted black citizens are disfranchised by State legislation, and in our conquered provinces the old barbaric system of human slavery is recognized and practiced without any of the exalted religious position held by our old masters and slaves. I am not complaining of this fact. I am only intimating that with our mixed history and our mixed population, some governing centers were needed that would at once wield despotic rule while appearing to be brothers of the same lodge, or children of the same religious family of God—or—the devil; hence the party political machinery and its absolute power. It was needed and it came.

Cut to its quick, or reduced to the last analysis, this party machinery is simply the survival of the fittest, as of all oldest forms of government. Nor is there any exception to this rule. The party machine seems to be in control, but really it is the old primitive monarchical principle applied to modern machine politics, and in some sort of semblance of respect for equity and probity.

The civil war period was the period that shifted or seemed to shift the centers of the ruling power. Before that the slave oligarch was in power; from that day the commercial oligarch was and is in power with the party machinery well in hand. My position is that they were really not shifted to the extent that Mr. Ostrogorski believes; but that they were simply stolen out of the hands of respectable and honorable men by a few disrepu-

table and dishonorable men. What occurred in New York and Pennsylvania has occurred in every other State of the Union, but in those two States there have been abler rascals and abler journalists and others to oppose the rascality. But we will not drift too soon into the moralities of our history. Let us taste of our reviewer.

"This extra-constitutional organization assumed a twofold function in the economy of the new political system: that of upholding the paramount power of the citizen, and of insuring the daily working of the governmental machinery in a democratic community whose volume was continually increasing with unprecedented rapidity, whose composition was becoming more and more heterogeneous.

Mr. Ostrogorski holds that in the first of these two undertakings, the system of party organization miserably failed, but that in the second it achieved a relative success. We are reminded that government in the United States rested almost entirely on the elective system, nearly all the officeholders being elected and the shortness of their terms of office rendering it necessary to replace them very frequently. How, he asks, could the citizens, if left to themselves, have grappled with this onerous task, which consisted of filling up such a number of places and was continually recurring? The system of nominating conventions, established on the basis of parties, provided a way out of the difficulty. By preparing the election business beforehand, by putting it cut and dried before the elector, the party organization enabled the citizens to discharge their duty in an automatic way, and thus keep the Government machine constantly going. Far from being embarrassed by the growing number of the electors, the party organization easily made room for them. Neither was it embarrassed by the inflow of inchoate electors from foreign lands; it was the first to assimilate the immigrants from the four quarters of the globe with the American population, and by sweeping them, almost upon their arrival, into its net, it forthwith made these aliens sharers in the struggles and the passions which were agitating the country in which they had just landed. It brought together and assorted all the elements of the political community, and in the end, everything found its place and settled down. As in the improved machinery of our day, which takes in raw material and turns it out transformed, so did the

party machinery deal with the crude masses of electors, native or naturalized. Even the refuse of the electorate was turned to account, the dregs of the population, as well as the elite."

What we wish to emphasize is this, that Tweed, Cameron & Co., bossed the political machine in their day just as Jefferson, Hancock, Adams & Co., bossed the ruling class in their day, and that as a matter of fact, the more modern gentlemen were just as respectable and as truly a natural evolution out of the commercialism of modern times as Jefferson, Adams & Co. were a natural evolution out of the theorizing revolutions and rebellious spirit of the days of our forefathers.

In a word, we cannot blame our individual or collective degradation upon the party machines, or dream that we, the best of us, are much above the methods of the gentlemen who still run the party wheels. The center of the party machinery is shifting westward. Quay goes down, Hanna rises, and he and his pals in the middle West are now the bosses of the political machine. Meanwhile, a new power has arisen, headed by the captains of industry. I hold that Morgan, Cassatt, Vanderbilt & Co. represent the conservative power of the nation, that the bosses of commerce boss the machine and the politicians, including the President, Congress and the Judiciary, *because in the nature of things they are abler and better men* than the party-ruled government representatives of said machine. In a word, that the leaders of our great commercial corporations, trusts, etc., spite of Roosevelt, Senator Hoar and all the handicapped politicians, are the true and conservative rulers not only of their own corporations, but the United States Government as well. And in fact, that they are the true successors of the ruling classes of two or twenty hundred years ago. But let us follow our author and his version a little more closely. Mr. Ostrogorski says of the party machine that, "Instead of giving the citizen a firmer grasp of the government, the caucus system has seriously weakened his hold thereon, for it has diminished the efficacy of the machinery of government provided by the Constitution as well as that of the living forces which constitute its real motor. The first feature of the Constitution to give way was the Executive. The convention movement professed to infuse fresh vigor into this factor of the Government by withdrawing the Presidency from the intrigues of aristocratic cliques, such as the Congressional caucus,

and by making it emanate directly from people. The Electoral Colleges, which had been established by the framers of the Constitution, and already had been practically reduced to ciphers by the Congressional caucus, thenceforth took their orders from universal suffrage. Universal suffrage, however, has never been able to exercise its power itself, for the new system has left it only a choice between two candidates, which is often a choice of two evils, the candidatures being settled beforehand by professional politicians under the influence of a host of calculations and considerations among which it is not always easy to discover a concern for the public interests. The representative character of the President could not, therefore, be enhanced under the régime of the democratized caucus; the President was not able to become through its agency the tribune of the people, as he is sometimes termed, since it is not to the people that he primarily owed his office, and it is, therefore, not to the people, or to the people alone, that he is responsible, but to the party organization. Having made itself the real bestower of the candidatures, and sole contractor for the Presidential election, the organization laid hold of the Presidency for the party.

“The President ceased to be the head of the nation and became head of a party. Even then, however, he was head of the party only in name; he was not at liberty to assert his initiative, to give the party a policy, to form comprehensive designs and far-reaching plans on its behalf, for all the interests of the party were reduced to the immediate preoccupations of its organization and to its appetites, which sought satisfaction in the patronage intrusted to the President by the Constitution. Thus it came to pass that the President was relegated to the rôle of grand cup-bearer of the party. Having been lowered to this position he lost the full scope of his authority in the Constitutional sphere. Chief of the executive responsible for the enforcement of the laws, he no longer had the choice of his agents. Associated with the legislative power, he could no longer treat on equal terms with that power, which, under the Constitution, was but his coördinate. He could obtain its coöperation only by currying favor with it, by sacrificing the independence and the dignity of his office. If he refused to make himself a tool of Congress he doomed himself to impotence, in spite of his Constitutional powers, however extensive these may appear to cer-

tain people who are fond of magnifying them and comparing them to the powers of an absolute monarch." Here our author directs attention to the fact that in the case of political prerogatives, the possession of them does not imply the ability to exercise them, for this ability is a matter not so much of legal right as of moral authority. The rare attempts at resistance offered to Congress by the President, by Mr. Cleveland, for example, perhaps enhance the reputation of the men by whom the attempts were made, but they did not restore the prestige of the office. The apparently authoritative acts of other Presidents, far from proving the strength of the Presidential office, have only the more clearly brought out its weakness. The shrinkage undergone by the office of Chief Magistrate has paralyzed the efforts of its strongest occupants and encouraged the weakness of the others.

Has Congress gained what the Executive has lost? Our author would answer the question in the negative. He finds that Congress also has lapsed from the high place assigned to it by the framers of the Constitution. The caucus was one of the principal agents, if not the principal agent of this fall. The Senate of the United States no longer has any resemblance to the august assembly which provoked the admiration of De Tocqueville. It would be useless, our author says, to look there for the foremost men of the nation: "Neither statesmen nor orators are to be found there. In wisdom, in balance, in dignity, the States' Chamber is far inferior to the popular branch of Congress. The Senate no longer acts as a conservative element, as a brake for checking popular impulses and for moderating heedless ardor. On the contrary, it is this assembly which often gives the signal for extravagant conduct, either in financial matters or in the sphere of foreign politics. The Senate is, for the most part, filled with men of mediocre or no political intelligence, some of whom, extremely wealthy, multi-millionaires, look on the Senatorial dignity as a title for ennobling their well or ill-gotten riches; others, crack wirepullers, State bosses or representatives of large private industrial or financial concerns, find the Senate a convenient base of operations for their intrigues and their designs on the public interests; others, again, without conviction or without definite or well-matured ideas, but sensitive to every breath of public opinion and fond of vulgar pop-

ularity, act as the noisy mouthpieces of every movement which flatters the susceptibilities of the crowd. They represent everything save enlightened opinion, to which they do not pay the slightest heed."

Passing from the influence of party machinery on the Federal Government to the effect of the same agency on the governments of States, the author of this book submits that the State Legislatures exhibit in a still greater degree the decline, he would almost say the collapse, of representative institutions. The function which the Federal Constitution has assigned to the State Legislatures in the Federal sphere by intrusting them with the election of United States Senators is prostituted to the bosses and to millionaires; at the best, the selections are thrust on these assemblies from outside by the party managers, so that, in the upshot, their Constitutional prerogative is never exercised in an independent manner. Neither do these assemblies represent the people better in the sphere of their immediate jurisdiction, to wit, that of the local interests of their respective States. The State finances are administered by the Legislatures with scarcely any regard to economy; the waste of the public resources is an ever-present and growing evil, even in "conservative" States, such as Massachusetts. Nor is this all. Few careful observers will dispute the author's assertion that "the laws are made with singular incompetence and carelessness. Their number is excessive, running into volumes each session; but they are mostly laws relating to local or private interests. The motives which entered into the making of these laws are often of an obviously mercenary nature. In most of the Legislatures there is a "lobby" which buys legislation and wields such a powerful influence in them that it has earned the name of the "Third House." In the States ruled by the machine the majority of the members of the Legislature are simply tools of the boss.

What has been the effect of our party machinery on the administration of justice? It is acknowledged by Mr. Ostrogorski that, from a feeling of self-preservation, the citizens of the United States have tried to withdraw the law courts from the régime of the Caucus. He gives reasons, however, for believing that even judicial tribunals have not entirely escaped the dissolvent action of the party machinery. Even the functions of the Federal Judges and the law officers whom the President

appoints, and the State judicial offices, also filled in certain States by the Executive, while they have not been distributed on the spoils system in all its rigor, have been pretty often bestowed as rewards on men who have earned the gratitude of the party organization, or who have been backed up by it. It is chiefly, however, the judiciary elected by the people that has been injured by party machinery. "The appointment of judges by election is in itself only too apt to make vulgar wirepullers of the men who should represent the majesty of the law, to rob them of their independence, and to hamper the impartial administration of justice. A distinguished American jurist and ex-judge says on this subject (in a private letter): 'War, famine and an elective judiciary are calamities to any country, but the worst, in my opinion, is the last.'" Our author shows how, introduced into the United States through democratic fanaticism, the practice of electing the judiciary was developed under the impulse given by the Caucus, and how, after having extended it, the Caucus emphasized some of its dangers and intensified some of its evils.

"The Caucus stimulated the application of the elective method in the appointment of judges, because its material interests demanded that the number of elective offices should be as large as possible. Being subject to election, the judges had to court the favor of political parties, to put themselves openly under the patronage of the organization, and to obtain it, to get 'slated,' they were obliged to ingratiate themselves with the political brokers, with the machine and the bosses. The natural result was the lowering of the moral and intellectual standard of the bench, although the pressure of public opinion has prevented it from being filled with notoriously undeserving men. If the integrity of the judges is in the main fairly satisfactory, their independence is not intact in cases where the interests of the party are involved. In the administration of criminal justice that independence scarcely exists at all, particularly among the law officers whose influence can be most profitably exploited by the party organizations, such as the police magistrates in the large cities, and especially the public prosecutors selected under the auspices of the machine they become its humble servants, and arrest the arm of the law in order to shield its protégés."

What has been the effect of party machinery upon the element

which, under representative government, constitutes the most visible tie between the official political sphere and outside public life, the element, namely, of political leadership? Our author holds that the caucus system has been fatal to this element.

Thus, in the mind of our author, the partisan machine with its nominal leadership or boss, has not elevated the citizen or increased his influence on general politics, but has dwarfed the influence of said citizen, at the same time that it has degraded the office of President and rendered him the mere tool of a machine without other principles than that of party gains; that it has debauched our national and State legislative bodies into the mere servants of the political bosses, and always for party, never, or seldom as by accident, for national ends; that it has practically ruined our national and State judiciary, made puppets of the governors of our commonwealths and acted deplorably on the morals of the general public.

To remind him and all readers, however, that the party boss and his machine are not responsible for all this, we have but to point out the palpable fact that the same corruption of government and politics characterizes all the so-called civilized nations of modern times. Something more than the party boss is to blame for this. I believe that the roots of the political demoralization are to be found in the *godless, skeptical, infidel and scatter-brain so-called liberalism of our times*. I believe, moreover, that only in a serious return to the faith of our forefathers, in the Catholic religion and in God's true Church is there any cure or sign of cure—that is, simply to honesty plus the spirit of divine charity, which has never been too brilliant or bountiful or general in the Church itself.

But again let us follow our author. This indictment is a clear and deliberate one, based on the careful studies of many years, and corresponds exactly with our own estimate of modern American politics and general life except in the particulars already named. I hold that the interference of the great leaders of commerce with our Government has long been and is to-day the one safety-valve for the rude and crude comparative ignorance and selfish barbarism of the men usually placed in office, even in the highest offices, by the party machinery; and that while such interference sometimes works injustice to weakened interests and localities, as with the beet sugar trust in its opposition to fair

play toward Cuba and in many other directions, still that without such interference the Government, as such, would long ago have choked all life out of the nation by the cumulative weakness and absurdity of its useless and unprofitable laws.

The legislative branch of our Government is a hydra-headed, blundering fool. The commercial leaders of the country would have bought and built the Panama canal while the fools in Congress have been making stupid speeches about buying and building it.

The Government had reached a very low level when the leaders of the Masonic order forced the Executive and Congress to declare war against Spain as a Catholic country, and because it was a Catholic country, and for no other reason than to rebuild the fortunes of a practically defunct Republican party, by placing it on the side of conquest and empire. This was a great success so far as increasing our military importance was concerned, but the facts now everywhere admitted, showing the ruthless barbarity of that war, will as sure as heaven force this nation lower and lower down the scale of civilization and lose us infinitely more by an increasing moral weakness than we have gained or ever can gain in military prowess or in the range of empire.

Thus I take it that the McKinley-Roosevelt government is to be considered as the supreme and most incapable cobbler or sole-mender of modern nations. They expected to do a great thing in a military way, but really found nobody and nothing that wanted to fight or that was able to fight, and so will go down to history as a bungling, ambitious, howling bully, set on the persecution of one of the noblest civilizations extant in the world, and as the ruthless murderer of an inoffensive and peace-loving people. In a word, the ruling was attempted by incompetent and stupid cobblers whose work will not bear inspection or keep out the weather. It is a little singular that at this particular juncture in our history, when the Roosevelt government is trying to bolster up the amended Constitution, and to force the uncivilized black race into equality with the white race—another piece of abominable cobbling which the amenders of the Constitution plainly meant should be done—the white citizens of various Southern States asserting the old doctrine of States rights plainly wrought into the original document, are sedu-

lously making new laws of discrimination against the black man; forced to do so by the common facts of their daily lives, and it is still more singular that Mr. Charles Francis Adams is being quoted far and wide as the latest, if not the last, surviving member of the old federal Adams family so prominent in founding this nation, that this one of the most prominent survivals of the civil war period is now found entirely retrograding from the old Phillips and Sumner position as to the right and wrong of the war, and teaching that both sides were half right, that of course the South had a right to secede, that is the old Massachusetts doctrine anyway, and the North, as the stronger part of the nation, had a right to coerce them and whip them into non-secession; that is, and contrary to Roosevelt, that there was no eternal principle of right and wrong involved, that the fight which laid millions of the bravest and best men ever born on this soil in untimely graves was simply a squabble between two erring factions—an irrepressible conflict truly, as Seward once said, but with no essential truth on either side. Thus, Mr. Adams, a half century after the disease had reached its climax, and when most of the infected are dead, says, let's apply the homœopathic remedy, sugar coated, an inch thick, and Roosevelt, having seen only the dog-fight known as the Spanish war, and having a blind eye to the real disease, says, let's apply the regular old knife and blue pill and poison remedy—calling black white and white black, as the occasion may demand. Cobblers, cobblers, both of them, with rotten papier maché principles, trying to stop the leaks and mend the worn soles of the nation with such so-called sole leather.

The Hon. Finnerty & Co. are trying to revamp Ireland with American greenbacks and the Gallic language. In France, President Loubet & Co. are trying to make the French nation stand on her feet by eliminating the pure and helpful religious orders of women and men, just in the same spirit that we are trying to make the Philippine Islanders stand on their feet by taking away from their shoe soles the only solid leather that ever was in them. Cobblers all, of the poorest incompetent class and the lowest goods, and yet all parading as first-class mechanics; in fact, as master-workmen, though not one of the trades union members of them has ever served his time at the trade he follows, and all are, in fact, a set of blundering, consummate boobies.

In truth, were it not for the latent fact that poor, over-governed mankind have as a rule some capacity for standing alone even barefoot, the hodge-podge of old cast shoes of the civilized nations would be hideous enough to scare the gods and stop the machinery of the universe. Men are often good citizens in spite of their government; good citizens in spite of their creeds. China has been walking alone and having successive wars and frolics enough of her own these thousands of years, but recently the representative cobblers of Christendom went over there with hammers and nails all ready to make China new shoes or mend the old shoes so the Celestials could never walk again. Noble act of Christendom! But China had more shoes than the cobblers could mend, and more citizens than Christendom could kill, so we charged enormous fees for our voluntary and blundering services, and came home resolved that China should pay in gold or never walk again. President Roosevelt's government, inconsistent as usual, but well intentioned, taking the position that China need not pay in gold; that is, we are unwilling to be half so unjust to the Chinese debtor classes—that is, the whole nation—as we are to our own debtor classes—that is, the whole population—whom we force to pay in gold all debts contracted to be paid in coin. Uncle Sam is a genial cobbler, but with no more consistency than the old cow that kicked over the bucket that started the Chicago fire—how, I do not know.

The latest word from the Far East is that Japan and China are learning to fight with the same weapons—in a word, to use the same tools—to call out "Asia for the Asiatics," and become the United States of the East. Cobbling without honesty and worshiping, like ourselves, anything but God and His truth.

As regards our own present condition, and, in fact, that of the leading nations of the world, the so-called commercial scientist may claim—in truth, the newspaper commercial scientist is constantly claiming—that we are all right and the other fellow, the French President, the German Emperor, the King of England, the Czar of Russia, the lesser cobblers in Italy, Austria, etc., and their assistants of the press, are constantly claiming that the nations are all right. Here we affirm that we are getting the balance of trade in our favor, that there is a full dinner pail; very little coal to cook the dinner, it is true, but prosperity is everywhere in evidence, and who shall complain or say nay?

Not I, but I simply suggest that, in view of the strikes all over the country, in view of the brutal struggles for empire on the part of all the leading "Christian" nations and the consequent cries of millions of the conquered and oppressed, I would simply suggest that there may be something very wrong, even from the commercial point of view. The Church is everywhere accusing Freemasonry, Infidelity, Protestantism and Atheism of being godless, and all of these sects and cults in turn again are accusing the Church of selfishness, of pandering to the rich, and of inhumanity in the sense that it disregards the rights of the poor, so that unless a man is well grounded in the belief he holds, he finds himself liable to become a convert to the worst phase of faith, or no faith, extant in this down-at-the-heel world. In truth a broader and deeper view of modern nations induces a man to examine the contents of the full dinner pail and to question the heart of modern arrogance.

All our modern nations are the inheritances, the legacies of preceding rulers and nations. Most of them are incalculably rich in natural resources, developed and undeveloped; but the greatest common inheritance of all is the faculty of resource of the civilized mind, the faculty of maneuvering, deceiving, planning, saving, accumulating what is called wealth, and using that wealth for the accomplishment of their own financial and commercial ends. But even this faculty has been and is still being used to wear out and not to strengthen these resources, and to make us bankrupt in the end.

My financial advisers assure me that the foundations of modern financial prosperity are rotten; that the soles we tread on are thin to the danger line; in a word, that the present inflation is bound to be followed by failure and depression; that the steel trusts and others are bankrupting themselves and the nation. What would we think of an only son who inherited all the estates and personal property of an immensely wealthy ancestry, if he, while not lacking in strenuous action in a sort of industry, but working all his lands and all his millions, occupied himself in such enterprises of rascality, of empire and murder, as made him practically criminal and bankrupt, and then as mortgaging all his estates, spending his capital, and spending his borrowings in still more murderous displays of crime, and using his borrowed money to fill the dinner pails of his servants? You might say

it was all right as long as his real estate would justify his borrowings, pay the interest easily and leave enough for further villainies. If you were a born fool, you might still say it was all right; but do you know whose slave that man is becoming? Do you know who own the nations of the world to-day? The large money-lenders of three or four of the leading nations of the world. Do you think it a prosperous condition to live on borrowed money, in fine style, with all prices inflated by your own tariff-made laws; and do you not see that the utmost resources of any estate or nation can stand that sort of infamous spendthriftism only for a certain number of years? And that is what I mean when I speak of the down-at-the-heelism of modern prosperous nations. Every Christian nation on earth is a slave of the money-lenders. To issue and sell a billion dollars' worth of "bonds" is simply to borrow so much more money which *labor has to pay*, with interest. The nations are all, every one of them, including our own, up to their eyes in debt, owing countless millions of money for the pleasure of past indulgences in infamous and murderous crimes. Coal used to be four dollars a ton; it is now twelve. It is down again for a day. Prime beef was ten cents a pound; it is now thirty cents, and everything else in proportion. I tell you that no nation is strong enough to stand that pace and process of prosperity for many centuries, cobbles it as you will. I tell you that, as there is a moral order in the universe and a moral God Almighty in charge thereof; that said God Almighty will stand it only up to a certain day, and then, by baring His arm and executing His power, He will smite the nations into potsherds, "making the wrath of man to praise Him and the remainder thereof will He restrain."

Get your shoes well mended. Rawhide is growing dear.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

POETIC IDEALS OF WOMAN.

As in the olden times, the nineteenth-century woman stands for the purest instincts and divinest aspirations of humanity. The simplicity and superstition of other days have gone, and she is conscious of more freedom and more responsibility. She

still has the courage to face the harshest decrees of destiny: She is still quick to respond to the dictates of duty and to the cries of distress. She can be patient, if need be, in adversity and endure ill-treatment. While occasion may not arise for her to show the sublimity of unselfishness displayed by Antigone, she knows the law of self-sacrifice by experience as well as theoretically. There is a limit, however, to her capacity for suffering when it is unjustly demanded. She is more self-contained, because she has learned more of the rhythm of life. There may be a tragic sadness in her life, and the world hear no sound. From the depth's of her heart comes forth an undertone not heard in the songs of old. To use the words of Longfellow, she is

“Urged by a restless longing, the hunger and thirst of the spirit.”

Such is woman as portrayed by some of the latter-day singers.

Of the women who suffer there appear to be a large number in the poems of Wordsworth. The wife in trouble because of an absent husband who never returns, the mother brooding over the loss of a son, the victim of erring love—these are types of female characters that recur over and again in his works; and those who are not so unfortunate as these have a hard lot. They bear affliction meekly, though not always uncomplainingly. Their only pleasures are the domestic joys and the sacred raptures of religion. They are intensely affectionate, pure-minded, generally of the Puritan class, leading honest, industrious lives, “trusting in God’s good love” and seeking help by prayer.

Plainness and simplicity are always characteristics of Wordsworth’s work; and, as might be expected, his women are simple and natural creatures, with no high-flown fancies. Such as they are, they were drawn from life. He portrayed the rural maids and matrons that he met in his walks and on his travels. He appreciated the good qualities of the rugged, healthy daughters of the humble dalesmen that he knew and respected.

Wordsworth’s maidens are not the soft, sentimental, coquetish things that figure in romance, if Emily in “The White Doe of Rylstone” be excepted. They are serious, like himself, and true to their better selves. They are loyal sweethearts, and they

became faithful wives and devoted mothers. Some of them are of queenly appearance, like the hapless Helen in "The Excursion:"

"Serious and thoughtful was her mind; and yet,
By reconcilment exquisite and rare,
The form, port, motions of this cottage-girl
Were such as might have quickened and inspired
A Titian's hand, addrest to picture forth
Oread or Dryad glancing through the shade
What time the hunter's earliest horn is heard
Startling the golden hills."

The gloom, however, is not perpetual. The somber tone is occasionally relieved by a happier mood, as in the faultless picture of the gracious and womanly Mary Hutchinson, whom Wordsworth married. A Highland girl that he saw in his wanderings inspired some of the lines in this "exquisite portrait," the most precious, perhaps, in English poetry of the nineteenth century:

"She was a Phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight;
A lovely Apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament.
I saw her upon nearer view,
A Spirit, yet a Woman too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet words, promises as sweet;
A Creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears and smiles.
A perfect Woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a Spirit still, and bright
With something of angelic light."

The poetry of William Morris is not "the problem-haunted poetry of the day." Generalizations can convey no more than a

feeble idea of the strange beings wrought out of Norse and Homeric elements by the sorcery of his splendid imagination. The women depicted in his billowy measures, that captivate and enthrall as by a spell of enchantment, belong to another world. They are scarcely human—they are the shadowy dwellers of dreamland, charming but unreal. Theirs is an unearthly loveliness, and a fascination having too much of the weird and mystical. His “earthly paradise” is not an ideal paradise; and the women who pass to and fro through its wide and radiant spaces are not altogether desirable companions. His nymphs and sirens, damsels and queens, are not the best types of womanhood. The mighty Brynhild, the imperial Gudrun, the dainty Refna, with their tragic loves and turbulent lives, are not to be studied or imitated with profit.

Some of Tennyson’s women, it must be confessed, are like them. Such, too, are the Lenore of Poe and “the blessed Damozel” of Rossetti. So are the Iseult and Atlanta that move to the tune of Swinburne’s intoxicating music. The fair creations with which these singers have peopled the realms of poesy should be more sympathetic and considerate toward others. Coventry Patmore’s “Angel of the house” is a genuine flesh-and-blood Englishwoman. These superb beauties of mythology and romance are not; their company is far different from that of Chaucer’s girls and women.

Walter Scott had a better ideal of the fair sex, at times coquettish, yet not above serving:

“O woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!

This, too, is an inadequate conception of the part that woman plays in the world as the mistress of the home. Hers is “the eternal womanly” not only as a heritage to have and enjoy but to hand on. To glorify motherhood, “the great crown that consummates woman’s life,” is the noble ministry of poetic art; and this has been done by our own singers, Whittier and Long-

fellow, who are in a peculiar sense the poets of the household.

The mother in "Snow-Bound," to whom "joy was duty and love was law," seems to be the impersonation of all homelike virtues. The life of the New England woman was indeed hard, but it cannot be called desolate with these sources of happiness—to say nothing of the pleasant memories of girlhood. It is an appreciative tribute that Whittier pays to the single woman, the dear maiden aunt whose winsome personality made her a favorite:

"The sweetest woman ever Fate
Perverse denied a household mate,
Who, lonely, homeless, not the less
Found peace in love's unselfishness,
And welcome wheresoe'er she went,
A calm and gracious element.
For well she kept her genial mood
And simple faith of maidenhood."

Of the same pattern is the elder sister of the poet:

"A full, rich nature, free to trust,
Truthful and almost sternly just,
Impulsive, earnest; prompt to act,
And make her generous thought a fact,
Keeping with many a light disguise
The secret of self-sacrifice."

Along with more of refinement and intellectual culture, woman in recent poetry has more of spirituality, the crowning quality evolved by the ages. She deems it not her mission to withdraw from the world and by fasting and pious meditation induce the heavenly rapture and ecstasy divine. Hers is the saintliness of a white soul burning with passion for the uplift of humanity, enrolling herself on the side of the good in the struggle against the forces of error and wrong. Her fervor is practical.

Longfellow would have a strong claim on our gratitude, if he had written nothing besides the sad, sweet love-story of the patient, trusting Evangeline, whose life is indeed saddened but not blighted by separation from her lover. It is much to have learned how to endure, even when one's dearest hopes are

wrecked, and Evangeline attains to this. From the fire of affection and discipline, she goes forth chastened, sensitive to the woes of others. She half forgets her own pain in her ministrations of healing and comfort. It is a beautiful picture of the Acadian "maiden of seventeen summers" when

"Down the long street she passed, with her chaplet of beads and
her missals,

Wearing her Norman cap, and her kirtle of blue and the ear-
rings.

* * * * *

But a celestial brightness—a more ethereal beauty—

Shone on her face and encircled her form, when after con-
fession,

Homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction upon
her.

When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite
music.

Afterward, when the fates cruelly separate them and the long quest for her lover is finally given up as hopeless, she devotes herself to the work of a Sister of Mercy:

"And from the fields of her soul a fragrance celestial ascended—
Charity, meekness, love and hope, and forgiveness and
patience!"

Another Catholic maiden, with the same tender spirit of piety and disinterestedness, is Elsie in "The Golden Legend."

EUGENE PARSONS.

Chicago, Ill.

RIGHTS OF THE CHILD.

The first right that a child has, through his or her participation in the eternal economy of the Universe, is certainly the right to be born, irrespective of any speculation as to his or her place, work or destiny in this world. To deny this is to deny the whole philosophy of creation. A human being is the highest finite expression of an infinite creation. The human brain is the *ne plus ultra* of all forces that have existed from the

beginning, it is the highest conscious form of once unconscious matter, it is the most stupendous and powerful machinery for the diffusion of energy in its most subtle and complex varieties. Hence forces that have been operating through all ages, toward the birth into this world of a human being, must necessarily be those forces that are most sedulously guarded by an all beneficent First Cause.

The crude sophistry of Ida Husted Harper's article in the January number of the *North American Review* would hardly be worth the while answering, were it not for the fact of its wide publicity, and the baneful and disastrous effect it must undoubtedly have on weak-minded men and women, who are only too willing to seize upon any excuse to avoid a grave moral responsibility. The status and worth of a human being in this world of ours does not depend exclusively on physical conformation, erudition, knowledge of philosophy, wealth or culture; they depend upon moral sensibility; all these other personal properties and acquisitions may either intensify or lessen this moral sensibility. The greater the moral sensibility the greater factor for good does the being become. To reduce the matter of bringing or not bringing children into the world to a mere expedient and to a purely material basis is the height of presumption and assurance. Who can indeed peer into the future? All we dare assume is, that the great power of organized morality, morality that has slowly crystallized out of the long and painful experience of mankind, and having in addition been strengthened by divine sanction and command, if recognized and lived up to, to the best of our knowledge and ability, may still grant us the hope of a divine protection and of a divine love. People, as a whole, are more moral than intellectual; in many instances mere intellectuality debases instead of elevates moral character. "Intellectual, cultured parents in easy circumstances of life," to paraphrase Ida Husted Harper's expression, have certainly not the monopoly of producing "children blessed with physical, mental and moral endowments." Such children very often are nature's gift, and perhaps her only gift to the humblest cotter. To hold to the view that nascent human life should be destroyed or prevented from development because, forsooth, a certain number of children are born into this world under undesirable circumstances, and with certain mental, moral and

physical disabilities, is a most glaring exhibition of a mental, moral and intellectual degeneracy. Those "cultured, refined, intellectual parents in easy circumstances of life," who, imbued with these *refined* ideas, limit the number of their offspring by debasing and prostituting their own divine instincts, can only hope to reproduce a progeny still further wanting in that sense of moral sensibility, the possession and preservation of which is, after all, the only salvation of the human race.

Maternity is the highest instinct that has been given to living nature, and the highest expression of that instinct we see in woman. Any cause that lessens and debases that instinct, lessens and debases the human race as a whole. So great, indeed, is the regard of the Eternal for this maternal instinct that He did not despise, Himself, to be born of woman. It is an appalling sign of the demoralization of the age, when such practices as taught by Ida Husted Harper are openly advocated. Pray, what excuse is offered for this wholesale demoralization?

Demoralize the mothers of men and you demoralize the race of mankind, intellectual, cultured, refined though they may be and in easy circumstances of life. The flimsy excuse is made that there are children born who become a charge upon others than their parents, many of them charges upon the State. In Heaven's name, is there any greater or nobler charge the State or other organized bodies can undertake than the bringing up in right principles and right morals children who have been left without parental control? Oftentimes indeed, owing rather to misfortune than to the deliberate fault of their parents.

"Suffer little children to come unto me for such is the Kingdom of Heaven," not of cultured, intellectual parents in easy circumstances of life who practice a refined diabolism. There are doubtless many evils in our State and society; we are now trying the daring experiment of a government of the people and from the people; many evils have arisen co-existing with many blessings. These evils might eventually nullify the experiment and afford additional experience to mankind, no matter what the result, if our natures are sound and we cultivate and cherish a deep undercurrent of morality, we need not fear the worst; the moral forces in our nature must eventually triumph and tend toward the uplifting of our people and our State.

Disapprobation and righteous indignation do not refute argument. Let us take the salient points in Ida Husted Harper's contentions. First. She is overwhelmed with the consciousness of the responsibility of bringing a child into the world. The fact of the matter is that, there should be no such overwhelming consciousness of responsibility; if such should rightly exist then the Almighty stands doubly confused at having brought the human race into existence. The law of reproduction was fore-ordained, and under divine and legal restrictions is a perfectly natural one; and it is only a warped, false, morbid and unnatural sensitiveness that questions nature in this her own economic law. There has been, there is, and there always will be, what seems to our finite and limited understanding of eternal economic laws, a tremendous waste of life, both vegetable, brute and human, nevertheless human instincts are unerring if dependent upon divine love for guidance. Certainly they will not lead us to prevent our own offspring from being born. Civilization so-called, instead of subduing animal tendencies, often accentuates them, leading to what is generally known as refinement in vice. Life is not a constant struggle against a return to the original state of savagery, as Ida Husted Harper would have us believe, the human race can never, as a race, return to the original state of savagery, individuals and "intellectual, cultured and refined parents in easy circumstances of life" may, but the race, as a whole, never, for then, indeed, is our creation purposeless. The responsibility of the parent is not twofold to the child and to the State, as Ida Husted Harper puts it. The responsibility of parents lies simply between nature and themselves. Society has an absolute right, she further states, to have every new member a help and not a hindrance. Society has no such right. Society has a right to what she deserves, and no more, if she is fundamentally tainted, then that which springs from her will also be tainted. If pure that which springs from her will also be pure. Ida Husted Harper asks, are numbers needed? Certainly numbers are needed, here in America as well as elsewhere. To the living belong the earth. There is plenty of work yet to be done in this grand vineyard of ours. The vineyard is large, but the laborers are still few, "blessed, therefore, is the man that hath his quiver full of them."

If society's environments were all that they should be and could be, we need have no fear of our growing children, and when grown most of them, as many of them do now, would turn out to be a credit to themselves and to the State. Because certain evils exist is it wise in an effort to prevent these ills, to counsel the committing of far greater evils and crimes?

There is hardly a greater moral and physical crime than that of preventing the hapless unborn from being born. But the most casuistical of all her arguments in favor of limited families is the one in which she suggests that the better classes could effectually serve society by limiting their own offspring and supply the surplus parental care, (save the mark) time, and money toward fitting these less fortunate children to lead respectable and useful lives. How divinely unselfish to be sure!

Did you ever watch a hen scratch for her chicks? She will scratch as much and as persistently for one as she will for a dozen. Then again, did you ever notice a chick get accidentally detached from her brood of brothers and sisters? She runs for shelter and protection to another brood near by and instinctively avoids the hen that struts along with one or two chicks in her wake. And I trow it is much the same with mankind, a dying mother would be happier placing her motherless child in the bosom of some large and wholesome family, though, perhaps, poor and indigent, than hand the little one over to the tender mercies of one who has violated her natural instincts in order to supply her surplus parental care to such a child as this, even though she be "intellectual, cultivated, refined and in easy circumstances in life."

Yes, human instincts are good and unerring; they err only when passion, selfishness, morbid sensitiveness and unnatural impulses get the better of their own inherent goodness. Fortunate, indeed, was it for the human race that great nature did not take into his councils spirits imbued with the ideas and teachings of Ida Husted Harper when he devised the eternal economy of nature, or else the world might have been without our Platos, our Socrates, our Diogenes, our Cæsars, our Harveys, our Jenners, our Raphaels, our Mendelssohns, our Michael Angelos, our Ruskins, our Shakespeares, our Wash-

ingtons, our Gladstones, our Lincolns, and hosts of other good, great and true men and women, and aye, even, perhaps, without our Christ.

Ida Husted Harper and those of like kind, who know nothing, who see nothing, who believe nothing and who have deliberately come forward in public print to wantonly debauch the minds and bodies of pure women, place themselves on a pinnacle of infamy, from which I venture to say they will not readily be taken down.

ERNEST HUGH FITZPATRICK, L.R.C.P.

Edinburgh.

WHO IS TO BLAME?

February first, nineteen hundred and three. For ten months previous to this date a large portion of the United States was in a condition of ferment caused by what I believe to have been one of those needless upheavals of human rascality which now and then are forced upon whole communities by the selfish greed and ambition of a few individuals, who, being in position to influence large masses of ignorant men, influence them for evil and not for good, as in the recent coal strike. Whenever a man does this, or whenever such disturbances arise, I believe it to be the duty of good and true men to lay bare all the facts as far as possible, and to bring the judgment and condemnation of mankind to bear on that man, or on those men no matter who they are or what religion they profess.

Some people think that the Arbitration Commission will do this. I do not so believe. To imagine that the Government will do it is a hopeless dream. The present disturbance was brought about by what is known as the anthracite coal strike in Pennsylvania, but, as everybody knows, anthracite coal had become such a necessity in all parts of the country that the present strike, continuing for many months and extending into the early winter of the year 1902, whole families and communities of people were thrown into great and severe distress for lack of fuel, others by the extortionate prices charged per ton for coal, and many others into lawless excesses of theft of coal from railroad coal cars. In a word, the strike led to numberless

cases of severe distress and to numberless excesses utterly out of place in any civilized and law-abiding community. Not only in the coal region were such excesses, even of murder and mob violence, frequent, in fact almost constant, but such excess of suffering, privation and lawless action have continued up to the date of this writing and are likely to repeat themselves in many forms in various parts of the country for many a day. The example is corrupting.

All this is a matter of common newspaper and current history. I need not dwell upon the facts of suffering or the excesses of lawless men and women. The facts are very overwhelming, and, to my mind, very damnable, calling for severest measures of law and of punishment. The question propounded, viz:—"Who is to blame?" calls for very deliberate consideration, and for a fearless answer. *The New World*, a Catholic weekly, of January 17th, in an earnest editorial, gives a pretty clearly defined Western view of certain phases of the question. I here quote said editorial:

"Let the Guilty be Punished.—If there is any good in investigation certainly the alleged coal trust will have enough of it before it is through. The Chicago City Council has investigated, a special grand jury is investigating, the State Legislature has decided by vote to make investigation and in the Senate of the United States there is much agitation with regard to the matter.

"This is a sign that a healthy public sentiment yet remains. The appalling extortion openly practiced roused the public almost to exasperation. The manufacturers of this State couldn't stand for a system that was eating them up. The people are patient, but the spectacle of human beings freezing before their eyes was just a little too horrible to be borne.

"But now that the wheels of the law are set moving, may it not be well to inquire why they were not placed in motion before? For months there has been a shriek for public ownership voiced by several factions in the city, yet all the while those making the demand did not appear to know that severe laws against conspiracy and forestalling existed in the statutes of Illinois. Instead of attempting to cure the evil complained of they let the people suffer, while they themselves went on spinning theories of government as tenuous as November gossamers.

"They ought to have been doing something practical. With sufficient laws in existence to mete out drastic punishment, it is not very greatly to their credit that they allowed human beings to suffer while they sat by their firesides and constructed tawdry Utopias. This is a practical age. Notwithstanding the vast number of theories spawned daily what the people actually desire is relief from conditions that are made oppressive by remorseless greed. If ever they grow so illogical as to accept the dreams of the theorists and endeavor to make them work, it will be because they are driven to such extremity by deliberate and inhuman oppression.

"There will be no need of experimenting if those in power will do their duty. There is nothing to be gained by talking about public ownership at this juncture. Very obviously wrong-doing exists. During the last few days a number of people have frozen to death because of the corner in coal. There are laws against such infamy; let the laws be applied. Let no one guilty be spared, whatever his wealth or social prominence. The man who crushes the weak and deliberately freezes his brother to death is no better than a murderer. He ought to receive the severest penalty fixed by law. If public officials can not apply the plain law of the land, as the same exists in the present system of government, it is folly to expect them to be more courageous under another. Very evidently the great need of the age is doers, not dreamers. It is simple truth to declare that most of the laws that exist are just enough, but those entrusted with their enforcement are time-servers or cowards. Let the people demand there shall be no farce in the present case."

The question of the coal combine to raise prices I will touch later on. It was sure to follow the infamous strike, whose leaders are the real culprits in the case. I have quoted this editorial in full: First, that I might not be charged with any garbling or unfairness. Second, because of my sincere respect for the *New World* as an earnest Catholic newspaper. Third, because of my true respect for the gentleman who for so many years was its able editor, and because of my very kindly regard for the gentleman who at present is its editor.

I do not know that the latter was the author of the editorial quoted, and with him I have no personal contention. In truth this editorial is very like columns and columns of writing that I

have read in Catholic newspapers during the strike and during the many scenes of suffering that have occurred since the strike was called off, but not ended. The whole assumption of these papers is that the owners of coal mines, those who have leased said mines, the operators of said mines, and now the members of the so-called coal trust, and trade generally denominated in such papers variously as coal barons, thieves and tyrants, are all rascals of the deepest dye and robbers and oppressors of the poor—especially of the poor miner. Further, that these so-called guilty gentlemen are to blame for all the suffering and excesses caused by the coal strike—the strike itself being angelic and free from blame, and I here confess that if I held such opinions I should be one of the first to say with my friend, the agnostic German Socialist, that said coal barons ought to be shot down like dogs—so serious are my views of the enormity of the crime of forcing this fearful state of affairs upon law-abiding and civilized communities. I here confess, however, that I do not believe in the soundness or truth of the position indicated; do not believe that the owners or operators of coal mines are responsible for the strike or for all or any of the murderous wrongs caused by the strike, but that one poor-headed, but ambitious man, named John Mitchell, is to blame for all these infamies; and hence I can but hold logically and consistently that said John Mitchell and a few of his pals ought not to be shot down like dogs—that is the work of Anarchists—but that they ought to be branded and hounded from the State and country in which they have wrought such mischief, and that some stringent laws should be passed, not at the dictation of Mitchell & Co. or other scavengers, but by the God-inspired sense of justice still latent in some men, such laws as would render it impossible for a low and base fellow like Mitchell ever again to perpetrate on a comparatively innocent community the evils he has wrought during the past year.

To me all this is as plain as the nose on your face, but as there are those who think differently or who profess to think differently, we will present a few facts to prove the truth of our position and the culpability of the agitators named.

In previous issues of this magazine I have discussed various phases of the strike and its injustices as related to personal liberty, the question of comparative wages, and have given many

facts showing the infamy of the strikers; but as these facts were, many of them, of private information they may not have carried such force of conviction as they deserved. Many well meaning men are very like my friend, the German would-be Socialist, who, when simple facts that bear against his crazy vagaries are presented to him by eye-witnesses of the events, bluntly says: "I do not believe them," but where a man is so far gone in irrational and unprincipled theories as to hold that miners or other workmen—editors or what not—simply because they belong to an organization called the union, have the right by bludgeon or murder to prevent men from work who do not happen to belong to a union, there is little hope for the reason of such people, and as they do not believe in God, the source of all justice, you cannot expect them to believe in conscience or human justice. They are simply Anarchists who believe in nothing but their own sweet will, which is hell and confusion. Since our last writing for the December, 1902, *GLOBE REVIEW*, whole piles of testimony have been presented before the Strike Commission and published in the newspapers. Some of them I here propose to recall and review.

We shall select largely at random from whole stacks of clippings preserved during the period under review. Here is a bit of testimony, with editorial bias, from the *New York Sun* of January 18th:

"General Gobin's Testimony.—No more thrilling story is published this morning anywhere than that of General Gobin's printed in another column about that portion of the Pennsylvania reign of terror of which he was a personal observer. Long as it is, it constitutes but a small chapter in the entire history of that season. It is a mere running account of the more prominent events that came under General Gobin's notice. We print it merely as an official supplement to the detailed account of crimes that began in the newspapers the day after the great strike started, in the middle of May. General Gobin was not called on to take a hand until the last day of July.

"He tells of the labors of his troops in upholding the law; but what he says is more important as testimony to the despicable conduct of the politicians of whom Governor Stone was the leading example, who throughout the entire period of outrage constantly held out a hand of friendliness to the arch-rioter, John Mitchell."

Here are snatches of Gobin's experience:

"From the verbatim report of General Gobin's testimony before the Anthracite Strike Commission.—General Gobin.—On the night of the 30th of July I received orders to report at Harrisburg. Governor Stone was not at home and Adjutant-General Stewart was on duty. He exhibited to me various requests coming from the Sheriff and citizens of Schuylkill county giving information of a riot at that point during the afternoon of that day, at which then it was reported a number of men had been killed and requesting the assistance of troops. There were several gentlemen in Shenandoah in whom I had implicit confidence. I endeavored to get them by telephone. From one I got the information that satisfied both of us that the request of the Sheriff should be acceded to.

"At 12 o'clock I ordered out two regiments and the one troop of cavalry to start for Shenandoah. I arrived there with four companies of infantry at about 6.30 in the morning. The Sheriff met me there. His report was to the effect that he was utterly unable to do anything and that on the day previous there had been a serious riot in which a relative of his had been killed.

"The remainder of my command were coming in and I immediately began to make an arrangement for their encampment. I needed wagons and I was unable to get any. In Mahanoy City, four or five miles off, there was a fire company that gave me the first team I could get, a team belonging to the fire company, to convey my tents and rations up on the hill.

"Commissioner Parker—The livery people and so on in the town refused to give teams to you?

"The witness—Yes, sir.

"Commissioner Watkins—In other words, you were boycotted, were you?

"The witness—Very badly, sir. The Sheriff remained with me part of the day. The Chief Burgess was sick, there were no policemen on duty. They had all been injured the previous day. There was, therefore, no civil authorities with whom I could consult.

"On the day following, however, the Chief Burgess, the Chief of Police, the President of the Town Council and one other member of the Town Council came to my headquarters and said that they were unable to exercise any control over the peace and

order of that community, that they had no policemen, that their policemen had all been injured in the riot the day previous; that they could get no men to serve on the police force, and that they had no means of paying them if they could get them; that they could not get a meeting of the Town Council; that they could not get a quorum together, and therefore they must depend on me to keep order.

"When I looked for headquarters I went to the Ferguson House and found there an old soldier, a Grand Army man whom I knew. He had seen the fight of the day before, or the row, or whatever you call it, and he did not deem it wise to get out of town that night, but he stayed over until the next morning. I had a long conversation with him and I received a great deal of information from him as to the character of the fight. It had centered around the depot of the Reading Company, which is a small frame building. I examined that depot and was satisfied from the bullet holes in it and around about it that there had been considerable of a muss there the day before.

"Next morning I met a number of gentlemen representing the miners' union—yes, I may say that—and had a conversation with them. They were headed by Miles Dockerty, whom I had seen on former occasions. They told me that there was no occasion for the troops; that they would have preserved order, or could have preserved order, if they had been called upon, that they had not been called upon, and that there was not much of a riot anyhow. I told them that I thought there was a good deal of a riot, and that the appearance of things indicated that there had been very much of a riot, and from the information I had we were in a community there without a particle of civil law and without a civil officer in commission or prepared to preserve the peace or maintain order." Finally, after long waiting, I gave the general order that whenever the soldiers themselves were stoned to return bullets for stones every time, and shoot to kill. After that matters grew a little quieter and citizens could live in some safety. Yet Father Curran, of Wilkesbarre, thinks the troops were not needed, forsooth, because the Catholic rioters did not bombard his house and violate the altars of his church.

If he had had any true sense of justice and civilization he might have been better employed. But that is an old story.

The state of the coal region during the strike was simply a state of idleness and lawless riot, for most of which John Mitchell was and is to blame. But here is a glimpse of John himself and of the sort of figure he cuts among intelligent men. We quote from *New York Sun* of January 18th:

“Mitchell Tries to Sum Up His Side of the Case — Says He Doesn't Believe in Violence — Declares that the Miners Can't Get Cars Now — Asked to Prove His Assertion. Philadelphia, January 17.—John Mitchell, goaded out of his usual calmness and shrewdness by the testimony that for the past two weeks has been accumulating against his union, delivered a valedictory before the Strike Commission to-day. His address was in reality an effort to again present the union cause and for once Mitchell seemed to lose the cunning that characterizes his moves. As such an effort, however, it was promptly recognized by counsel for the operators, who cut the miners' president short in one of his most turgid deliverances.”

It was at the following point in Mitchell's speech that the interruption occurred. Mitchell grew a little wild and wandered from the point. He said:

“I have an abiding faith in the American people. I believe that when they understand a cause to be right, they will support it, and without the support of the people no great movement can succeed. That is true of a strike.

“There is one other question that I feel it is my duty to speak of. Several days ago I addressed a communication to all the anthracite mine workers urging them to coöperate with the management of the mines in increasing the output of the mines for the purpose of relieving this terrible suffering due to the coal famine. Since my communication was received by them, I have heard from a large number of our local unions, and in nearly every instance the miners tell me that the production of coal cannot be increased through any effort of theirs; that in most cases the companies are failing to furnish them as many cars as they would load.”

Commissioners, attorneys and spectators alike listened with astonishment to this outburst. At this point Major Warren arose.

“Mr. Mitchell,” he said, “pardon me for interrupting you. Will you produce proof of any of those cases you are now stat-

ing, cases where they cannot get the cars and that the fault is with the companies? You say you gathered your information from your men, your associates and the locals. If you have such information, it seems to me, as you are attempting here to establish a fact, not argue your case—you are apparently arguing your case—you are not confining yourself to that, but you are stating alleged facts, and we have information quite to the contrary, and I only suggest it would be fair to both ourselves and yourself, if you would furnish the commission with some fact to justify the statement that the men are not able to get any more coal in these days, because of the lack of opportunity afforded them by the companies. My associates and my friends here and the general superintendents who are here, inform me it is not the fact.

“I am very sorry you cannot be here during the balance of the session, but we intend to show that they do not and are not willing to load as many cars as they can be furnished with.”

Much earlier in the session Mr. Wayne McVeagh said of Mitchell that he was a good witness for his own side, but here the real scatter-brain idiocy of the riot breeder came out. The testimony pronounced by Major Warren was duly produced. Mr. Baer, of the Reading Coal and Iron Company, gave figures and hours to show that ever since the strikers went to work, what with holidays, Mitchell days, loafing days, half days, etc., the miners were not mining more than two-thirds the coal that might easily be mined. They are thinking far more of that great fund that John Mitchell proposes to raise to help them and himself in future riot-breeding strikes, than they are of the scarcity of coal in Philadelphia and elsewhere, and what innocent people have to pay for it. Here is a bit of clean testimony from President Baer touching Mitchell's claim that more coal was mined than could be hauled to market, touching also other points of interest. We quote from the *Wilkesbarre Record* of January 23d:

“Philadelphia, January 19.—President Baer, of the Reading Company, denied positively to-day that there was any congestion of coal on the Reading Company's lines. He gave out the following statement:

“It is not true that there are large quantities of coal (some reports making it as high as 150,000 tons) on the line of the Philadelphia & Reading Railroad. The traffic is now moving

freely and fully to destination. There is no scarcity of coal cars. We now have more than we can use. The coal movement has been very heavy. Saturday and Sunday 3,018 cars of anthracite coal passed over the Reading division. During the same time there were unloaded in the City of Philadelphia 481 cars and at Port Richmond 439 cars of anthracite coal. There were also 194 cars of bituminous coal unloaded at Port Richmond.

"At Port Reading 3,646 cars of anthracite and 182 cars of bituminous coal were dumped.

"This morning there were no loaded cars at Palo Alto scales, and only fifty-eight left at Cressona.

"There were in trains on the Reading division this morning 247 cars of anthracite and 103 cars of bituminous coal moving southward. The only other loaded cars were fifty-seven at different passing points billed to Philadelphia and miscellaneous points.

"The car reports to-day show that after filling colliery calls for coal and foreign cars there is a visible supply of 3,000 cars in excess of demand.

"Six collieries, with a daily production of 4,000 tons, were drowned out by the miners' union ordering out the pumping gangs, and we were powerless to keep the water out of them during the strike. Two of these collieries are entirely ruined and must be abandoned. The other four are being pumped out, and in the course of time will again be worked. Their destruction prevents the use of these surplus cars, deprives the public of coal and many men of employment. What would have happened had the strikers succeeded in drowning out all our collieries should give the public serious thought."

Here are other points of Baer's testimony before Mr. Low and other gentlemen of New York:

"Mr. Baer Shows That There Was a Shortage of 22,000,000 Tons Owing to the Strike—Railroads Are Unable to Compel Individual Operators to Keep Prices Down, and the Marketing of Large Quantities of Coal Has Been Taken Out of the Hands of the Big Companies.

"New York, January 13.—Mayor Low and representatives of the coal-carrying railroads held a conference to-day to discuss the coal situation in the five boroughs of Greater New York.

The railroad presidents present were: George F. Baer, of the Reading; F. D. Underwood, of the Erie; Fowler, of the Ontario and Western, and Thomas, of the Lehigh Valley. John B. Markle represented the independent operators. President Baer read a statement describing the position of the coal roads. He maintained that the roads were doing all possible to relieve the situation. The situation was full of difficulties and the failure of miners to work during the holidays had reduced the output and the price had been unduly advanced by the smaller companies and individual operators. Mr. Baer said:

“Mr. Mayor: I keenly appreciate the anxiety of the public to secure an adequate supply of anthracite coal. I can say, with a clear conscience, that the companies I represent have done and are doing all that it is possible for them to do in relief of the situation. The unfounded assumption that there is a coal combination, of which I am the reputed head, is daily made by certain newspapers. There is no such combination. I am responsible for the acts of the companies of which I am president, but I am powerless to control the action of the other companies and of the individual operators.

“The companies I represent have steadfastly adhered to the policy of selling coal to the public at reasonable prices. To protect the public, I have given notice to every dealer that if he sells any of the coal purchased from our company at unfair prices (by that I mean at a price in excess of the normal profit which a dealer is entitled to receive) we will arbitrarily refuse to deal with him in the future. Some of the dealers assert that this is arbitrary and that we have no right to impose such terms. Under ordinary conditions, I admit that such action would be arbitrary. If it turns out that under the technical law of the land the enforcement of such an act will subject us to an action for damages, I have nevertheless concluded to take that risk.

“Fault has been found with the coal companies because they have failed to compel the individual operators to sell coal at reasonable prices, but so far no one has ventured to tell us how we can do it. It is easy to start out with false assertions that we have the power, but it is not so easy to show where we get it or how we can enforce it.

“Now, as to your New York situation: By reason of the strike the output of anthracite coal in 1902 was 22,000,000 tons

below that of 1901. This is a large shortage. Notwithstanding this enormous increase in the output of bituminous coal, the shortage has not been made up. Indeed, one of the striking factors in the situation is the fact that bituminous coal brings more in the market than anthracite, although in seven years the output of bituminous coal has increased from about 113,000,000 tons to 350,000,000 tons in 1902," etc., etc.

Thus at every point the testimony of the coal companies and operators is to the effect that the shortage in coal is due to the strike and to no other cause, and testimony enough has been published long ago to show that the coal strike of 1902 was as needless and foolish and wicked as would be a strike by the letter carriers all over the country, or a strike by all the employés of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company.

The men were working in comparatively easy circumstances, and most of them were content, they, as all of us, bearing certain wrongs—but quite content. Then the low-bred agitator, the walking delegate, called John Mitchell and others, the ignorant fools, wanted to get up a fight with the operators. They succeeded and we all know the result, but for Mitchell and his pals of the newspapers, or others, to try to place the blame of the well-nigh universal distress upon any other shoulders than Mitchell's own is too absurd for the consideration of anybody except a lot of old maids and Irish politicians.

The union scoundrels forced the fight and now want to lay the blame on others. As to the contention of my friend in the *New World*, that during the months of December, 1902, and January, 1903, the coal sellers or dealers got up some sort of conspiracy to raise and keep up the price of coal. Mr. Baer's testimony before Mayor Low and others, in New York, clearly shows that some such scheme was worked, but that the coal companies did their best to prevent it: but let us suppose that they did not, though I think that Mr. Baer's position on this point is generally believed, but suppose the operators and coal dealers resolved: First, not to be dictated to as to what they should do in their own line of business, and suppose further that they then used the same methods used in all commercial dealings, viz.: to buy as cheaply as possible and to sell as high as possible—who will blame them over much for resolv-

ing to make hay while the sun was shining? It is the common principle of successful commerce. Add to this fact another, viz: That during the summer months and all the months of the strike these operators and dealers were forced to lose money because they had and could get no coal to sell. Their teams were kept comparatively idle, like whole herds of mules in the coal regions, all their expenses went on or nearly all, but by reason of the mad and wicked action of John Mitchell & Co. they were doing no business and constantly losing money. No benevolent subscription was started to help them. They were simply accused by fools who blamed them instead of Mitchell for the shortage in coal. I say, in view of all the facts, I do not blame these dealers for taking advantage of our necessities and charging us three times more for coal than it was ordinarily worth.

If you want to find the real conspirators against the public, against the operators and against all trade and all men and all human interests, go to those early meetings of John Mitchell & Co., in which the first steps toward the strike were discussed and finally agreed upon. There were the real conspirators, the traitors to public comfort and peace, sulking and skulking in their dark holes; they plotted, built upon the sympathy of the American people and resolved to risk a fight which they had really lost when President Roosevelt called for the Arbitration Committee, but John Mitchell & Co., like the burrowing, underground, blind moles they are, will try it again and soon as possible, unless some dear Providence shall work out the German atheist's plan, and "shoot them down like dogs."

Later.—February 16th.—Since writing the foregoing, various counsel for the coal operators and non-union miners, the *Miners' Union*, etc., etc., have made able and characteristic speeches in favor of their clients. Mr. Baer also made a final and very able statement of the position of the representatives of capital in the coal regions. Most of all this I have read, only to be confirmed in the position taken in this article, viz: That John Mitchell and his pals of the *Miners' Union*, are absolutely, exclusively and savagely to blame; first, for the strike called in their interest and not at all to benefit the laboring man in the mines or elsewhere; second, that John Mitchell and his pals are to blame for all the miseries that the shortage in coal has brought upon the people. That they are to blame for the mil-

lions of dollars lost to and wasted by the loafing miners and laborers during the season of the strike; that John Mitchell and his pals never have and never will increase the average earnings of the miner, but have and will decrease the average earnings by their methods of strike and violence; that the average public citizen has to pay the costs of their treachery, ambition, extravagance and murder, and that in view of these facts it is high time the average citizen, via his representatives in the Legislature and elsewhere, should see to it that said methods of the loafing and murderous Miners' Union and its representatives be stopped, by law and order if possible, but if not possible, then by the lawful shotgun, and as promptly as possible.

My friend, the German agnostic, who would shoot Baer like a dog, and who believes with Mr. Darrow, counsel for the union, that a man who throws up his job has a right to stand guard over his old place and shoot any man ready to fill that place, is an editor; let him apply his logic and his folly to his own case. If he resigns will he question his employer's right to fill his place? Will he question any man's right to accept his position? Will he lay in wait for any man who attempts to fill that position and "shoot him down like a dog?" If so, I am one of the first to vote for hanging him, friend or no friend. Offenses must needs come in this world, but woe unto that man or that woman by whom, that is, by whose unlawful acts of injustice the offense cometh. If one-third of the mining laborers in the anthracite coal region were compelled by law to leave the region, and the Miners' Union disbanded and condemned by law and John Mitchell and his pals ostracised by law, the remaining miners and laborers would be better off for the next ten years. The operators would be left in proper control of their own property and the entire community would be benefited by the action. That would be better than shooting anybody, and would give every one fair play.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

WOMEN AND BOOKS.

We women hear a great deal of our "disabilities," real and fancied, political and social, and we are very much inclined to resent the political and social side of the question, assert our claims and clamor for our rights, though, as a rule, we slur over or politely ignore our real disabilities and the natural and inherent limitations of our powers.

We are content with asserting our intellectual equality with men, proving the rule by the exception, and pointing triumphantly to those rare cases in which training, opportunity and natural force of character have fortuitously combined to produce results which might warrant the claim, were they less few and far between.

Nothing, I think, illustrates better the different mental attitude of the sexes than their relations with books. Those of women are mostly of a capricious and tentative character—mere flirtations, so to speak. They are very rarely on terms of close, confiding intimacy and daily companionship.

Even the genuine feminine book-lover seldom attains to this. The connection lacks the brusque bonhomie of masculine comradeship. She cannot dispute her pet author's arguments, laugh at his foibles, bully his shortcomings, and yet drag his best thoughts from him, and like him the better for his mortal failings. With her the flirtation is apt to ripen into *love* and all the "fond and fatuous" feminine hero-worship which exalts the heart above the head. She makes a literary idol where a man would make a chum. The generality of women lack confidence and originality. They are cramped by tradition and overwhelmed by authority. The mental solitariness in which self-dependence is acquired is an ordeal from which women instinctively shrink.

The feeling which makes most women dread all philosophical teaching is the same which used to drive them into nunneries—the longing for authority, the incapacity for wrestling with the abstract. They have a holy horror of the debatable land.

Do we not all know the type in which this tendency culminates? The woman of a perfectly clean, sound, practical mind who is an excellent housewife, a good mother, but who continually drags you down from any heroic or imaginative altitude.

Her very excess of virtue makes her a dulling, deadening influence. She does not believe in all these complications in life; a thing is right or else it is wrong, and there the matter ends. Her ultimate appeal is to what she calls "common sense," in which, like most other people, she is apt to claim a monopoly. It is a hard-worked quality, but, since it may perhaps best be defined as the power of forming empirical judgments, often a very limited and illusory one when the data are insufficient or unfamiliar.

A woman's life is necessarily concerned with many petty details and trivial interests, and the scheme of her education generally excludes those subjects which would involve large generalizations and increase the scope of her mental operations, such as Political Economy, Ethics, Psychology and the more far-reaching conclusions of Science. And it is this, even more than over-sensitiveness to public opinion or a shrinking from the echo of her own footsteps over untrodden ground, which narrows the extent of feminine mental development.

Women have very often a good mental appetite and no digestion. They consume a whole library of books and are still lean. They are slow to perceive that the raw and unassimilated facts are useless, and do not go to enrich the mental life or build up the moral fiber. Give a woman a book on a large subject, and she will frequently pick out the isolated facts without the smallest idea of their bearing on the whole. She has probably an aptitude for picturesque detail, a sympathetic appreciation of the dramatic force of a situation, but cause and effect she ignores.

Buckle remarks that the English limit their knowledge too exclusively to the acquisition of facts, and it seems to me that this race characteristic is accentuated in its women.

In all sciences the knowledge of particulars must precede that of generals. In primitive communities phenomena are merely observed and commented on as isolated and unconnected. It is left for higher mental development to perceive the mutual relation of all knowledge, the correlation of all forces, and to group the unconnected data into one perfect whole. Feminine development is very apt to be arrested short of this stage.

A year or two ago we all read "*La Vie Intime d'Amiel*," a book full of striking and beautiful thoughts, the revelation of a mind penetrated with the love of knowledge, sensitive to the

beauty of nature, ardently receptive, gifted with grace of expression, yet with limitations which, it has often struck me, are singularly similar to those of the best feminine intellects of the day. He was weighed down with the melancholy of the "weltmude," dissatisfied with the good that is not perfection, imagining ever, yet failing to create. And the reason of the failure he perpetually bewails lies, it seems to me, in his efforts to reconcile conflicting systems and schools. He cannot separate what strikes his fancy from what convinces his reason, and goes a little way with every one in turn. The defect is a curiously feminine one.

Many maintain, not wholly without reason, that the cultivation of larger ideas and wider views is, to a woman, not only difficult, but productive of actual suffering. "The higher development of civilization," says Lotze, in his great "Microcosmos," "entails greater variety of individuality, and with it greater susceptibility to offense from the peculiarities of others."

What could be more disastrous for all wives and daughters? Their domestic and social happiness depends very much on their adaptability to circumstances and their pliancy to the moods of others. They lead a life of "odd jobs" and interruptions. Their days consist not of hours, but of intervals of ten minutes, and anything like steady application is often impossible.

But, on the other hand, parallel with the growing variety of individuality runs the keener sense of the interdependence of mankind, of the closely woven texture of our social tissue. The value of human sympathy is perhaps even too keenly felt by this generation. The tendency of recent thought has led to the idealization even to divinity of the sacred ties which bind man to man; it seeks to expand our great world-wide sin of selfishness till it shall embrace the interests of all mankind, almost to the exclusion of the self in which it originated, and so merge by slow and imperceptible degrees into the much-needed virtue of charity. And such sympathy is essentially a womanly attribute.

The poor philosopher, male or female, is often sneered at because he has entered a world his critics have no glimpse of. They are still more contemptuous should he allow this world's trifles to ruffle his philosophical serenity. Yet it is not always for the trifles themselves, my sisters, but because they jar with that longing for perfect love which is the essence of all philoso-

phy and religion. Harsh words from the tongue of one we love hurt us more than we can or dare explain, as the sound of an instrument out of tune is more painful than other harsh and discordant noises. Is it not because all our associations with it are of harmony and beauty that our nerves are set jarring? Nothing but good can result from a sympathetic and intimate fellowship with the best thoughts of the best minds, but pedantry is apt to be vain and overbearing and cause a wholesome dread of the "bookful blockhead, ignorantly read, with loads of learned lumber in his head."

Knowledge is of use only so far as it enables us to reason and reflect, and so reconstruct, with the materials it supplies, a philosophy of life for ourselves. As Cowper says: "Knowledge and wisdom, far from being one, have ofttime no connection. Knowledge dwells in heads replete with thoughts of other men, wisdom in minds attentive to their own. Knowledge, a rude, unprofitable mass, the mere material with which wisdom builds."

MRS. ARTHUR GILES.

New York.

THE ALBERTO-THOMISTIC WORLD-VIEW.

The philosophy of St. Thomas Aquinas, which was the completion and systematization of that of his master Albertus Magnus, and was fully accepted by the latter, who long outlived him, represented a perfect synthesis of the wisdom of Pagan antiquity—Greek and Oriental—with the truths of Divine Revelation and the results of the labors of all the preceding generations of Christian thinkers.

It was a universal philosophy, bringing into unity all physical and metaphysical, material and spiritual, truth, so far as the acquisition of the human race up to that time permitted.

It was a living philosophy, not professing to be final, but taking into full account all the results of all the sciences and all the conclusions of all thinkers, even the most un-Christian—like the contemporary Arabian philosophers.

No one, therefore, can be considered a true representative of that sublimest and truest of all philosophies who is not fully animated by its spirit, and does not, like blessed Albert and the

divine Thomas themselves, give full weight to every real acquisition of the human intellect, under whatever auspices, and with whatever animus, it may have been sought and attained.

The overthrow of the Ptolemaic astronomy and other revolutions in natural science, led to the discrediting of the physical side of the Alberto-Thomistic philosophy, and its complete abandonment by those who professed to be the most devoted adherents and true exponents of the system as a whole.

But the further results of science have more and more tended to vindicate the Thomistic principles, and have made possible the reconstruction, in large measure, of the physical side of that most perfect and typical form of the Philosophy of the School.

The object of this paper is to give a summary outline of the world-view, and especially the cosmogony, resulting from the completion of the Albertinian system in the light of the new data which the science of the thought of the past few centuries have furnished.

The universe is the manifestation and communication of the divine perfections. God, being infinitely good, desires to give Himself as completely as possible to others.

God is the one absolute, necessary, unconditioned, and completely self-determining Being; infinitely, eternal, unchangeable, devoid of parts and above all categories and genera. Besides Him there is no other. His essence and being and action are identical; He is pure act, with no element of potentiality.

Between Him and any creature, or the totality of creatures, there is an infinite gulf, so that nothing can be predicated univocally (that is, in the same sense) of Him and of creatures. (*Summa Theologies, Pars Prima, q. xiii, 5, o.*)

When the universe was not, there was no time, or space, or void; but only the immensity of Deity, and to that plenum nothing is added by the existence of the universe. (*Id., Ia, iv, 2, o.*) God plus the universe equals God; the universe minus God equals naught.

For the very reason that God is absolute and self-determining, He is infinitely intelligent and infinitely free.

In the eternal act of His self-knowledge He thinks one idea (inner word or *logos*), which is Himself.

In relation to the perfect image of Himself which He thus generates He is called the Father, while It is called the Son. As

this Divine thought is absolutely adequate and perfect. It possesses the fullness of the Divine Being and attributes, and is, therefore, a consubstantial and coeternal person (i. e., substance of a rational nature).

From this infinite and absolutely self-knowledge eternally proceeds an infinite and absolute self-complacency or bliss. Thus, in knowing Himself, God wills and posits Himself; and, because there can be nothing imperfect or separate in Him, God, as willed by Himself, is absolutely and perfectly God, and a divine person. As such, He is called the Holy Spirit, because He is the completion, as it were, of the divine life, which are preëminently spiritual and preëminently holy, and also, by analogy, because the word "spirit," in its primary etymological sense, signifies a certain impulse and motion (*Id.*, 1a, q. xxxvi, 1, c.).

So God, as thinking Himself, is called the Father, God, as thought by Himself, is called the Son, and God as willed by Himself is called the Holy Ghost or Spirit; and God considered in this triple personality is called the ever-blessed Trinity.

From this great central truth all other truth springs; if it is not understood, nothing else can ever be fully understood. The loss of the least jot or tittle of the sublime paradoxes of the Athanasian Creed would destroy the only idea of God that is scientifically tolerable and take away the very foundation of all true science.

In the eternal generation of the word God thinks Himself, not only as He is in Himself, but, in one and the same thought, (*Id.*, 1a, q. 1, 4. c.) in all the infinite number of modes and degrees in which He is capable of self-manifestation and self-communication. These possible modes of reflection, or exteriorization, as it were, of the divine perfections constitute the immanent ideas, or eternal reasons, which are the archetypes of all parts and stages of all possible universes.

In the eternal procession of the Holy Spirit, the consubstantial Love of the Father and the Son, God wills, not necessarily, as He wills Himself, but by a free eternal choice, all the creation that has been, is, or shall be, in all its minutest details.

As the production of a literally infinite creature is impossible, even to omnipotence, the divine perfections could only be manifested by an endless variety of creatures, in and above time and space, united in most intricate and manifold hierarchical re-

lations, each creature and each relation reflecting, in each of its elements, some aspect or aspects of deity in its own particular way. This variety should reach from the lowest to the highest, in an ascending scale of God-likeness in being and thought, in causality and beauty, in consciousness and power. And thus it was.

The creative volition is eternal (qq. xix and xlv, 3 ad 1), but its term was the beginning of time. In one instant (1a, lxiii, 5, c.) a finite universe arose, by the union of archetypal ideas, representing a certain manner in which the divine perfections are capable of being manifested, with potentiality to existence, representing a capacity for manifesting the divine perfections through the contingent, relative and dependent kind of being, or existence, which alone is possible to that which is not God.

Thus God, as Son, is the exemplary cause of the created universe; God, as Father, is its efficient Cause, and God, as Holy Ghost, its final cause.

This finite universe consists of three kinds of existence; a permanent spiritual realm—the Angelic Kingdom; a permanent material realm (1a, lxvi, 3, c.)—now called the inter-stellar ether, and a realm of growth and change, of generation and corruption, destined to ultimately unite in itself the corporeal and the spiritual—or nature.

The supreme law of the first realm is thought, that of the second being, and that of the third love.

The first has time within itself; the second fills all space, and the third is subject both to time and space.

Each of these reflects in its own way the divine infinity. The angels are limited in number, but have an endless capacity for spiritual receptiveness, being able to take into themselves in a spiritual manner all actual and possible things by thought.

The celestial or crystalline matter (inter-stellar ether) has a limited extent, but is capable of endless subdivision (at least in thought), and is indefinitely passive.

Gross matter is limited in extent, and limited by the forms which are its act, but has the endless divisibility of time and space and an infinite (indefinite) potentiality for the reception of new forms.

Everything that exists consists essentially of a substantial form, or formative principle, which makes it what it is, and may

be best understood as a self-subsisting (but only by the constant influx of being from God, *Summa 1a*, civ, 1 ad 4) idea, and of matter, which is pure potentiality to existence.

The form is the principle of unity, of intelligence, and of intelligibility; the matter is the principle of multiplicity, of nescience and of unintelligibility.

The angels are pure forms; having only a metaphysical matter, which is their individual potentiality.

Matter cannot exist without form; but the inter-stellar ether has a minimum of form, and is as near as possible to pure passive potentiality.

Gross matter was destined to tend to higher and higher forms until by the descent of spiritual forms into it the chasm between the spiritual and material worlds was bridged.

In the angelic intelligence was implanted from the beginning, the intelligible species representing the whole universe and its contents to the furthest limits of space and time.

In the original preëlemental matter was implanted an active potentiality to all the forms to which the *materia prima* (matter in itself considered) is passively potential—i. e., all those whose activities do not transcend the material order.

These material forms, as preëxisting in the first-informed gross matter, are called "seminal reasons," they being, as it were, the metaphysical *seeds* from which all the corporeal universe springs.

These seminal reasons are the reflection in nature of the eternal reasons, and are not to be considered as isolated entities, but as constituting collectively the idea of the corporeal universe as potentially contained in its germ, just as all the minutest parts of the oak tree are contained in the acorn. The seeds of individual things are the ultimates of the seminal reasons (*Summa 1a*, cxv, 2, c.). As all the elements of a perfect idea are, as it were, contiguous, the idea of the universe, reproduced in the totality of the seminal reasons, represents a complex series of imperceptible gradations extending in all directions from the common center.

From the standpoint of eternity all the universe, with its spiritual, corporeal and ethereal realms, from the beginning of time throughout all sempiternity (the relative eternity alone possible to mere creatures) is the product and term of one eternal act of God.

From the standpoint of time the process of creation, properly speaking, was completed in an instant; but the process of the perfection, or distinction and adornment of the corporeal universe (Ia, lxx, 1, c.) lasted through six vast cycles, the process of the union of the corporeal universe with the spiritual, and the consummation of the divine purposes in the creation, lasts through seven cycles, while the divine Providence, or preservative and over-ruling power, endures forever.

The process of the beautification of the corporeal universe, or cosmic evolution, may be thus summarized.

First Cycle.—The universe was originally without structure or solidity, consisting of preëlemental atoms floating in the dark sea of Ether. By the Divine Power the motion of these atoms became more and more intense until light was generated, which filled all space. Portions of this cosmic dust were aggregated by circular motion into nebulæ, leaving the inter-nebular spaces dark.

Second Cycle.—The nebulæ became disintegrated and evolved into solar systems, by the separation of concentric layers from the inner nucleus, and the gradual accumulation of each layer into a single globe. In each planetary globe the central portion became more dense, elements and mixed substances were generated (Archean Age), and the lower lighter gaseous portion formed an atmosphere around it, which was gradually cleared up by the separation of vapor, in the form of clouds, from the fluid surface of the planet.

Third Cycle.—The process of contraction and consolidation resulted in the emergence of continents above the level of the fluid surface of the sea, and living organisms began to appear (Silurian and Devonian Ages).

Fourth Cycle.—In the meantime the central portion of each nebular system had concentrated into a sun, and the outer layers thrown off by the planets in their shrinkage, had become aggregated into satellites. The more concentrated solar heat in the clearer atmosphere caused the destruction of the rich vegetation that had covered the earth (Carboniferous Age), which was soon replaced by still more beautiful types (Permian and Triassic Ages).

Fifth Cycle.—By the divine power myriads of living creatures were developed out of the waters, including vast reptiles, from which birds evolved (Jurassic Age.)

Sixth Cycle.—And out of the earth (after a period of submergence—evening—the Cretaceous Age) insects and mammals were developed (morning—Eocene, Oligocene, Miocene, and Pliocene Ages) in greater and greater variety, culminating in man, who, though he had, like all other living creatures, been derived from the slime of the earth, received a spiritual and immortal soul, instead of the material and mortal one possessed by other animals.

By his intellect and free will he was, as it were, the image of the divine nature, of which the lower creatures were but shadows (*vestigia*).

Seventh Cycle.—As the highest of corporeal creatures and the terrestrial representative of the spiritual world, man was, by divine right, the ruler and enjoyer of all the lower universe, and was destined to inhabit and subdue the whole earth.

The production of man was the consummation and end of natural evolution, and in the Seventh Cycle (Quaternary and Recent Ages) the Divine work in nature came to an end (so far as the production of new types of creatures is concerned), and the Divine blessing was upon man, to whose free initiative the further progress of the world was left.

The existence and all the appetencies, potentialities and activities, of all creatures, as the term of the one eternal creative act, depend constantly and entirely upon God, who abides in them by His essence, presence and power, and contains them in Himself by His immensity, His knowledge and His love, and by Him alone can being be literally imparted; but all natural effects are the *immediate* product of a complex series of secondary causes, which are manifestations and participations of the Divine causality.

All the activities of corporeal and material things (including all animals except man, who is potentially self-determining) are influenced by the heavenly bodies (the sun, moon and stars, that is to say, *all* suns, planets and satellites), and guided and controlled by angels—the spiritual realm having jurisdiction over the corporeal.

Man himself is so influenced and controlled, in his non-volitional activities, and he also receives from the angelic world illuminations and impulses which as a free agent he is able either to accept or reject.

On the other hand, the corporeal universe is directly subject to man, as its legitimate lord-suzerain.

Subject to these deeper and higher causalities the evolution of the corporeal universe out of the primordial matter depends upon certain laws far too profound for empirical natural science, as hitherto pursued, to attain to.

The ultimate law is the *potentiality of matter* to all forms.

Another law is the *self-communication of form*. Substantial forms tend to communicate themselves by generation; accidental forms (the active principles of separable and participable properties) tend to communicate themselves directly, as in the case of heat, light, sound, shape, odor, etc.

Another law is the *accumulation of forms*. At each transmission the substantial form tends to carry with it certain accidental forms of the parent, and these may become more and more fixed from generation to generation until they become inseparable from the substantial form.

Another law is the *expansion of form*. Every substantial form tends towards the serially adjacent forms, by a diversification in every direction of each quality that it produces.

Another law is the *succession of forms*, or the *aspiration of matter*; matter tends towards higher and higher forms, and every form predisposes the matter of which it is the act for the reception of a higher form.

Another law is the *reversion of forms*. All matter once informed by a given form tends, when set free, to revert to that form. Thus when an animal or plant dies the matter of its body reverts to the form of the mixed or compound substances by the inter-susception of which it was built up, and in a similar manner when compound substances are destroyed their matter reverts to the elemental forms.

Another law is that of the *threefold appetency*. Everything has a *positive* appetency, by which it tends to draw other things into itself; a *negative* appetency, by which it protects itself from the intrusion of other things that would injure or impede it; and a *communicative* appetency, by which it seeks to impart itself in some manner to other things.

By the law of form-expansion the primordial corporeal substance (preëlemental matter) became gradually differentiated into the elements; by the law of positive appetency or attrac-

tion the elements entered into combination, thus generating compound substances; by the joint operation of these two laws the compound substances became more and more complex and were united into mixed substances, and by the law of succession and accumulation of forms the most complex compounds and mixtures generated the lowest living organisms. By the law of expansion these were more and more differentiated, and by that of the succession of forms higher and higher organisms were developed.

It is a law of the corporeal universe that every individual generates its own kind; so that the offspring is of the same species as the parent. But species differ from one another by more and less (*Summa*, 1a 2aa, lii, 1, c.), so that by the accumulation of new peculiarities new species are developed, their typical representatives being very distinct, while the less typical ones grade imperceptibly into the serially adjacent species (1a, lxxviii, 2, c.).

On the lowest plane of corporeal existence the form is completely submerged in matter, and the principle of multiplicity, unconsciousness and passivity is completely dominant. In living organisms the form begins to dominate over the matter, and greater and greater unity arises, until in animals consciousness and motion appear, followed in the higher animals by an ever-increasing degree of sensation and cognition.

The most superior among the brute animals represent the highest forms and the most complete domination of the form over the matter, to which the active potentialities of nature (informed corporeal matter, with its seminal reasons) can give rise.

Thus the "earth-slime" was predisposed as perfectly as possible for the reception of the spiritual principle by which the corporeal and celestial realms are linked together.

Accordingly, in man the soul, instead of being a direct product of the seminal reasons in matter, and having a power and existence dependent upon matter and confined within its limits, is a spiritual principle, having the power of knowing spiritual (abstract and supra-material, or universal) truths, and of self-determination (free action or rational volition) and being, therefore, like every self-determining being, naturally immortal.

In man Nature first found a mind by which to know God, a voice by which to consciously praise Him, and a will by which to purposely coöperate in the consummation of His vast designs.

With him was completed the whole series of creatures, manifesting, participating in, knowing and enjoying the Divine Perfections in an endless variety of manners and degrees.

There was left, in the natural order of things, only such further God-manifestation as would result from the free intention and coöperation of mankind, and the evolution of beneficent social organisms resulting from this free human coöperation, under the same laws by which the inanimate substances and biological organisms were produced.

But the infinite wisdom and love of God had eternally recognized and decreed a still higher measure of self-manifestation and self-giving which no created intellect could ever have imagined or foreseen.

This involved nothing less than an apotheosis, as it were, of the whole creation by a union with the Godhead altogether above the possibilities of Nature.

This was accomplished by the joining of a created nature with the person of the Eternal Logos, in the unity of a single substance.

Man is a microcosm, or lesser universe, containing within himself the elementary, vegetative and animal principles, on the one hand, and the spiritual principle on the other. He alone among creatures is a compendium, as it were, of all that exists. It was, therefore, human nature which was chosen as the instrument of this Supreme Work; a human nature inheriting the legitimate kingship of the human race, and representing the three great branches into which it is divided.

This Incarnation took place at the mid-point of history, in that central land from which the three grand divisions (European-American, African and Asiatic-Australasian) of the inhabitable earth radiate, at the meeting-point of the three primeval civilizations (of Thrace-Phrygia, Mesopotamia and Egypt) and of all the great world-empires.

Just as animal nature was predisposed in the Tertiary Age to receive the crown of spirituality in the First Adam, so human nature was predisposed through the long segregation and Divine training of Israel under the Mosaic economy to receive the crown of Divinity in the Second Adam.

Just as the animal progenitors of the first man brought forth an animal which was also a man, so the Virgin Mother of Jesus

Christ brought forth a man who was also God the Eternal Word of God.

Thus the universe which sprang from the Logos returned to it again; and whereas before it could offer to its Maker but a finite and imperfect service and adoration, it now found a Mouthpiece and a Mediator capable of giving the infinite homage which is alone worthy of the Creator.

From this union of the created universe with its Creator every grade and kind of creature gained an inconceivable enhancement of dignity; even the very elements became, as it were brothers of God, being represented in the Divine Humanity. But the free intelligences—angels and men—were permitted to be taken up in a special manner into this supernatural union with God, by being mystically united, through the indwelling of the Holy Ghost, with the personality of Jesus Christ, thus constituting the universal or Catholic Church (the Macrocosmic Assembly of the God-united), and ultimately attaining to the Beatific Vision of God, in which their intellects are united to the Divine Essence as their form or intelligible species (Sum. 1a. xii, 5, c.). This union in its incipiency is called grace; and in its consummation glory. Even certain representatives of the inanimate creation are admitted to a share in this special supernaturalization, so far as their nature permits; for example, in the sacraments and sacramentals of the Church.

Everything that exists is essentially, as a manifestation of the Blessed Trinity, beautiful, true and good (1a, vi, 4, o.). This beauty, truth and goodness constitute the order of the universe. The universe exists for the sake of its order; for it is by its order that it reflects God. Considered apart from this order it would be only misery, illusion and nothingness. (1a, 2aa, cix, 2ad, 2.)

The order of the Universe is its ideal form; all subordinate forms, substantial and accidental, are to it in the relation of (analogical) matter. The supreme law of all evolution, including not only natural evolution, but the whole history of the Macrocosm, not excepting the Supernatural Order, is Intensification of Form; in the twofold sense of literal or quantitative intensification, which is the more and more complete subjugation of matter by form, and of qualitative intensification, which is the introduction of higher and higher forms and the subjection

of the lower and narrower forms to the higher and more universal.

The order of the universe, which constitutes what has sometimes been called the Over-Soul, is nothing less than the manifestation or reflection of the Divine Idea on the finite plane. This order is absolutely universal, all irregularities and abnormality, when viewed in the light of the Eternal reason, being only apparent.

It must be intrinsically inviolable, for the Divine Purpose in creation can by no possibility be defeated. It is not violated either by miracles or by sin. Not by miracles, for, though they are above the order of Nature, they are contained within the higher order of Super-Nature, and the supreme order of Providence. Not by sin; for "God maketh even the wrath of man to praise Him."

The universe would not have been perfect had it contained no creatures possessing intellectuality and free will; and only to such creatures could the Divine knowledge and bliss be communicated. But the power of self-determination implies the possibility of choice, and the power of choice implies the possibility of wrong choice.

The angels and the first man were created in a state of grace; that is to say, with the germs of that supernatural life flowing from the Incarnation; and the fruition of that life in glory could only follow from the free choice of God and steadfast coöperation with Him.

Most of the members of the nine angelic hierarchies made the Supreme Choice aright and attained to the Beatific Vision; but a minority abused their free will.

The natural result of the violation of the order of the universe is elimination and destruction; but the only destruction possible to a naturally immortal creature is pain, which consists in a regress in consciousness towards non-being; and the only elimination possible to it is deprivation of the privileges of its position in the Hierarchy of Existence.

The evil angels therefore sank from their high estate into a condition of unspeakable suffering. As they had, in common with their peers, a hierarchical jurisdiction over mankind and Nature their aberration gave rise to cataclysms and deformities on the lower planes; so that from that time forward the whole

universe had sighed for deliverance from the bondage of corruption (Rom. viii: 21), looking forward anxiously for the Day of Redemption.

The first man, had he been created in a state of nature, would have been put a step higher than the brute animals; but being in a state of grace, and the integrity of his nature not having been attained by any ancestral transgression, the supernatural life redounded into his whole nature, giving him the greatest perfection of mind and body. His body was not only surpassingly beautiful, but of an inconceivable delicacy and plasticity, by assimilation with his supernaturalized soul, so that it was, as it were, quasi-ethereal, and literally immortal. Within him, next his heart, was that mysterious other-half of himself which in due time emanated in the form of woman; and she shared in his supernatural life and attributes.

As the head and ancestor of the human race he should have transmitted to all its members the supernatural life together with the natural, so that all his posterity would have been, like the First Eve, conceived immaculate. But through the instigation of the Great Serpent, the Prince of the fallen angels (whose lawful function of guiding men, the next below them in the hierarchy of existence, was thus turned to evil ends), man made the evil choice, and was cut off from the Holy Creation, losing for himself and for Humanity the supernatural life and the prerogatives thereto attached, and suffering from the revolt of inner and outer Nature, which sought, as it were, to spue him out as a blot upon its order.

But God's purposes cannot be defeated, and consequently the Divine Power intervened to withhold the human race from sinking at once into the depths of the Abyss into which it had thrown itself. Through all the ages before Christ Divine Revelations and promises and grace, with angelic and prophetic ministrations, abounded, to mitigate the results of the Fall, give to all an opportunity to escape from its fatal consequences, and prepare the way for the Incarnation and the redemptive work of the Theanthropos, by which those results were to be more than undone.

All the inordination of men and angels, and that of unintelligent creatures under their influence and control, is, in the Divine Wisdom, in some way done away with and made to contribute to a greater perfection of order.

Every violation of order returns upon the offending individual, society, family, nation and race, in a corresponding penalty, by which the offender is made to realize the abnormality of his position and led to amend his course, or else is eliminated and destroyed, in such measure as is proportionate to the offense and permitted by the nature and position of the offender.

The malignity of sin is twofold. (1) It is a violation of the order of the universe within itself, a voluntary and inordinate self-subjection to creatures; and this is punished by an enforced subjection to creatures which, in the form in which it continues after death, is called the material fire of Hell or of Purgatory. (2) It is a violation of the order of the universe to the Creator, a voluntary separation from God; and this is punished by a compulsory separation from God.

Every sin is, therefore, essentially its own punishment.

The violated order was superabundantly repaired by the God-Incarnate, who, throughout His earthly life, especially in the mysteries of the Passion, culminating in the Supreme Tragedy of Calvary, voluntarily subjected Himself to creatures, in pain but not in sin, and voluntarily took upon Himself the sense of separation from God.

He as man suffered with a suffering which, as that of a God, was infinite; He rendered an infinite obedience in reparation for the finite disobedience of man, an infinite adoration in reparation for the finite blasphemy of man, and an infinite love in reparation for the finite God-hatred of man.

When by His Passion and Death the gates of Heaven had been opened, the waiting saints of the preceding ages entered, in union with Him, into the Beatific Vision of God, of which no human being had till then been a partaker.

In proportion as men become supernaturally united with Him they become partakers in His Life, and in the fruits of His Redemption; in proportion as their union with Him is incomplete they must pay their own debt themselves.

In human history the tide of evolution was interrupted by the Fall; thenceforth men rapidly degenerated, individually and collectively, towards a condition even lower than that in which they would have first arisen under the laws of Nature; except where the light of Divine Truth and Godward aspiration overbalanced the darkness of error and sin.

In proportion as men have united their wills to God evolution has been resumed; and in and through the Catholic Church, the Kingdom of God on earth, the Society of the Human Race, and at the same time God Incarnate in Society (the personality of the Church having its seat, as it were, in the Holy Ghost, as that of Jesus Christ has its seat in the Logos, which Two are One with each other and with the Father from Whom all natural being flows), that onward and upward movement has been definitely resumed and extended to the whole earth.

All the universe, the Order of Grace as well as the Order of Nature, springs from the One Eternal Act of God, which is identical with His being. That Act, in its internal Terms—the Son and the Holy Ghost—is necessary; in its external natural term—the Order of Nature, including the spiritual and ethereal realms as well as Nature proper—is free; and in its external supernatural term—the Order of Grace—is doubly free, as God owes to every creature the perfection and happiness proper to its own nature (as freely predetermined by Him) but the elevation of creatures into a supernatural condition is absolutely a free gift, which could never have been in any way merited, even by unfallen creatures.

It is only from a human standpoint and in time that human souls are separately created, Revelations separately given, and miracles, so far as they are done by the immediate Power of God, separately performed. From the Divine standpoint, the whole creation, natural and supernatural, is One Work.

If not literally (*simpliciter*) yet in a certain sense (*secundum quid*) all the history of the universe, and even grace and glory, were contained potentially in the first created existences, (Summa, xlvi, 3, c., lxvi, 3, c.); so that man was truly the flower of Nature, and the Blessed Virgin the Flower of the Creation, bearing the Theanthropos as its Supreme Fruit. Therefore it is that the Holy Spirit, through St. Paul, describes the whole creation as groaning with pains of parturition, until it brought forth the Messiah (Rom. viii: 22).

But the end is not yet. The universal order must be perfectly vindicated and visibly reestablished, and all that exists, so far as it has not thrown itself, of its own deliberate volition, into the Abyss of Destruction, is to be raised to its highest possible degree of perfection.

Man is naturally composed of body and soul; a soul separated from the body is only quasi-substance, not a perfect human being.

In the day of the Revealing of the Sons of God, the Ragnarok and Pralaya of the Gentile traditions, the whole universe is to be purified by fire, and reduced into preëlemental matter. All spiritual energies will then be set free; each human soul will reassume its body, which will perfectly manifest, in loveliness or loathsomeness, its true nature; and all matter, free from the laws of generation and corruption, will become the docile and ready instrument of all holy created spirits, angelic and human; while all evil beings will be deprived of the last vestiges of their power, and cast forth into the outer darkness which they have freely chosen as their portion, never again to torture or tempt, or offend by their presence, even in thought, the glorious company of the Blessed and the Innocent.

Those human beings who never had the opportunity of a free choice or rejection of God, and have never been incorporated in any way into the Mystical Body of Christ, will have the natural happiness due them in a New Earth, free from all sin and imperfection; and those who have drunk of the fountains of Divine Grace will be endowed with bodies radiant as the sun, agile as thought, and impassible as spirit to all that is pain-giving and yet of exquisite sensibility to all that ministers to delight. With ineffable beauty and never-fading youth they will move in the serene bliss of the Immortal Gods, immersed in the power and omniscience and bliss of the Divine Essence, and for that very reason infinitely more capable than they ever were on earth of receiving joy from each other and from other created things.

In that grand consummation the scrolls of Divine Providence will be unrolled, and all the universe will understand and adore the Infinite Love and Justice and Glory of God, in Himself and in His perfect creation.

MERWIN-MARIE SNELL.

A GOOD WOMAN AND A GOOD BOOK.

REV. MOTHER M. XAVIER WARDE, FOUNDRRESS OF THE ORDER OF MERCY IN THE UNITED STATES—THE STORY OF HER LIFE, WITH BRIEF SKETCHES OF HER FOUNDATIONS—BY THE SISTERS OF MERCY, MOUNT ST. MARY'S, MANCHESTER, NEW HAMPSHIRE—PREFACE BY RT. REV. DENIS M. BRADLEY, D.D., BOSTON—MARLIER & Co.

It is a pleasure to read and to notice a Catholic book at once so full of good sense and sincere piety as is this life of Mother Xavier. A brief preface by the Bishop of Manchester gives to the book an air of dignity if not of authority, but other than this touch of officialism, so dear to the Catholic heart though so foreign to Protestantism, the preface contains nothing striking, original, or very thoughtful. It seems that Mother Xavier prepared the Bishop for the "acceptance of the Sacrament of Confirmation." She had charge of the class of instruction in Christian Doctrine which he attended in his younger days. This little personal reference to Mother Xavier as his teacher and then of his own official superiority of position in later years, gives a touch of personal interest too rare in Catholic books of this class. One may say in passing, that it also gives an insight into Catholic religious relationships and the divine influence and opportunity of Catholic women when they are competent, and worthy such influence and opportunity that is quite above the erroneous conceptions of Protestants regarding such matters.

In truth, the book throughout is replete with a wholesome and vigorous sincerity of religious consecration such as this deluded Ida-Husted-Harperized world is sadly in need of. Every Protestant as well as every Catholic ought to own a copy and read it. There are two very distinct ideas as to methods of raising and educating children, now abroad in modern life. *First.*—That the primal truths of religion, the existence and moral government of the eternal, the Supreme Father and Teacher, must be insisted on as basis and type of all superiority, as the soul of all authority in every parent and every teacher—that the Church is the representative of this authority here on earth and that obedience to its teachers, priests and religious, is at once the first and highest duty as it should be the highest pleasure of all

those in need of instruction and privileged to receive instruction in this world—that this idea of authority and authoritative teaching is not only to be applied to religious instruction, but that priests and religious are the only properly disciplined teachers of all branches of so-called secular knowledge as well. I accept the first part of this proposition most sincerely and in regard to the second part, I favor and have advocated a priestly and religious superintendence of all grades and branches of instruction, but believe in an expert training of lay Catholics to the very highest standards of secular knowledge and professorships with such supervision by the ecclesia as may be deemed wise, leaving to the Church itself the selection of its own sphere of supervision of all studies, religious as well as secular.

I would save the priests for religious instruction and train laymen for the secular sphere.

Second.—The other idea and method abroad may be variously called *modern*, or liberal, or twentieth century, or American, but its primal motive is to leave God Almighty out of the calculation in all ordinary education—not to assert the existence of God or any supreme or eternal moral or other order anywhere in the universe, except the scientific, so-called, not to emphasize the question of parental authority or to insist upon it that the child, youth or scholar is subject to any authority whatever as long as said scholar obeys the rules of any school he or she might attend. Not to give or guess at any primal basis or source of that or other authority, but to apply the cane, the power of expulsion, etc., etc., in any case of need. In fact, to begin by assuming that the scholar, each scholar, is boss of everybody in the universe and the universe itself—anybody and anything except the secular teacher. Where did the teacher get his or her authority? From the “school board.” And where did the “school board” get its authority? From the political caucuses or boss known as the people. In this second, general notion it is practically assumed that there is no God, no supreme or universal authority or source of authority, and nobody or set of bodies or souls on this earth to whom this practically denied authority has been delegated. It is tacitly assumed, therefore, that the scholar is in no sense a child of God, nor of its parents, but rather a child of some missing link in the chain of animal existence—that therefore said scholar owes no primal duty to

God—no primal duty to his or her parents, and needs not be bothered about all that old range of divine, ecclesiastical parental or other authority; needs, in fact, only to be *educated*, that is, in reading, anything and everything, and writing, by the Spencerian or other method, and arithmetic and thus taught how to count and calculate to the last mysteries of mathematics, and all this, including every branch of modern science wholly and solely that said scholar may cope with and outwit other scholars in the black art of deceiving his fellow men and in beating them in what is known as the battle of life—God is not in it. There is no sense of duty in it. Out of the first range of idea and method have come such women as Mother Xavier Warde; out of the second range of idea and method have come such monsters as Ida Husted Harper, of whom Dr. Fitzpatrick writes in the present GLOBE. Let these two women and what they stand for in modern life, in all life—be so photographed and fixed by the aid of all the X-rays in the universe upon the sight, the vision, the memory of the twentieth century, and the truth and glory of the Church will become apparent, until the blinded secularism of all the ages shall fall down and worship before Her altars saying, “My Lord and my God.”

Again, in this general review, I wish to call attention to the fact that Mother Xavier was born in the old country, educated in the old country, received her first impulses of Christian duty, charity and of consecration to God and to his poor children, all in the old country—while Ida Husted Harper and company received their education, primary, scholastic and collegiate in this land of educated fools and knaves. It is another instance wherein the foreigner, the abused emigrant, has, out of his old world training, and old world nobility of soul, engendered by the old ideals of God, of duty, of kindness, of mercy, endurance and charity, come here to be a light and a gladness and a help, a joy of modesty, of duty and of *good breeding* to the smart Americanism of these latterday times of commercial success, of stolen wealth and general damnation.

God bless such foreigners, and still send them to us to guide and bless us and pluck us from the claws of such animals as the Ida Husted Harper species, ever more.

Let us look a little into our book. Mother Xavier, whose maiden name was simply Frances Warde, was born at Mount-

rath, Queens County, Ireland, about the year 1810, the actual, accurate record apparently not having been found. Her mother died suddenly after having given birth to this daughter, who was the youngest of a family of five. The second son, a student for the priesthood, died when near his ordination, and soon after this the father's favorite daughter was called away. Blow after blow till the father's heart was broken, his ancient home lost and he, in new ways, in Dublin, also died, a premature old man.

These afflictions left their impress upon the tender hearts of the remaining children, of whom Frances, though the least scholarly in the mathematical sense, became the most enthusiastic student of religion, of English literature and was destined to be one of the most efficient among the great army of tens of thousands of noble and gifted and consecrated women who, out of every sphere of poverty and wealth, have been evolved and called out of all nations of the world during recent centuries, to be the *religious* of the Catholic Church, devoted to the great interests of humanity, to the services of education, and of benevolent charities toward rich and poor—dear angels of our race, mostly without fault or stain, consecrated to the service of God in their service of their fellow beings. So that when fathers and mothers of the Ida Husted Harper breed forsake their offspring in theory or in practice, these blessed women of God in His Church, are there to be nursing mothers to the neglected.

During her older girlhood, Frances threw herself into the gay society of Dublin, where the family had moved, but being of a genuine and pious nature, felt at times that she was wasting too much of her life in pleasure, and on seeking advice from her priest, Rev. Father Armstrong, was advised to devote some of her spare time to teaching in the poor schools which Catharine McAuley had lately opened in Baggot street. Thus Father Armstrong became her adviser at a critical point in her career, and Catherine McAuley became her example in good and holy work—her patron saint, so to speak, and incidentally the god-mother of all the new births into goodness, mercy and truth which the young Frances was eventually to mother into success in this new world.

Catherine McAuley and Frances Warde and others engaged in teaching poor children in the school at Baggot street, Dublin. were, in fact, simply devout women, but not nuns or "*religious.*"

But the school was early in touch with the Carmelite Fathers, who later were the confessors at the school.

Not till the eighth of September, 1830, did Catherine McAuley commence her novitiate in the Presentation Convent at George's Hill. In the shortest time commensurate with the laws of the Church, Catherine McAuley, December 12th, 1831, became a nun, and later foundress of the Order of Sisters of Mercy. On January 23d, 1832, Francis Warde became Sister Mary Frances Xavier. An engraving of Mother Xavier forms the frontispiece of this volume, and an engraving of Mother Catherine is also given. The two women were utterly unlike in appearance and temperament, but both seemed wholly devoted to God and the good work they had chosen. Through epidemics of disease and great trials they worked together for their cherished ideals of duty, and both became famous as leaders of others into the same self-sacrificing work.

On April 10th, 1837, Mother McAuley and Mother Xavier and four other sisters set out on their journey to found a school and convent of their order in Carlow. Of course, they succeeded.

In September, 1839, Mother Xavier founded the Convent of Mercy in Naas.

In 1843, Rev. Father O'Conner, who had previously translated the rules of the Order of the Sisters of Mercy into Italian, was ordained first Bishop of Pittsburg, a pious, solid, sensible man, and at his request, seven of the sisters of the convent at Carlow, left there with Mother Xavier as their Superior, to come to Pittsburg and found there, under Bishop O'Conner, the blessed work of the Sisters of Mercy in the New World, the prayers, blessings and farewells of all the good people of Carlow following them as they left, and a halo of their prayers was around the sisters as they crossed the sea—"Queen of the West," God speed thee and keep thy good freight for years to come!

By slow sailing ship, and then by stage coach, the good nuns reached, first New York, second Philadelphia and finally Pittsburg; had the good fortune to meet Bishop Hughes in New York and Father Neuman in Philadelphia; were entertained by the madams of the Sacred Heart in New York in their home in Houston street, and by the Sisters of Charity in Philadelphia, and Pittsburg. At Liverpool, in England, on shipboard, in New

York and in Philadelphia, they had not been mere guests, but joyful helpers in any hour where help could avail.

In Pittsburg they settled at once to their chosen work of secular and religious teaching and helpfulness. Bishop O'Conner spoke of their convent school as the pride and joy of his heart and pupils and parents were all well pleased. "The poor-house in Allegheny and the Penitentiary were visited by the sisters every week." The sisters were the real godmothers of the population, and everywhere engaged in their own good work.

From Pittsburg Mother Xavier with four other sisters went to Chicago to found a school and convent of their order there, at the request of Bishop Elect Quarter, of Chicago, in the summer of 1846—a tedious but successful journey.

Chapter XII of our book treats of early days in Providence, tells the story of Bishop O'Reilly's negotiation with Bishop O'Conner for the sending of some of the Sisters of Mercy to Providence, R. I., and of their going to Providence, of their work there, blessed as always by the increase of the true light of piety and the decrease of prejudice and darkness in New England. It was at Providence in the spring of 1851, that the Sisters of Mercy first assumed the garb of nuns, having up to that time worked and traveled in the ordinary dress of ladies of the world. It was not deemed prudent or safe in those days for the sisters to wear their religious habit on the streets. Now it has become so popular that the would-be "sisters" of Episcopacy, trained nurses and others, adopt the habit in some form, and Boston has long been known as the most Catholic city of America—more Catholic, even, than New York or Baltimore. "Verily, the sun do move." Let its light envelope the world.

Of course, Mother Xavier Warde went to Providence in charge of the sisters and their work in that city, and in due time she became Mother Superior of another colony of them who went to Manchester, New Hampshire, in July, 1858. From Manchester, a colony of these good sisters went to Bangor, Maine, at the request of Bishop Bacon, a strong and generous soul whose labors made the Catholic work luminous in the early days of Maine.

This life of Mother Xavier Warde contains hundreds of fine passages, giving glimpses into the beautiful and selfsacrificing

life of this good woman, who made duty and self-sacrifice the joy of life; it also depicts in admirable terms the wise and devoted lives and labors of the new bishops of this country as far as these come into the line of its vision.

We may say, in passing, that the same comprehensive and heroic qualities of soul mark the pathways of nearly all of the early priests and bishops of this great land; all showing how true piety and faithful labor for God's truth bring the Divine blessing after awhile. Though it linger, it will not tarry long or fail, and through all the book and the records from which it is made there seems to run a cheerful spirit of labor—"Laborare est orare"—and common sense, with no put on, and no nonsense. In a word, the qualities that made the life of Mother Xavier a joy and a blessing, pervade this life written of her, but we cannot name them all.

Mother Warde outlived all who were associated with Mother McAuley and herself in the foundation of the Institute; and when her golden jubilee drew near, in 1883, she was the oldest Sister of Mercy in the world. The golden jubilee was celebrated January 24th, 1883, at Mount St. Mary's, Manchester, New Hampshire.

The next year, September 17th, 1884, she passed to her rest, and as she rose to heaven the air was full of autumn breezes, and a soft whisper of prayers, and the birds were chirping their farewells for a winter that would never chill the ardor and the joy of good Mother Xavier's departing soul.

May she rest in peace.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

WHY NOT POSTAL INSURANCE?

"Help yourself and the Lord will help you," is as old as the hills, but to most of us there is an unsatisfying nebulosity about the latter assurance that divests it of much of its force and significance. This is compensated for, however, to a degree, by the fact that as we grow to a clearer understanding of the duties of the State toward the individual, and of one individual toward another, the impalpable "Lord" of that exhortation gradually assumes tangible form and becomes, ultimately, something we can

see and feel. The State, organizations, our fellows, perform the duties that were heretofore left to the goodwill and thoughtfulness of a power, a something far away beyond and above us, that some were disposed to think they often invoked in vain.

The State has always punctiliously enforced the laws that define the duties of the individual toward itself, but it has, at least in times gone by, rather reluctantly recognized its obligations toward the individual and has seldom added anything to its code that obligated it in that direction. The mere, and often nominal, protection of life and limb was about the limit some years ago. But all this has been changed. We have enacted laws relating to health, wise sanitary measures; others looking to the comfort, the liberty of the individual; we even legislate now to the end that nothing but pleasant things shall be seen by him, at least in our streets; no deformed and repulsive beggars or projecting signs, or cattle. The State steps in and prevents one man or combination of men from fleecing or extorting from the individual; it educates his children, carries away the refuse from his house; it cares for the sick poor and aged. It does such an endless diversity of things for him that it did not formerly, that had a man been told a hundred years ago of half what it is doing, he would have been even more surprised than if informed that his great grandchildren were going to talk together, while hundreds of miles apart, over a wire, or travel behind an iron horse at the rate of seventy miles an hour.

We have grown so accustomed to progress that we would not exclaim, "Utopia!" if told that the State was going to do still more for the individual. And why should it not? Is not the State absolutely dependent upon the individual? The slightest ill inflicted upon any one member of the human family is retroactive and affects, in some greater or less degree, the whole family. It is like a sound-wave, a vibration of the air, a ripple in the water, going on and on, lessening in force, but ever widening, spreading, increasing in "radius of action." How careful we are now to attend at once to a sore, however insignificant it may appear to be; the popularizing of medical information has indicated to us that the little sore neglected may grow into a gangrenous affection, the loss of part of our anatomy and even the final closing up of our terrestrial accounts.

It is about a serious ill in our family, a most galling sore, that I wish to commune with you in these few pages. Much has been done to make the patient more comfortable, the State does the amputations that, alas, are all too frequently necessary, but so far, it has done little toward a permanent cure, the proper stoppage of its contagious growth. The State's indifference to the ravages of tuberculosis—a thousand times more awful than small-pox—is very similar to its treatment of the sore I allude to.

Poverty is hard to endure, not in the sacrifices, the privations, it imposes upon one from day to day, but in the certainty that, sometime or another, one's earning capacity, such as it is, will cease for a time, accident or sickness will intervene, and one's loved ones may suffer; that later, Death may tear one away altogether, leaving them helpless beggars, charges upon one's friends or the community! That thought is maddening.

The occasion for thinking it is not lacking, either. Even in this country of prosperity, abundance of work and all that, one out of every four of our laboring class has to be assisted sometime or another during the earning period of his life.

Our laboring class is extravagant, you say, it lives better than does that of any other nation, it is improvident and has scant appreciation of the meaning of saving. I grant you all that. But who is there among us Americans—proverbially extravagant and improvident as we are, whatever class we may belong to—who would be justified in throwing the first stone at the laboring class on that score?

How better may we correct that national tendency than by encouraging the laboring class, from which all the others derive their strength and are so largely recruited, to save money and be provident against an evil time or old age?

The instruction may cost us time and money; both will be well spent. We have precedents galore for their expenditure. Nothing is obtained without some effort, some cost. We are willing to dispose of hundreds of millions of dollars, from our national funds, for construction of an isthmian canal to benefit our commerce, which already ranks as at the head of the commercial nations. We are about to vote other millions of dollars as a subsidy to our ship-builders. We subsidize this and that and yet we balk at subsidizing and helping the "plain people," the very thews and sinews of the nation, to become self-reliant, self-sup-

porting at all times, capitalists to a degree, and undismayed by the approach of old age and its attending incapacity for earning.

How inconsistent we are! We spend millions in hospitals, prisons, poorhouses and such institutions and in their maintenance. As I said before, we do the amputations. When a man grows so old and feeble he can no longer earn even bread and water, and no one cares to bother with him, we take hold of him and feed him bountifully—but as a pauper; when a man is without work and shelter and is dying of hunger we pick him off the street and fix him up in great state for his final dissolution; when things get so bad that they are intolerable and a shame to us we step in and with a great flourish of trumpets eradicate them. But why, under heaven, we have to wait until that stage obtains; why we do not do something to *prevent* all these things, rather than neglect them until drastic curative agencies have to be called in; why we do not have things so we may abolish three-quarters of these institutions that are pauperizing the people, and why we do not make it so they may become self-reliant, satisfied, more patriotic and even better citizens than they are, and happier, is something I cannot understand. Ah! “the means that would accomplish that result savor too much of paternalism for our republican stomachs.” Paternalism? Nonsense!

The very essence of our form of government, as it was wisely intended to be and as it would be well to keep it without too many borrowed frills, is the interdependence of that government and the people. What benefits the one necessarily benefits the other. Strengthen the individual, the ordinary man, and you strengthen the government.

What is there more appalling to the laboring man than the uncertainty of the future? Let a man once feel that his sickness or death will not plunge his family into dire distress; that he will have *earned* enough by the time he is sixty to rest from his more severe labors and to enjoy a reasonable pension, and that it all comes pretty directly from his own efforts, wisely directed by the State, in which he will not only have a vote but also a real, personal and financial interest, and you will have a different sort of citizen, a better one, however good he may be, than you now possess. He will feel that he is not only the government in

name, but is really a part of it, for he will *have money in it*, and that makes a tremendous difference in one's feelings toward any institution. It is human, if not sublime.

The greatest statesmen tell us that anything "is a stimulus to the growth of patriotism and good citizenship that inculcates habits of saving and thrift," and there are lots of facts and figures to prove the truth of the assertion. Economists and students of human nature tell us that nothing conduces more to the happiness and well-being and consequent loyalty of the middle and poorer classes than a nice little nest egg of savings, put away for a rainy day or for ultimate independence. And we know ourselves what a genial warmth a reasonable and safe bank account imparts to all our thoughts and actions. Even our political views are less radical—those of us inclined that way. We do not care to do anything, or even think of anything, that might disturb values.

We know all that, yet, wealthy as we feel ourselves to-day we save little, comparatively little. We are money-makers, not savers. The "seven years of plenty" lesson has had but little effect upon us, and God knows we have been through hard enough times to have gotten that good old Bible lesson well impressed upon our minds.

Our average savings deposit per capita of population is only \$31.22. Belgium has \$31.76, then Australia, \$36.60; Norway, \$37.16; Germany, \$37.64; Switzerland, \$65.06, and Denmark, the highest average, \$77.88. Below us come Austria, \$27.08; Sweden, \$25.36; France, \$22.18, and the lowest, Great Britain, \$20.62. The number of depositors in savings institutions per 100 inhabitants is greatest also in Denmark, namely 46 per hundred. Switzerland has 42; Belgium, 41; Sweden, 33; Norway, 29; Germany, 25; France, 25; Australia, 23; Great Britain, 21; Holland, 18; Italy, 15; Austria, 12, and the United States 7 per hundred!

True, our deposits in gross are the largest of any country's, but population and grade of people considered, those deposits should be at least doubled.

When last the figures were compared we had \$2,310,000,000 in savings. Germany came next with \$1,900,000,000, then France, \$854,000,000, and Great Britain, \$829,000,000; and, of course, our average balance per depositor was also greatest,

being \$406.23, Canada follows with \$340; Austria, \$221; Denmark, \$168, on down with only Switzerland, Austria, Servia, Greece, Spain, Norway and Russia having over \$100 per depositor. To-day our total savings deposits amount to \$2,597,-094,580, with 6,358,723 depositors, and we see an increase in volume and number everywhere but in the South.

While dealing in figures we might as well note that there are savings banks organized in 732 schools, located in 99 cities in 18 states, whose balance deposits aggregate \$335,528; the total deposits were \$876,229. In Holland there are 3,104 children with saving accounts in their school-banks out of a record of 4,294 scholars. Our building and loan associations, once a powerful factor in our finances, have lost prestige and no longer constitute the principal savings depositories of the country as they did in '83-'90. They now have 1,496,294 members and a fund of \$575,518,212.

Our people are afraid of these building and loan societies, and of the Laboring Men's Insurance Companies and Savings Banks. So many have broken. Even in these good times 1½ per cent. of the latter institutions fail per year. They feel their funds are not safe there. Then again we are speculators born; if a laborer manages to get a few dollars ahead he invests them in stocks or in a first payment upon a lot; he wants to double his money quickly. A few years ago he used to take a chance at the Louisiana State Lottery.

To anyone who thinks at all, this is the time, these prosperous years, to do something toward getting the people to save and be thrifty. All our lives, with our money, our forests, all our products we have been most prodigal, ruthlessly extravagant. The conditions that have enabled us to be so will not obtain always. Why cannot we be sensible and "make hay while the sun shines?" Senator Hanna, with his arbitration committees, is doing wonders in settling labor disputes. Now, why will he not, or someone else with a hold upon the people, start them off on a saving vein? We need a leader. It would help solve many questions, the labor question among them.

Writing of labor suggests that perhaps you will say that labor unions take the place of savings-banks. Men pay in their dues; if sick or out of work these dues insure their being cared for, to a certain extent. That sort of thing is most commendable,

and it is along these lines that I suggest moving; but of that more anon. That insurance feature of labor funds is exceedingly limited in its nature, much of these funds, collected as dues, goes to other expenses, salaries, printing, the care of the men during strikes and lock-outs, and what not. These very funds are often the incentive to, or the guaranty against, losses back of useless and senseless strikes. Governmental savings banks would do away with that feature in a double-sense; the money would not be available for strike purposes, and men with money in them would be less prone to strike.

Postal savings banks—part of the scheme I advocate—have been urged, debated and squelched in Congress for over a quarter of a century. At times it has seemed they must become a fact, but the banking interests and influences have always finally triumphed. We are behind the times. Nearly every other nation has postal savings banks in successful operation. England took the lead, organizing its banks in '61. New Zealand, New South Wales, Canada, Belgium, Italy, Japan, Austria, France and Sweden, in the order named, soon followed, and even Hawaii introduced them in '86.

Senator Wolcott's Post Office Committee, in the Fifty-fifth Congress, introduced the best bill that was ever gotten up for that purpose. They gave it most careful study; it was practicable, statesmanlike, equitable, a work of art. Had it passed, our postal savings banks would have been models, even to the old established institutions of the continent; but it, too, "went by the board." If postal savings insurance is too radical for us I know of nothing better than to revive that bill, as it was, and *pass* it, whether the honorable, the banking interests, like it or not. An intimation to our Senators and Representatives that we *must* have it will go a long way toward counteracting that powerful influence. Vox populi when lived enough is always listened to. Make that bill a law and you have taken a tremendous step toward the Millenium.*

The bankers tell us there are great natural difficulties in the way of postal savings banks, and they forthwith proceed to turn those difficulties into as insurmountable obstacles as their powerful influence well can.

*Fienez Millenium.—The Editor.

We are told England's system is abused; people for whom it was not intended manipulate it and make money out of it. But that can be rectified. Our own land and homestead laws are abused, but that is no reason why we should not grant any homesteads. Correct the laws and punish the offenders.

"Paternalism" is another objection. Well, the postal money-orders, parcels-post, all those things are just as paternalistic. They all do good and advance the nation. The thing is to know where to draw the line. Anything that tends to moderate paternal control of matters of general public use is good.

They say postal savings banks would cause a contraction, a centralization of money at Washington. They quote ex-Secretary Gage who submitted that such a system would necessitate a complete rearrangement of our banking laws. Of course there would have to be changes to meet these new conditions; they need not be experiments, we know how other nations have gotten around them; we may avoid their mistakes and copy their good features. There need be no centralization; funds collected from postal savings could be deposited at the nearest national bank depository and thus turned back into local circulation. The money often put away in bedding, in stockings, hidden away for years would be brought out and started in healthful circulation, the national credit would be fortified as it had not been heretofore. Even if no interest were paid, the people would be satisfied and greatly benefited by the Government's providing a *safe* place for their savings. It carries money for them, why should it not accord them the safety of its vaults, instead of the people's having to take chances with absconding cashiers, presidents of speculative propensities and other Napoleons of finance?

A great protest goes up, a wail, a lament that postal savings banks would compete with and finally clear the country of private savings banks. Well, if they did, no great harm would be done. The trouble is that private savings banks are, naturally, only where they can be operated at a profit, while the people need them, or something better to take their place, everywhere. With every post office a savings bank every one would have the opportunity to deposit, the safety is positive, the incentive would be greater, the temptation, as it were, ever

present. We would have to wait a thousand years for private capital to become benevolent enough to establish savings banks in one-half the places they are needed.

In 18 Southern States there are 112 savings banks, poorly patronized. In the same territory there are 3,980 post offices—possibly savings banks! In all the Southern, Western and Pacific states there are but 609 savings banks for 52,000,000 people, or one bank per 84,000 inhabitants. Not one person out of 500 families does or can deposit savings in these banks; in England one out of every five people is a depositor in postal savings banks. Moreover, in England the Government not only has postal savings banks, but where those savings reach a certain figure their holders may purchase annuities, insurance, in other words, with full governmental security. In France “mutuality” ‘twixt Government and individual goes still further; associations are organized under federal authority, sort of official trades-unions. You know that of all countries France gets closest to its people and does more to help them help themselves, not through “paternalism” or compulsory insurance as does Germany, but by encouraging thrift, subsidizing them to save, so to speak—the laborer puts in so much, a saving from his daily wage; the employer adds to it, not a charitable donation, but a dividend, it is called, upon the employé’s labor in lieu of stock; the Government adds something on top of that, a subsidy let us name it, and the result is that whether sick or disabled by accident a man knows his family is provided for, not by charity, but by dividends and subsidies has savings have earned, and when he reaches the age of fifty-five he can make way for a younger man at the shop or in the field and retire upon an *earned* pension of sometimes as much as \$400 a year.

The Belgians encourage their laborers to set aside a fixed sum per year in the postal savings banks. One municipality goes so far as to present each new married couple with a savings bank book, having a year’s credit already marked up, on their wedding day. When a child is born its father, upon registering it at the City Hall, receives its pass-book with a year’s credit in it. From that time the parents would as soon think of destroying their darling as to let a year go by without making the deposit in its name; that fund is sacred; by the time the youngster becomes a man he is a full-fledged “capitalist,” and

we who have seen him on his native heath have to admit that either the climate or the saving fund or something certainly makes him a mighty good citizen.

We are wise, a great nation, a power and all that, but there are lots of things we can learn from our cousins across the water that will be of advantage to us.

I said we could and ought to have postal saving banks. Nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand thinking men will concede me that, and that we do not have them is our own fault; we have allowed ourselves to be bullied out of them. Now I will go a step more and aver that we ought to have postal savings insurance.

Our rich men are provided for; they have seen to that. The Government helps them, subsidizes them, protects their industries, fosters their savings, and they are the first to cry "paternalism" if we suggest postal savings or anything of that nature for their poorer brethren. Our middle classes, professional men and tradesmen have ways of their own of providing for the future. Those who are not landlords, property holders, invest a percentage of their earnings in insurance, tontine policies, annuities and all that sort of thing. We are not at present bothering our heads about them, all those things, however, are practically beyond the laboring man's reach. He, the least able to cope with adversity when it comes—as it often does—naturally is the worst off, and gets the least help, subsidizing, protection or encouragement until he loses all pride and decency, throws up his hands, and declares himself a pauper. Then he will be coddled and cared for bountifully.

What we want and clamor for and ought to have is everything done consistent with good government, tending in any way as an incentive to the laboring man's putting away something now that times are good, for the future, or purchasing with what he really does not need something that will yield him, however slight, a revenue if the evil days come. We may need it sooner even than we expect. Hard times are upon other nations; who says we will be exempt? Why, to-day in Berlin, a city of 1,880,000, there are nearly 80,000 wholly unemployed workmen, 54,000 who have but semi-occasional employment, and, incidentally, 22,000 who, by reason of illness or other causes, cannot work if they had it to-day. In England, while the King was

preparing for the great pageant attending his coronation, he was not unmindful of his poor, so he set aside \$150,000 to provide a meal for 500,000 hungry people in London. Thoughtful and kind, but what a sore to expose! An advertisement to the world that there are at least half a million paupers in one city of his empire.

The Government *can* go into the insurance business for the laboring man, not for the profit there might be in it, but really to *insure* him at the minimum of cost to him. It owes him that much. It exists by and depends upon him. Why should there not be reciprocation; not paternalism, not charity, but just plainly a case of "give-and-take?"

Even if such a system of insurance did cost us something over what it earned, it would not be the only thing operated at an actual expense, measured by the dollar scale, but that we look upon as *profitable*, nevertheless, wise and necessary. Our post office service costs us \$10,000,000 more a year than it earns. Who would vote for its abolition? Our States pay out nearly \$200,000,000 a year for educational purposes, not one cent of which ever comes back in money form. We pay \$150,000,000 a year in pensions to our old soldiers, men who defended the Union. Why would we begrudge a few millions spent in teaching saving and thrifty habits to our other army of toilers who are making that Union the greatest nation on earth?

You may say, "Oh well, even if we do give the laborer insurance and savings banks it will only be a little while before he will want something else. True, that is his salvation and ours, that very spirit of stretching out for more. If he were content with what he had he would soon drift back into serfdom. He used to have to fight for mere existence; later that was assured him, then he contended for subsistence; to-day he wants some of the frills and furbelows of civilization, comforts, better food, etc., etc. It is a striving ever onward and upward and should be encouraged. That is why I advocate insurance. I am not offering it as a panacea for all the ills of the flesh, particularly those accompanying labor disputes, strikes and such things. But if there were a better understanding, mutual trust, mutual care of interests between employer and workman, I firmly believe the labor troubles would be half solved and Senator Hanna's Arbitration Committee could rest in peace. So with the insurance

scheme, it is a better understanding, a mutual drawing together of the interests of the laboring man and what we should strive to show him is his best friend, the Government.

Details of management, tables and other technical compilations would be wearisome to the average reader. Suffice it to say that we have the experience of many other nations to guide us in what to do and what to leave undone in a postal savings system. We have the actuaries of old established insurance companies to tell us to the dot the average life of man and what chances may be taken on it. There are no experiments to try in insurance. We know exactly what can be done. And if money has to be raised we know exactly, too, with what ease it can be done and in what enormous chunks.

Let the laboring man place his savings with the Government in postal savings banks. Let it pay him a fair interest ($2\frac{7}{8}$ per cent. is the average interest paid by other countries) on the deposit. When the savings reach a certain figure give him the option of taking them out or of leaving them there as a premium upon an insurance policy that will yield him so much in sickness, such an annuity when he reaches a certain age, such a per diem (under carefully planned restrictions) if unemployed during periods of general depression, or such a bulk sum to his family at his death.

A full-fledged insurance system.

Protect it from abuse by all the wise legislation deemed necessary; keep out the speculators, let it be essentially and *only* a laboring man's insurance, limited as to amount and edged-about with all the safeguards of examining physicians, inspectors, and what not, that experience in other lives and with other classes teaches us is necessary.

If the Government manages it wisely—it does manage some things wisely, you know—such an insurance system will carry itself without cost to the country. And what a boon it would be! Insurance at reasonable rates, a savings bank at your local post office, convenient, safe, your very own, and stamped with the guaranty that has never been repudiated and means wherever it is seen one hundred cents on the dollar, the guaranty of the United States.

F. W. FITZPATRICK.

POWER OF THE ICON.

We are in Russia, the great Russia of the Greek Church. Through the bluish atmosphere we behold a city, over whose roofs gleam the golden lights of gilded domes crowning ancient churches of unsurpassed richness within. Rare marbles and precious stones, green malachite and touches of warm color introduced in many ways, repeating the old magnificent chords of scarlet, purple and gold, all attest the half-barbaric but wholly sincere faith of the nation. In his surroundings of almost intolerable whiteness, his great expanses of snow and ice, the Russian naturally yearns for brilliant color, the warm tones of his buildings gaining intensity from contrast. In some sense, perhaps, these are also a clue to the hidden intensities of his nature.

That these forces should express themselves outwardly in his palaces and churches need surprise no one familiar with his temperament. The Russian type is unique. Religion and loyalty form its keynote. United they safeguard the throne of the Czar amid much seething ferment of dissatisfaction.

When the splendors of the city have vanished from sight, left far behind, and one speeds away in his sledge over barren steppes or trackless wastes, where mighty winds have unbroken sweep or the snow-blast vanquishes a white world, the brightness to which we have alluded still definitely glimmers. The lights of a small settlement twinkle out, and a spot of glowing color indicates a church—the Orthodox of Russia having its hold on village as well as city—possibly a stronger hold even, all things considered, with less opposition.

Again, perhaps, we speed along the white waste, over almost interminable plains into even lonelier sweeps of desolation. Finally there comes a tiny break. A spark of light localizes a peasant's hut, low and mean, to our eyes destitute of all cheer. Here is the brightness of Russia, reduced to its lowest terms. This cottage of the half-starved *moujik* dominates miles of country, its only vital spot, its only living heart-beat. Nay, more! It is church and shrine. In this poor cot the traveler finds a holy place, set apart for the *eikon* of the household. It is the centre of home worship, keeping alive that spirit of reverence which marks the masses throughout all the Russias. Engrained

in their very nature, this devotion to the Father in heaven leads to an ardent faith in their "little Father," the Czar. He is their earthly representative of divine authority. But for this, the deep uneasiness, which bursts out so frequently in anarchy and Nihilism, would become a force past control. The power of the *eikon* protects the Czar.

In this poor, smoky painting of the moujik's hut representing the Holy Virgin and her Divine Child, we have the simplest form known of the *icon*, or representation of divine things to assist devotion. Thence upward to the magnificent shrines of the great churches in Moscow and St. Petersburg, sheltered in almost every case behind a screen of exquisite workmanship known as *iconostasis*, and on through the noble carven groups of the Madonna and Child, or some Saints specially revered, marking the Roman Catholic churches of the world, to the ancient rose-windows of the English cathedrals, with the pictured representations of the Life of our Lord—nay, even down to the resplendent stained-glass by Tiffany, of New York, bearing the same or similar teaching to us of the New World, we find the power of the *icon* encircling the earth.

The devotion of souls must be aided by these things the world over, else they would not so generally obtain, the *icon*, or image, speaking in some occult way through the outer eye to the inner spirit. For the masses, made up, for the most part, of ignorant or half-instructed souls, this simple object-lesson becomes the plainest, straightest, clearest way of conveying to them any holy fact or thought. Untrained minds resemble those of children, and every teacher in a kindergarten knows the immense value of pictures and small objects used as a means of quickly communicating to her pupils a new truth or a new idea.

Moreover, this has been so from the infancy of the world. Sculpture, used as a means of recording facts or representing ideas, is of extremely early origin, Egyptian hieroglyphics being only picture-writing, and the earliest Assyrian tablets historic records carved for preservation. The priesthood of these ancient lands, comprising their more intellectual and higher-grade men, recognized this power of the imaged or pictured representation and laid hold upon it in the interest of the national religion—the "golden calf," which Aaron made to please the

people and Moses, in his horror of idolatry, ground to powder, being a case in point—and, still earlier, the “images” of Rebecca, while, in the same way, the same force holds China and many other heathen lands in bondage, even at this day.

The power of the *icon* beng thus universal, confined to no single age or country, but, as it were, innate and rooted in the very constitution of the human mind, must have been divinely planted there, and is, therefore, rightfully utilized by the Christian Church, which directs this soul-tendency of the worshipper to the only true God and His blessed Son, our Lord.

Yet, at this point, misunderstanding seems to have arisen. Because heathen deities have been worshipped in this manner—the image itself being adored by the populace, perhaps, and not the god represented—therefore, say many, Christian worship should be wholly different. And here, in germ at least, we meet the Iconoclast!

We are all familiar with the ancient contest which rent the Church in the eighth century. We know it began with the imperial edict issued in 726 by the Emperor Leo III, surnamed the Isaurian, forbidding the honors paid to sacred images, and even commanding the removal from the churches of all images, that of our Lord alone excepted. This was followed by another decree, in 730, which prohibited, under pain of death, as sinful and idolatrous, all acts of reverence, public or private, to images, directing that said images, wherever found, be removed and destroyed. The Popes Gregory II and Gregory III protested vehemently, repudiated the charge of idolatry and explained the nature of the honors to images for which they contended. The Iconoclast decrees were, nevertheless, reaffirmed by Leo's successor, Constantine, and afterwards by Leo IV. The Nicene Council, under Empress Irene, condemned and revoked these proceedings, but other succeeding Emperors returned to the Iconoclast policy. As regards the Greek Church, this controversy was not finally settled until the council of 840, at Constantinople, under the Empress Theodora, and that of 870. It was, after all, a partial triumph for the *icon*, the present usage of the Greek Church admitting the painted representation, though excluding the graven image.

All this affected the Western Church but little, though under Charlemagne there rose a vehement Iconoclastic agitation in

France and Germany, which seems to have sprung from some misunderstanding and was speedily quieted, the Church generally accepting the Nicene exposition of doctrine.

This was again a victory for the *icon*, although the Nicene decision was most carefully made and guarded against misinterpretation. It left little opening for abuses or over-intensities of image worship.

The truth seems to be that the use of images or symbolic representations to assist devotion was of very early origin. "The earliest allusion to them," says one authority, "is found in Tertullian, who appeals to the image of the Good Shepherd as engraved upon the chalices. A very curious pagan caricature of Christianity of the very same age, lately discovered scratched upon the wall of a room in the palace of the Cæsars, rudely represents a man standing in the attitude of prayer with outstretched hand before a grotesque caricature of the crucifixion, and bears the title, 'Alexamenus worships God.' This seems to indicate at least a certain use of images among the Christians of the second century."

In the Roman Catacombs on the tombs of the Christians, however, are found curious representations of the Dove, the Cross, the symbolic Fish, of the Ship, of the Apostles Peter and Paul, with many others.

The many changes that took place in the sixteenth century scarcely touched the point in hand. Luther himself was no Iconoclast, putting the whole matter in the category of "things indifferent," and the Lutheran Church of Sweden to this day indulges in great display of ornament. But the destroyer of beauty was soon at work, and our Protestant churches in this land, especially those of New England, started with a Puritanism, almost barbarous in its cold severity. It was the Round-head strictness of Cromwell, a born Iconoclast, transplanted to the New World.

The struggles in the "Mother Country" and in Scotland, between Independents and Presbyterians, as against the Church of England, had been carried on with great virulence and filled the nation with bitterness of spirit. The wanton desecration, under Cromwell, of the great English cathedrals, his fearful severities in Ireland and the destruction wrought there on the noble carvings, statues and shrines of her churches are matters

of history. They go to prove the Puritanic spirit identical with that of the old Greek Iconoclast, though the doctrine annexed be only our modern Calvinism.

It is related of Cromwell that on one occasion he found a church enriched with silver statues of the twelve apostles. "Take them down," he cried to the trembling verger, "and coin them into money that, like their Divine Master, they may go about doing good." Here we have, in disposition, the veritable image-breaker, and we recall at once the Gospel story of the disciples and the woman with the alabaster box of ointment, how they cried, "To what purpose is this waste? For the ointment might have been sold for much and given to the poor." And the gentle rebuke of Jesus: "Why trouble ye the woman? She hath wrought a good work upon me."

There is much of the Utilitarian in the attitude of these objectors—in fact, we meet them frequently in daily life. The close-fisted parishioner, who "does not believe in expensive churches; the sturdy alderman, who wants to build a cheap schoolhouse; the sturdy alderman, who wants to build a cheap who issues literary trash simply because it "can be sold for much"—who does not know these men? The fact that, in each case, they are destroyers of beauty and of permanent Divine good does not trouble them at all. They are content with the narrow horizon that bounds their vision and have no ideals that are compelling. The visions or soul-images which form the higher life of their neighbor they are only eager to break down.

The victory in England at last fell again to the *icon*. After the Restoration the broken-down churches were repaired, their ancient crosses and rood-screens restored, the disabilities which had bound the Roman Catholics lifted off one by one, in due course of peaceful legislation; and the Established Church became, in one wing at least, highly ritualistic. It has been a gradual process, but sure as the rising of the sun.

At present the Iconoclastic spirit seems to rule the Dissenters, who are making notable gains among the lower middle or smaller trading classes, while, every now and then, a Mr. Kensit stirs the calm of the English Church. Such men are not alone, but have sympathizers in their irritable outcries. They voice the feelings—though rather too loudly—of a respectable minority within its pale, generally known as Low Churchmen. But

that this minority is dwindling, in Great Britain and on this side of the water as well, is shown by the general trend of Church legislation, by the character of the appointments made to high positions, and by its waning influence, individually, few of its leaders proving men of mark.

The attitude of Dissenters in Great Britain in this matter, and that of their brethren in these United States—Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists, or what not—is specially curious. It is matter of immediate concern, for in numbers they aggregate millions and are still growing. Their position, while it represents the real opposition of sincere men to any form of image or sculptured emblem as employed in divine worship, public or private, is not the temper of the image-breaker. It is rather that of the *icon* despiser.

Among the more cultured and better-educated of these objectors the idea prevails—or seems to prevail—that only feeble minds, ignorant and untrained, need any helps to devotion. There is no wish to crush the *icon*; merely a benevolent desire to persuade, slowly and softly, away from it, and none at all to interfere with any aid it may give to souls. It is rather the mood of the man who prays, like in the Temple, “‘Lord, I thank Thee that I am not as other men are!’—mere image-worshippers, poor and priest-ridden!”—while the same temper of spiritual pride may imbue the pious Roman Catholic who thanks God that he is not as the poor, benighted Protestant. Here we find mutual misunderstanding coupled with very little meekness. Where, in it all, are the Christ-love and the peace of God?

The mistake seems to be, on the part of the Protestant, that he fails to recognize the truth stated in the earlier part of this article, that the appeal of the eye to the mind is universal, part of the inherent constitution of the mind itself. No man, however cultured, can escape it. In fact, the cultured man is the liberal patron of plastic art; to him more than to others it appeals; he loves a fine painting, enjoying, in short, every phase of artistic beauty in a deep and highly sensitive way. To his intelligence the emblem explains itself, the symbol speaks out the love it images. Why should he maintain that the Madonna figure, or noble, carven Christ in a Catholic church are merely for the lower classes? Is there no pomposity, no self-importance in such assumption?

On the other hand, if they are not mere helps for the ignorant, but appeal to him also, why are they wholly excluded from his churches?

Right here we shall find him shifting his ground. He harks back to the old charge of idolatry, as in Cromwell's day, proclaiming his own to be a more spiritual form of religion. In all this he is certainly sincere. He quotes at length the Bible denunciations of idolatry, as in support of his views. But why? Idolatry is the worship of a false God, not that of Jehovah. The heathen idol is the image of that false god or goddess. What has all this to do with Christian worship? Or with its use of any and every help, its proffer of aid in any sort that may lead the wandering thought and eye of the sinner to his Saviour and God? Has the Church a right even to neglect any means whereby a soul may be won, to its own salvation? Why not uplift the Cross actually before the eyes of men, besides proclaiming it in words? Why not appeal to the eye as well as the ear?

That the Jews were forbidden to make a graven image because of the idolatries about them, into which they were prone to fall, does not involve a prohibition law, of the same ilk, for Christians. Nay, even the Jews had carven figures of the great Cherubim, who dwell in light ineffable, with outspread wings overlaid with gold, placed over against the Ark of the Covenant, as if to guard it or do it honor. The "graven image" adorned their Holy of Holies by express divine command.

The New Dispensation differs in many ways from the Old, and while the principle as to idolatry holds eternally good, that being a thing essentially evil, the use of the graven image is not such, but "a thing indifferent," a mere part of ritual, to be settled by the Church.

It goes without saying that nowhere among Christians is the image itself worshipped; the more intelligent among pagans even bow to the unseen divinity which their idol represents; but all acts of reverence are offered as tribute to our Blessed Lord and the hierarchy of Heaven. There are many chapters before us even now in the history of the *eikon*, and "destructions are not yet come to a perpetual end."

The claim that the Puritan, who will have none of it, has a loftier mode of worship, purer and more elevating, calls for a

moment's consideration. Is there much, or even any, spiritual virtue in that abstract habit of mind which makes the soul its own temple and needs no aid from outer things? God be thanked, prayer and soul-communion, on the part of the Saints here below, are not hindered by lack of image, church or shrine! "Yet doth He devise means that His banished be not expelled from Him."

But this intimate spiritual Communion is, in sooth, the special glory of Catholicism, and her Saints have practiced it for ages. It is no new discovery, this of the believer's personal nearness to his Lord. But it is personal and, therefore, private. One can hardly imagine a strife, or any boast, over these silent, sacred things. How should a saint ever "tell his experience?" How should one saint say to another, "I am holier than thou?" Should we not think him no saint at all? Is it not equally strange for any body of Christians to take such ground?

No, the secret life of the Christ-lover is not to be dragged forth into the blaze of publicity. On the other hand, public worship is for all. The masses, the general church-going throng, are no saints—no indeed!—rather "poor miserable sinners," who have erred and strayed like lost sheep. They come in multitudes, "grieved and weary with the burden of their sins," into the presence of their Lord, not exactly to be preached to, rather to be consoled and forgiven. Among these multitudes are the young, the indifferent, the thoughtless and "those who are out of the way," all needing every help to fix their attention, to elevate and still their fluttering souls. The Church cannot fit her public ministrations purely to those advanced in piety, given to high concentration of soul, and she ought not. "They that are whole need not a physician."

Humility is the true soul-preparation for worship. The meek shall "inherit the earth," find blessed help and be glad.

In a rural church, small and of slender pretensions, stands a very beautiful altar. Near its base is the carven figure of a lamb, done with tenderest touch, fleecy and true to life. To at least one soul in that congregation it often spoke with far more power than choir or priest. Perpetually eye and thought returned to it. "The Lamb," it cried, out of its exquisite silence, "the Lamb that was slain." The answering thought came at once. This, then, is what the altar means, and why it should

blaze with glory—glory eternal and profound beyond comprehension. “Yea,” again the voice, “the Lamb of God! The Lamb, slain from the foundation of the world.” Then seemed to come, as it were, a multitude of voices, crying with incessant stress of sweetness beyond music, through and through that lowly church—nay, far up above it—“Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne and unto the Lamb for ever and ever.”

It was the going forth of the *icon* on its divine ministry.

CAROLINE D. SWAN.

GLOBE NOTES.

When I moved the business of the GLOBE REVIEW from New York to Philadelphia, last year, my object was twofold; *first*, to reduce expenses, rents and costs of living in New York being altogether beyond any advantages that I derived from living there; *second*, that I might once more live in the neighborhood of Fairmount Park, which I hold to be by far the most beautiful park in the world, and which, off and on, has been my strolling ground for more than thirty years.

Both of these objects I have attained by the movement named. In returning to Philadelphia with THE GLOBE, I at first looked about me for an office down town, in what used to be the old aristocratic office neighborhood for lawyers and publishers, and I fitted up a very comfortable office for myself and the GLOBE REVIEW, thinking, and saying, that I never wanted to move again; but man proposes, and sometimes the good God, and sometimes the devil, disposes.

Old houses and old neighborhoods are apt to grow foul and full of human and other vermin. At all events, during the past winter I chose my residence in close neighborhood to Fairmount Park, and at the same time resolved to make it the sole address for myself and THE GLOBE in the future, as given in this issue. This explains the new address.

All the details of the publication are now under my own constant supervision and direction, sick or well. My health appears to be very much improved, and I hope the quality of the GLOBE REVIEW, as it ripens to old age, will grow more mellow and

more to the taste of its thousands of faithful readers. Of course, I do not expect to grow so kind and good-natured that I shall, like so many able and public men of this generation, cease to discern or to define the truth, or to discriminate between it and falsehood as sharply as ever, but we will try to make our necessary and essential condemnations of falsehood and falsehood venders as charitable as possible, knowing that so many human errors and shams and contemptibilities are the result of false teaching, of ancestors or contemporaries, often the fault of the head, not the heart; always remembering that charity is the divinest, and hence the most powerful, factor in human history, and recalling the sweet words of our dear old Leo XIII, viz., that "when the heart is right all goes well."

In this connection, I return sincere thanks to those faithful men, women and public institutions that have continued their subscriptions through all the years of THE GLOBE'S existence; also to the more recent subscribers, whose faith in me, and whose appreciation of my work have led them, even previous to this writing, February 6th, to send in their subscriptions in advance for the present year. I am even thankful to my traducers, who have tried, and will still try, to make the editor of THE GLOBE out as some sort of species of the devil, and also to the inconstant delinquents who like to keep their subscriptions back a few years for extra cigars, never caring whether THE GLOBE man gets a smoke or no.

* * * * *

Speaking of smoking suggests other convivial habits, and reminds me of the following article, which appeared in the *New World*, of Chicago, January 19th, and which I take great pleasure in reproducing here, not with any critical intent, but simply for the pure and unadulterated genius there is in the article, and to make sure that the readers of THE GLOBE do not miss the "treat" of reading the same. I have not the honor of the acquaintance of Bridget O'Mahoney, and I do not wish to steal her from the *New World*, but if she, he, or any other man will write me something as good for THE GLOBE I will buy it at five dollars a page.

Of course, it suggests Dooley and all that, but it is better. The first requisite of any writer is that he or she write well,

says things in such manner that they *will* be read. B. O'Mahoney has learned this, of Dooley or his grandmother, never mind:

"I see by the pa-pers that the high soc'ity women av this city are raisin' the divil, an' no mistake," remarked Hogan to Barney McFadden, as the two sipped their hot and ate cold lunch at Mike Flaherty's, on the corner.

"Raisin' the divil? Sure'n it's an' intherestin' occupation they've found at last. They've been lookin' six ways f'r somethin' startlin' for a long time. How're they doin' it, do ye mind?"

"Nice question to ask in this day av intilligence, an' f'r a man av your standin', too! Don't ye iver read the news av th' day? Haven't ye hear-rd that all the high soci'ty ladies av Chicago are studyin' the occult?"

"The occult? An' what the divil is it? Do they tache it in the public schools?"

"They don't; that is, not yet; but there's no tellin' what may happen next year. But if ye'd pay attention to what Ropy Reed writes in the American an' numerous other l'adin' payriodicals, ye'd see what the high-sthrung, intillectual females with millions behind thim are doin' right here on the idge of our twintieith cinthury civilization."

"An' who's Ropy Reed, an' what's it his look-out f'r the love? Is it speshul advertisin' he's writin', cheap f'r cash?"

"Naw, ye ould haythen! He's a great novelist—a writer av books av stories about the moonshine state. He's been out among our Chicago women av late—our high soci'ty ladies, an' they've been lettin' him see a wild pagan clay god, what used to wallop around in the pocket of a chap called Buddha, turn live an' wink its eyes an' frighten the women. I don't suppose it frightened Ropy himself, f'r he's from Kintucky; but it worried the women so that they got down on their knees an' began prayin' to it to stop. An' after that they had more high jinks than Ropy could write of in a month."

"An' that's what ye call studyin' the occult, is it?"

"It's partly it, but there's more. Have another while we're talkin'; do now! Do ye raymimber Lizy Allen, what got marri'd to Gullman, the iron peddler, whin we first came to Chicago? After he peddled around a bit he struck on an invintion, an'

got rich. Well, Liza got rich, too, an' now I see she's importhed a long-haired professor of Buddhism an' theosophy, sthraight fr'om the mountains of Himalay, or some sich place, in ordher to outdo the other women. Oh, but it's a grand time they have of evenin's while their husbands is out with double-barreled shotguns lookin' f'r the soul-devourin' coal trust they turned loose unbeknownst themselves! There's Mrs. Smykes, whose father used to keep a saloon down on State sthreet until he got rich an' his daughter marri'd a patint medicine dochter, an' Mrs. Mulky, whose husband is a son av old Mike Mulcahy, who kem over when I did, an'—well, all the great an' mighty who own autymobiles and get their pickchers in the papers once a week. Anyway, they've got the Christian science people bate at last."

Old Barney put salt in his by mistake. "The divil they have!" he exclaimed. "An' sure it's desp'rit hard wur-ruk they must 'a' had a-doin' it."

"Well, they've done it, anyhow. The importhed haythen. they say, is able to rade their minds like a book. In moments of profound meditation he's able to find pins they've st'uck away undher the carpet. Indade, if half's true whot the papers say, he has more tricks than Tony Antonio's monkey. It's his way of interjoooin' the new relijin they're gettin' up—the relijin av the pagan races av Indy and Chiny an' other places where they worship cows an' animals an' die of cholera an' British civilization."

"Well," returned Barney after a pause, "well, they've never had much Christianity, anyway."

"No-o-o. But thin they're settin' a bad example. There's poor Mary Flaherty, who lives in Father Burke's parish; she's beginnin' to run afther the new notion because she read about it in the pa-apers, an' sees the pickchers av the fine ladies prominintly displayed; and there's Kitty Walsh, whose father's made some money out av politics, now lookin' around f'r somethin' to set up as an oul clay idol with a red light before it, in hope that Ropy Reed'll come round an' write it up. Afther a while I sup-pose she'll be wantin' to import a Hindoo professor herself in ordher to get her mind read an' have the divil raised up for the eddification av her fri'nds."

"The divil a need do I see av importhin' thim long-haired fellows, annyway," remarked Mr. McFadden. "If ye read the Sunday pa-a-pers ye'll see there are jist about forty thousand men and women right here in Chicago who declare they can tell the past, present and future without makin' a figger. If annything, they're more numerous than the patint docthors who can bring the dead to life—on paper."

"Well, the Chicago fellows are here at home, d'ye see? If ye want a real live occultist you must import one from Indy an' make sure that his name's somethin' like Samgambanramdad-anda. If he has that an' long hair, an' a voice like Flanagan afther he's had the fifth dhrink, he'ss set the women wild."

"I shouldn't wondher," mused Mr. McFadden. "Accordin' as some av them get up in the wur-ruld, the divil seems carryin' our women astray entirely."

"It's all because their husbands is gettin' too rich cornerin' coal an' gettin' up thrusts in tay an' coffee an' sugar an' meat an' bread an' other things that poor people have to buy an' eat," exclaimed Mr. Hogan as he rose from the table. "If all these fine people had to wur-ruk like Christians they wouldn't be spindin' money importin' pagans for Ropy Reed an' his like to write up in the leadin' payriodicals."

BRIDGET O'MAHONEY.

If Mr. O'Malley, the new editor of the *New World*, can succeed in finding a few more O'Mahoneys and in giving his readers such charming papers as this, he will very soon make Preuss, of St. Louis, and other Catholic goslings take to their wings like geese, and fly squawking to the realms of silence, back numbers and such meditations as the feathered but unfledged failures of flying machines are doomed to find.

At all events, whatever may be the fate of its Western or Eastern rivals, and we wish them no ill, the *New World*, in its recent issues, looks as if it still meant to be, what we have long held it to be, viz., the ablest and most versatile of all the Catholic family papers in the United States.

* * * * *

And here, straight from the Philadelphia *Evening Telegraph* of February 5th, is "a nigger in the wood pile, sho."

"Hanna to Succeed Alger.—Senator Hanna seems disposed

to come forward with intent to occupy the place from which Embalmed Beef Alger was compelled to retire in the practical management of party politics. Alger, it will be remembered, was the special agent of the party who looked after the votes of negro delegates in the national conventions. By means best known to himself he managed to swing the Afro-American citizens into line, in accordance with whatever agreements were made 'on the inside,' when the final ballots were taken in the Republican national gatherings. This important office Alger was forced by circumstances beyond his control to abandon, and now comes Senator Hanna to take the vacated place and assume control of the colored delegations. The pronouncement by which he announces his succession to this office is to be found in the bill which he introduced before Congress yesterday to grant Government pensions to the ex-slaves in the Southern States.

"Of course, it is not to be supposed Senator Hanna seriously intends to impose upon the taxpayers of the United States a burden so enormous as this proposition would indicate. A bonus of \$500 paid down and a pension of \$15 per month to each adult slave, male or female, would involve an expenditure of many millions of dollars annually, and there is no probability, or, indeed, hardly a possibility, that such a proposition can ever be carried through Congress."

A good many thinkers have held, and still hold, that the freeing of the blacks during our Civil War without compensation to their owners was a gigantic piece of robbery, and that the Government of the United States ought long ago to have compensated such defrauded owners, or their heirs, for all such slaves freed by the act of Emancipation. Mr. Hanna's generous heart seems to have taken another direction. To him it would appear that freedom with education and American citizenship were not enough to have given or bestowed on the enslaved, but that now, at this late day, the Government should give them pensions besides.

I suppose that Senator Hanna knows as well as the editor of the *Telegraph* what he really means by his proposition, and whether the country can afford the pensions or not. At all events, the suggestion seems to favor the Southern view of the negro question, viz., that slavery was better than freedom

for the blacks of the South. Mr. Hanna's proposition certainly admits that said blacks are, many of them, incapable of caring for themselves and earning their daily bread, notwithstanding the freedom and education and citizenship they have enjoyed for over thirty years. Why Senator Hanna, by reason of this streak of good nature, should be considered as the legitimate successor of "Embalmed Beef Alger" is not so clear. Senator Hanna has been a very successful politician. By his chosen methods Mr. McKinley was made nominal President of the United States, and by the accident of an assassin Theodore Roosevelt inherits the fruits of said successful methods.

Senator Hanna has not, up to this date, shown himself a very great admirer of Roosevelt's shifting "statesmanship." Only last summer he suggested that the President seemed to be "hunting trouble," and though Senator Hoar was in evidence, some weeks ago, with his anti-trust bill, as per previous agreement, the Philadelphia papers have announced within a few days of this writing that Senator Quay had changed his Senatorial tricks and tactics, so that the anti-trust bill should be indefinitely postponed, and his Statehood bill and other appropriations should take precedence of the anti-trust bill. So these two statesmen, Hanna and Quay, seem to be playing for leadership and more. But Quay has had his day—Senator Hanna is still in the saddle as chairman of the Republican National Committee, and negro pension bill or not, nothing but a tremendous war within the next two years, which might make it seem necessary to keep the famous warrior of Cuban fame at the head of affairs and render it "unsafe to change horses while crossing the stream," can keep Mr. Hanna from saying who the next President shall be, or from being the next President himself.

It is an interesting game, but as both players, and likewise their friends, have so many glass windows in their houses it may be well for the friends of both gentlemen to cease throwing stones. For more than a year we have held and taught in this REVIEW that Roosevelt had knocked himself out. We do not agree with Mr. Bryan that the anti-trust legislation to date is all weak enough to save Mr. R. the nomination; the moneyed elements, the commercial elements, the professional elements, the literary elements and the real political leaders of

the nation are all against him. He simply has not shown good sense, good judgment or right motives. Senator Hanna is a far safer and abler man.

* * * * *

Mrs. Ida Husted Harper, a New York newspaper woman, having committed some terrible blunders in a published article on impromptu sociology, and having been called to task for the same, instead of trying to see the force and bearing of the things her critics said of her, rushed again into print in defense of her first blunders, and proceeded to add thereto. She is very *woman-like* but utterly *unwomanly*. She has all the faults of the modern American female without any gift of perception or of reason. She is ambitious to regulate the number of children to the home or household or to each married couple. Whether she has looked farther and deeper into the orphan asylums, the homes for the illegitimate offspring of the nameless parentage, etc., etc., we do not know. But she is plainly rattled about the large number of babies and children in the land, and wants the business stopped and regulated, so that we never go over the one hundred million mark in population, and thinks that with this round number for limit we would be the finest Uncle Sam and his babies ever extant on this earth. This is her first statement, that "parents have a right to claim some of the desirable things of life for themselves, and should not be required to make their whole existence a sacrifice for children." Does she know what the *desirable* things of life are? It is not a question of small or large families that is wrong in this woman's head, it is her whole deformed moral organization. She is smart, talkative and comfortable looking, but the face of the poorest mother hag in the slums, bowed down with the suffering of many births and trials, is divine and uplifting compared with the face of Ida Husted Harper. The woman is ignorant of the eternal principles of motherhood and womanhood, but she is a right smart and versatile human female, all the same. Here is the next outburst of her omniscient ignorance: "The responsibility of every parent is twofold; first, to the child; second, to society. The child's absolute right is to have a fair start. Society's absolute right is to have in every new member a help and not a hindrance. Both the child and society are wholly at the mercy of parent." And to

this deluded woman, no doubt, this paragraph tells the whole story. Has she defined the responsibility or right of parent, child or society? And at whose mercy are the parents? Here is another rush of darkness: "It seems a hopeless undertaking to lift up the race into higher conditions, with such children continually brought into existence by hundreds of thousands." That is, poor children, offspring of the lame and halt and blind. Now, who hired or authorized the Harper woman to "lift up the race?" Does she understand the business? Is she equal to the smallest part of the task?

Does she not know that the worst diseases known to the race are especially characteristic of the rich and those whose inbred and inhuman selfishness have led them to prevent numerous offspring as far as they are concerned? Is she an all-round ignorant fool? Does she not know that, the world over, the select families of one or two children soon die out; in fact, lose the power of reproduction, while the hundreds of ignorant and large and poor families prosper and come to the fore? Besides, the narrow and hard selfishness of parents without children, and of parents with one or two children is proverbial, and the children in such cases are usually like their parents, unless the good God is kind enough to take them to himself that they may find better fatherly and motherly care.

The Imperial American Continent is as capable of nurturing two hundred millions or four hundred millions as it is of pretending to nurture the eighty millions of our day, and if the children of the poor grow too numerous for the taste of such abstainers as Ida Harper, let Mrs. Harper hurry up and get lots of children. If they grow too numerous for her care she can sell her fat babies to the butchers who serve the poor with food. Such fine fare would, no doubt, make the poor children fat and handsome as herself, and very moral. She need not be hopeless of doing her fair share toward lifting up the race.

If she would quit writing presumptuous folly, and begin to study practical motherhood and good housekeeping, she might yet accomplish something, but from such a woman sociologist, good Lord deliver us.

* * * * *

It is never wise to be too peremptory with a woman, even a writing woman, a strong-minded, modern reform, small

family woman. She has all the instincts of her sex. Even Mrs. Ida Husted Harper has a streak of intuition and inspired common sense at times. In the *New York Sun* of February 22d we find this bit of lucid interval on modern legislation:

"Within the past week or two a New York legislator has introduced a bill to tax bachelors; a Pennsylvania legislator one to tax spinsters over thirty-five; a Missouri legislator one making it a misdemeanor for a man to flirt with the teachers or pupils of a boarding school; a Louisiana legislator one compelling women to wear a skirt which does not touch the ground; a Montana legislator one to appropriate \$3,000 for triplets born in Butte, 'as a recognition of such patriotic and praiseworthy results.' In refreshing contrast is a bill presented by the woman member of the Utah Legislature, providing that 'no candidate shall buy for voters beer, whiskey or any intoxicating drinks, cigars or tobacco in any form, lend them money or promise them jobs.' Its object is to prevent bribery at elections.

"Nevertheless, women are too emotional and impractical to hold office or engage in politics.

"That is a very foolish New York law which requires a man to keep right on paying alimony to his divorced wife after she has married another. Women had no voice in making it, but they will try to bear up under it if the men are satisfied. This is what they always have been admonished to do.

"IDA HUSTED HARPER."

This woman is only insane in her moral nature, and especially on small families. Even President Roosevelt detected her weakness on this point, and the poor Catholic papers have made much of his poor splurging on national suicide. Let them read the *GLOBE REVIEW* of September, 1902, in which a trained physician treats the subject with knowledge as well as skill. But, then, the President!! That is the poor figurehead of unsubstantial unsubstantiality for two-thirds of one poor term.

* * * * *

Here is another fool philosopher, D.D.:

"Jersey City, N. J., Feb. 23d.—The Rev. Dr. John L. Scudder, at the First Congregational Church last night, in a sermon on 'Rights of the Unborn,' strongly advocated a law compelling

all persons before marriage to pass a physical and moral examination and secure a license from the State.

"He also declared that no poor person should be permitted to bear more than two children. He insisted that it was very well for President Roosevelt, who has an income of \$50,000 a year and an independent fortune, to advocate large families.

"'But how,' he asked, 'would he enjoy his own advice if he had a dozen children and was earning \$2 a day?'

"'No child has a right to exist unless there is a prospect of its possessing a good bodily constitution and being well cared for by its parents until capable of earning its livelihood.

"'I do not advocate that all sickly children, after the manner of the Spartans, should be put out of the way. But the same result may be attained, without the infraction of the moral law, by a determination on the part of the parents to be childless unless they are sure of a healthy progeny.

"'The rights of unborn generations is a branch of ethics which has been largely ignored, but which ought to form a part of our moral philosophy without delay. If a man has no right to poison his child with arsenic or strychnine, he certainly has not right to bring a child into the world with the poison of hereditary disease in his blood. In either case he is equally responsible and reprehensible. We call ourselves a civilized people, and yet what monumental ignorance exists in regard to life, the most important topic under the canopy; what criminal indifference respecting the welfare of coming generations.

"'In the absence of suitable conscientiousness on the part of the parents, the State should intervene and rightly make an examination of all couples intending to marry, and give licenses only to those who are healthy and fit to be fathers and mothers. The State has a right to place restrictions on marriage for the welfare of its future citizens. Inveterate paupers," etc., etc.

We have already given too much space and time to this Harper-Scudder half-breed species. It is difficult to treat such mules with respect. We would like to know who were the "moral and physical examiners" when their parents were married, and what act of legislation gave these two kidlings of the clerical and newspaper fraternity a right to be born or to open

their godless and stupid mouths. And we wonder if there is not some way of preventing the birth of any more Harpers or Scudders till just before the judgment day.

* * * * *

Here is what Mr. Dooley thinks about it:

"I've been lookin' at th' argymints pro an' con, an' I come to th' conclusion that th' race is dyin' out on'y in spots. It's dyin' out among Harvard gradjates, but it's holdin' its own among th' alumnuses iv Saint Pathrick's Commercyal Academy in Desplaines sthreet. Th' av'rage size iv th' fam'ly in Mitchigan avnoo is .000001, but th' av'rage size iv the fam'ly in Ar-rchey Road is somewhat larger. Afther I r-read what Dock Eliot had to say, I ast me frind Dock Grogan what he thought about it. He's a rale dock. He has a horse an' buggy. He's out so much at night that th' polis ar-re always stoppin' him thinkin' he is a burglar. Th' dock has prepared some statistics f'r me, an' here they ar-re: Number iv twins bor-rn in Ar-choy Road fr'm Halstead sthreet to Westhern avnoo fr'm Janooary wan to Janooary wan, 365 pairs; number iv thrips iv thriplets in th' same fiscal year, nine; number iv individjool voters, eighty-three thousand nine hunderd and' forty-two; av'rage size iv fam'ly, fourteen; av'rage weight iv parents, wan hunderd an' eighty-five; av'rage size iv rooms, nine be eight; av'rage height of ceilin', nine feet; av'rage wages, wan dollar sivinty-five; av'rage duration iv doctor's bills, two hunderd years.

"I'm goin' to ask Dock Eliot, Tiddy Rosenfelt an' all th' rest iv them to come up Ar-rchey R-road some summer's afthernoan an' show thim th' way th' race is dyin' out. Th' front stoops is full iv childher; they block th' throlley cars; they're shyin' bricks at th' polis, pullin' up coal-hole covers, playin' ring-around-th'-rosy, shootin' dice, makin' paper dolls, goin' to Sundah-school, hurryin' with th' sprinklin'-pot to th' place at th' corner an' indulgin' in other spoorts iv childhood."

* * * * *

At one time during the Venezuelan blockade the Philadelphia newspapers, which are about half nurse and half baby, came out with head-lines to the effect that "We Must Fight for the Doctrine."

The queer combination of words had a smack of old-time Colonialism, when men fought and murdered one another for

certain doctrines that no man ever understood. But there was no theology or God in this latter case. Mr. Monroe once tried to promulgate a bit of nonsense that has since been called the Monroe Doctrine, and lots of wise-looking politicians, called statesmen, and lots of smart-looking men called journalists, talk big and write bigger, in these days, of a Monroe Doctrine that never existed and never can exist. Moreover, we may be sure, for all our talk, that just as soon as any of the leading European or Asiatic Powers want more territory than they now have on this Western hemisphere, they will take it, though a very large row should result from their action. Had an effete and weak nation blockaded and bombarded a port in Venezuela we would, *a la* the American-Spanish war, have sent our warships to attack and drive off the bombarding parties, but when said bombardiers represented three of the strongest navies in the world, we took it out in the bluff known as Bowen diplomacy.

'Twas better thus. The days of fighting for a "doctrine" seem past, and as all the modern facilities of steam, electricity and wireless pow-wow have made us about as near to Europe and Asia as Philadelphia was to Pittsburg a half century ago, and as lots of European Powers have owned, and still own and control, territory on this Western hemisphere, it seems futile to flout a senseless so-called doctrine as a red rag in the face of mankind. And our own escapades in the Philippines and elsewhere stamp such conduct as the sheerest bluff of insufferable impertinence.

* * * * *

The following paragraph, taken from the *West Philadelphia Press*, seems somewhat optimistic, but it is well enough to give and take such view of the Anglo-Irish relationship once in a while:

"Peace and Prosperity in Sight for Ireland.—The new Irish Land bill, which has been drawn up by Mr. George Wyndham, the Secretary of State for Ireland, and which will be taken up and probably passed at the next session of Parliament, promises to heal the ancient breach between the two countries and to produce friendship and peace where there has so long been strife and enmity. Its provisions have not been made public,

but its general character is known. It further extends and fortifies a policy which, within the limited scope of its application, has been highly successful. About sixty thousand Irish tenants have been enabled to purchase the land they cultivate under the operation of a law enacted as long ago as 1869, and in order that they might do so the Government has advanced sums aggregating more than a hundred million dollars, every dollar of which has been repaid. This system it is now proposed to enlarge, and no less a person than Mr. John Redmond has expressed the opinion that, should the bill in which the project is embodied become a law, it would 'heal the wounds of centuries and give the Irish people a chance of living in peace and prosperity upon their own soil.'"

If Parliament will only hurry up, His Grace the Archbishop of Philadelphia, if he really goes home to celebrate his golden jubilee, may find right there in Tipperary a theme worthy of his rich eloquence, and Col. Lynch may forget the galling fetters of his imprisonment, and the Hon. Finnerty himself be moved to pious gratitude; but they must orate and sing praises in Gaelic, and they might borrow Tara Hall and Hill for this wonderful Anglo-Irish jollification.

Possibly, that aerated and sentimental Socinian parson, Minot J. Savage, of New York, having some power with the spirits and the mediums, may call back the ghosts of Oliver Cromwell and Hugh O'Neill to mingle in the Anglo-Irish love feast of peace on earth, to men of good will, at all events. We hope for fuller justice and generous treatment on the part of Ireland at home and here, and in whatever language they please.

* * * * *

We are obliged to the editor and publishers of *Men and Women*, Cincinnati, for their courtesy in sending us the initial numbers of their excellent publication. It seems to fill a long-felt want in Catholic serial literature. The articles are modern, vivacious, not great or pretending to be great, and not overdone with mere lip service of devotion, but straightforward, and the editorials are full of common sense. In the editorial controversy with Preuss, of the *St. Louis Review*, in the March *Men and Women*, the Cincinnati man, Baldus, has the best of the argu-

ment by all odds, and once more shows the young man Preuss up as being a supercilious, hypercritical, dogmatic prig, as if nobody knew what Catholicity stood for except the pin-feather editor of the *St. Louis Review*. Say your prayers, Preuss, and learn better.

* * * * *

On March 21st, the Anthracite Coal-Strike Commission, appointed by Roosevelt, published its decisions. They are just the points THE GLOBE has advocated since the strike began, and as both Baer and Mitchell are pleased we should not complain. Now let the Legislature act on the teachings of this *Globe*, as to—"Who is to blame?"

* * * * *

It may be well to repeat that when persons who are not subscribers receive copies of THE GLOBE it should be accepted as a gentle hint that we would be glad to receive their subscriptions. We do not employ canvassing agents, but we are not above giving hints once in a while.

Respectfully,

W. H. THORNE.

THE GLOBE.

NO. L.

JUNE, 1903.

TOLSTOY & CO.

April 4, 1903.—About a year previous to this date I received the following letter from a reader of the *GLOBE REVIEW*, then residing in Heidelberg, Germany. The opening paragraph explains why the letter was written to me. For more than a year; indeed, for many years I had thought of writing an article on Tolstoy & Co.—that is, the men and the teachings resembling him and his. This letter seemed to offer a good text; still I waited another twelve months, reading and rereading the author's works and many criticisms thereon. But here is the letter:

HEIDELBERG, BERG STRASSE, March 27, 1902.

MY DEAR MR. THORNE:—You are guilty of the gravest injustice. You have maligned one of the purest and most Christ-like men of this generation.

In your article, "Socialism, Anarchy and Murder," you refer to Tolstoy as a crazy cross between Anarchist and Socialist on whom, together with his associates, no sympathy need be wasted. Tolstoy is not a Socialist, nor has he ever had the remotest connection with the party; because he accepts as guides to conduct the rules "Resist not evil with violence" and "Love them that hate you," as taught by Jesus, he is regarded with disfavor by all active revolutionists in Russia. I will send you several of his writings, faithfully rendered into English by his friends (much that appears is garbled and mutilated to suit the interests or notions of English editors and publishers, whose hands are free since Tolstoy refrains on principle from using a copyright), in which I ask you to read the marked passages. Nothing that I could say would more quickly correct your total

misapprehension of his principles, many of which coincide with your own leading opinions expressed in the *GLOBE REVIEW*. On nearer acquaintance you will find him to be, instead of an enemy and worker of evil, an ally on this side of the great battle.

Your condemnation of the Nihilists is too broad. No two members of the party have very much in common. Some, it is true, do advocate assassination, but not all. As a whole, the party is composed of radicals, democrats, reformers and revolutionists, of every shade of opinion, who are at one only in opposing tyranny and cruelty. The government bureaucracy in Russia purposely brings the Nihilists into disrepute before the world by foisting on them the stigma of underhanded assassination. Controlling a large part of the press, and able to censor every publication that circulates in Russia, misrepresentation is not difficult. For example, Tolstoy, who, though not an active revolutionist, is hated and persecuted by the government, is often so amended and altered by the censor before appearing in print that the published articles assert the contrary of the MS. On this point my judgment is based partly on direct observation among the exiled students in attendance at this University.

Sincerely,

EDWARD RUMELY.

Nearly fourteen years ago, when John Wanamaker was Postmaster-General, and the United States mails were closed to Tolstoy's "Kretzer Sonata," and when the book itself could not be procured in the book stores of Philadelphia, though the most pious establishments of this sort were at the same time doing a thriving business with their sales of the corrupt works of the late M. Zola—at such time and under such circumstances the editor of the *GLOBE REVIEW*, having received a copy from the Boston publishers, read it and reviewed it in No. 4 of the *GLOBE REVIEW*, taking the ground that while the book undoubtedly represented certain tragic, criminal and vulgar phases of modern society, said phases actually existed, that they were very numerous, and if we were not scared at the facts themselves as they were taking place before our eyes and being described daily in the newspapers, though they were not yet at that time as yellow and red and lurid with bestial, nude and infamous vulgarity as they have since become, why should we

object to or condemn a book by a man whom I then held as a sort of modern prophet, simply because, while describing some of the worst phases of modern, so-called civilized life, he at the same time clearly disapproved and condemned them? Within ten days after that article appeared in the *GLOBE REVIEW* the postal embargo was lifted, and the book was being hawked through the streets of Philadelphia in large clothes baskets, and you could buy it at any of the pious book stores.

I refer to this fact to say, first, that from ten to fifteen years ago I thought very much of Tolstoy, as my friend Edward Rumely appears to think of him at the present time; second, to confess frankly that, though then pretty widely recognized as a literary critic of incisive ability, I now think that I had at that time over-estimated alike Tolstoy's ability as a literary man and, with Rumely and tens of thousands of English and American readers, that I had then wholly misunderstood and exaggerated his pretensions as an independent teacher of Christian truth; that is, as a modern prophet.

This change of attitude toward Tolstoy was indicated in my reference to him a year and a half ago as a "sort of cross between Socialist and Anarchist" in the article quoted by Mr. Rumely. The object of this paper is to show that my later estimate of Tolstoy is nearer the truth than my earlier estimate, and hence that the average, canting, American and English, liberalistic, rationalistic and bohemian view of him is alike foolish and utterly mistaken. The next day after the foregoing was written, there appeared in the Sunday papers of April 5th the following cable dispatch:

"Proclaims Tolstoy to be personification of Satan. Father John, of Cronstadt, refuses membership in University Council.—St. Petersburg, April 4.—Father John, of Cronstadt, has refused to accept honorary membership in the Council of the University of Dorhat, to which he was elected with the view of appeasing the wrath of the Clerical party at the election of Count Tolstoy thereto.

"Father John, in a letter to the university, declines the 'degrading honor of being placed on the same footing as that godless man, Count Leo Tolstoy, the worst heretic of our evil days, and surpassing in intellectual pride all former heretics.

"I do not want to be associated with antichrist," he says.

'Moreover, I am astounded that the Council burns incense to an author who is the personification of Satan.'

"Father John, of Cronstadt (Joann Sergieff), is known by name to almost every person in the Russian Empire. When he is expected at a railroad station or a house thousands of people gather to see him, and the words 'Father John is going to pass' are sufficient to cause the congregating of an immense crowd anywhere. He is the son of poor parents, and from very early years showed that he possessed remarkable powers. As a bachelor of theology he worked among the poor in the Russian capital, and in 1855 he was appointed Prothonotary of St. Andrew's Cathedral, Cronstadt, which post he still holds."

Mr. Rumely and the liberalistic readers of the GLOBE will say immediately that Father John is a prejudiced critic, that no priest of the Catholic Church, Greek or Roman, is a proper judge of a man like Tolstoy. While I do not fully admit these strictures on the judgments of the priesthood, I know enough of the tendency of such judgments to the wholesale condemnation of any man who offends their ideas of strict orthodoxy, or who offends them personally—I know enough of such judgments not to accept them without reserve and various conditions, and I do not wholly accept Father John's condemnation of Tolstoy.

Please a priest and he is the best of friends, cross him and he is pretty sure to be a very savage and uncharitable enemy. Within the past two years an excellent priest, and a good friend of mine, in speaking of a fellow priest, used very much the language that Father John uses to define Tolstoy. In fact, having exhausted the ordinary epithets of condemnation, my friend said of his fellow priest: "Why, he is antichrist, *the actual antichrist,*" which, as everybody knows, is supposed to be the basest incarnation of Satan that ever has come, or that ever can come, into the world. The priests of whom I am speaking knew each other well, and the names of both have often been in the newspapers. Both of them were my friends, and the one who used this strong language was most earnestly sincere. Within a twelvemonth from the time the words were used, and not without reason enough, the antichrist priest was signally honored with new titles by the Roman Hierarchy, and both of the "Fathers" are now doing very well. I do not think

that Tolstoy is any more an incarnation of Satan than are other tens of thousands of Russian, English, German and American so-called liberalists who write books and preach sermons and give lectures in the supposed interests of humanity, and who use with apparent approval many of the phases of Christ's teachings which seem to have a humanitarian and a Socialistic meaning only to ingratiate themselves with civilized and so-called Christian people, while at the same time they condemn the very heart and soul of Christ, repudiate His sacrificial life and death, and repeatedly condemn the church that is His sole authoritative representative in this world.

They are all just as truly incarnations of Satan as Tolstoy, and, as a rule, more so. Wanamaker and Rockefeller, W. D. Howells and Edward Everett Hale, Mark Twain and the Harper editors, they are all of a piece with Tolstoy. All of them mouthing, untaught hypocrites, each in his way producing a gospel of Protestant Christian liberalism with his uninstructed lips, while practicing the most unbounded and unprincipled selfishness, rascality and groping duplicity of the arch-fiend. But this is a general view, and these small American "embodiments of Satan" do not count in the great world scheme of thought and redemption, much as they are made of by the small newspaper scribblers and the dear women of our time; whereas Tolstoy, having been much translated and praised and fondled by the leading literary papers of this country for the last twenty years, deserves more careful treatment.

That Tolstoy, Zola, Ouida and others may have erred in their vivid picturings of the social immoralities of modern life may be admitted, though the writers and teachers who are constantly prophesying smooth things, crying "peace! peace! when there is no peace," and daubing the cracks of the world with untempered mortar, are, to my mind, a far more despicable and dangerous crew. In fact, the question whether the vices described by the realists are typical of the face and soul of the race will always be determined according to the prevailing "pessimism or optimism" of the person passing judgment on the question. The Christs of history and their true followers will always be a serious brotherhood and look with broken or breaking hearts upon the prevailing vices of the world, while the Cleopatras, the Cæsars and Senecas of history and those

resembling them will smile, enjoy themselves and pass on. There is little in common between the two classes.

I have known various representatives of the families of modern wealth and pleasure inside and outside the prevailing circles of our own four hundreds who, while admitting in the bitterness of their own experience the cool brutalities, debaucheries and unprincipled scoundrelisms of their own families and family connections, and while admitting again the prevailing bestialities of city and country life, still think and wish to teach and have taught the optimistic general theory that "there is more good than bad in the world," and who hold that such novelists as Tolstoy, Zola and Ouida are wrong, alike, on both these grounds, viz.:—*First*, that the bad is not as bad as said novelists describe it, and, *second*, that it is not best to describe it, any way.

I hold that the vices of the world are deeper, more subtle and all-sweeping in their corruptions than any novelist ever has described them or ever can, and that these very optimists themselves are full of the subtlest vices. At the same time I hold that they are not to be held up like carrion in novels or newspapers that are read by the millions of men, women and children, but that they are to be learned and known and condemned by those whose positions and lives give them the right and the power to know, to describe and to condemn the same.

As long as I thought of Tolstoy as a prophet of God, who taught and practiced the self-sacrifice inculcated by Jesus Christ, I held that he had a right to name and condemn the prevailing vices of his time.

I now hold that he neither understands nor practices the religion of Jesus; that he has always drawn false pictures of human life; that he never drew the right lessons either from the exalted heroisms or the degraded selfishnesses and iniquities of human life; that he has always been a false teacher of morals, not to be mentioned as a judge of art, and yet with certain good intentions and well-meaning moralizings; in a word, the most charitable definition I could give of him is that he is a sort of cross between Socialist and Anarchist, and I advise those American editors who are constantly bolstering him up and praising him "to tak a thot and mend"—Socialist in feeling, Anarchistic in thought and inconsistent in everything.

I hold that, while the basic facts of the "Kreutzer Sonata" are

true to life, there is not one man in a thousand so lost to all the principles of charity, reason and self-control as to act as the hero of that story acted; hence, that in this respect the story was a rascally burlesque of modern life and no true picture of it at all.

In this age of mere puppets and showmen and showwomen it is not surprising to find American so-called literary journals treating of Tolstoy as an art critic, even; but the Count is really "a slouch," with the "gift of gab," and has never lived or studied art in any true sense, really knows nothing about it, and is as far removed from the culture that constitutes an art critic as Theodore Roosevelt is far removed from the consecration that constitutes a prophet of truth and of God. But American literary journals and the fellows they praise have fallen to such low levels of hack-ism that one can only laugh at the silly pretensions of both kinds and pray for a time when real men of genius and power shall come and be recognized again.

I agree with all that Tolstoy has ever written against war and in favor of peace. It is just as wrong to commit murder at the dictation of the Major-General, Emperor, King or President, that is, as a soldier or sailor, as it is for an Anarchist to commit murder in his chosen way; but this is not apologizing for the Anarchist or any other murderer—it is simply condemning the murders committed by what are called civilized and Christian governments. "Thou shalt not kill."

Joseph Elkinton, of Philadelphia, has recently published a thin volume describing the Russian Doukhobors. They are, as he claims, simply Russian Quakers such as have been familiar to English and American life from the days of George Fox and William Penn to the fading remnants of their followers to-day. Mr. Elkinton seems to dream that this phase of Russian life never pronounced itself emphatically till 1896. If he had been a careful reader of the *GLOBE REVIEW* he would have learned years ago that several prosperous colonies of these people have been living peaceably their community life in various establishments in South Dakota, especially along what is known as the "Jim River" valley, between the towns of Yankton and Mitchell; settled there and prospered, whole communities of them, since 1870—that is, for a quarter of a century before Mr.

Elkinton's record. Genuine Christian societies, these; having all goods in common, their own schools for their children, their own preachers, etc., etc. Long ago I pointed out the fact that these communities, with whom I have visited, were Russian Quakers and the most Christian portions of our great American empire;—even as our Eastern Quakers have been, in many ways, the most Christian portion of the community in Pennsylvania, Delaware and New Jersey for the last two hundred years.

Tolstoy is a Doukhobor, with this exception, that he has never had the courage of his convictions. He has gazed over the walls into the promised land and has turned back, scared. He never has sold or parted with his goods or held them in common with any community. I do not blame him for this; I blame him for ever having pretended to do so. He has constantly preached a mangled system of Christian faith; but has never been loyal to any church, Greek or Catholic, and has never had the heroism to live up to his own pretended convictions as to the wrongs of modern church or state in any way to make himself felt as the founder or defender of the inherent Quakerism of his own so-called teachings. In a word, he is far more of a charlatan and a hypocrite than he is a prophet of God or a reformer of any sort.

Many years ago I said to myself, "How is it that this man Tolstoy, who preaches against the organization of modern government, church and society, and by implication denounces marriage, preaches Socialism and the yielding up of one's selfish hold upon wives and real estate, still lives with his wife, has a large family of children, some fourteen, I believe, and holds on to his property all the while?" That is, I said to myself, "Why does he not practice what he preaches? Why does he not become a celibate and a downright Christian from that standpoint—I mean, not as to dogma, necessarily, but as to practice? Why not sell his goods and thus give them to the poor, or, at least, join a community where individual ownership is not known and then give to the poor, or take his family with him and still do something worthy of his community dreams?" If he likes the Middle-of-the-Roaders, let him become a hayseed in earnest, vote the straight ticket and take the consequences. I value no man's teachings who is not willing to stand by them.

The fact that Tolstoy has gone out into the fields to work at times only shows that at bottom he is a sensible man. The fact that he turned over all his property and all the care of his family to his wife only shows that at bottom again he was a sensible man and something of a shirking coward. But these so-called teachings of his have been made the basis of no end of eulogy for Tolstoy by American and English hack writers, who know no more about the serious questions of life than a green parrot that screams as per silly example set him or her.

In truth, there is great enjoyment in a certain sort of literary negligé, wherein one is not obliged to believe anything in particular nor to dress as per modern society, but can believe anything one pleases for the moment and wear any old coat or hat or collar, à la Walt Whitman, loaf or work, as one pleases, without any care for anybody or any duty, and simply fling loud-sounding words around—about humanity, steamships, modern progress, the age of light, the power of Americanism; sing of the axe and the wheelbarrow, the spade and the shovel, the manure fork, the snorts of the locomotive, the age of man, etc., etc.—and let the wife or the sister do all the chores and all the providing, carry all the burdens, say all the prayers and pay all the bills! But I hold that the man who lives such a life is the laziest un-Christian, loafing pagan in God's world, and needs not praise, but instruction, if need be, with a raw-hide.

Talk of priests and their full habit and their creeds. I have known hundreds of ecclesiastics, high and low, many of them saints and jolly good fellows, but I have never known a priest whose life and thought were not noble and divine compared with the vapping insipidities and absurdities and hypocrisies of your Tolstoys and your Whitmans and the so-called "literary" upstarts who praise them.

If I had written thus of Tolstoy a year ago, as I have long had it in mind to write, my friend, Mr. Rumely, and other worshippers of the Count would have demanded more and more apologies. Within the past three months I have added to my Tolstoyana many clippings, one of which I here give. I quote from the *Literary Digest* of February 28th, the present year. This will give new insight to all people who have eyes:

"The Tragedy in Tolstoy's Life.—Although so much has been written about Tolstoy, the many people in this country who are

interested in his doctrines have had little opportunity of finding out what his own countrymen think of him. 'Tolstoy, as Man and Artist,' by Dmitri Merejkowski, is the first long critic which we have had translated from the Russian. Hitherto most of the accounts of Tolstoy's manner of life which have reached American readers have been those of Tolstoyan disciples who journeyed to his home prepared to worship at the shrine of the master. Merejkowski's book is the more interesting because his point of view concerning Tolstoy is quite different from the one with which we have become familiar. In his inquiry he proves, to his own satisfaction at least, that Tolstoy has practiced on himself a colossal self-deception, and that his life, if considered as an embodiment of Christianity, has been a miserable compromise. He declares that Tolstoy is a superb pagan, who, under the cloak of simplicity, has attained a higher degree of luxury than have any of the most fashionable seekers of enjoyment; and who, instead of giving his all away, has merely shifted his responsibilities upon other shoulders. The result of Tolstoy's theories on his domestic life is described as follows:

"Tolstoy behaves toward his wife with a touch of exactingness, reproachfulness, and even displeasure, accusing her of preventing him giving away his property and of going on bringing up the children in the old way. His wife, for her part, thinks herself in the right, and complains of such conduct on her husband's side. In her there have involuntarily sprung up a hatred and loathing of his teaching and its consequences. Between them there has even grown up a tone of mutual contradiction, the voicing of their complaints against one another. Giving away one's property to strangers and leaving one's children on the world, when no one else is disposed to do the same, she not only looks on as out of the question, but thinks it her duty as a mother to prevent. Having said as much to Bers (her brother), she added with tears in her eyes, 'I have hard work now; I must do everything myself, whereas formerly I was only a helper. The property and the education of the children are entirely in my hands; yet people find fault with me for doing this, and not going about begging! Should I not have gone with him if I had not had young children? But he has forgotten everything in his doctrines.'

"And at last came the final, and scarcely credible admission,

“Leo’s wife, in order to preserve the property for her children, was prepared to ask the authorities to appoint a committee to manage the property.”

“Fancy Tolstoy declared incapable of managing his affairs by his wife! This is indeed a tragedy, perhaps the greatest in Russian life to-day, and, in any case, in his life. This is that edge of the sword on which the whole destiny of the man, when in the balance, is poised, and we learn all this from casual observers, from people idly curious. And this terrible fact is borne deaf and dumb, in the darkest and most secret corner of his life. There is not a word from himself, though his invariable habit has hitherto been to write confessions, and he even now declares that he has nothing to hide from the public. . . .

“The great writer of our country (Russia) should have made himself the champion of the Russian people, a manifestation yet unknown and unique in our civilization, and the religious path once more found across the gulf, opened by Peter’s reforms, between us and the people. It is not for nothing that the eyes of men are bent with such eagerness on him, not only on all he writes, but far more on all he does, on his most private and personal concerns, his family and home life. No, it is not mere idle curiosity. There is too much under that roof of moment to us all, to the whole future of Russian culture. No fear of being too prying ought to hold us back. Has he not said himself, “I have no secrets from any one in the world.. Let them all know what I do.”

“And what *does* he do? “Not wishing to oppose his wife by force,” says Ber, “he began to assume toward his property an attitude of ignoring its existence; renounced his income, proceeded to shut his eyes to what became of it, and ceased to make use of it, except in so far as to go on living under the roof at Yasnaia Poliana.” But what does “except in so far” mean? He carried out the word of the Lord, and left house and lands and children, “except in so far” as he still clung to them. He made himself a beggar and homeless, and gave away what he had, “except in so far” as he consented, for fear of grieving his wife, to keep what he had.’

“Merejkowski gives an account of the way in which the Tolstoy *ménage* is conducted at present, of how the Countess min-

isters to his tastes, and everything tends to increase his comfort and well-being. We quote again:

““He is very fond of French perfumes and scented linen. The Countess takes care that there is always a *sachet* of petal-dust in the drawer with his underclothes.” You see the method of this enjoyment. After manure, the perfume of flowers and essences. Here is the symbol, here the point of union. Under the peasant Christian’s *pelisse*, we get, not a hair-shirt, no; linen, lavendered and voluptuous with *eau de Chypre* and Parma violets.

“That cheerful philosopher in ancient Attica who tilled a little garden with his own hands, who taught men to be easily content, to believe in nothing, either in heaven or earth, but simple enjoyment in the sunlight, flowers, a little brushwood on the hearth in winter, and in summer a little spring-water out of an earthen cup, would have recognized in Tolstoy his true and, it would seem, his sole disciple in this barbaric age, when in the midst of senseless luxury, coarse, sordid and barbaric American “comfort,” we have all, long ago, forgotten the finer part of pleasure.

“The Countess, who has, at last, ceased to quarrel about the giving up of the property, and with a sly motherly smile slips among her husband’s linen a *sachet* with his favorite scents, is a faithful and trusty collaborator in this refinement of life. “She learns his wants from his eyes,” an observer says; “she cares for him like an untiring nurse,” says another, “and only leaves him for a little while at a time.” As, for many years, she has studied minutely the habits of her husband, she can see, directly Leo leaves his study, from his mere look, how he has got on with his work and what humor he is in. And if he wants anything copied she at once lays aside all the work of which her hands are always full, and though the sun should fall from the sky, yet, by a certain time the copy will have been carefully written out by her hand and laid on her husband’s writing-table.

“Even if he seems ungrateful, says that his wife is “no friend of his,” and heeds her love no more than the air he breathes, yet she wants no other reward than the consciousness that he could not get on without her for a day, and that she has made him what he is. “The untiring nurse” rocks, pampers and lulls, with care and caresses, like the invisible soft strength of the

web of a "feeble spider," the self-willed, refractory and helpless child of seventy.'

"We quote, in conclusion, Merejkowski's summing up of what he deems the failure and the achievement of Tolstoy:

"'In the eyes of a man acknowledging only Christian sanctity and the forcible mastery of spirit over flesh, mortifying both flesh and spirit, the sentence passed by Tolstoy on his own career will seem just: "I devoured the produce of the labor of my peasants, punished, misled, deceived them. Falsehood, theft, debauchery of all kinds, drunkenness, violence, murder, there was not a crime which I did not commit."'"

I would not be misunderstood. I think that the domestic life of Tolstoy portrayed in the quotation is beautiful, idyllic. I have no fault to find with Tolstoy's life, and the wife is a dream of Christian or heathen faithfulness. I complain only of the positions taken by the man as a writer when compared with the quiet beauty of his declining years as a husband and a father. I laugh at the English and American scribblers who have made a hero and a martyr of him. I am even willing to believe that in his earlier manhood he sincerely held the theories he preaches of self-sacrifice and quitting all worldly goods for God's truth. But no man in this age, nineteen hundred years after Jesus of Nazareth, God Incarnate, taught and lived and died for those ideas, has any right to claim them as his own, except in so far as he lives up to them and dies for them, if necessary. And when he does this, or has the real spirit of doing it, he confesses himself an humble disciple of Christ.

Tolstoy may have exaggerated the sins of his young manhood, but the fact that he has proved himself a moderately good father and husband is infinitely more to his credit than to write books representing modern society as a failure, or those teaching a theory of self-sacrifice and pretending to practice it, while all the time enjoying the most exquisite pleasures of said society.

Mr. Rumely is wrong when he says that Tolstoy's teachings are similar to my own and in favor of justice and truth and humanity. I believe in God, in government and in goodness. I believe in Christ as the incarnation of God. I believe in His Church as the authoritative representative of His teachings and the minister of His sacrificial life and death, and though I have

always had great respect for the motives of community life as voluntarily practiced by the early Christians, as voluntarily entered into by all the Fatherhoods and Brotherhoods of the Catholic Church, and as voluntarily organized and entered into by the founders and members of modern Christian or Socialistic communities from the Brook Farm movement to the Russian communities and the communities founded or attempted by the immortal and beautiful John Ruskin—himself being greater than all of them together—still I have never believed in the wisdom or the stability or the actual need of these communities in or out of the Church. I do not oppose them. I simply doubt their wisdom, doubt the need of them, their stability, or, in fact, their harmony with any form of human society.

I therefore do not blame Tolstoy for never having become a communist out and out. I rather credit it to his good sense. I simply blame him for playing with, dabbling in, pretending to expound and to live the life of a communist, when he had never studied the question in its core and never really attempted to live the life he babbled about.

I think the fact that the Christian Catholic Church grew up in all nations and among all peoples, without ever attempting to practice or to command or to inculcate the dogmas or practice of a community of goods and having all things in common, is the clearest proof that Christ never meant that it should be so, and that it was found after due trial not to be a working hypothesis for any human society.

The Church doubtless accepted the habit of the early Christians to bring all things and lay them at the Apostles' feet as a natural outburst of gratitude to God—as a man and woman feel when their first child is born—and the Church, like every true teacher, has always insisted upon sincerity of action. The trouble between Ananias and Sapphira, the trouble between this enthusiastic couple and Saint Peter and the Almighty was not in the fact that they did not bring all and give it up to the Apostles, but that *they said they did bring all*. It was not the fact of their not yielding everything. No God and no church asks that. It was the fact that they lied to God and His apostle. They were liars, and no liar can be a Christian.

This would thin the ranks to skeleton proportions in our time, doubtless, but we must let the liars mix with the truth-

speakers, lest the whole world be burned with fire as the Apostle said. While you held the goods they were yours, nobody demanded them of you. God is not a tyrant, in spite of the late Bob Ingersoll. The Church is not a monster of theft and selfishness. But when you come and say, "This is my every dollar; I give it to the Church with my life," and still know that you are holding and hoarding the larger share for yourself, you simply lie, and, if you persist in it, you deserve to be damned. Tolstoy has been lying all these years, pretending to give up his all to God and humanity, while holding the whole of it by the hand of his wife and himself holding her hand like a vise. I do not blame him for holding on, but for pretending to have given up while holding on.

Mr. Rumely says that I have misapprehended and maligned Tolstoy and his principles, which he says resemble my own, as taught in the *GLOBE REVIEW*. Is it not Mr. Rumely who misapprehends and maligns the editor of the *GLOBE*? I have never taught other than in this article. All my teachings are based on Christ and His teachings, which I confess openly and take the ridicule and the misjudgment and condemnation of many friends and foes in consequence. I have never preached community of goods. I have had the theory preached to me by various men, who were holding on every day to all they had and making as much more as possible.

Some years ago, when sickly, sentimental, would-be pious and communistic Presbyterians and Baptists pestered me with such theories, I said, "Well! what will you do to prove that you believe your miserable jargon?" adding, "I have a house and some land with certain improvements thereon worth so much. My working or earning capacity at lowest commercial value is worth so much. I will place them and myself over against what you have and give, and we will go on the land and work it, raise crops and sell them—so many hours a day being devoted to this, the rest to such other work as we can each of us do, selling the product of said work, whatever it may be—each man working in his own line, but *all, every dollar, every cent*, going into a common treasury. All together, we will own what, all together, we can earn; and we will provide thus for our own actual needs and have lots of time, besides, to 'do good' to our fellow-men, to visit the sick, help the poor and give to

God, and to such church or churches as we may agree to give to." But these pious, mouthing boobies were Tolstoys. They would talk, but not act; so I said, "Go along with you! Mind your own business and try to be decent, true and upright!" I guess they are dead by this time. But the editor of the *GLOBE* is not dead.

There is one God and one Mediator between God and man, the God-Man, Christ Jesus. Hear Him, as He speaks in His Church, in the Scriptures; and when you think you have something better than this, tell it out in meeting, always being ready to stand by your guns and father your little isms, or keep silent till you have consulted somebody who knows better than you and can show you wherein you are wrong. There are more fool men and women preaching reform in these days than would save all the inhabitants of all the planets of the solar system and all the stars and suns of the boundless universe. The only trouble is that the teachers are themselves untaught.

I not only believe in God, in Christ and in His Church. I believe in government and in modern Christian society. I do not believe in all that the priests or the politicians do or say. We have this treasure of God and of government and of society in earthen vessels. In a word, we are all human and liable to err and to sin, from the Pope to the President. But God is not liable to err or to sin; and His Church, in its authoritative final utterances, is infallible.

I believe in all the institutions of modern society, and, above all, in the sanctity of marriage and in the sacredness of all family ties. I hate and abominate divorce; I have always opposed it in word and act.

I despise as an enemy of truth, justice and the human race any and every man or woman who speaks lightly or ridicules the absolute sacredness of domestic life. Marriage is older than any priesthood or convent; the oldest, sacredest and divinest right known to humanity. It is older than any church, and its rights and claims are as sacred as the very heart of God.

The man or the woman who writes books or articles for newspapers or magazines that cast a slur upon this right and treat it as a failure I hold to be born of hell and deserving to be damned.

I have no quarrel with any priesthood or any convent. The

celibate life is exalted indirectly in the visions of the Apocalypse. But the primal *work* of God was to develop a human pair, man and woman, and to marry them; and the primal *word* of God was "to be fruitful, multiply and replenish the earth." There is still lots of room—and especially "up top."

A celibate life for man or woman is a voluntary act in order to obtain membership in certain brotherhoods or sisterhoods, and for certain work and certain ends. I honor the priesthood and almost adore the nuns of the Catholic Church. But I will have them also honor and love and respect and well nigh adore a Christian man or woman who lives his or her life in the spirit of obedience to God's primal laws as interpreted by the Master of the human race.

You have not the righteousness of the whole universe in your black cassock or in your white robe, my dear father or my dear sister; in fact, there may be and doubtless there are many noble men and women, fathers and mothers of families living and toiling and praying in this world whose self-imposed burdens are a hundred times greater than yours, and before whom you might bend the knee in loving veneration.

I have not only always taught thus and believed thus; I have lived thus for now nearly fifty years. I am poor as when I began my Presbyterian ministry, nearly forty years ago, but I dare any man or woman on this earth to rise and say wherein I have ever wronged him or her. I have never shirked an obligation or a duty. I have slipped and have fallen at times, hurting mainly myself. I make no boast, but simply this: I have lived as I have taught, and I hold in unutterable scorn the modern boobies who, from lack of knowledge or from perverted and presumptuous so-called knowledge, think that they have something better than Christ or better than God's true religion wherewith to feed mankind.

The prattle of Tolstoy and his would-be followers and admirers is especially dangerous and misleading to young men in the formative period of their thought. The heart of youth is generous and disposed to truth and goodness. It takes with avidity whatever bears the semblance of humanitarian kindness and helpfulness, especially whatever impresses it as the heroic action of self-sacrifice. It was with this glamor around him that Count Tolstoy was introduced to the English and Amer-

ican public some twenty-five or thirty years ago. The idea of a Russian Count becoming a laboring man and relinquishing title and possible honor and gain for the sake of humanity! Why, he must be a second Paul or a Christ of heaven come again! Now, we find that he relinquished nothing that he cared to keep; and we commend his action in the latter regard, while utterly condemning his pretentious teachings.

In his tract, "Thou shalt not kill," Tolstoy is a pretty good Quaker, that is, a Doukhorbor, but the commandment is hoary with years and honors. Thousands of English and American Quakers have died in defense of it. If they could have had their way, there never would have been any American Revolution nor any Declaration of Independence, even. They knew that the ways of peace and of God were averse to both. But when did any saints have their way—except through death?

We have said that in this particular matter Tolstoy expresses our thought as well as the thought of thousands of our ancestors and brothers in the good work; but in the last paragraph of this very tract, translated, of course, by Mrs. Louise Maude, said Maude never seeing, of course, "the nigger in the wood-pile." Here are the last two paragraphs:

"And so the Alexanders, Carnots, Humberts and others must not be killed, but it ought to be proved to them that they are murderers; and above all, they should not be allowed to kill men: their orders to murder should not be obeyed.

"If men do not yet act in this manner, it is only because of the hypnotic influence Governments for self-preservation so diligently exercise on them. Therefore we can contribute toward stopping people killing kings and each other, not by murder; murders only strengthen this hypnotic state, but by awakening men from it."

"Awakening men" from it, *to what?* contempt for all government? to Anarchy? to Nihilism? Such is plainly the tendency of the Tolstoy teaching, and of all such teaching that does not plainly condemn a specific evil and point out the only safe cure that is found in the New Testament, and that any, the most ignorant man can obtain from any priest of the church, and that Tolstoy does not teach. He liberates from government only to enchain with hell and any form of rebellion; hence modern society, the outgrowth of the teachings of Thomas Jef-

erson and Thomas Paine, the Tolstoys of their day. But, in the name of decency, do not call such teachings or such society *Christian*.

Here are two other paragraphs from a tract called the "Martyrdom of the World:"

"We might believe that the teaching of Christ is difficult, terrible, and leads to suffering, were the consequences of the teaching of the world easy and safe and agreeable. But in reality the teaching of the world is more difficult to fulfill, more dangerous, more fraught with suffering, than that of Christ.

"There were, it is said, at one time Christian martyrs, but they were exceptions; it has been calculated that their number has reached 380,000 during eighteen hundred years. But if we count the martyrs to the world, for every single martyr to Christ we shall find a thousand martyrs to the world, whose sufferings have been a hundredfold greater. By death in wars alone during the present century have fallen thirty millions of men!"

In the first place, there is a slur of doubt as to the fact of Christian martyrs. In the second place, there is no discrimination between "martyrs of the world;" those who die of voluntarily self-contracted and loathsome diseases; those who voluntarily choose the life of public murderers in the armies and navies of the world; those who are murdered by other murderers, and those who murder themselves—all these unfortunate but voluntary and cowardly and demoniac so-called martyrs, dying in the basest forms of human filth and darkness, are compared without any discrimination with the Christian martyrs who have been dragged by Emperors and Kings and the people from their chaste, select and peaceful ways of life to be torn by wild beasts for the amusement of the crowd, or, as in our own infamous and recent war with Spain, have been brutally murdered in cold blood by water cure and other methods, executed by American army officers and men. And yet men of so-called intelligence say that this indiscriminate babbler is a glorious Christian, and others that our government is the most beneficent ever given unto men.

I tell you that there was, and there is, more civilized Christianity and more manly power in the holy life blood of the martyr, Father Augustine, of Philippine fame, than ever was in

McKinley and Roosevelt combined, plus the total amount of the entire American Congress, army and navy, and that until you get some such view of the value of Christ and one of His little ones your civilization is not worth the ink spilled over it, not to speak of the money spent on it and the lives sacrificed for it, and I tell you, moreover, that it is not from Tolstoy, but Christ and His Church *alone*, in all God's universe, that you can learn these lessons that will enable you to see truth, and, above all, to follow it.

Here is a page in the pamphlet "How I Came to Believe," Chapter X, "Blessed are the Poor," which is worth reproducing, alike for its direct religious teaching as well as to point out again the author's lack of discrimination.

"I began to draw nearer to the believers among the poor, the simple and the ignorant, the pilgrims, the monks, the sectaries and the peasants. The doctrines of these men of the people, like those of the pretended believers of my own class, were Christian. Here, also, much that was superstitious was mingled with the truths of Christianity, but with this difference, that the superstition of the believers of my own class was not needed by them, and never influenced their lives beyond serving as a kind of epicurean distraction, while the superstition of the believing laboring class was so interwoven with their lives that it was impossible to conceive them without it—it was a necessary condition of their living at all. The whole life of the believers of my own class was in flat contradiction with their faith, and the whole life of the believers of the people was a confirmation of the meaning of life which their faith gave them.

"Thus I began to study the lives and the doctrines of the people, and the more I studied the more I became convinced that a true faith was among them, that their faith was for them a necessary thing, and alone gave them a meaning in life and a possibility of living. In direct opposition to what I saw in my own circle—the possibility of living without faith, and not one in a thousand who professed himself a believer—among the people there was not in thousands a single unbeliever. In direct opposition to what I saw in my own circle—a whole life spent in idleness, amusement and dissatisfaction with life—I saw among the people whole lives passed in heavy labor and unrepining content. In direct opposition to what I saw in my own

circle—men resisting and indignant with the privations and sufferings of their lot—the people unhesitatingly and unresistingly accepting illness and sorrow, in the quiet and firm conviction that all was for the best. In contradiction to the theory that the less learned we are the less we understand the meaning of life, and see in our sufferings and death but an evil joke—these men of the people live, suffer and draw near to death in quiet confidence and oftenest with joy. In contradiction to the fact that an easy death, without terror or despair, is a rare exception in my own class—a death which is uneasy, rebellious and sorrowful is among the people the rarest exception of all. These men, deprived of all that for us and for Solomon makes the only good in life, experience the highest happiness both in amount and kind. I looked more carefully and more widely around me, I studied the lives of the past and contemporary masses of humanity, and I saw that, not two or three, not ten or a hundred, but thousands and millions had so understood the meaning of life, that they were able both to live and to die. All these men, infinitely divided by manners, powers of mind, education and position, all alike in opposition to my ignorance were well acquainted with the meaning of life and of death, quietly labored, endured privation and suffering, lived and died, and saw in all this not a vain but a good thing.”

This comes the nearest to the spirit and fact of Christianity of anything I have ever found in Tolstoy, but no credit is given to the source whence this power and resignation and insight of the soul came to them and comes to every soul who has it. It is the “people’s faith;” and who taught it to the people? It is an old doctrine inculcated by the Hebrew prophets. It is the glory of Christianity that it has or had impregnated the poor of the race with this idea of noble living and enduring for Christ’s sake as Christ had also suffered, but will Tolstoy find this among the successful, progressive poor of the labor unions of our ideal times? Does John Mitchell preach or practice the faith that Tolstoy here extols. Has Tolstoy himself aided to spread this faith among the poor of Russia or the world? Are the Nihilists and Socialists in Russia, Germany and the coal regions of Pennsylvania inspired with this doctrine?

They all want to become Solomons in every respect, includ-

ing his numerous wives and concubines, only they have not his inheritance or his wit or his wisdom.

Tolstoy is good-hearted but crooked-headed, jealous of true Christian priests, unwilling to recognize the good there is in church and state, and, above all, without the heroism to follow the best inclinations of his own soul.

Perhaps the latter remark may be applied in some measure to all classes of men. Every sphere of life, every phase of life has its own difficulties, its own peculiar burdens. Is France, all told, in better shape to-day than it was before the French Revolution? I, for one, do not think so. Would Russia be better off with Tolstoy as Czar than she is with her present ruler. I do not think so. I think that Russia, with Tolstoy as Czar, would be a bedlam of universal Anarchy inside of a dozen years. Is this country in better shape to-day than it was before the American Revolution or than it would have been by this time had the American revolution never existed? My answer is, NO, and I have given many articles in this magazine during the last twelve years in proof of the correctness of my answer. All this proves to me that the work of a teacher is not to undermine any existing government or to ridicule any existing faith until he has a better government and a better faith in mind and is willing, if called upon, to die for his preference. This I take to be the only Christian position, and it behooves the man who sets out to be a moral teacher to know well where he stands and why he stands there.

I sometimes think that if Tolstoy had been brought up a good practical Catholic, instead of being a disgruntled member of the Greek Church, he might have made a splendid martyr of the truth. In the Greek Church, as in the English Angelican Church, the ecclesiastical and spiritual are subject to the temporal power, so that in any crucial moment a man is bound to obey man rather than God, but every true Christian teacher has that in him which says, with the Apostles of old, we *must* obey God rather than man, and every thinker worthy the name, whether Protestant or Catholic, feels and knows in his inmost soul that this is the only true basis of any true religion. The Catholic priest or bishop may err in a crucial test, but he is not apt to, whereas the Anglican or Greek bishop is handicapped by his supreme loyalty to the King or Queen or Presi-

dent, and is pretty sure to err. I do not wonder, therefore, that Russian thinkers of any note are skeptical of the temporal and the spiritual power. But it is easier to break a man's windows than to mend them. Any amateur thinks he can do better than the master till he has tried his own hand and failed. I do not love Tolstoy less, but Christ more.

Tolstoy will die and be forgotten, but the ministers of Christ will live forever, and the Church of Christ will be abler and more brilliant and helpful with the spirit and grace of its divine Master the more she is persecuted and condemned or ignored. You may sneer at the eternal power of truth, but you cannot crush that power. You may mock at religion and be damned, but the Church remains uninjured, and God's truth abides forever. I have been teaching this and living up to my best convictions these many years. I have seen scores of enemies fall into silence by the way, and any man that has ever set out to wrong and injure me has himself often received mortal injury.

Tolstoy has been overestimated and overexalted, precisely as that famous loafer Whitman has been overestimated and exalted, and by the same general class of people, simply because they knew no better. Many of them, most of them, think they are right, and are, unfortunately, as a rule unwilling to learn. With me it has always been otherwise; I have often been mistaken in my judgments through lack of sufficient information, but I have always felt, with Tennyson, in his "In Memoriam:"

"And what delights can equal those
That fill the spirits inner deeps
When one that loves but knows not, reaps
A truth from one that loves and knows."

I hope that my friend, Mr. Rumely, when he sees this paper, will realize that he, and not I, owes the most sincere apology that it is in his power to give.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

MATERNITY.

There is no human standard ever set
 Can measure human influence, for things
 Of sense so barely skirt the outer fringe
 Of things divine, and complex man
 Forever alternates between the two:
 Now swept aloft by that faint spark which burns
 Within him of divinity, and now
 Held fast to earth, that mighty magnet charged
 With human loves for things of human form.
 And but the eye eternal looking down
 In calm omniscience on the shifting years
 Marks in just measure what each creature wrought
 For good or ill upon the scheme of life.
 When great upheavals waken in the soul
 Its first true vision of that after world,
 And through the bitterness in earthly love—
 Its partings, its unquenchable regrets,
 Its yielding back to God fair forms He gave,
 We seem forever cut adrift from all
 That former life, which loved existence well,
 Then, only then, we catch a faint reflex
 Of God's great purpose, and our place therein.

From out obscurity's gray haze which holds,
 In sentient force, a strength we may not gauge,
 Have ever flashed the lightnings which have brought
 New dispensations to the sons of men.
 'Tis thus the garnered power of womanhood,
 Long shadow wrapt, has waked at Christian touch
 And found that in her self-surrender lay
 The truest leadership this world has known.
 The very scorn the world inflicts upon
 A woman grovelling in the mire of earth
 Attests this fact, she stands above the man
 In spirit fiber, and in lofty aim.
 They only suffer in the fall who come
 From greater heights, the angels fell and from
 High heaven's pinnacle their downward crash
 Burst through the barriers of new-made hell.

Those master minds which form the common thought
 And set ideals for the surging throng
 Have turned the searchlights of the centuries
 On every phase in woman's life which seemed
 The vantage point of her unarmed strength.

Each mighty epic, singing of great deeds,
 Has snatched, for crown, the bloom of passion's rose
 As if the romance of the youth and maid
 Exhausted all there was of love's delights:
 While art, which is the very eye of life—
 The retina retaining in full truth
 Heart pictures flashed at moments on the soul—
 Has found in motherhood its highest theme.
 And if this bond, by nature knit in love,
 A central force becomes by nature's laws,
 How gauge the vast infinities which spring
 From out that other tie, twin force with this?—
 Birth-giver to the life intelligent—
 That larger motherhood which knows no kin,
 But snatches to her bosom all God's babes,
 And holds them there and nourishes their souls.

Thus standing on the latest step of time,
 Full heirs to all its treasure house of thought,
 We, reverent, take ideals cherished there,
 And find them still ideals of to-day,
 For in the active stress of duty's call
 No woman yet has ever been unsexed
 By any work, whatever form it took,
 To which she brought a noble purpose and
 A pure intent. The generations prove
 That they the most did benefit their kind,
 Who, breaking through the thrall by custom set
 Have blazed new paths of possibilities
 Through human thickets where dependence made
 A servitude of body and of soul.
 And fair that day, when children turning home
 May take the Mother's hand in simple truth,
 And from the fullness of life's lesson say,
 "Thy wisdom guided me: I owe thee much."

Chicago.

CLO KEOGH.

SITE OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

For the past nineteen hundred years the site of the Holy Sepulchre and the crucifixion of Our Divine Lord, namely Mount Calvary, has been revered and venerated by the whole world as the most sacred spot on the face of the earth.

From the earliest centuries, from the very time of the Apostles, a never-ceasing stream of pilgrims has poured into Jeru-

salem to pray and worship at the holy shrine. All nations and all classes, from the beggar or poor palmer, wending his way on foot, sleeping in the open air and begging his crust from door to door, to the sovereigns with their gorgeous cavalcades and knightly retinues, such as a Louis of France, a Richard (Cœur de Leon) of England, a Frederick of Germany. All, ignoring the social divisions of rank and title, flocked in the holy enthusiasm of a glowing faith to worship at the scene of the world's redemption.

For two hundred years the blood of Christian Europe flowed like water in vindication of the sanctity of the "Holy Places." The flower of Christian chivalry offered itself with unswerving faith and undoubting confidence in defense of the truth of those sacred localities.

It remained for the self-opinionated criticism of the nineteenth century—I will not say to call in doubt, no! but—to brush aside with an air of contemptuous superiority the whole history of the world, the time-honored traditions of nineteen centuries, sealed and cemented with the blood of the noblest heroes the world ever knew. All this was *nothing* to the enlightened seers of our days!

Without even an apology to antiquity or history; without an expression of regret at the uprooting of such dearly-cherished heart-beliefs; nay—shall I say it?—with a scarcely suppressed chuckle of delight, they waved away the "superstitions," the "old-wives' tales" of the past and fixed on a *new* Calvary, which the subservient world of this century is to accept at their hands.

Accordingly, about forty years ago, Dr. Robinson, of the Palestine Exploration Society, while standing with some friends on Mount Olivet, and looking westward toward the city, beheld outside the walls near the Damascus Gate (in the northern wall of the present cincture), "a rock which appeared like a skull." At once they fixed upon the idea, "This must be the true site of Calvary!" The tradition, as I have said, of nineteen hundred years was of no account to them. The new theory was at once taken up by Major Condor and General Gordon, whose name was given to it, and the mound was, somewhat incongruously, dubbed "Gordon's Calvary."

Excavations were at once commenced, and in a short time a tomb was discovered. So far so good, but I may here say that

if one explores in any possible direction around Jerusalem, and for that matter all through Palestine, one finds tombs and caves, and rock-dwellings, everywhere. In the present case it was found that the tomb contained *two* burial places. This was awkward, as there is no warrant for such a division in Scripture regarding the tomb of Joseph of Arimathea "that was hewed in stone, wherein never yet any man had been laid" (Luke xxiii: 53), in which sepulchre the body of Jesus was placed.

This difficulty, however, was soon very easily overcome. They simply knocked down the partition wall separating the two tombs, and made them into one. Presto! the thing is done. This I saw distinctly on examining the spot a few years ago during my pilgrimage to Palestine. There could be no mistaking the recent breach of the wall.

Of course, such an opportunity of running amuck and tilting at a venerable Christian tradition was not to be lost sight of by such a self-sufficient sage as Talmage.* The man who had the impious audacity to go through a theatrical ceremonial of Baptism in the Jordan "in the name of the universal Church" was not likely to overlook a chance of placing his infallible *imprimatur* upon the New Calvary. So he writes in his usual presumptuous and "cocksure" style (From Manger to Throne, page 38):

"Our group lying down on the place where the three crosses stood (?), I read to them, etc. There can be no doubt that this hill above the place heretofore called 'Jeremiah's Grotto' is the hill on which Christ was put to death. General Gordon has made a mould of this hill, and the opinion being adopted by nearly all who visit Jerusalem in these days is that the hill on which we now sit was the place of the Great Tragedy. The New Testament calls the locality of the execution 'Golgotha,' or the 'place of a skull.' I care not from what direction you look at this hill, you recognize the shape of a human skull. You

*These remarks were written some few years ago, before the death of Mr. Talmage. That fact will account for the apparent harshness of the words, but as the death of Mr. Talmage has in no way weakened the force of my argument I have decided, after deliberation, to let the paragraph stand as it is, trusting to this explanatory note as my excuse for apparent severity.

have but to feel your own cranium (sic) to realize the contour of Calvary (!). The caverns a little way beneath the top suggest the eyeless sockets. The grotto underneath is also the shape of the inside of a skull" (!!) and so on, and in proof of this, to say the least, very imaginative description, Mr. Talmage produces an illustration, but it is what is, not very elegantly but very expressively, termed a *fake* illustration: gotten up for the occasion.

Unfortunately, however, the artist in his anxious zeal has overshot the mark, and does not give us anything at all resembling a *skull* or *cranium*, but a rock-front perfectly flat and level above, while in the side of it he has, by a dexterous manipulation of the pencil, represented the *face* of a skeleton, with the "eyeless sockets," etc. And from no other spot but right in front of it, from the standpoint of the sketcher, would even this figure of a face be observable if it really existed. It does not, however, exist, except in the perfervid imagination of the artist. This I can testify upon the strength of a personal inspection of the place made during my recent visit. Nevertheless, Mr. Talmage, in order to close forever any further controversy, says: "So certain am I of this that to-day, with my own hands, I have rolled from this hill a stone which I shall take to America as a memorial stone for my new church now building" (!). After that, surely, the tradition of nineteen centuries must take a back place.

Now, let us seriously consider the theory of this New Calvary. What does it imply? We know from undoubted history that St. Helena, the mother of Constantine, the first Christian emperor, came to Jerusalem in the beginning of the fourth century, A. D. 327. That is to say, not quite three hundred years after the date of the Crucifixion, with the intention of rescuing the "Holy Places" from the desecration of paganism, introduced by the Emperor Hadrian, St. Helena had no difficulty in finding the site of Calvary.

Just as the efforts of the Jews to prevent the Resurrection of our Lord by having a huge stone placed over the mouth of the tomb and sealed with the royal signet, and guards placed to watch it—as all this served to show forth with a more striking evidence the wondrous miracle which it was intended to prevent, so the efforts made by Hadrian to conceal the place

of the Crucifixion only served to perpetuate the memory of it in the traditions of the people.

In the year of our Lord 70, about thirty-seven years after the Crucifixion, the Roman Emperor Titus captured and destroyed the city of Jerusalem, leveling it to the ground, and again in A. D. 130 the remains of it were completely obliterated by Hadrian, who ran the plowshare over the erstwhile site of the Temple, thus fulfilling the prophecy of our Divine Lord (Math. xxiv: 21): "Amen, I say to you, there shall not be left a stone upon a stone that shall not be destroyed." Hadrian built upon the site of the ancient city a new city, entirely after pagan Roman ideas, which he called *Ælia Capitolina*. He rebuilt the walls, erected baths, theatres, temples, etc. In order to blot out all memory of the death of Christ, and to remove every vestige of Calvary and the Holy Sepulchre, which was constantly being visited and venerated by the Christians, he leveled off the top of the mound of Calvary and erected over it a Temple of Venus. (Eusebius, *Vita Constantini* Lib. iii, cap. xxvi.)

The existence of this temple, instead of concealing, only helped to perpetuate the memory of the place. Hence St. Helena had no difficulty in locating it, and had only to excavate sufficiently when she found the Holy Sepulchre, the rifled rock of Calvary, the instruments of the Passion—the nails, the title, the crosses.

A most glaring instance of *suppressio veri* and *suggestio falsi* is found concerning this event in the Baedeker's "Palestine and Syria." This is the "guide-book" which is placed in the hands of all English-speaking tourists visiting the Holy Land, and, like so many others of its class, it loses no occasion on which a "hit" can be made against the Catholic belief or a slur or innuendo cast upon Catholic traditions, no matter how sacred the memories may be. In reference to the "invention" or discovery of the Cross by St. Helena, the guide book (page 61) has the following: ". . . Eusebius . . . records that during the excavations . . . the sacred tomb of the Saviour was, contrary to all expectation, discovered. Other historians add that Helena . . . prompted by a Divine Vision, undertook the pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and that she and Bishop Macarius, by the aid of a miracle, discovered not only the Holy Sepulchre but also the cross of Christ."

It is amazing to see how many false statements and false insinuations are contained in these few words. In the first place it was not a "divine *vision*" by which St. Helena was admonished, but rather an inspiration or prophetic dream. See the Roman Breviary at May 3d, which says "*in somnis admonita*," or, as Bute translates it "warned in a dream," and as Eusebius more correctly puts it, "*divini animata spiritu*." Again, it is absolutely false to say that the Sepulchre and the Cross were discovered by the aid of a miracle. They were discovered by the ordinary and very commonplace operation of clearing away the superimposed rubbish and debris, and making the necessary excavations. The aid of a miracle was only invoked *after* the Cross had been found, as it had been thrown indiscriminately by the Jews, according to custom, into a hole near by with those of the two malefactors. It was by the aid of a miracle that the pieces of the *true Cross* were distinguished from the others, a thing which it would have been impossible to decide by any *natural* means. The whole story is to be found in Butler's "Lives of the Saints," May 3d. But the most daring insinuation of all is that implied in quoting the words of Eusebius to the effect that the tomb was discovered "contrary to all expectations," thereby implying that Eusebius meant to say that there was no knowledge or definite tradition on the part of the faithful as to the true site of Calvary, and that they were *surprised* at finding it. But the whole context of Eusebius goes to show quite the contrary, namely, that the site was well and publicly known, but the *surprise* was due to the fact that after all the efforts made by the pagan emperor to deface and destroy every vestige of the tomb, it should still be found intact under the immense pile of foundations that had been erected above it. It may be well here to quote rather extensively from Eusebius, firstly, to show what was his real mind on the matter, and secondly, to show how a writer may be misrepresented, even though his exact words be quoted.

In Book III, Chap. XXVI, of the "Life of Constantine," Eusebius writes: "Inasmuch as formerly some wicked men, or rather the whole race of devils by the hands of wicked men, endeavored to cover in impenetrable darkness that most venerable monument of immortality to which formerly an angel, radiant with wondrous light, had descended from heaven. . . . This

sacred cave, then, these wicked and sinful men determined to abolish from its very foundations, foolishly thinking that by this means they could hide the truth. Therefore, with immense labor, carrying large quantities of earth from a distance, they covered up the whole place with a mound, on which they built a rock foundation over the holy cave. Then, to complete the work . . . they built upon it (a temple) in honor of a lustful demon whom they call Venus. Wretched men! they could not understand that it was impossible that He Who had conquered death would allow Himself to be concealed by this, their wickedness, no more than the sun, shining in the heavens, should allow himself to be concealed from all mankind."

On the contrary, as already remarked, these efforts at destruction and obliteration only served to point out to Constantine more exactly where he should commence his excavations, "judging," continues Eusebius, "that part of the soil particularly which the pagans had tried most to contaminate to be the precise spot where his work should be best crowned with success."

Accordingly, he commenced operations, and after they had removed the building and the artificial mound, then "the identical sacred and most holy monument of the Resurrection of the Lord, *beyond all hope shone gloriously forth.*"

This lengthy extract is necessary to show the mind of Eusebius, which is entirely distorted by the mere extracting of the last few words from their context. It is perfectly clear that Eusebius did not think any miracle necessary for finding out the holy place. He takes it for granted that the site was well known. Others who mention the site as well known before Eusebius' time are St. Clement, A. D. 190, and Origen, A. D. 195. St. Jerome also, who was a contemporary writer and eye-witness, speaks of it as well known to all Christians.

In the theory of the modern pseudo-critics we are to believe that Constantine and St. Helena, not being able to find the real site of Calvary determined not to be balked, so they selected capriciously a site and imposed it on the world as the true one!

Now, one of the things most clearly stated in the Bible is that Christ was crucified outside the walls of the city, but quite close to it "without the gate" (Heb. xiii: 12), "nigh to the city" (John xix: 20). But the site of the present, or as it is called the "traditional" Calvary, which is the one selected by Constantine

and St. Helena (of this there is no question), is not outside the walls of the city (at present), but as it were in the heart of the city. We have to explain this apparent incongruity. Before doing so, however, we may here ask: is it at all probable that St. Helena, admitting that she had been so silly or so wicked as to attempt to pawn off a false Calvary on the world, would have chosen a site so palpably "unlikely?" She must surely have known that the place of Christ's Crucifixion was *outside the walls*. Would she, then, have selected a site in the heart of the city? It is quite out of the question. Would she not have raised a universal cry of dissent? Instead of that we find the whole world for nearly sixteen centuries accepting the choice without a murmur. But now to answer the objection more correctly. The city of Jerusalem, like many others, had suffered various vicissitudes in its long and chequered history. It had been besieged and captured many times. Over and over again its walls had been broken down and rebuilt. But though several divergencies took place in the direction and extent of the walls, yet three principal cinctures are accepted by historians: namely, first, the walls of Solomon, built A. M. 2991, B. C. 1013; second, the wall built by Herod shortly before the time of our Lord; and, third, the wall built A. D. 47, or fourteen years after our Lord's Crucifixion, by Agrippa. The *first* wall only included the City of David, Mounts Zion and Moriah, leaving the site of Calvary altogether outside of it. But it was not in existence at the time of the Crucifixion, having been long before destroyed, hence it does not affect our present question. Neither does the *third* wall. This wall certainly included the site of the present Calvary, but as it was not built until *after* the Crucifixion it does not affect our present argument.

The *second* wall, that of Herod, is the one that existed at the time of the Crucifixion, and on the true position of that wall depends the veracity or otherwise of the present site of the Holy Sepulchre. The advocates of the New Calvary theory maintain that the second wall followed closely the line of the present northern wall of the city, and they go much further north for the third wall, of which they profess to have found some remnants, whereas the upholders of the "traditional," or present, site of Calvary, maintain that the present wall of the city (which includes Calvary) is the *third* wall, *i. e.*, the wall of

Agrippa, built after the Crucifixion, and that the *second* wall, the one existing in the time of Christ, passed more to the eastward, leaving the site of Calvary outside (to the northward) of it, and ran in a slightly irregular line from the tower of Hippicus (as Josephus tells us) to the tower of Antonio.

The site of this wall has become built over and is covered by the houses of the modern city, so that it is impossible now to trace it, though from time to time portions of it are being discovered, as we shall see. Josephus (The Jewish War Book V, Chap. IV) gives a very minute description of the three walls, and though we cannot from his words trace out entirely the exact course of the second wall, yet we can undoubtedly gather from his words that the present wall of the city was not the *second* wall, but rather the third. To make this clear it will be necessary to quote at some length from Josephus. Speaking of the *first* wall (*loco citato*) he says: "That wall began on the north at the tower called *Hippicus*, and extended as far as the *Xistus*, a place so called, and then joining to the Council-house, ended at the west cloister of the temple." This wall, as we have already said, undoubtedly *excluded* Calvary or Golgotha, in other words, Calvary was outside of it, but it was not in existence in the time of Christ.

Of the *second* wall Josephus speaks as follows: "The second wall took its beginning from that gate which they call *Gennath*, the modern Jaffa Gate, which belonged to the first wall. It only encompassed the northern quarter of the city, and reached as far as the tower of Antonia."

The *third* wall, Josephus tells us, ran as follows: "The beginning of the third wall was at the tower of Hippicus, whence it reached as far as the north quarter of the city and the tower of Psephinus, and then was so far extended till it came over against the Monuments of Helena. It then extended further to a great length and passed by the sepulchral monuments of the kings, and bent again at the tower of the Corner . . . and joined to the old wall at the Valley of Cedron." From this description it appears that this third wall must have passed more or less in the line of the present wall of the city. It is true that the present wall does not go as far north as the "tombs of the kings," which are situated about 800 yards, or nearly half a mile, north of the Damascus Gate. But then Josephus does not

actually say that the wall *reached* the tomb of the kings, but that it "passed by them," which, of course, is true of the present wall. It is also perfectly clear that this third wall could not have gone so far north as the supporters of the new theory would fain have us believe, and this appears from the statement of Josephus that the Tower of Psephinus was "in the northwest corner" of this wall, and again that it was "hard by the towers of Hippicus, Phaselus and Mariamne." This would not be true if the third wall extended as far north as the moderns require for their theory. The northwest corner, in this theory, would be over a thousand yards, or two-thirds of a mile, distant. This could scarcely be called "hard by."

But it is argued that the measurements given by Josephus will not at all suit the present wall. Thus Josephus says this wall had ninety towers. These towers are twenty cubits wide, and the distance between them is two hundred cubits. Now allowing nineteen inches for the Jewish cubit we find:

90 towers at, say, 32 ft. 6 in.....	2,795 ft.
89 spaces between towers at 316 ft....	28,124 ft.
	30,919 ft.

Or 10,306 yards, or very nearly six miles.

Undoubtedly, if these measurements are to be understood in this manner, they would not suit the "traditional" wall, which was only 2,800 feet, or 950 yards; that is something over half a mile. But neither will they suit the theory of the moderns, as the outer wall, supposed by them to have existed further north, is only 8,000 feet, or 2,666 yards, or nearly one mile and a half.

Again, according to the new theorists, the present wall of the town is that which was in existence at the time of Christ (Josephus' *second* wall). Of this wall Josephus says: It had forty towers of the same measurement as above, and with, presumably, the same distance between them. Applying the same method of calculation, we have

40 towers at 32 feet.....	1,280 ft.
39 spaces at 316 feet.....	12,124 ft.
	13,404 ft.

Or 4,468 yards, or about two and a half miles. But the present northern wall is only about 6,000 feet, or 2,000 yards, or a little over a mile and a quarter. It is clear, then, that there is some misunderstanding about these words of Josephus, especially as he states that the whole circuit of the city was thirty-three furlongs stadia, or something like four miles. Possibly when speaking of the towers he may be including those upon the whole cincture of the city.

But the most convincing argument to prove that the present northern wall of the city can not be the *second* wall of Josephus is the fact that Josephus says that this second wall started from the tower of Hippicus or the gate of Gennath, close by, and "reached as far as the tower of Antonia," whereas the present wall does not at all come near the tower of Antonia, but on the contrary complies most accurately with the rest of Josephus' description. These are his words: "As the city grew more populous it gradually crept beyond its old limits, and those parts of it that stood northward of the temple and joined that hill to the city made it considerably larger, and occasioned that hill . . . called *Bezetha*, to be inhabited also. . . . The new part of the city was *Bezetha*, which, if interpreted in the Grecian language, may be called *the New City*. . . . It lies over against the tower of Antonia, but is divided from it by a deep valley, which was dug on purpose, and that in order to hinder the foundations of the tower of Antonia from joining this hill."

From this, then, it is clear that the wall which encircled the new suburb of *Bezetha* to the northward could not have been the second wall which Josephus tells us "reached the tower of Antonia."

Unfortunately the line of the wall from the tower of Hippicus to the tower of Antonia has been lost, having been built over. But from time to time portions of it are being discovered, all of which tend to verify the truth of the present site of the Holy Sepulchre. Thus a portion of it was discovered in 1885, when excavations were being made for the foundations of the Grand New Hotel. But by far the most important discovery was made some few years ago in the Russian hospice to the eastward of the Holy Sepulchre. These ruins, if they are veritably a part of the old second wall, would put to rest forever this rather vexatious controversy, for they unquestionably leave the site of Calvary

outside to the north and west. These remains are thus described by a modern writer, one also not favorable to the "traditionist" theory, viz.: the Rev. E. Hanauer. He says: "The ruins at the Russian hospice are very remarkable, the most striking portion of them being a massive wall resting on a small rock scarp running east . . . having a buttress or cross wall of the same style at its southern end, immediately east of which and, as it seems, *in situ*, is the well-worn threshold of an old gateway . . ."

During my tour in Palestine in 1896, while at Jerusalem I paid several visits to this ruin and studied it very carefully, taking sketches of it. What struck me most particularly was its close resemblance (in ground plan) to the present Jaffa Gate. I have seen the gates of many walled cities, but never anything so peculiar as that of the Jaffa Gate at Jerusalem. The peculiarity consists in this, that the outside and inside gates (like city gates generally, it is a double gate) are at *right angles to each other*, instead of being, as in every other instance I have ever seen, *parallel* to each other. Now, I believe that this Jaffa Gate is on the identical site of the "Gennath Gate" mentioned by Josephus, "which belonged," he says, "to the old wall."

The new walls about which we are speaking, only commenced *after*, that is to say, to the northward of this gate. If this gate be not the identical Gennath Gate, I feel sure it is built upon the model of the ancient gates of the first or older wall. What struck me immediately was the similarity or the reproduction of this peculiarity of the two gates at right angles in the old ruins at the Russian hospice. Here, too, we have the double thresholds at right angles to each other, exactly as in the Jaffa Gate, only the position is reversed. I think, then, we may safely and triumphantly conclude that in those silent witnesses, worn by the footsteps of thousands of passers, and unearthed after nineteen centuries, we have the identical threshold of the gate of *Ephrem*, or the *Porta Judiciaria*, through which Jesus passed "out of the city;" the very site of the Ninth Station of the Cross, where the Divine Saviour, now in sight of the place of execution, and exhausted with His intense suffering, fell the third and last time under the heavy load of the cross. And so, once more, the time-honored tradition of the Christian pilgrims is vindicated and the prophetic words of our Lord are once again

verified to the confusion of the scoffer and the skeptic, who, like the Pharisees of old, endeavor to deprive Jesus of His honors. "I say to you . . . if these shall hold their peace the stones shall cry out" (Luke xix: 14). "Mihi autem absit gloriari nisi in Cruce Domini Nostri Jesu Christi"—Gal. vi: 14.

M. F. HOWLEY.

St. John's, Newfoundland, 3d May, Feast of the Invention of the Holy Cross, 1903.

DEVOTION AND DEVOTIONS.

"Of making many devotions there is no end, and much piety is a weariness of the flesh." That, I need hardly say, is not exactly what the preacher wrote; it is possible that he might have done so had he been privileged to peruse a Catholic publisher's list of pious manuals and prayer books. But he certainly did give some very sound advice concerning "the sacrifice of fools," concerning rash vows and the profit of "let thy words be few." Why? "For, God is in heaven, and thou upon earth, therefore"—as said—"let thy words be few," as becomes a creature in the presence of his omniscient Creator. "In many words," he says, further, "there will be found folly." The King James version is stronger: "In the multitude of words there wanteth not sin." Moreover, the Psalmist—another student of human nature—tells us that "a man full of words shall not prosper in the earth." So here the preacher bids us hasten to fulfill what vows we may have made, but adds that "it is much better not to vow" than not to keep what we have promised. In fact, were it the habit of Catholics to read the Bible—as I fear it is not—I should recommend a careful study of all that the preacher says.

Devotions, presumably, are the outcome of devotion—or piety, if you prefer the word. If so, our piety, our devotion, like our enthusiasm, finds strange and varied forms of expression. As to the fitness or acceptability, God, not man, is the sole judge. But the preacher's advice is sound, nevertheless, and was given, Saint Paul tells us, "for our instruction." Yet, since we are apt to criticise that which "does not appeal to us,"

as we say, we should do well, I think, to bear in mind what has been written by another great preacher—the greatest, probably, of the nineteenth century—John Henry Newman, in his letter to Dr. Pusey. “Religion,” he says, “acts on the affections; who is to hinder these, when once roused, from gathering in their strength and running wild?” Again: “Of all passions, love is the most unmanageable; nay, more, I would not give much for that love which is never extravagant. . . .” Or, yet again: “Burning thoughts and words are as open to criticism as they are beyond it.” Or, listen to this, from a cardinal—may we not say a doctor?—of Holy Mother Church: “A people’s religion is ever a corrupt religion, in spite of the provisions of Holy Church. If she is to be Catholic, you must admit within her net fish of every kind, guests good and bad, vessels of gold, vessels of earth. You may beat religion out of men, if you will, and then their excesses will take a different direction; but if you make use of religion to improve them, they will make use of religion to corrupt it.” Personally, I would say: Read the whole letter; it will do you good. That is, it will lead to sober thinking; possibly to a wider charity, a less condescending toleration. Lastly: “It never surprises me to read anything extraordinary in the devotions of a saint.”

But we are not all, or, I fear, many of us, saints. “Such men are on a level very different from our own.” Indeed they are; so different we may hardly hope to attain to it. Or, it may be, even to that “lowest place in the kingdom of heaven” of which Thomas à Kempis speaks. Nor would we willingly—most of us—class ourselves with “the people” whose religion “is ever a corrupt religion,” even though we do follow certain fashions in devotions as “religiously” as we observe the canons of more mundane—but hardly less-absorbing—fashions. “Patent devotions,” I have heard them called; also, “short cuts to Paradise,” which may sound uncharitable, but are only too true as definitions. That is—as already said—our piety finds strange forms of expression. If our affections are responsible, well and good; but there is, possibly, some love of ease—to put it mildly—underlying our propensity to “infallible novenas” and such like. Love is apt to be extravagant, doubtless, but love does not use short prayers by preference, or expect to enter heaven except by “The King’s Highway of the Holy Cross.” Read that chapter of the “Imitation.”

In plainest language, then, I do not like popular or fashionable or "infallible" devotions. God, I know, "looketh on the heart;" it is to Him, and not to any man, that we shall have to answer. But there are, as a dear and saintly old acquaintance complained the other day, "so many of them!" Nine Fridays, nine Tuesdays, nine Sundays: this novena and that other; pious women—to say nothing of men—asking you to join this society or some confraternity. All good, all helpful—to some souls—all devotions, all, let us hope, the outcome of true devotion. But women, even the best of them, are prone to sentiment—"sensibility," our great-grandmothers called it—if not to superstition, and in some cases, perhaps in many, the feminine temperament is much in evidence, and very much out of place. Holy Church, I admit, prays for "the devout female sex," and I do not question the reality of the devotion, but I *have* come across a phrase concerning "the foolishness of the sex," and from the pen of a saint, in the *Breviary*, at that. Of course, there are women and women, just as there are men and men, but they are more prone, where their affections are concerned, to "sensibility" than to sense.

Let us turn, for a moment, to Newman again. "Devotions," he says, "are matters of the particular time and the particular country. I suppose," he continues—and this surely applies to American Catholics as much as to English—"we owe it to the national good sense that English Catholics have been protected from the extravagances which are elsewhere to be found." Not altogether, it is to be feared, as you may prove for yourselves if you come in contact with certain favorite "devotions." He adds that "we owe it also to the wisdom and moderation of the Holy See, which, in giving us the pattern for our devotion, as well as the rule of our faith, has never indulged in those curiosities of thought which are so attractive to undisciplined imaginations and so dangerous to grovelling hearts."

The pattern for our devotion; surely, for our *devotions* as well, if *they* are the true expressions of *it*. And that pattern is? The Church's Book of Devotion, the *Breviary*, the Divine office, the "Work of God," as the great Patriarch, Saint Benedict, called it, which was to be *the* work of his monks. That, I take it, is what Cardinal Newman alludes to.

And the essence, the basis of that pattern, that on which it

rests, round which it centers, is the Psalter, the one hundred and fifty Hebrew hymns, which are supposed to be said weekly, from beginning to end. The rest consists of passages of Scripture, commentaries, lives of the saints, prayers, canticles and hymns. Each season brings its own lessons, each day some saintly life for our imitation, or, it may be, the meditations of some saint on the Scripture of the day. That is the Church's devotion; truly, it is free from "curiosities of thought." It is grand, divine and beautiful as befits the Bride of Christ, our Lord, "the Mother of us all."

But this, you say, is for the clergy, for religious, not for ordinary lay-folks. It is in Latin, it would take too long to say. It is in Latin *because there is no demand for it in English*, though an admirable translation—that of the late Marquis of Bute—exists, as some of us know. The supply awaits the demand. As to taking too long, that depends upon what proportion of your time you are prepared to give to God, for that is what it comes to, however we may juggle with our consciences. We generally find time for what we really want to do; we certainly find time for the performance of those "popular" or "infallible" devotions which appeal to our piety—or is it to our fancy or our "sensibility?"

But in respect of this matter of time. The Divine office consists of seven "Hours," namely: (1) Matins and Lauds, say, forty-five to fifty minutes at most, often less. Concerning which I would say: Put away your book, your newspaper or your cards in time to "say your office"—this longest portion—before going to bed. Or, get up earlier should you be *lawfully prevented* from doing this "Work of God" over night. The "Day Hours," (2) Prime, (3) Terce, (4) Sext, (5) None, (6) Vespers, (7) Compline, will take from five to seven minutes *each*; but spread them over the day; get back to God from time to time. You will not lose by it. Piety, Saint Paul tells us, "is great gain, having promise of the life that now is as well as of that which is to come" (I Timothy, vi, 6). And a Greater than Saint Paul—his Master and ours—bids us "seek first the Kingdom of God and His justice, and all these things"—all that we need—"shall be added unto you." Try it, anyway.

But, if you *cannot* give the two hours which the "Divine office" calls for, particularly if you cannot say Matins and Lauds, say

the "Day Hours," at least. Why? Because this means that you will say the most wonderful of all Psalms, the 118th, over and over again, till your heart, your memory, your soul, become *saturated* with it; till you can *almost* rise to the heights of its spiritual sublimity. If the Psalter is the essence of the Church's devotion, this Psalm is the "quintessence," as we say, of the Psalter, the very model of all meditation, of all devotion. This, with the daily collect, Sunday, feast-day, week-day, will unite your mind to the mind of Holy Mother Church, which, in a very real sense, is the mind of Her Head, who is Christ, "God over all, blessed for evermore." Believe me, if you learn to practice this devotion you will have no more taste for and no more need of devotions. Make it, at least, the pattern of your devotion. Better still, make all—or this part—of it *your own devotion*. You will not regret it, I assure you. "How have I loved Thy law! It is my meditation *all the day*."

FRANCIS W. GREY.

Bath, England, April, 1903.

WALLACE AND THE WORLD'S PLACE.

Mr. Alfred Russell Wallace has recently proclaimed and defended, as something novel, the old theory that our earth is the center of the universe, the sun, the planets and other well-nigh infinite numbers of suns and planets revolving around us, so to speak, in manifold and brilliant admiration, perhaps of adoration, seeing what tremendous giants are again filling our atmosphere, all worlds trembling, as it were, before the majesty of such pigmies as Roosevelt, Loubet & Co., the Presidents and Dictators of modern nations—persecutors of saints and all modern people given to religion.

The earth must amount to something, after all, since such animals are generated out of the chaos of modern life and elevated to greatness.

One hardly knows which to admire most, the confidence and conceit or the changeableness and vapid assumptions and imaginations of modern science, so-called.

Mr. Wallace has long been known to the English-speaking

population of the world as the "discoverer" of those general notions of evolution, origin of the species, development by natural selection, the survival of the fittest, etc., etc., which notions have usually been credited to Mr. Charles Darwin; that is, both men had long been working on the same lines of investigation, and Mr. Wallace is said to have discovered the law they were looking for before Charles Darwin, but being of less ambitious and less assertive nature was cautious before suggesting that man had come of frog-spawn and apehood; while Mr. Darwin, feeling more confidence in his researches, announced the Origin of Species and the Descent of Man.

The Darwinian Theory, as variously interpreted, has met with infinite praise and infinite abuse until there is hardly anything definite left of it, and men in general are now as much at sea as to their origin and development as they were before Darwin and Wallace were born. It may be better so.

We, at all events, have no intention of discussing or deciding that question here and now. The Darwinian Theory is a convenient hypothesis to accept or reject as one has the mind and as far as one has the mind so to do. The Catholic Church has not attempted to define the age of the world or just how the old hen got her notion of laying and hatching eggs; every man his own doctor and his own theologian, we say, so far as Darwin is concerned. There is, however, this one thing to be said about it—that we do not remember having seen elsewhere or heretofore—viz.: that the most reliable portraits taken of Charles Darwin in his older days bear the most striking resemblance to the higher varieties of tamed and civilized apehood; so that, whether all men came into the world by way of apish ancestry, it would seem clear that Charles himself came that way, and was only trying to elevate his pedigree; or else, that the long habit of contemplating a monkey had made something approaching a descendant of the ancient Simian out of the immortal Charles himself. A man is not only known by his associates, but their general likeness is in some form and measure stamped on his countenance. All this is but to localize Mr. Wallace and give him a place in history, no matter where "the world goes dangling around."

We are dealing with the larger theme suggested by the unsuccessful rival of Darwin as regards the announcement of the

theory of evolution, but it is difficult to omit entirely the theory that both men stand for. Of course, neither Darwin nor Wallace really discovered the idea of evolution. It is as old as creation, and has always been in the minds of men and in the teachings of all the great thinkers of the human race; that is, what is true in it.

The Bible account of the creation is palpably a theory of evolution from the simplest and lowest forms of matter, nature and life, to the highest forms of nature and life, through all of which a something more than nature, which we now call Spirit or God, was ever acting to highest conceivable ends. All thought is full of this thought—"first, the blade; then, the ear; then, the full corn in the ear"—or, as St. Paul again puts it, touching the very highest sphere of human life, "All things work together for good to them that love God." Here, too, is the survival of the fittest. The very fact, known to all men, that Jesus of Nazareth is Master of the world to-day, no matter what theory or doctrine you may believe concerning Him—the fact that all the scholars and prophets and founders of religions that have ever lived and taught mankind have given place to Him, and are more and more giving place to Him every day, is a clear proof that there was and that there is still something in Him that was not in all the others; that by a divine law of evolution He was born in due time, and by the same law of the survival of the fittest He has won the heart of the world and to-day receives its heartiest, fullest and purest adoration. The law of evolution and of the survival of the fittest is the law of all life, of all families, nations and peoples of the world. Every President, monarch or ruler of nations is as a fly-speck on the infinite face of the skies compared with this eternal law and the certain survival of those souls whose real greatness God Almighty has taken infinite pains to generate and save. The central thoughts of the Catholic Church are all based upon this assumption. It is because Christ is the loveliest being in the universe that we adore Him. And this fact, though not magnified by Mr. Wallace, we think of sufficient importance to make it the magnified center of all worlds.

It is because the Blessed Virgin is the holiest, humblest and divinest human being ever born that the Church insists upon the expression of the veneration due to such evolved and glori-

fied beauty of spirit as her life manifested. It is because the saints whom she, the Church, has canonized were, after every test, proven to be the noblest specimens of Christian virtue within her ken that she has pedestalized them and demands for them the admiration and veneration due to conquered wrath the wide world over. Evolution and the survival of the fittest is the common law of all life; but, when, with Mr. Darwin, you say that one species of grass or grubs or men or angels can be developed out of another, and that man was developed, by natural selection, out of a lost species of apehood, then you strike at the heart and soul of man and God and history, and you may find it a hard road to travel before you cross the Styx.

Many years ago, when, as a young man and minister, I was enamored of Darwinism, I was talking the matter over with a hard-headed Scotch deist, a florist and a member of my congregation.

He was not a Christian and had no religious objections to Darwinism or other theory of man and his universe, but he was a practical horticulturist, and his reply to my advocacy of Darwinism was: "You can't get wheat out of timothy, Mr. Thorne;" and could the moderns bring Darwin to life again I am inclined to think that he would accept that as conclusive against him, and add voluntarily, nor can you get saints out of skeptics or unbelievers except by conversion and the grace of God. It does not help matters to assert that all tame wheat comes from a certain wild grass—wheat-grass, as I believe. All wheat is but cultivated grass of its kind.

But let us take to Wallace and his modern assertion of an old theory. Men, as wise and learned as we, used to believe in the Ptolemaic system of astronomy. Now, thousands of smart imbeciles swear by the Copernican or the Newtonian theory of the suns and centers of the universe, and do not dream there ever was another theory. The cheap newspaper civilization of the day is entirely omniscient and *very imaginary*.

Listen to the gods of science. See how they topple each other's theories to pieces and limit or expand the universe according to the latest speck on the lenses of Dr. Anderson's telescope.

We will first review Wallace by quoting another scientist, then by quoting various Christian comment, and then give some

thoughts of our own. First, Prof. H. H. Turner, writing in the *Fortnightly Review*, says:

"When the statement is made that we are at the center of the visible universe, and the inference that 'the supreme end and purpose of this vast universe was the production and development of the living soul in the perishable body of man,' our attention is not only deserved, but compelled; if there is a chance that Dr. Wallace is right, as once he was, whatever we put aside in order that we may earnestly attend to him is well neglected.

"I have read his paper with great care several times and compared with the sources of information which he quotes, and with others. Moreover, my own work in astronomy during the last decade has given me some acquaintance with the regions of knowledge from which the facts are drawn. I cannot see that Dr. Wallace has suggested anything new which is in the least likely to be true. He seems to me to have unconsciously got his facts distorted, and to indicate practically nothing wherewith to link them to his conclusion; and having stated thus briefly the result of my examination, I must endeavor to justify it.

"The three startling facts—that we *are* in the center of a cluster of suns, and that that cluster *is* situated not only precisely in the *plane* of the galaxy, but also *centrally* in that plane, can hardly now be looked upon as chance coincidences without any significance in relation to the culminating fact that the planet so situated *has* developed humanity.

"To these three assertions of fact must be added another, on which I do not here propose to offer any remarks; Dr. Wallace considers it highly probable that the earth is the *only planet in the solar system* on which humanity has been developed. The three facts just quoted lead him to the further conclusion that it is probably *the only planet in the whole universe* on which humanity has been developed; and we have now to examine how far we can accompany him. We may again state in Dr. Wallace's own words the question to be answered.

"It may be asked, even if it be conceded that both by position, by size, and by its combination of physical features, we really do stand alone in the solar system in our adaptation for the development of intelligent life, in what way can the position of our sun at or near the center of the stellar universe, as it cer-

tainly appears to be, affect that adaptation? Why should not one of the suns on the confines of the Milky Way, or in any other part of it, possess planets as well adapted as we are to develop high forms of organic life? (P. 409.)

"His argument accordingly stands thus:

"Life is impossible at the uttermost boundaries of the universe.

"Therefore it is only possible at the exact center.

"This, at any rate, is all that I can make of the reasoning in the last two pages of Dr. Wallace's article, where we look for him to make use, in a manner suited to his conclusion, of the premises he claims to have established in the preceding pages.

"Moreover, the reasons he gives for considering even the 'confines of the Milky Way' to be unsuitable for life are of the vaguest and most unsatisfactory kind. The following passage will serve as an example:

"Comparing the stars of the Milky Way to the molecules of a gas, must not a certain proportion of these stars continually escape from the attractive powers of their neighbors, as a result of collisions, or in other ways, and wandering into outer space, soon become dead and cold and lost forever to the universe?

"It is true that Dr. Wallace puts forward these hypotheses very tentatively, pending the suggestion of a better link between his starting-point and his conclusion. How to fill this gap he regards as a question involving 'the most difficult problems in mathematical physics; and only our greatest thinkers, possessing the highest mathematical and physical knowledge, could be expected to give any adequate answer' to it. It is, of course, possible that some great and ingenious thinker may supply the missing link; but meanwhile we are impressed by the fact that Dr. Wallace, with an obvious desire to suggest it, however vaguely, has conspicuously failed.

"If there *is* a center of the visible universe, and if we occupy it to-day, we certainly did not do so yesterday, and shall not do so to-morrow. The solar system is known to be moving among the stars with a velocity which would carry us to Sirius within 100,000 years if we happened to be traveling in his direction, as we are not. In the 50 or 100 million years during which, according to geologists, this earth has been a habitable

globe, we must have passed by thousands of stars on the right hand and on the left; and if at any time we had a claim to a central position, the claim must have been inherited from others who held it before us, and passed on to yet others who came after. In his eagerness to limit the universe *in space*, Dr. Wallace has surely forgotten that it is equally important, for his purpose, to limit it *in time*, but incomparably more difficult in the face of ascertained facts.

"It is a striking illustration of the rapidity of advance in astronomy that since 1901 a new fact has been discovered which renders insecure some of the steps by which Professor Newcomb arrives at the conclusion that the 'collection of stars which we call the universe is limited in extent.' On the night of February 21st-22d in that year, Dr. Anderson discovered that a new star had suddenly blazed up in the constellation Perseus. The discovery is mentioned in Professor Newcomb's book, and before it was passed for press he was able to add that 'on June 25th, 1901, Professor Pickering reported that the spectrum of the new star had been gradually changing into that of a gaseous nebula,' etc., etc.

"The discovery affects the case for a finite universe in two ways. In the first place, there are the 'dark rifts' in the Milky Way, the most notable of which is called the 'Coal-sack.' Are these really tunnels through the visible universe into an outer space void of stars? This is the view favored by Professor Newcomb. But another view has been suggested—that there is some screen which obstructs the light from stars beyond. When Professor Newcomb's book was written there was no positive evidence to support this view; since it was written we have obtained indications of a dark nebula such as might satisfy the conditions.

"I venture to think that Professor Newcomb did not sufficiently consider the 'dark stars' when he wrote his book, and that if he had done so, he would have modified his conclusions. Now that we have positive evidence of the existence of dark nebulæ as well, the argument against an infinitely extended universe is considerably weakened.

"The remaining statement is that we are at the center of the universe, if, perhaps, it be limited in extent. Now there is one important previous question: has the universe a center? Has

a saucepan a center? The bowl may have a center, but if we claim a center for the whole saucepan we must not leave the handle out of account.

"To sum up, Dr. Wallace stated:

"(1) That the universe is limited in extent.

"(2) That it has a definite center, and that we are, and have been for millions of years, near that center.

"(3) That by reason of being at the center the earth has had an opportunity to develop humanity, and that probably nowhere else in the universe has there been this opportunity.

"In reply it is claimed:

"(1) That the limitation of the universe is not proved. The view had the support, so lately as the middle of 1901, of so high an authority as Professor Simon Newcomb; but even in the intervening eighteen months a new fact has come to light which weakens his arguments.

"(2) That there is no true center of the universe, even if limited, and even if there were we could not occupy it for long. The path of the solar system in millions of years would be a large fraction of the dimensions suggested for the limited universe.

"(3) That no reason whatever has been given why life should not be developed in any part of the interior of even a limited universe, and that some reasons indicated for doubting whether it could be developed near the boundaries are not in accordance with accepted facts."

Here is what the Christians say of Wallace and his theory. We quote from the *Literary Digest* of April 11th:

"Alfred Russell Wallace's revival of the theory that this earth is at the center of the stellar universe, and is the only habitable globe has aroused great interest in the religious world. In many quarters his pronouncement is hailed as a vindication of the older forms of Biblical interpretation and Christian belief. 'Science,' observes the *Boston Pilot* (Rom. Cath.), 'has apparently turned upon her tracks, as she has a way of doing, and has left her infidel votaries in the lurch.' *The Evangelical Messenger* (Cleveland) observes that if Dr. Wallace's conclusions are true, 'then the Mosaic cosmogony, which makes the earth the central theater of divine activity, and the scene of the display of God's highest wisdom, love and energy, man, the cul-

minating form of living organisms, and hence properly also the theater of redemption, which is the ultimate manifestation of the glory of God, is strictly scientific.' The same paper continues:

"Man, created in the image of God, endowed with immortality, and capable of becoming a partaker of the divine nature, is the one being who is at once a part of the created universe and able to stand apart from it and make it the object of his contemplation and study. He is at once the interpretation and realization of the Creator's purpose and the interpreter of the universe. In his body matter reaches its finest fiber and its noblest function as the organ of an intelligent, self-volitionating spirit. In his spirit creation reaches the summit of creaturely excellence, the nearest approach to the Creator Himself, infinite from what God is in the infinite. And in redemption, accomplished through the incarnation by and atonement through the Son of God, as the result of divine love, the earth with its crowning creature, man, becomes the center of divine interest and solicitude. As far as we can understand, there could not be even in Orion, or in heaven, a more perfect or sublime revelation of the ethical glory of God than was given on Calvary. Here we walk along the summits of the mountain peaks of divine revelation to a creature. Sinai, Horeb, Calvary and Olivet mark the sky line of the universe, where the material universe touches the illimitable heavens.'

"An editorial writer in the Cincinnati *Herald and Presbyter* declares:

"The pendulum of scientific investigation which seemed not long ago to be swinging away from evangelical religion is evidently swinging back, and coming more and more into harmony with what is revealed in the Word of God. We welcome the reaction not for the sake of our holy religion, for it is impregnable, but for the sake of the scientists. Realizing man's place in the universe, they ought to believe in Him Who became a Man in order to save our fallen race and to give the universe a conception of the attributes of God far beyond any that is revealed in the revolutions of sons and systems, in what has been called "the harmony of the spheres."'

"Many of the religious papers are non-committal in discussing this matter. *The Independent* warns preachers and theolo-

gians to use Dr. Wallace's arguments 'with caution.' And the *Chicago Interior* (Presb.) comments:

"The learned Alfred Russell Wallace—whose merits as a scholar are obscured by that invincible popular illusion which sees in him only a hazy double to Darwin—certainly constructed a pretty fabric of argument when he set out to prove by astronomy that our earth is the central body of the physical universe. But it is obvious that his data are not sufficient to establish a conclusive proof, and even more obvious that if his proposition was proved he would still be far away from the ultimate aim of his reasoning—to show a scientific probability that God's chief creational purpose converged on our planet. There is no tie by which to connect such a premise and such a conclusion, for we have no means of knowing that God would prefer the central planet of the universe above a minor one for working out the supreme problem of His creative plan. For ourselves we do thoroughly believe that man, as he lives just here on this tiny earth, is in essence and possibilities the most sublime existence in all the range of non-divine being—the chief love and delight of God. But it is a far more satisfying assurance of that fact which can be drawn from the direct work of the Father and from the instinctive sense within us of our own dignity, than we shall acquire from any of the deductions of astronomy. However, Dr. Wallace has put ready to our hands an excellent fencing foil for use against those illogical sophists who think to minimize man by minimizing the caravansary that for a brief time entertains him, and for this service gratitude may accumulate around his memory in generations long after he has passed to understand this profound problem better at the real center of the spiritual universe.'"

We agree with Prof. Turner and the Christians that Mr. Wallace has not proven any of his propositions, either that the earth is at the center of the solar system or the center of the universe, or that life could not be generated and sustained anywhere on what are called the confines of the universe, or that no other planets but our earth are inhabited by human or other conscious beings, or that the universe is circumscribed or limited. We think that some of his reasonings, as originally quoted from this article in the *New York Sun*, are too flimsy and foolish for ordinary respect or consideration and that it is only

because said so-called reasoning was indulged in by Mr. Wallace and not by some unknown booby that it has received any worthy attention whatsoever. Other planets may be inhabited, but we have no knowledge on the subject.

We note, however, the cool presumption of Prof. Turner in dealing with the theory of the many million-aged venerableness of our world, and also his declaration that Darwin and Wallace "were once right, though now Mr. Wallace, most likely, is very wrong." We note also the flimsy foolishness of his, Turner's, assertion that if the earth had been "at one time the center of the universe it could not have been so for long, since the heavens travel like music or a 2.10 horse, and occasionally, one would suppose, kicks the center of things to smithereens; whereas, if the earth ever was at the center of the universe and if there is any harmony in the laws of its motion, it plainly would most certainly maintain that center through endless ages, spite of all the varied notions, actual and relative, of the universe itself, since by one eternal harmony and relativity of motion the boundless or bounded universe forever moves and swings. In a word, if the motion of the universe be as Turner and other wiseacres declare, then a corresponding motion belongs to and inheres in the very nature and life of all worlds and suns and systems of worlds and suns throughout all space and time and eternity. In a word, Turner is as thin as Wallace, and far less acute. We agree with Turner *versus* Wallace in this, that though the earth be at the center of a limited or an infinite and unlimited universe, it does not follow, scientifically or astronomically, that the earth is the only sphere in which could have been developed the mortal or immortal soul of man. At the same time we are hastening to say that neither Wallace, nor Turner, nor Newcomb, nor Anderson, nor the Christian editors, nor I, nor anybody knows anything more about it than an unborn child! That when we state as facts our inchoate and contradictory notions, derived from Darwin or Newton or the latest Lick Observatory, we only prove ourselves the most preposterous, presumptuous, upstart, untaught and unscientific boobies as yet hatched out of the shell of time. We simply do not know. And we believe or deny as we please.

There is more assumption, presumption and groundless assertion in any and all the works of modern science than there

ever has been in all the theologies and mental philosophies, pagan and Christian, that the world has ever known. These latest articles by Turner and Wallace are as full of silly child's talk as were the pages of Spencer and Darwin in their day. But the modern world, led by indiscriminating newspaper clap-trap, takes it all in as if it were God's truth, while it neglects the simplest and most palpable facts of religion and morality as something antiquated and beneath the attention of the modern mind.

In the authorized ninth edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica a large number of close-printed quarto pages were devoted by mathematical scientists to prove that the ebb and flow of the ocean tides were *caused* by the moon—the most silly, child-like and absurd and utterly superstitious presumption and assertion to be found anywhere outside of a mad-house. But all the world believed it till we had again and again laughed the wretched burlesque of science to scorn. Now you will find astute and advanced scientists are beginning to guess that the world's motions produce the tides, and really the only thing the worn-out moon ever had to do with the business was this, that high and low tide occurred regularly at the same time as the full of the moon. And, instead of seeking to find out how it happened that full tide and full moon were synchronous, these adorable and omniscient scientists assumed that the moon was to blame and to be credited with the entire undertaking, and then wasted years and millions of money to prove by mathematics the truth of their own utterly groundless assumption.

If we divided the days and weeks and months of our year as the simple pagans used to do by the phases of the moon, we should get thirteen months in every year; that is, we should have thirteen moons for one cycle of the sun, sell all our old Gregorian calendars and all contracts made on the basis of such as so much waste paper, and begin to build on scientific bases. But we will never do it. The contracting parties of modern cant and humbuggery the world over, in their omniscient and scientific ignorance, would be afraid to calculate or live in a world whose year was formed of *thirteen* moons. Useless to tell them that we have been so living, in safety, since world and sun and moon were created. Only we have deceived ourselves out of the simple truth by establishing on the earth

the falsehood and the silly notion that thirteen is an unlucky number. In our Christian and Catholic hospitals, even, you cannot find room Number 13. They won't have it. Men and women will sicken and die by the thousands in room Number 12 and in room Number 14; but if anybody dies in room St. Joseph, that should in the nature of things have been called Number 13. How strange! O, the rotten and learned science of the day! It is rank poison.

It is utterly useless to tell the scientists that you cannot change the facts of nature by any such subterfugic hygiene. It is useless to tell the archbishop that St. Paul was the thirteenth Apostle and worth all the rest of the college of them. He will only look very grave, question you, that is, God Almighty's truth, and say it is dangerous to tamper with the old Gregorian landmarks. What utter fools these mortals be!

So much for the moon and the tides of time. President Harper, of the Chicago University, does not pay me twenty thousand dollars a year to explain this to his own shallow head or to the craniums of his gulled and deluded students and patrons. I only show the gentlemen where they are wrong, and when they want me to set them right I will give them my terms. I am not a scientist, thank God! I am not even a prophet. I am only witness to God's truth and to human folly and falsehood.

Newspaper civilization swears to me that the sun is the source of heat, that it is some ninety-odd millions of miles distant from our earth, etc., etc.; but if you ask a newspaper or other scientist how it is, then, that the higher you ascend into the heavens, the spaces sunward, the colder it grows and not the hotter?—how it is that the highest mountains are perpetually snow-covered and frozen tight, no matter whether in what you call tropical or temperate or Arctic or Antarctic regions, when at their height you would suppose the sun would burn the snow to sunshine?—why, science simply gapes and for once speaks the truth, and tells you it does not know how it all is so. But it is always very glib about the confines of the limitless universe—confines of cant and stupidity! Why not examine the alley-ways of your own town before proclaiming a starched and scientific philosophy of the confines of humbuggery.

It has again and again been shown that if the Newtonian theory of the universe were half true, the universe itself would

have collapsed long ago like the cotton stuffing or wind-blown proportions of a circus clown. It matters not. The Newtonian theory is the theory that modern science teaches, and as modern science stands to the modern fool in the place of God Almighty and man's humility, why we swear by it and call the ancients superstitious for not having dreamed of the vast treasures of modern discovery.

Because Edison, the practical mechanic, has taught you how to make candles out of metallic castings instead of out of tallow and to make more light by burning two candles at once instead of one—no expense spared—you think and swear that the sum of human knowledge has increased a millionfold in the last ten years, or fifty years, as you may choose.

Modern science, nevertheless, is an upstart, untaught, presumptuous and strenuous braggadocio. Over and over again in the last quarter of a century it has been proven by practical tests that the earth is not the globe or sphere that we have been taking it for, misled by science all the while; that its motions, if it has any at all, are not the motions credited to it by modern science; that its imaginary lines of latitude and longitude represent no real facts on the surface of the earth, etc., etc., and the latest conclusions arrived at from all our butting and ballooning at what we call or imagine to be the North Pole and the South Pole are as follows: First, that we know less about the actual so-called North Pole and South Pole now than we did before Dr. Kane and Lieutenant Peary and others went on their wild goose chase and lost many lives in the shooting-match. And, second, I am inclined to believe that the *pillars* of our earth are more solid even than those the old Hebrew prophet described, that they were laid by God Almighty out of the solidities of crystal ice in atmospheres of solid or liquid ice, beating all your "liquid air" for health and ventilation; and it is certain that modern science knows no more about the actual shape, motion, structure, contents or destiny of this earth than was known to the earliest human inhabitants of the world. Wast thou at hand when the Almighty laid the foundations of the earth?

Here again I am only hinting at the unutterable ignorance of modern science on the very subject concerning which it is supposed to be and on which it ought to be thoroughly posted.

If our strenuous and garrulous President Roosevelt or the fatted calf President of the Chicago University will pay me fifty thousand dollars a year to work out these two or three problems to a real scientific certainty I will turn the *GLOBE REVIEW* over to original scientific work and help them. Till then I simply laugh at the blockheads and show them where and how they are wrong. The conceit of our modern newspaper and university civilization is the greatest clown product of all the ages.

I might go on through a hundred phases of modern physical and social science and show where the shoe pinches and slit it up, or where it is already cracked and worn out and throw it away, but our strenuous boobies "are joined to their idols. Let them alone."

Let us return to the "scientific" contemplation of the center and the confines of the universe, and see what we can make of that or of them. I have said and tried to show that we actually know nothing about the confines of the universe. I have also intimated that we seem to be rather poorly informed as to the actual facts of the form and motion of our own earth. As to its relative importance in the limited or limitless universe there are other considerations than those advanced by Wallace, Turner & Co., and to these we will now direct our attention.

First, and on general principles of common-sense, the size of a thing bears very little relationship to the importance of a thing—be it sand, book, building, animal, man, world or universe. A well-made little diamond, shaped by the hand and laws of God, may be of greater value than a whole mountain or quarter section of Jersey sand. It is claimed that the little men of the race have fought and won its greatest battles. The little magnetic needle shapes the course of captain and ship and helps them to keep track of that course and the stars. The needle is the coupling that hitches the wagon to the star. The ants are a feeble folk. And so on. This is all an old, old story; but upstart science wishes to forget the old facts that it may have the credit of inventing theories of its own. Take a map of our solar system and this poor little world is a fly-speck or a pinpoint compared with other planets and the mighty sun. And as modern science has lost God Almighty and has no respect for religion and can only guess at things by reason of their

comparative bulk, knowing actually nothing of their density and character, the rash conclusion is that the earth is hardly worth mentioning—the poor, little, insignificant and dependent sphere. It knows nothing of the philosophy that “one, with God, is a majority.” It forgets how little and despised was the poor Carpenter of Nazareth in Jerusalem, surrounded and despised by the imperial Roman and the ecclesiastical Hebrew world-forces nigh two thousand years ago. Where are the high priests to-day? Where is Pilate and where are the Cæsars? And what is Rome herself compared with a little something we call the love of Christ?—the master force of the ages, of the world, yea, of all worlds, even to the confines of the universe!

On general principles, as known to human experience—and we can have no other criterion—the smallest man in the crowd may be the greatest man and the smallest planet in the bounded or boundless universe may be and is likely to be the greatest and of the supremest glory.

There are still other considerations. Second, as a matter of fact and universal experience what we call the moral faculty in man or in the human race is by infinite odds his or its supremest faculty. What we call the moral force or element in man, in society, in history, in the world, in the universe, is by infinite odds the supremest force or element in man or history and the universe. It is the moral faculty that has given us all the real heroes of the race. Kings and conquerors perish or are remembered only to be despised or at most admired for certain brutal or superior mental faculties. The Christs of history outlive all such and abide not merely in the minds of men but in the heart and ceaseless adorations of the race. We *love* and *adore* them because of the moral element of loyalty to truth, to duty, to self-sacrifice, which crowned their lives with a halo of splendor, gave them glorious resurrection upon resurrection till the stars crown them and the angels of God, with us and with all nature, love, worship and adore them.

What of all this says the astute, argumentative scientist? What of all this? We admit all that you say, declare the smart scientists. Well, well, then let us carry the thought a little farther. If this element, faculty and force that we call the moral force is so supremely the master force in all human history, which every wise man admits, and if again, as far as we know,

there has transpired on this earth the supremest moral acts and facts that it is possible for the human mind to conceive of, then and therefore, by the simplest logic of God and truth, this little world of ours is great above all worlds, precisely in the measure that its moral heroisms have outshone and will forever outshine all the supremest facts and forces of history.

As I read the facts it was child's-play to create or evolve the world and the universe compared with the work of redeeming, upbuilding and godizing the immortal human soul, ergo the planet on which and in which this immortal work of God was done and is still being done is by the simple nature of the simple facts the supremest planet in the universe.

Again, third, as the physical center of this universe is so far utterly uncertain and unknown, and probably unknowable, for science is an egotistic clown, and as we have absolutely no physical facts but only the foolish dreams of science to guide us, we must fall back upon the known and acknowledged facts and forces of moral science for guidance in this most stupendous problem of the ages. And by this same *moral science*, laughed at by the clowns of physical science, and for Christ's sake, because of His supreme heroism of death and redemption, this little planet that we call our home is, ever has been and ever must be the greatest of all worlds, the supremest of all planets, the magnet that holds all worlds and all systems of worlds, all suns and all universes of suns and systems and worlds together in eternal union; all nature, the boundless universe of nature, time out of mind, infinite and limitless, struggling in pain and waiting for the redemption of the immortal soul of man, the perfect victory of Christ and of Christ's spirit of love in the human race, till which hour no man or world may rest, and at which hour the boundless universe of worlds, the innumerable millions of the redeemed, the angels of God and God Himself shall rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory. Because Jesus of Nazareth, the Christ of God, God with us, became incarnate and lived and died here, the death of a martyr of eternal love, this little earth outshines all worlds, and by the supreme attraction of the supremest force in all the universe becomes the moral center of the universe, whether bounded or boundless. Nothing is stronger or greater than God, and God is love, and love is the law of knowledge and the sunshine of the eternities of earth and of heaven.

It is true that many millions of the world's inhabitants doubt or deny the fact of the incarnation. Many millions, even in so-called Christian lands, doubt or deny that Christ was God. Time and again we have given reasons upon reasons for believing this, the most stupendous fact in all the tides of time. We need not repeat those reasons here. The strongest minds of the world have believed the fact during the last two thousand years. And the heart of the human race, as it opens more and more to the light of truth, sees and feels that the truth of an incarnate God is the clearest and most necessary truth in all the thoughts, reasonings and beliefs of mankind.

Again, there are those who, while holding in some sense to the essential dogmas of Christianity, hold this truth very loosely, and others, while admitting the fact in theory, question the supreme force, value, dignity and power and glory of the *sacrifice* of Jesus; but, if one gets any clear idea of the supreme fact of the incarnation, one sees, is obliged to see, that from the most primal concept of the fact in the Divine mind or essence, and supremely in each step of its unfolding as a practical and actual fact in the total act and fact of the redemption of the world, there must have been the same purpose and willingness in the Divine Being to accept sacrifice as a fact of existence and also as a power of redeeming love for the perpetual saving and betterment of the race.

The essential and primal element in the being of God and the essential and moral element in the life and death of Jesus as the incarnate Son of God was, and forever remains, the act and fact of humiliation and sacrificial suffering, and this fact of the suffering of the sole, divine, incarnate God-Man of the race and of the universe and of time and eternity transpiring on our earth is enough to lift this world into all the radiance of supreme and ineffable splendor, and to make it the most wondrous planet of all worlds and of all eternities.

The development of the immortal soul of man is, in actual thought and experience, entirely secondary to the primary and all-comprehending and infinitely greater fact of the incarnate and suffering soul of Christ, our Divine Redeemer, as a means to the final and full development, salvation, regeneration, sanctification and glory of the soul of man.

I am well aware that in speaking thus of great moral facts

and experiences as determining the actual and relative position of our earth in the universe I am liable to be dubbed a mystic and a dreamer. I have been preaching thus for nearly half a century and I know how the swine treat such pearls. In this age, in fact in any age, only the redeemed know the value of their redemption. And no matter how clearly one reasons to expose or explain that value it is still hidden from the eyes of the blind.

Indeed, when I see, as I long have seen, the apelike shallowness of what is called modern thought and modern culture, the unperceived contradictions and absurdities of modern science, the inability even of those dearest to us to see the simple truth and power of moral reasoning, my silent pity for all this is beyond expression, and when I see the insufferable conceit of those who teach the new thought, so-called, my contempt and indignation sometimes find expression in words that seem too severe.

I have no sympathy, on the other hand, with the manufacturers of pagan or Christian idols that appeal only to modern, as to ancient superstition—the relic venders and worshippers. The world is as yet far from being redeemed; nevertheless, the heroism of Jesus is the beacon light of the universe and at once determines the comparative magnetism and magnitude of this, our beautiful, beautiful world.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

RELIGIOUS TENDENCIES IN OUR DAY.

A French atheist has recently written a book in which he attempts to prove that religion is dying and that the only thing of which men are sure is that they are sure of nothing. He advises them to boldly live up to honest doubt and escape the thralldom of a dead faith. He further differentiates religion and morals and advocates the teaching of the latter as necessary to the preservation and progress of the race. Catholics and their church receive severe castigation at his hands (as well as misrepresentations), but Protestants will draw even less comfort from his conclusions, as he regards their religion an ad-

vance merely inasmuch as it is a loosening of the bonds of faith and a step on the road to free thought. He prophesies the near approach of a day when all men will have outworn the dogmas of the past and the world will have advanced to such perfection that humanity will have no need of religion.

This iconoclastic reasoner has read the signs of the times very poorly, indeed. He has made his wishes father to a host of conclusions argued from a false premise set up in his own imagination. The tendency of the world is toward religion, not away from it. Even the materialism of modern thought is but a phase. The question of religion, of "whither goest thou?" is of paramount interest. The supreme question to-day—as of every day—is one of man's eternal destiny. Precisely that has made the writer of the book referred to an atheist. But it has made infinitely more thinkers into believers. We claim more than this, however; not only is the tendency of the world to-day toward belief, but overwhelmingly toward the Catholic Church. Let us see whether we have anything on which to base our claims.

During the past one hundred and twenty-five years Protestantism has so completely changed its character that were the old "reformers" to return they would not recognize their own. As an instance of this, let us first take England alone. England, since the Oxford movement, has changed its religion. The established church of one hundred years ago was no more like the established church of to-day than black is like white. The English Church of the last century was Protestant; to-day, it is outwardly Catholic. It would seem that the time when it will be really Catholic is not far off.

If you had gone into an English church (or its offshoot, the Episcopal Church in this country), one hundred years ago, you would have found it plain and bare, with a table for communion and a pulpit, the door locked from Sunday to Sunday, and "communion Sunday" once a month. What do we find now? An open church, an altar, sanctuary lamp burning, candles, flowers, pictures, crucifix, while the officiating "priest" celebrates daily what he calls "mass." The old Protestant word "minister" (although used in the Book of Common Prayer) is now considered almost an insult as applied to the English clergy. At some of these English churches you will see crowds

of young men receiving communion at six o'clock in the morning; as likely as not it is the "Sodality of the Holy Name." You will find devotions to the Blessed Virgin Mary in May, and to the Sacred Heart in June. If you do not believe these things, read the frantic protests that are constantly appearing in English magazines and papers sounding notes of warning to the people against the "Romeward" tendency in the Church of England. Witness the Kensit disturbances and "no popery" cries. Note, too, the complete triumph of what is known as the "Catholic party" in elections.

The English Church has for some time felt the ground slipping from beneath its feet. Did not the most eminent Bishops of that church send a commission to Rome a few years ago to ask the Pope whether or not the English clergy were really priests? And did not this asking show that the English Church was not sure, of itself, and acknowledged authority outside of itself greater than itself? In this country Episcopalianism is feeling this tendency toward Catholicity, but it draws so sharp a line between "high" and "low" church it is hardly credible that the adherents of the different parties can claim the same general belief. An example of this may be found in almost any city boasting churches of this faith, as in one will be found close-communion Catholicity, so-called, while another will deny that the "high" church is orthodox, and affirm that the Episcopal Church is Protestant.

To turn to the evangelical denominations; in them, too, we see the tendency away from Protestantism and toward Catholicity. Within the memory of the present passing generation the Presbyterian, Baptist, Methodist and other denominations called their places of worship "meeting houses," and repudiated the word church as "popish." Now call them anything but churches and they quickly resent it. Their houses of worship formerly had no organs, no music save psalm singing, and all the services were of the plainest, most Protestant kind. Formerly they did not celebrate Christmas, Good Friday, Easter or other days of the Christian year; that, too, was popish. Now they keep them all, and act generally as if they had discovered them. All this is an innovation of the past century. This tremendous change in observance was marked by Dr. Briggs in his book "Whither," in which he showed how all Protestantism

has departed from its ancient standards. Indeed, he admitted the tendency of the world toward liturgy, form and ceremony.

Ritualism, which, as we find it in Protestantism, is a sort of game, is, after all, evidence of a real need in the hearts of men. It is an acknowledgment that Protestantism, cold and puritanical, has been weighed in the balance and found wanting.

The stream of conversions from Protestantism is another proof of our contention. Since Newman's conversion, this stream has become a mighty river in England alone. The flower of the English clergy have seen the light and returned to that church from which their ancestry departed.

Our French atheist doubtless voices the thought of some so-called well-educated persons when he says that science and learning are destined to take the place of religion, and he bases his argument upon the fact that many scientific investigators have thrown over religious belief. But he does not claim—nor, indeed, has any skeptic yet claimed—that science and doubt have filled man's deepest need. "The Life and Letters of Huxley," recently published, show conclusively that to the end of his life he remained unsatisfied. He denied dogma, but made doubt into a dogma. These destroyers of faith who pretend to see the decay of religion all about them are in reality whistling to keep up their courage. They talk learnedly about the future and the non-religion of the future. It is precisely in the future that they and their cheap philosophy will be forgotten. The sensational career of Robert G. Ingersoll is a case in point. Surely, of all dead men Ingersoll is the deadest. If the unbeliever is right and religion is a thing of the past, such men as the blatant Ingersoll would be remembered and honored when religious men are ignored. But he has met the fate of all false prophets since the world began.

Since the time of Macaulay the tendency of the religious world toward Catholicity has been more marked than ever before, but even in his day he saw that the immense progress of the world could not be laid at the door of Protestantism. In his essay on Ranke's "History of the Popes," he says: "We often hear it said that the world is constantly more and more enlightened, and that this enlightenment must be favorable to Protestantism and unfavorable to Catholicism. We wish we could think so. But we see great reason to doubt whether this is a

well-grounded expectation. We see that during the last two hundred and fifty years the human mind has been in the highest degree active; that it has made great advances in every branch of natural philosophy; that it has produced innumerable inventions tending to promote the convenience of life; that medicine, surgery, chemistry, engineering have been very greatly improved; that government, police, law have been improved, though not to so great an extent as the physical sciences. Yet we see, during these two hundred and fifty years, Protestantism has made no conquests worth speaking of. Nay, we believe that as far as there has been change, that change has, on the whole, been in favor of the Church of Rome. We cannot, therefore, feel confident that the progress of knowledge will necessarily be fatal to a system which has, to say the least, stood its ground in spite of the immense progress made by the human race in knowledge since the days of Queen Elizabeth."

It is the Catholic Church alone which has survived the crash of worlds, the wreck of systems, the upheavals of time. Old, but ever new, it stands firm and steadfast in an age when doubt and unbelief have been glorified into enlightenment.

MARY MORTON.

St. Paul, Minn.

THE INTELLECTUAL PROLETARIAT.

This is a day when much is said, much is done and still more needs to be said and done in the interest of the poorer classes. But when the Washington philanthropist, Corcoran, some years ago founded and endowed the beautiful Louise Home in that city, for indigent Southern gentlewomen, he struck a new note, and one which has not called forth as many sympathetic vibrations as might have been expected.

Our compassion is easily aroused for those who have been inured to hardship and servile labor from their very birth, and perhaps have the advantage of inheriting from generations of ancestors a similarly placed special adaptation to just such a life and environment. But how much greater should be our interest in the unfortunate thousands who, by training, experi-

ence, mental and physical inheritance or personal talents, belong to the same world of culture and affluence and professional dignity in which we ourselves so calmly and unconcernedly move.

The aristocratic proletarians, the decayed gentlefolk, have thus far received more practical attention than the intellectual proletarians—the men and women belonging to the higher professions, doing, or capable of doing, work of a high order of dignity and social value, or, at least, possessing the advantage of a collegiate education or its equivalent, and yet living from hand to mouth, with no property of their own, very frequently with no assured income, and too often hopelessly and miserably destitute. And yet it is precisely this intellectual branch of the proletariat which presents the most conspicuous element (from some points of view, at least), in the poverty problem, and the one that calls most urgently for solution.

The producing power of the ordinary proletarian-born, and of the ordinary "aristocratic proletarian" as well, is either quantitatively or qualitatively inferior. But the intellectual proletariat, as a class, possesses a very high degree of potentiality for public service, and the question of the utilization of this power should receive close attention from that new political economy which embraces within its purview mental and moral wealth as well as material.

The intellectual proletariat may be divided into two very diverse classes, arising from causes equally distinct. One of these classes is mentally incompetent or commonplace, and its existence is due to an abnormal oversupply of brainworkers. The other is mentally well-equipped, and its existence is due to an abnormal deficiency in the provision for the maintenance of those producers and distributors of intellectual wealth who are among the most useful members of society.

The first class, which might be more justly classified as the pseudo-intellectual proletariat, may be made to include the well-educated persons who, by ancestry and early association, belong properly to the cultured and professional classes, but who by the vicissitudes of life have been brought into a more or less dependent position. But these persons should more properly be classed under the head of the aristocratic proletariat, their condition in no way resulting from their own intellectual aspirations or pretensions.

The typical pseudo-intellectual proletarian is the man or woman who, with no special qualifications, has embraced a career possessing, or supposed to possess, a more intellectual and dignified character than the handicraft or trade in which he or she was born, or which was followed by his or her immediate progenitors. This class would deserve no sympathy were its members personally responsible for their false ambition; but the responsibility in most cases rests with the parents, who are not content to see their children following an avocation by which they have themselves earned a comfortable livelihood, and therefore give them to understand that they are destined for a higher station in life. Such unfortunate youths are often sent to undergo a collegiate education by which they do not possess a sufficiently delicate brain-structure to enable them to profit, and deliberately deprived of that kind of training and experience which would have enabled them to be of real use in the world.

It is hard to sacrifice the traditional idea that all the avenues of honor and dignity and power are open to every ambitious and industrious youth. But it is impossible to conceive of any error more preposterously false and more frightfully pernicious. There are a certain number of functions to be performed in human society, and each of these functions gives employment to a certain number of persons. Under any given condition the number of functions remains absolutely constant, and the proportion of the population needed for their proper fulfillment remains approximately constant. Neither of these factors can be materially affected by an increase in the number of aspirants to any given position.

In the supposition that every member of society were perfectly competent to fulfill the highest functions, the number of persons needed in manual occupations, and compelled by circumstances to engage in them, would remain practically unchanged. If every citizen combined the virtue of an archangel with the genius of a Napoleon, a Dante or a Michael Angelo, this Utopian state of affairs would result, not by any means in the expansion of the professions supposed to be most honorable, but in the performance with a perfection hitherto unknown of all the functions necessary or useful to society. Under such impossible conditions every occupation would be dignified and glorified by the superior qualities of those engaged in it.

The true and normal idea, therefore, which should be held constantly before the eyes of the young is the fulfillment, as perfectly as possible, of all the duties of the position and state of life to which one is Providentially assigned; that is to say, save in the case of very exceptional circumstances or strongly-marked tastes and talents of a different kind, the state of life to which the parents belonged.

It cannot be too strenuously insisted upon that it is far more honorable for the son to fill excellently well the position in society that his father filled before him than for him to try his hand at something else and make a botch of it; and that, where a boy has not given unmistakable evidence of a genuine innate proclivity to another profession, his chances for success are vastly greater in the parental pursuit than any other, especially when his ancestors have been similarly employed for several generations.

It would be uncandid to deny that the dignity of labor is directly proportional to that of the ends which it pursues, the materials it employs and the powers which it brings into play. Public services are, therefore, higher than private, altruistic efforts higher than egoistic, brainwork higher than handwork, the learned profession higher than handicraft, philosophy higher than science, literature higher than art. But the humblest service, if it be faithfully and joyfully rendered, has a worth and dignity of its own, and many compensations for the relative inferiority which it has, compared with other pursuits of a higher order of public utility. The humblest labor is, as a rule, the most necessary, and he who performs it is less burdened with care and responsibility than those who fill the more exalted posts. True happiness is oftener found in a peasant's cot than under a kingly crown is a sentiment so long and so often repeated that it has become a commonplace; and this is the deliberate and final verdict of human experience.

If the pseudo-intellectual proletarians or their offspring are driven back to the plough and the bench, this is the best thing that can happen to them. The overcrowding of the professions and of "kid-glove occupations" of the clerkship type will cease just as soon as the people at large can be taught once more the lessons that all mankind had learned from bitter experience thousands of years before modern Liberalism began to sap the very foundations of social order.

But entirely different questions arise when we come to deal with the true intellectual proletariat, and they call for very dissimilar solutions. While, as we have seen, the class we have just been considering is the result of over-production, that which now invites our attention is due to under-consumption, which two terms are by no means equivalent, either in the material or the moral orders.

The real intellectual proletariat consists of those proletarians (persons possessing no property except, perhaps, a few household chattels) who have chosen as a life-work some line of intellectual or artistic activity to which they have experienced a genuine vocation, but which does not yield them anything more than the barest means of livelihood, and sometimes not even that. Some members of this class are college graduates and others owe whatever learning and acquired skill they possess to their own independent personal efforts. Large numbers of them are of humble origin, but a majority probably come of a more or less cultured and intellectual ancestry. Many of them are doing, or are capable of doing, work of the highest value to society at large; and in numerous cases their straitened or precarious condition is due to a steadfast refusal to abandon the higher field in which they are exceptionally competent for occupations far more remunerative but less calculated to promote the public good. Not a few of them have been compelled, by force of circumstances, to eke out a livelihood by work for which they are not fitted and in which the energies which should have been the source of incalculable advantages to the present and future generations are exhausted in all but fruitless activities. Such lives often become notorious failures in the eyes of those who surround them or are acquainted with them, and the spirit of the worker is utterly crushed beneath a load of debt and the obloquy which it usually entails. And yet it happens with startling frequency that the very man or woman who dies in poverty and disgrace comes to be recognized by future ages as one of the brightest ornaments of the age and nation, and one of the greatest public benefactors that the generation has produced.

The same false philosophy which encourages the children of the people to turn away with contempt from the work they are competent to do, and to presumptuously aspire to that in which

they are foredoomed to failure, heaps contumely upon the man who has been unsuccessful in a financial sense, however great may be his powers and his actual public service, especially in the more subtle spheres of thought and taste. It is an axiom with the mammon-worshippers that no one ever fails who deserves to succeed, and that he who can render valuable services is sure to find due employment and emolument for his talents. Poverty, therefore, is to them an incontrovertible evidence of incompetence. They also look upon debt, which is almost the inevitable result of an effort to maintain, even in a modest way, the dignity of a brain-worker's life outside of the beaten paths of mediocrity and selfishness, as an equally satisfactory evidence of dishonesty, although, strange to say, no such disgrace seems to attach to it when it arises from failure in business.

There is an economic principle at stake here which is of the highest importance, but which has never yet received the recognition it deserves. The market value of any immaterial commodity, or the immaterial part of any commodity, is in inverse ratio to the quality and scope of its utility. The higher kinds of value are at a disadvantage because their present necessity is less obvious and urgent, and the utility which is most distributed is least appreciated by individuals.

Hence it is that the labor which is of the greatest benefit to the race is least likely to obtain a prompt and just remuneration. He who labors for posterity must look to posterity for its reward, and before it comes he will have passed beyond the reach of any earthly emoluments save a tardy glory. Many of the greatest material inventions have been made possible only by preceding discoveries of no apparent practical value; and the votaries of pure science by whom these were made must have starved to death had their existence depended upon what they could have earned by means of these priceless labors. Unfortunately, the more prodigious the genius that a man possesses, the less likely he is to have, together with it, the qualities necessary for success in any other field but that to which he is adapted by nature. If, then, the very loftiness of his task, and the very universality and immortality of his worth, are likely to make both unappreciated, it would appear that the most precious elements in the body-politic are liable to sterilization and destruction.

This should, indeed, be the case if the reward of public labors were necessarily dependent on private self-interest. What would become of civil society if no provision were made for the support of those upon whom the burdens of administration fall?

The solution of the problem before us is to be found in the recognition of the fact that the scientist, the artist, the philosopher or the man of letters who is doing worthy work is performing a notable service (just how notable time only can tell, in most cases), to society at large and is entitled to receive from it an adequate remuneration for his services. This principle may not have been definitely formulated, but it has been acted on ever since the dawn of civilization. History tells us that the greatest masterpieces of art and literature have been produced, and the greatest achievements of thought and scholarship have been performed, precisely in those times and countries where the most generous patronage was extended to artists, scholars and men of letters.

Those princes and states which have most excelled in this respect are precisely the ones that are to-day held in most honored memory. Wise kings learned, centuries ago, that the surest way to secure immortality and fame was to spread the mantle of their royalty around the shoulders of the immortals. The patron of poets and historians and artists has lived on in song and story and marble, while greater potentates guilty of the single fault of neglecting to minister to the favorites of the Muses have gone down to the shades unhonored and unsung. In the golden ages of learning and art wealthy citizens have vied with princes in their patronage of the workers in these highest fields of human activity.

This is one of the lessons of history that seems to have been unlearned in the confusion of the modern political and economic revolutions. Curiously enough, democratic states have thus far shown themselves less inclined to foster the higher and most disinterested forms of labor than monarchical and aristocratic governments have usually been. The modern republics have left their artists and savants and litterati to shift for themselves, and very few modern millionaires have shown the slightest inclination to play the part of Mæcenas. In former ages eminent churchmen have often filled this noble role, but with

the exception of some of the Roman Pontiffs it would be hard to point out a single modern prelate of any nation or creed who has been distinguished as a patron of either art or science or letters.

The result of the neglect of this important sociological function has been to encourage mediocrity and stifle genius. Those who are capable of the best work in the highest fields are, as a rule, either discouraged and soured at the outset, starved to death, driven into uncongenial occupations, in which their public utility is reduced to a minimum, or seduced into an utter prostitution of their powers to purely mercenary ends. Even those who succeed in writing their names on the tablets of fame are not sufficiently care-free to accomplish more than a tithe of what might justly have been anticipated from them under more favorable conditions. By this destruction or sterilization of genius humanity is cheated or defrauded of its greatest glories and blessings, and occasion is given to those jeremiads about the deficiency of really great men and great masterpieces in our times to which we have long ago become accustomed.

The latent powers of man are pretty much the same in all ages and countries, and, if anything, should increase with the enlargement of collective experience and the accumulation of hereditary aptitudes. If "mute, inglorious Miltons" live and die among us without achieving anything worthy of the laurel, may it not be because the conditions for high achievement are lacking?

Any petty state or any single multi-millionaire that should seriously enter upon the admirable task of fostering art and learning and letters and extending substantial patronage to the really worthy workers in these fields who stand in need of it, would achieve an enduring glory beside which the memory of all other nations and individuals of the present age, save the masters themselves, would pale into utter insignificance. That court or that salon would become the home and nursery of immortals in a new epoch of prodigious achievement of far more profound and lasting value than all our material inventions have hitherto achieved.

The Philistine will exclaim: "In this age of manly independence it would be shameful to accept patronage either from a government or an individual. No self-respecting man will ac-

cept money that he has not earned." And yet these same people see nothing dishonorable in the accumulation by a single individual, in the space of a very few years, by means of crafty economic machinations, of vaster fortunes than any ten men could really earn in a century. It is highly creditable, in their eyes, for one who has rendered no public service to enrich himself, even at the expense of untold suffering to multitudes of one's fellows, by legal appropriation of the goods of others, but ignoble for the man or woman whose works will minister to the delight, inspiration and instruction of all future generations to accept a livelihood at the hands of one whom he is able to repay with immortal honor. It is proper to heap up wealth by the abuse of a public trust, or by means of bounties, monopolies or other special business privileges granted by the government at the expense of the people, but scandalous to receive from the public treasury a modest compensation for public benefits of a value far beyond all material reckoning.

Shame on such base estimates of value, such distorted conceptions of justice! He who produces a masterpiece of art or literature, he who enlarges the boundaries of human knowledge, he who interprets and unifies facts already known, so as to reveal their vital coherence and their cosmic significance, and thus creates or enlarges the sublime synthesis which is the highest goal of intellectual activities, such a man is rendering to society a service which can never be adequately rated, but which it is bound in justice to offset by securing to him comfort, affluence and honor. Whoever is devoting his life in any way to the public good should receive corresponding emolument—from the public coffers, if it is not otherwise forthcoming—and he knows little who knows not that the most precious services are the ones for which no constitution or administrative scheme can definitely provide, and which cannot be obtained save when voluntarily offered by one whose vocation to the task is due to Nature's own anointing.

Something is done, even in our day, for the fulfillment of this important public duty. If, when history shall have pronounced her verdict, the Victorian age of literature shall be recognized as something more than a flattering epithet of courtier coinage, the credit for it will rest with the enlightened policy of the British government, which, during the present reign, has made

a practice of honoring with titles, decorations and pensions some, at least, of the most distinguished or favored poets, painters, inventors, scientists and other intellectual workers of that realm.

Bavaria owes more to her "mad kings" than to any other sovereigns or citizens that she has ever had. They have given her some of the most wonderful buildings in the world, inseparably united her name with that of Richard Wagner, and made her seat of government, Munich, a powerful competitor for the dignity of the world's esthetic metropolis.

More might well have been done in Victoria's name, and Ludwig might have done what he did more wisely, but posterity will never cease to honor them both for at least a serious effort to bequeath to it a worthy inheritance.

While the duty of patronizing art and letters belongs to the civil government, the shortcomings of the state in this regard should be made good by the intervention of the Church, and the shortcomings of both by the enterprise of private individuals. The very rich are in a sense stewards of the common wealth, and the very fact of the possession of a great superfluity of goods gives them a certain public character. It is only just that they should intervene to remedy the economic evils for meeting which no other provision has been made, and to reward those public benefactors to whom the state has shown itself ungenerous and unjust, as well as to facilitate labors for the public good which without their aid might never be performed. But if they are not moved by a love of justice to become patrons of the disinterested brain-workers, they should at least open their ears to the pleadings of an enlightened self-interest. However vast their possessions, the day will come when they must part from them. Others will step into their posts and sooner or later dissipate their accumulated treasures; the places that have known them will know them no more, and their very names in a few short years will pass into oblivion. The only temporal commodities of which a dead man can retain any sort of personal possession are honor and fame, and the only secure way to purchase any large measure of these with money is to assist the sons of genius to do immortal work and to thus unite one's name inseparably with theirs. The foundation of a hospital, the endowment of a university, or any other institutional

benefaction, can have but a paltry post-mortem reward on this earth, compared with that which is gained by the fostering of one single genius of surpassing power.

Of course, real genius of any high degree is a rare gift of heaven, and but few among the literary and artistic désœuvrés and unfortunates possess even a latent capacity for immortal work. But the gods move among men in manifold and secure disguises, and it is only by encouraging and rewarding all who give signs of a serious vocation for an intellectual or esthetic career that one can earn the hope of being held in grateful remembrance by all future generations as the one who has made possible the master-works that delight and awe them.

It is evident that the elimination of the intellectual proletariat, and at the same time the full utilization of the special capacities for service to society that are present or latent in its members, can be readily accomplished by arousing governments and money-kings to their duties, privileges and interests in regard to this class.

The creation in every land of a civil pension list and other expedients for the governmental support of persons engaged in labor calculated to be of great good to society at large, but not readily marketable here and now, is one of the greatest needs of the hour. The accomplishment of this reform and the diffusion among the wealthy of a spirit of forwardness and emulation in the patronage of such persons so far as the measures taken by the state prove inadequate, would result not only in saving much precious material that is now going to waste, but also in giving a prodigious impetus to the higher arts and sciences, in greatly enhancing the national prestige and in relieving society, to a great extent, from the fearful dangers that threaten it from the confederated fury of real or spurious geniuses who hardened and envenomed by misfortune, come at last to concentrate all their energies on the disruption and annihilation, by lawless and desperate means, if need be, of the civilization to which they believe themselves to be indebted for nothing but cruel indignity and wrong.

It is the fashion to make light of the more violent class of Socialists and Anarchists, but they are the spark that may one day ignite the explosive materials hidden within the foundations of the social edifice, which certainly possess as much potential

energy to-day as they did in the fair days before the French Revolution. To open up an honorable and congenial career to the discontented geniuses in the ranks of the proletariat is equivalent to providing a safety-valve against social revolution; for without the initiative and concurrence of that class no such upheaval of society can ever take place.

MERWIN MARIE SNELL.

Albertus Magnus University, Wichita, Kans.

CATHOLICS IN NON-CATHOLIC COLLEGES.

"Why did you go to Cornell to study?" was asked me by one of the professors of a college of the Christian Brothers.

"Because at no Catholic college could I get an engineering education and at none could I get an education so cheaply," was my answer.

The professor mentioned two Catholic colleges that professed to give an engineering education, but admitted after a little conversation that they did not give an education like that I had obtained at Cornell, of which I gave him an account.

Now, I am not going to argue against Catholic colleges. I am satisfied that they have done much good and solid work under very adverse conditions. All that I propose to myself here is to state some facts which will go to explain why Catholics are frequently found attending colleges where their religion is not recognized as the true religion.

First of all there are some facts which, if borne in mind by parties engaged in the discussion of this aspect of the education question, would much simplify the matter. It is a fact that there is more than one way of giving an intellectual training. The study of Latin and Greek may be a good way; it is, however, distinctly not the only way. There is a certain class of minds that cannot be trained at all by means of them.

I have nothing to say against that college which says: "We have not the means to give any but this one kind of training." It would be an excellent reason for not trying anything else. Because you can't give any different kind of training and be-

cause with a great many minds it is as good as any, it does not follow that it is the only kind of training, and that no other kind is to be tolerated.

Again, it must be borne in mind that there is more than one way of governing students. The best way to treat boys may not be the best way for treating men. You can trust an established character to a greater extent than you can those whose character is not yet formed. It does not meet the point I wish to make to show that the average class of boy students needs constant looking after. I neither assert nor deny the contrary. I do, however, assert that there is a class of students that can be trusted to look after themselves.

The reason that Catholic colleges have no technical schools is obvious: they haven't got the money. To establish a school such as Catholic colleges generally are does not require a very large amount of money. Buildings are comparatively a small item of a technical school. I know, even in my time, \$250,000 was said to have been expended at Cornell on the laboratory of physics.

A technical school does not only mean a large investment of money but also a constant large expenditure. The fees of the scholars never can be sufficient to pay the expenses. Such a school must have an endowment. Without some source of revenue beyond tuition fees a first-class technical school is impossible. Now, none of the Catholic colleges have had endowments, and hence they have been unable to maintain technical schools.

You cannot get an engineering education by merely reading a text book on surveying. It needs more than looking through an old-fashioned theodolite to prepare one to handle a transit or a level. Because a professor knows through which end of a transit to look does not mean that he can help a student to become a surveyor, much less to become an engineer. To do genuine work preparing for the profession of engineering means the presence of a sufficient equipment, and also of men as professors who know how the equipment should be used.

A magnetic compass, too old and battered to be thought fit for use elsewhere, does not form an equipment for an engineering school. An air-pump and a Rumkorff coil do not form a laboratory of physics; nor is a chemical laboratory formed by

a bottle of hydrochloric acid, one of nitric acid and one of sulphuric acid, and a few test tubes and a Bunsen's burner. Yet, how often does the above, in a way, represent the equipment of colleges. That with a real genius as a teacher some good can be done even under such conditions may be true, but a complete equipment with only ordinary teachers promises better.

Then again, most Catholic colleges are conducted by religious orders. That among them, now and then, there may be a professor in every way fitted for any position in a technical school, I do not doubt. But it is only now and then. At any rate, in certain technical positions good work can be done only by persons with practical experience. An engineer who has been at the head of important engineering construction is better able to teach engineering students than one who has learned what he knows of engineering from books.

But the difficulty about professors is not so important as the difficulty of lack of equipment. The Catholics of America do not yet fully understand the needs of modern education. It is no longer the lack of money among Catholics that leaves Catholic colleges unendowed; the trouble is, Catholics have not yet learned to distribute their money in that way. With the exception of the Catholic University at Washington, I believe, not a single Catholic college has the slightest endowment. This I venture to say will not continue.

When money is bestowed for Catholic education, the donor should bear in mind that the true method for higher education is concentration of resources. One strong department adds strength to all the others. But one department cannot make a university. Fifty thousand dollars given to an already strong college will bring about greater results than many times that amount to a college weak in resources.

What, then, shall Catholics do? Shall they give up entering professions the education for which cannot be had in Catholic schools? I hardly think this will be urged. Every profession or business, not in itself wrong, is rightfully open to Catholics. Moreover, it may as well be understood, if this country is to become Catholic it will only be after Catholics obtain a full share of prominent positions open to them. The American people will not accept a religion which apparently curtails the

natural powers of the soul. Their test will not be the protestations of its advocates, but its practical working.

Decidedly, if everyone entering non-Catholic schools should lose their religion or become lax in its observance, the professions requiring such attendance should be condemned by Catholics. If, even of a small percentage, it could be shown such results followed, then such professions should be condemned by Catholics. Catholics believe their religion more important than anything else, and its loss the greatest of evils. Thinking so, there is no other position for them to take. Of course, because some Catholics do not leave a college as practical Catholics as they entered, does not necessarily prove that it was the college course that corrupted them. But, if there were steadily a percentage that showed deterioration, I would conclude against the course, even if I could not trace the influence directly to it.

It must be borne in mind in discussing this question that it is not the studies followed that determines the life of the student. If it were so I could conclude against Catholic education, for I have seen Catholic educated men who in the test of life have been found wanting. If, then, Catholic methods do not always force good results, it is evident that all failures cannot be traced to educational methods.

I am not certain that entirely too much dependence is not placed upon educational methods. Is the average of those who go to Catholic colleges until eighteen or nineteen much better than that of those who stop five or six years sooner? Most of our Catholic youth at work in the great cities are independent of guidance at a very early age. Some of them fall, but a goodly number hold to the right. I think the percentage that holds to the right is fully as great as among those who continue under tutelage four or five years longer. I do not think that this condemns the educational methods, but it does show that they are not everything.

When a boy is eighteen or nineteen years old his future depends a good deal more upon himself than it does upon his professors. A Christian life depends upon what you make yourself. It is not so much a knowledge to be known as a life to be lived. Moreover, it is not always those whose life paths are made most smooth who do the least stumbling.

During my time there were a considerable number of Catholics at Cornell. Certainly among them there was no great loss to Catholicity. Those that entered college as practical Catholics left as such. I know that Father Lynch, who was pastor of the Ithaca church in my time, always spoke of the Catholic students in the highest terms. My experience is conclusive at least upon one point: Catholics can study at Cornell without losing their religion and without becoming lax in their religious duties.

I think the bracing effects of an atmosphere of opposition is underestimated by those who see only evil in the attendance of Catholics at non-Catholic colleges. The prejudices and misunderstandings, which obviously tend against the Church, are more than counterbalanced by the conscious opposition with which they are met. Catholicity is not always so weak in the hearts of students as many are prone to believe. The real hurt comes from the adoption of non-Catholic principles without knowing their tendencies. This danger is not so very much greater at college than elsewhere in a country like ours.

The most marked feature at Cornell to a Catholic was the general air of surprise that a man desiring education should be a Catholic. This was not noticeable among the professors, but it was to a certain extent among the students and markedly so among the people of Ithaca. This is something not at all attached only to college life, it is yet the general note in small places. That it has an influence upon weak-kneed Catholics is unquestionable. But only to those that start in with a faltering faith, who try to hide their Catholicity, does it do harm. It tends the other way with those who have a firm faith and who are not ashamed of the religion they profess. As I have already intimated, the professors did not attempt to influence Catholics in their religion. They were especially careful in general, in touching upon religious subjects, not to say anything to hurt the feelings of any student. In quite a number of instances many of the prejudices of Protestants were condemned. Moreover, in most of the studies, there was no need of touching upon religious topics. In fact, in nearly all the technical courses religion was not touched upon in any way.

No distinctly anti-Catholic doctrines were allowed in my time. I know when Professor Adler began lecturing on what was

called Hebrew literature, but which was really comparative religion treated from a naturalistic standpoint, he did not continue for any great length of time.

The courses in philosophy and history are most likely to be found objectionable by Catholics. The course in philosophy in my time was rather elementary, but was decidedly not atheistical. A good part of it, I do not doubt, could have been fitted into a sound Catholic course. But since that time the course has been completely changed, and I question very much whether it has been for the better.

The class of students it is proposed to govern makes a big difference in the methods of discipline most suitable. If we start with the idea of having a lot of boys, one set of rules will be needed; but if we start with the idea that the students will be men, something entirely different will be in order. Catholics have already a sufficient number of drill schools for boys, what is needed is a college for men.

That men can be had for a Catholic college is certain. If the faculty steadily refuses to accept those who act like boys, it will not be long before only men will attend. Absolutely refuse to have a preparatory department, then have a high entrance standard to make certain that idlers cannot enter, and make the tests in the way of examinations severe, so that dawdlers cannot stay, and it will not be long before you will have students that will not need constant coddling. Such students can be treated as men, as rational beings, and deserve to be so treated.

At Cornell the students are not required to room in the university buildings, they are free to room anywhere in town. I can heartily commend this system. In my time the majority of the students had rooms at private houses in the town and ate their meals at students' eating clubs. That this system worked for the best I have not the slightest doubt. If I were to go over my college career I would assuredly, other things being equal, go where the methods, in this respect, were like those of Cornell.

Nearly all the foolish and wrong acts that disgrace college life are concocted by a crowd. Among a crowd of students the silliest seems most influential. Where the student body is divided up, as it is when the students room in private houses, most of these follies are done away with. More than this, I

think the average tone of the students is higher when their associations are not all of one class.

But some one will say, the opportunities for doing wrong are made easy. In a certain sense this is true, in another not. First of all it must be taken into consideration that I am supposing a selected class of students. Now, with them certainly the opportunity for doing wrong does not mean the doing wrong. There are each year growing up in our cities young working-men whose every motions are not watched, yet whose religion is sufficient to keep them in the right path. There is no reason why we can't have students with whom religion is as much a reality as it is among the young men mentioned.

It must be borne in mind that in a real college there will be no time for the student to waste. A real college has no more use for idlers than life has anywhere. Those that attempt to idle at college should be ruthlessly weeded out. Their place is where such people are made to go straight, but college life should not be molded to suit their cases.

That Catholic students at Cornell have been an influence for good in the village life of Ithaca I firmly believe. They have been the cause of the removal of much of the old-time prejudice against Catholicity. Their entrance and continuance at Cornell shows that they are not lacking in intellectual capacity, and that settles the prejudice that only the ignorant are Catholic. The lives of the Catholic students also must have squared in the majority of cases with their religion. It does not take people long to distinguish in those who live among them what in their lives is the result of their religion and what exists in spite of their religion. I think the showing has been favorable to Catholicity.

F. J. KRAMER.

Denver.

EMERSON AND HIS BIOGRAPHERS.

A MEMOIR OF RALPH WALDO EMERSON. BY JAMES E. CABOT.
TWO VOLUMES, 12MO. 1888-89. HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN &
CO., BOSTON.—OTHER ESTIMATES OF EMERSON.

I think it was in 1869 that the Rev. Dr. William H. Furness, of Philadelphia, one memorable day took from a bookcase in his library a pet copy of Emerson's "May Day and Other Poems," and with a rich and quiet eloquence read me these grand lines from the "Problem:"

"Out of the heart of nature roll'd
The burdens of the Bibles old;
The litanies of nations came,
Like the volcano's tongue of flame,
Up from the burning core below."

I had just withdrawn from the Presbyterian ministry, on account of doubts and a tendency to liberal views, and we had been talking about ancient and modern theories of "Biblical Inspiration." The reader will readily understand that this quotation, so made, left a ray of light behind it which greatly aided me, as the same lines have aided hundreds of other earnest persons in their search for the truth relating to the fact and doctrine men name as "Divine Inspiration." I am not discussing that here.

I had, in previous years, read "Nature," and had looked into some of Emerson's published essays, but had thrown them down—literally as too flippant in their handling of Jesus and the true soul of religious faith—I mean the soul of martyrdom and its resulting atonements—though admittedly beautiful in their own spirit and language. From the day and hour just named, however, I was a convert to, and, in a limited, critical and always unsatisfied way, a worshipper of the man whose life I am here to review. I make this confession at the start, that unquestioning, merely admiring adorers and dear friends of Emerson may not be offended at any criticism here undertaken.

Mr. Cabot's books are beautiful in external appearance, and in their internal spirit, so far as that spirit is pervaded by the

genius of Emerson, so beautiful that I could wish them in the hands of every intelligent reader of the English language and translated into all the civilized languages of the world; but the books are very defective, overlapping and indefinite in their arrangement. Mr. Cabot is very unfortunate in his editorial, explanatory comment, and especially deserving of the severest censure for his manner of treating the well-known and world-honored Carlyle and Emerson relationship. Carlyle was the richest, deepest and strongest force that ever touched Emerson's adult life, and the man who does not see and know that, and who does not affirm it gladly, without carping and with unstinted praise for both men, while admitting their vast dissimilarity, is not fit to handle, describe or explain the life of Emerson or his work in the world.

On page 225, vol. i, of this "Memoir" (third edition, 1888), Mr. Emerson says: "What pity, instead of that equal and identical praise which enters into all biographies and spreads poppies over all, that writers of character cannot be *forced* to describe men so that they shall be known apart, even if it were copied from the sharp marks of botany, such as dry, solitary, sour, plausible, prosing," etc.

It is now, perhaps, generally understood among students that Mr. Cooke and Dr. Holmes and other eulogists of Emerson have not done very much in the biographical direction here so lucidly indicated.

On page 1 of the preface of this same first volume, Mr. Cabot says: "My object in this book (these books) has been to offer to the readers and friends of Emerson some further illustrations, some details of his outward and inward history that may fill out and define more closely the image of him they already have, rather than to attempt a picture which should (would) make him known to strangers or set him forth in due relation to his surroundings or to the world at large.

Plainly, from that sentence alone, Mr. Cabot is not our man; has not the stuff in him; never meant to produce such a biography as Emerson himself has just described; did not set out to do this; makes no claim to having done it, and therefore is not to be judged by any other standard of aim than by the one set up by himself, and here clearly, though rather loosely defined.

I shall put myself in Mr. Cabot's place and shall only judge his work in view of this very sentence.

Plainly, however, the biographer and biography of Emerson, at once and alike comprehensive of his age, his genius, life and teachings, and hence the condensed source and love-smitten vehicle of the benign and blessed ministry of these to the present and to future generations, yet remain unuttered; and it may be well to hint here that it is very doubtful if any New England man ever will do the work as it ought to be done, saturated as New England now is with a fashionable idolatry of Emerson, and all this but a poor temporary reaction from the true elder and earlier native and prevailing New England spirit, as expressed in the following lines by John Quincy Adams, and quoted by Mr. Cabot, on pages 410-411, vol. ii, of this "Memoir."

Mr. Cabot is nowhere satisfactory or definite enough in his arrangement of dates, and is constantly going back and forth with them; sometimes years ahead, and then again years behind the exact locality of his immediate utterance, and so frequently exasperating and puzzling where he ought to be sharp and clear as Concord sunlight in midwinter. But we must not forget Mr. Cabot's self-fixed limitations.

Somewhere about 1840—here the happy thought occurred to me that I might find the true date in John Quincy Adams' Diary, "vol. x, 345"—and it was August 2d, 1840, Communion Sunday, and after meeting, that Mr. Adams wrote in his Diary: . . .

"The sentiment of religion is at this time, *perhaps*" (happy word), "more potent and prevailing in New England than in any other portion of the Christian world" (particularly in one J. Q. Adams, if you please, and no lack of genuine Adams' modest insight into that fact). "For many years since the establishment of the theological school at Andover, the Calvinists and Unitarians have been battling with each other upon the Atonement, the Divinity of Jesus Christ and the Trinity. This has very much subsided, but this wandering of minds takes the place of that, and equally lets the wolf into the fold." (John Q. himself was a Unitarian or nothing, but) "A young man named Ralph Waldo Emerson, a son of my once-loved friend William Emerson, and a classmate of my lamented George, after *failing in the every-day avocations* of a Unitarian preacher

and school-master, starts a new doctrine of Transcendentalism, declares all the old revelations superannuated and worn out, and announces the approach of new revelations and prophecies. Garrison and the Non-resistant Abolitionists, Brownson and the Marat Democrats, phrenology and animal magnetism—all come in, furnishing each some plausible rascality as an ingredient for the bubbling caldron of religion and politics."

Of course it would be difficult to find a passage in all the writings of New England that contained more moral blindness, conceit and actual falsehood. But in reality this expresses the genius of the entire Adams brood or broods, from the famous "Sam" through different lines to this particular J. Q. A. and, *perhaps*, to his children. But it also expresses the real and prevailing genius of New England as related to moral and spiritual truth from the hour the early Puritans sent Ann Hutchinson to her exile and death till the hour that Mr. Cabot, in these volumes, flung his poor condemnations at the supposed pessimism of Carlyle.

It states the real attitude of New England toward the real soul and meaning of Emerson to this hour; and in it there is a strange mixture of "Christian" hardness, insight and utter falsehood.

Mr. Adams thought the kingdom had almost come in Boston in 1840, but he saw clearly that Abolitionism—now seen to have been the only word of Christ to that generation—was simply a "rascality."

John Q. Adams was as clear-headed as Judas, before he hanged himself, and his grandsons are very characteristic chips of the old Plymouth rock, yet, *perhaps*, in these very hours officers in some of New England's newest "Emerson Joints" and idolatrous Emerson societies, proving that your Puritan, well sifted, is a many-sided, questionable kind of man.

He never could bear the truth or endure any man who ever saw and uttered it.

Emerson was a vast improvement on the ancient or modern Puritan, but he, too, wanted very much be let alone; to say or sing as his mood pleased, and he took very charingly and only in a dim poetic way to Jesus, to Paul not at all and to Abolitionism or any acute moral energy only at a distance, smilingly and admiringly, if only it would not bother anybody or run counter to Judge Hoar.

Mr. Adams was an excellent gentleman, fairly versed in American politics, but he knew no more about religion than an old hen knows about swimming, and he only blundered, just where we all blunder, in talking loudest about the subjects we least understand. Mr. Emerson had not failed either as a teacher or a preacher; representative Abolitionists were never rascals; Non-resistant Quakers were always better Christians than the best New England Puritans; and J. Q. Adams was simply a mistaken, presumptuous old Pharisee. I ask his descendants' pardon.

I am not forgetting my text, and must now take Mr. Cabot's "further illustrations," in their order, and follow our hero from his early "scarcity of meal" to his final crowns of love and flowers.

It is generally understood that the Rev. William Emerson, minister of the First Church in Boston at the dawn of this century, and father of our Waldo, was the fourth or fifth or sixth generation of Emerson Puritan orthodox and heterodox preachers; hence, by law of nature and providence, that New England was more or less a debtor to this excellent family; and it is with a touch of bitterness that one reads in these volumes that after the Rev. William Emerson's death, his widow and children were often in need of and the recipients of friendly charity.

Had the Emersons been priests in the Roman Catholic Church, the Rev. William and the Rev. Waldo would have had a more thorough theological training than fell to their lot, and by other methods than universal suffrage must have been among the honored popes and cardinals of the future. Verily Protestantism is beautiful in some things, and in others it is very despicable.

I do not forget that Emerson said long afterward:

"I like a priest, I like a cowl,
I love a prophet of the soul,
* * * * *
But not for all his faith can see,
Would I that cowed bishop be."

But if he had enjoyed a more thorough theological training he might have sung in a higher key. And I do not easily forgive New England for the Emersonian "scarcity of meal."

Mr. Cabot takes considerable pains to definitize the locality in Boston where Ralph Waldo Emerson was born, "May 25th, 1803," Sunday, and there is a quaint Emersonian humor in the Rev. William's entry in his diary for that day:

"Mr. Puffer preached his Election Sermon to great acceptance. This day, also, whilst I was at dinner at Governor Strong's, my son, Ralph Waldo, was born" (the father not at home at the time, it would seem, and no need of his being there). "Mrs. E. well. Club at Mr. Adams'." If Mr. Adams and Mr. William Emerson had been more religious, Waldo might have turned out better. Mr. Adams was partly to blame. There was no especial demonstration made over the appearance of the new Puritan star; no reports of angelic hosts at the club or elsewhere in Boston. The angels, in fact, had long since ceased to bother New England. The era of angels was going out, and the age of "clubs," at Mr. Adams' and elsewhere, was rapidly coming in. But the young Waldo had arrived, and, no doubt, then, as since, "his angels" were aware of the fact, and had the youngster in charge.

The Rev. William Emerson and his wife, like most genteel people, were disinclined to demonstrations of affection with their children; they gave them plenty of Scripture and Latin grammar, but not too many kisses. They were serious, still a deeply-humorous people for generations. And if parts, Poverty and Providence make the man, as philosophers will have it, our young Waldo came into the world well endowed. The Emersons were among the best representatives of the early Puritan aristocracy or spiritual talent and ecclesiastical position as opposed to our modern and contemptible aristocracy of money.

"They all believed in poverty, and would have nothing to do with Uncle John, of Topsfield, who had a grant of land and was rich."

Very likely, Uncle John, on his part, might have had a disinclination toward his poor and proud relations. It would have been most natural, and that phase of the theme is worth elucidating, but not here.

The references to Waldo's boyhood, found in Mr. Cabot's volumes, are contradictory, hence unsatisfactory, and there is no attempt at reconciliation. They are delightfully interesting, but need the touch of a student's hand.

"Somewhere in his journals he" (Mr. Emerson) "speaks of a time when he was a 'chubby boy' trundling a hoop in Chauncey Place, and spouting poetry from Scott and Campbell at the Latin School." But, plainly, Mr. Cabot does not like the "chubby;" it does not suit his ideal of the young Waldo, and he is quick to add, "But I find no other evidence of play or chubbiness." Give me a year over Emerson's papers and I will find whole pages of evidence, all nodding and smiling in this direction.

The Rev. Dr. William H. Furness, of Philadelphia, a schoolmate of Waldo, and one of his choicest lifelong friends, comes much nearer to Mr. Cabot's heart and ideal. I have already said enough of Dr. Furness to indicate in what loving veneration I hold him, but for nearly twenty years I have seen that he, long since, had allowed his heart to color the sight of his eyes, so far as Ralph Waldo Emerson was concerned, not willingly or consciously, much less willfully. It is the fate and charm of all true love to idealize and glorify its own. I am fascinated with Dr. Furness' talk and memories of Waldo Emerson, but I do not see our hero through the eyes of his Philadelphia worshipper.

Dr. Furness says: "I can recall but one image of him as playing, and that was on the floor of my mother's chamber. I don't think he ever engaged in boys' plays, not because of any physical inability, but simply because, from his earliest years, he dwelt in a higher sphere."

The cool reader will catch the halo here. In the background bright wings already hover, and over against it, in the foreground, we will write Emerson's own "*chubby boy*," and bide our time.

Judge Loring was another school friend, and from him Mr. Cabot has a helping word toward a true picture of young Waldo.

"In school and college he was liked for his equable temper and firmness, but was not demonstrative enough to be eminently popular. . . . He was not vigorous in body, and therefore not a champion in athletic sports; but I do not remember that he shunned play or boyish fun."

A somewhat delicate, dainty, conscious of poverty, conscious of genius and conscious of character sort of boy; a little above the average height, hair a dark-brown, not chestnut, but a shade

darker than that; clear, meditative blue eyes; prominent nose, always close lips, hiding a latent smile; a face for thought, almost for dreams, but tending rather to shrewdness back of its shyness; facing an age and a world unlike itself and with other aims, the world's aims to be respected, but not openly sought, and with all, a boy and young man when in right company decidedly fond of a joke with a Scriptural turn, or a bearing upon the idiosyncrasies of other boys, women and men; not exactly dwelling in another sphere, but decidedly with chaste motives toward that sphere, and with feet and thoughts clothed with honor in their march thitherward.

His like there was not in all New England at that time, and Mr. Cabot's "further illustrations" are as welcome as April primroses or daffodils that come before the swallows dare and take the winds of March with beauty.

As a student, Waldo Emerson, alike in tastes and habits, belonged to the eclectic university methods, rather than to our common school, modern college, academy and cramming methods of education.

His aunt, Miss Mary Moody Emerson, is the strongest and most clearly and deeply religious American character touched in these pages, and though she loved and believed in Waldo from the day of his birth to the day of her death, she frequently complained of his lack of application and concentration, lack of steadiness of purpose and fixedness of aim, lack of practical religious faith, and of his tendency to *joking* in boyhood and young manhood—decidedly not in another sphere, it would seem.

She says of herself: "I love to be a vessel of cumberliness to society." But that does not discredit her sight of Waldo's moods and aims. It is folly to try to make a god of this man.

At one time she wrote him: "They (his circumstances) appeared too easy and rhyme-like; and she feared he might be tempted to pause on the threshold of the ministry and give himself up to a mere literary life." And again: "Is the muse become faint and mean? Ah! well she may; and better, far better, she should leave you wholly till you have prepared for her a celestial abode. Poetry, that soul of all that pleases; the philosophy of the world of sense; the Iris, the bearer of the re-

semblances of uncreated beauty; yet, with these gifts, you flag! Your muse is mean, because the breath of fashion has not puffed her. You are not inspired at heart, because you are the nursling of surrounding circumstances," etc. Not a poet for reasons that will be duly seen.

Of this person Mr. Cabot remarks, among other compliments: "She was a very strange saint and exemplified the exaltation of faith over works to an extent that made her hard to live with." But she understood Waldo Emerson far better than Mr. Cabot has ever understood him.

In a word, she could stand no nonsense. Later in life Mr. Emerson himself spoke of her as "the heir of whatever was rich and profound and efficient in thought and emotion in the old religion which planted and peopled this land. . . . And so; though we all flout her and contradict her and compassionate her whims, we all stand in awe of her *penetration*, her *indignant, eloquent conscience*, her *poetic and commanding reason*." And Mr. Emerson understood his Aunt Mary far better than Mr. Cabot has ever understood her.

In a word she was a Christian of the old style and with all that is implied in Mr. Emerson's "commanding reason." She was not a mere "creed-Christian," as the people of the West denominate our later and too often spurious species. She knew and saw clearly that what was highest, deepest and richest in her own being, and enjoyment came to her through the natural-supernatural energy of religious faith, by spiritual influence and "the grace of God." She saw that Waldo was breaking away from this; did not grasp it in his early poetic or prose efforts, and her words, as just quoted, have the flashing fire of prophecy as they describe Ralph Waldo Emerson's entire career. He never stuck at any question or thing long enough to conquer it.

I am glad that Waldo was a beneficiary at Harvard; am delighted at all the gifts he ever received. New England owed the family millions where it ever gave them scores of dollars. But I am pained to learn in these volumes that he was for several quarters or terms waiter at the college class meals. This, though sought for its pay, must have been a bitter trial, and it is useless to veil or hide the humiliation.

But when the gods undertake to make a man they do manage somehow to hew all the nonsense out of him that they possibly

can, and, at all times, New England, in her own mediocre conceit, has been too ready to humiliate her ablest souls. Emerson, Phillips and Sumner are all instances at our very doors.

From his earliest days Waldo Emerson was, par excellence, what he, later in life, very inadequately described Goethe as being—"the writer or secretary"—though voicing his own words and ideas.

Judge Loring says that at the Boston Latin School Waldo's "compositions were graceful and correct: this made their quality, and, I think, describes his exercises at college as well as at school." He very early began to be "careful with his sentences," alike in speaking and writing: now and again speaks of himself as "trying to *frame* a sentence on this or that theme." At college he had taken to Byron and Scott, but was doubtful of Coleridge and Wordsworth, decidedly not yet of another sphere, but of this sphere. So everywhere in the man's life: sentiment overruled the deeper consciousness of eternal law and eternal love.

During and after his college course he did good work as a school teacher, but never liked the vocation, and this phase of his life Mr. Cabot very pleasingly describes.

"In poetry, too, Mr. Emerson showed some skill, and was always ready to turn off squibs on college matters or songs for festive occasions." Not always dwelling in another sphere, you see.

"Upon the whole he felt at the end of his college course that the college had done little for him;" and his brush at theological study was simply as good as nil. Eyes were weak, health not good, and simply there was no man at Harvard in those days that could teach him any theology he did not already know, or that was worth learning.

During his college years and for many years afterward Mr. Emerson's "ambition was to be a professor of rhetoric and elocution;" and I hold that this is a beacon light indicating the true caliber of the man. Parental precedent and prestige, however, and family surroundings all crowded him toward the Unitarian pulpit.

"Sunday, April 24th, 1824," he wrote in his journal, "I am beginning my professional studies. In a month I shall be legally a man; and I deliberately dedicate my time, my talents and my

hopes to the Church." Alas! how can a man dedicate himself against his instincts?

"October 10th, 1826, he was 'approved to preach' by the Middlesex Association of Ministers." On one of his candidate preaching tours he met Helen Tucker, his first wife, and here, apparently, is the only approach he ever made to anything like falling in love; all this is rather daintily but somewhat stiffly described in Mr. Cabot's pages.

"March 11th, 1829, Emerson was ordained as colleague of Mr. Ware," and in a short time "became the sole incumbent pastor of the Second Church," Boston. But it would not work. After a little he had questionings about stated public prayers, as if a man could not discipline himself into the mode of praying, as well as the mode of preaching, at stated times. He also had questionings as to the Lord's Supper; was unwilling to feel bound to the observance of either; lost his first wife; lost his Second Church; went to Europe; found Carlyle, and so, "by symbols and slow degrees," found his later career.

As late as February 3d, 1833, then thirty years old, he wrote in his journal, in the Harbor of Malta: . . . "I spend my Sunday, which shines with but little Sabbath light. . . . So rude and unready am I sent into the world. . . . I believe it's sound philosophy that wherever we go, whatever we do, self is the sole object to study and learn." By this time he had studied the New Testament; he had also studied Hume and Montaigne, and to more purpose, and had not, up to this time, ever been baptized with any spiritual abandoned consecration of himself and all he was or could do to the highest spiritual uses of man. He was of a beautiful spirit, meant well, but by no means a Christian, or a Christian minister, in any true sense of that term.

Later, April 18th, 1833, in a letter to his aunt, Miss Mary Moody Emerson, after saying many beautiful things, he speaks of Jesus as "That excellent Teacher . . . who has done so much to raise and comfort human life, and who prized sincerity more than sacrifice," but who, "cannot exist to me as he did to John. My brothers, my mother, my companions, must be much more to me, in all respects of friendship, than he can be." But while one loves this sincerity, and could embrace and honor the man, it is plain to the simplest true Christian that Emerson had

not learned aright the real principles of the teachings of Jesus, what Mr. Arnold called their "secret," and did not understand him or his relations to history and the world.

Mr. Emerson learned very slowly that the ministry was not his vocation. He had too many ideas and not enough stomach or vital energy to become a popular preacher; was, besides, too indefinite, unsteady and changeable in his so-called beliefs to satisfy the creed-bound churches of his day. Personally he had no belief in the ceremonies or sacraments of baptism or the "Lord's Supper," and he was too sincere and manly to go through these or other formulas, touching the refinements and culture of the human soul, in a mere perfunctory way, after the manner of the average priest and preacher. So he took to "selling tickets" for lectures before lyceums and such public audiences as cared to hear him. In these lectures he veiled his essential radicalism behind the polished phrases of transcendental language, which meant sometimes much, and sometimes nothing at all, except the beautiful art of words.

Mr. Emerson was really no more at home as a lecturer than he was as a preacher; but some sort of a respectable living had to be earned, and this looked like his only way. From his lectures and his old sermons he selected sentences and sections, and turned them into books, and so by a thousand dainty martyrdoms gave us the fine volumes we all love and admire. His books are a picture of his own refined and undefined and indefinite life. To be appreciated they must be read by an earnest, awakened, inquiring, receptive mind. Then there is a beautiful inspiration in them. But if a man of mature life and settled thought and critical insight reads them in cold blood, they seem rambling, impractical, loose-jointed, dreamy, almost meaningless, except for a bottom strata of shrewd Yankee sense that will or may always be found alike in the man and in his writings.

For all this it is understood that Mr. Emerson's literary work, covering a period of nearly thirty years, brought him only about thirty thousand dollars of actual pay; less than the salary of many railroad presidents for one year; less wages, per week, or year, than a skilled mechanic can anywhere readily obtain. All this was sadly manifest toward the close of his life, when loving charity, instead of honest pay, had to tide him and his family

through his declining years. It is simply a burning shame, and yet we call ourselves civilized, and dream that we are a Sabbath-keeping, just and a God-fearing people.

A friend of mine has said: "If a clever man falls poor in these days, and is willing to turn beggar, our rich people will readily feed him, and clothe him, and give him spending money; if he is still further willing to turn slave and serve their ends, they will even choose him for mayor of the city or governor of a State, and cover him with honor; but if he will maintain his independence, and stand for truth or die, they will let him starve and be damned. To so fine a quality has the instinct of benevolence developed, and so utterly lacking is the instinct of justice and truth in the civilization of our times."

Emerson's finding of Carlyle and Londen, and, in fact, the entire episode or episodes of his first, second and third visits to Europe, and the deep mutual respect and affection that existed between Carlyle and Emerson throughout their lives are all described so much more vividly and justly in the two volumes of "Correspondence of Thomas Carlyle and Ralph Waldo Emerson" than they are in Mr. Cabot's volumes that I shall not dwell here on that phase of Emerson's life. Emerson always knew that Carlyle was, every day, the greater man of the two.

Between the years 1869 and 1872 I saw and talked with Emerson and Carlyle, each in his own home. I know from their spoken as well as from their written words what they thought of each other, but a man must have studied life in its largest aspects as well as in relation to Emerson and Carlyle before he can have any just word to say about this choicest and highest friendship of the nineteenth century. Mr. Cabot does not begin to understand it and I will not lose time or temper in contradicting his poor words. The foundation and full meaning of that friendship have not yet been explained.

All readers of Emerson literature know what a beautiful mutual admiration existed between the four sons of the Rev. William Emerson, and especially between Waldo and Edward. Always, I have been a skeptic as to Waldo's opinion of his brother Edward. The Emerson now known to the world was uniformly so kind in his expressed individual opinions of his New England relatives and friends that I always took his estimate of Edward about as I have taken his estimate of Dr.

Hedge, or Walt Whitman, or Judge Hoar, or Thoreau. Emerson was always partial to and hence never a good critic of New England writers and men. A man must be free and exalted here as well as in the pulpit if he will have a thought worth uttering or power to utter it. But I must not dwell on general ideas. I am greatly indebted to Mr. Cabot for his one brief quotation from a letter of Edward to his brother Waldo. It is only a fragment, but it is enough. I am converted. Edward Emerson was the stronger, clearer, more brilliant and sublime man of the two; but he was less inclined to spiritual or moral martyrdom than Waldo, and the bitter winds of insanity swept him into untimely glory.

"In a fragment of a letter, the last he ever wrote, Edward thanks him (Waldo) for his splendid offer (of mutual domicile), but says it is too luxurious, too full of the air of Eden, to be soberly embraced as a commonplace arrangement by one who has ever pierced his hands in each attempt to grasp a rose. Nevertheless, next year, when I come to you, we will talk over what there remains unfinished of the project."

Here is writing, here is poetry, every word, sharp, clear-cut and in its proper place and with its proper meaning, as if God's own recording angel had set it down. Here are genius, and beauty, and power, born to blush not wholly unseen or to waste their crisp and shining luster on the Puritan desert air.

This review may already have become tedious, and I will hasten to its close.

Mr. Cabot traces Emerson diligently through his career as preacher, lecturer and writer; gives reasons why the sermons have never been published, indicates that much Emerson matter besides the sermons still remains unpublished, describes his second marriage and reveals a strange caprice, shown by Emerson in changing his second wife's name from Lydia to Lydian because it sounded better with Emerson, which it did not; and here and there Mr. Cabot makes an ineffectual attempt at a general estimate of Emerson as related to his fellows, and to literature, and to general history, but fails in the latter from too much idealized affection. Mr. Cabot has never gotten far enough away from the New England atmosphere properly to estimate Boston's dearest child, and himself is not broad enough or sufficiently familiar with the eternal principles of the world's

overflow of soul or martyrdom. To deal properly with philosophers and prophets a man must himself have had a touch of the sacred universal fire. Mr. Cabot is neither prophet, poet nor philosopher. He is simply a commonplace, practical, New England writer, with vast New England prejudices.

Hardly a page of Mr. Cabot's volumes in my possession remains unmarked, and it would be easy to write a book instead of an article from thoughts covered by these annotations. I had especially intended to call attention to many early and later prose utterances of Emerson, and to show how much more of a poet he was in the prose than in his poetry. Poet he was by nature, but not in execution; the paths to that steeper hill were too difficult for his easy way of study and workmanship. But in his best prose moments he wrote true poetry in every other breath and line.

Clearer than ever it crops out in these volumes that his brother Edward, his aunt, Miss Mary Moody Emerson, and Carlyle were the only persons in all his life that he looked up to as superiors; that, spite of his sweet and genial appreciation of neighbors and friends, he was utterly alone in the world, and his own attitude and I think his own words justify Carlyle's passionate though critical regard for him when once and again he wrote to Emerson that but one voice in all the world reached him truly, and that came from Concord. Emerson's best neighbors were children beside him, and he was a child beside Wendell Phillips or Carlyle.

Now that the New England sun had set, men are making all sorts of blundering comparisons. Good Dr. Holmes talks of Emerson as a poet in comparison with Milton, Mr. Cabot speaks of his early appreciation of Carlyle as something that the great Scotchman was set up by. All men love men to love them. We none of us are satisfied with the kisses of the sunlight or the sea, or the friendships of dogs or mere dwarfs among our fellow-creatures; but Carlyle took Emerson's affection as naturally as he took his pipe or his brandy—as a thing of course, no matter how divine.

The great American anti-slavery and war episode is gone into in Mr. Cabot's volumes, and Mr. Emerson's relation to the same is placed in its best light. But at bottom Emerson held J. Q. Adams' and Daniel Webster's and Judge Hoar's notions on all

that; did not feel called upon to meddle with the South, or with its notions of right and wrong; never was moved to anti-slavery by any fixed moral code touching the position of the slave, nor out of any sentiment of sympathy for the slave. It was only when the fugitive slave law seemed to menace the *self-respect of Boston* that Waldo Emerson tried a little to stand up against the then crying crime of our national life.

I am not blaming him for this. He never understood the force of the Christian moral law, and, being an honest man, had to act from his own insight. I honor his culture, his sincerity, and I simply laugh at the men who would make him the founder of a new philosophy or a new religion, or build for him a prophet's sepulchre, after the manner of the Jew Puritans of old.

Other New England men, since this sun has set, seem to forget the differences between Emerson and the Holmes', Lowells, Fiskes and the like. But it is the old, old story. After the sunset the twilight is beautiful, by reason of the force of the sun and the rich, humid air; then we think the moon brilliant, and in the absence of the moon are glad of the light of Venus or Mars, and at odd hours when these are away any mere rush-light of a star will lead us to ecstasy, or perhaps astray. Mr. Cabot's books, though not discriminating in these directions, and for reasons palpable enough to any man who has ever breathed Boston air, still are helpful in their way, as showing that there was but one light of this sort in Emerson's generation, and that it rose and set in mildest glory through the woods and over the water of Walden pond.

I will not dwell on Emerson's preaching. The world can well afford to miss his sermons, beautiful as many of them were. On the whole they were stilted and unreal, very much as E. E. Hale's and most heterodox and orthodox sermons are to-day. The soul of the preacher was not in them, and of all kinds of literature, sermons must have soul or be lost and despised.

Toward the end of Mr. Cabot's first volume Father Taylor, the once famous Boston Methodist evangelist, is quoted as follows: "Mr. Emerson is one of the sweetest creatures God ever made; . . . He must go to heaven when he dies, for if he went to hell the devil would not know what to do with him. But he knows no more of the religion of the New Testament than Balaam's ass did of the principles of the Hebrew gram-

mar." And I must confess that, after giving him many of my best hours for twenty odd years, and notwithstanding the fact that in all those years I have been and am now the freest of free thinkers and in accord with Mr. Emerson in nearly all he has ever said, I am still much of Father Taylor's opinion.

We get Mr. Cabot's depth in this matter from the following sentence: "Emerson's faith was full enough to keep its course after it had left the traditional channels, but it had not the abundance that was needed to overflow and inundate the creeks and shallows of an ordinary congregation."

Anybody who knows anything about "faith" knows in a moment that Mr. Cabot knows nothing about it. Faith was never made that way. What Mr. Cabot means must be that Emerson, when not under pressure, not appealed to for arguments or defense, and when uninspired by any other or higher mood or man, was loyal "to his own intuitions," and did not hesitate to express them in fair weather, as fast as his pen could go. But on the same page, vol. i, p. 329, Emerson says: "I feel and think to-day with the proviso that to-morrow perhaps I shall contradict it all." Faith knows better than that.

His was a beautiful soul, but he never had faith. Faith was dead and mostly buried in New England before Ralph Waldo Emerson was born. It would be pleasant to follow Mr. Cabot in his tracing of Emerson's meeting and relationship with Mr. Alcott, "the great man;" with Miss Margaret Fuller, who always wanted to get nearer to him than was wise, and with Hawthorne, whom Emerson could never get near enough to. And there is food for reflection in the fact that in 1836 Emerson could still say, "The literary man in this country has no critic."

Here is a good definition of Emerson by himself. In 1840 he wrote in his journal: "In all my lectures I have taught one doctrine, the infinitude of the private man." And that sounds very well in Emerson or transcendental language. In plain, ordinary language, with a definite meaning and any real and clear conviction back of it, Mr. Emerson's assertion would simply be ridiculed and laughed at. If this sentence were a part of the Christian creed, much more of the Calvinistic creed, Mr. Ingersoll, with his noted and talented idiocy, would make all kinds of fun of it, and properly so. Take it for a moment in place of the Apostles' creed—I believe in "the infinitude of the

private man"—and what Unitarian or skeptic after that needs to question the infinite God-head of Jesus? But transcendental language means nothing and must not be criticised. Mr. Emerson believed in Christianity as a thing of beauty, but never saw the sin that made it a necessary fact, never studied or comprehended the fact or the eternal love that inspires and crowns it with glory. That was not his business. Could he have seen it as it will soon be seen, as a purely natural supernatural evolution out of historic human nature, and could Jones Verey have presented this to Emerson as any Christian child will know it fifty years hence, Jones Verey might have been the new Christ, and Emerson the new John the Evangelist of the real new faith of the world; but New England had had glory enough; Phillips was soon to arise and do quite other work than that—a work which, in its moral and intellectual strength, was to put Emerson and Hawthorne and Daniel Webster and Judge Hoar all in the shade.

Mr. Cabot's second volume seems hurried and crowded a little, much after the manner of these last sentences of mine; but there are worlds of beauty and suggestion in it to the end.

Emerson's closest relation to the anti-slavery movement is traced here; his business and methods as a lecturer, his second and third visits to England, the burning of his house, the late but bountiful and just generosity of his friends, and, finally, the beautiful end, through all of which we need not follow him; and there is not space in this review to analyze Emerson's ever-varying ideas, moods or teachings.

He believed in freedom and in ideas, and in general taught loyalty to one's own intuitions without waiting to see what the word freedom implied, or that all ideas were in the precise proportion, as to number, quality and the like, to a man's being and life; that intuitions were exactly as a man's blood, virtues and vices, and that the whole meaning of civilization was to define what ideas and intuitions it were wise or foolish to follow, or that the whole meaning of Christianity was to lift men out of their wrong intuitions and sins into a newness of blood, with new intuitions, and that as far as his were worth following they had been generated in him by the thought and blood of Jesus, and by a thousand untold agonies of martyrdom, some of which had been borne by his own noted ancestors. Follow your own

intuitions is Emerson philosophy. Follow your best intuitions is an altruistic philosophy. Follow your noblest intuitions and inspirations, though they lead you to death, is Christianity, but Emerson was in no hurry to die.

Emerson had no mind for mathematics; no ear for music; no eye for facts; no true knowledge of art; no visions of sin; no familiarity with the world of lies all about him; no sight of the great salient facts of history or of nations: he was simply lost in the real beauty of his own numerous ideas.

In his essential being, in the chaste versatility of his diction and in the sweet sincerity of his life, Emerson was true poet, philosopher, religious teacher—of the best pagan sort—though himself born and nurtured of Christian blood—a saint, too, and, in some sense, a saviour of men.

As compared with very many saints that Romish, Greek and Protestant creeds have elevated through various stages of candidacy and sanctity to the higher pedestals of ecclesiastical sainthood, Emerson was a most saintly saint, a true spiritual philosopher, a prophet, a saviour and a god; but as compared with Goethe, for instance, he is a poor, meager, one-sided philosopher; compared with Shakespeare, Browning or Tennyson, he was the merest stilted amateur in poetry; compared with Carlyle, he was simply a moon-struck moralist; compared with Matthew Arnold, he was an unseeing, indiscriminating, partial critic; compared with "St." Paul, or Wendell Phillips, he was the dimmest and faintest of religious teachers, and, compared with Jesus, he was no saviour or god at all.

About this is probably what he would have said of himself if he had ever made such discrimination, and this is what New England and the world need to know about him: a beautiful genius, a Christian in spirit and life who had largely forgotten the rock out of which he was hewn, and who did not want to be bothered about the world's yesterdays.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

INFLUENCE OF ORIENTAL ART

“ And out of the darkness of the East did ye fetch its arts, its adornments, and fitting these about ye and about your temples did ye become as of the East and will ye hand down these things to all posterity. . . .”

The first impression made upon an artist who travels in the Orient is the immobility, the placidity, the unchangeableness, as it were, of its monuments, its aspect, its customs, its very peoples. There is a harmony one finds nowhere else. A civilization that seems as old as man, a land that has been invaded time and again, conquered, but that, unlike other conquered lands, always impressed its civilization, its laws and its customs upon its invaders instead of being changed, affected by them.

In the comprehensive term “civilization” is, of course, included art; or, rather, let us call one but the synonym of the other. And Oriental art has been a most potent influence upon that of all other lands if, indeed, it may not be termed the *mother* of all art. In the ancient Orient all art centered about the greatest, most useful and finest of human achievements in artistic fields—architecture. All else, painting, sculpture, enameling, pottery, mosaics, textiles, all these agencies were impressed into the service of the great Mistress, and their resultant works became—if they had not their origin as—embellishments, ornaments, mere accessories to enhance her queenly splendor.

In Greece it was different. The conditions, climate, exceptional circumstances, permitted an influence to be made upon its arts that was felt nowhere else and is not apt to make itself felt anywhere again. I refer to the inordinate love of gymnastics. These exercises that developed the human body to its highest perfection gave an impetus to the plastic and drawn representation of the human form that led to the apotheosizing of those two arts, their elevation far above all the others, and, we may add, led to the corruption of good morals and the final debasement of the Greeks. Christianity and Mahometanism found it necessary to suppress this voluptuous depicting of the human form, but they could not eradicate the love of perfectly symmetrical and beautiful forms that that influence has created. Now, architecture is the art in which that sentiment finds its

highest expression, its most subtle application. Therefore are we, as de Beaumont so aptly puts it, "the more impressed with the civilization that gave us the magnificent perspectives of Thebes, of Memphis, of Babylon and of Nineveh ages before Milo (the son of Mileus, the governor, a sculptor of note and to whom students now attribute the famous statue) thought of his Venus or Phidias of his bas-reliefs. In the former are not only the perfect harmony of the human form, but the sentiment, the evidences and complex significance of a complete and exalted civilization, a symbolism profounder and far more eloquent than the mere perfection of a representation of however beautiful a human body."

Architecture has attributes so essentially her own, a manner so essentially, we might say, personal, of expressing the beautiful, and has such peculiarly individual tendencies that it is impossible to look upon that art as a mere growth, an evolution brought into play by the later necessities of man. We are prone to look upon it, and with perfect justice, too, as a distinct function of our species, "an instinct *sui generis* that should be classified as one of the faculties of man—the faculty or instinct of construction." Many scientists seem to see in the monuments of antiquity but the successive modifications of a common plan, a primitive shelter for man; they think that the "instincts" of proportion, harmony and ornamentation were awakened in, if not given to, man very late in his development. Quatremère, for instance, and a high authority in archæology, by a very roundabout reasoning, thinks that the peaked-roof hut built upon posts was the original basis of Greek architecture, but that it played no part in that of the Egyptian and Asiatic people, the herders and hunters of animals, who lived in caverns or in tents. It has been proven beyond question that the Grecian art, instead of being an outgrowth, such as he describes, from the hut of their ancestors, was copied in every particular, as well as they could and with the material they had, from the Egyptians, who were pastmasters in the science of construction ages before the Greeks needed even a hut. That they later modified that art, changed it, adapted it to their particular wants and advanced ideas is incontestable, but to attribute its invention to the Greeks is not a reasonable hypothesis.

If we observe the different ways in which the birds of different

species build their nests, the labyrinthical and geometrically admirable, well drained and well ventilated, borings of rodents and the cellular constructions of insects, we will get ourselves in the properly-receptive mood to accept the theory that man is a *born* architect. Time has improved that faculty, education and necessity have rendered its work more complex, but we must admit that the instinct *is* inherent in us, an idea that scientists have combated most strenuously until very recent date.

That contention established, it is but a step to the certainty that some one people, favored by climate and other conditions, developed that inborn æsthetic instinct to a very high degree and became the fountain-head of that art, as it was also the source of the highest civilization. Few studies are as interesting and few present so open and legible a book to study from. Perfectly-preserved monuments, or debris of structures from which time has been unable to efface the records they establish, are at every step the student takes—in the right direction. In Egypt, in Arabia, in Assyria, in Phœnicia, in Persia may one trace the gradual growth, the flowering of that original and parent art from the sturdy and ancient trunk, that developed from the seed planted in the virgin soil of Elam æons ago by primitive man, but man, nevertheless, endowed with the faculty that inspired the planting of that seed.

To follow out all the branches of that tree in their countless sproutings and twigs, to observe the graftings made from it to other and younger trees, grown originally from its slippings planted in strange soils and forced with strange fertilizers, would be interesting, indeed, but space permits us no such pleasant rambles. We hasten to the influence of Oriental art upon our own era.

Some would have us think that our splendid art of the middle ages literally sprang into being, was invented and carried to perfection by some occult dispensation from the law of evolution, a miraculous intervention. On the contrary, it was brought all ready-made from the Orient. Like some exotic plant that, when taken from its natal soil, droops and apparently withers, that art had a period of decadence just before that time, but when transplanted into congenial soil and carefully nursed it bloomed and clothed itself with such fresh splendor that, seen in its new surroundings of more sombre hue than those of its

birth, it could hardly be recognized as the plant that in its own country seemed so ordinary, so commonplace. That refinement of art, the culture of the middle ages, we are asked to look upon as a spontaneous growth, was not even the maturing of an imperfect civilization long established, but was a mere continuation of that civilization, and not always of its highest possibilities, either—a civilization that had flourished for at least eight and been in active progression for nearly twelve centuries!

The new faith, Christianity, that had risen from the ruins of pagan antiquity when once strong enough to stand alone, to rule in its turn, borrowed none of the forms from, nor patterned in any way upon, the art, the customs of the people who had oppressed it. All that pertained to them or that even reminded the followers of Christ of them was revolting—at least, at first. Was it not for that reason largely that the Christian counsellors of Constantine advised the upbuilding of a new capital far from Rome and its unpleasant memories? He, a warrior, a Christian but in name, a leader of warriors, was fascinated with the charms, the insidious attractions of the Orient, and the capital of the world was transplanted to the Bosphorus. Still not he nor his followers were artists, though they saw, appreciated, admired and desired the beauties of all kinds the East set before them.

The time of miracles was almost past, few suppose the wondrous construction and perfect ornamentation of that capital was heaven-given. The inference is that those things were borrowed, assimilated. And whence?

Construction as typified by this so-called *new* art of Byzantium indicated an advanced knowledge of statics, of equilibrium, of complicated mechanism, and acknowledged neither Egypt nor Greece nor Rome as prototypes. Perfect as were the parts, the details, the sculptured decorations used in the architecture of these three great teachers of the world, their construction was primitive, infantile, so simple as to be unscientific, a mere superposing of masses, entablatures and roofs upon vertical supports placed close together, structures covering much ground but rising little above it, a construction one is justified in terming technically "brutal." Egypt piled masses high in the air, true, but building a mound of stone even mountain-high is impressive, but it is not the art of construction; the monuments

of India were but excavations in the rock with elaborately-carven surfaces; there was nothing serious about the monuments of ancient China, dainty they were, interesting, but not to be dignified by the name art. No, the artists employed by Constantine, the architects of St. Sophia and of the other strikingly beautiful structures of Byzantium took none of these for their models, nor did they create a style upon some heavenly inspiration; they were influenced, as were their masters, by the examples of Persian art they saw all about them. In fact, most of them were men trained in the Orient, if not, indeed, Orientals themselves.

Some strange preservative influence had been at work that permitted that country, in spite of its ups and downs and the mutations and vicissitudes of time, the Elam of old, the birth-place of Art, to retain its place among nations as the highest exponent of the true science of building, the perfection of form and the correct balance between structure and ornament.

The absence of stone and timber in quantities necessitated the use of bricks and materials of small dimensions, hence their skill in handling such small parts and incorporating them into magnificent masses. When wide openings were required the arch was the only means of spanning them. Such construction forced them into the knowledge of statics and into scientific experimenting and calculations. Their inborn love of beauty and color forced them to the use of enamels, dainty pottery, inlays and mosaics. At the time I write of, the art had been brought to a state of almost perfection.

The Romans and other despoilers of the East, admiring these works, had robbed it of much of its portable treasures. The merchants of the West, trafficking back and forth—the East was then the great storehouse of the world, the land of gold and of promise, and was in much the same relation to the West as was America regarded by Europe in the seventeenth century—had left stations, settlements, all along the great highways from India to Rome and to the North, built after the manner of the East and filled with its productions. All about Constantinople were such stations, such influences; all breathed of Persia and of Arabia, “Araby the bles’t,” and of far-off India.

The founders of the new capital were thus already familiar with Oriental art, and now, as they set about building their city,

and subject to the still closer influence of that art, they, men not at all of an inventive race, anyway, were most susceptible to the fascination of their surroundings. Therefore, it is not at all surprising that they adopted the delicate, sensuous and graceful art of their new neighborhood rather than that of their fathers, let alone any prejudice they might have had against the latter for the religious reasons I have before mentioned, and notwithstanding that they had the quarries and the forests and the laborers of the world to draw upon for even cyclopean construction, had they desired it, rather than the dainty arcades, traceries and mosaics they did use.

Some wise men of the West have attempted to trace Grecian influence in the art of the new capital. Grecian influence, forsooth! Greece was dead, despoiled, forgotten, no longer visited; its civilization carried to Rome long before had become debased, deformed and finally replaced entirely by Asiatic influences that held most potent sway over the Romans, a people capable of appreciating beauty but without initiative in art, invention or any creative powers in that line.

Where, in Grecian or Roman art, do you find a suggestion for the great dome of St. Sophia's? What in the classic orders could inspire the elongated, bizarre and banded columns, the fantastic and weird capitals of the Byzantine works? And their great gilded backgrounds to their vividly-colored pictorial representations, done in bits of glass and enameled tile; their mosaics, their fabrics, their jewels, their glassware, their furnishings; were they inspired by the severely correct, albeit beautiful, works of Greece? Can there be any connection between the natural poses and true painting of the human figure by the Greeks and the conventionalized, stiff, almost grotesque figures of Byzantium?

After Alexander's great conquests and their resultant dislocation of the Persian Empire, its customs and its arts still held sway over, as we have noted, not only the conquered, but the conquerors. So after the destruction of Nineveh, of Babylon, of Persepolis, those regions preserved the memories of their former greatness. Any building that was erected was along those lines so well remembered. The spirit of those old achievements was dormant, but it took but a man, some mastering genius, or a great cause to awaken to full life, and, refreshed

by that rest, all the splendor and grace of old. Such an art was easily resuscitated. The building of Constantinople furnished the occasion, the awakening; the result we have seen all over the world and still feel.

And Byzantium or Constantinople was but the way-station, so to speak, for that grand Oriental art on its way to a world-influence. Persia and its art were too far from, too completely separated from Europe to affect it at one bound. Constantine was thus the intermediary of that powerful Asiatic influence. He employed Metrodorus to build his church, his palaces. Later, Anthemese of Tralles, and Isidorus of Milet, rebuilt the church as it has been preserved to us. All three were Orientals, two of them Persians. Even Justinian II employed a Persian architect in beautifying his capital. Other peoples of the Occident came to Constantinople as visitors, as captives, as merchants, and, admiring the grandeur and beauty of its marvelous works, carried the seed back with them, scattering it about in every direction. Byzantium was truly the pivotal point from which that Oriental influence radiated. There was much traveling and visiting those days; that influence spread and bore fruit with astonishing rapidity. You see, as we have before noted, the Orient, or, perhaps more properly speaking, India, was the great treasure-house. There was a constant stream of travel toward and from it. Naturally, all the lines of travel westward contracted and passed through the new capital, hence the wide range of that astonishing Byzantium influence.

Mentioning that Indian trade calls to mind what a lodestone that commerce has ever been to the entire world; a bone of contention, too. Its possession has always been looked upon as absolutely essential to any nation desiring to be a world-power. Egypt and Assyria contended for it, and as each gained it did she become mistress of the world. The rivalry of Nineveh, Thebes and Babylon for that trade gave rise to the wars that immortalized the names of Rameses and of Sesostris. The Argonauts sought to gain that commerce, so did greater Greece. Alexander's objective point was India and its riches. Rome fought for it, too, and in gaining Egypt and both banks of the Euphrates controlled the two great highways to that promised land. Then Islamism overthrew all that the emperors had accomplished. It was to avoid the Caliphs' exactions and

the monopoly of Venice that the great navigators, Columbus among them, sought a sea route westward to India. Spain, Holland, France and England have contended for its possession. Napoleon, in his Egyptian campaign, was headed for India; England seems to have a pretty firm grip upon it to-day, but would rest more securely and blissfully did Russia not persist in ever reaching out in that direction.

Is it necessary to repeat here the old arguments claiming a Græco-Roman influence upon the building of Byzantium? Surely not; those old contentions have been disproved years ago. Persian art, as we have before noted, held sway all about; its arcades, aqueducts, vaulted and domed ceilings, its rich ornamentation, its fabrics, its embroidery, all absolutely unlike anything Occidental, particularly Grecian, had reached high perfection. There had been great luxury in their work ever since the founding of the post-biblical cities under the Arsacidian and Sassanedian dynasties. So that the builders of Byzantium (really a Persian city, anyway. Founded by Byzas, the Greek navigator, it was taken two hundred years afterward by Darius and held by the Persians until the end of the reign of Xerxes) found an art already made. From the world over there flocked to the new capital scientists, men skilled in the arts and crafts, as well as great merchants, financiers and the aristocracy of Rome and many other centers. From Alexandria came a whole colony of experts, we might call them, who, having already been deeply imbued with that Oriental art and inflamed with the exalting mysticism and purity of the new faith, quickly adapted that art to the forms, the purposes, the soul, I might say, of Christian worship and life. The square plan of the olden pagan temple gave place to the cross-shapen plan of the church; religious zeal and fervor, supplemented with boundless wealth, made all things possible. That style, Byzantine, indeed, but of Persian birth withal, grew amazingly. Most extraordinary effects were gotten and wondrous feats in construction performed. Under Emperor Basil did that style reach its apogee. Arcades were superimposed upon arcades, cupolas upon cupolas, arches became more and more stilted, some were pointed, in fact, vast domes were sprung from tiniest supports, color and ornament that in other hands would have been riotous, were blended into splendid harmony. The men of that day and place

were profoundly versed in statics, in geometry, in algebra and equilibrium; they thoroughly understood the values of masses and openings, of lights and shadows, and their works were marvels of combined science and art, epoch-marks in the history of the arts, aye, in the history of the world.

By the year 440, one hundred and twelve years after the founding of the capital at Byzantium and just one hundred years after the building of St. Sophia's by Constance, the son of the great Constantine, the so-called Byzantine style had found a firm foothold in Italy. That year they began a great cathedral at Ravenna, patterned, in the main, after St. Sophia's, though the Italians found it difficult to divorce themselves entirely from classic forms. The acanthus leaf and the Ionic volutes still had charms in their eyes, and they indulged, during that transitory time, in some strange medleys of those forms with wild animals, flowers, snakes and what not that were deemed essential parts of Oriental decoration. The fluted columns became thinner and took on lines in the other direction, bands, garlands, lozenges, twistings and turnings. The earlier attempts of the Italians to apply what they had seen in the city of Constantine to their own buildings were certainly crude. The style they evolved, otherwise known as Romanesque, might rather be called a travesty upon the Persian daintiness of Byzantine art. Still, the seed was there. The Church of St. Cyriac, at Ancona (its capitals are absolute copies of Persipolitan works), that of St. Zeus, at Verona, and that of St. Mark, at Venice, are striking examples of that transitory period, the infancy of Byzantine art in Europe.

In many of the buildings of the period immediately following that, notably the work at Padua and Venice, radical departures were made in the general lines; the style became more flamboyant and daring, but after a little while they got back to a closer imitation of St. Sophia's in form, in detail and in construction. That church really seems to be the most perfect example of that art. The Turks clung to it, when once they began copying it, more tenaciously than any other people. At Stamboul, for centuries after, every building erected was but a copy of some part of that church. The later structures in Egypt, in Persia, in India and in Russia, even the Kaaba in Mecca, all are traceable to that magnificent model.

You may follow the old Persian art of Babylon and of Persepolis down through that of Ecbatana, of Hamadan and of Media and find that that one example of Byzantine is the hyphen that unites that ancient art to that of Catholic Europe, first called Romanesque, then Gothic, as well as that of the Mahomedans that finally pervaded the entire world.

It seems strange to have to thank the fanatic Mahomedan as the most important medium of transmission that art of the Orient ever had. With him, as with the Goth, the Ostrogoth, the German, the Gaul, the Illyrian and the other wild men who made incursions into civilization with the sole idea of rapine and conquest, he was quickly tamed by the refinement and beauty of his unwonted surroundings. In 637 Mahomedan invasions became the fashion. These hordes of wild Arabs—Arabia had lapsed into a state of almost primal savagery, its monuments buried, its people degenerated into herders of cattle and roving bands of robbers—fanatical followers of the Prophet, at first destroyed all that fell under their hands; art and its treasures had no significance for them. Soon, however, it began to exert an influence upon them. No man can live with and see art all about him without soon becoming its abject slave. Then, too, these wild men were of good stock, their forefathers had lived in palaces and worshipped in magnificent temples. Constantinople became their headquarters, St. Sophia their chief mosque. Luxury and refinement grew less and less sinful in their eyes, the Oriental within them made itself felt. Persia fell under their sway. With Persian artists in their midst, Constantinople their headquarters, India their storehouse and fresh art treasures and libraries and masters of crafts falling into their hands every day, they could not long stand the pressure. From brutal barbarity they became protectors, aye, masters of all the arts and sciences. Persian art then became Arabian art—by right of conquest. The followers of Mahomet still carried the sword and ruled by it, but then the highest civilization went along with them. The world never saw greater masters in every line of thought and action than attended the Caliphs' bidding in erecting stupendous and beautiful palaces and mosques, in rearing great fortifications, in making splendid roads, in training the young, in making waste places bountifully fruitful, in fine, in civilizing the uncivilized world and vastly im-

proving that part already civilized. Remember that their rule extended over a vast stretch of territory, bounded on the west by the Gualdaquiver, on the east by the Ganges! Then you will appreciate the extent of the influence of Mahomedan art—but another name for Persian art, modified, translated, though not enriched by Mahomedan touch.

And Persia still remained the fountain-head, the base of supply, the genesis of that exquisite art. Did one want to build a palace or mosque of particular splendor, it was a Persian artist who was entrusted with the commission; when Abderam decided to build the Alcazar at Cordova it was to Persia he sent for an architect, and who will claim that even classic Greece gave birth to greater artists, men of more exalted ideals, more poetic inspirations and more skillful in gracefully clothing those ideas in imperishable materials than were the artists of the middle ages who first saw light in Kashan, in Hamadan or in Teheran?

To the westward that art drifted into what we call "Arabian," and later, "Moorish;" to the east, India, perhaps, of the Oriental countries, carried it to the highest perfection. That country's climate, the wealth of its princes, all conditions were favorable to its development. The baths, the tombs, the palaces of Delhi, of Lahore, of Agra are still, despoiled as so many of them are by native greed or foreign vandalism, the wonder and admiration of all Western travelers.

After long suffering the people of Southern Europe threw off the hated yoke of the "true believer." Still all Southern Europe was inoculated with the learning, the art of the Mahomedan.

Add this influence to that already noted, the Byzantine, and you will have some idea of the learning there was toward Orientalism.

Then Christendom, encouraged by its deliverance from the scourge of Islamism, carried its advantage still farther, even into the land of the enemy. It became the invader, determined to wrest the Holy Sepulchre from the Saracen, together with whatever portable belongings the latter might not be able to hold on to.

The crusaders brought back not only plunder, but the habits, the luxuriousness of their old foes. They were captivated by all

they had seen in the Orient. They employed artists from the East to build their castles, their great public buildings, aye, even their sacred edifices. And thus was added another mesh to the already stout lashings that held the artistic world bounden to the Orient.

An influence that the men of the fifteenth century believed they had forever outgrown when they again began to copy in season and out of it, and with little skill, the stately models of classic Greece or the florid creations of Imperial Rome, an influence so potent, however, that even we of far-off America and in this late generation still feel its thralldom.

Of the men of our own time, who has left a deeper impress upon our architecture than Richardson, and who, if not he, has had such a horde of feeble imitators follow in his wake? And yet the school, the style he worked in, was not our well-beloved classic or neo-grec or French Renaissance, but a very coarse, I may say almost clumsy, order of that Oriental art. His particular fancy was an early Byzantine with a strong tendency toward the vigorous, the virile Norman influence, and rendered usually in stone, and that of large dimensions and rustic surfaces. Not by any means the insidiously delicate, subtle dreaminess, the idealization of the later Byzantine, and but a faint suggestion of the true Oriental.

An influence, too, I will add, that we do wrong to combat, as we seem to be doing of late. I am not an advocate of any one style of architecture being used for church and stable, palace and cottage. Of the two evils, I would rather follow the school that so earnestly, even if misguidedly, advocates "a mediæval style for college because their teaching is of the dark ages; (?) a Gothic for Anglican churches, because that church had its beginning in early Gothic times; a German renaissance for Lutheran churches; a classic for public buildings, because the perfection of civic government was reached in Greece, etc., etc. But I do believe that in our commercial buildings, where light and lightness both are much to be desired, their steel members could be covered with dainty brick and tile and terra-cotta, in the pretty blended colors and glazes and graceful lines we could borrow from the Orient—since we cannot invent, but must copy something or, at least, be "inspired" by something already

done—to much better advantage and with far more truth than we do in our classic fad of to-day.

Are you not a trifle tired of seeing a Corinthian temple two stories high, perched upon a basement some twenty-odd stories high doing duty as an acropolis? And what truth or real art is there in a façade of cyclopean columns and a mighty cornice, every stone of which is tied to and tetered upon a steel girder or suspended from above as you would hang a bird cage? And all these feats of equilibrium performed merely to try and make the thing look like a massive masonry structure that every one knows perfectly well it is not!

Many of us, most of us, laugh at Sullivan, of Chicago, and his "East-Indian-picture-frame-fronts" of buildings, but is he not, of us all, nearer the solution of the problem presented us by the new conditions, the tall frames we have to clothe and are too timid to cut into the cloth without the old reliable Buttrick patterns of our fathers' solid masonry and classic details being first well pinned down over that cloth? He, at least, frankly shows us that he is merely using a veneer of brick or other thin plastic material to conceal and protect the steel skeleton that we all know is there, and then proceeds to decorate and ornament that veneer as effectually and pleasantly, but truthfully, as he can. And he does it, too; but he did not succeed in doing it until he dipped into the deep well of Oriental art for his inspiration.

A well as broad as it is deep and still filled to o'erflowing, though it has been drawn from, as we have briefly reviewed, by all nations at all times. A well, too, as attractive as it is inexhaustible, but that for some no well-defined reason we have avoided of late. Perhaps do we fear its seductions; they have been called enervating, but wrongly, I do protest. Some of us, the over-righteous ones of our craft, may turn from me when I so earnestly plead for a renaissance of Oriental art, fearing there may again be occasion to lament its "baneful" influence as Jeremiah of old did lament the influence of Babylon, saying: "Babylon hath been a golden cup in the Lord's hand that made all the earth drunken; the nations have drunken of her wine; therefore the nations are mad."

F. W. FITZPATRICK.

Washington, D. C.

AFTER RELEASE.

I have promised my soul, to her joy, that in the release drawing nigher,
 Fair Aprils shall laugh in her eyes, glad morns like young lovers move
 by her;

That, plashed with the white dews of May, her feet shall run cool thro'
 the grasses—

Gray meadow-larks winging and singing in jubilant dawns as she passes;
 And O, the deep hours for love shall be ours 'mid young violets
 trembling!

And O, the deep hours for prayer, at dusks amid white doves assembling!

I have promised my soul she shall rest, a thurible golden and fragrant,
 On altars of love at high noon, at twilight slip, rapt in dreams vagrant,
 To portals whence light is poured down to watchers by shrines chaste
 as lilies—

After release and retreat from sharp conflicts where bitterest ill is;
 And O, the white thoughts that shall come like larks out of dawn,
 winging, singing!

And O, the fair prayer that shall rise like white doves assembling,
 upwinging!

From *The New World*.

CHARLES J. O'MALLEY.

 GLOBE NOTES.

During the past ten or twelve years I have now and again been requested to republish articles that had previously appeared in various issues of the *GLOBE REVIEW*. Up to this time I have not done so simply because it did not seem to me just to my old subscribers to give them old matter over again and expect them to pay twice for it.

During the past few months the new disciples of Ralph Waldo Emerson have been trying so hard to resurrect him and make him appear as a living force in modern literature that I have concluded to republish in this issue my article on Emerson which appeared in the first issue of the *GLOBE*, published in the winter of 1889-90.

By an oversight the article then appeared without my signature, but it was very generally recognized as a piece of work of some merit, and was generally credited as having greatly modified the rapturous New England view of Emerson then in vogue.

Fond publishers, accustomed to large sales of Emerson's books in the old days—though he was, of course, never a popular writer—still publish an Emerson Birthday Book now and then, and oc-

asionally the excellent old gentleman is quoted by pious, even by Catholic writers, as if what he ever said was worthy the honor of frequent repetition and sure of immortality. There was lucid intuition in Nature and in his English traits, though that, in its so-called religious utterances, was poisoned with the negations, contradictions, errors and limitations of the defunct Yankee so-calledism out of which Emerson came and for which he was not responsible.

Later in life, when he had given up preaching Unitarianism and was, as he himself expressed it, going about lecturing to ladies and gentlemen without a religion but seeking a new one, his work, though not without the shrewd New England sense that comes of many generations of thoughtful culture and quick observation, was false to the heart and soul of it as regards any true definition of Christianity that has ever been made, up to his day or ours. He was a shrewd, untaught Yankee, of the highest type ever evolved from the old Puritan and Pilgrim tyranny of the so-called reformation.

I do not wonder that the pin-feather Buddhists, liberalists and so-called rationalists of our mediocre days try to revamp and to exalt Emerson. He was a seer beside such dullards. I do not wonder that New England tries to resuscitate him or that the publishers try to make money out of his blinding and confusing ashes. The New England literary and moral oracles of these days are such stuff as clowns are made of, such small, shrunken, strutting clowns that Emerson still seems like a god among them; but when he is compared with the great thinkers, preachers, prophets and saviours of the ages he shrivels to the lean and slipped pantaloons and is simply tottering along to a quiet oblivion.

Emerson really had nothing to say to the world. He was, as he himself early discovered, very imperfectly educated or prepared for the work of the ministry.

His early meetings with and his acquaintance with Carlyle gave some force to his otherwise dreamy utterances, but he never could buckle down to the eternal facts of life, and so spent his refined and dainty existence in making what he called fine sentences. He was a delightful old gentleman, charming in the simplicity of his life and manners, always chary of giving out a thought in private conversation, wishing to save his best for

the public. He himself, except Hawthorne, Phillips and Longfellow, was the best product of New England Puritanism, and in his own non-committal sentence-weaving way he was equal to any of these, or better. But New England Puritanism is doomed. It is already carried in the strong arms of New England Catholicism and must be absorbed thereby. But not yet. Its old grit still rules the nation.

Emerson was a wild and trackless comet, meant only to indicate the infinite spaces of the horizon, but without any well-defined orbit, without profound or religious thought: a modest, quiet gentleman, going among other less modest ladies and gentlemen, all of them without a religion but trying to find a new one; excellent, and many of them charming, people, provided you yourself are not too exacting.

Wm. R. Hearst, his pet and protégé Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Opie Reed, of Chicago, and the late Col. Robert Ingersoll are the practical results, the true fruits of Emersonism in our day; deniers of God and of righteousness, mockers of religion and of all religious authority, "emancipated" clowns, would-be teachers of what is called the "new thought," that is, thought that has neither consistency, modesty nor piety, but is without God and without hope, standing and strutting or crawling everywhere, yelping at the moon.

* * * * *

Here is a case in point, as commented on by the wide-awake editor of *The New World*, Chicago:

"ABATE THE DIVINE ELLA.—If there is anything clear in this world it is that a secular journal ought to be a secular journal. The *Chicago American* does not, so far as we are aware, claim to be a religious journal. Nevertheless, from week to week it permits a writer named Ella Wheeler Wilcox openly to advocate the principles of the New Thought propaganda in its pages.

"It was stated two years ago in *The Review of Reviews* that the forces back of the New Thought movement spend hundreds of thousands annually for the purpose of getting articles advocating that cult inserted in various journals and magazines. There is a New Thought publication in this city, and Mrs. Wilcox edits it. Probably this fact has nothing to do with her championship of the fad in the columns of *The American*.

"It is true, nevertheless, that the inspired warbler from Mich-

igan and New Jersey is airing her belief in that journal. In one of its issues of Wednesday the lady drops into sermonizing, in speaking of Dowie, and champions the Masonic order and all other secret societies, and asserts that each man 'must develop his own divine self and find his own heaven and his own Saviour within.' Otherwhere she boldly states that 'We did not fall through Adam, we are not born miserable sinners,' etc., etc., *ad nauseam*.

"Here is a woman who pretends to know more than Christ and His apostles, than Moses and all the prophets! There are 1,200,000 Catholics in Chicago and vicinity who do not believe such rot. They do not believe that the writer is divine; neither do they believe her diatribes against orthodox Christianity in very good taste. It would not hurt if she were advised that she could eliminate certain features from her articles rather decidedly to their betterment."

Ella Wheeler Wilcox is simply a light-headed, uninstructed, crass, green poetess. If she finds a good poem in an old newspaper, such as "Laugh and the World Laughs with You," she has "new thought" enough to appropriate it, sign her name to it and let the dead author speak for himself as he can.

It is the new thought code of truth and honor. "She is a daisy," but her new thought is less her own than the old poem. Last winter, in Chicago, a convention of "new thought" professors and parsons tried to revise the world and stop the holes. Father Arius bobs up in many shapes. Let the new emancipated friz their hair.

* * * * *

POOR ADAMS.—The account of the recent movements of Henry Austin Adams, which appeared in the New York *Sun* of May 17th, including his statement and the testimony of his unfortunate wife, is about the saddest display of human frailty on both sides and on all sides that has come under our observation for many a day.

The papers are daily decorated with highly-colored accounts of seductions, rapes, debaucheries, suicides, murders, railroad accidents, automobile destructions, briberies, the fall of common politicians out of the frying pan into various fires; crimes are rampant, and the world is full of the stifled moanings of the bereaved, the afflicted and the maddening cries of vengeance. The wronged and the wrong-doers are everywhere, and yet we

love to hope and think that there are some true men and women still in the world; that all wives are not insanely jealous, and that some men are still true to the vows of love, the demands of honor and the dictates of noble souls.

Far be it from me to sit in judgment upon Henry Austin Adams or his wife. The first two words of this note express all my heart and feeling touching the fall of our unfortunate brother, but we feel obliged to say, in common honesty, that he has fallen and need never again attempt any public teaching over his own name in this poor world.

His published statement is very inconsistent, plainly cannot be made consistent, swerves from, hides or evades the plain truth of an unsullied man, and the best his best friends can do for him is not to cloak or hide the facts, but, now that the scandal has become public, to lay open the simple truth and help the fallen in any way except a public way to reëstablish his earning powers and to try by every means to reunite the man with his unfortunate wife.

He was not a wreck of reason when he went carefully and withdrew all his savings from the various banks, and sought carefully to disguise himself on a steamer bound for Europe and hie for parts unknown. But we will not rehash the details. All of us have had our moments of weakness. All of us have been tempted, and most of us, at least in and out of the ministry and the priesthood, have had moments, days, or weeks, or months of such questionable conduct that might be difficult to explain—but the *truth*, my dear friends, the simple truth and the whole truth must be ours or we are doomed. No half truths and subterfugic falsehood will do for any man or woman long.

- As to the intimacy of Adams with some other woman than his wife, that is a matter which concerns him and his wife, and absolutely belongs not to the newspapers or the world. Nor is any woman who accepts or encourages such intimacy worth the concern of any upright man.

It is plain that the wife, no matter how jealous in this case, and whether with reason or without reason—and that is a point that she alone can decide—was in some degree well advised under those conditions. It is plain, also, that she had some good instincts, the result of good religious teaching. Being deserted and left in poverty, or something approaching poverty, the world

would not have blamed her had she spread her family affairs before some parson or pettifogger and secured an absolute divorce, since the husband and not the wife did the deserting.

Let us be thankful that she did not do this. Let us also be thankful that she has expressed a willingness for reconciliation on certain grounds. *Jealousy is not a crime. Desertion is a crime* on the part of the husband or wife, and to misrepresent and lie about the case is a still deeper crime; but let us hope the hearts of these poor people may utter themselves in simple truth and kindness—that the devil of falsehood may not be added to the crimes already committed, and that Mr. Adams and his unfortunate wife and the dear children may be united in some happier, if some humbler and sweeter, home in the future than in the past, and that all may yet be well.

Beyond question, there was a Lilith in the case. There always has been since the first fig leaves were donned and blown away with the winds. But God alone dares fix the blame. Every public man especially, be he actor, lecturer, publisher or parson, is beset with a thousand winsome temptations.

They say that the stupidest mechanics are also led astray. It is a very old story, and most wives have been jealous from Mrs. Eve, of ancient fame, to Mrs. Carlyle and Mrs. Adams. Here, again, God alone, who knows the hearts and lives of both husband and wife, can or dares fix the blame.

Catholic young women, as a rule, have been kept largely out of the profusion of temptations that beset their sex among the giddy angels of Protestant and Bohemian "emancipation." But human nature is human nature, priest or Church to the contrary notwithstanding, and the walls have always been low enough for climbing where hearts and passions were inclined.

The convert from any sect of the Protestant ministry is a rare mark for Catholic female admiration. He has lost the old professional guards and protections, is laid wholly on his honor as a man, and withal his varied culture and experiences have made him a man of rarest gifts and ministries.

He must hold himself up by holding to the stars, or flights of fallen angels may sweep him off his feet with the flutter of their wings.

No man is exempt. Adams was in many ways peculiarly non-exempt. Time and time again I have said in these pages, touch-

ing such men, that the Church ought to make some special provision for them whereby they would be kept in the true line and work of the ministry and placed in the position of *quasi* priesthood. To say that the Church *cannot* do this, is to write one's self down an ass and the Church a helpless imbecile.

I have argued the case years ago, and will not do it again. If the authorities of the Church in this country do not make some such provision for the married converts from the Protestant ministry, upon their heads, before God, must rest the blame and condemnation for any and all falls of the kind before us.

Time and again, in these pages, while taking the ground just indicated, I have also claimed and argued that a convert from the ministry is not a mere layman, but a layman and *more*, and that the Church is bound to recognize this fact, and that whether the Church recognizes the fact or not, that the convert himself is bound to recognize it and to live up to it and be loyal to it.

There are jokers by nature and habit. Some of the most gifted priests I have ever known will tell the best and vilest stories, and lots of them. But they will not pose before the public as clowns; they do not make their living by telling ribald stories, and I hold that the convert from the Protestant ministry who gives himself up and allows himself to be led about by Catholic priests or by Catholic summer schools or Catholic lecture committees as a "popular" lecturer, and who uses the power and education and dedication that God has given him for the simple amusement of gaping Catholic audiences, is worthy of no better fate than that which has befallen our brother Adams. Put your heads down to this, you gentlemen of the priesthood and the hierarchy—I am not writing to amuse you.

As for clerical converts, let us hold our hearts to the truths of Christ Jesus and to our own self-respect; let us cherish our rights as teachers of God's truth, defying all men who question such rights, and let us use our powers, great or small, in the service of truth, and under no circumstances yield ourselves to the common work of circus clowns.

Adams was run after by Catholic women. Why? Because he was so amusing, told such splendid stories and constantly kept his audiences in roars of laughter.

Was such as this ever spoken of Jesus or of Paul? God pity

the man and his family and in some way open new paths for their feet and new sunshine for their waiting eyes.

* * * * *

During the past few months some of the nursery dailies of Philadelphia revived the Red Cap gossip as applied to Archbishop Ireland of St. Paul. The cap itself is not yet applied, though often applied for. The report of the destined honor has usually come from Chicago, where the ambitious prelate of St. Paul has long had his coterie of newspaper and priestly supporters. They have all gone wild, and for reasons once and again pointed out in the *GLOBE REVIEW*. Rome is too well informed to presume on such an array of disqualifications. This time the report is said to have originated in Washington, where Archbishop Ireland is said to have made new conquests, and in this instance it was supported by a weak and fulsome eulogy of His Grace, written by a pedagogue of the Catholic University in Washington and published in one of our light-weight Catholic magazines.

The gentleman who did the eulogy has often done better things. In truth, he is one of the pedagogic, poetic lights of the Catholic Church, has now and again written beautiful poems which the editor of the *GLOBE REVIEW* has been glad to praise; but poetry does not pay, and there has been hardly enough of the heroic and honorable in the life of Archbishop Ireland to inspire the pedagogic professor and biographer to soar to heights of an ode in honor of the Archbishop of St. Paul. Hardly.

This time the report of the fall of the Red Cap came in new form, to the effect that the Pope was ready to crown the Archbishop, provided the President of the United States would make the request that His Grace of St. Paul should be red-capped and made a "Prince" in the Church of Rome. The poor, dear, funny, ignorant newspapers. As if Roosevelt, being the head of a Republic founded by skeptics and socialists and ruled by Free Masons, would dare to make any such request, and as if the Pope would pay the slightest attention to it were it once made; but what do the nursery and other dailies know of these things? They simply wanted to boom Ireland for the time being, in order to oppose secretly some other parties or measures that it suited their feeble minds to oppose at the time, and the pedagogic professor wanted to boom Ireland for other reasons that need not be named.

It used to be customary to wait for a great man to die before pronouncing his eulogy—now every cat, dog and clown, every actor and actress, every base ball player and every prostitute can get, and is apt to get, its, his or her eulogy pronounced many times during life, provided the cash for the work is ready at hand. We did not expect to find the good Archbishop of St. Paul among the number of those who so ache for fame and praise that they have the work done as one hires a painter to decorate a church or a stable, and above all, we did not expect to see our old friend, the pedagogue, engaged in this low vocation, daubing with untempered mortar and filling the cracks of a leaky ship with New Orleans molasses. You can never tell. How are the mighty fallen. Had the writer made a visit to the editor of the *GLOBE REVIEW* before brandishing his molasses, he might have learned certain well-authenticated facts that would have gagged him on that poor theme. But, as Sir Walter once said, "The cause of a deceased friend is sacred."

* * * * *

It gives me great pleasure to be able to record any little speck of justice done by the lawful and political authorities of Philadelphia or Pennsylvania. Its fragrance is like water lilies or Jack roses in spring time. Since our last issue three of the city fathers, who had long been practicing the fine art of extracting and receiving bribes from our young lady would-be public school teachers, have been tried, convicted and sent to prison in—carriages, and not in the ordinary police van, as they deserved. No doubt, they have still enough cash in hand or on demand to make their solitary confinement less burdensome than it might be were they simply ordinary thieves; still, something has been gained for simple justice and the good name of our fair city. A city father never feels quite so bumptious, swaggering and entirely respectable after he has spent an involuntary lodgment in prison for barefaced theft as he did before his incarceration. Each one of the scoundrels might have got twenty lashes at the Delaware whipping-post as a compliment from Mayor Weaver, but we cannot get everything ideal all at once on this earth. The bribery business is dulled for a little while, and that is clear gain. Now catch the United States postal thieves if you can.

* * * * *

The Legislature at Harrisburg even has gotten down to reform.

An ideal stroke of legislation has been perpetrated by the boss clown and other lesser specimens of his class in what is known as the new libel bill. Nobody ever expects the law to be applied and executed except, perhaps, upon some insignificant country editor against whom a member of the Legislature has some private spite. To such depths of contemptible insignificance has the Legislature of this commonwealth of Pennsylvania descended under our immaculate Republican form of government; though even under kings and emperors the laws have been more frequently used to gratify personal revenge than to meet the ends of justice. But this is an ideal law.

For a great many years newspaper editors have been cartooning and shamefully abusing the political bosses and so-called legislators of this State and of the nation. Not merely criticising them, as is their undoubted right as American citizens, but ridiculing them, caricaturing them in the most grotesque and scurrilous fashion in vulgar and ridiculous pictures, until our practical bosses, governors, judges, legislators and other "honorable men" have been made to appear in vivid colors or in plain black and white, as the senseless, shrewd and conscienceless gentlemen they really are supposed to be. Well, that will never do. Take the honorable titles off these same bosses, etc., and they cannot live. But we must have bosses. Even the Philadelphia newspapers have bosses—mostly tailor-made and subject to rude and disgusting under-bosses, 'tis true, but bosses; and how can the great State survive without such? Well, well, the libel law has made all the editors in Pennsylvania mad as March hares; there has been no end of eloquent and brand-new abuse of our honorable legislators, governors, etc., and, to use the genius of an unknown poet, "even Philadelphia has got a wiggle on." One Judge Parker and other aspirants for the next Presidency have upheld the glory and civilizing power of the press, and even Charles Emory Smith and staff of the *Press*, and Clarke Davis and Co. of the *Ledger* have grown eloquent in their abuse, and the *North American* clowns have outdone all the regular trapeze performers. It is real fun. Wait till the bosses cartoon the *North American*.

* * * * *

Let us be serious. We have read no end of articles, accounts of public meetings, "letters from our regular correspondents"—in

back offices, etc., etc., touching the massacre of Jews in Kishineff by the maddened Russian population. The reporters, the newspaper editors and the correspondents have everywhere written the facts, as far as they could, in blackest colors; every article, every speech on the subject has been aimed, evidently enough, in the first place to work on the sympathies of our American readers in favor of the persecuted and murdered Jews and, apparently, in the second place, to put the newspapers, the correspondents, the orators, etc., in the best light with the Jews in the United States. And all this is as natural as it well could be. The first impulse on seeing or hearing of any outrageous catastrophe, massacre or other human calamity is to express sympathy, and the next, if we write about it, is to arouse sympathy in the breasts of others. All that has been done, and we do not complain.

Had we been in Kishineff at the outbreak of the massacre we would not have torn our hair, or have gone through the streets shouting murder; nor do we see any sense in pursuing that course two months after the massacre has ended. We would as quietly as possible have discovered the cause of the outbreak, and then have applied to the nearest representative of Russian imperial power, first, to stop the *bloodshed*, and second, to stop the *cause*, if possible, and so render any future outbreak improbable or impossible.

What I notice, in reading the accounts indicated, is that there has been as if a studied inability to name the cause of this outbreak. I mean the immediate, causative, occasional cause. Russians are very much like other human beings. It is useless to say, pierce the garment or the skin of a Russian and you will find the Tartar. That explains nothing. The Cossack is as human as the American, and, as a rule, a little more civilized. Kishineff is not an Indian reservation, but a Russian town, with all the paraphernalia of Russian or imperial authority, government and government offices and officers, trained and disciplined to put down crime and every disorder. How is it, or how was it, in this case, that no officer stirred for days to crush out the crimes, the horrible and brutal crimes of a civilized massacre?

My friends, until you answer that question you may abuse the murderers and you may abuse the authorities, and send aid to the mourners of the massacre, but you are acting in the dark all the while, and you are not acting like sensible and truly civilized men and women. I do not know the actual cause of the outbreak in question. It is useless, too, to say that in Russia there is a deep and settled hatred of the Jewish population. It is useless to say that certain imperial edicts or legislation has inspired this sentiment or furthered it or gives some excuse for it. The sentiment itself is hoary with age and is universal.

What provoked the legislation? Even Pennsylvania libel bills do not grow out of the ground. There is some deep and guiding

cause for such legislation. So in Russia. It is something the Jew has done, has a tendency to do, is, in fact, bound to do, has always done these thousands of years; something in the breed of him, in the heart-blood of him, and especially as he is persecuted more and more. Is the persecution a mere prejudice, a blunder and a crime, or is it, too, inevitable? Every Christian man knows the history of his religion, knows the curse of God brought on the Jew and his acceptance of that curse, and why, and if you think that by Free Masonry, good-fellowship or any other humanitarian scheme you can break the arm of God and lift the Jews or yourselves into immunity and sunlight and universal peace and prosperity, regardless of the past, or until the past is righted, you are the most mistaken people ever born in all the tides of time.

No true Christian persecutes a Jew. No man, that is, who has learned the Christian lessons of love and charity; but, dear friends, how few of those are there on the earth at this very hour? No, no, you would not persecute a Jew—not in your sober senses, which senses are, in general, the result of Christian teaching and civilization, and so long as the Jew does not beat you or seem to beat you in the world's struggle for existence; but let something happen, year after year, till you find that he is beating you, has you in his pocket; let something happen, under these circumstances, that takes your beautiful charity or your beautiful self-complacency and conceit out of you and out of your neighbor and out of a hundred or a thousand, or out of ten thousand neighbors, and then what happens? Your self-complacency is turned to hate, and hate breeds the insanity of crime, and massacre comes as the night comes, unexpected, undreamed of, and in the darkness of madness and vengeance and the lack of stars, you murder—at Santiago or at Kishineff, as the case may be.

In this broad land of ours, thank God, there is no restrictive legislation against the Jew. Here he has the same freedom as other men, and no fences are in his way. He may not only make money in his own way, but hold any office to which his friends may elect him. The land is broad and full of plenty, and we would any of us be ashamed of prejudices against the Jew. There is too much space for such folly. Wait till the population is ten-fold what it is to-day, the struggle for existence twentyfold harder, and then find that our friends from Palestine have been gaining on us steadily for all our existence, as has often been found in other nations, that he holds your pledges, your bonds, national and individual; wait till you, too, have been squeezed as in a vise, put to the torture of water-cure and what not; till you are desperate in this line also, and then fire bricks at the Russians of Kishineff if you are so inclined.

God forbid that I should be the means of encouraging, arousing or excusing prejudice or human crime, but there is a crime

of the usurer as well as of the common murderer, and God requireth that which is past. You may slip His justice for a day, a year, but you cannot change His laws or ways, no matter how "strenuous" your battles may be. He is never weary of making men out of traders, usurers and thieves.

Speaking from my own experience, I freely say that my experience with Jews has been most flattering to themselves, most creditable to their superior civilization. I am inclined to think that their superiority as civilized human beings, that is, as civilization is understood and practiced among us, is the explanation at once of their usual success in life and of their being hated by others less civilized and less successful than themselves.

Take the simple principles of Christianity out of modern civilization, and the Jew is not only the ablest man on earth to-day, but the most civilized and the most sincere. I have always found him as I would expect to find him, a man and a "brother." Of course, he is not a Christian, and thereby hangs the tale. Trace it to its source every time, and you will see where the trouble lies, and why the people of Kishineff did what they did, and instead of hurling your selfish and conceited condemnations against the Russian government or people, try to understand your own hearts and wait till your own shoe pinches till it drives you insane. You may be nearer that than you think. A few more billions of J. P. Morgan's undigested securities, a slip in the next Presidential election, may bring the deluge and drown you and yours in oceans of hell fire.

* * * * *

Touching the next Presidential nomination and election, I do not agree with the small host of so-called Republican newspaper drum-majors, banner-carriers, water-carriers and bootblacks who during these months are taking it for granted that Theodore Roosevelt has a walk-over. I do not think that Hanna, Platt & Co. were desperate when they got on the band wagon late in May or first of June, or that they are on to stay. I do not think that Roosevelt's nomination is "dead sure," and should he, by all the hocus pocus of political plotting and begging now going on, get the nomination, I believe not only that he is the easiest Republican candidate to beat, but that he most certainly will be beaten. I think that he may yet again be President, but not until he has rested for a few years and learned wisdom by experience and has had many conceits knocked out of his strenuous personality.

It is generally understood that whatever anti-trust legislation he has favored was instigated and superintended with a direct view of securing the next Presidential nomination; that its aim was directly to win the popular and labor vote, and to offend as little as possible the commercial or moneyed power of the country.

In this, according to my reading of the signs of the times, he has entirely failed. That is, neither the labor vote nor the popular vote has been gained; and the American leaders of American commerce have long since ceased to trust in Roosevelt. He has not won either a vote or confidence in either direction, and only a minority of the politicians, the office-holders and the cheap newspaper cavaliers are with him.

It is well understood that the Republican State conventions of Pennsylvania and Ohio were both, and contrary to law, packed with and by political office-holders. Of course, they are with and for the President. In Pennsylvania any popular Republican candidate for any office is sure to win, and no matter what his crimes and misdemeanors in office may have been. For the same reason, long ago, this State was sure for Roosevelt, even if he had not scandalized all the better elements of the State by reinstating the Hon. M. S. Quay as leader in Pennsylvania when the old man was hard on his uppers, two or three years ago.

As to the Ohio State convention, that was beyond question in the hands of Senator Hanna, and not at all in Mr. Foraker's hands, till President Roosevelt did what no self-respecting President has ever done before him, viz., until he telegraphed Senator Hanna, knowing all the facts, to carry the convention for himself, Roosevelt; and all this when the President for more than two years had petted Quay, Hanna's dead-set enemy. Well, the drum-majors, etc., must be blinder than we take them, for if they suppose that this unheard-of act of humiliation on the part of a President has reversed the real and natural order of things in the politics of Ohio.

There are reasons upon reasons why Senator Hanna is willing enough to please the President while he is in office. Mr. Hay could tell you this if he chose. But I know of no reason why Senator Hanna should be whipped in to harness and pull, as a dray-horse in the band wagon arranged by Senator Quay. We shall see.

The President's tour of the continent was doubtless undertaken to further the boom started by his anti-trust measures and supplemented by the two conventions of Pennsylvania and Ohio. Roosevelt is blessed with a strong physique. He can do a great deal of hard hack work. During his tour he once more proved himself an excellent campaign speaker, yet the Hon. W. J. Bryan has now and again made more and better speeches in the same length of time, and he is not yet President. As I read the signs of the times, Roosevelt's tour has not brought him one inch nearer the next Presidential nomination or election. His speeches gave the newspapers something to write about in a dull season, but it has once and again been shown in this country how popular a man may be with the newspapers and the people and still be unable to win the one ambition of his heart.

Nobody could ever have dreamed of placing Roosevelt's name first on the ticket when McKinley was last elected. Roosevelt's term has shown more blunders, backsets, delays of legislation, arbitrary legislation, legislation tyrannized over by the executive, legislation that has accomplished nothing but froth and foam for the drinkers of the band wagon, more postal scandals, hushed up by Presidential interference; more army scandals, hushed up by the same influence; in a word, it has proved to have been the worst and most useless Presidential term within the memory of man. His Western tour was a piece of loud and reckless spendthriftism without accomplishing any of the real results supposed to have been aimed at; a strenuous and expensive failure.

Why the country, after three years of such raw blundering, should now want to boom a man for the Presidency who has caused all this unstatesmanlike bluster, nobody knows except the politicians who, being in office, and who have been protected in office and still need protection, desire the continuance of the strenuous, who has shielded them and all their bluff and blunders.

No doubt, the last outbreak of that bumptious and fussy old man, Gen. Miles, was intended to puncture the Presidential boom and, perhaps, to get up a counter boom for Miles himself, but the general was never anything but a small military man, who attained figure-head prominence simply because the younger men were still smaller than himself, and his general statements about the crimes of the army in the Philippines, though not half bitter enough for the truth, have fallen flat and will not hurt the gang of upstart youngsters who perpetrated and protected those crimes. Roosevelt is not a great man, but he is entirely too great to be toppled over by such an old weakling as General Miles.

Well, you say, if Miles cannot hurt him, and if Hanna has got on the band wagon, and if enough States are already committed to him to insure his nomination, what is to hinder it and his election?

I have not changed my conviction, as previously expressed in late issues of the GLOBE REVIEW, viz., *first*, that from a moral standpoint Providence is bound to defeat this man for the moral wrongs committed by him and protected by him from beginning to end of the American-Spanish war, including, of course, all the accursed wrongs connected with the regulation and so-called civilization of the Philippines; *second*, I believe that the total anti-trust legislation instigated and protected by Roosevelt has acted, and will act, as a restraint upon all business and all commerce, and that this action has already set the moneyed interests of the country against him; *third*, that the few thinkers we have in the land, poor as most of them are, see the facts as just stated; that, therefore, the balance wheel, intelligence, including the literary intelligence of the country, alike that which is free and that which is in the hire of the moneyed men, is certainly against Roosevelt; *fourth*, that between now and nomination day the

labor leaders, the walking-delegate of that hydra-headed fool, the so-called labor unions, will be made to see that, spite of all his pretensions, Roosevelt has not helped the labor men or their so-called representatives; and finally, as the individuals and elements just indicated, and not the politicians, determine Presidential nominations and elections, that Roosevelt is doomed in spite of himself and his many friends.

Certain small fry among the Pennsylvania newspapers are already naming Quay as successor to the Hon. Mark Hanna as chairman of the Republican National Committee; and assuming that under Quay the President will be renominated and elected, they are naming Quay as Secretary of State in the next President's Cabinet and clothing him with all the immaculate honors of unsullied Pennsylvania and national statesmanship. While I think that Quay has certain winning gifts as a national chairman in the politics of bribery and trickery, and that he would make an excellent Secretary of State in the Cabinet of Roosevelt, I am convinced that Mr. Hanna will have more to say about all this than is dreamed of by any one of Roosevelt's band wagon drum-majors of to-day.

Let us put it short and end it. Mr. Hanna himself is more likely to be the nominee than Roosevelt, and if nominated, Hanna can beat any Democrat in the country. He is hand and glove with the labor leaders; all the elements recently named as opposed to Roosevelt are one with Hanna and have unlimited confidence in him, so that, spite of Mr. Quay and the politicians, Hanna may be obliged, as it were, to take the nomination and win. *But* if Roosevelt is crowded upon the next national Republican convention and secures the nomination, Grover Cleveland, spite of all his recreancy to honor and Democracy, will get the Democratic nomination, and having satisfied the moneyed interests and the labor interests, so-called, that he is their friend, as indeed he has shown himself, Grover Cleveland will be our next President. So it is a pretty three-handed game between Roosevelt, Hanna and Cleveland, without any chance for Roosevelt, spite of all the noise he has made.

He needs taming and turning down, and he will get it sure. He is not yet ready to masticate Europe and Asia at one meal and to wash it all down by swallowing, at one draught, the entire Pacific Ocean. It is much easier to make hack speeches and shoot half-tamed bears. His strenuous efforts deserve success, but his moral inconsistencies have weakened his prospects more than he knows or dreams. Had he been better advised he might have embraced the great opportunity that God gave him, but he has failed and will fail. By the time he has read all the encyclicals which Leo XIII intends to send him he will know more and talk less and may yet win again. The man is still very green. We wish him well.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

THE GLOBE.

NO. LI.

SEPTEMBER, 1903.

SAINT LEO XIII.

July 22, 1903. A brief dispatch of this date reads as follows:

"ROME, July 22.—The post mortem examination of the remains of the late Pontiff shows that the vital organs were in a healthy condition with the exception of the lungs and pleura.

"This morning the body was still lying in semi-state in the throne-room."

Later it was taken to St. Peters and buried. To this favor though we paint an inch thick, and robe ourselves in purple and scarlet and gold, or though we perish unknown amidst filth and rags, must we all come, and really what we call the externals of garments and honors amount to little.

Jesus on the cross of agony and ignominy, after being dragged through the gutters of human hate and vice and shame, Cæsar stabbed in the senate by his friends, Cicero, in cowardly flight, murdered in his litter by hired assassins, John Brown hung on the gallows by the crude and hateful blundering of Virginia "Justice," or the last poor "nigger" burned at the stake for an indulgence that every white man who helped to lynch him has practiced over and over again. It matters little—to die, to sleep, perchance to dream; to quit this mortal sphere and flit to spheres unknown—"to be or not to be; that's the question." The final hours of the brave, the great, the good, are apt to be as full of agony as those of the poorest beggar or the pampered millionaire—nor goodness nor gold can buy an easy passage across the Styx, and the great eternal future is still the eternal unknown. We believe, we hope, but how we cling to the little hour we are sure of here.

This was all true of Leo XIII, as it is true of the vilest slave. God in his mercy has so shrouded the world. For sixteen days and nights the doctors watched and guessed at the symptoms; "diagnosed," ran their noses through the poor old man. What

is called, in select medical parlance, tapped him here and punctured him elsewhere, in the interest of so-called science, and to spread their own poor fame, and put money in their purses. I have seen a crushed and mangled mongrel cur lick his own sores on the public highway through his suffering to convalescence and health again, far more skilfully than those great doctors helped the old Pope to die. He was weary; his ninety-three years of ambition, turmoil, conflict, accomplishment and failure, were at last weighing him down, and he was ready to depart and be with his predecessors—with Jesus and Paul and the vast multitudes of the redeemed, in the many mansions of God—a great multitude whom no man can number.

The poor thing we call science may have prolonged or shortened the last moments or hours, but Leo was dying. Dying as all his mates have died, with what little pluck was left of the virile, magnetic power that had made him what he had been—all honor to the good and the brave! At the date of this writing the surgeons were through with their cutting, and the poor white body was at rest, in all splendor, arranged or to be arranged so that the feet should project beyond the stout iron fence in front of him, in order that the outside millions of devotees might kiss his feet in final farewell. The poor, nauseating, weary stage of post mortem cuttings and embalming had all been gone through with. The embellishments of all ecclesiastical last rights and absolutions were done with, and perhaps the angels of heaven and God himself might not have been displeased.

At the date of this writing the prying little nephews of the great man were satisfied that the doctors had done their best—the poor little prying nephews, and the poor fussy doctors.

Let them have our thanks for their anxiety and their skill, and pass into the oblivion out of which the Pope's illness and death had for a moment elevated them to flashes of notoriety or fame.

At this writing indeed every newspaper correspondent, and every newspaper editor throughout the world had wired or Marconized his estimate of the Pope's character and work to as many constituents as chose to read their words; and certain able and rhetorical priests had already written and published handsome volumes, as history of Leo's reign. It is the early bird that catches the worm, and grows fat, and in his turn, also dies.

There may be thousands of intelligent men and women that will expect some estimate of this man in the *GLOBE*, and so we shall try by various studies and comparisons to give our view of Leo XIII as one of a small coterie of noble men whose lives made the nineteenth century brilliant with the light of their genius, and famous alike by their accomplishments and their palpable and unmistakable failures.

It is not only the Napoleon's, the Moltke's, the Bismarck's, the Grant's and the Lee's and all ancient and modern warriors; the Spencer's, the Darwin's and the whole line of famous scientists, especially of the last century, and the great poets, Goethe, Schiller, Hugo, Tennyson, Browning, and a hundred lesser souls of music, but the great prophets, moral philosophers and reformers, the great religious teachers and ecclesiastics who die in bitter though silent disappointment over the failures of their lives. Leo XIII set his heart upon uniting Christendom under the leadership and rightful spiritual sovereignty of Rome. He looked and gazed into the promised land, and there were prophecies of his victory, but he died without entering therein. Great as Leo was, a greater than Leo was and is needed for that divine consummation. Perhaps his death may do more toward it than his life could have done. Time will show.

Already it is seen that the purpose of this paper is not mere panegyric or eulogy. The world gets too much of this, and our Catholic writers seem especially given to it, notably when great Catholic leaders are concerned. But what man, by mere red paint, put on ever so thickly, can add a hair's breadth to his own or his neighbor's actual stature? Let us try to be true and rational as well as reverent.

I may have as much reason as others to give unstinted praise to the departed. Years ago, Leo XIII sent to me his papal blessing, blessing me in body and soul and work, and I prize the memory of the walk of a friend of mine in the Vatican gardens with Leo, when the Pope halting, pronounced this blessing.

But Leo XIII was too good and too great a man to be stifled, even in death, with mountains of fulsome eulogy. As he said on what proved to be his death bed: "I have tried to do what was best in all things, but in some things I may have failed or gone wrong." And what need has such a soul of frequent confessions or absolutions?

Perhaps these kept his face so steadily to the light of Heaven and helped him thitherward.

Our study of Leo XIII will confine itself in the main to the question of physiognomy, to his various encyclicals and to the definite works he aimed to accomplish.

No theological dogma, no notions of infallibility, no amount of gilt-edged rhetoric can take any man's face out of the absolute class of faces to which he belongs in history, or change a shadow of its grandeur or weakness, in the comparative merit of it as finally decided by the exact studies of physiognomy. Many years ago, I wrote an article which I called a study of faces, and published it in one of the earlier numbers of the *GLOBE*. Many times I have been asked to repeat that article or write another on the subject, as commentary thereon.

Since then the newspapers have taken up the general theme and have displayed their usual ignorance in treating it. In the article named I referred to the well known portraits of the leading warriors and philosophers of ancient history and showed first, that the same type of face, indicated the same type of character among Greeks and Romans, and the more modern European nations, that they indicate among ourselves here in the United States to-day; and that when one understood this there was no possibility of being fooled by any attempt at having a small potato sold you or palmed off on you as a great one, or a large and sound one. Second, that therefore a careful study of ancient physiognomy as compared with ancient history, and modern history and physiognomy was sure of certain revelations that only seeing eyes now behold. Third, that this study and its results in careful knowledge can be made as plain and true as the multiplication table, but God have pity upon many of our modern wisemen, politicians and ecclesiastics, when the modern schoolboy has the data of this study at his finger ends. The rising generation will be less reverent than our own and the habit of sarcastic caricature will turn the world into a circus, filled mostly with modern clowns.

In applying the study of physiognomy to the face of Leo XIII, it will be necessary to bear one or two points in mind—first, that ever since the introduction of Christianity into the world, the essential principles of Christianity, differing as they do from all other religions, and inculcating as they do, certain conduct

of humility, kindness and charity, even unto martyrdom, as essential to true goodness, have, to some extent, poorly as they are followed and lived up to, nevertheless changed the general type and expression of the human face, and are slowly but surely lifting it to a higher level, both among men and women, than the world has ever known before; that is, given the same type or contour of face among the Greeks and among ourselves; when the features as to length and breadth and height, in every particular would be called the same, it will be found that in faces of the same class where Christianity has done or tried to do its work there will be a higher, a purer and more modest, a humbler and a kindlier expression, than in the same type of face taken from any period of Greek or Roman history. In due time I hope to show that the same law applies to a comparative study of ancient and modern literature, but at present we are concerned alone with a comparative study of faces. I may add in passing, that while of necessity our studies have had to be confined to the more famous faces of history, ancient and modern, the same truth applies to the comparative study of the faces of the masses of people of ancient and modern times. Nor can any declaration of independence change the records of God as written on the faces of the dead and the living of our fellow men.

Miltiades and Leonidas who led the Greeks at Thermopylae and Marathon, were plainly of the same class and type of faces as those of Lee and Grant and Meade who made our civil war immortal, with this difference, that our leaders, especially Lee and Meade, bore the marks, not of less bravery and heroism, but of more refinement, a touch of God and of Christianity in their faces. It is the same story the world over, and in all times, men are not made equal in any sense. The authority, Gloster, saw in Lear, and which he loved to obey, has been perceptible in all the great commanders and leaders of men since time began. Gladstone's face was as great as Solon's, and back of it was a loftier, greater, sweeter soul.

Christianity gives a higher and deeper basis of principles in the human soul, as ground for a sweeter and purer authority and power, and when this authority is to be exercised without civil laws or civil powers as of the sword, and is to be a purely moral and spiritual power as in the case of all Christian ecclesiastical power or authority and supremely in the highest ecclesiastics

or, the Popes, then must the principles of Christ and his religion have wrought well and grandly or the faces of the Popes will be but a poor caricature of the true power of Christ Himself.

Jesus had no civil law and no army back of him, not even a Papal guard; all, in fact, were against him, and yet he has conquered the world. But not by robes or titles or civil law. Who imagines for a moment that the so-called temporal power of Rome ever did anything toward this? Who can help believing that it helped to develop the structure of soul and the physiognomy that have wrought against Christ's victory? But we will not anticipate. Jesus Himself was the new creation, the type of spirit and the type of face to which the world has bowed, and which the world must follow before men can see the truth that I am aiming at here. As Paul said: "It is a new creation. Behold all things have become new," your old Roman round heads and fat bodies robed in scarlet and purple will not do. And yet many Christians try to see how pagan they can be in looks, habits and lives—some adore and ape the Greek, some the Roman, some the Egyptian, and some the lowest savages of the darkest jungles of barbarism, and yet they *all* would have us believe them honorable and Christian men.

I make no apologies or excuses for the face or soul of Leo XIII. He must stand or fall, by the laws I am here indicating. How does he stand when viewed among the faces of ancient and modern times? Not the highest of all, but among the highest. He is in the highest class and has points of rounded completeness which are largely his own.

I neither believe nor disbelieve in the portrait face accredited to Jesus. In truth, every portrait we have, as ideal of that type differs, when studied closely, from every other portrait, and all we can say, no matter where found, is that the Christ type of face is the one that all artists have agreed upon as the highest ideal spiritual, and spiritually forceful face of all the world and of all time. The face that conquers by love and reason, not by brute force. Nobody thinks of dreaming that the face of the Emperor Nero, or of Bob Ingersoll, or John Sullivan can compare with the Christ type as a specimen of practical christianity or as a spiritual force in the economics of the world, though these prosperous gentlemen were and are excellent persons in their

way, and for the circus, the popular lecture platform, or the prize ring as the case may be, all "honorable" men.

Of course, the question of beard or no beard modifies and has some force in the study here indicated, but less than a surface view of the case would imagine. In truth, the type of spirit dominates to a greater extent than we dream, the question of beard or no beard itself. Julius Cæsar and Count Von Moltke and General Sherman lived nearly two thousand years apart, were typical of three very dissimilar nations of men, the leading types and characteristics of the Romans, the Greeks and the Americans being again very unlike, yet Cæsar, Moltke and Sherman were more akin and more alike in face and mind than if they had been brothers. and neither wore a beard.

So Alexander and Nero, the one of a beard wearing people, and the other not so, as in the case of Cæsar and Moltke, each man followed his taste; that is, the suggestion of the type to which he belonged, and no amount of beard or the trimming of the same could have changed their types of faces or the work they did.

As a nation we are growing away from the Greek and the old Hebrew type and assimilating the Roman, and the best of our citizens are becoming beardless after the manner of the Roman round heads of old.

A study of the faces of Cæsar, Moltke and Sherman, will show in the last two the gains of Christianity in the same mold or type of face. Nature made them alike, but Christ toned the Christians down.

The barber and the newspaper editor do not determine these questions, the same is true of taste as of lynching; the lyncher and the barber get in their work when and where the taste and judgment of the people—the cast of the human spirit has already preceeded them. Justice Brewer cannot make lynching unpopular, any more than Leo XIII could bring about the union of Christendom till the spirit of *Christ* more fully permeates and dominates the mind of the world.

The face attributed to Cicero, whether a true portrait of the man or no, is the type of face that the highest art of any period of the world has evolved for the Ciceronian type of man. It was a typical Roman face, we say, well: so was that of Julius Cæsar, and both were Romans of the higher class, so called, and both were beardless, but Cicero could never have done the work

that made Cæsar immortal, whereas Cæsar could have done Cicero's work and have done it better than the great orator himself. There is a difference among men, beard or no beard and the Declaration of Independence to the contrary notwithstanding. And as are the leaders of men, so are the people in every nation; the same general type, but only one or two Cæsars are born and reared in two thousand years.

Julius stood alone among the Romans in culture as in war. Whatever he wrote was perfect in its line, and General Sherman's wisdom and culture of mind, as crowded into his short sentences, are still as luminous as his immortal march to the sea. These men are not rough riders or hack writers. General Leonidas Grant was a great fighter, but there his culture ended.

There is a serious cast of spirit and of face in all great thinkers, writers and religious teachers and ecclesiastics of the world. This we expect to find in a face as characteristic as that of Leo XIII.

The Philadelphia *North American* of Sunday, July 26th, published a double page advertisement of some life of the Pope written by a priest, needless to name here. The printed matter of the advertisement was surrounded or bordered so to speak, with forty-nine portraits of prominent ecclesiastics and ordinary priests, mostly of Philadelphia, of course—so sells the paper.

Now I could take these forty-nine portraits, or say forty-eight of them, and by a careful study and description of their faces—the general shape or contour of face and head, the comparative height and breadth of forehead; the length and shape of the nose, the cast of the eye, the shape, width and curvature and expression of lips and mouth, and the general pose of the face and head, and could tell you to a hair's breadth the specific gifts or no gifts and tendencies of these gentlemen, their comparative merits, mentally and morally, their weak points, when they have any, as clearly as an ordinary school boy can run over the multiplication table. "Do it! why not do it, Mr. Thorne?" Well, in the first place, it is not worth while; only a few of their faces are worth such a study, and in the second place, much as I am interested in the study of physiology, I am not anxious to be prosecuted for libel, am not anxious for martyrdom in that line. Two or three of these faces have become public property and are familiar, I doubt not, to most readers of the GLOBE. These,

for comparisons sake, we may notice slightly. It may be well to mention that, as I have been in the business for many years, though I publish no illustrations in the *GLOBE*, I am very familiar with the fact that newspaper portraits, as a rule, are not to be taken as expert and finished photographs, nevertheless the newspaper portraits of men whose faces have become famous are pretty sure to give a fair general picture of the actual man. The centre portrait of the forty-nine referred to is the face that we are writing this article to illustrate and define—that of Pope Leo XIII, now in Heaven. And it may be well to say “right here” that the face of Pope Leo XIII, in all its familiar features of strength and mildness is as superior to anyone of the other faces, as his great position when in the world was superior to theirs. But we must not hasten to concrete conclusions. On the immediate right and left of the face of Leo XIII are portraits of His Grace the Archbishop of Philadelphia, and of his eminence, James Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore. It is only by symbols and slow degrees, that art child-like climbs to the dear Lord’s knees. It is only by infinite comparison that the student can tell at a glance the highest breed of horses and of men. A curve of the lips, a cast of the eye, even the slightest, may wing a man to Heaven, or hurl him down to hell.

The face of Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, is familiar through portraiture to every reader of the *GLOBE* and is personally known to many thousands of them. It was always a face of rare abilities. Earlier in life, the forehead seemed a little broad and high for perfect symmetry, but the mouth was full and kindly, and of easy and commanding eloquence. He was as great an orator at twenty-five as he is at seventy, but, of course with a lesser range of facts and experiences to draw upon. Always the face was kindly rather than forceful. Though never lacking in needed will power or strength of purpose, these were never the dominating faculties or features of the soul of this man. The face always was, and is to-day, conciliatory, kindly, charitable as becomes the face of a Christian and an Archbishop in the Church of Christ. His Grace of Philadelphia never undertook any business in the spirit of revenge, or to have revenge. Never undertook any conflict simply to show himself or somebody else that he could conquer an enemy or carry the business through, though this faculty and principle have been very active in ancient and

modern times. The face of the Archbishop was born of many centuries of Christian struggle, and the mastery for Christ is as plainly visible in the gentleness and kindness of the lips of his portrait, as they are in all his actual life.

There were not wanting men who called him a trimmer in the conflict between the Archbishop of St. Paul and the Archbishop of New York a dozen years ago.. I knew many of the inner facts of that conflict, and I have always believed that his Grace of Philadelphia simply acted as the *Peacemaker*, to which character the Divine Master left, as inheritance the noblest of his beatitudes. If the peacemaker gets into politics, ecclesiastical or other, he will seem and may become the trimmer, but the dominating gift of a face like that of Archbishop Ryan's is the great gift of oratory. It is the possession and the exercise of this gift that have made him one of the most famous men of our day, and it is because of this, his great dominating gift, that I am dwelling upon his face for a moment here. Archbishop Ryan is the Cicero of the Nineteenth and Twentieth Centuries. His face is the face of the eloquent Roman over again, after many years, with this exception that as the face of the Christian Archbishop is sweeter and kindlier, and more tender and human than was the face of Cicero, so are his orations full not of invective sharpening the law of justice with bitter sarcasm, but of the goodness of charity, the kindly pathos of human affection, good will and brotherly uplifting. But there is no escaping the similarity of contour and similarity of the dominating gift in each of these two men. Wendell Phillips approached this type, but he was too full of Yankee bitterness and prejudice to realize its ideal. Philips Brooks came nearer to the type, but he never understood the supremest truth of the religion he lived so well. As far as Cicero's face was from that of the great Julius, so far is the face of the Archbishop of Philadelphia from all the strangely but harmoniously blended faculties that went to make up the sunlit and luminous and complete, and now glorified face of Leo XIII the late departed servant of the servants of God.

The tendency of this article so far, is to indicate that while the principles of Christianity may permeate and dominate any type of face and head and soul, the ideal of this realization will be found mainly in the type of face known as the *Christ Type*, that is, in such faces of all nations, no matter where or how

diversely born and reared, wherein as to features, there is erectness of the general pose of the head and lines of feature, and wherein the upper or forehead portion of the face plainly dominates the lower portions or portion, and not the opposite of this, as is too often the case in our day of big fat noses, lips and lower jaw. Wherein again, the general cast or expression of the face is rational, settled, calm, kindly and serious; not irrational, or savage and unsettled, wild, angry, erratic, or trivial, silly and clown-like, as again is too often the case with the vast majorities of men in our own day and nation; wherein, again, as to proportion, the head, or forehead measured from the centre of the bridge of the nose to the true upper line of the forehead, will be formed to be a little higher or longer or deeper than is the length of the nose from bridge to tip, and again, decidedly a little higher or deeper than the line from the base of the nose or the upper edge of the upper lip to the true lower line of the chin. Whereas, just precisely the reverse of this is true of the vast majority of the faces of modern times—the vast majority of the faces of the Twentieth Century are cursed with varied bestiality. Again, as to proportion, wherein the length of the face from the true upper line of the forehead to the true lower line of chin will be found to be decidedly longer or deeper than the width of the face from any true point of measurement. Wherein, again, as to expression, the eyes look straight before them, and do not stare or dodge or equivocate or prevaricate, or disemble; whereas, the reverse is true of the vast majority of human eyes in our generation; wherein again, as to expression, the nose is naturally straight, barring accident, not one sided, or crooked, or beaked like an eagle's bill, or sneering, pug-nosed or upturned, or short and stunted, or projecting till it sticks out as the most prominent and quarrelsome feature of the man. Wherein, again, as to expression, the lips and mouth, the most story-telling feature of the face, except in the more vanishing and quickest changes of the eyes and eyelids are mild, but firm, truthful and kindly as the questioning, longing look in a lover's eyes. Wherein, again, as to size and thickness, there is no protruding flabbiness of the savage negro, nor the pinched, thin and pale close shut and vice-like, petty and soulless significance of Iago or Uriah Heep, or the average, rat-lip and square suppressed, bitter and basely animal

grin or leer of the average American citizen and patriot of our glorious day and generation.

In a word, ladies and gentlemen, the lower jaw of the American patriot of these days is, with all the rest of his face and head, a very low but smart type of animal, the rat and beaver predominating. The average lower jaw of the American citizen, male or female, has grown from a quarter to a half an inch longer, broader and more beastly and out of proportion during the last century. I mean as compared with the average American citizens of the preceeding one hundred years. The Puritan was not a saint, from any standpoint, but the average of him was angelic, compared with the average political and ecclesiastical saints of these later years. I do not here attempt to show which way the average degradation of our generation has crept in. That is a study of comparative nationality. We have enough on hand without that. The most exaggerated specimens of the hard and heavy lower jaw species that have ever come under my observation are native Americans of several generations. But they are great talkers for American morality.

Abraham Lincoln's was the last, well proportioned, kindly and Christian face that shone upon and kept from damnation the entire public portraiture of the nation, and yet what sport we made of its rough and unhewn lines. But what would we not give, what would not the good God give for another face and head like Lincoln's in the legislative, judicial, executive, military or naval forces of our poor degraded, grinning, rough-riding, superficial, ambitious, unjust, over-bearing and damnable faces and forces of these last days?

Ladies and gentleman, it is only by calling attention to the marks on the faces of those persons known to us that we can clearly understand the true meaning and differences of faces known to us only by reputation, but whose lives have been spent in lands and under governments so dissimilar to our own,

In truth the face of Lincoln, in many aspects of it, suggests and resembles the face of Leo XIII, now shining among the stars of God. Of course the men were born in different ranks, but that never counts where great facts and great souls are concerned. The inner fires of true genius burn down all walls of partition, and by the energy of its own mild forces wins the hearts of gods and men. Lincoln was a redeemer, a unifier and

a savior like Leo XIII. Their faces were similiarly proportioned, but the expressions of the two were very unlike. Follow the similarities and dissimilarities of the faces and lives of these two men at your leisure and see at how many points they are in touch with one another, with humanity, with Christ and with God.

Their minds were of similiar grasp and structure, their purposes alike, that is, because their faces and souls were of similiar mould; both tended to truth and justice and to God. Lincoln was not an orthodox Christian in belief, but the spirit of Christ pervaded his life and his actions. And I think that for this very lack of his there was that eternal cast of sadness on his face—relieved only by his strong and clear intellect, and by frequent resort to the boundless humor stored in the human race. We know how Lincoln was educated, and what were the limitations of his training, and of his belief and culture. We know how Leo XIII was born and educated, what were the consecrations of his ancestors, what the thoroughness of his schooling and education in all the laws and sciences of God and men.

Leo XIII was not a joker. Where Lincoln found release and recreation in good stories, usually with a physical turn of human jocularity, Leo XIII found the same rest and release and recreation in reading the old classic poets, not without humor, and at odd hours, in writing dainty, but serious verses of his own. For the sad look, almost of despair, that you find in Lincoln's face, as in Carlyle's, you find on Leo's a perpetual, though somewhat strained, but restful and trustful smile.

My friends our creeds affect the very cast of our lips, though they utter never a word.

Do not ask me why all orthodox faces are not Christ-like, kind and holy. I am not writing on the basis of the Declaration of Independence, which poor parchment I heartily despise. I am writing of men, not of mere hacks and voters.

The most virile and the most suggestive and significant portrait of Leo XIII is the one, often published, which shows him as one of a family group, with his father, brothers and nephews about him. Here the physiognomist detects at a glance the lines of remarkable genius in the pose and expression of Leo's face and person; the erectness of the pose, the alertness of the whole frame, especially of the face, and a certain subdued assertiveness of self-consciousness inevitable, not showing pride

or wilfulness, but simply showing the unavoidable delicacy of the superiority of the man.

This sort of pose and expression is inevitable to every man of supreme and of superior genius, and when the camera catches a soul of this description in a group with brothers or sisters or nephews or friends, the daylight of God tells the true story by comparison to any wide-awake eyes or minds.

You will find the same expression in the earlier and middle life portraits of the late Henry Ward Beecher, and of Archbishop Ryan, though in less degree—in those of Carlyle, of Goethe, Victor Hugo and, in lesser degree, in the earlier portraits of Gladstone, Browning, Ruskin and Tennyson. It flames out through the blind eyes of Homer and radiates in sun-flame of beauty in the face of Shakespeare. It is most remarkable in the face and expression of Leo XIII, in the family picture referred to. In all cases where true genius is latent in the soul this wide, quick, alert, ready light of action, a sort of guiding flame of nerve power, of suppressed virility is inevitably found in the pose and face. Hack scientists call it an excess of nerve, a neurotic condition or state, and such fools, by their silly theories, prove that all the greatest men of the race have been insane. It is the verdict of a mediocre and hack race of scoundrels and fools, and need not be regarded.

It is true that in many would-be poets, artists and saints, this expression and pose are visible in some grotesque form of excess; hence the proverbial poet, artist and youth of genius is the darling of modern caricature, the sport of the bluffery and journalism of our day. In a word, even hack mediocreism is "catching on" to the infelicities of would-be genius, though a young man with only a scintillation of it is superior to the average hack in any sphere, but the true student never confounds the would-be with the real.

A man of true genius is never noisy and posey and picturesque of the grotesque, as was the artist Whistler, and in lesser degree the artist Morris; though these men had undeniable ability, they had not genius, but acted as if they had all the genius of the human race held fast in their own exclusive modes and fashions. We are here dwindling from the greatest to far lesser minds, but only for comparison. It is with us a study of more than a

generation, and we know the lines of human faces too well to be fooled.

The quick, alert, almost impetuous, light in the face and eyes of true genius has always conquered and always will conquer the world. The grand Duchesses of Britain vowed they never saw such eyes as glowed in the face of Robert Burns, and the man himself was full of untamed genius and power.

The Roman and Hebrew contemporaries of Jesus Himself took him for a dreamer, a blasphemer, an upstart, if not a fool. The same people concluded that Saul of Tarsus, known to us as Saint Paul, was mad, beside himself and stark crazy, while others worshipped both men as divine.

Had those foolish politicians and churchmen understood physiognomy, they never would have crucified Christ or called Paul mad. Politicians and churchmen enamoured of their creeds and greeds were as wise and fair a thousand years ago as they are to-day. Just about the same, but the face of God shines through the face of genius, hide it, spit on it or despise it where or as you may.

Among the faces and portraits of Leo XIII published in many newspapers during his last illness the one which represented him in the act of prayer was the most human and the most divine. In this portrait the strength of the nose and the firmness of the chin and the concentration of the eyes, the soul the mind and heart are all visible and we begin to see the power which moved the arm that rules the universe.

The strongest portraits of Jacob, at the foot of the ladder, wrestling with God in prayer, or of Wesley preaching the Gospel to the masses, or of Carlyle even in his older life, when the supremest powers of the human mind had settled into the last despair, are weak and imperfect when compared with this great portrait of Leo XIII in the act of prayer.

The far more famous and popular portraits of Leo, many of them modifications of the still more famous exhibition painting which pictures him in white and crimson and gold, in all the lustre and magnificance of his robes of office, though showy as displaying his ecclesiastical office; and again, the portraits that show him with uplifted hand blessing the multitudes, though more effective in their appeal to the credulous and superstitious are all practically useless as specimens of study for the physiog-

nomist, and they all have very little to tell us about the real soul and genius that lifted the man above his fellows and crowned him with splendid robes and the glories of the most exalted office in the world. Officialism and its clothing are of official value only. They do not help the real man and his real work, and Leo's ecclesiastical smile became, toward the last, a disfigurement of his face.

While walking through a famous art gallery with a friend, some ten years ago, the great painting of Leo XIII in white and scarlet and gold became for a moment the subject of our conversation, and there while gazing upon the work of the artist, my friend, a devout and earnest catholic, remarked in a querying mood, "the mouth is a little foxy, don't you think?" and I replied "yes and no." The true smile of the face was simply a true record of the fineness and faith of the man and his creed, the triumph at once of nature and of God but the practiced habitual ecclesiastical smile, which simply or largely widened the somewhat large and elastic mouth and strained the muscles of the cheeks, had something of the foxiness of all formality, whether of the altar or the stage.

How much, to what degree this religiousness of Leo's face may have misled the world in its judgments of him, as compared with other men, it may be difficult to say at this time, but the eventual judgment will be based on studies, independent of all church smiles and robes of officialism, and judged by the simple laws of physiognomy, the face of Leo, representing the actual mind, and heart, and soul of the man will be found among the greatest and truest and best faces of the Christian era.

The face of Leo's great countryman, Dante, was and will ever remain far greater than Leo's, representing a greater mind, and a freer but believing soul; stern and serious as is all true greatness, but one of the very greatest souls of Christendom.

The portraiture of the early church, representing the apostles and earlier martyrs, may be very largely a reproduction of the Greek and Roman portraiture of their noblest men as these men and their faces were known to the Christian artists of the first Christian centuries. So there is a touch of the pagan in early Christian art as there is in early Christian and modern Roman forms of worship; but for the last fifteen hundred years the faces of Christian saints have been born of the primal struggle between

the virtues and vices of the human soul, and the faces of the saints in the main represent a new victory over the old vices of lust and hate and greed of gain as they also show victory over open pride and ambition, and animal assertiveness generally, and indicate the subtle workings and rulings of the spirit of Christ in the bosoms and lives of his faithful followers and children. Monasticism was not wholly wrong—the heavy jawed, the grinning humorist, the posing and proud soldier or fighter of these last days will find eventually, that the church has been building up a type and types of men whose souls, braver than any mere fighter or debauche, have conquered themselves and are slowly, with the blessed Christ of God as surely conquering the world. There was a time when the severest standards of celibacy were needed but as far as they have militated against the highest sacredness of domestic life they were wrong.

Goodness is not a dream of rascals and fools as the modern heavy jaws would have us believe, nor does it belong exclusively to priests, and nuns, and convents. It is really a dream of angels realized now and then by the determined immortal soul of man, and this victory on man's part, angelward, writes itself on the lips and in the eyes of the victors, shines in their faces, and as to the present subject, was stamped therein from the beginning of his career until the final hours. Leo XIII would have been an ideal layman as he was an ideal Pope.

In a word, we are not dealing with mysticism or the imagination, but with the actual and primal as with the highest and final facts of human lives. All men worthy the name of man, all souls worthy the name of soul, are at heart pious, reverent and sincere.

As to mere greatness and variety of intellect, I hold that among his contemporaries, Thomas Carlyle and Victor Hugo were far and away greater men than Leo XIII, but both of these great men were doubters and deniers of the primal and supremest facts of the whole history and economy of the human race, and while they wrote or sang of conscience, and of justice, and of God, had no true comprehension of either phase of this divine universe, hence though matchless in their greatness of mind as shown in their faces and their work, they neither of them ever possessed the rounded and complete greatness of Leo XIII the beloved and reverend servant of the servants of God. But Cardinal Newman was a greater man in every way.

So again is it plain that doubt or denial of God's supremest truth of revelation is bound to dwarf and belittle the powers of the human soul. The face of Dante, as we have said—a plain Catholic layman, was and is far greater than that of any Pope that has ever lived. In him the flames of heaven and the fires of hell, the contradictions of dogma and the conceits of wealth and power; the flimsy futilities of officialism, the foolish contumelies of the rich, the absurd pretensions of militarism, the impossibilities of united mutual and perfect human love; the dreams of angels and the creeds of men had all fought together, freely without cowardice or fear till victory rested upon the banners of the living, seeing soul of man, stimulated, inspired and glorified by the presence of the ancient poets, artists, teachers and saviours of the race, and supremely uplifted and made radiant, fine, stern, lovable, trusting and God-like by the constant companionship of the son of Righteousness, the son of God and His Blessed Mother into whose beauties of soul the transient virtues of his own dear Beatrice had glided till they, too, were as stars in the universal heavens of his dear love—broken and unrealized—except in a dream, O sorrow; heavenly priestess at the heart's eternal altar, O! Mater Dolorosa! Queen of humanity, Queen of Heaven, leader of the broken hearts of men. How does this face, O giddy, flippant, heavy-jawed, imperial menagerie of our day, look to thee?

Milton was of greater intellect than Leo, but Dante is the greater soul. Dante's is the master face of all history up to this hour, and the face of Jesus was to him so divine that he dared hardly gaze thereon and live. What will the emancipated scientific pigmies of this twentieth century make of it all? Shall we fall down and worship or die? I would not be misunderstood. I do not hate or despise the million small fry swimming on the surface of life in our day. The numberless faces of actors and actresses that adorn the newspapers of our century, from Salvini and Irving and Madame Langtry and Maud Howe Elliot, the faces of many hundreds of so-called writers, "*authors*," from Renan and Ingersoll to Mrs. Humphrey Ward and Mrs. Wheeler Wilcox; even the hard-headed and numerous portraiture of trades unionism and negro reformers, from John Mitchell and Booker Washington, and the faces of mere raw officialism, from Emperor William and President Roosevelt to the pictures of the Hon.

United States Post Office thieves and the entire prison gang of political and other robbers in and out of jail all have a certain claim upon our attention, but the entire gang of them, from a to z, are not worth the face or soul of one great and believing man. Not only as Pope but as a man, Leo XIII was worth many millions of people, such as we are in the habit of admiring, displaying in the newspapers, senate chambers and executive mansions of this country. To such a pass have science and scepticism led us—and to glory of a kind.

In all our history the faces of Washington, Lincoln and Emerson are the only faces that can be compared with the face of Leo XIII. Time is separating all of these from the crowds that lived with, and stole from, and libeled them in their day. So nature cherishes and saves her own.

Of the three Americans named, Lincoln was the greatest and his face most nearly resembles that of the late Pope; Emerson was too much of a Protestant sentence weaver for true greatness. There is a pleasure in speaking to men from a certain height. "On the Heights" all distinctions between races and nations fail. A gentleman is a gentleman, and a great man bears the indelible marks and lines of greatness in his face whether born and reared in Boston, London, Berlin, Paris, Peking or any where in the woods or villages of any one of all the nations in the world. Li Hung Chang was the ablest man that has ever visited or trod this continent, and in his face were many of the same lines and expressions found in that of Leo XIII. We simply cannot hoodwink nature, or hem and haw her laws out of existence. Ecclesiastical robes never made Leo great.

In all the array of the faces of Cardinals so recently made prominent in the newspapers of the world, there were but two perhaps only one of them all that approached the face of Leo XIII, in completeness of mind and heart and culture—I refer to the face of Cardinal Gotti—the Cardinal Carmelite Monk, but he was too good and great to be made a Pope in this era. Ranipola's face was, and is, hard, and set, and wilful, yet shifting where personal policy might require. Satoli and Martinelli were no better. In fact the same may be said of the faces of many of the Cardinals quite recently named as possible successors to Leo. It simply would have been a catastrophe not to be born in this age, to have had either one of the Vanutellis chosen Pope.

The Cardinal Priest Sarto, Patriarch of Venice, who was chosen and is now Pius X, had and has one of the best faces of the whole college of Cardinals. Not great but yet capable of great things. Sincere, well balanced, and the man is clearly full of zeal and true piety. Our own Cardinal Gibbons was recently quoted as having said in Rome that he hoped the next Pope would be chosen for his true religiousness, or piety, and not because of any prejudices or oppositions to any political power or government whatever. This expression again was true portraiture. A man, Cardinal or what not, forever teaches what he himself really is and represents, just as an artist paints himself, and a tailor cuts garments after his own figure and not often after the customer he is measuring. In American portraiture, Pius X is represented as an able honest, Irish-American Priest. In French Canadian papers he is pictured as a showy Frenchman.

Fortunately, let us say by Providence Divine, the conclave chose just such a man, strong, sincere and true, is Cardinal Sarto. He is now sixty eight years of age, and is not healthy or sound, as he faints and swoons under the extraordinary pressures of his new office, but long may he live and mind his own business, as true spiritual head of the church and not dabble with the lost and contaminating temporal power which ever was a mistake and blunder, a curse and a shame, in spite of its recent advocacy by the conglomerate of confederate Catholic societies of America. If men would speak to the level of their own heads and not above them—but we are democratic and know it all. Pius X has such a face as may be seen in our own land among hundreds of our best priests to-day; it is of the type of that of Cardinal Gibbons, whereas in Rampola we would have been saddled with another Archbishop Ireland—a man of insatiable ambition in the chair of Peter and as Vicar of Christ. A mere burlesque on the cross of Christ and all true humility.

Providence has saved us from such an infliction, yet our American and other ecclesiastics who want to run the politics of heaven and earth and hell, while unable to master their own selfish and unholy greed for temporal gain, will not find in the face of Pius X as many seeming lines of conciliation as were found in the face of Leo XIII.

So the ship of Peter is still sailing on and on, though many would-be Peters are sinking 'neath the waves. It is an endless

subject, I could write on it forever, my studies have been so close and numerous, but perhaps we have said enough of the fine old face of our dear departed Leo; may God in Heaven rest his immortal soul.

In this article I shall say but little of the encyclicals of Leo and still less of the great and holy ambitions of his life, the dreams that he cherished but failed to solve.

All that Leo has uttered, as Pope, whether ex-Cathedra or no, has met with ready response in my own mind and heart. In fact his teachings are the teachings which, as an earnest student of the Scriptures and for the Protestant ministry I have been familiar with and have rested in for more than forty years. I had intended in this article to name certain well known Protestant divines whose teachings and whose lives have been fine exemplifications of the same. Truth and piety are not all buried under the mosaic pavements of Rome. The world is wide, "In my Father's House are many Mansions." Many are his revelations, numberless are the subtle channels by which the Holy Spirit breathes His sunlight and mountain air into the souls of men. Leo was a good and true Christian in and out of office, even from the Protestant standpoint, and that is more than can be said of many of his predecessors in Rome. We may as well give up our gush of Rhetoric, my friends, and adhere to the great and everlasting truths of Christ and humanity.

As to the great ambitions, or rather the one great ambition of Leo's soul, it was to unify Christendom under the guidance and authority of Rome. He had other work and aims, but this was supreme. For this, as we have said, a greater and a freer Pope than Leo was and is needed. Pius X will hardly touch or dream of touching these great mountains of God, hewn without hands or masonic tools out of the souls of the human race. But it will be touched again and again till the true building of the great and world-wide temple of God rises into prominence, perhaps out of the ruins of much that we now hold sacred until all things, all nations and peoples and tongues are delivered up to Christ and again by Him delivered over to God the Father, that God Himself may be all and in all forevermore, that they all may be one in me as I am one with thee, O thou Eternal soul and centre of all life and all power and all law world without end, Amen.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

THE BIBLE AS A BOOK OF DEVOTION.

"From a child," says Saint Paul, writing to his favorite disciple, Saint Timothy, "*thou hast known the Holy Scriptures which are able to make thee wise unto salvation.*" A most desirable wisdom, surely; the kind of which "*the fear of the Lord*" is the beginning; the end, "*This is life eternal, that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent.*"

Such knowledge as Saint Paul commends in Saint Timothy was, I need hardly say, the common heritage of all Jewish children of that time, and is still of many, Protestants chiefly, and orthodox Hebrews. It was the common heritage of all the great Saints and doctors of the Catholic Church, as you may ascertain for yourselves if you will study their writings, or even Dr. Maitland's admirable work, "*The Dark Ages.*" Our children mostly know "*The Convent Girl's Golden Manual,*" or some such well intentioned compilation of prayers and pious meditations; they listen, more or less attentively, to the Gospel in English, when read at Mass, and they learn "*Bible History.*" And with such "*knowledge of God's word*" the majority of "*traditional*" Catholics—that is the only name for them—are content.

That it was otherwise with the Jews, in our Lord's time, surely needs no proof, but two instances may be given. "*You search the Scriptures,*" He said to the Pharisees: why? "*For in them you think you have eternal life, a very good incentive to such study; none better, that I can think of. So far, so good. But what reproof did He found upon this Bible study: "They are they which testify of Me."* The Pharisees, you see, failed to find the external life they were professedly in search of, because they would not recognize its Giver when He came. "*You will not come unto Me that you might have life.*" Could there be any condemnation more terrible?

The other instance occurred on that wonderful journey to Emmaus, when the two disciples, who had not heard of the Master's resurrection, were joined by one who, seemingly, was ignorant of the great tragedy recently enacted. Seemingly, though He knew more than they thought. "*Oh fools!*" He exclaimed, "*and slow of heart of heart to believe*" what? "*All that the Prophets have spoken.*" He takes it for granted that

they know their Bibles, being devout Jews. Then, presently, we read: "*Beginning with Moses and all the Prophets, He expounded unto them in all the Scriptures*"—note that phrase carefully, "*the things concerning Himself,*" (St. Luke, XXIV, v.v. 13-27). Dear Lord: What a sermon that must have been; but the writer, so to say, only gave us the text. A wide one truly, "*In all the Scriptures;*" from Genesis to Malachi.

Here the traditional Catholic interjects: The church, he says, possesses both text and sermon; we cannot understand either rightly without her help, even as the Chamberlain of Queen Candace mentioned in the Acts of the Apostles, (Ch. VIII, v.v. 27-35) needed Philip's help in order to understand what he was reading. Most true; but the Chamberlain was reading his Bible, and Philip, we are told, "*began at that Scripture,*" namely the fifty-third Chapter of Isaiah, when he "*preached unto him Jesus.*" In both cases the explanation—even our Blessed Lord's—depended for its efficacy, if one may say so, on the hearer's familiarity with the sacred text. Our traditional friend "has reason," as the French say, but the Church's sermon will go home more surely, if she can count on our knowledge of "*all the Scriptures.*"

So far as concerns Jews, or Jewish converts to Judaism; as to Protestants, I can speak from experience, as doubtless can many others. The Bible is our inheritance, as Catholics it is to us—humanely speaking—that they owe its preservation. But if use and love—aye, and profit, too, of a very real sort, are titles to possession, their claim is a strong one; stronger, I am sure, than most of us realize. Let us admit, if you wish, that it is for them, a very store-house of heretical doctrines. "In religion," says Shakespeare, "what damned error but some sober brow, will bless it and approve it with a text?" True, but the "sober brow" must, at least, have the necessary text—or texts—"on the tip of his tongue," in order to quote so aptly, as he thinks; maybe as St. Peter expresses it in his second Epistle, "*wresting it*" (depriving, putting to a wrong use) "*to his own destruction*" (Ch. III, 16). Even the devil—to return to Shakespeare—"can quote Scripture to his purpose," of which, indeed, the Temptation in the Wilderness gives ample proof. The enemy of souls knows his bible—if one may put it so. Would it not be just as well to be able to say, with knowledge, "*It is*

written again;" to give him back Scripture for Scripture? We have good example for doing so; the best—our Master's.

All this admitted, there remains this, as between devout Protestants and ourselves, that God's word is our common heritage, assailed by a common enemy; the "spirit of the age," a polite name, mostly for the devil. He, I imagine, will in the future, be more apt to quote from the "higher critics" than from "Jewish legends." That, however, as it may be. If Protestants need to learn from us—from the Church—the true meaning of the Scriptures, we as surely need to take lesson of their love of God's word, their diligent study of it. We shall find more points of agreement than of difference, believe me.

More, we shall remove a reproach which has fallen on us—not wholly without cause—that Catholics do not study the Bible. To say that we do not need to do so, is worse than futile; it merely increases our shame, and transfers some of it to our Holy Mother, the Church. That, men say, is the result of the Church's teaching; "She keeps the Bible from the people;" she does nothing of the kind, as we know; but to show ignorance of the Bible is hardly the way to correct the erroneous impression. Protestant scholars have come to admit that to the popularity of *Catholic* translations of Holy Scripture, Luther's version chiefly owes its success; but all Protestants are not scholars. The Saints and Doctors of the Church, as I said at the outset, were *saturated*—there is no other word—with knowledge of the Bible; it was the source of foundation of all their piety, of all their theology. Their ultimate argument was always: *It is written*. Do we stand in less need of such familiarity with God's word than they?

Here once more, our traditional Catholic interjects. There are many things, he says, in Holy Scripture, not fit for children to study. Possibly, though Saint Paul says nothing about it, in his commendation of Saint Timothy, that he had known the old Testament—to which, doubtless, our interjecter chiefly alludes—"from a child." But then, Timothy had, to be sure, learned his Bible at his mother's knee, the best place possible; and Eunice, I take it, was careful of her boy's purity of mind. More: "*to the pure all things are pure,*" and there is nothing so pure as the mind of a child—with a good mother, as some of us know. The moral, I think, is sufficiently obvious: Watch your

children's reading. In the case of Holy Scripture, read it with them, as Eunice read it with Timothy. They will learn it best that way, as he did. There are books in favor among boys, moreover, among girls too, God help them! that will harm them more than anything they will find in the Bible—anything.

Let our traditional Catholic try the experiment, and go back to his manuals and Bible histories afterwards—if so disposed, which I greatly doubt. But let him try the Bible as a book of devotion *first*; last too, for that matter. That is, let him shut out all “higher critics,” all commentators too, to begin with; and take Thomas à Kempis—*The Imitation of Christ*—as his only *human* guide. There is another, as he surely knows, who will surely “teach the hearts of his faithful people,” and guide them “*into all truth.*”

The Saints—we cannot have it too often repeated—were intimately familiar with the word of God; it was the source and nourishment of their spiritual life, the foundation of all their piety and devotion, the ground work of all their theology. In fact unless you possess, yourself, some measure of this familiarity, the lives and especially the writings of the Saints, will be utterly beyond your comprehension. “*How shall two walk together, except they be agreed?*” How shall we profit by the teachings and examples of the Saints, if they speak a language we do not understand, if the ruling motive, the constant law, of their lives, is hidden from us? The Bible is part of the heritage we have in common with them, and surely, by no means the least; the Church, the Sacraments, all that constitutes the essence of our Holy Religion, rests ultimately on the written word, in a very real sense. The Church, I know, is the guardian and interpreter of the Holy Scripture, but it is for us to know what it is that she guards, to study that which she is commissioned to interpret. To revert to the journey to Emmaus, on that first Easter evening: how much, think you, would those two have understood of our Lord's exposition of “*the things concerning Himself*” in “*all the Scriptures*” if they had never studied them?

And among the Saints—though, indeed, he has never been formally canonized—Thomas à Kempis knows his Bible—and his Breviary—as well as any. But, unless you do, you will miss nine-tenths of the beauty, and still more of the profit, of the *Imitation*. It opens as you know, with a text—the keynote of

the whole: "*He that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness;*" truly, it was one who knew his Bible well who chose this text as the second antiphon, at Lauds, in the common office of one martyr: for those that is, who follow Christ, "*even unto death.*" His one instance, among countless others, such as you may verify for yourselves, even out of a Missal for the Laity—why?—of how the Saints who composed Missal and Breviary, made use of Holy Writ. That is a discovery which Protestant students of both Missal and Breviary have made. It remains for nine Catholics out of ten to make it. They will find it profitable. The best—if best there be—are the offices for *Corpus Christi* and its Octave. They are from the pen of St. Thomas Aquinas.

But our other Thomas, not yet canonized, except in the hearts of millions to whom he is the one master of the spiritual life, the author of the *Imitation*, has definite advice to give—as, perhaps, you know—on the subject of Scripture study. The question, of course, is: have you taken his advice, and studied Holy Scripture according to his method, or contented yourself with your pet manual and the Gospel at Sunday Mass? Let us examine his rules, as if we had come across them for the first time. You will find them in Chapter V of the First Book.

"All Sacred Scripture," he says "should be read in the same spirit in which it was written." For *spirit*, read "Spirit," as St. Peter tells that Holy Men—the writers of Scripture—were "*inspired by the Holy Spirit*" (2 Ch. I. v. 21) it is He, who, our Lord promised, is to guide us "*into all truth.*" Briefly: we must read God's word in the Spirit of God. There follows this advice: "Search not who spoke this or that, but mark what is spoken." That, I take it, is how the spirit of God—speaking with utmost reverence—would have us read. "Mark what is spoken" Follow that counsel, and you will pass from "the strife of tongues" from the court of the Gentiles, where the critics sit—and wrangle—into "*the secret of his tabernacle.* I say nothing against the critics, they have their appointed place and task, concerning which they shall render account to God, not to us; the court of the Gentiles is part of the Tabernacle. But it is only in "*the secret place*" that we shall come face to face with The Master; "*in thy light shall we see light.*" After that, the "*strife of tongues,*" if He call us to it; but, for most of us, we shall learn that love of His word which, the Psalmist says, brings "*great peace,*" such

peace—"which passeth all understanding"—that "nothing shall scandalize" us. Nothing. That is the work of love: *great peace*, truly. "Not as the world giveth, give I unto you."

The critics, I say, have their place, and their appointed task. But the *devotional* study of Scripture must precede criticism; you must know, *by heart*, what it is you have to deal with—God's word, in short. "*Thy words*," says the Psalmist, "*have I hid in my heart, that I might not sin against Thee.*" If the critic starts with that, and keeps to it, he will not go far astray. For most of us, however, there is that, and something more: "*Open Thou mine eyes, that I may see the wonderful things of thy law.*" But I have said enough, surely, to make plain my meaning. Make the Bible your chief "book of devotion." Let the *Imitation* come next, it is the only "uninspired" book—I should say the only *human* book—that shares, in any measure, the Bible's exclusive supremacy, as the rule and guide of our spiritual life. Then your Missal—even "for the laity"—your Breviary—if you are wise enough to study it—if not, your very Manual of Piety, will take on newer and fuller meanings, such as you never grasped before; even Manuals are founded—more or less—on Holy Scripture. But let God's word have first place, even if it be only the Gospel appointed by the Church for each day. The rest—believe me—will follow in due course. The hunger of your soul can only be appeased by constant feeding in the "*green pastures*" to which the Good Shepherd leads his flock; its thirst quenched in the living waters that He gives to drink.

"We taste Thee, O Thou Living Bread,

"And long to feed upon thee still;

"We drink of Thee, the Fountain Head,

"And thirst our souls with Thee to fill."

"To fill," that is what we need; to be "*filled with all the fullness of God.*" Is it not written: "*With Thee is the well of life, and in Thy light shall we see light?*" Life and light, God's, both of them; have we more to ask than these? Truly, in God's book, if we will only study it "in the Spirit by whom it was written," we shall find "*exceeding great and precious promises, whereby we may be made partakers of the Divine Nature.* And, since we all have present needs, temporal, as well as spiritual, take this "*precious promise*" by way of conclusion to this lay sermon:

"If ye abide in Me"—partakers of his Divine Nature—"and my words abide in you"—to which end, we must study them, in His Book—"ye shall ask what will, and it shall be done unto you." Why? Because, being "one Spirit" with Him, we shall have no will but His.

Non sicut Ego volo, sed sicut Tu.

Ottawa University, Canada.

FRANCIS W. GREY.

THE APOTHEOSIS OF REBELLION.

The most striking feature in American life to-day is the Apotheosis of Rebellion, rebellion against God, rebellion against his holy writ, rebellion against religion, rebellion against all authority, divine, governmental, parental and moral, rebellion against morality and virtue, civic, social and domestic, in fact rebellion against every good true principle, principles that have helped towards the lifting of man. The infant draws in this spirit of rebellion with his mother's milk, it is further emphasized and strengthened by his earliest teachings, his school books, his story-books, (most of them false and garbled); his teachers, both lay and spiritual (most of them tinctured with anarchy), continually harp upon the same theme, until the young mind glories in a spirit of rebellion. Hence there is a manifest spirit of resistance abroad to all authority. Agnosticism and materialism are making tremendous headway in the land. What is, is good, is the motto of to-day. The dollar, which embodies the highest form of potential energy, the quintessence of things material, becomes the Alpha and Omega of existence. Every virtue, every principle, every sentiment, holy or otherwise, that stands in the way of acquiring the dollar must be set aside, be crushed and annihilated. If hypocrisy has to be practised to gain the dollar, by all means counterfeit the signs of conversion; the hypocrisy will be forgiven, if the end is achieved; but the want of the dollar never. Thus we have come to be a people in a wild scramble for wealth, crushing, tearing, crushing one another in our mad struggle not to be last in the race. Thousands are borne down every day, broken physically, mentally and morally,

never to rise again, many of them to live out the existence of miserable nervous wrecks. Others endowed with greater physical and nervous force, rise again to join the throng, having learnt nothing by their severe experience; and often as not, these may make a success by their very temerity and persistency, thus this land has acquired a reputation for being the land par excellence" where lost fortunes may often be quickly regained.

So stupendous, indeed, is the task of forming an intelligent and correct appreciation of the human elements and energies that destiny has thrown together here, that the brain of the astutest is baffled thereby. Philosophers, real and imaginary, have ventured to expound on the future history and destiny of this country, but have up to date found themselves woefully outside their predictions and calculations. Conditions have been created here, that no knowledge of the world's past history and experience can give a correct clue to. The fact of the matter is, there are no parallels in history; there may exist similarities, faint or otherwise, but certainly no parallels. Every epoch has been *suigeneris*; and cannot be duplicated. The sudden building of a people of eighty millions, from six and a half million in a hundred years, may well nigh puzzle the prognostications of political and social speculators. America—by America I refer to the United States—is certainly an unknown quantity and may be very properly expressed algebraically by the symbol a to the power of $x = a^x$. We know, however, that there exists a spirit of resistance to all authority, which bodes no good for any people, no matter under what circumstances brought into existence.

In regard to the ethics of the revolutionary war, it would be ungenerous to dwell upon them in as much as many a good man was carried away by suddenly incited passion, from the safe moorings of loyalty and fidelity. Then again, we must not forget that the Jacobite interest, less than eighty years before the Rebellion, was perpetually conspiring to tear asunder the United Kingdoms of England, Scotland and Ireland. The discontent, the disunion, and hostilities of religious sects, that had so long disturbed the peace of the United Kingdoms, must have slowly permeated through the American colonists, and aroused a factional spirit here. It was the same spirit of faction that ultimately, in the Spanish American possessions, led to the dispossessing of Spain of her American colonies. When Joseph Bouna-

parte was placed on the throne of Spain by Napoleon, and the rightful monarch deposed, the factional spirit reached its climax in Spanish America, and led to the subsequent separation of the colonies from Spain. Thus passions, that had long since quieted down in England, slowly smouldered in the remote colonies, so that when the rupture between the Colonies and Motherland took place, these smouldering beds of passion made excellent soil for the quick growth of a rebellious and revolutionary spirit. Therefore it is manifestly unjust to place too great a censure upon those who were allured away by passion from loyalty and conscience; because the causes that led to that unhappy state of things, at that time, were too deep rooted in the history of the past, separated almost entirely from the approximate causes of that conflict. But where blame is to be laid, it is to be laid on those who sought to perpetuate, forever, a hostile and rebellious spirit. In fact blame is to be laid on those, who sought to apotheosize an event, and a spirit, which all true lovers of the human race regret that it should have ever existed, for its existence has not tended to the betterment of the human race on the whole; and has moreover thrust upon the world for solution, an unknown quantity A to the power of $x=A^x$. The wisest of men are appalled at the contemplation of what the outcome of the solution might eventually mean. America is the child of Europe, now that the child is almost as grown as her parent, the child is wayward and resents restrictions that experience has taught mankind to be absolutely necessary for the preservation of civilization and the human race. The child flatters herself that the parents lack wisdom and enterprise, she adopts methods and principles of life fearlessly, methods and principles that have always hitherto been disastrous to mankind. The child proud in the vigor of her youth and strength, feels assured that she can successfully meet and unravel all problems of the present and the future. Within the borders of the United States have been taken in, and an attempted assimilation made, of all the races under the sun. She holds forth the allurements, of easily and quickly acquired wealth, to attract millions to her shores. Now we have arrived at a period, where we must perforce pause; draw breath and take an inventory of ourselves. How far have we proceeded with the assimilation of this heterogeneous mass? What has been the effect of this absurd Apotheosis of Rebellion by

us, upon this incoming horde of humanity? Is not our homogeneity threatened? Are we not fast ceasing to be a homogenetic people? Have we not ceased to produce great minds, in literature, in philosophy, in art? It is true in material or natural science, we are advancing, for material science teaches us greater facility in utilizing our immense natural resources. Are we not, while advancing in the direction of material comfort and material prosperity, retrogressing in all those keener branches of thought that deal with the imagination and subtilities of the human mind? Are we not reacting a position of dead level sameness? Is it not but of small moment whether we now live in New York, Chicago, Omaha, Denver or San Francisco? From East to West, is there not a same eternal monotony of intellect? Is not the only lever of our thoughts and actions the dollar? What is to become of the whole fabric, of such civilization that we have established, if the motor power and the incentive of the dollar should be removed? In this self research, does not one fact stand prominently forward, so prominent that those who run may read, and have we not been blinded by a rebellious infidel and anarchistic spirit, that it has taken us years to discover this very patent, palpable and pertinent fact; and that fact is, that it is the remnants and shreds of British principles that we had retained, after our resistance to constitutional authority, those shreds and remnants of British common sense, British love of Justice, British abhorrence to the rule of the mob, British sense of fair play, British love of law and order that have been the chief cementing influence upon the many peoples coming into this country? Like a little leaven, have not these shreds and remnants been making the effort to leaven the whole lump of humanity here. Have we not been flattering ourselves and boasting before the world, that these shreds and remnants that we have retained, are peculiarly American and of American origin, ignoring altogether the fact that they have been held dear by our kindred across the sea, since the year of the Magna Charta? Must we not begin to admit now that we are making this introspection of ourselves, that owing to the influx into this country of such immense numbers, twenty-one millions in eighty years, that this remnant of leaven is in danger of giving out, and exhausting itself? Has it not indeed become so attenuated, that its further dilution may cause it to lose its peculiarly distinctive character? Have we

not arrived at a period, where it may be justly said that we are at the parting of the ways? Is not the Anglo-Saxon or British element, which has hitherto given the country its distinctive Anglo-Saxon tincture, being slowly relegated to a subordinate position; and will it not soon cease to exercise its paramount influence in the country?

And was it not synchronuous with the passing away of the homogeneity of the nation, after the civil war, and its gradual emergence into heterogeneous compounds that the master minds of the nation ceased to exist? Master minds that flourished so prodigiously before the war of independence in the Colonial day and since, until the war of secession, master minds that supplied the genius to the revolutionary armies, and the leadership of three million of men pitted against one another in battle array, during the war of secession. In order to proclaim forever absurd the declaration which we floated before the world with a great fanfaronade and a great beating of drums, the declaration that every man has a right to choose his own system of government, did we not proceed two generations after such declaration to shoot down by thousands (and to be shot down ourselves, for that matter), of our fellow Colonists in our Southern States, because they were foolish enough to interpret our declaration literally, and hence proceeded to start a government for themselves? The British leaven was acting through that struggle, and in the end British principles prevailed, "that rebellion should be put down at all cost."

There were over three hundred thousand Britishers in the Northern armies, helping along British principles. Since the Civil War the immigration into this country has been something stupendous. The increase in population has been immense, the elements other than Anglo-Saxon have been slowly and steadily gaining ground. The enormous increase in wealth during the last three decades staggers the imagination of man. The corroding influence of quickly acquired wealth is having its baneful influence upon us, thus we find a strong disposition to evade our moral obligations in the matter of perpetuating our race, hence we are committing a race suicide, to use Mr. Roosevelt's apt expression, a suicide that is still further giving the numerical ascendancy to the immigrant populations, who certainly come here with purer and more elevated moral characters

and minds, which enable them to resist and withstand for a whole life long the blasting and withering influence of a new born American diabolism. The setting aside of every right principle in the acquirement of material wealth and comfort is the cardinal feature in American life to-day. He who is encumbered with virtue lags in the race, he is badly handicapped, in fact he carries a fatal load. A moral turpitude has seized hold of the people, there is a complete deadening of conscience, "aye, give me the dollar, can take all else." Witness the growth during the last three decades of the American plutocracy. The trusts, combines and capitalists have the political support of every wily Anglo-Saxon American. The trust corporation magnates, and multi-millionaire satraps supply the money, and the Anglo-Saxon American politician supplies the cunning; thus now we have an invincible combination, a combination that can only be beaten by more money and more cunning. We have arrived at a crucial point of our history. Elements in our population other than Anglo-Saxon or genuine American if such can rightly exist, are acquiring both the political acumen and the wealth needed for a successful political campaign. In vast combinations of their labor, the emigrant miner, artisan and laborer finds he has an instrument potent enough, both in wealth and numbers, to compete successfully with the power of the Yankee politician and the trust magnates. The British leaven has almost exhausted itself, the leaven that carried the colonist from Delaware Bay to the shores of the Pacific, is now gradually expanding itself into vacuity, a bastard monstrosity of it, is making a last effort to grasp the Philippine Islands, eight thousand miles from our shores, where we have, according to recent reliable computations, been responsible, directly and indirectly, for the destruction of six hundred thousand of those unfortunate islanders, probably five hundred thousand more than Aquinaldo would have destroyed, had he been permitted to rule those islands for six hundred years; but still we have not ceased the killing process, killing for the sake of exploitations by a set of the most unprincipled commercial rascals that the world has ever produced. All this while, while putting down rebellion in the Southern States and the so-called rebellion in the Philippines, we are still apotheosizing rebellion, teach it in our school books, preach it in our churches and spout it from every political platform. Thus

we see the conflict and the inconsistencies of the various elements that enter into the make-up of this heterogeneous compound, known as the United States of America. Let us make a final analysis of our situation. To begin with, we have an absurd apotheosis of a rebellious act, the carrying out of the declaration of which would lead us into rank anarchy; then on the other hand, we exhibit a stern purity of purpose to suppress rebellion, in any form or shape whatsoever, for example, the rebellion of the South in 1861 and the resistance to our tardy and self-assured authority by Aguinaldo in the Philippine Islands. The name of rebel is hateful to us; call a man a rebel then shoot him down is our motto. On the one hand we have a renunciation of a British monarchy, and a British aristocracy and of all British authority, and of all British principles, on the other we have to admit, it is just that proportion of British principles that we could not entirely divest ourselves of, that has turned out to be the saving grace in the state, the stone that the builders rejected has become the corner stone of the building, and at the same time we have built upon aristocracy of money and wealth that reduces to almost a nonentity the British aristocracy when compared to it in wealth and political power. The Standard Oil magnate can alone pay the miserable revenues of all the British aristocrats and still have enough left to establish a few kingdoms. Read the Declaration of Independence and note the temper, character and habits of the people of the United States of those days, and of to-day. However narrow, however bigoted, however puritanical, and however mistaken and harsh were the characteristics of the American colonists who took up arms against their lawful sovereign, yet underneath all lay a fervid spirit, a solid stratum of stern morality, which weathered all stress until it sailed out of the storm of battle and conflict victorious.

There was in existence then a vigorous democratic spirit, a spirit and feeling of human kinship, although this feeling is not altogether lost, the worship of Mammon is fast obliterating it. The crawling sycophancy before wealth is now truly becoming nauseating from the largest cities to the smallest hamlets, the man with the barrel of dollars is the man that is bowed down to and revered, irrespective as to the means he had taken to acquire that wealth, his mental, moral

and intellectual status is not taken into consideration at all. He has the dollar, what more is needed of any man?

The Revolutionists started the nation on its journey of life with very Quixotic ideas of government and state, still at the same time we must recognize the fervency and genuineness of their feelings, in other words, they clearly showed that they possessed the courage of their convictions to a remarkable degree. So great agonies against all human experience was it that men stood aghast at the extent of the experiment aimed at, knowing, alas too well, that while we were crying out for more extended liberty, we were at the same time carrying within ourselves the seeds of our own destruction. On the one hand, we declared for human liberty, on a most extended scale, on the other hand, we harbored in our households an accursed traffic in human slaves. The whole history of the nation has been a contradiction. Again on the one hand, as stated before, we repudiated the necessity of loyalty and fidelity to a sovereign, on the other hand we have for years been doing abject homage to loud-mouthed, dishonest, ignorant, uncultured, unlettered, totally unprincipled political bosses, schemers, wire pullers and political ranters and canters. We declared for equal rights under the law, and have ever since held public meetings, on all and every occasion, to express our sympathy with those whom we supposed down-trodden and in distress, on the other hand we slay negroes by the score outside the law, and often burn them at the stake with ghoulish glee, whole populations of cities and villages turning out to see the edifying spectacle.

At present we have a President who has the colossal effrontery to stand before crowds and tell them that we are a nation under the law; if that be so, what about the fourteen thousand murders that take place every year in the United States, and judge of that by the twenty that takes place in the British North American possession during the same period. A nation under the law indeed! Why my most venerated President, almost within the range of your voice, that has recently been heard in so many of our large cities, your voice that has been sounding hosannahs, telling the people of these United States what a great, glorious, free and perfect people we are, all living under the law, and what a beautiful country we have (which is certainly true), and how everything and everybody is perfectly lovely (which is not true),

and that we have but to keep on leading the strenuous life, killing and water-curing Filipinos and hanging and burning niggers at home, that all things are working out and will work out well, especially if we build a huge navy and have an immense army, take our big stick along with us, and we will journey far; why within the range of your voice, sir, are horrible abominations flagrantly performed, abominations that should have remained for ever buried beneath the Dead sea, and a policeman who, I presume, is under the law if anybody is or should be, would gladly pilot any strenuous one through these abominations for a consideration, of two or five dollars. Take a look at our press, did you ever see such venal creatures, crying unclean, unclean. Why, they themselves are the most dishonest, and unclean things that they are. Take a look at our Senators, bribing and cajoling their way into the Senatorial Chamber; and at our Congressmen, mere pigmy nominees, of a horrible and degrading system of political bossism, waiting ever to hold up everything and anybody that comes along, from a young lady government clerk to a million dollar corporation. Take a look at our postal service, riddled with dishonest and political corruption, and nincompoops. Take a look at our army and our navy, our water-cures, embalmed beef, and our defective guns and armor plate.

Take a look at our mayors and councils of our large cities, at our State legislators, our trust satraps and our multi-millionaires, our railroad steals and our express and telegraph hold-up companies, was there ever in the history of modern civilization such a hell broth of scoundrels bunched together. Take a look at our political canters and ranters and Fourth of July orators with a flag in one hand and the other hand down in the people's pocket. Take a look at our labor organization and our labor leaders, why these men would sell their own dead mother's hair for a dollar. Take a look at our canting and our ranting, our hypocrisy, our satanical cunning, our extravagance, our petty meannesses our lawlessness, our utter heartlessness, our murders, divorces, beastialities, our infanticides, our gluttony, our utter lack of good manners, our blasphemies, our agnosticism and materialism, our crushings of the weak at home, and our slaughter of Filipinos abroad, was there ever such a spectacle witnessed since the great French Revolution.

Still we are blessed with a President, a perfectly harmless young man in his way, who has a strong impression and delusion that he is a Cromwell, who tours around the country telling the people to shake hands with themselves as everything is just as it should be. It is commonly said that of every hundred men that read, only one thinks, of every hundred that thinks only one can see and of every hundred men that see, only one is endowed with prevision or foresight; the proportion in this last case is altogether too high, I believe that out of every thousand men that can see, only one can foresee. I do not think our President is to be included in these last two classes.

Now seriously, have we justified our existence? Have we justified our apotheosis of the rebellion of 1774? Surely it is high time for us to reconsider our position. Have we shown to the world that a government of the people, by the people and for the people is a proper and just government. Have we proved to be a beacon light to the struggling democracies of the whole world? Is not all our patriotic canting and ranting a huge farce, got up to tickle the crowd? Let us be honest for once, look at the facts squarely and answer before God and man, yea or nay. Think of it, three chief magistrates assassinated within a generation, a country handed over to the anarchy of political bosses, trust and corporation magnates, and multi-millionaires and the labor unions, wholesale murder at home and abroad, all decency violated, virtue at a tremendous discount, vice, villiany and hypocrisy at a high premium. No man able to cry halt. The stream has procured a fearful rapidity and momentum and cannot be even checked. There is no power on earth or under the earth that can divert our doom, no power but the hand of God, and if Thou wouldst act, act quickly O my God, for the flood doth overwhelm us. Yes, we have apotheosized rebellion and the worst that has been foretold of us has come to pass, for we are now in a rank state of anarchy, but we do not know it. Our moral turpitude has been so profound that no voice of warning can ever hope to reach our dollar hypnotized souls. But watch and see, salvation is at hand, the salvation of the Lord or the devil!

E. H. FITZPATRICK.

MARY THE PERFECT WOMAN.

One Hundred and Fifty Rhythms In Honor of The Mystical Life of Our Lady. By *Emily Mary Shapcote*: with a PREFACE by THE CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER. London: BURNS & OATES, Limited. NEW YORK: CINCINNATI: CHICAGO: Benziger Brothers.

Publishers of books and readers of the GLOBE REVIEW have often wondered why it is that a magazine of such standard and enviable reputation does not publish more reviews of current publications, and I here make the only true and actual explanation. According to my understanding of the merit in books, not one in a hundred of modern works is worthy of being read by anybody, much less of being noticed in a magazine devoted to abstract truth and to excellence in any and every department of life.

As I view it, a book to be worth reading or noticing, must have one of two excellencies. First, that of being well written—that is, literary excellence or, second, that of stating certain fundamental truths of science, philosophy or religion in a manner sincere and perfect enough to command the respectful attention of thinking people.

If the first condition be fulfilled, I can read and am willing to notice books for the sake of the literary work that has gone into them, no matter how imaginary they may be. If the second condition be fulfilled, I am willing to read and to notice books even though they may not be perfect specimens of literary art and construction. Under this second head, I am not only willing but delighted to notice this book by Emily M. Shapcote. As the title somewhat awkwardly indicates, this is a book of poems called by the author "One Hundred and Fifty Rhythms." This it certainly is not. All the laws of rhyme and rhythm are violated in this tribute to the "Mystical Life of Our Lady." There are hundreds of "identical rhymes" in the verses or stanzas, and this, the poets will not allow. As a matter of taste and judgment as understood by this editor, the spiritual life of any man or woman is belittled, and twisted out of shape, when called the "mystical life" of that person, whether the person be Mary or Joseph, or Jesus Himself, and I think it is always to throw a glamor of fashion and folly about the Blessed Virgin, to speak of her as

“Our Lady”, and not at all to increase the reverence which we all feel for the blessed, maiden mother of Christ, our Redeemer, and so, mother of God.

These slips, however, are matters of taste, in fact the points that I complain of are not especially objectionable to the average Catholic author or reader, and the book itself betrays and reveals such a reverent and pious soul, one so intimately acquainted with every known truth of Catholic theology and religion, and so intimate with every conceivable phase of the natural and supernatural conditions of divine motherhood, that if only for this reason alone, the book is worthy of the profoundest study, and of the most appreciative review.

Beyond question the author is quite familiar with the ordinary forms of poetry, and can command the art of such productions, as may be seen alike from the prologue and epilogue of this really extraordinary work, but the real distinction of the book is in its utter disregard of the so-called artistic limitations of poetic construction, and the apparent ease wherewith it weaves through all these poems the most subtle and the most beautiful conceptions of the incarnation, the immaculate conception of Mary, and all the wondrous and angel-winged thoughts and beliefs and dreams that cluster around and fill the devout human mind and soul enamoured of this blessed study of the Divine Lord our Saviour and of His Dear Mother of stainless and spotless all-conquering love.

All this, to me, is the true study of the true poets of the Christian faith and not especially the higgling about orthodox and heterodox creeds. The believing soul is he who believes in Christ as his Saviour and who loves the Blessed Virgin Mother of Christ with an unutterable and tremulous, but constant and unchanging love. All this, the author of the little book before us is at home with, and the book, as we have said, is a marvel of the most persistent and patient and beautiful conceptions of these tender thoughts, and of this divine faith that has ever come under our notice at any time.

All the poems or rhythms are composed of five lines, or stanzas, each line of ten syllables, the ordinary measure of the sonnet, and many of the most beautiful poems in the English language, and every rhyme in these one hundred and fifty poems is made up of the sound in me, thee, he, divinity, mystery, sympathy, etc.,

but unvaried, the sense of the line determining what the word **must** be, and so on to eternity. We quote the first and last two stanzas as specimens of the author's work.

THE INCARNATION.

Dear Mother of my God, I come to thee;
 Mother of my Creator, look on me;
 In sorrow and in tears I turn to thee;
 Oh, let the sweet compassion reach to me,
 And all my boldness do thou pardon me.

Mother of fairest love, unweariedly
 Thy heart hath sought thy daughter silently;
 And all through life that heart mysteriously
 Hath drawn mine untamed spirit unto thee,
 Until the day-dawn brake and rose on me.

BEATA, PACIS, VISIS.

When on the height of gruesome Calvary
 Was lifted up the sign that set us free,
 The King's last Act of Love, in mystery,
 Opened His side; and sacramentally,
 Gave to the world His Bride that was to be.

And now with Holy John, behold, and see
 The Bride descending in the panoply
 Of glory uncreated, fair is she
 Adorned for bridal, in His radiency
 Who chose and loved her from eternity.

These four stanzas may not be the most beautiful or the most characteristic of the author's style, but they are fair expressions of her work in both lines.

It is not a book to be read through at a sitting, or for casual pleasure, but rather as a precious volume to be read and re-read at odd hours of choice devotion, when the soul feeling aroused of the spirit of Christ's love, is ready and willing to find beautiful words for its uplifting.

It is a sweet and holy breath of music, ever flowing and helpful for the divinest hours.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

REASONS FOR FAITH.

The human body is, like every other living body, made up of the material elements which enter into the composition of the universe, and into which, after death, it resolves.

Modern scientists are now almost absolutely agreed, "that life, so far as we have yet seen, can only be derived from life." Tyndal, in his celebrated Belfast address, admitted that the best scientific investigation had utterly failed to demonstrate the production of life from lifeless matter.

Therefore either matter must have organized itself under superior direction in which case matter has a mind (Pantheism), prevailing it throughout: or matter must have been organized by some other agency from that without (Deism),

The doctrine of Pantheism remains the same today as we find it in Horace and in Virgil *Æneid* VI. 724-729—Georgice IV. 221-225—between man and beast, by their theory, all division is broken down. "Between the two alternatives of the mind in nature of the Pantheist and the mind over nature, as well as in nature, of the believer in God," it seems not difficult to choose, when one considers not only our actual power to will, to think, to feel, "but how our individuality can stand against physical force, against the voice of man, even against a law which speaks in the name of God. Before such serious considerations "Pantheistic dreams vanish like the visions of the night at the first glance of day. We find a true personality in ourselves." To a personal God alone can we bow. Without ignoring common sense and the urgency of visible facts we cannot but perceive the great fundamental distinction between the power of perception and deduction within the realm of sense, which is common to us with the brutes and the power of abstract idea on which all human progress and religion depends, the peculiarly human attribute defined by Paul, Hebrews xi-i, as "the realization of the invisible." Materialism I respect because it utterly fails to account for all the spiritual phenomena of life. Again, agnosticism cannot meet even the intellectual necessities, much less the moral necessities of our existence.

By reason, surveying the universe, we ascend along the line of causation and examine the evidences of design. By our un-

derstanding we trace the evidences of a guiding mind in the separate kingdoms of nature. Our imaginations show their power "to discern beauty to idealize and to recreate." All these paths lead to a Supreme Being in whom we may clearly recognize power and wisdom and may infer justice. The literatures of the Greek, Latin and oriental worlds all agree in bearing witness to a Supreme Creator and a future state of rewards and punishments. But these ennobling beliefs were "buried in human accretions, polytheistic, idolatrous, Pantheistic." The lights of natural religion and morality culminated in the Hebrew theology, for nothing true existed out of it, in the Gentile world, that was not also within it, "and whereas the truths that existed out of it were scattered and obscured, in the Hebrew world they were liberated from bondage and human error."

The Hebrew laws were pervaded by a spirit of refined care for the weak and for the poor, even the beasts of burden were included in a paternal care. The Greek and Roman codes bear no comparison with either the human sympathy or morality of the Hebrew law. Whatsoever, whether in the natural reason of man or in the Jewish church, was certain, pure, and necessary for the perfection and happiness of the human race is found with greater certainty, greater purity and greater fulness in Christianity. "Christianity is the morning light of the eternal noon."

If the Christian religion is the truest and purest illumination that has ever guided the hearts and consciences of men, we must admit putting all questions of Revelation aside, the verity of the words of the fourth Gospel.

"Erat lux bera, quæ illuminat omneen homineen veinenteen in huuc mundum."

Again, entirely apart from Revelation, history teaches me that the one Catholic and Roman church alone has, in unbroken succession, universal, yet identical in every tribe and tongue, born witness to the doctrine of Christ and affirmed its own Divine origin, from the very tombs of the apostles.

"Et hac est annuntiatio quæ audivcinus abeo, et annuntiamus bovis: Quoniam Deus lux est, et tensbra in so non sunt ulla."

"If British laws presuppose and prove the existence of the British Empire, and if the succession of our Kings from Alfred to Edward VII proves our monarchical government and its legitimate succession, who can reject the witness of the Catholic church,

“testified to by its world-wide legislation, its nineteen councils, the unbroken succession of its visible Head, the Roman Pontiff? And the urgency of visible facts at the present hour calmly considered, points to the same conclusion. By the natural reason alone, what would be postulated for a church universal? A visible body, sole, exclusive, self-evident, speaking in all tongues, interpenetrating all nations, and holding them in a unity which ignores all national distinctions, so far as touches the way of salvation. The history of the past and of the present agree that there has been, that there is but one church and one only that fulfills these conditions, viz : that one Catholic and Roman church which from the beginning has believed and taught that, by Divine assistance, it never has erred and never can err, in guarding and teaching the whole revelation of God as given to the Apostles. The only church self-evident *to the eye* by its *universal*, visible presence and *to the ear* by its living and *articulate voice, speaking with authority.*

“Erat enim docens eos sicut pateslatem habeus. Et non sicut scubæ esrum, et pharisai.”

Separation from their exclusive unity began under the very eyes of the Apostles. “They went out from us because they were not of us.” St. John ii-19, and St. Jude: “These be they that separate themselves.” St. Augustine says: “That before his time the church had condemned eighty heresies, and that the multitude uncondemned was innumerable.”

Where are now the ancient heresies of East or West? They have ceased to be and the world has forgotten even most of their names. Where are now Lutherans, Calvinists, Bivenglians? Either dissolving, or merging in other negations and fragmentary beliefs. “Every plant that my Heavenly Father hath not planted shall be rooted up.” But the mystical vine abides forever.

A prominent English statesman called attention last night (Lord Rosebery, 5th December, 1902), to the fact that in England the different Reformed churches could not agree even as to the Christian instruction of mere children under fourteen. The revolt against the Divine authority of the church under the name of Protestantism is therefore seen to have borne its fruit. That fruit is two fold. Division and uncertainty as to the fragments of Revelation that they have retained and scepticism.

Many have returned to the extreme agnosticism of the ancients of whom St. Augustine said: "that they refuted themselves, for they were certain that we cannot be certain of anything." Such scepticism is "a palsy of the reason, for it denies to men the means of knowledge."

St. Augustine says: "That the voice of the head of the church is the voice of the body and that the voice of the body is the voice of the Head. If they are in one flesh, how are they not also in one voice? But if they be not of one voice how shall his words be true. "He that heareth you, heareth Me." There is one church and one only that can stand this test. A few years ago we saw the whole Ecclesia doceus; 700 bishops united to their head meet at Rome to condemn the two great errors of the modern world, an irrational unbelief and a mutilated Christianity. The Vatican Council therefore defined two great truths. The first the infallibility of the light of reason in the natural order, viz: "That the existence of God can be certainly known by the things that are made," the other in the supernatural order, viz.: "The infallibility of the church in its Head by Divine assistance."

"It is true that a few bishops, thirty or forty, thought it might be inopportune to define the latter doctrine, but they *all* alike agreed when it was defined and the bishops who were not present sent their prompt adhesion. This world-wide unanimity is the past living in the present, the history of the faith written on the living and lineal intelligence of the church; a living scripture of the spirit of truth."

Since the above lines were written a most important statement has been made by the greatest of English scientists, in which he, practically, accepts the first truth propounded by the Vatican Council.

When one recalls to mind the sneers, the ribald jests, the insults and execrable blasphemies which the definition of that august assembly called forth from the radical and materialistic party, both in England and on the continent, it is impossible but to rejoice that sober common sense is commencing to reassert itself, and to condemn the shallow conclusions, not of true science which is always reverent, but of pseudo science, "science, falsely, so-called," as jegune and imperfect in its knowledge as it is fluctuating and unsound in its determinations. I condense Lord

Kelvin's pronouncement from the current number of *The Nineteenth Century*.

"Science positively affirms creative power. It is not in dead matter that we live and move and have our being, but in the creating and directing power which science compels us to accept as an article of belief. We cannot escape from that conclusion when we study the physics and dynamics of living and dead matter all around. . . . We are absolutely forced by science to believe with perfect confidence in a Directive Power—in an influence other than physical or dynamical, or electrical forces. Cicero (by some supposed to have been editor of Lucretius), denied that men and plants and animals could come into existence by a fortuitous concourse of atoms.

There is nothing between absolute scientific belief in a creative power and the acceptance of the theory of a fortuitous concourse of atoms.

Cicero's expression "fortuitous concourse of atoms" is certainly not wholly inappropriate for the growth of a crystal. But modern scientific men are in agreement with him in condemning it as utterly absurd in respect to the coming into existence, or the growth, or the continuation of the molecular combinations presented in the bodies of living things. Here scientific thought is compelled to accept the idea of creative power. Forty years ago I asked Liebig if he believed that the grass and flowers we saw around us grew by mere chemical forces. He answered "No, no more than I could believe that a book of botany describing them could grow by mere chemical forces. Every action of free will is a miracle to physical and chemical and mathematical science."

This is a momentous conclusion, and, as the "Times" justly points out, it is a momentous matter that it should be asserted by a man of the transcendent ability of Lord Kelvin, of whom Lord Reay did but express the general opinion of scientific men and of the intelligent public, when, as chairman of a meeting held at University College last month, he described him as a Prince of Science." And even the most inveterate agnostic must admit "that the deliberate and reiterated judgment of such a man that 'scientific thought is compelled to accept the idea of Creative Power' is at the least a very weighty contribution to the formation of a just opinion on the subject."

Nor must it be forgotten that as late as 1890, the twin discoverer of the Darwinian theory, Dr. Alfred Wallace, maintained that there are at least three states in the development of the organic world when some new cause or power must necessarily have come into action, those causes, in his view, being of a higher order than those of the material universe, and belonging to a world of spirit, to which the world of matter is altogether subordinate.

As an example of the terrible danger of rushing to a maximum of conclusion on a minimum of evidence, in a most unscientific attempt to prove the bestial origin of man, on the part of some modern observers, who have already most unscientifically made up their minds on this question, and are in reality not scientific observers at all but prejudiced witnesses, I would adduce the stress that has been laid on the general configuration and some local peculiarities of the crania of the Aborigines of Australia. This is a subject on which I can speak from personal knowledge and investigation. Twenty years ago, while serving on the Australian Station, I was enabled to procure some specimens of native skulls, several of which are now in the museum of the Royal Naval Hospital at Haslat, and while there can be no doubt that in some characters the Australian cranium approximates to an inferior type, notably in the less complex nature of the sutures in their prognathism in the less rounded form of the orbit, in the smallness of the nasal bones; in the narrowness and length of their palate (hypsiloid); and apparently in all the specimens examined a total absence of metopism, or persistence of the frontal suture into adult age, which would clearly indicate a resemblance to the more early and complete ossification of the sutures, laid so much stress upon by Darwinists in the case of anthropoid apes. Yet I am inclined to submit that the capacity of the interior of their cranial cavity is not so inferior as some have thought, taking into consideration the fact that the race was certainly shorter than either Europeans or Malays, and that their skulls would be therefore obviously of smaller size. Again, and here I must call attention to a most important exception as to the non-existence of the metopism, to which so much importance has been attached by extreme evolutionists of all the Australian types, vastly the most inferior was the Tasmanian variety, wearing no clothes, having no houses, domestic animals, pottery, ignorant of

the method of procuring fire. In stature shorter than the Australians, nevertheless in not thirty skulls examined, metopism existed in two, viz. : in about the same average as in the European races of the present day, and yet it is reported that these people under the partial instruction some of them received in the brief interval between their discovery and final extinction proved themselves to possess "capacities, intelligence and moral qualities, by no means inferior to those of many other of the uncivilized races of the world." Immense probability seems to attach itself to the view that these people are in a state of degeneracy not development, but still possessing faculties, latent through long disuse, with which they had been endowed in a higher past.

Again, according to some authorities, without the power of speech, intelligence must remain in a rudimentary condition. "Donec verba, quibus voces sensusque notarent nominaque invenerent." (Horace). But is not this highly debatable? Have not certain insects developed intelligence in an infinitely higher degree than any of the Simian tribe?

Further, would not the extreme climatic oscillations of the Pleistocene epoch have contributed to the destruction and degeneracy of the human race, rather than to its improvement? Many must have perished with the animals in the great snow storms and blizzards of the period. Indeed some high authorities conclude that man vanished from Europe during the last glacial epoch, all the human remains met in Pleistocene deposits belonging to the Palæolithic stage and the most remote discovered in post-glacial beds being neolithic.

Contemporaneously with the last named period, as more genial climatic conditions obtained, the migrations of plants and animals from regions extraneous to the glaciated areas, would be followed by the appearance of a superior type of man to replace a now degenerated if not extinct predecessor, and thus colonization by a higher race would account rather than evolution for the higher type of post-glacial crania. When one considers that the glacial period alone is considered by some competent authorities to have lasted 160,000 years and the scanty nature of the evidences available in relation to such exhaustless decades, which of necessity must ever remain but fragments in the great body of truth, the precariousness of conclusions based on isolated facts, however well ascertained, becomes apparent. But the patient and

laborious investigations of true science, whose object it is not to dogmatize but to learn, can never be fruitless, affording, as they do, with increasing knowledge, additional evidence of the wisdom and design pervading all creation, and emphasizing the truth so admirably expressed by the son of Sirach "that all things are double one against another and God has made nothing imperfect.

London.

THOS. E. H. WILLIAMS.

CHRISTIAN THEISM.

Theism in the broadest sense of the term is a theory of the existence and character of God and the relations in which men stand to Him and the universe. It aims, particularly in its Christian phase, to synthesize within a higher unity the transcendence of Deism and the immanence of Pantheism, by regarding God as manifested through his works and yet as having a personality distinct from them; thus, while embracing the whole extent of being on the one hand, it maintains self-consistency on the other by drawing a sharp line of cleavage between the dependent and the absolute, and at the same time it harmonizes the facts of life by postulating a first cause as the ground of all dependent existence. Theism is directly opposed by atheism, which in its agnostic form denies the knowability and its positive form, the reality of God.

The sources of theism are two-fold—natural and supernatural, reason and revelation. The former is that which is revealed to man by the light of nature, *i.e.*, by the voice of God in each man's conscience and in the teachings of creation; for example, the moral faculty within man leads him to believe in a divine Lawgiver, who will, in a future state, reconcile the incongruity which exists between virtue and happiness in this. Of course, this universal idea of God is, in a sense, innate, inasmuch as the finite mind could not arrive at a conception adequate to satisfy its yearning for the infinite through outer experience alone. But experience does not show man the reasonableness of this faith when it leads him to reflect on the wonders of creation. For reflection leads him to see that every new thing in nature and

every change in a previously existing thing must have a cause pre-existing and sufficient. Now the universe being a system of changes, he is led to conclude from the above premise that it must have a cause exterior and anterior to itself. Furthermore, the design exhibited in the adaptation of means to effect an end leads him to believe that this first cause is a personal spirit.

Indeed, it seems apparent on these grounds that the field of knowledge viewed in any of its aspects would show the logic of a belief in a God of some sort who should serve as the beginning and end of all things, as the absolute unity of thought and being, in which all the difficulties of finite thought and existence are either excluded or overcome. And so we find the Dualist, who holds to the reality of the external world and who assigns to it the cause of our sensations, including in this objective world of powers a Supreme Power, which envisages all the rest. And we also find the Idealist while withholding from the external world any existence outside the infinite thought, agreeing with the Dualist in this that the mere ideas which we perceive have their ultimate source in an absolute mind which is Divine and the final cause of human ideation. And lastly, we find the Kantians, who see in consciousness, phenomena only, which phenomena have no intimate point of contact with the reality or thing in itself, forced to postulate a Supreme noumenon back of moral manifestations, or face the alternative of having their categorical imperative lose its force through lack of a supporting Deity.

The second source of Theism, namely revelation, has its office in revealing to man what could not be arrived at by reason alone. Its crowning feature is the earthly pilgrimage of Christ, who came according to the law and the prophets to restore to humanity the gift of immortality they had lost through sin: Jesus proved His divine mission by His holy life, by the truth and beauty of His teachings and by the miracles He wrought.

The beliefs or principles derived from the two sources may be briefly stated under four heads. 1st. That there is but one living and true God. 2d. That He is infinite in power, wisdom, and goodness, and consequently the righteous are safe in His everlasting care. 3d. That He has given to man a free will and understanding for the purpose of enabling him to choose between good and evil. 4th. That the chief wisdom and duty of man

consists in choosing the good and avoiding the evil in order to reach an eternal home of happiness and blessedness in Him.

The system of faith built on those lines has been the backbone of civilization for nearly two thousand years. During that time it has subdued the brutality of the barbarians, abolishing slavery and human sacrifice and promoting public and domestic happiness. It has founded hospitals and other charitable institutions for the reception of the sick and distressed. It has amended old laws and made new ones. It has taught peace and harmony to nations and diffused learning and true enlightenment among the sons of men. If the tree is to be known by its fruits, then Christian Theism is certainly the most valuable factor in modern civilization, valuable not alone on the score of past services, but more important still, as a means of solving present social problems. Although man has broken down the barriers of time and space, forced many secrets of nature, and mastered the problem of material production, the moral question of the proper distribution of this wealth is still unsettled and clamoring for attention. Christian views on the values of life are found to be particularly applicable here. Holding that society is a democracy of brotherhood in which character is the end and wealth but a means, it teaches that the possession of wealth is a sacred trust to be administered for the elevation of mankind. It would settle this question then and fulfill its modern mission in doing so, not by urging coercive laws imposed from without to check the clamor of the masses for their rights, but by teaching all men, rich as well as poor, that the relations between capital and labor are to be ultimately decided by men's inner conception of duty to God and towards each other. It strives to produce a change of character through moral education that will compel the practice of individual appropriation of labor's fruits to die out as duelling died out before the adverse force of public opinion. And through the action of this public opinion which it fosters must also come the economic equality of the future supplementing and perfecting the religious and political equality which graces the present by the achievements of the past. And Christianity shall still live to solve new problems, teach new duties and reveal new rights. It shall still allure to brighter worlds and lead the way because by its sign men are enthused and enabled to continually meet and vanquish the demons of ignorance and sin,

selfishness and want that constantly harass and infest mankind. And this conflict which it wages against evil in every form shall never cease until the human race attains that measure of happiness and development which their nature and condition render possible even in this life.

The second great system to be discussed, namely Deism, has one of its points of departure from Theism here in a denial of the Providence which shapes our ends. Deism originated in a tendency to absorb the moral in the natural order, and thus put a wall of separation between God and the world. Its beginning as a system of belief has been traced back to Herbert of Cherbury, 1648, although its cardinal principles later underwent considerable modification at the hands of John Locke. Its professed aim was to fuse common elements in all religions into one harmonious whole, in order to secure a natural code and dispense with the necessity of believing in revelation. Dr. Clarke differentiates its adherents into four classes. The first class are such as pretend to believe in the existence of an eternal, infinite, intelligent being, but who to avoid the name of Epicurean Atheists, teach also that this Supreme Being made the world, although they agree with the Epicureans in this, that they fancy God does not concern Himself in the government of the world, nor does He care for what is done therein. It is hard to see how adherents of this system can consistently claim to know anything of God's purpose in the world, or even what is compatible with his dignity. Practically regarded, these doctrines are close to Atheism, for men can entertain but a vague reverence towards a Being who does not actively interfere in the course of the world, who does not have purpose to work out there. The second sort of Deists are those who believe not only in the reality, but also in the providence of the absolute with regard to the natural world, but who, not allowing any difference between moral good and evil, deny that God takes any notice of the morally good or evil actions of men. These things depending, as they imagine, on the arbitrary constitution of human laws. At times they even go so far as to maintain that religion is an invention of the priests to keep the masses down, forgetting that worship must precede the priest in order to occasion a demand for his services, and that the invention of a single religion has yet to be recorded in the annals of the race. The deepest feelings of the heart are not invented.

Obviously, such errors regarding God's relation to the world arise from neglect of the capital distinction made between the physical and the moral order. The former, God administers in the mode of fixed laws, and forces inherent in the things themselves. The latter he administers through ideas, motives and spiritual influences brought to bear on the moral natures and free wills of his subjects. As a matter of fact, the course of evolution proves the end of the natural order to be the perfect development of the moral order. The above class would make selfishness the main root of religion, and the state religion the only binding one. The evil fruits of such a creed are now matters of history. A third set of Deists there are, who, having right apprehensions concerning the natural attributes of God and his all-governing Providence and some knowledge of his moral perfections also, yet being prejudiced against the notion of the immortality of the human soul, believe that men perish at death, and that one generation shall perpetually succeed another without any future restoration or renovation of things. This school of thought finds its ample refutation in the evidences of Christianity.

Christian evidence as employed in refutation, relies chiefly on two methods of proof, an external and an internal, the former, which was the methods of the Apostles, built its doctrines on the support afforded them by miraculous facts, while the latter, which is the method of modern Christian apologists is more inclined to rest its case upon the moral excellence of Christianity's teachings and the unique personality of its founder.

The real question in regard to miracles, says Benham, seems to be not whether they are incapable of proof because they are contrary to experience—for the experience of the race, as a whole, may be quite opposite to the experience of certain individuals that partially compose it—but as to the capacity and honesty of the witnesses who have borne their testimony to the miracles in question. But besides the honesty and capacity of the first witnesses of the miracles, the character and attendant circumstances of the miracles themselves may be cited in proof of their reality, and in consequence of the truth of the religion they advocate. Now these miracles were wrought in public, and in the presence of enemies; their actual occurrence was not denied at the time, but was attributed to the exercise of magic or the influence of demons, which was a charge that in its very nature proved their

veritable performance. The unique character also of the miracles has to be taken into account. No failures are recorded. They appealed directly to the senses and left no room for doubt; their object was always moral and beneficent. The means, too, employed in each case if unusual in their selection, were instantaneous in their operation. And the results have been lasting. In this respect ancient miracles occupy quite a different position from modern ones, which begin and end in themselves; which teach us nothing, which effect nothing, and pass away like smoke along with the aimless curiosity they satisfy. If it be asked why, on the other hand, since our Lord's miracles were of such a character, the Jews who witnessed them did not at once acknowledge Him, two reasons may be given. 1st. That our Lord's mean appearance and unambitious program disappointed their carnal expectations; and next, the evidence they had was in some respects inferior to the evidence we possess, who have seen their fulfillment in the wide establishment of Christianity.

It is true indeed that they saw some very remarkable details of ancient prophecy fulfilled in Christ's own person; but as has been said already, their eyes were blinded by their prejudices. To suppose that Christianity, being such as it is—overturning as it did the natural hopes of the Jews, running counter as it does to the natural inclinations of mankind—could have been propagated without miracles by mere peasants like its founder and first preachers, is much more difficult of belief than to suppose that Christ employed miracles in proof of his divine claims and gave specimens in his own person of the superhuman power he possessed. Of the two difficulties it is more philosophical to prefer the last.

A word may be introduced here on the Lord's Resurrection, a fact unique in itself, as He alone arose from the grave to die no more and also as a fundamental fact, being the historical basis on which the apostles relied, and Christianity itself rested. The evidence, therefore, that proves the reality of the fact, proves also the truth of the religion it supports. Now, the unanimous testimony borne by the apostles to the Resurrection of their Lord was either an imposture or a delusion. If it was an imposture, they knowingly propagated a falsehood, to their own hurt and without any adequate motive. Again, had they hidden the Lord's body, the task would have been perilous and discovery ruinous. Moreover, had the whole story been fiction, how could

it have caused such a sudden and complete revolution, as it did in the character and conduct of those who were consciously guilty of the deception practiced? The change from despair to joy, from timidity to boldness, is easily and naturally accounted for on the supposition of Christ's Resurrection and their own persuasion of the fact, but it is altogether unlikely had they started on a career of hypocrisy with a gigantic lie upon their lips.

If, on the other hand, the Apostles' belief in the Lord's Resurrection was a delusion, how was it that the risen Saviour showed Himself to those especially who were most familiar with his person, and, therefore best judges of his identity? How was it, again, that He was visible at various places and times, and to a considerable number of persons? A few might be deceived, but not the many. How came it about that after His visible ascension all such appearances of His person on earth ceased altogether, which was but natural, if his previous Resurrection had been a reality? So far, again, from the disciples being easily credulous, it is carefully recorded that they considered the first news of the Resurrection of their Lord as idle tales—a piece of behavior that gives to their after testimony greater weight.

Our Lord's Resurrection, therefore, was neither an imposture nor a delusion, but a fact; a fact unique in itself, potent in its influence, a visible proof of the truth of His divine claims, and a grand moving cause, of which from that time to the present hour, the Christian religion is the world-wide result.

On the whole, then, it may be concluded that the old method of resting on the external evidence afforded by miracles to the truth of Christianity as a main support accords well to the claim of belief put forth by the Lord and His Apostles, and with the character and circumstances of the miracles themselves. When what are called the internal evidences are examined, only a bird's-eye view can be taken of them here. One thing, however, may be stated at starting. Though the human mind cannot decide what ought to come from God, or not, it may inquire whether the Christian religion in itself is like what it would expect God to give, or man to invent. For instance, it may ask questions as these: Was the religion of Christ such as a Jew would invent for his own purposes, when it contradicted the national hopes altogether and supplanted the Mosaic ritual and law by another system and code that galled the national pride to the quick?

Had Our Lord, again, been a mere imposter holding out inducements to gather followers around Him, would He have so plainly stated that the result of adhesion to His cause would not be success and worldly prosperity, but on the contrary, persecution, ridicule and death? Where, too, on the same supposition would He discover that unique morality, extending to the motives as well as to the conduct, which shown in His own example, and was re-echoed in the teaching of His apostles? Why, too, if He was an imposter only, did He tell a lie to inculcate truth of the severest and highest kind?

Besides these questions and their inevitable answers, the style of the New Testament, especially of the four gospels, is a phenomenal fact that demands explanation. How came it about that four men, some of them unlearned, should have been found in one and the same country, and that country Palestine, which was not conspicuous for its art or culture; and not only so, but should have been found at one and the same period in the world's history, writing on the same subject the life of one extraordinary man; and yet have done so in such an artless manner, so free from ostentation, so realistic in its brief but graphic touches as to produce an effect never equaled among men? All this together, looks as if the coincidence in question was not the unaided work of chance, but the effect of Divine superintendence of some sort. Should it be objected, however, that the canon of the New Testament is still an open question, and that the genuineness and authenticity of the four gospels may be disputed, it is sufficient for present purposes to reply that there is abundant evidence that these books were acknowledged by the end of the second century as having come down from the time of the Apostles.

Nor can the case of the Jews be altogether left without notice in speaking of the proofs of the Christian religion. Their rejection of Christ and their rejection by Christ. The fall of their city and the destruction of their temple and its worship, especially the cessation of sacrifices to this day, their consequent dispersion and preservation in dispersion; all these were beyond human foresight, yet were distinctly foretold, and have also visibly come to pass, and they form together a living and sensible proof of the revelation that predicted their occurrence.

Sometimes an objection is advanced on the score of the slow progress Christianity has made. Such slowness only shows the

greatness of the obstacles in human nature to be overcome, and therefore indirectly proves that the religion was not invented by man.

To return to the Deists, a fourth and last sort of such believers are those who subscribe to the existence of a Supreme Being, together with his providence in the world, but only so far as these things are discoverable by the light of nature alone without any aid from a divine revelation. These are the only true Deists; but as the principles of these men would naturally lead them to accept Christian revelation, there is now no consistent scheme of Deism in the world. The heathen philosophers who taught and lived up to the obligations of natural religion had indeed a consistent scheme of Deism so far as it went, but the case is not so now. The same scheme is no longer consistent with its own principles if it does not now lead men to believe and embrace revelation and all the obligations which it implies. The lesson to be drawn from Deism is that a religion which conceives of God simply as the creator and ruler of the world, absolutely exalted above it, unaffected by its limits, incapable of being implicated in its imperfections, will speedily find the moral sublimity of the conception easily passed over into a false exaltation, if it lacks, as the necessary complement of a power and will transcending the world the idea of an infinite thought and love which reveals itself in it. Conversely, a religion which sees God in all things, the reality beneath all appearances, the substances of all changeable forms, the all-prevading yet incomprehensible life, in which all finite existences live and move and have their being—such a religion, if its conception of the immanence of God in the world leaves no place for the equally essential idea of his transcendence over the world, speedily discloses its weakness in the obliteration of moral distinctions and in the swamping of finite individuality and freedom.

And yet the pendulum of thought often swings from the extreme of Deism to the extreme of Pantheism before finding its balancing point in a theism, which comprehends and transcends both these religions embracing what is true, and supplying the complement of what is imperfect and the corrective of what is false in both. The term Pantheism—which signifies the third great system of religious speculation—is derived from a Greek motto meaning one and all, and was first brought into vogue by

the Greek philosopher Xenophanes. Heyder called attention to the fact that Pantheism is divided into two main forms, one arising from the Occidental and the other from the Oriental temperament. The former merges the world in God, the latter merges God in the world. In that God is rest; in this He is motion; there God is being, nirvana; here He is development, process, change. The fundamental idea underlying both these views is that there is at the root of the infinite variety of this world, and its individual phenomena, a common principle, which constitutes its unity, and that this common principle is God. No conscious personal God, however, but the common life, the larger social consciousness, which is all in all or the reason in all things. God is held to be an impersonal soul of the world, who does not appear in His totality in any one phenomena or at any one moment, so as to comprehend himself or become comprehensible for us, but who remains the one ever same essence which, filling everything and shaping everything, lives and moves in all existing things, and is revealed in all that is visible, yet is itself never visible. Of the immense number of forms which this one fundamental idea has given rise to the following seems to be the more decided. 1st. There is material pantheism; according to this, it is mere matter of the universe with its forces, its life, its thought, as the result of organization, which constitutes the one all that may be called God. This, the lowest sort of pantheism, explains the origin of life and thought on materialistic principles and so identifies itself with materialism proper.

2d. There is organic or vital pantheism, the difficulty found in defining life or even in apprehending it, holds out a temptation to explain the *ignotum per ignotius*. All nature, they say, is full of life. This idea that all nature has life comes out in the writings of certain physical speculators of the school of Schelling and in all cases tends to substitute some kind of an impersonal power for a personal God. Schelling said: "Eternal Absolute being is continually separating in the double world of mind and nature. It is one and the same life which runs through all nature and empties into man. It is one and the same life which moves in the tree and the forest, in the sea and the crystal, which works and creates the mighty forces and powers of natural life, and which, enclosed in the human body, produces the thoughts of the mind.

3d. There is one substance, pantheism, which begins with the declaration that the material universe is the body and God the soul of the world. This declaration paved the way for a pantheism which maintains that there is a spiritual power acting in the material form, the two being all the while one substance. We owe the introduction of this system to Spinoza. According to this shy, thought-bewildered man, there is but one substance, which substance has attributes, what the mind conceives as its essence and modes being in reality, however, but affections of the substance. This substance is infinite, though a part of it is substance finite, and man is such a part of the Divine substance. The foundation of all that exists, taught Spinoza, is the one eternal substance which makes its actual appearance in the double world of thought and matter existing in space. Individual forms emerged from this ever fertile substance to be again swallowed up in the stream of life. As the waves of the sea rise and sink, so does individual arise, to sink back again into the common life, which is the death of all individual existence.

"To my mind," says Spinoza, "God is the imminent (intra mundane) and not the transcendent (supra mundane) cause of all things; that is to say, the totality of finite objects is posited in the essence of God and not in his will. Nature, considered *perse*, is one with the essence of God." According to Spinoza, God is the one universal substance, in which all distinctions and all isolated qualifications are resolved into unity, to which *perse* we cannot ascribe either understanding or will. God does not act in pursuance of a purpose, but only according to the necessity of his nature. Everything follows from this with the same logical necessity as that by which the attributes of a thing follow from its idea, or from the nature of a triangle that its three angles are equal to two right angles. The roots of modern pantheism clothed in idealistic form began to sprout in Germany in an effort to construct a basis of belief which should supersede the supremacy in matters of faith and morals maintained by the Roman Catholic Church as a legacy from its Founder. The first postulate of the system is, not an objective Deity which rules and regenerates the life of man, but religious ideas and thoughts which have to find their assimilation in the facts of the universe and to make them fit in with an arbitrary assumption. The sense of harmony, the esthetic faculty, requires a religion and, therefore, a religion

which meets this want must be true. Of course, where free license is thus given to the imagination, it is no wonder that speculation takes on a thousand forms, and we find Kant's work of making time and space subjective forms followed by Ficht's conversion of God and matter into subjective creations of the mind. Schelling sought to enlarge the system by making mind and matter, God and the universe at one and the same time ideal and real—ideal on the one side and real on the other; and Hegel came forward with an artificial dialectic, to show how nothing could become something and how God became conscious of humanity.

"The absolute," says Hegel, "is the universal reason which, having first buried and lost itself in nature, recovers itself in man, in the shape of a self-conscious mind, in which the absolute at the close of its great process, comes again to itself, and comprises itself into unity with itself. The process is God. Man's thought of God is the existence of God. God has no independent being or existence; He exists only in us; God does not know himself; it is we who know Him. While man thinks of and knows God, God knows and thinks of himself and exists. God is the truth of man and man the reality of God." Of course, the original grounds of faith in a Divine Creator fail when, as in this case, only one aspect is confessed. The supposed discovery becomes a mere game of hide and seek, where the finder and the found are identical. Fear and gratitude are predicted, but the source from which they spring has become a shadow. Unhappily also, this type of pantheistic opinion involves social consequences of a sad character. The sinking of the personal distinction between man and God is followed by a loss of the affections and conscience which are the very life of religion. If God is already identified with his creature, where is the room for obedience to Him, for supreme law, for prayer, which asks what otherwise it would not receive. Above all, the holiness of God would disappear as he becomes identified with the struggles and failure of creation. The comparative and relative perfection of his being, we are told, is only to be reached by strife within and without from which the spirit mounts "higher after every conflict." It is impossible to exaggerate the moral danger of thus assuming that we are delivered over to all the abominations of sin, that evil in fact is a necessity for the production of virtue and not a moral consequence of

liberty, and that the teaching of Holy Scripture is erroneous when it tells that two possibilities are open to us, life and death, between which man has to choose. Free will is the very center of human personality, and without it we lose the distinction between human agency and the agency of God.

Free will, as the basis of moral responsibility, is also the foundation stone of legal jurisprudence, and to give up that doctrine would be equivalent to nullifying the abstract principle of which the laws that safeguard life, liberty, and property are deductions. Deeply instructive is it to watch the progress downward of the denial of this distinction. There is a struggle going on (says the great modern pessimist) and its condition makes the world so bad that it is only just endurable, and the progress of civilization makes things worse, for it increases the consciousness of misery. Such is the pantheism identified with the name of Scopenhauer. "No theory of the universe known to me," said that celebrated writer, "leads me to think that it would not have been better for mankind if it had never been born." Such pantheistic pessimism is largely due to the fact that it has only one way to escape from the mystery of evil and that is by denying all distinction between right and wrong, between moral good and moral evil. Of course, there can be no such thing as sin for the pantheist, because all, according to his creed, is nature, development, necessity; so when all is fate and nature, the responsibility of man is bound to be given up, as the world is conceived to be moving in a circle formed by an inexorably firm chain of cause and effect, one thing resulting from another with iron necessity. Man is no exception to the rule. He stands, according to Spinoza, as a link in the endless chain of determining causes. In his spirit there is no such a thing as freedom, for each act of his will is determined by some other cause and this again by another, and so on ad infinitum. Whatever is, is done of necessity, and so it is right seemly and profitable for the whole, good and evil being but different manifestations of one absolute principle, cease to be actual moral contrasts. If what we call evil is as necessary as what we call good, how can we condemn it? The main philosophical difficulty connected with pantheism is that it contradicts the testimony of consciousness. Now, then, the man who doubts consciousness at the same time declares his confidence in it by affirming this doubt, and so renders the latter invalid. The

primary testimony of consciousness affirms the distinct existence of an ego and a non ego, relating to and limiting each other. The self is known as existing in the midst of certain phenomena, which it did not create and can but partially control. Pantheism contradicts this first element of consciousness by denying the real existence of the self; or, to put it in another way, if it can be shown that there are two or more persons, it follows that all is not God. Now, in all consciousness of self we know ourselves as persons, in all knowledge of other subjects we know ourselves as different from them. Every man is convinced of this. No man can be made to think otherwise. If there be a God, then as all His works proclaim, He must be different from at least one part of His works—the thinking person. It becomes evident then that the living and conscious man is not a wave on the ocean of the unconscious Infinite; his life a momentary tossing to and fro on a shifting tide; his destiny a swallowing up in the formless and boundless universe.

The theological objections to pantheism are numerous. To begin with, it is much easier and simpler to believe in a personal God than in such an impersonal Deity as the Protean force. Every difficulty which belongs to the thought of God's existence belongs to this also. This force must be self originated; must be the source of all intelligence, though itself unintelligent; of all sympathy, though itself incapable of sympathy; must have formed the eye, though it cannot see; and the ear, though it cannot hear; must have blossomed and developed into personal intelligence, though personal intelligence is a property denied it. Surely no contradiction could be greater. Most of us find it hard to understand how personality can proceed from an impersonal principle. We, ourselves, are persons; that is, we can conceive and determine ourselves. Whence, then, is this self consciousness supposed to proceed, if the soul of the world from which we ourselves have emanated had no consciousness? Can God communicate that which He Himself does not possess, and create forms of existence which transcend His own. Can the effect contain anything which does not exist in the cause? To this question pantheism affords no answer. And see how much falls to the ground if the personality of God is given up. In the first place, we can no longer acknowledge a creation of the world as a free act of the divine will. Miracles and providence must fare

in like manner and especially the incarnation of God in Christ is left without any foundation. It can be no longer looked upon as a fact which took place in this particular individual, but only as a universal, everlasting, and daily renewed process. It is also patent that under this theory the immortality of man and the continuance of personal existence after death are ideas which must henceforth be rejected. All personal life must again resolve itself into the impersonal Primal Cause. The relation of pantheism to atheism here becomes very close, agreeing with atheism in the denial of a personal Deity, its divinity of the universe being without will or intelligence. In what respect then does it differ from atheism? Atheism denies that in and above nature there is anything whatever besides nature. Pantheism does the same. It says, however, that though there be no Deity in the universe, yet there is a harmony, a unity, an unfolding plan and purpose, which must be recognized as transcending all limitation as unerring, inexhaustible, infinite, and therefore, as divine. Let us ask ourselves what unity can that be which is above mere nature as such, and yet stands in no relation to a personal God and ruler of the universe; what plan and purpose that can be which is the product of no intelligence, which no mind ever planned, what infinite and unerring harmony can mean when there is no harmonist to inspire and regulate the life and movements of the whole. Pantheism, indeed, may be said to annihilate religion, for its God is not a personal one to whom we can occupy a personal relation, whom we can love, in whom we can trust, to whom we can pray, whom we can approach and address as a friend, but only the power of necessity to which we must bow, the universal life in which we may lose ourselves. Not only worship must disappear before such a creed as this, but morality also.

“Long before men reasoned about theories of life, substance, and the ultimate good, light and life were given to the world in the Ten Commandments. They were based upon the principle that man is subject to a will higher than his own and distinct from it—the will of an eternally righteous and unchanging Lord. By this conviction men’s lives have been governed and brought into a measure of order and peace. Pantheism sweeps away law-giver, king and judge. So long as he is believed in the noblest spirits among men can face the terrible problems and difficulties of life

even with joy. They are like men, with the warm sun over their heads, casting light all around them. But the night cometh. Nature fails us all, and when God is denied, men do the deeds of darkness and learn to praise the dead more than the living. The only refuge from such darkness and despair is to believe in God as Abraham did, as St. Paul did, who knew in whom he believed the same yesterday, to-day and forever."

In contrast with the experience of St. Paul, who communed with God alone and was led by this miracle to sow the seeds of Christian faith, stands the modern agnostic, preaching a gospel of ignorance in his denial to humanity of the power to attain that mental satisfaction and master-key to human knowledge, which is to be found in a solution of the ultimate problems of experience.

Agnosticism in theology is the doctrine that the power which the universe manifests to us is utterly inscrutable. "Such a power exists, but its nature transcends intuition and is beyond imagination." God is to us unknown and unknowable, because ultimate religious ideas and ultimate scientific ideas alike turn out to be merely symbols, not cognitions of the actual. In contrast with this doctrine, the confident joyousness of the Christian faith has been called "the impiety of the pious," and the old saying has almost reappeared in a new guise that even for a philosopher ignorance is the mother of devotion. "True, therefore," says Hamilton, "are the declarations of a pious philosophy. A God understood would be no God at all. To think God is as we think Him to be, would be blasphemy. The Divinity in a certain sense is revealed; in another sense is concealed." He is at once known and unknown. But the last and highest consecration of all true religion must be an alter to the unknown and unknowable God. As a speculation agnosticism is not new; it is as old as human thought. The doubts and misgivings from which it springs are older than the oldest fragments of human literature. The questions which it seeks to answer are as distinctly uttered in the Book of Job as the replies of sneering despair which are paraded in the last scientific periodical. Modern science and philosophy have not answered these questions. It may be doubted whether they have even shed any light on them. They have simply enlarged man's conception of the finite, and thus made it more easy for him to overlook or deny his power and his obligation to know the Infinite and self-existent.

The main branch of modern agnosticism is traceable to Kant's theory of knowledge. Said theory limits human knowledge to experience and declares that we know nothing of the final nature of things. Admitting for moral reasons the existence of the absolute, it holds that the intellect of man can neither affirm or deny his existence, and by inference declares that the Infinite cannot reveal himself to finite intelligence. Kant was led to this assumption by his affirmation of causality as a subjective form, and yet this statement of the casual principle was rendered nugatory by his inconsistency in using it to establish the existence of things in themselves. His whole system carried within itself the seeds of its own destruction in the very contradictions he resorted to in order to brace it up. The primary contradiction was in the declaration that the things in themselves were unknowable, while at the same time they were held to exist and to be known as unknowable. Hegel rendered unwitting service to Christianity in showing that it was a violent and unnecessary assumption on Kant's part to aver that thought always shuts us out from and not in with things, and further that it is absurd to question the validity of knowledge, inasmuch as knowledge must act as the critic and so must be assumed to contain the grounds of validity within itself. So even if thought never does get beyond the senses, we must first understand how it gets there. Kant's second inconsistency was in denying to causality any valid application outside experience and yet in using it to bridge the gap between phenomena and noumena. The antinomies by which he faced about and tried to destroy the causal argument for God's existence were shown to be not final, inasmuch as reality carries within it a certain tension as an intrinsic element of its very nature. The common sense theory of knowledge, generally held in opposition to Kantism, is that while certain principles of the mind are operative in interpreting the nature and significance of every perception, we are nevertheless not deceived in such interpretations, inasmuch as there is a harmony between our nature and the causal nature back of the world of things. The spiritual principle in man constituting the unity of his consciousness is in touch with the spiritual principle, which creates and controls the law, order and harmony of the universe.

A more modern theory, though one somewhat similar to Kant's

in general features, is the doctrine of the relativity of knowledge. It is expressed by Hamilton as follows:

Our whole knowledge of mind and matter is relatively conditioned. Of things absolutely or in themselves, be they external or be they internal, we know nothing or know them only as incognizable, and become aware of their incomprehensible existence only as this is indirectly and accidentally revealed to us through certain qualities related to our faculties of knowledge. All that we know, therefore, is phenomenal, mere phenomena of the unknown. There is a sneer in the words "mere phenomena" which is misleading. Objects in themselves and objects as they appear to us are not necessarily two distinct things. The thing in itself can manifest itself only through the manifold relations which these attributes sustain. It is a violent assumption that the thing in itself is one thing, and the manifestation of it is different and therefore illusive. Thoughts do not stand between us and things shutting us from them; they rather blaze the way to them. And it may be added, that the resulting knowledge, therefore, is of real things in a real world. It is true, however, that knowledge in another sense is relative—relative owing to the fact that all knowledge is composed of judgments, and every judgment implies the relation of subject and object as necessarily as a magnet implies the relation between two poles. But it is not true that this relation of knowledge is due to any imperfection or disability, or that there is any conceivable or possible knowledge of things in themselves as opposed to knowledge of their properties and relations, which, if known, would be a higher kind of knowledge, and in comparison with which our actual knowledge is illusion. On the contrary the inadequacy and limitation of our knowledge lies in the fact that comparatively few of the actual or possible relations of things to one another, to ourselves and to God, are yet known to us. This lack is not due to any inherent weakness of the mind, but to the brevity of our lives and to the lack of opportunities in our position. But first, all knowledge short of omniscience may be called relative in the same sense, and next, human knowledge is clear, distinct and adequate, as far as it goes, and, therefore, trustworthy. A thing we can reproduce in the laboratory can no longer be considered unknown; and lastly, if we be true to ourselves, we may ascertain that which may be known and that which is beyond the reach

of present observation. Hence, while our present knowledge may be limited, it is not inaccurate or at variance with the nature of things, and it is far from having reached the stage which is possible to our intellectual powers. The illusion with which it is charged is due not to these limitations, but in believing these limitations to be other than they are. In a word, the relativity of knowledge consists in the correlation mental and physical of thought and being, or on which the possibility and value of knowledge itself depends. Let us, therefore, here reverse the shield and look entirely at the weakness of the agnostic position.

A forcible objection taken to this position is that it first weakens and then shatters our ideal of excellence; next, that it denies the freedom by which we may rise; and, finally, that it withdraws the inspiration which is ministered by our personal friend and deliverer. It weakens man's ideal. It cannot do otherwise, for it derives the laws of duty from the changing feelings of our fellow men. It further degrades this law of duty into a shifting product of society. It also resolves conscience with its rewards and penalties into the outgrowth of the imagined favor or dislike of men as unstable as ourselves when this is fixed and transmitted by hereditary energy. Such an ideal, or law, or tribunal can be neither sacred, quickening or binding, because it has no permanence. To be a good and perfect man in one aeon is not the same as to be a good man in another. It is altogether a matter of taste or fashion, and each age under the law of development sets a new fashion for itself. The theory is also fatal to any belief in God—the belief that there is any unknown subject of attributes absolutely unknown is apparently a very innocent doctrine; but if this could make its way and obtain in the world, there would be an end even of all natural or rational religion, which is the basis both of the Jewish and Christian creeds. For he who comes to God, or enters himself in the church of God, must first believe that there is a God in some intelligible sense, and not only that there is something in general without any proper notion, though never so inadequate, of any of its qualities or attributes, for this may be fate or plastic nature, or anything else as well as God. Moreover, agnosticism is fatal to all faiths, as an entirely unknown God cannot even engage faith. For it abandons hope. So far as man denies God, or denies that God can be known, he

abandons hope of every kind, that intellectual hope which is the life of scientific thought, hope for his own moral progress; hope for the progress of society; hope for guidance and comfort in his personal life; and hope for that future life, for which the present is a preparation. As he lets these hopes go by one by one, his life loses its light and dignity, morality loses its enthusiasm and energy, science has no promise of success, sin gains a relentless hold, sorrow and darkness have no comforter and life becomes a worthless farce, or a sad tragedy, neither of which is worth the playing because both end in nothing. Sooner or later the agnostic without hope will become morose and surly, or sensual and self-indulgent, or avaricious and churlish, or cold and selfish, or cultured and hollow—in a word, a theoretical and practical pessimist, as any man must who believes the world as well as himself, to be without any worthy end for which one man or many men should care to live. Note also the fallacy of agnosticism—the principle to be protested against may be stated as follows.

Knowledge must be based on logical proof. The knowable and demonstrable are identical; whatever cannot be shown by strict inductive reasoning to exist, must be dismissed from the region of science and consigned to the dreamland of the speculative imagination. The opposing contention is that as soon as this principle, which is really the stronghold of agnosticism, is tried at the bar of the practical reason, and brought face to face with the realities of human life, it must be convicted of monstrous absurdity. Nothing is more certain than that every train of reasoning must have some premises from which to start. Arguments cannot sustain themselves in the air without any basis to rest upon, real or assumed logical processes without material to work upon can no more bring forth results in the shape of knowledge than that a mill can grind out flour without being supplied with grist. But whence shall we fetch the indispensable premises to set our arguments agoing? If it be said they are furnished by previous trains of arguments, by means of which they have established, we must ask again whence the premises for these were obtained? Nor can we cease reiterating the question until in each case we reach some premise which was antecedent to every logical process, and was the original material on which the reasoning faculty began to operate.

And how did we get these? Not by reasoning, for the argu-

ment could not begin until the mind was in possession of them. They were the primitive elements of thought, the starting point of knowledge, the foundation of all the science of which man is capable. And they were not the result of any process of reasoning. If they were trustworthy and true, then we possess real knowledge which was not derived from reasoning, and is not capable of logical demonstration. If they were not trustworthy and true, then, none of our pretended knowledge is trustworthy and true, for upon them every particle of it ultimately depends; so that we are driven to choose between the alternatives of skepticism and faith. What prevents us largely from adopting the former alternative is the consideration that if only that is known which is absolutely demonstrated, then nothing is known, for something must ultimately be regarded as so certain as to need no demonstration; otherwise all reasoning is in a circle. Further, if everything is to be demonstrated, on what does demonstration finally rest? For instance, can we prove that our faculties do not deceive us? If any one attempts this task he must do it with the very faculties he is testing—that is to say he must take it for granted that the faculties whose reliability he is testing are reliable. Call it a belief, a postulate, a self-evident truth, or what you will; something must at last be taken as so certain that it needs no proof, and this something must be made the ultimate basis of knowledge and the starting point of reasoning. Take mathematics for a case in point; nothing is regarded as more certain than the demonstrations of that science, yet they all rest upon self-evident truths, which are axioms just because undemonstrable though certain. Skepticism farther is self-destructive, because even when declaring its doubt of everything, it is, in the same breath, pinning its faith to the reliability of the consciousness which affirms the doubt. For if consciousness were wholly unreliable, it could not with any confidence declare its doubts.

By carrying the inquiry still further, it appears that all this life, all this reality about us, rests on knowledge, which is prior to logical processes and is obtained through our consciousness. We do not reason it out. It comes to us and we possess it and live by it. We trust our intuition, our preceptions, our experience; that is the secret of our every-day life. In the sphere of this life, the question can you prove demonstratively the grounds on which you act turns out to be an idle one. Were we to wait

until we could answer it in the affirmative, death would overtake us before we had begun to live, as reason does not ever comprehend anything absolutely. Nay, if agnosticism, as a method, were introduced into other fields of knowledge besides theology, the credited statements of historians regarding the past, of scientists regarding the phenomena of the world about us, and of travelers regarding distant lands, would be reduced to a very small compass. And there is no doubt many objects do exist of which reason has no conception, and which it cannot comprehend. The power of reason is not the measure of existence, though the truth is that God may, in a measure at least, be known to man directly, seeing—He is suggested by his own personality. The scientist may ask earnestly, is there nothing more in this wide universe than force and law? If there is nothing more, no man is so much to be pitied as he—the man of scientific knowledge and scientific imagination,—for no man feels so lonely and helpless as he. He is alone among the enormous agents that haunt and overmaster him with their presence, but are without a thought or care for his personal life. Could he but see behind these forces a personal being like himself, capable of directing both force and law to issues of blessing to man, how welcome would that knowledge be! That God he may see and find if he will. He is suggested by his own personality. He is demanded by the weakness and limitations of his own nature. Why should there not be a personal and living God behind this machinery of force and law which we call nature? Why should we not know a living spirit, as well as unknown force and definite law? And why should we not accept personality in God as the best explanation of both? There must be such a person filling this vast solitude by his imminent presence and abounding life, as testified to by our consciousness. The whole of the practical knowledge on which human life is based rests on no other logical foundation, but on the trustworthiness of our instinctive consciousness and intuitive perceptions. We do trust these, and it is only by trusting them that we are enabled to live human lives. We have no other ground for our belief in the physical world, in our fellow men, or even in our permanent possibility. Why, then, should we begin to distrust our consciousness, and cast doubts on its varacity, as soon as it begins to witness to us of God? If our souls are conscious of Him, why should we not believe that He really exists?

Experience proves that there is a vision of God by the purified soul as truly as there is a vision of the beautiful face of nature by the sensitive eye. The consciousness of God is one of the primary and fundamental intuitions of human nature.

And it may be added, in passing, that any evidence which would point to the negative has yet to be discovered, whereas on the affirmative side much evidence has been brought forward to show that no race of people have ever existed, or do now exist, wholly devoid of religious beliefs of some sort.

Our next step forward brings us to the final and positive form of atheism—materialism—which at the present day seems to threaten most the hold of religion on men's minds. It is the last and most uncompromising of its enemies, never during earlier ages having arisen with anything like strength, it seems now to be encouraged to assault the faith by physical science. But science must sooner or later disavow a system which abolishes the notion of all final causes and ends and asserts in the force of evidence, the most positive, the spontaneous origin of life. True science will not continue to deny the existence of things, because they cannot be weighed or measured. It will rather lend us to believe that the wonders of possible being surpass all our mental powers enable us to perceive.

Now, then, to resume—materialism, in brief, is the theory of perception according to which the perceived and perceiver are alike material—mind being only a kind of product of matter. Its teaching is that matter is everything and that there is nothing else; it is eternal and imperishable, the primary cause of all existence. All life and all forms are but modifications of matter—it is only form that is perishable. Although modern materialism appeared as a system first in France, yet England was the classic land of this mode of thought. Here the ground had already been prepared by Bacon and Occam. Bacon of Verulam, who lacked nothing but a little consistency and clearness in order to be an atheist of this sort, was wholly the man of his day and nation, and Hobbes, the most consistent of its modern adherents, is at least much indebted to English tradition. The intellectual habits formed by exclusive attention to eternal nature led many to attribute their very conscious life itself, as well as all mind in the universe to unconscious material power, the dead substance to which Locke referred sensations. It is thought that uncon-

scious substance may be the source of all that happens in consciousness as well as all that happens in external nature. Materialism—ancient and modern—adduces four propositions: 1st. That nature is in the last analysis, material and not spiritual in its origin. 2d. That life or organic existence is a spontaneous development from unorganized matter under certain physical and chemical conditions. 3d. That sensuous perception is the source of all knowledge. 4th. That all mental action is nothing more than activity of matter.

Let us first examine the origin of the universe according to this system. And this leads us to observe that the doctrine of eternal matter and motion is now considerably weakened, and the causal argument for God's existence correspondingly strengthened by the modern discovery of what is called the dissipation of energy, which means, as its discoverers pointed out, that as the sun and planets pass from a state of heated gas to one of lifeless stolidity, constant dispersion of physical energy is involved.

This discovery carries with it as a necessary consequence the fact that the present constitution of things cannot have lasted from eternity, but must have had a beginning in time, else the great clock must have long since run down. Or, reasoning backward, the fact that the dispersed energy is finite, means that the world must have commenced in a spontaneous cause, *i.e.*, a personal volition. But allowing the existence of atoms, let us trace how materialism uses the law of gravitation to explain the movements of these atoms whereby they came together, and formed the various bodies organized and unorganized with which we are acquainted. The law is "that every body attracts every other body with a force proportional to their masses conjointly, and to the square of their distances apart inversely." Hence, they say, the atoms would come together of themselves; but in order that they may do this, it has further to be assumed either that the atoms are of different sizes, or that they are at unequal distances apart, since if they were all equal in size and all equally distant there could be no motion, their mutual attractions exactly balancing each other. But this assumption is fatal to the theory, since matter, being a single substance and uniformly divided, it would have to be allowed that some other power had collected matter into unequal atoms, or had set these at varying distances

apart. This position is in no way altered by using the terms energy and force.

Energy is defined as the power of doing work; force, the rate at which that work is done. The energy which moves matter must, as there is nothing but matter divided into atoms, be resident in them, but this will not explain how they first moved together since physical science declares that energy is locked up in matter, and only becomes active in consequence of some previous energy exerted, *i.e.*, of some work done; for example, the stone cannot fall to the ground until it has been lifted up by work; the spring cannot recoil until it has been first bent. To convert what is called potential into actual energy, there would be wanted the exercise of some previous energy altogether outside matter, and therefore unknown to materialists. Positive atheism fails then to explain how the universe was first formed, and we are compelled to go back to an explanation of this to some great First Cause; in short, to God. The second problem to be discussed is the origin of life. How does such a theory explain this? Living things, whether plants or animals, from the lowest to the highest, feed, grow, and reproduce themselves. These are the signs of life. Besides living things, there are various lifeless substances making up the soil, air, water. Where, then, is the point of contact between living and non-living things? It has been discovered that plants have the power of taking up the constituents of soil and water and air, and converting them into living bodies, in short, of feeding upon them. While animals can only feed upon living matter, or that which has once lived on plants or animals. Hence, we have non-living substances converted into living matter, but only by a living agent. Is there any evidence to prove that any form of life can be developed out of a substance without life? Professors Tyndall and Huxley, and all who have since experimented exhaustively along this line, admitted that they could not point to any proof that life can be developed except from previous life. Life can only be produced from some living germ. Note that here again the present theory breaks down. It fails altogether to explain the origin of life, inasmuch as explanation dealing with life in terms of atoms and their motions must lose sight, in their course, of the very process they start out to make clear.

Supposing, however, the difficulties of starting the universe

and accounting for the origin of life to be surmounted, the materialist then makes great strides with the help of the doctrine of evolution; since to a certain extent they are treading on more plausible ground; but once again they break down when they try to explain, by its means, man's spirit, intellect and moral sense. Evolution gives them no aid along this line, because if mind is to be regarded as merely a by-product and not a useful factor in progress, it is well-nigh impossible to reconcile its continual appearance in palpable potency with the survival of the fit. They fail there because man recognizes in his own consciousness a form of existence higher than the material. Explanation of the higher by the lower is achieved only by a reversal of logic. The facts of consciousness are utterly at variance with atheistic opinions. The first fact is that of thought. Now, if all thought is the brain's own product, how does it set itself thinking? The brain is but an organ. Who put the organ in motion? To do this a power is needed which is not of itself a kind appreciable by the senses. The motive power must be of a kind corresponding to its effect; it must be of a mental kind. So materialism is bound to assume mind. You cannot get mind as an ultimate product of matter, for in every attempt to do so you have already begun with mind. It would be a case of mind voting away its own rights. Because the earliest step of any such inquiry involves categories of thought, and it is only in terms of thought that the very problem you are investigating can be so much as stated. You cannot start in your investigations with a bare, self-identical objective fact, stripped of every ideal element or contribution from thought. The least and lowest part of outward observation is not an independent entity, fact minus mind, and out of which mind may come where or other be seen to emerge; but it is fact or object as it appears to an observing mind, the medium of thought having mind or thought as an inseparable factor of it. To make thought a function of matter is to make it a function of itself. Matter is not by any means a sufficient cause of mind; even Tyndall said: "The passage from the physics of the brain to the corresponding facts of consciousness is unthinkable. Granted, that a definite thought and a definite molecular action in the brain occurs simultaneously, we do not possess the intellectual organ nor apparently any rudiment of an organ which would enable us to pass by a process of reasoning from one phenomena

to the other. Were our minds and senses so expanded, strengthened and illuminated as to enable us to see and feel the very molecules of the brain, were we capable of following all their motions, all their groupings, all their electrical discharges, if there be such, and were we intimately acquainted with the states of thought and feeling, the chasm between the two classes of phenomena would still remain impassible. Between thought and physical phenomena of matter, there is no conceivable analogy—a parallelism is all that exists." Then too there is the fact of moral consciousness to be considered. It is as much a fact as the body. It is not a result of persuasion or education, but an inward mental voice which echoes and re-echoes every moral testimony from without. Wherever a human being is found we find in him the smaller consciousness; it may be in a perverted or obscured form, but it is still there. Religious consciousness, that inward attraction of man towards a higher power, reflected and attracted by consciousness wherever man exists, is no less a fact of mental life.

And if even an error, its existence and possibility must be acknowledged and accounted for. It is, however, an impossibility, if nothing exists but what is a product of a material substance.

First and foremost, it is clear then that materialism necessarily dispenses with religion. Its adherents deny the existence of God, for they who do not acknowledge any immaterial principle in man will not allow the existence of an Absolute Spirit, either in or above the world. Since they so utterly reject the reality of an immortal soul and the possibility of a future life, they necessarily leave prayer and worship without any meaning. They would likewise undermine the basis of morals. Man, being only a complicated aggregation of atoms, governed wholly by physical laws, is held to be altogether irresponsible for his actions. Everyone can see what questionable results would follow from the degradation of man and negation of God even in this life, and in the moral order of the present world. Yet, materialism hesitates not to destroy all the moral faculties of our life. Maleschott, for instance, says that sin lies in the unnatural, and not in the will to do evil. To understand everything is to tolerate everything. Whatever is, is right, for might has made it so. The man who robs and murders is no worse than a falling stone which crushes out a life.

A materialist, who is intelligent enough, can have no conscience, no sense of sin, no ideas of right or wrong.

Harriet Martineau said: "When we have finally dismissed all notions of subjection to a supreme lawless will, all the perplexing notions of sin and responsibility which it carries with it, the relief is like that of coming out of a cave full of painted shadows under a clear sky."

Another of the same school, Vogt, has expressed himself with more plainness. He says free will does not exist, neither does any amenability or responsibility to a higher power, such as morals, penal justice, and heaven knows what else it would impose upon us. At no moment are we our own masters any more than we can control as we please the secretions of our bodies. The organism cannot govern itself. It is governed by the laws of its material combination. This point being disposed of, let us glance briefly at the theory of politics, which springs from such a doctrine. Politically considered, materialism advocates a laissez-faire policy on the part of the government that is dangerously close to anarchy; or going to the other extreme, endorses a present day socialism that would enlarge the powers of the state to such an extent as to blot out individual liberty and family integrity.

Such is absolute atheism carried to a logical conclusion. Many atheists are better than this creed, but it would be a mistake to attribute their character to their doctrines. It is due rather to their early training and to the silent influence of centuries of Christian habits and feelings upon the society amongst which they live. They are unknowing witnesses to the life and power of Christianity, which compels them to adopt its high moral standard.

In conclusion it may be said as a summing up of the whole discussion, that the secret of Christianity's ability to influence the thought and action of the classes, as well as the masses of society, generation after generation, despite the attacks that are constantly being made upon it from all quarters, is due not altogether perhaps to its foundation upon the rock of ages of divine authority, but likewise to the equally historical and significant fact that it has shown since its very inception the capacity of a growing organism to recognize, embrace and utilize all the element of reality which true philosophy is able to bring to light. In contrast with this power of assimilation, the unduly partial

nature of the anti-theistic systems is forced to stand out in bold relief by the common error running through them all. As exemplified strongly by materialism, this common error consists in an inveterate tendency to substitute a narrow part for the broad whole. Hence, it occurs that while all these schools express truth to a certain extent, they always fail as permanent and practical world-theories, and seldom even grow beyond an evanescent cult of the day, largely because of this mutual tendency to seize but one aspect of reality and emphasize it to the exclusion of the rest. Such being the case, the only conclusion to be arrived at is that there are more things in heaven and earth than are even dreamt of in anti-theistic philosophy. And so it follows of necessity as the night the day that:

“Those little systems have their day.
They have their day and cease to be;
They are but broken lights of thee;
And, thou, O Lord, art more than they.”

Chicago, Ill.

ADRIAN M. DOOLIN.

THE INFAMY AND BLASPHEMY OF DIVORCE.

GLANCES AT MILTON, INGERSOLL AND OTHERS.

By the infamy of divorce, I refer to the withering and blasting effects of it on the conjugal, domestic, parental, filial, social and national life of the world. By the blasphemy of divorce, I refer especially to the legal and spiritual aspects of it; to the godless and impudent assumptions of the courts, laws, lawyers and judges of our civil states that they have the power or the right to sunder, annul and destroy the oaths, bonds and the unutterably sacred relationships voluntarily entered into by the act of marriage,—that they have the right or the power to abrogate and cause to cease all or any of the rights and duties and obligations entered into at and by the state of marriage; further, to the blasphemous effects of these assumptions as seen in the dulling and hardening of the

moral and spiritual sense in parties seeking and procuring divorce, and, supremely, in the lowering and withering of these faculties in the children of divorced parents. And I pray that my words on this theme may be so clear, so human, so powerful, that demons in and out of perdition, who inspire divorces, and their slaves on earth who fan the demons' fires and encourage divorces, may be brought to shame, to self-contempt, and such hiding of their benighted, or willful and wicked heads, that a purer light may come to the world through such broken speech as I am able to utter.

Nearly twenty years ago, after I had voluntarily withdrawn from the orthodox ministry, and was for a time in partial association with a church and a ministry inclined to regard divorce much in the trivial light that they regard the Atonement, and at a time when my own personal affairs led me to favor the arguments advocating divorce, I took up the study as a specialty, determined to act and abide by my rational conclusions, regardless of all biblical or church authority. At that time I read and studied whatever I could lay hold of bearing on divorce. I re-examined every passage in the Old and New Testament, precisely in the spirit that I would examine any other author's written word: not as divine authority, but as honest human experience; giving, however, such added respect to these biblical sayings as is due them from the fact that great bodies of good and wise men have again and again held those writings to be in some sense inspired and divine; still not only determined in my own case not to be bound by them, but confessedly, in those years, with an inclination *not* to be bound by them, but to seek light elsewhere.

In this spirit I read and studied all that John Milton had written about divorce. Milton was then next to a god in my estimation, and his pungent and learned words had great weight with me. At the same time I went over afresh "The Life of Cranmer;" read again Shakespeare's "Henry VIII.," with a view of getting the pith of truth on divorce out of all that marvelous episode of human history. It was a sort of life-and-death struggle with me on a theme that the greatest of modern men seemed to my instincts to be wrong, and hence

misguiding me; though the arguments of Milton, and the reasons given by poor Cranmer, and the shufflings of that famous Bluebeard, the father of the Church of England,—all seemed to have more or less of reason and right sight in them.

After a while I saw, against my will, that Milton was a special pleader for his own life; that Cranmer was an honest placeman and a weakling; (except in death: God bless him for dying like a man, if he could not live so!) and that the whole "Henry VIII." business was a sensual lie, resulting in a—"virgin queen," and Heaven only knows what other curses on the British nation and other nations up to these last hours. And now, though I still love and admire him, I despise John Milton as the pitiable prophet of a fearful blasphemy on this matter of divorce; and it is clear to me that he and the likes of him are largely responsible for the cant and idiocy on this theme that are cursing New England and the whole United States and other modern nations,—a sentimental idiocy that has found its latest utterance over the name of Robert G. Ingersoll, in the last November number of the *North American Review*.

I think that the wives of Socrates and Milton and Carlyle ought to have been gagged, or starved to death, or hung, if after due process found incapable of performing the proper functions of wives to their famous husbands. I am well aware that the old Grecian, and the old Englishman, and the more recent Scotchman, were pretty tough husbands; not by any means such domestic angels as some modern infidels are supposed to be. I am not apologizing for the cranky crotchiness of any husband, no matter how much of a literary or other genius he may be. My conviction is that a married man ought to rise superior to all shrewish provocation. Socrates seems to have managed that phase of the domestic business better than Milton or Carlyle. Milton's Xantippe, however, may have been ten times more trying than the Greek woman; and nobody has any business judging any of these people in their private, domestic ties or untying: but Socrates was never fool enough to twist the divine verities and eternities into labored arguments in favor of divorce, simply because nature, or Providence, or his own pliability, had given him a tormenting irri-

tant, instead of a helpmeet, for a wife. Carlyle, though plainly unable to govern his temper under the goading of an admiring but unloving, rasping, aggravating wife, still was man enough to hold to the eternal truths of honor and obligation; was sensible enough to hold right on till death, though it is plain that he never knew an hour of real freedom or peace till after his wife was dead. Above all, he never gave the splendid powers of his pen or his intellect to defend or countenance the modern blasphemy of mere weaklings, known as salvation by divorce. So Milton was the only one of this famous trio who used his God-given powers to flout God and argue down his word, and so lead modern civilization hellward, till a new turning-point be given it by some braver and wiser and better man.

So I at last saw Milton, long years ago, and so seeing him, saw, also, that his special pleading in favor of divorce was simply the weak, illogical, faltering, stammering error of a tried and deluded soul. I honor and love the man, but despise his reasonings on the question of marriage and divorce; that is, I simply know that his premises and his conclusions on this head are all unsound and damnable. Seeing this clearly nearly twenty years ago, I saw, at the same time, that all arguments in favor of divorce were and ever would be mere special pleadings, sometimes based on personal grounds, as in Milton's case, sometimes on grounds of maudlin, truth-hating sentiment, as in the case of Robert Ingersoll, and still more frequently the result of mere bestial, contemptible and pitiable animal weakness. But how did I see that Milton was so wrong? that the conclusions in favor of divorce generally were and are so wrong?

Here let me clear the reader's mind of error and cant touching my own position, and the position and relation of this subject to the Scriptures and to the Christian Church—any and all branches of it. I found in my earlier studies that, on this theme, as on all others, expert reasoners could honestly enough find passages of Scripture to favor their arguments, *pro* as well as *con*. Moses and the law could and can be twisted and mirrored either way; Jesus and the Gospels can be turned and twisted and mirrored either way: and while an instinctive moral

sense, which is wisdom, which is God in the soul, which is always divine, and to be followed, taught me long years ago that the spirit of the Old and New Testament was against divorce and favored a very far higher solution of domestic troubles, still I did not, on that account, decide against divorce years ago. Nor did I decide against it because the Roman Catholic Church opposed it, or because the general Protestant orthodox churches were nominally against divorce. On the contrary, I saw then, as I see now, that very much of this ecclesiastical opposition to divorce was, if not insincere and pharisaical,—which I am always loth to attribute to any church or man,—at least very apt to be slippery, yielding to circumstances, partial to wealth and to people of position; in a word, disloyal to its own nominal convictions and doctrines. Hence, on all these grounds, the position of the Christian Church, as expressed by its representatives, tended to aid me in a conclusion favorable to divorce rather than against it; for if anything can provoke me to take the opposite side, even contrary to my instincts, it is the hypocrisy, or cringing, contemptible shuffling of the friends of any good cause. To put it short, the Bible and the Church did not help me to conclude against divorce; though I have no doubt that the same spirit which moved Jesus to utter his best words on this theme moved me also, albeit on different grounds, to take even a stronger position against divorce than can, in perfect candor, be attributed to him.

What, then, was it which led to this unalterable and earnest conclusion? Simply this, my friends: I had children of my own; I remembered my own parents, and a certain sacredness of home relationship between me and my own children, and my own parents and their and my earlier home. It was, in a sense, an ideal home. There was not always peace; but cursed be the thought and life of any child or man or woman who would foul the nest his parents made for him! I leave a million thoughts unuttered here that a sentimentalist like Ingersoll would make much of, and I simply keep to the spirit of the theme, and wish to speak of a sense of duty. I studied the sacredness of home life; the finer instincts of children; their sensitive natures; my own nature. I studied

these things as I had seen them in other homes more ideal, perhaps, than my father's home or my own. Again, I studied them in such few cases as were then known to me of people who had broken up their homes and appealed to the law for separation, or had become the unwilling victims of such proceedings; and I saw, clear as noonday, that, while few homes were perfectly happy, few married lives without their little or great incompatibilities, home was still the sacreddest center of the universe; that, for a man's own sake, for his wife's sake, and, eternally and supremely, for his children's sake (if he had any), he should suffer the tortures of eternal grief, eternal nagging and eternal anger unto eternal death, rather than appeal to the law to break the ties that a quenchless, divine economy of nature had made so tender and had so finely strung. In a word, it was purely on human, inductive grounds of observation, and not at all on scriptural or ecclesiastical grounds, that, nearly twenty years ago, and at a time when I was inclined to favor divorce, I thus decided against it; and I ask the reader to remember this, in view of any and all future emergencies.

How have the reading, studies and experiences of the last twenty years affected the serious conclusion thus reached long ago? They have simply confirmed, strengthened and intensified it beyond measure or my powers of utterance. During these twenty years, if there has been a freethinker on the earth, I am guilty of that ill-sounding appellation. But, unlike most freethinkers, I have never concluded that, because the Scriptures taught something, or because the Church held to a certain doctrine or belief, therefore, and on that account, said thing or doctrine or belief was absurd. On the contrary, I have seen,—have been obliged to see,—in my capacity of reviewer of books—have for many years been reluctantly obliged to see and to point out the fact that such freethinkers, from Thomas Paine to Robert Ingersoll,—most excellent men in many ways,—were and are the stupidest gentlemen the moment they attempt to handle any profoundly religious or moral or domestic or social theme. Let them mind their own lucrative business, as the attorneys for railroads, or the brains and secretaries of gentlemen statesmen. God Almighty has

never sent them or their masters into this world to decide any religious, moral or domestic theme. But just how, beyond this limit, have these twenty years' experiences confirmed and strengthened this old conclusion? Simply in this, my friends: I have been using my eyes all these years, not only in literature and on the cases of domestic infelicity and break-ups made public by the newspapers, but still more acutely in the experiences of some dozens of divorced and remarried people, whose lives have come naturally under my own personal observation; and what I have found is this: that while divorced and remarried people are, some of them, in a sense,—a very low sense,—apparently a little happier in a stupid sort of way than they were previously, I have never seen or heard of a case of divorced and remarried people, or of divorced people, wherein the intellectual and moral and spiritual natures of all parties voluntarily involved in such crimes were not weakened, or utterly withered and practically destroyed by such experiences. I have seen and studied, in these years, with my own eyes, in the circle of my own acquaintances, or of persons coming directly under my own personal knowledge, many people, divorced or divided from various causes. Sometimes the dominating fault was with the wife; sometimes with the husband; sometimes with the children. That matter is always difficult to decide, and none but God has a right to decide it. "No crime was ever yet committed but more than one soul was to blame." I am not considering the question of blame, but the question of consequences; and in every case that has come under my observation these twenty years, without regard to biblical or church theories, the people who have sought divorce, or have been the persistent, willing causes of such seeking, have been mentally and spiritually ruined; and those who have been the victims—more or less deserved—of this willfulness have been led into a thousand-fold more sufferings than would have been brought to themselves and the world under the worst continuance of the original married state. I have noticed particularly that this infamy and blasphemy have been, and for ever will be, most withering on the moral, filial and spiritual sense of the comparatively innocent children involved; "visiting the sins

of the fathers upon the children," etc. It is useless to say, or to hint, or to claim, that this moral obliquity in the children comes of the previous uncongenital married state of their parents. That is falsehood. Many of the noblest and sweetest children in the world to-day are the offspring of people who were unhappy enough in their married state, but who, like men and women, not like chattering apes, or dogs, were masters of themselves and the world; chose, or were enabled to bear in silence, the comparative unhappiness of life; and so, by the old shining ways of martyrdom, gave, as hostages to fate and the future, children who had learned by nature to love and endure. A plague upon your mouthing, weakling sentiment that for ever exaggerates the miseries of domestic life in order to apologize for the crimes of infidelity, abortion, divorce and eternal shame! There are gradations even of misery and crime, and I have satisfied myself that the miseries arising from divorce are a million-fold more than could arise from an heroic endurance in duty until death.

Do not miss my point here. Let no mere writer of sentiment say that his experience or observation has been just the reverse of mine, and so conclude that we are even. We are not even, and never can be. I know what such writers mean by happiness. They do not know what I mean by virtue and honor and moral constancy and spiritual clearness,—the roseate sun-dawn of the soul of man toward the Infinite Soul. The spiritual nature was dead and driven out of Mr. Ingersoll's soul before he began to lecture against God for such hire as the unwashed groundlings of infidelity were glad to hurl at his feet. No man admires the quickness of this man's intellect more than I do. I have trod, through darkness, the ways he has trod; know every shadow and sun-ray in the paths he now is treading; but I have also known the eternal soul of this sunlight and shadow; have seen the law and end of it all, in modern life; and I need no priest or Bible to teach me that Mr. Ingersoll, and the likes of him, are as wrong in their theories of God as they are in their theories of divorce. They do not know spiritual and moral blindness when they see it, in others or themselves. All that is good in themselves they owe to Christian parents and early Christian teaching. The

rest is as the black cinder-cloud of our smoke-cursed, gas-choked modern civilization.

How can such men see anything clearly? How can I? Simply because I long ago quit their ways, and, as far as I was able, under pressures that do not concern the world, kept on my way in search of God's clear truth, no matter whether peace or life or death came along therewith: so my sight of the consequences of divorce is not as their sight. And I know why.

During these last fifteen years I have read several books on what is called "the liberal side" of this question; that is, books favoring divorce, even easy divorce, as a cure for domestic infelicity. Sometimes the arguments of these books and pamphlets have appeared to me so clear and convincing that I have greatly inclined to their view of the case. And always the devil that says to a man, Cast thyself down; the gods are on the side of liberty; the angels will care for thee: or, perchance, The gods are fools, or fast asleep in these times;—always such devil has been at hand to aid the books of the blasphemers. And when my own mind and life, from sickness, suffering and poverty, were weakest in their old conviction, and seemed to have lost hope in God and honor, then Providence gave me such final arguments as stand by a man through heaven and hell eternally. That for the present is a sealed book, every line of which, however, and every reading between the lines, men and women are welcome to, as far as I am concerned.

Of modern books and pamphlets in favor of divorce, the ablest and clearest, the most dispassionate, and the most thorough that has come in my way, is a pamphlet by the Rev. Dr. R. B. Westbrook, of Philadelphia. It treats the biblical argument, especially the New Testament position, better than it has ever been treated before. There is no Ingersoll sentiment about Dr. Westbrook's pamphlet. It adheres to reason, and shows plainly enough that, if the words of Jesus are to be taken literally, as final on this matter, then, also, must his words defining the nature of adultery be taken literally and as final. It is well known that, by this standard, a lustful look of the eyes is defined as adultery; and, if the laws may divorce

every person guilty of such looks, divorce lawyers would soon increase so rapidly that home and honor and fidelity and actual chastity, and any and all steadfastness of domestic life, would come to an end. I am not here saying that it would not be best to have it come to an end and let the Devil have his way with us all: I am only speaking of a strong point in Mr. Westbrook's pamphlet,—a point which the Roman Catholic, or Anglican or the Protestant orthodox church has never met or answered; and I name this point to affirm again that the Bible and the Church, except in the hands of men wise enough to know what they mean and stand for, may be twisted heavenward or hellward, according to the prevailing wit of individual men. I honor Dr. Westbrook for his ability and honesty, and for fearlessness in stating his position with great candor. I honor him too much to intimate here any more than that I think I know the laws of nature and Providence, whereby he has reached conclusions that I believe to be infamous and blasphemous. I do not blame him or judge him. God forbid! That is not my business; but his pamphlet, by its very clearness, convinced me more than ever of the divinity of my own conclusions.

A little pamphlet, recently written and published by J. B. Conkling, LL. B., of the New York bar, and which claims to be an *abstract* of all the laws of the United States touching marriage and divorce, is, in the first place, no such thing as it claims to be; and, though bright and vivacious in its construction, seems to be badly afflicted with Ingersoll sentimentalism, and dreadfully opposed to some other New York lawyer or lawyers, and to certain newspaper-men who had dared to assume or interpret divorce laws long in advance of Mr. Conkling. As a matter of fact, the writer of this article read a much fuller abstract of our state marriage and divorce laws in the New York *Herald* four or five years ago,—a much fuller and better abstract of these laws than Mr. Conkling has now given in his far-heralded pamphlet. Nevertheless, many of his points are well taken, and the pamphlet will not do harm in the hands of intelligent men.

Before hearing of this pamphlet, I had made arrangements for the preparation of a genuine abstract of all the laws of

the United States touching marriage and divorce, and had intended to publish the same in an article in this number of *The Globe*. When I first heard of Mr. Conkling's work, and before I had seen it, I concluded that he had covered that ground; and, feeling my own unfitness to handle the legal aspects of the case, I then requested De Lancy Crittenden, of Rochester, N. Y., one of the brightest lawyers of the New York bar, to prepare the article which he has in this number of *The Globe*. At that stage of my preparation for this number, I had not intended to write anything on the subject myself; but, after reading Mr. Conkling's pamphlet, and especially after reading the co-operative article by Cardinal Gibbons, Bishop Potter and Robert Ingersoll in the last November number of the *North American Review*, and before receiving Mr. Crittenden's article, I saw that there was still a phase of this question not covered by any of these writers: it is that phase I am trying to cover here.

In the article referred to, Cardinal Gibbons states the Roman attitude toward marriage and divorce with characteristic clearness and sincerity; Bishop Potter states the more ambiguous attitude of the Anglican church; and then Mr. Ingersoll, taking nearly as much space as both of them, wades through a lot of senseless, one-sided sentiment in favor of divorce, and poses as the special champion of women and freedom. My own position on the subject is, as to actual fact, precisely that of the Roman Catholic Church; only I hold that position not because the Church holds it, not because it is, or is supposed to be, biblical or Christian, but simply on natural, human, inductive grounds of common sense and common observation.

The antagonists that I have in mind are made up of two classes: *First*, Anglican and Protestant orthodox preachers and people, who, while professing to believe in the divinity of the Scriptures, and that they are absolutely opposed to divorce, still, nevertheless, in their practice, countenance divorce, and so play the hypocrite with their so-called God's word and with their own convictions. These people,—preachers and members of orthodox Christian churches,—who first make hells of their homes by failing to do their duties in them, and then sue for divorce on the basis of lies, and expect to become

saints and angels through the atoning blood of Christ, are a curse and a shame to modern society. And Christian judges and other Christian representatives of the legal profession, who, while professing to be governed by the word of God, and so to be opposed to divorce, on all grounds save one;—such judges and lawyers, who, for filthy lucre, will accept cases of application for divorce; who will browbeat and play detective on the characters and lives of men and women more innocent than themselves; and who, in the case of judges, will, and often do, transfer the labor of hearing such cases to so-called examiners (frequently to impecunious and ambitious young lawyers,—mere boys, without knowledge or character enough to be able properly to decide such cases), and then will accept the findings of such examiners and divorce men and women, or pretend to divorce them, from all rights and obligations of the married state, without ever having seen or heard either party to the contest;—such judges, I say, who will grant divorces under such circumstances, and who, while doing such work, will appear before public audiences as the champions of domestic and social purity, are simply the vilest hypocrites out of perdition. If it should ever be necessary, I can give scores of particulars covering all the points here hinted at; can give sworn testimony in proof of them. Either be men or devils. If you believe in God, obey God, though you lose your lucre and die for it. If you believe in the Bible, obey the Bible, though the accursed laws of Pennsylvania, or any other state, imprison or impoverish you for such obedience. If you believe in Jesus, do not so brazenly follow Judas at every beck and call.

Now for the gentlemen who do not believe in God, in Jesus, or in the Bible,—the gentlemen who expect to save society by Ingersoll and other agnostic froth of the gutters. Cut to the quick: what have these men to say? Simply this: that the way of fidelity is the way of infidelity; that the way of domestic honor is the way of constant dishonor; that the chosen way of truth is to lie out of it; that the ways of duty are the ways of shirking and skulking, and getting the rotten laws of rotten states to help you evade duty; that the ways of constancy are to be found only through everlasting incon-

stancy; that steadfastness of word and purpose is only to be attained by breaking your word and changing your purpose at every shift of the east wind; that if, through any fault of husband or wife, the home has become homeless, the way to do is, for the miscreants that have sinned, or helped toward the sin, not to break their accursed vice, whatever it may be, and reform themselves and their home, for God's sake and for the children's sake, but to fly to a pettifogging lawyer of itching hands—a church deacon, may be—and get him to break up the home, so that the miscreants thus acting may have a chance to try their vice on another and still another home; in a word, so that the law shall help the inconstant vampire, harlot or scoundrel to go elsewhere and do it again; so that, instead of bearing and forbearing, instead of trying honestly, on both sides, for a mutual improvement of character,—hence of life,—the less heroic, the person of least character, the more inconstant of the two, shall be encouraged to break his or her vows and try his or her moral cowardice and unprincipled infidelity over again. I do not mean to overstate the case. I believe and know that divorce, as advocated by Ingersoll and favored by our state courts and lawyers, is an infamy and a blasphemy beyond description. I believe and know that it will cry to heaven for vengeance until vengeance comes—already has come—in moral and actual death and disaster at the rate of far more than twenty-five thousand cases a year. God Almighty is not mocked. Every lie breeds lies by the thousand, and modern divorce is the most gigantic embodiment of modern lying. I know what the end is to be, and I would to God it were here!

Let us look at the infidel side a little more closely. Take the sentimental twaddle of Robert Ingersoll's latest utterance in the *North American Review*. Admit that some husbands are unkind—very unkind—to their wives. Is Robert Ingersoll fool or knave enough to suppose, or to pretend to suppose, that such unkindness is the origin of the trouble in any one given case? Does he not know enough of life, of his own life, of the lives of other men, to know that no man has ever yet been unkind to any woman without such irritating causes as have first driven him practically insane? I do not apologize

for or excuse any man's unkindness to his wife. I hold that every married man ought to be strong enough to bear with his wife's faults, whatever they may be, and never abuse her: let him die first. But it is a piece of high-handed knavery to assume that women are all angels, and that mere drinking or high-tempered men are to blame for the twenty-five thousand divorces a year now being granted in the United States. Was the unkind husband unkind to women when he was a boy? Was he unkind to his sweetheart during their courtship? What led him to be unkind to his wife? Not one man in a million is, naturally, such a brute that he will be unkind to a woman, much less to his wife, without the direst, oft-repeated, terrible provocation. Every man in his senses knows this. Do I love or honor women less than Robert Ingersoll because I am here, for truth's sake, hinting at a truth as old as the hills? What will he suffer to save or redeem any woman that I have not already suffered and will willingly suffer again? Let him name the test, and I will double the burden for my own shoulders and then dare him to the contest. If he is happily married, God be praised, and bless him and his children! I have known men and women so married. It is the only true Eden of human life; but, while I write, scenes of unhappily married people rise to view. Do I pry into their hearts and homes to see which is most to blame, husband or wife? Do I, in august, ignorant conceit, assume that I know which is more to blame, and judge the man or the woman in the case? God forbid! That man is a bad man at heart who assumes to be such a judge.

What I say to Mr. Ingersoll and to all sentimental, self-styled defenders of women in such cases, is, *first of all*, Mind your own business. Judge yourself: never judge another man. You have not been in his place. In all probability he would die before trying to explain his case to you. You have neither the means nor the power nor the right to sit in judgment on the relative domestic guilt of any man or woman in the world. That is not your business or my business;—and, as a matter of fact, all that is foreign to the question; *Second*, Either stop your stupid, sentimental talk about the unutterable sacredness of the married state, the sanctities of home, and the like,

or understand that such things always have been and always will be worth suffering for; have always had to be suffered for, in order that any brightest and worthy offspring might come into the world; *Third*, While our charity and gallantry should lead us to shield a woman rather than a man, in any specific case,—the man, as a rule, being the tougher and thicker-hided of the two,—all such twaddle of gallantry should be laid aside in considering a general question that affects the well-being of all women and children and men. And an article on this subject should not be a man's article or a woman's article; not a plea for henpecked, deceived husbands or for oppressed, badly-treated wives; but a statement of truth, for the good of all concerned.

It is not pertinent to the case, but as Mr. Ingersoll has made much of it in his *North American Review* article, it may be well to remind the reader that the teachings of Jesus on this head were uttered before there was any notion in his mind, or anybody's, regarding the speedy coming of the end of the world: so that Mr. Ingersoll's dig at the early Christians—as if this notion about the speedy coming of the end of the world had influenced their relation to or their neglect of the consideration of the laws and duties of home—is as false to history as it is irrelevant to the case. As a matter of fact, Jesus and Paul did give themselves to a higher and broader work than that of raising a family or writing atheistic articles for exorbitant pay. As a matter of fact, there was and there is a purely natural law that justified Jesus in his demands for the highest and most absolute affection of his followers; and the man who batters and battens on this as if it were a piece of unwisdom, or a species of crime against the home, is either a fool or a knave. I am no special pleader for the New Testament; and an article on divorce laws is not the place in which to spread one's self all over the supposed mistakes of Moses or other biblical writers: but as Mr. Ingersoll has dragged these points into recent discussion on divorce, it has seemed to me worth while to answer him. As a matter of fact, again, Paul gave explicit and direct advice and direction concerning the domestic duties of husbands, wives and children. And again, I say—without quoting the New Testa-

ment, assuming that my readers know it—that the man who, with an air of superior wisdom, declares, in a first-class literary review, in this century, that Paul and the early Christians were so absorbed in the idea of the second coming of Christ and the end of the world that they gave no time to domestic duties, or any consideration to domestic responsibilities, is either an unread fool or a willful knave. The New Testament is literally full of beautiful sayings regarding the simplest duties of man to man, and of husbands to wives, and of children to parents; and if Mr. Ingersoll will himself take up the New Testament and try to shape his life by its spirit, for one year, I wager my life he will cease to be an atheist or an infidel, and that he will become even a nobler and a better man than he is to-day, and we all give him credit for being a good man now. I am not touching his personality, only his public utterance on the question of divorce. As to the real New Testament view of the question, it is pretty generally agreed that Jesus meant what he said,—that a man should not put away his wife for any and every trivial or serious cause, but only for one cause. It is not by any means clear that even here he meant to justify the so-called absolute divorce of our modern courts of law; and at least it is clear that, for so-called Christendom,—or for that part of the world, or the communities, that take His sayings to be final and divine,—the cause named is the only admissible and sufficient cause for divorce. But even this, if granted its fullest force, would not justify the laws of New York, or of any other state or nation, in granting to *women* and men alike absolute divorce on the ground named. I suppose that, if any man had asked Jesus on what grounds a woman might seek absolute divorce from her husband, he would have told him, By hiding her shameless head in the blackest death's-hole of the valley of Gehenna. And I suppose that, if any so-called Christian woman had come to Jesus to ask him to help her get a divorce from her husband, who, in certain fearful strains and stresses of life, had been unkind to her for a moment, Jesus, after learning the facts, would have urged her to cleanse her body and soul of all foulness and falsehood and cowardice and hardness, and

so conquer the heart of her husband that he would rather die than be unkind to her again.

While some of the inconsistent judges and preachers were airing their high morals on this theme at a public meeting in the city of Philadelphia toward the last of October, 1889, the *Philadelphia Inquirer* published an interesting interview with Rabbi Sabots Morias on "How to get a 'get.'" Here is the pith of it:—

"On what grounds are 'gets' granted?"—"Oh, on the same grounds that they are obtained in your courts, infidelity and incompatibility of temperament being the principal grounds."—"Can not the women get a 'get'?"—"No, sir; the wife is never given a 'get.' Under the Mosaic law, she belongs to her husband, and he is responsible for her to all mankind."—"How are 'gets' regarded in different countries where the Hebrews reside?"—"They get recognition in England, being granted there by the chief rabbi; and the court holds that his granting is legal. The 'get' used to be recognized in Italy before the new government; but now new laws have been enacted, and the civil courts must act in the premises. England recognizes the divorce laws of the Hebrews the same as it does the marriages. Both marriages and divorces of the Hebrews are recognized by law in all eastern countries."

So I introduce the Rabbi to say one thing plainly that I had meant to say, and so help me to my conclusion. Woman's rights may be excellent material for rampant, termigant female free speech; and they may have something to do with the sort of millennium Robert Ingersoll has in mind. I find, for instance, that in Pennsylvania a husband, deserted by a miscreant wife, cannot obtain divorce from her unless the desertion is persisted in for at least the space of two years; but that such faithless and recreant wife, who has eaten and drunk her husband's flesh and blood for a quarter of a century without giving him any equivalent whatever in return—that such recreant wife can appear before the courts of Philadelphia, swear to lies touching his character, get her friends to aid her in her crime, press his and her children—blinded by false sympathy—into her service, and so, by swearing to lies regarding her husband's life and character, can get an absolute

divorce from him inside of six months from the time she deserts his home and steals away from him the bodies and souls of their children. And I find that so-called Christian lawyers and judges will wink at this, and for money will help her in her nameless and eternal crime. And I suppose that, in a case where the man has money, and is characterless, he can do pretty nearly the same; though it is plain to me that the laws of Pennsylvania, as interpreted by our Christian lawyers and judges, are as far removed from the letter and spirit of the New Testament as hell itself is far removed from all ancient and modern Edens over whose spaces the breath of roses and of angels hovers, through *patience and constancy, unto death.*

And here I name my cure for domestic and other ills, and I know there is no other cure. *Patience and charity* will hide a multitude of domestic as well as other sins. The woman who has been false to one man will be false to others. Very few homes are domestic Edens. It is the work of a life-time to make them such. We are not in this world to be rocked into atheistic slumber by Ingersoll dreams. It has taken God and nature at least six thousand years (some geologists say sixty millions of years) to make a proper helpmeet for a decent man, and the business still seems to be in a state of amateur imperfection. There are lots of women but few wives. Do not talk to me of "companions" and "equals." No two dogs are equal, much less any single or double pair of married or single women and men. It is not equality, much less cowardice and divorce, that this age needs to have preached to it, lived for it, but *duty, truth, honor, forbearance, charity, constancy, mercy and peace.* Away with your shameful apologies for salvation and reform of society! Do the simplest duty at hand and all hell cannot lead you to seek a divorce.

I was one of the first American students of Lecky to point out his now famous saying that for nearly five hundred years no divorce was granted in Rome. I did not then, and I do not yet, pretend to know how much or how little it tells for the domestic peace or purity of that period. I long ago satisfied myself, however, that it does not presuppose or prove any exceptional state of virtue in the Rome of that era. I have read a great deal on this head, but have got little light. There

can be as much vice without divorce as with it. I am not simply pleading against divorce, as if, without it, we were saved from social hells. It is only by something higher and purer than the old Romans knew or practiced that modern society can be saved.

I have looked into the laws and practices of other ancient and modern Asiatic, European and African races and nations touching this question of marriage and divorce. I am satisfied that the legalized polygamy of the Asiatics, the Turks, and our own poor Mormons, is far preferable to our modern promiscuity of prostitution and legalized divorce. I am also satisfied, however, that the highest *Holy Spirit* of the New Testament, from which modern law and modern life have alike drawn whatever is worthy in them—I am satisfied that this spirit points to a pure monogamy of chastest virtue and constancy, under all stress, until death; and that, to attain this in general, modern life, lived by whole millions of us, will have to suffer for the sins of others and for our own sins, until the divine law of holiest charity—even between husbands and wives—shall captivate the world.

I am still further satisfied that there is a higher ideal than this, wherein a man, if he feels so called, may walk face to face, in chastity and purity,—hand in hand with the Eternal Father; bearing the world's burdens without knowing its keenest joys, as hundreds and hundreds of Christian men and women are doing in all modern nations every year. And the atheistic blatherskite who knows no more of life than to make sport of this ideal, as announced by Jesus, and advocated as the ideal dream of Christian life, is simply a pitiable blockhead. Even in this age of reckless, universal embezzlement, there is no robbery so criminal as that which goes on in a human home when either one of the two parents becomes false to the other, and, by posing for sympathy, or by other subtle vice, steals the hearts of the children from the other parent, who, by nature and eternal law, has an equal share in and an eternal right to the love and respect of those children; and, of all the twisted, tortured and pitiable things in this world, there is no object so shameless, so false to and lost to nature,—so out of tune with all that is sacred in heaven and earth,—as a

child so hardened toward and estranged from its father or mother. Gods and angels weep over such children, and their ways through life are an endless, subtle blasphemy. Every thing that encourages the thoughts of marital separation; every law or influence looking toward and aiding divorce, becomes the demoniac parent and helper of all these evils, and hence the source of the subtlest and most vitiating evils, vices and crimes known to mankind. In the face of it all, I quote the New Testament: "Charity suffereth long and is kind;" "Charity never faileth;" "Beareth *all* things. He that endureth to the end is saved;" "Be *thou* faithful unto death."

It is much easier to make sport of the Bible than it is to write any word that will compare with it in clearness, wisdom and power. It is as easy as it is popular, in these days, to pose as the friend of woman, to laugh at the "old exploded story of Eden," which seems to blame her for her share of social evil and crime. I have lived through that phase of popular sentimentalism; have mixed a great deal with the women and men who laugh at the Eden story, hold the Mosaic law as absurd, consider Paul an old fogey, and Christianity a silly, obsolete, sentimental dream. I have probed this crowd of modern scientific and reform wiseacres to the bottom, and I unhesitatingly pronounce them a set of half-taught clowns. My present conviction is that the beautiful story of Eden was and is true to nature and history at all hours—to this the latest hour of time; that the Mosaic law, taken as a whole, is better at this hour, and more consistent, than the total laws of the United States, especially on the marriage question; that Paul had more sense in a day than Robert Ingersoll and all modern infidelity combined have in a dozen modern years; and that Jesus was simply the divine man he claimed to be, and will yet rule the world: hence, as by law of nature, that any one clear word from the Old or New Testament, touching this matter of marriage and divorce, is worth any million words that Robert Ingersoll & Co. can possibly utter on the subject. And I hold all this on purely rational, inductive grounds: that is, I have honestly and fearlessly, these last twenty years, without regard to any belief in the existence of a God, or any theories of biblical inspiration, compared

the workings upon modern society of biblical theories on the one hand and of infidel theories on the other, and I am fully convinced that the Eden story, for instance, is God's truth of nature; that modern Ingersoll theories about woman, social evil, domestic life, etc., are false and cowardly and destructive; that they lead to all kinds of infidelity of life, all species of falsehood, all phases of unfilial, unparental, unholy, unheroic, despicable and hardened lives; that a universe, or a world, or a cabin, built and controlled on Ingersoll theories *carried out*, would soon rot of its own inherent falsehood and lack of vital contact with nature and nature's daily truth; that whatever is good in Ingersollism and in modern atheistic life comes of its natural approach to and sympathy with the spirit of Jesus, and its aims towards general Christian charity.

To the question, then, Do I not believe in or advocate divorce under any circumstances or for any cause? I unhesitatingly say that I do not believe in or advocate divorce under any circumstances or for any cause, but teach and have always counseled patience and endurance and charity and silence, and effort to reclaim and restore character and peace when these have been soiled and broken; that life without such heroic action is death; that the family, of all places and conditions, is where such highest and purest action and fidelity and charity should begin, and be practiced in silence until death; that only so can society at large be taught or led up to the same sort of action one with another; that only this sort of action can possibly save us from prevailing vices, crimes, wars, corruptions and everlasting suicide and murder. The pigs that squeal most are not always the greatest sufferers.

If you ask me more specifically what I would do to help and relieve husbands and wives who, after two or twenty years, find that their married life has become uncongenial, incompatible, unendurable, through the faults or failings of either or of both parties to the contract,—the latter state of things being always the truth,—my answer is that, instead of fanning their discontent, or hinting at separation or divorce, I would first counsel mutual charity, mutual consideration of each other's good qualities, a more serious contemplation of the absolute duty of faithfulness; would counsel repeated acts

of forgiveness and fresh, mutual kindness, cleanness and favors; and if all these elements of moral suasion and the grace of God, so applied, under ordinary life, failed to bring cure or partial cure, I would rope or chain the husband and wife together, shut them up in a room by themselves, and feed them on the least possible supply of bread and water for two or three days of each week, or for all the hours they could be together at home; and so, by closer contact and starvation, teach them what they would not learn in the ordinary ways of God's kindly providence.

To the question, Have divorced persons a right to marry again? I unhesitatingly say that the whole entailed guilt of divorce rests with the party or parties seeking it; that no blame should attach to the party opposing it; and hence, that the man or the woman divorced against his or her will, has a perfect legal right to marry again—all the more right in proportion to the faithfulness with which he or she tried to do his or her duty in the previous married state and tried to prevent the crime of divorce; that the guilty one is the recreant one; that society, if it persists in granting divorces, will have to make this distinction in simple self-defence. The whole question must be lifted out of its ecclesiastical odium and viewed as a purely human question, but in the light of the most exquisite sense of human claims; and, when so viewed honestly and rationally, fidelity to marriage vows, and not recreancy to them, or divorce, will be the universal panacea of the world.

It is not by infidelity or cowardice, but by fidelity and heroic endurance, that any good is done. In all relations of commercial partnerships, of continued human friendships, men and women find that they have much to overlook, forget and forgive in one another's lives; and the husband that cannot forgive his wife's failings, or the wife that cannot forgive her husband's failings, is not fit to live: and the people who, like Ingersoll, out of mere sentiment magnify such faults and failings on either side, and so fan the passions of discontent, and propel men and women towards unforgiveness, towards deception and divorce, are so contemptible that it would have been better if they had never been born. Divorce simply ends

the legal aspects of marriage, but nature holds on its quenchless ways. It is better to be faithful unto death, in spite of all divorces and laws.

In my own experience, I have known women and men who, for various offenses in and out of the home, and, in some instances, for offenses that originated in their own slovenly and corrupt lives—have known these women and men to fly at first into neighborly and quasi-public scandal and libel of their own husbands and wives, then into the courts for such Christian divorce as the incarnate devil of modern courts could and would, for money, readily bestow. These are the men and women out of whom nature, God or the Devil—whichever you please—is peopling society with corruption, vice, lying, dishonesty, infidelity of all kinds, hardness of heart, contempt of truth, unfilial and inhuman and unnatural crimes;—and there is still an acuter moral phase of the blasphemy of the law in the matter of divorce. The final paragraph of a copy of a Pennsylvania divorce, now in my possession, reads as follows: "That the said libellant (Mrs. Blank) be divorced and separated from the bond of matrimony contracted with respondent (Mr. Blank), and that *all* and every the duties, rights and obligations of said parties, by reason of the said marriage, shall thenceforth cease and determine." The law is very particular, especially in its acutest phases of atheistic, unnatural blasphemy. And, if I am libeling the law of Pennsylvania in this case, nothing would give me greater pleasure than to suffer imprisonment or death for such offense.

In the first place, no law of Pennsylvania ever made these two people man and wife, and no law of Pennsylvania ever can, in the sight of God's eternal justice, separate or destroy or annul the contract entered into between them when they became man and wife. The decree even in this light is a libel against God, a blasphemy of the highest laws of heaven and of human society; and, in the instance referred to, the judge in the case was, to my knowledge, spending his happy vacation with abundant means while the case was being tried by a mere boy, called an examiner, carried through on the testimony of witnesses proven to have been liars, and granted

against a man who, for a quarter of a century, had given his family *all* his earnings, presents and perquisites, amounting in all on an average to \$1,600 a year for twenty-three years, and had simply been driven by the libellant's slovenly life and spendthrift, lying ways, and only under circumstances of sickness and poverty and the loss of all that was dear to him in life—had been driven for less than five seconds in twenty-four years, to offer his wife, when not himself, but crazed with grief and hunger, a single act of momentary unkindness,—an act of unkindness undeserving the name, for which, however, as he was and always had been a refined, sensitive man, and the soul of honor, he begged her pardon, and did all in his power to make amends. But he was one of Mr. Ingersoll's ideals in this,—that he chose to accept shame and death for himself rather than make public the details of domestic life that had robbed him of name, of character, and, at last, of his children and his home.

Leaving this decree of divorce as far as it relates to the husband and wife, blasphemous and impudent as it is in this light, there is still a deeper and blacker blasphemy at the heart of it, touching all the duties, obligations, rights, etc., of the parties concerned. To my knowledge, in this given instance, the parties to this marriage and to this decree of divorce had been blessed or cursed with seven or eight children, three of whom the parents had followed, side by side, to the grave. Can any law of Pennsylvania destroy, or cause to cease the flow of that father's life-blood in the veins of his children? Can any law of Pennsylvania, interpreted by a judge who never knew the facts, but was off on an extended summer excursion while that father was suffering in silent and lonely torture rather than expose the crimes of his family—can any law of Pennsylvania, so interpreted, or any way interpreted, cause to cease the duties of that father to his children, or his rights in their precious lives, or their duties to him? And is not such a decree of divorce the merest, presumptuous, impudent, blasphemous scum of an eternal, cowardly perdition?

I do not advocate the inviolability of the marriage state on the ground that it is, or that it represents, a sacrament of any church or that the voluntary vows and pledges given on

entering the married state ever have been or ever can be made especially binding or sacred, primarily, on account of any act or relation of any church thereto. And I do not denounce divorce as an infamy or a blasphemy on the ground that it, as the representative or exponent of the laws of any state or nation, presumes to set aside an act sanctioned by the Church or by any ecclesiastical power or authority. I hold that man's simple yea or nay in any agreement is as binding as an eternal law of nature or of the Almighty. I hold that a simple agreement entered into between a man and a woman to live together as man and wife, provided they have at the time the right to make such an agreement, is as eternally binding as if all the monarchs and popes and oaths of the world had conspired to make it binding. In common with the simplest form of the law of Pennsylvania, I hold that such agreement constitutes the true state of marriage, and that under any and all conditions or changes that agreement is binding until death; that whichever party of the two making the agreement proves false to it is a criminal in the sight of God and man. I hold that the agreement itself and the state entered into thereby are the eternal elements of sacredness that make marriage inviolable. My appeal is not to the Church but to humanity,—to nature, and the eternal truth and fitness of things. Not only is a Quaker marriage just as sacred to me as a Roman Catholic marriage, but a marriage without the sanction of any court or heads of meeting is just as sacred to me as a Roman Catholic marriage. "A civil contract" in no wise expresses the depth and meaning of the fact. I am one with the radicals in asserting the purely human character of marriage, only I hold it as in itself a far more sacred thing than they; and I am absolutely one with the severest rulings of Romanism touching its inviolability. I hold that every man, young or old, is eternally responsible for all acts of a character implied by the married state, and that whether he is married in any ordinary sense or not; and I denounce divorce as a blasphemy because, as a representative or exponent of the law, it presumes to take out of human lives an eternal responsibility, wrought by voluntary acts not only into the blood of the married, but into the blood and destiny

of their children and their children's children. It is because divorce is a crime against the finest instincts, vows and feelings of nature that I hate and despise it. It is the chaste, eternal soul of nature, concrete in man, that I am defending alike against the Church, against liars and laws. Nevertheless, I hold to the ultra-Romanist's idea of the powers of any true representatives of Jesus Christ on this earth,—the true priests of God and the human soul; am sure that they everywhere hold in their hands the keys of heaven, death and hell; that whatsoever they bind on earth is bound in heaven, and whatsoever they loose on earth is broken in heaven. I hold, therefore, that while a simple agreement between a man and a woman to live together as man and wife constitutes a valid marriage and involves responsibilities that end only in death,—with consequences, of course, which never end,—that a marriage solemnized by the prayers and forms of any true priest is simply a thousand times more binding, if possible, on that account: and cursed for ever be the secular hands that presume to ignore these solemnities and to tear these bonds asunder!

Finally, my word is that, if the Old Testament and the New Testament, and the Roman Catholic, the Anglican, and all branches of the modern Protestant orthodox and heterodox Christian Church, could be twisted and turned hellward tomorrow, so as to favor divorce; and if every man and woman I have ever loved and revered could be induced to favor it, I should still know that it was and would for ever remain an infamy and a blasphemy against God and woman and man.

W. H. THORNE.

"SPEAKING SIGNS."

We send a message thousands of miles in the time it takes to blink an eye, pay our few cents therefor and go upon our way inquiring not, nor marveling at such a wonder. Perhaps we then step into an automobile, locomobile, mobile or other horseless affair and are whisked-off at a rate of speed even a Jersey police-

man would recognize as not being allowable under the "statoots," to a railway train that will in turn continue our whisking at the rate of seventy or more miles an hour. And still we marvel not!

Assuredly does familiarity with wondrous things breed contempt for them.

When you sit down and write a few words, making "speaking-signs" upon paper that will tell a friend just how you are, a fond parent how much you are behind and how much he must send you, or an agent directing him in those few words to consummate a deal involving thousands of dollars, as the case may be, do you ever stop and think of the slow processes by which that mode of communicating your thoughts to others has been evolved? And if you have thought that thought would you like to take the next half hour off and ramble with me a bit in the realm of ancient lore where we may read the history of writing?

With that it is much as with any other invention that has been carried to a high degree of perfection and simplicity. We are so far from the clumsy beginnings of the thing, are so very familiar with it only in its perfected form, that, indeed, it is almost as difficult to trace its long and devious twistings backward into antiquity as it would be to devise a brand new mode of communication.

While thinking thoughts it may also occur to the reader that it is a blessed sight easier to sit down and read about writing, and criticise the writer's style and way of writing, than it is for the aforesaid writer to wade through all those long and devious twistings and then condense into half an hour's reading the work of many moons' time. The writer would also like to suggest a somewhat similar line of thought, and leading up to the question of compensation, for the consideration of publishers ———. But I find myself drifting from matters biographical to matters most material though interesting nevertheless, at least, to writers.

Had it not been for writing in some form or other, "speaking signs" of however rude a character, what would we know today of olden times?

Less than a hundred years ago it was still impossible to write a correct history of these signs, the forerunners or forebears of our modern writing. We had to have archeological researches in Egypt, the Orient, Mexico, and wise men and great travelers and learned philologists to reconstruct the meanings of the signs they

saw. They have done it, and done it well, for today we have positive information, substantiated by proofs galore where, even a few years ago, all was conjecture and exceedingly slim at that.

In the earliest times man sought to leave behind him or to communicate to his fellows his thoughts or a simple record of what he had done, and to accomplish this he had recourse to the most elementary means, fit only to give the slightest idea of the fact he wished to illustrate. He associated the idea with the physical objects made or observed by him. Later on, as he grew wiser, he discovered a mnemonical aid to his own remembrance of what he had done or to the perpetuation of that information to others in the shape of fashioning out of natural objects, boulders, tree limbs, etc., rude representations of this or that. Later still he began to draw rough outlines of animals or men, with dried clay upon the smooth surfaces of rocks. Then he discovered several pigments and filled in solidly in color between those outlines he had learned to draw.

The artist Alexander beautifully illustrates this process of evolution of the art of writing, or, as he shows it, printing, in his masterly series of paintings in the lobby of the Library of Congress at Washington. In one panel he depicts a lot of primitive men building up a heap of stones by the sea-side, a "cairn," to mark one stage in the journey of that tribe. In the next panel is shown an Arabian story-teller declaring to his people "tradition." Following these panels is one wherein an Egyptian workman is cutting hieroglyphics over a portal to a temple, then follows an American Indian "picture-writing," or telling the story of his people's wars by depicting warriors, horses and arrows in distemper color upon the crudely dressed skin of a deer. Next is a Monk in his cloister-cell, patiently toiling away illuminating a manuscript, telling us the story of the middle-ages, and lastly we see Gutenberg and his assistants at work about his printing press, the most useful invention of all times.

But, to get back to our great grandfathers' forefathers. From drawing upon smooth surfaces it was but a step to incising similar pictures with a sharp instrument upon trees or even engraving them upon rocks. Some primitive tribes, however, had the draftsman's bump so little developed that they never got to the picture stage, but were quite content with certain rudimentary combinations of straight and oblique lines, that meant something to

themselves and that it has taken us an age and many sulphurous exclamations to decipher. They traced these lines upon skins and upon dried leaves and did get far enough along to cut them into trees and rocks. Others used bits of grass-woven string, knotted here and there to mean certain things. The fellow who ties a knot in his handkerchief to remember something he has to do during the day can trace his ancestry right back to these tribes.

Chinese tradition has it that this knotting of strings and also the cutting of little twigs to varying lengths, originated in Hoaug-ho, and, as a matter of fact, the more or less barbarous tribes, the Miaos and others of Southwestern China still use those modes of communication. In Peru, under the Incas, strings of different lengths and colors and knotted were the mediums of a really high order of "speaking-signs," in which much subtlety of expression was possible.

One of the sacred-books of China, the *y-King*, describes a lot of mysterious signs invented by their famed king. Fou-hi, who lived goodness only knows how many aeons of time before Adam ever thought of Eve, that were nothing more than representations of knotted strings affixed to twigs that in turn were notched. These notched sticks, "*Khi-mous*," were used by the Tartar chiefs, in transmitting their orders, until the introduction of the ouigour alphabet of Syrian origin. When the Germanic peoples first became acquainted with the Latin letters they called them "*buch-staben*," associating them in their minds with the notched sticks of their ancestors. And the Scandinavians still have their "*bak-stafin*," or devining-rods, undoubtedly traceable back to the same origin.

Our North American Indians intercommunicated, and recorded events, by means of as rudely drawn pictures-signs as we were guilty of in our early childhood, before we graduated into the colored pencils and ground-glass stage of our existence. Yet they managed to convey much information by those self-same rough pictures, their history, their mythologies, their medicine prescriptions and a host of other matters. The farther South you trace these Indians, the higher cultivation do you find and the nearer approach to refinement of expression as well as of execution in their pictures. When Cortez first penetrated into Mexico in 1519 he found that the people had carried their picture language

to such perfection that it was indeed an art. In this ideographic painting they used the same tropes and figures of thought as we do in speech, metaphor, metonymy and synecdoche. In that they resembled the Egyptians—could they have been of common origin? Alas! poor Donnelly is no longer here to assure us they *must* have been. Both peoples used a part to represent a whole, or even an entire class. For instance, did they wish to convey the idea of retreat they merely drew a lance or an arrow and a pair of human legs running from the direction of the lance. That was as clear to them and to our scientists today as if they had drawn two full bands of warriors, one fleeing from the other. Certainly it involved much less work, a sort of Pitman stenographic system, that gives us an arm brandishing a sort of hatchet against another arm protected by a shield as signs to show that such a man successfully withstood the attack of such an other. This manner of abbreviation must not be confounded, however, with the Chinese *hoei-i* signs or combinations. The two systems are radically different. With the Chinese it was merely a qualification, was this combination of figures, a sort of constant adjective formation. With them a bird and a human mouth pictured together meant to sing; an eye in water, tears; an ear between two flaps of a screen or door, to listen, etc.

With the more cultivated nations this picture-language soon grew into a veritable science, too involved and subtle for the ordinary mortal; it became the mode of communication between the official and the priestly classes, and its deciphering to-day involves the greatest research into and most intimate familiarity with their ways and ideas. Unless you know that they thought the vulture bred from the female alone, how could you surmise that that bird was the Egyptian symbol of maternity? Or that the goose stood for filial devotion, if you had not learned that the Nile goose was supposed to care for the parent-bird until the latter finally shuffled off into the green lotus fields of goose-heaven?

This picture-painting and engraving was not only done upon smooth rocks and tree-trunks, but was used architecturally to decorate the portals of the temples; in fact, whole fronts of buildings were so covered and became lasting inscriptions, aye complete histories of the times and the people. But these

were immovable books, as it were. A demand arose for something that could be carried away if the people were attacked, or that could be moved if they found a more fertile country; some durable record, but one that could be transported more easily than could a temple or a tree. So they took to drawing their figures upon dried skins, broad palm-leaves and rudely woven stuffs. Some enthusiasts, notably the Polynesians, used their own hides for that purpose. That was the beginning of tattooing. Upon those stalwart islanders you could read the story of their lives, their feats of valor, their exploits, even the record of their obligations and debts. We still brand our cattle with certain signs that set them apart as ours; our sailor-men still tattoo certain signs of their trade upon their chests and arms, and it was not so many centuries ago that our fathers branded criminals with a letter that stood for the crime of which they were found guilty. Some one said once that it took a thousand generations to completely eradicate all trace of a custom!

Soon these peoples, as conditions changed and civilization progressed, wrote or made signs and figures more and more frequently until by dint of freedom in drawing, practice and much abbreviation, they reduced their different series of figures to merest signs, a system almost tachygraphic and to us, at this late date, bearing little resemblance to the forms they are supposed to represent. They grew more and more cursive. Witness the hieratic writing upon some of the older papyri. This again was improved upon and all semblance to the old forms is lost in the writings we find that were executed under the later Pharaohs and the Ptolemies, demotic writing.

In China these picture-signs were even more conventionalized than among the Egyptians or Mexicans. They became mere up and down strokes with a few side ones thrown in to keep peace in the family. The writing ceased to be figurative to become purely semeiographic, or formations representing clusters of ideas or ideogrammes. And thence grew the cuneiform writing, each sign bearing no longer any semblance to a picture, but having a defined value unemonically, and many of them even phonetically.

We are passing rapidly from one system to another. Half an hour to cover all of them! Do you want an idea of the time taken for the evolution of picture writing? From the time we know some peoples were using it—there is every reason to suppose, too, that others used it centuries before that—to the period we have just glanced at, when it began to be cumbersome and they grew into cuneiform and other conventional lines, over fifteen centuries had elapsed.

Our scholars have deciphered all of these forms, excepting only the katoun signs upon some of the Yucatan monuments that still remain a sort of closed book to them and, needless to add, a spur to redoubled efforts towards getting at their true meaning.

It is an interesting but too long a task to trace this transition, where a sign ceases to represent a real object and simply recalls to mind the sound of the word that has been selected as its name, all through the inscriptions and papyri and engraved nouns and clay tablets of the Egyptians, the Assyrians, the Chinese, the Babylonians and the Medes.

The Chinese language and writing of to-day has grown but little from that old form. They have no grammar, at least as we understand the term, a word can mean twenty different things, dependant upon its position in a sentence. And so it was with that old polyphonic or phonetic writing. A sign meant this or that, dependent upon its position with other signs, and then again minor signs accompanied it to still further explain it. Note the terra cotta tablets found at Ninevah, they are veritable graphic concordances. There are three columns of signs; the central one is composed of the cuneiform characters to be explained, the column to the left gives the phonetic form, and that to the right the Assyrian equivalent.

The Egyptians were the first to drift into some semblance of an alphabetic system, but they gave up their old ideographic forms most reluctantly and only owing to commercial and other necessities that demanded the clearer and every way better mode of intercommunication, for those old forms had religious and historical significance and, in some cases, were

really objects of veneration. Some indeed had been revealed to them direct by their great god Thoth!

Such transitions were easier far to a people less susceptible to the claims of tradition. The Japanese, for instance, about the third century of our era borrowed, we may say, the Chinese language in its entirety. They took its idioms and syllables and comparatively new form of alphabet, impressed upon all of these their own phonetic sounds, and where the Chinese used but monosyllables, they, a polysyllabic people, fixed up the words of more than one syllable by as many single signs as they had syllables, and for centuries have gotten along with the old man-yo-kana of the forty-seven borrowed Chinese characters.

But we are getting ahead of our story.

The Mexicans, the Chinese and the Assyrians did not get beyond the idea of a syllable. The Egyptians went marching on. They conceived the notion of letters that represented not only vowels but consonants, a sort of abstraction of the vocal sounds that allowed of what might be called "clearer motion." Their vowels, as we may notice in the Coptic of our own time, were vague sounds.

The Phoenicians completed the work and gave the world an alphabet of twenty-two letters, a dozen of which may be traced back to the old hieratic writing of two thousand years before our era.

All the modern alphabets, excepting perhaps the Corean—that takes its characters from the earliest Chinese figures—are Canaanitish in their derivation, and it is well established that the Phoenician alphabet is the male ancestor of all the alphabets of Europe and of Asia.

The most archaic of Grecian alphabets, attributed by them as a heavenly invention of that fabulous personage, Cadmus, are manifestly borrowed from Phoenicia. The oldest of Greek alphabets that we know of, that given us in the inscriptions found upon the island of Thera, dating back to the eighth century before Christ, prove this most conclusively. The Greeks soon modified these configurations and characters and before long their writing lost all semblance to its prototype. The Greeks always were great fellows to borrow something

brand new from their neighbors and then perfected it to the point where the lender could not even recognize it.

At first they, like the Phoenicians, wrote from right to left, then they took the notion to begin the first line from right to left, the next left to right, and following down so, alternately first one way then the next. Presumably they did that to get as near as they could on a flat surface to the serpent-like inscriptions they then engraved on their vases, beginning at the top at the right and winding on down around and around. Later they adopted the left to right system altogether. Kirchoff has cleared up many cloudy points about the early Greek writing, how those in the West adopted an alphabet of 25 letters, while those of the East stuck to their original 26, the Ionians using but 24, whereas the Eolo-Dorien alphabet had 28. About the fifth century before our era, and as a consequence perhaps of a great convention of school-teachers, they abandoned all these different alphabets to settle upon one, a modified Ionian of 24 letters, and made it the standard for all Greece.

The Hellenic colonies that settled in Sicily and towards the centre of Italy carried thither their Eolo-Dorien alphabet, and it is the root of the Etruscan and Latin alphabets from which all Western European alphabets have sprung.

If you have time and opportunity, follow the Phoenician inspiration, one might call it, through all those early ramifications. You will be able to trace it through the famed inscription of Mescha, the king of Moab; that other inscription you will find upon each of the bronze lion weights of Nimrod, and that inscription upon the sarcophagus of Eschmounasar in the Louvre. You can trace it down all through the semitic writing and the early Hebrew, not that square Hebrew we are used to and that dates back only to the first century of our own era, but the good old Hebrew untainted by Greek and other Gentile influences.

The Syrians were the first to join their characters together as we do in writing, and from them sprang the Auranian and Sabian alphabets, examples of which writing we have in the inscriptions found about Sinai; that in turn were the progenitors of the Arab alphabet that, unchanged to-day, is used

in the latter's magnificent manuscripts, the veskhy or "copyists' alphabet."

The influence of this Syrian formation is even seen in the Chinese and other Oriental alphabets. In the seventh century A. D. certain Nestorian monks penetrated into Tartary and did much to improve if not change that people's literature as well as its morals. Note the Syrian twist in the inscription of Si-ngau-fou. The Mongols, Manchus and Kalmuks followed suit.

Interesting but too confusing and long are the twistings and turnings of the Phoenician root through the magadhic and other alphabets of India, of Numidia and of Ethiopia. Nor can we take the time to even glance at Zeudish, the Pehlevic, the Himyarctic and the other thousand and one subdivisions of our subject.

As peoples and religions grew in strength, so, in the same ratio, was their mode of writing learned by or imposed upon other peoples; hence it is that one epoch in history shows the preponderance of one system or language, then that of another, perhaps inferior to the former. It was evolution, if you wish, but not an evolution based upon scientific progression. Now, no nation penetrated further into the "contiguous territory of the enemy" than did the Romans, so it cannot be matter for much surprise that the Latin alphabet was carried so far and wide. And where it was not implanted on the point of the lance, as it were, made the "official" alphabet of the conquered region, it was sown more peacefully by the apostles and early missionaries of the Church.

That Latin alphabet and its resultant writing may be divided into three sections, for our study, of its formation and application. The first comprises the period from its beginning up to the thirteenth century A. D.; the second on up to the sixteenth century, and the third to our own times.

During the first and much of the second period capitals were used in all inscriptions upon all coins and other important places, but they had lost much of their majestic form and regularity, they hardly bore any resemblance to the fine old lettering found upon the friezes of the earlier temples and Basilicæ. They became well named, they were called "rustic."

To hide the fact that people could not draw them as accurately as of old, the corners were rounded off, exaggerated tails were affixed and much flourishing was resorted to. Besides much less capitalization was used, little letters predominated in the Mss. of that period. The goose-quill came into use about the seventh century and was responsible for much cursive, scratchy writing.

The second period might be called a perfecting of the first's debased forms upon almost brand new lines. What we call the "Gothic" came into vogue, really a pretty writing. It lent itself admirably to the art of the illuminator who reached the very topmost rung of the ladder of perfection in the fifteenth century. The missals and bibles and public documents, yes, even the private letters done by the scribes of those days, were marvels of pictorial as well as of chirographic art.

The multiplicity of deeds and other legal forms, the exigencies of commerce and the growing tendency of men to record events and impressions, and the awakening of the peoples from the literary lethargy of the middle ages impelled inventors to devise something easier, cheaper and quicker than fingers and pens to make books and copies. Guttenburg supplied the needed improvement, and from his time may be dated the downfall of writing as an art. Stenography and the typewriter have completed the work.

Some scientists are craning their necks awaiting the coming of some new form of writing or alphabet. They argue that we have reached but another step in the evolution of language and expression; that Volapuk or some other mode of signs not now thought of will be the perfected out come of their efforts. Our best authorities agree, however, that we have built the completed structure, that nothing better can be done. We may devise new and more rapid typesetting processes, and speak into phonographs that will reel off finished books at the other end and what not, but our alphabet, our expression, our form of speech and its reduction to legible duplication cannot be improved upon. And why are they not right? Is it not so with art, for instance? We have photography, engraving, lithography for reproducing pictures, automatic tools, pneumatic carving appliances for statuary,

wonderful facilities for building that our fathers wotted not of, but I think the reader will agree with me that the limit of perfection and beauty and originality in painting, in sculpture and in architecture was reached some time ago.

At times it is with regret that I contemplate all this type-writing and printing and dictation to feminine or mechanical ears. It all robs us of the great advantage there used to be in "reading writing." As we can trace the civilization and refinement of the early races through their inscriptions and papyri, so we used to be able to trace the characteristics, the nature, the very thoughts almost of our correspondents when they used to *write* to us. To-day all letters are the same, they all wear the blue or green masked type-face and are words, merely words! The character, the soul is no longer there. I have before me, as I write—I am an old-fashioned fellow and have not yet learned the new-fangled typewriting or dictation system, and may I long be preserved from it!—the original or fac-simile writing of many celebrities, and how clearly that writing shows me their personality; writing is indeed an open book with double indexes to character. There is the small, neat and legible handwriting of Grover Cleveland. You think a great man, a big man in every sense of the word, must needs write a great dashing hand? Not at all. Look at that writing. To the uninitiated it looks "clerky." It is the writing of a thinker, an original thinker, a man who can and will do big things and who brooks no opposition while he is doing them. Another writing not unlike this is Edison's, small and almost "copper-plate" in its regularity, and the two men are not unlike. There is Sarah Bernhardt's, written not a month ago, getting a wee bit shaky, but still the scratchy, nervous jabs of genius. See how dissimilar is Chamberlain's from Salisbury's; and could two men be more unlike? Note the painstaking and exact yet sure writing of Pasteur and Jules Verne's is of the same order; the gentlemanly and self-satisfied writing of Lowell, and who would take Thomas Carlyle's writing for anyone's else or for writing at all for that matter? And Robespierre's, and Napoleon's, the lamented Victoria's, and McKinley's, and Hanna's, and the rest of them, the mighty ones; interesting all, and sad the thought that this

art of writing is so fast becoming obsolete. Scarce have we a man's signature now to gauge his character by; and what will future generations do when they wish to trace this or that trait through the present age, when they have nothing to judge by, save the everlastingly same Remington or Smith-Premier, or the hundred other indistinguishable blue or green, English, French, German or Italian marks we are making to-day? Mere "speaking-signs" indeed.

F. W. FITZPATRICK.

LEO XIII.

At Carpineto 'mid the Alban Hills,
 Long years ago a little child was born,
 Upon whose brow was set the seal of God.
 Daily he grew and waxed in grace of soul,
 His youthful spirit animate with zeal,
 And his ripe manhood nerved with high resolve
 To render service to the mother Church:
 Himself he consecrated to her need.
 Deep, strong and calm the current of his will
 Ever resistless ran—a mighty force;
 And one bright day Saint Peter's dome looked down
 Upon a worthy ruler, one who knew
 The summits where are light and Deity,
 The depths where, always, love and mercy watch,
 The breadths of space where law and justice wait.
 Serene and kingly from his sacred throne
 Into far life he issued God's commands,
 And smiled upon his quiet garden flowers,
 And blessed all Christendom with holy hand.
 As when late shadows dim the mountain-top
 The sunset gone, so now death hides his face;
 Inviolable yet forever stands
 The impress of his lofty loveliness.

—ABIGAIL TAYLOR.

GLOBE NOTES.

I am republishing in this issue an article of mine on marriage and divorce, which first appeared in the spring of 1890, in number two of the GLOBE REVIEW. It was not written to define marriage. That is an old story, but to emphasize the infamy and blasphemy involved in our modern American habit of easy divorce. We have to call it a habit. It is not a system, for with our exploded doctrine of State Rights, still unexploded in the minds of many people, we have no system or lawful definition of anything under the sun. Common stealing or theft is reputable enough appropriation, if done by Presidents, Postmaster-Generals, Bank Presidents, Cashiers or other educated American thieves; and marriage, which is the primal and most sacred rite in the world, and intended to inaugurate a life-long and holy union of two human beings, has become the plaything of prostitutes and debauches, till children are taught by one parent to insult the other, and to be doubtful of their parentage anyway, till our sovereignty of the States, each State passing laws differing from the laws of other States on the same subject has become a sovereignty of contradiction, lust and infamy. Of course, from my standpoint the real trouble lies deeper, that is, in the slovenly and low-bred immorality of our average people. Laws do not produce or prevent crime. But a travesty of law on any subject, that is, a variety of laws in different States of the same country, touching any one phase of morality, is sure to aid the average indifference of human creatures of any species to the claims of such laws. When doctors and priests disagree human beasts take to the woods. Thus has it been for a hundred years in this land, till the woods are full. Violations of white children by negroes, and long ago violations of negro children by white masters, the bragadocio of Senator Beveridge, the yap of strenuous Presidents and ambitious Judges about popular lynching, etc., etc.—are all of the same shade of ignorant and conceited morality, without principle, based upon the Declaration of Independence, which teaches any fool or thief among us to say, “I am as good as you, and have the same ‘right’ to lie and steal and preach and vote and marry and divorce as often as I please.” A pretty how do you do, certainly.

The article here republished has received more favorable comment, especially by priests, than almost any other that has ever appeared in the magazine. Two of our old Pagan Americans, Bob Ingersoll and Kate Field, bubbled in impotent wrath over its first publication, and the *Washington Post*, then controlled by one Frank Hatton also undertook to annihilate the teachings of the article. But all the infidel and woman's rights idiocy in the world cannot annihilate God Almighty or His simplest truth. The puppies above referred to, male and female, official and otherwise have since departed this life for unknown regions, as have certain archbishops, priests, and other gentlemen who have tried at one time and another to down and damn the GLOBE REVIEW and its editor.

Certain St. Louis Catholic editorial kittens endeavored to scratch the editor of THE GLOBE to death only a few years ago, by quoting against him garbled passages of this very article; said kittens trying to show by various sly paw-fencing that Mr. Thorne was now contradicting his previous splendid teaching. When Mr. Thorne quoted passages from this article to show the night-brawlers of the *St. Louis Review* that his teachings then were my teachings now, the spit-fire kittens made no reply. It seems still to be the policy of that undrowned brood of mongrel cats to make a great noise over some point against a writer till the writer shoots into the night-brawlers and then to fly without reply, only however to start up again in some neighbor's back yard. Let us pity said night-brawlers, of every species, and try to teach them some true regard for Christian civilization.

The article here republished, and the article on Emerson republished in the last issue of THE GLOBE were both written before I became a Catholic, and both are republished without change of a sentence, errors and all just as they first appeared, so that no evil disposed person may be able to say that Thorne changed his tone to suit the advanced age in which we live in this befuddled, deluded and strenuous Twentieth century, when the world is blessed or cursed with such single stick parsons as Billy Hohenzollern and Theodore Roosevelt, Esq.

In this connection it may be well to observe that spite of certain recently published statements of certain heavy weight Philadelphia journals, on the authority of His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, whom we love and admire, to the effect that the

Catholic Church does not recognize divorce and never allows of remarriage of divorced persons, the reverse of this is the simple truth, as the GLOBE has shown once and again by quoting Catholic law on this point, as published in Baart's Legal Formulary—page and paragraph and section all pointed out, showing the true position of the Catholic Church to be precisely the position, out and out, taken in my article nearly fourteen years ago. Hunt the matter up for yourselves, gentlemen—I have done with it long ago. No loose statements and no subterfugic views will meet the case. Any churchman who touches this subject is bound to be alike earnest and sincere.

* * * * *

The next subject prominent in these late days, that lies nearest the heart of a vast majority of our constituency, is the Anglo-Irish question—no longer a question, it would seem, but the true peace of joy and victory. Act of union certainly at last realized between Celt and Saxon, Latin and Norman, and all other tribes on the face of the earth—except the hair-brain scatter-witted members of the Clan-a-Gael Society, meeting in Philadelphia in the summer of the year of our Lord 1903—third year of the Twentieth century, be it remembered, that during the July days of this great midsummer of brotherly love the Philadelphia Clan-a-Gaelists, did, in convention assembled, grunt out their bilious and dyspeptic opposition to Mr. Wyndham's bill of blessed reconciliation and British generosity, and did still proclaim against Providence and Oliver Cromwell, and so did try to push back the wheels of progress precisely as such noisy blockheads have been trying to do since Cain killed his brother, and Jacob stole his brother's birthright, and Bob Ingersoll tried for the sake of filthy lucre to prove that Almighty God was a tyrant and a fool: a brawling, noisy, worthless set of marauding Clan-a-Gaels. The whole brotherhood of them wherever found, and especially venomous in the United States and superlatively, stupidly and dastardly venomous in the city of William Penn and Company, limited. Of all Irishmen on earth a so-called educated Irish-American, of the crazy Philadelphia pattern, is the craziest and noisiest and stupidest of the convention.

Mr. John Redmond, by no means a sleek and smooth water spaniel of the retrieving species, but a blunt half honest Irishman

and type of the best class of his disaffected countrymen, was recently quoted as follows :

“ John Redmond, the Irish leader says of the Irish Land Bill, which has passed its third reading in the House of Commons, while defective in some features will bring to Ireland the blessings of peace and prosperity.”

Gentlemen, there is no dream or passage of human life or law that is not “ defective in some features.” But John Redmond has the good sense and the frank heart to see in Wyndham’s Land Bill a studied and tremendous expression of good-will and a sure power of reconstruction and peace for Ould Ireland ; *sure*. Nevertheless, the Philadelphia Clan-a-Gaelists, headed by one crazy Irish-American, so-called professor in the University of Pennsylvania, are still grunting—their well-filled hides not yet being full enough, it would seem. The *New York Freeman’s Journal* has for a long time been publishing, among heaps of other rubbish, a sort of quintessence of all rubbish over the name of one Robert Ellis Thompson, of Philadelphia—all in the most senseless abuse of the “ blasted ” and wicked Englishman. R. E. T. is one of the craziest of the crazy kind. They are only grown in Philadelphia, and are pretty sure of patronage by some of the Barkerite Clan-a-Gaelists of our City of Brotherly Love, blue laws and vilest and most exclusive damnation. If R. E. T. would only tell the practical Catholic—the “ traditional ” and practical Catholic readers of *Freeman’s Journal* what he really knows about the corruptions and abominations involved in the academical and other departments of the University of Pennsylvania the *Freeman* might become really and truly free—sell more copies of itself and give less to the fools who write for and advertise in its columns. Shade of McMaster, piety and whiskey included, what wouldst thou say to the vermin that now crawl in thy editorial shoes ?

Edward VII, of England, goes to Ireland to show his good-will, and as a stroke of fine policy, and all Ireland, except a snarling Clan-a-Gaelist here and there, welcome him as the true author of the Irish Land Bill, and as a new spirit of royal charity ; but Robert Ellis Thompson still snarls and growls in the *Freeman’s Journal* of New York. Consistency, thou hast fled to Convents and Monasteries, and so-called professors of our great

universities have lost their heads in their hatreds and worldly ambitions.

Let us rejoice that in spite of a few malcontents here and in Ireland this day of reconciliation has come, and that the gaelic Choctaw of ancient Ireland is no longer needed for Irish plotting and Irish treason.

* * * * *

During the past summer the union strikers all over the country were still engaged in their beggars work of living on charity, and making the prices of everything higher to the purchasers who fed them. The coal miners of Pennsylvania, not content with the awards and conditions left to them by Roosevelt's Commission, were pleading for new members to the new Board of conciliation appointed to keep the loafers at home. The miners are cheated, as we have long ago pointed out in these pages, but so are other workmen, and the mine owners are cheated as are the owners of other commodities besides coal. In passing through the mining regions of Pennsylvania great mountains of black refuse are seen in the neighborhoods of all the mines. These mountains represent the rejected product of the mines. It is black dirt, but black dirt composed of the breakages of friction in handling the coal, and there is some slate in it, but the slate is coal mining slate and has some coal attached to it and inherent in it. These mountains of black dirt are, as we said, the rejected refuse of the miners' labor. It is not considered as marketable coal and therefore the owners of coal mines get nothing per ton or per mountain for this refuse, and the miner gets nothing per ton or per mountain for getting it out of the mines.

If you notice the material which fills the tenders of our railroad engines, and engines for shifting freight in the railroad yards, you will notice a very strong resemblance between the black dirt mountains of the coal regions and the fuel that fills these tenders of the railroad engines. If you happen to have noticed the great loads of black coal dirt usually delivered to our great manufacturing establishments from whose chimneys pour great volumes of black soot and smoke that make the air of our cities stifling and horrible, you will notice a very striking resemblance between the mountains of black refuse of the coal regions and the black dirt delivered to the factories of Philadelphia, as coal. Now, for all this black dirt the owners and the miners get

nothing, though it is the property of the owners of mines, and the labor of getting it out of the mines was performed by the miners. Does any man suppose for a moment that the coal companies and the operators of mines give this all away to the railroad companies or to the mills and factories? There are thousands and thousands of tons of this waste black dirt sold, at a reduced rate of course, every year; and the owners and miners get nothing for it. In a word, owner and miner are alike, robbed. Do John Mitchell and other walking delegates of the "unions" help the miners or the owners in this matter? John Mitchell and his pals of the walking delegate fraternities never have helped, and never will help the members of any union. John Mitchell and Co. simply force the fool miners to lose money—more than \$100,000,000 a year, and make beggars of them, and force themselves into the positions of common paupers all the time. If John Mitchell and Co. would all go to work from this day till the day of their death and work hard every day, including Sundays, and make good wages and give all their united life-long earnings to the miners they have made beggars of, they could not begin to repay the millions of money that they have abstracted from employers and employees during the last ten years, but somebody has to earn this money and pay the robbers and the robbed. In spite of these facts, I gather from a newspaper published at Wilkes-Barre, Pa., that the fool constituents of said newspaper are about to purchase a house somewhere in the Wyoming Valley, and present it to John Mitchell for the faithful work he has done for the miners, and for labor in general.

In the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, of Sunday, August 23d, I found the following dispatch which, as it comes from a previous Secretary of the United States Treasury, may convey light to the eyes of a stultified editor of an insular paper, published in Wilkes-Barre, Pa. :

"Deplores Labor Despotism. Ex-Secretary Carlisle Thinks Unions Have the Wrong Idea. Special telegram to *Public Ledger*. Stonybrook, L. I., Aug. 22.—Former Secretary of the Treasury John G. Carlisle, who is now living at Stonybrook, said to-day :

" 'The labor unions seem to have got the wrong idea as to how to better their condition. As now conducted they stand for despotism, and their present course must end in failure.

" 'Often the poor fellow begging with tears in his eyes for a

chance to work to get bread for himself and his family is shut out from all opportunity. Moreover, they are getting into legislation to get their rate of wages regulated, all of which is wrong.' "

We have no hope of conveying any light to the blind eyes of John Mitchell and Co., but some of the newspaper editors will swing around by and by, when they see the absurdity of their sycophant and slavish subserviency to the ignorant and barbarous tyranny of the scavengers broom.

* * * * *

We had intended to leave President Roosevelt to the last of these "Globe Notes" as usual, but the ignorant, pig-headed and stubborn stupidity of our strenuous chief executive is getting such an array of clowns follies about him that we cannot longer wait the impulse of the crowd to join in and review the show. The following dispatch is from the *Philadelphia Ledger*, of August 23d: "Money no Bugbear to West. Carter tells Roosevelt it Cares Naught About Fiscal Legislation. Oyster Bay, N. Y., Aug. 22.—Ex-Senator Thomas H. Carter, of Montana, was the only formal caller on President Roosevelt at Sagamore Hill to-day. He came to discuss with the President appointments in his State in which he is interested, and also to talk over some details concerning the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, of which he is one of the National Commissioners. He was a guest of the President at luncheon.

"President Roosevelt inquired of Senator Carter what the feeling in the West is as to financial legislation. The Senator replied that the people of the West are entirely indifferent as to currency legislation.

"'The people of our Western country,' said he, 'are more prosperous than ever before. They have abundant crops and money in plenty; in fact, for the first time in the commercial history of this country the West is loaning money in the East. I know it to be a fact that Butte, Mon., banks are discounting Philadelphia and New York paper. I think there will be abundance of money in the West to move the crops, and that our people will not find it necessary to seek a dollar in the East. Naturally, under these circumstances, they are not thinking much about financial legislation. The belief is general in the West that the financial stringency, in New York particularly, is due to to disorder of trade or of speculation largely local in its nature.' "

This dispatch explains itself. Ever since Roosevelt got back from his noisy tour of the great West, he has been aching for some excuse to call another extra session of Congress to right the present fiscal or financial system and condition of the country; as if Congress could do anything of the sort, anyway. Congress has been trying for years to run or invent a financial system that would be true on the face of it, while every United States note bears on its face a palpable lie, or again to invent and float a currency system and a fiscal system that would appear to be favorable to the masses or working classes of all lines, while actually fixed and founded, and run so as to be favorable to robbers and speculators, whose life-blood is fed by their stealings from the masses. It is a difficult business, even for a strenuous President, with much more of bluster than brain to his make up, after all. And, as for calling upon Congress to do the business, they have been playing hide and seek and blind-man's-buff at the game for more than one hundred years.

If Theodore Roosevelt really wants to help the fiscal system of the United States—let him call an extra session of Congress to pass and submit an amendment to the United States Constitution that will make all promoters of all corporations by the process of watering stock, and selling it as worth its face in silver or gold, criminals before the law, and then let him proceed to hang or imprison for life the tens of thousands of promoters of the Morgan and Schwab type; all the curbstone and bucket-shop gamblers, who live and thrive on fictitious moneys, then finding that this process will paralyze the financial interests and the finances of the land, let him push his tariff reforms, so that the steel and other protected and subsidized industries will have to compete fairly with other manufactories in all parts of the world; and when he finds that his fiscal and political reforms have really brought down the prices of living to something like normal conditions, let him sleep out a few nights, to show how a rough rider prefers flies and fleas and ants and beetles and bugs, to other companions of his dreams, all to prove what a strenuous and stupid fellow the President of the United States proved to be in the first years of the Twentieth century. Great is the man of single sticks and a heap of big, plenty of guns, and a large mine of salaries, dividends, tips, etc., etc. Why, Cortelyou ought to

have taught him better, when he was private secretary. Stumble on, Theodore, you will come out somewhere!

* * * * *

The President is an awful bungler. Here is a dispatch from the *Troy Press*, which reveals another line of his poor headed and impetuous blundering :

“The Treaty Killed. Panama Canal Scheme has Been Done to Death. Colombia’s Congressional Committee Having the Matter in Charge, by the Adoption of Amendments to the Treaty, Has Struck a Death Blow to the Panama Route—The Nicaragua Route Now Likely to Be Selected. Washington, Aug. 14.—Colombia practically has killed the Panama canal treaty, and it is believed that President Roosevelt almost surely will decide to select the Nicaraguan Route. Amendments Are Fatal. Columbia struck a death blow to the Panama route when the Congressional committee having the treaty under consideration adopted nine amendments, any one of which will be fatal to the treaty, owing to the impossibility of securing their adoption by the United States Senate, which must accept or reject them. Demand for Increased Bonus. Officials of the Department of State and Senor Herran, the Colombia Charge d’affaires here, are in the dark as to the exact nature of these amendments. From meagre and manipulated official dispatches, it is known that one of the principal amendments provides for a large increase in the bonus demand of the United States for the strip of territory through which to construct the waterway and for a provision which prohibits the Colombian government from giving the United States absolute and perpetual control over the territory.”

Later dispatches indicated that Herron and Hay might get at an understanding during the present century.

James Gordon Bennett and his *New York Herald*, with a very powerful backing, have always wanted the Nicaragua route, with such patriotic motives as are known to distinguish such gentlemen ; and the government was well-nigh pledged to it, but some of us who had studied the routes swung the President and Mr. Hay off toward the Panama route, and then the supreme bungling of these gentlemen began. Because we were bigger and richer than the fellows who own the Panama district, Roosevelt and Company began to bluff and bully the little fellows, just as they had bullied Spain into war—it is so strenuous to bully people

who seem to be weaker than you—began to demand actual cession of territory, etc. In a word, by unreasonable and stupid demands and by showing supposed subtlety of plans, T. R. & Co. ran up the total price of the canal some millions, all the while trying to keep hold of the Nicaragua route, and finally got their foot in it, till the Colombian government said: "We may be a little one, but 'we won't be bullied,' and you must wait our time and come to our terms." Meanwhile all Europe is looking on with breathless attention and consummate admiration upon the strenuous single-stick diplomacy of Roosevelt & Co., and may themselves yet get the Panama Canal. One of our greatest gifts, as a nation, is the sport we make of other old and effete nations of the old world. Yet a French Company, headed by the famous DeLesseps, got the right of way to dig a Panama Canal and were hard at it when certain shrewd fiscal arrangements proving not wholly satisfactory to the conscience of the nineteenth century, a halt was called and the old ditch is still unfinished. My point is that a French private company got the right of way and began to work long ago, while we with a mighty hunter and rough-rider for President, are still bungling over the primal conditions of a right of way. *This is government ownership*—and government bungling. I swear that the Vanderbilt-Cassett combination of railroad management would have bought all necessary right of way, settled all necessary conditions, and have been at work on the canal within six months of the time that T. Roosevelt, John Hay & Co., undertook to bungle over it, and yet these "honorable men" and their associates are still higgling and still being laughed at by a waiting, admiring world.

* * * * *

Here is another piece of characteristic Roosevelt insult, bungle and bluster. I quote from the *Literary Digest* of August 22d:

"As noticed briefly in these columns last week, the omission of any reference to General Miles' services to his country, in the order announcing his retirement, has brought out some severe criticism, not only from the opposition press, but from many independent and Republican journals that ordinarily view the Administration with favor. Here is the order in full:

"WASHINGTON, August 8, 1903.

"The retirement from active service by the President, August 8, 1903, of Lieut.-Gen. Nelson A. Miles, United States Army, by operation of law, under

the provisions of the Act of Congress approved June 30, 1882, is announced. Lieutenant-General Miles will proceed to his home. The travel enjoined is necessary for the public service.

“By order of Secretary of War,

“H. C. CORBIN, Adjutant General.

“An effort has been made by the *Philadelphia Press* and some other friends of the Administration to show that the War Department was merely conforming to a general order, issued in 1895, forbidding anything beyond the formal order in such cases; but several other papers recall the complimentary language used in retiring General Merritt, Brooks, and Otis, and the laudation of General Wood’s work on his return from Cuba. When General Miles was asked by the *Chicago Tribune* to comment on the above order, he replied: ‘The matter is closed for the present. Those who read the brief order, and who have been cognizant of the events of the last few years, will understand the situation. I believe that any one can run and read and understand.’

“The *Boston Advertiser* (Rep.), the *New York Mail and Express* (Rep.), the *Pittsburg Dispatch* (Rep.), the *Providence Journal* (Ind. Rep.), express their regret at the slight thus put upon General Miles, and the *New York Sun* (Rep.), calls it a ‘monstrous error of injustice.’ The *Hartford Current* (Rep.), says:

“General Miles is one of the most distinguished of living soldiers. In the number of his campaigns and battles he stands pretty nearly at the head of the class. He has seen—and been in—more hard fighting than Lord Kitchener or Lord Roberts. If he had been an Englishman, with such a record of service, he would have been a peer long ago. The country is not pleased that Corbin should have been ordered to dismiss this gray headed general into retirement as curtly as if he had been discharging an office-boy. Theodore Roosevelt and Elihu Root are not petty men, but in this instance they have not been as careful as they should have been to avoid the appearance of pettiness.’

“The independent papers go further. ‘It is an unheard of slight,’ declares the *New York Evening Post* (Ind.) and the *New York Times* (Ind.), calls it ‘a frightful blunder, of which no one would have thought the Administration capable had it not been committed.’ ‘What nation on earth,’ asks *The Times*, ‘ever dismissed the chief general officer of its army with such insulting curt-ness?’ It is ‘brutal’ and ‘cruel,’ says the *New York World*

(Ind. Dem.). and the Springfield *Republican* (Ind.), says that it 'reads like a parting cuff.' It is 'an exhibition of spite,' thinks the St. Louis *Post Dispatch* (Ind. Dem.), 'unworthy of the President of the United States.' The Philadelphia *Ledger* (Ind.), says:

"The personal relations that may have existed between Theodore Roosevelt and Nelson A. Miles do not or should not concern the public. What has shocked and grieved the whole nation is that its most distinguished living soldier, after a long and brilliant service that has received the acknowledgement of the world, has been contemptuously dismissed by the President and Commander-in-Chief, in an order whose form conveyed an open insult, and the undisguised reason of this astounding wrong is not that the President was or could have been insensible to General Miles' great services, but that he and General Miles were not on speaking terms. A public wrong has been committed because of a private feud.

"The announcement of a distinguished officer's retirement is a public and official, not a private and personal act. Even granting that General Miles official relations with the President and the Secretary of War were unsatisfactory, and assuming that all the fault was his, the country cannot forget, if the President did, that Miles had served it with distinction in the field before either Mr. Roosevelt or Mr. Root was capable of forming an opinion upon military affairs, and was not without some claim to consideration at their hands."

All readers of the GLOBE REVIEW know that we are no admirer of General Miles, though in actual worth, he might outweigh a dozen Roots and Roosevelts. We add only to the comment here quoted that Roosevelt and Root are not only "petty" men, but of the braggart, bustling and bungling species—the pettiest of petty men known to the vocabulary of the English language. A dog is obeyed in office and the mongrels now in office in this land are beneath the contempt of any well-bred thinking gentleman.

* * * * *

Still earlier in the career of our stupendous blunderer, Roosevelt, came the wonderful Jewish petition signed by millions of Hebrews, not of the old prophetic type, in protest against the cruelties of Russia toward the Jews of Kishineff, and the manner

in which Roosevelt and Hay did not forward said petition to the Czar of Russia. It seems that Mr. Hay had the true feeling of a gentleman about the matter, and also the true international sentiment of courtesy ; also the honest sense of a man who, living in a glass house himself was not inclined to throw stones, but that his imperial and blustering and single-stick almightyness Roosevelt would have his own way, and try, at least, to forward the petition. Queer that this imperial and rough-riding President of the "greatest moral nation on earth" had not courage or strength enough to get his petition in, but in face of the Czar of Russia proved as impotent for an interview as poor Mother Jones was impotent to get her crazy petition before the single-stick President. In each case the petitioners were about equally rational, and both shared about the same fate. Roosevelt was snubbed by the Czar, and in his turn snubbed poor Mother Jones—may both fools survive the lesson given them. With our nigger lynching, burning at the stake, etc. ; with our Kentucky murder feuds unavenged ; with our record of rascality and murder in the Philippines ; with our unwritten record of a thousandfold brutal murders of our own brave, but foolish boys in and after the war with Spain ; with our deep-laid schemes for wholesale stealing in the postal department, the springs of the scheme reaching clear up and into the pockets of our highest national officials ; with our tariff system for robbery only ; and our grand promoters of water stock millions, all protected by our immaculate and strenuous government—for us to preach to Turk or Russian about the inhumanity of massacres or other crimes—is the greatest consummation of untaught single-stick bluff that ever fouled the mouth of any preacher under the sun.

Try farming again, Theodore, or night watchman over saloon-keepers in New York. Go back to shooting tame bears and call it sportsmanship, or to riding and shouting before and behind a retreating mob of poor frightened Spanish runaways, and then describe your military work in the battle you never fought. You certainly are not a financier or a diplomat, and as canal builder you are the pettiest and most asinine failure that ever whooped in a common brawl. Or you may make foolish speeches to a few "Holy Name" and trusting Catholics, just to catch their votes for an election that is far away, and they will repeat and publish your utterances just to show that the great and mighty Roosevelt

talked to them one day in the bumptious language such only as might be used by a silly Billy Hohenzollern, Emperor of Germany. Why, my dear Mr. Roosevelt, the boys and men of this land are not all suckling fools.

* * * * *

In view of the blunders previously noted, and in view of many others not yet noted or committed but sure to be committed, if our great single-stick man lives another year, I am still of the opinion, that, spite of several political declarations to the contrary, Roosevelt will not get the nomination at our next national Republican Convention, that Hanna or even Hay will have to be substituted; but that, if Roosevelt, by hook or crook, gets the nomination, Cleveland will be nominated by the Democrats and, spite of all his tarnished record, that he will be our next President.

The State of New York will give Cleveland at least 50,000 majority. as opposed to Roosevelt. Bryan and Gorman will be appeased and all will go well, till the piled up fictitious wealth, built out of high tariff and high prices and controlled largely by Republican leaders, begins to tumble—and then you will have the experiences of ten years ago, when the same sly Grover issued his millions of gold bonds and righted the money lenders and himself again. It is, as we said the last time, a pretty three-handed game between Hanna and Roosevelt and Cleveland; but at this hour, not more than ten men in the country know which way the thing will go, and those ten are not one of them going to Oyster Bay to instruct President Roosevelt in the mysteries of American finance, but they hold the winning cards, and in due time will fix Mr. Roosevelt's game.

* * * * *

Here are two or three American comments on Lord Salisbury, whose recent death, so exclusive, quiet and dignified amidst all the clamor from Rome and all the festivities and play fights of our own land, seemed almost in danger of going unremarked in these crowded days; but no, true strength always commands its own comment, and by and by the scales of justice range our good men where they belong. *The Literary Digest* says:

“No such feeling marks the comment of the American press on the death of Lord Salisbury as marked its comment on the death of Gladstone. Salisbury was considered an aristocrat, a con-

servative, almost a reactionary, a man out of sympathy with the political ideas of such a country as ours. Yet his attitude toward this country was often one of sincere friendship."

Gladstone was simply a good-hearted, popular demagogue. Salisbury was a stout and strong-hearted, thinking Englishman. Gladstone praised our evil ways as good ways. Salisbury said the boys are crazy, but we may need them one day and it is not worth while to quarrel with them. Salisbury was an aristocrat, certainly, but not a mere oligarch or the slave of such. The Philadelphia *Ledger* says :

"Lord Salisbury's politics were not such as could recommend themselves to Americans. His earliest appearance in public affairs was in an appeal to his Government to recognize the independence of the Confederate States. He fought all measures for the relief of the Irish, tho he was finally brought to accept the Irish Land Act of 1881," etc.

Well, in God's wisdom, what upright man could advocate "policies always in favor of American ways?" Moreover, did his policy or Gladstone's break to pieces the Liberal party of England? Again, what sensible American to-day looks back upon the civil war as anything but a quarrel between two factions; neither one of them in the right—both about equally wrong? And as to Ireland, which party is it that has brought up and carried through a far greater Land Act than that of 1881? Gladstone's Home Rule bill was the quintessence of folly. And as to the Turk, about whom the *Ledger* discants, with the usual amount of foolishness on that theme—the thought being that the only solution of the Turkish problem is to drive the Turk out of Europe—all very fine, but who will do the driving, and where will the poor Turk go? Our single-stick Emperor had first better have it out with Russia for not treating the Jews with more consideration than we pretend to treat any weak people that we can lay our hands on.

And the New York *Tribune* forgetting all about Horace Greely's attitude in our civil war and focusing its eyes upon the late and only true Premier of England for the last fifty years, says of Salisbury :

"No man of his age more truly embodied in himself the genius of the British nation. But it was not only the genius of the Elizabethan age or that of the Victorian age, but that which un-

broken and unchanging, has characterized the land from Alfred to Edward VII, and has made the story of those storm-swept Isles and of the race they bred the most marvelous in all the annals of the sons of men."

Salisbury was no tailor-made dandy; no bluffer of the Chamberlain or Roosevelt species, but a man of blood and bone and truth and honor. What has America ever done that such a man should praise this land. Gentlemen, we seem to be growing bigger than our hearts and consciences; God pity the children of such fathers and be merciful to the civilization they would win.

* * * * *

President Roosevelt did one good act, took one true position during the present Summer, but will he stick to it and if he sticks to it what will be the result to himself and to his party? *The Literary Digest* of September 5th, thus refers to the matter:

"Nothing but commendation is heard from the daily press—Republican, Democrat, and Independent—in their comment on the President's ruling that the government bureaus and offices shall be "open shops." The President has reinstated an assistant foreman in the Government Printing-Office who had been discharged at the request of the Bookbinders' Union, has issued instructions that no one is to be discriminated against on account of membership or non-membership in a union, and has caused all the government employes to take the oath of allegiance to the United States, like salaried officers.

"The New Orleans *Times Democrat*, a Democratic paper that criticizes the President pretty sharply occasionally, says that in this matter he 'takes a position that will be sustained by the solid sense of the American people,' and goes on to say:

"It is little less than startling that trades-unionists, who number less than ten per cent. of the laborers engaged in gainful occupations in the United States, should assume that only members of their organizations shall be permitted to work for the federal Government, and that 'the door of opportunity' shall be closed against all workmen who do not affiliate with trade-unions.

"The arrogance, if not the insolence, of such a proposition discloses the livid sidelights of trades-unionism. It is, indeed, a forceful reminder of conditions that have come to pass in the industrial world.' "

This action of the President and this comment of the newspapers are all in harmony with the position the GLOBE has taken from the first, and, of course, I am glad that the President was forced to this position. He was forced. Unionism had come to such a pass that he had to choose openly either to be president de facto, or let trades-unionism run the government. Roosevelt was not quite ready for this in August, 1903, but he will come to it before October, 1904. That is his whole trouble. He can bluster and talk high-flown and

heroic speeches, but the grit of the stuff is not in him. He used to have good and upright impulses, but to maintain these in public life costs more than he is willing to pay.

Before going into national politics he had acted as night watchman and private detective at the side doors of New York saloons, had written some utterly useless books and he had a touch of the justice of doctrinaires, but the right of God's truth and justice was never in him. He was going to down the trusts and reform the robber tariff, but the republican leaders told him to do just enough in those lines to save appearances and no more. He has obeyed so far. In the present instance he had another stroke of official conscience and to make a show of it (for Roosevelt is nothing without the show) he made all the government employees take the oath of allegiance to the United States, just as if we were again in war times. In truth, the President seems to think that we are at war, and the Secretary of the Treasury seems to think that we are in a fearful financial crisis. We may be in both fixes before a year, but not yet. In fact, Roosevelt lacks all the elements of greatness and of statesmanship. He has neither hindsight nor foresight and he is utterly without moral back bone. He would like to do right and be a great President, but to do or be either requires the very elements of character that he lacks. He has no character, as that term is understood by all true moralists. But he thinks he has and because of this error of judgment he blusters and blunders in the ways we have named.

His present position in regard to trades-unionism is right beyond all cavil, though a bluster of the oath was unnecessary, but he is a Lou Dillon candidate for the next presidency and the union labor vote is needed to elect him. He will either tacitly change his position or lose that vote. In my judgment he will lose it any way, hence, from the politician's standpoint, the act for which the newspapers are praising him is the stupidest of his whole career. It will give him temporary fame and lose him the next Presidency, but when the motive of the act is understood, his fame in this particular, as in all others, will vanish like soft coal smoke before the sun and wind. The young man was in dire need of a riper wisdom than his own to guide him in the shallows he has undertaken to swim, the shallows of office, but a president who swears by Root and Wood and Taft can be little less than crazy.

* * * * *

As often noted in these pages we employ no canvassers or agents though we are always glad to receive subscriptions from any booksellers or agents in the periodical business, but if any one receives a copy of this magazine who has not subscribed for it, let him please take it as our politest invitation to forward his subscription without delay.

W. H. THORNE.

THE GLOBE.

NO. LII.

DECEMBER, 1903.

CHURCH AND STATE.

In beginning an article on this subject in the twentieth century one could hardly ask a more suitable and effective text than the recent election of the present Roman Pontiff, Pius X.

All persons who keep themselves informed as to the important news items of the world are aware that in various secular and so-called religious newspapers, usually reliable, it was stated over and over again, first and positively, that one of the sovereign powers of Europe had asserted its old time right of veto in the Papal election, and over and over again it was asserted just as positively that not one of said sovereign powers had asserted this right. Such is the infallibility of the press, secular and religious.

On general principles, and in view of the ancient and modern relationships existing between the sovereignties of Europe and the See of Rome, we believed from the first that such veto would be asserted, and that it was asserted, but when two ecclesiastical saints stand up before a sinner and attest separately Homousian and the other the Homoiousian way is the one and only exclusive way to heaven, the trembling culprit hardly knows which to believe and a merciful heaven may be expected to pardon him if in his perplexed state of mind, he takes to the woods. So it is with modern civilization when the immaculate, infallible and omniscient newspapers disagree, and by and by, after a few more stupid oligarchs, like Pulitzer of the *New York World*, have endowed colleges with various millions for newspaper professorships, no God Almighty yet defined by any theology, and no Pope of Rome or elsewhere may presume to question the much more than almighty dollar-newspaper, spite of its palpable contradictions—to such a pass has the sublime morality of modern medi-

ocricity and slush come in the tides of time, away above high water mark and the rivers of mud still issuing. But some Jew must best the so-called benevolence of the Scotchman, Carnegie, and in an intellectual line, of course. Unless the modern newspaper is college bred its inevitable methods of lying will be coarse and unfit to be read in the refined Christian families of the twentieth century.

The *Catholic Columbian*, published at Columbus, Ohio, is rather a stupid, but on the whole a fairly reliable newspaper—though we discover some very childish blunders in its pages now and then, as recently for instance, when its versatile but poorly informed correspondent stated that a certain southern New Yorker who has of late years been buying various junk newspapers had purchased and made a splendid success of *The Philadelphia Times*. He simply purchased it and buried it.

It was nominally merged in the *Public Ledger*; but it is dead as a rusty door nail. Thereby hangs many a tale that we could tell, but we are only correcting Mr. James Randall as he recently appeared in the *Catholic Columbian*, and this only to condition our statement that among Catholic newspapers we have found the *Columbian* one of the most reliable and the least stupid of the elect, and this again only to condition the following quotation. In its issue of October 10th, 1903, the *Columbian* published the following:

“There was a veto. In spite of some unauthorized denials, it is true that Cardinal Puzyna speaking on August 2 in the conclave, did declare that the Emperor of Austria was opposed to the election of Cardinal Rampolla. It is also true that right after that declaration the conclave gave to the Cardinal more votes than before. But at his entreaty a preponderating majority of votes was finally given to Cardinal Sarto.”

This puts the matter in a nutshell, gives names and dates, and is as reliable as anything that we shall ever have on the subject. All through the contradictory jumble of pros and cons I have placed great reliance upon the published statements of his eminence Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore, for whose modesty, sincerity and well-informed Christian mind and spirit I have profound esteem. His published statements were to the same general effect as the above quotation, but, of course, the newspapers that published his statements were in no sense reliable and

therefore there remained a doubt as to the reliability of the statements themselves.

We will have to take it for granted that on August 2nd, 1903, in the Papal Conclave, Cardinal Puzyna did declare that the Emperor of Austria was opposed to the election of Cardinal Rampolla, thus exercising what for many centuries has been known as the power of veto, that is, the power claimed by the European sovereigns and admitted for centuries by the Papal power, whereby the temporal or secular sovereign power interferes with, checks, forbids and controls the free exercise of the spiritual power in one or, if not the most important functions claimed and exercised by said Papal or spiritual power.

It is of little or no moment to us here or to anybody anywhere whether or not the votes in the conclave immediately succeeding the assertion of the Austrian veto were more numerous than previously in favor of Cardinal Rampolla, nor have we, nor has the world the slightest interest in what is claimed and with more or less trumpet sounding eclat paraded as to the pleadings of Cardinal Rampolla to the effect that the Conclave would not continue to cast their votes for him. All that is personal matter, colored by personal motives in the transmission of the news, and neither we nor the world at large are particularly interested in the personal motives and actions of Cardinal Rampolla or any other Cardinal or man. As a matter of fact, the candidate opposed by Francis Joseph was not chosen. That tells the story. Rampolla was down. A few earnest words if spoken in genuine humility under such circumstances, under such consciousness of being personally whipped by a secular sovereign, would not in the least affect the general character of Cardinal Rampolla or the general estimate the world has of him. Any whipped dog or man is always humble—except the pugilist, James Corbett—but some so-called gentlemen deem it beneath their dignity to be humble even when whipped of gods and men for their lyings, thievings and various folly—so certain cats die hard. All this is of no moment. Cardinal Rampolla had had his day, and still, would climb to higher and more absolute rule. But the gods and Francis Joseph of Austria, and for reasons best known to themselves, had objections and asserted their veto. So even the great Cardinal Woolsey of England, a far greater man than Rampolla, when caught in the inordinate vices

of ecclesiastical power humbled himself and said to his faithful secretary :

"The king has cured me, I humbly thank his grace; and from these shoulders, these ruined pillars, out of pity, taken a load would sink a navy, too much honor; O, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden, too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven."

"There was the weight that pulled me down, O Cromwell, the king has gone beyond me, all my glories in that one woman I have lost forever: No sun shall ever usher forth mine honors, or gild again the noble troops that waited on my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell, I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now to be thy lord and master: Seek the king; that sun, I pray, may never set! I have told him what, and how true thou art: he will advance thee. Some little memory of me will stir him (I know his noble nature) not to let thy hopeful service perish too: Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear in all my miseries; but thou hast forced me, out of thy honest truth to play the woman. Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Cromwell; And when I am forgotten as I shall be; and sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention of me more must be heard of—say I taught thee, say Woolsey—that once trod the ways of glory, and sounded all the depths and shoals of honor—found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in; A sure and safe one, though thy master missed it. Mark but my fall, and that that ruined me.

"Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate thee; corruption wins not more than honesty. Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace, to silence envious tongues: Be just and fear not. Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's, thy God's, and truth's; then, if thou fall'st, O Cromwell, thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king: and,—Pr'ythee lead me in: There take an inventory of all I have, to the last penny: 'Tis the king's: my robe, and my integrity to heaven, is all I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell, had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age, have left me naked to mine enemies."

But the infinite pity of it all is, that able men educated in all the supposed sacred wisdom of God, should under any stress of circumstances, become the blinded and ambitious slaves of the tinsel of the temporal power. I often would to God, the real Christ would come again and with a twentieth century brand new whip

of small cords drive the contemptible puppets known as ecclesiastical princes from the sacred and holy of holies of his dear, dying but quenchless, all-conquering, humble and immortal love.

I am opposed utterly to the power of the veto. I hate and despise the foul growths of Imperial pretensions and the slavery out of which it has grown. I would turn the searchlight of God's whole truth in the faces of kings and dare them to touch or handle or check in anyway, the silent, exalted march of the temple, the altar, the ark of God. Yet I am glad that Francis Joseph turned down Rampolla.

If you accept the devil's wages, you are the servants of hell. Whosoever pays you, is your master. Precisely as the borrower is servant of the lender, so is the wing of the Church that is supported by the arm of the State, wounded, so that it cannot fly. It is a clipped, winged, lame and broken angel of heaven. As long as the Bismarcks, the Francis Josephs, furnish your bread and butter, they have a right to say where you shall live, what you shall teach, and to what extent you shall have any ruling power. I despise the entire modern attitude of the French government toward the religious orders. The conduct of the government is beneath contempt, but accept the pay of the government and your priests are the doomed and damned slaves of the government. It is the same principle as prevailed in the old Roman Empire, under Constantine, and on to Charlemagne, and in England to Henry VIII. In Germany, under Bismarck; in France, under the weak and despicable principles of Freemasonry. In Rome but yesterday as between Francis Joseph and Cardinal Rampolla—and Cardinal Sarto—now Pius X by the grace of God, whose perfect guidance may he ever have and the comfort of the heavenliest peace. Here endeth the first part of our drama, the first chapter of our story with its world texts on the theme of "Church and State." I love the dear, blunt old English phrase—mind your own business. I am satisfied that Christ's word to the Church forever is, "What is that (the temporal power) to thee? Follow *thou me*." In a word, regard the sphere of the divine and human soul.

In our second chapter, perhaps, we had better take a bird's-eye view of the essential, underlying principles of power and authority, temporal and spiritual as used by princes and kings; by priests, prophets and ecclesiastics of all sorts time out of mind, and see

what we can or ought to gather from this view, to give us light and to guide us for the present and the future. Things are in a strange mix to-day. Temporal powers and rulers, as rotten and corrupt as the veriest shot-rubbish of perdition, are everywhere presuming to make laws and regulations for the moral and spiritual guidance of their so-called subjects, and ecclesiastics of all grades, Elijah Dowie, the foul bird, to Mother Eddy, the tarnished female, to Pius X, the unblemished and historic and truly representative and authoritative vicegerent of Jesus Christ, the Son of God—all are seeking not merely to be the moral and spiritual guides of mankind, by moral suasion and the grace of God, but planning how they can best *command* the physical actions, the financial income, the domestic relationships of mankind and get themselves called and decorated as princes and rulers among the nations. And all this, spite of the fact that Jesus said to His disciples, "The rulers of this world exercise authority and dominate mankind, but it shall not be thus among you. Whoever is greatest among you, let him be servant," and so still become greater.

Ladies and gentlemen, I have just as much respect for such ecclesiastics, of the princely and dominating variety as I have for such actual princes, kings and rulers, that is, I have nothing but contempt for their false pretensions, on both sides, and nothing but the sweetest and humblest reverence and regard for their right and lawful claims on both sides; but how can we make this plain? Only, I think, by an appeal to common sense, common philosophy, to the Scriptures, and to universal history.

It is the plainest of common sense that a corrupt ruler has no business to make laws concerning purity; that a dishonest ruler, president, prince or king has no right whatever to make or attempt to execute any laws that insist upon honesty—a thief is no fit ruler for thieves. In the same line of common sense, it is also true that a rascally ecclesiastic cannot teach or inspire the principles of religion which oppose any and all forms of rascality, and as far as I can see here is where the division of authority among men has always begun and will continue till the end of time. The fighting, able man, has of old been crowned as the king-man, and his fellows have agreed to obey him in all matters pertaining to armies or to warfare. So, on the other hand, in all ages of the race there have been men especially given to meditation, to moral reflection, and even willing to sacrifice any-

thing to attain their own ideals of duty toward God and man, and these in all ages of the human race have been looked up to as proper leaders of their fellows in the lines of duty, of charity, of general conduct, of what we call morals and religion, and such men have been called variously, seers, having a peculiar insight into the so-called mysteries of religion—that is, really and simply having studied and consecrated their lives to the work, they have seen deeper and learned more and so were able to speak more clearly and so have been called seers, prophets, and prophet-poets, sometimes Buddahs, incarnations of diety, hypostatic revelations and impartations of divine light and wisdom, that is the law of knowledge, or an understanding of the laws of things, even of the laws relating to God in His relations to men. The sayings of such wise and choice and fine and exalted souls have been preserved in the traditions of all nations and races of men, time out of mind; and in the more advanced races and ages of civilization these sayings, or the words of the morally and spiritually gifted have been called revelations from God, from heaven, from the moral center and soul of things, and have been held as inspired words, the very breathings of the gods or of the Almighty, having entered into them for the moral and spiritual guidance of the race.

Prophetic or spiritual insight has not in all cases been associated with superior or supreme greatness of intellectual gifts, but where so associated the moral guides of men, the spiritual directors of men, the religious teachers of men, as in the old days have been called great and gifted souls, the major prophets, as Isaiah; and when their sense of justice has seemed equivalent to the mental faculty, they have been recognized as fit persons to make moral laws and rules of conduct for their fellow men, as in the case of Moses; and of Solon, among the Greeks. In such cases the seer or moral guide, has also been the judge, the temporal ruler: so in the earlier ages of all races, as far as can be traced, there have arisen men of corresponding wisdom and justice who have been both temporal and spiritual rulers. Such souls are at the bottom of every theocratic government; such was the earlier form of the Hebrew Theocracy and so in our own puritan humbuggery.

But as civilization advances, as in the earliest stages of it again, these greater, and the greatest warriors, called, as Alexander the Great, Frederick the Great, etc., being men of corresponding intellectual gifts and not merely of physical powers, and founders of

kindred, peoples, nations, etc., have now and again, also been law-givers, would be, moral guides and fathers of their people; and these, in hundreds of cases have come in conflict now and again with the religious leaders; the prophets and teachers—sometimes have helped and sometimes have hindered the same. But true greatness has ever been honored on this earth, except, as the masses have for the time being, sunk into unfaith, immorality and sin—they have crucified or burnt their prophets and saviors, and have sent their ablest generals into exile and shame. In truth, all pretended government of the people and for the people has ever dwindled into government of the mediocre or the petty till disgust and revolution have followed.

At the heart of things, however, the power to rule, as king, has been based upon the power to fight as warrior; and the power to teach and guide and give moral laws, has been based upon the supposed inner power of sight and purity of purpose and of life, either innate or God-given and inspired. Always the functions of temporal power have been based upon the presumed and actual power to fight, to rule, to subdue, to punish; and always the ecclesiastical power and right to teach has been based upon the supposed and presumed insight, or actual and superior power of purity and of reason.

As society in all times has become more crowded and complex and as the powers of native genius, either for war or superior moral insight, and reason have declined, men have everywhere resorted to artificial means to evolve, to educate and set apart persons for either sphere, as we now—or used to—educate apprentices to do good mechanical work—in all lines,—or as we now educate men to become lawyers, doctors, journalists, detectives, etc., to the end of the chapter; to this end, and to these ends are all our colleges, secular and religious, founded and sustained; that is, to find out by education and examination, who and what men are gifted of God to teach, or to rule and these sum up the great and commanding spheres of human ability and human ambition.

In all complex stages of advanced civilization, these two spheres of human greatness and leadership have ever been more or less in conflict, as we have said, and have never been generally and clearly defined. As far as can be gathered from monumental records and from hints in the scriptures of the nations, Hebrew and other, the oldest Asiatic and Egyptian monarchies built up as we

have said, on the selected, ablest warriors of the several races now and again became hereditary, in several lines of leadership, the temporal power always claimed and had direction of such priesthood as existed in those early nations. Among the uncivilized races there were tribal chiefs, and nearly always some seer or medicine man who chanted the lays of superior wisdom, but always in a general way, subject to said chiefs of clans. Thus, as far as we can gather, in all the ancient civilized and uncivilized races there was a temporal power other than a priestly power and superior to whatever priestly or ecclesiastical power might have existed.

The same general arrangement may be said to have existed among the Greeks, Romans, and other old world nations that existed contemporaneously with the earliest theocratic nations of the Hebrews and synonymously throughout their whole and variously modified forms of government.

With the supernatural call and direction of the Hebrew, Abraham, there was taken up the vocation, the revelation, the inspiration supposed to have been lost in Eden, and the moral renovation of the race was to go on henceforth—that is, the making of man into the image of the gods, at last, the god-man, under the leadership of the Abrahamic branch of the Hebrew brotherhood. This was the beginning of the theocracy of the Hebrew people, which went on under the nomadic patriarchalism of the Abrahamic descendants, through the families and events known to Hebrew history, as in the Hebrew scriptures: the patriarch being alike father, ruler and priest among his people and his voice being to his family and descendants as the voice of God.

This theocratic and patriarchal method or form of government and moral direction went on till the break up of the family of Jacob, the enslavement of the Hebrew people—plainly to prepare them for other and more complex forms of civilization—after which enslavement came the Mosaic direction of affairs, and under this we find these spheres of Church and State divided and supplemented; that is, Moses was law-giver and ruler, and he, it seems, organized a priesthood, under his brother Aaron to minister to and direct the morals of the people according to his inspired laws—also he appointed judges to interpret the laws; all this, as I take it, having been imbibed during his sojourn in Egypt, and at the same time, so impressed upon his great soul of

justice that to him it seemed, and actually was in his peculiar evolution of the system, a revelation from God who always works by means as well as by mountains and miracles.

Still we have in the Mosaic economy, the same grades or spheres of influence and direction or authority, as existed in Egypt. The temporal ruler was chief, and the priesthood, and the lawyers or judges were under said temporal power.

Then, as priests and judges became corrupt, as they always have become, in time, the good God inspired the hearts of earnest men whom we have called prophets, from Samuel to Malachi, rising up early in the morning and inspiring them in their dreams, in the silent watches of the night, and these men of God as we call them, even yet, became superior to temporal rulers, to priests and to lawyers, proclaiming their utterances with the sublime assurance of "thus saith the Lord, God Almighty." But the people, alike unable and unwilling to accept the direction of God's holiest and inspired teachers of truth and justice, clamored for a king, and so came the kings into the theocracy of Israel: but from that hour to the coming of Jesus Christ, no king was allowed to touch or direct the altar of worship: and above all, no king would dare to dream of directing God's prophets as to what, or how, or when they should teach. In a word, in the supernatural economy of Israel, king and priest were in final subject to the utterance of the prophets of God: the natural, subject to the supernatural. Into this great mixture of civilization, among his own people, and all peoples of the then known world, Jesus came; "a prophet, yea, I say unto you, and more than prophet—the very Son of God;" an eternal priest, and by virtue of His Godhead, a King of Kings. But the priests of Israel and the temporal powers of Rome, then in charge of Israel, both questioned and criticised Him until they laid false charges against Him, captured and crucified Him, and dreamed that they were doing God's service.

Not, however, till He had gathered His disciples about Him, had taught them His sublime doctrines of God and righteousness, and had promised them the gifts of the Holy Spirit of God. From this point, all modern civilization takes its rise, its divisions, its unities, its truths and falsehoods; but if we follow the spirit of the Master, we shall not go far astray. Follow Him we must if we would teach men, and follow Him we must if we would rule men, or die in disgrace and shame.

Beyond all question this Jesus, Son of the Eternal, founded what is known as the Christian Church. Beyond all question, He promised to this His Church, the guidance of the Holy Spirit; His own presence and guidance; gave them power to teach, and in every spiritual sense, to forgive sins, also to heal, to bind and loose as far as the conscience and moral evil and its relief were concerned. Beyond all question, if we can believe anything in the scriptures, Christ's words were: "All power is given unto Me in heaven and in earth": and again, "As the Father gave Me, so I give unto you. Go therefore, and disciple all nations, and know that I am with you unto the end of time. Whatever ye bind on earth shall be bound in heaven, and whatever ye loose on earth, shall be free in heaven!" Beyond question, if Christ were anything out of the common, and more than human—as, of course, I firmly believe—He was in His humblest and poorest moments of life, on the cross, a prophet, priest and king. Yea King of Kings. Did He convey and impart all of these, His own powers to His apostles? And did they in their turn convey and impart them all to their immediate followers, the first ecclesiastics, as differentiated from the apostles, the leaders, bishops and priests of the Church? Or did He, Christ, impart and convey to the apostles and these again to their successors only a part of His powers and functions in this world? He said, "All power is given unto Me"—and "As the Father hath given Me, so give I unto you." And those who accept these words as true, have never questioned the true powers of the Church. Did Christ Himself claim or exercise any God-ship or God power in this world, except so far as we suppose a supernatural power of healing, in the work of miracles? Did He ever, even among His own disciples, exercise or claim any force other than that of a superior spiritual power; an energy of light and moral greatness? Did He ever attempt to rule even His disciples, as the princes of this world have ever attempted to rule their subjects? Above all, did He ever claim any of the honors such as are supposed to be due to princes, and such as are accorded to princes of this world? Still more, did He ever dream of claiming in His lifetime the power and honors of princedom among peoples who were not His disciples, and did not voluntarily follow Him, and acknowledge His superior wisdom? And if, in certain sublime moments of His great anguish, as before Pilate, and on the cross, certain utterances of

a great and world-wide and divine power escaped Him, were they not the utterances of the Supreme Deity that dwelt within Him? Superhuman utterances born of the pressure of divine sorrow as it pressed down upon Him and strained even the holy of holies of His own divine and human soul? Now, if Jesus, the founder of modern civilization did not Himself claim princely position, power, or the devotions and honors supposed to be due to the princes of this world, and if, while among us, He gave utterance only in profound and crushed moments to a greatness, a divinity which was within Him, and did not make even this the basis of any compulsory devotions as to a prince or king: and if, whatever expression of this higher grade of greatness and power in Himself, came, as beyond question it did come, from His innate Divinity, did He convey to His apostles, or did they convey to their successors this, Christ's own princely power which came solely of His supernatural being, and belonged to and inhered in Him as God and not as man? Did He convey His Godhead, in a word, to His apostles, individually, and they to their successors? And even if He did make gods of them for all time, as He Himself was God, even then, did this imply that they, anyone or all of them, to all eternity should be His equals in honor and being, and even if this were possible, which is the silliest dream, did He come to found a kingdom like unto the principedoms of this world based upon an acknowledged prince of power of the blood and *commanding* obedience, reverence, love, etc., by virtue of that power; or was His principedom ever a spiritual and supreme force and reason: and did He come to make slaves of men or to *inspire* them with a free spirit of love, of charity, of brotherhood and of boundless joy?

Admitting all that our faith claims as regards the Deity of Jesus, and that all honor is due Him, as all power was given Him, it is plain from nature as from all Christian history, that He did not convey His deity to His apostles individually or collectively, nor did they pretend to convey what they never possessed. The fact that not one of the popes of the Church has ever claimed or exercised this power, is evidence enough of our proposition.

The simple historic fact that Jesus never used His deity to command the honors of human principedom, but always used His human and Divine power to inspire and win the voluntary love and honor and worship of His followers, is evidence enough, even if

He had never taught them by word of mouth, that they, in all ages should follow in His footsteps, and not seek or claim honors beyond those that their divine Master Himself claimed.

In truth, there is no real honor in the prostration of a slave. The true honor that God Almighty, or God in Christ Jesus, or the true vicegerent of God in Christ Jesus, can ever claim or enjoy, is the voluntary honor paid by a soul inspired of heaven's light and love; and this, anywhere and at all times, is so vastly superior to the mere honors of hired slaves, that the angels of God rejoice when such honor is won from the soul of a redeemed man.

It was natural for the Roman Church to build its conceptions of principedoms and honors from the toppling thrones of their ancient pagan kings. It was natural for the first Christian kings to attempt to add to the simple honors of the bishops of Rome those trappings of princship which belonged to themselves, and which had belonged to their predecessors, but from the heart of Christ it never came, and while His spirit is uppermost, it can never hold.

The Christian Church is not, and must not pretend to be Roman or Romanised—but Christlike and God-ised, and human and world-wide and spiritually divine. There can be no world-wide ambition to spread the manners of Roman rulers over the world, but there can be and there will be a world impulse to spread the light of the love of Christ over the world, including Rome.

I have thought it best, perhaps necessary, to clear the old fields of rubbish before attempting to plant the simple truth in the heart of the modern world. Not only in Rome and in Italy, but in all the European nations and principedoms did the Church have forced upon her the ideas of monarchy. In looking back upon the ancient nations, other than the Hebrew, it is true she would have found that the spiritual priesthood had always been subject to the temporal direction; but in Christian Europe from Constantine to Charlemagne, there was no desire on the part of Christian princes, except now and then, to force their control upon the Christian priesthood; but on the contrary, a desire on the part of temporal rulers to decorate with gifts and princely honors, the ruling bishops and popes of the Church. It is true that when bishops and popes attempted to coerce any temporal prince beyond the spiritual loyalty of such prince, said prince rebelled, and there have been no end of the follies of such attempted coercions from

the days of Gregory the Great to Leo XIII ; but they have always, invariably, reacted in disaster to the spiritual power of the Church and always must do so as long as any pretension of temporal power is presumed upon by ecclesiastics in any part of the world ; but in the yielding of the Christian ecclesiastics of the European peoples to the blandishments of temporal princes, in the acceptance of gifts and honors from the same, I hold that in every instance the Churchmen have blundered ; that is, they have forgotten, to some extent, the fine, exalted and heavenly morality of Jesus and have allowed themselves, to a certain extent, to become the servants of men, rather than the servants of Christ. It is not to Romanize Christ and His priests that Christ died and founded the Church, but to Christianize Rome and the world. Through a failure to understand this, alike on the part of the Church and the temporal princes of the Christian Era,—and by Christianizing Rome, or the world, or any man, or nation, or prince, or ruler of any sort or degree I do not mean simply the baptizing of such men or nations, but the teaching and inspiring in them the principles of Christ before baptizing them, and inspiring in their hearts the love of Christ, and the love of mankind ;—through the failure, I say, to understand the two spheres of spiritual power and the temporal power, on the part of both representatives of each sphere of power, there have come, in my judgment, all the divisions of the Church in its relations to the State, from the days of Constantine to the days of Pius X, who, spite of his undeniable modesty and goodness, presumes to dream that he cannot be the true head of the Church, unless he is at the same time prince of some domain with all the trappings and so-called honors of princedom.

Most Rev. Holy Father of the souls of Christendom, believe me, it is an error to think so, or to feel so, and further, believe me that the Church, the world over, will lose more and more, and be persecuted more and more, until this error, so strong in the Roman Hierarchy, is crushed, or pounded, or persuaded out of the very inmost being of the Church of God.

It is a desperate fight that we are engaged in, but nation after nation will fall away till the highest ecclesiastical representatives of the Church of Christ see and admit the power of Christ and of His Spirit to rule exclusively in all their thoughts and actions,

and banish from their innermost ambition all thoughts of temporal power.

It is enough for a servant that he be as his master, loved and honored for the spirit of the Master, that dwelleth in him; but to claim obedience on the ground of temporal principedom, is the acme, the climax of false ambition, and the ruin of an ecclesiastic and humble servant of Christ. Leo XIII did far better without the temporal power than he would have done with it.

As I read history, the vitiating and subtle influence of the ambition of the Church for temporal power, is at the heart of all the wretched abortions of the crusades. It was always to regain or to restore some physical object, to further some ecclesiastical ambition, that the princes and rulers of the nations, the noble self-sacrificing heroes of the middle ages of Christian faith, set out on their ill-starred crusades. The attitude of the Church toward the Mohammedan nations, in those days, was as false and hollow and erroneous as it is in these days. Mohammed was not a Christian, it is true, but to batter the brains out of his followers on that account, or because of superior military prowess, or because they had come into possession of some of the choice or even sacred places of the old world, was as un-Christian as Mohammed's own action and teaching. If you expect to make a Christian of a man by knocking him in the head, or if you expect to further your own piety, or the true rewards of piety by such actions, you are eternally mistaken.

If in the last sixteen hundred years, the Catholic Church had given half the time to the Apostolic work of making men Christians indeed, that it has given to the making of Creeds, to such misguided, interfering efforts as the Crusades, and to the contaminating ambitions incident to the pretensions of temporal power, the world itself would be so full of loyal Catholics at this hour that no mere mouthing Protestant, Freemason, or other would think of promoting such dastardly acts as our American-Spanish war, or our latest infamy, the stealing of a State from a Republican union of States, under the guise of preventing bloodshed and promoting peace. It is a long series of egregious blunders that we are hinting at, blunders growing out of the Church's false conception of its own powers, and the limitations of her real powers. As far and as closely as the Church represents and follows the spirit of Her Master, she is impregnable, almighty, irre-

sistible, all-powerful, and can command any honors or emoluments that rightly belong to her; but in the measure that she forsakes the spiritual, the supernatural ministry of Christ's truth and salvation, and shows herself an ambitious seeker after the powers of the State, of the temporal princes or kings, the world despises Her—not on account of her virtues; no man despises virtue or spiritual power—but on account of her aping the ambitions of the world while pretending, and by her very nature being simply a servant of Christ the Son of God.

Another fearful error and its accompanying catastrophes growing out of this ambition for temporal power, and the mix-up with the kings, the princes, the statesmen, and diplomacies of the nations, are to be found in the fiscal relationships of Church and State, in all the so-called Christian States and nations of the old world, whereby the Church, the altar, the priesthood, have been the paid servants of the State, and hence its slaves, and not exclusively and absolutely the servants of Christ and of His Church alone. As we said in opening this article, repeating only the wisdom of St. Paul, whoso hires you, his servant ye are!

I would rather the Church had been a barefoot beggar on the barren mountains of past history, receiving such gifts from the faithful, as the faithful were inspired to give, and living accordingly, than that she should have been the pampered and purple slave of the nations that have paid her bills; still more and more would I love her and serve her with joy and without questioning, had she never pretended to act the grotesque farce of being the temporal ruler of her subjects, and of the kings that have opposed Her. For the anathemas that she, in her pride of supposed power, has hurled against statesmen and kings the merest puppets of statesmen—as Lubet, Roosevelt & Co., are now making war even upon her monasteries and convents, and stealing States and peoples from such power as God has still left in her hands. Jesus never made war on law, or prince, or priests, or kings—He came to reveal the Father's light and love, and to do the Father's will. He held in abeyance the God-head that shone in His being, in order to make more effulgent and beautiful the spirit of redeeming love, to manifest which, he came into the world. He never pretended to be the equal of princes and kings in their own sphere. He knew that even in His prophetic life as a teacher, and in His priestly life as mediator between God and man, He was infinitely greater than

any Cæsar or Cyrus that ever lived; and so He founded the kingdom of the King of Kings.

Follow Him, and the world is yours; follow the poor ambitions of your own Romanized souls, and you miss the glory of His power and His rule. In a word, while the temporal and spiritual powers or the powers of Church and State were often mixed and dependent the one upon the other, and so, frequent conflict existed among all the peoples of the old dispensations of God, Christ who was God-with-us, emphatically ended that relationship and founded a kingdom, His Church, so far above it in spirit and in truth, that the marvel is, any priest or bishop or pope of His Church should ever have been deluded into accepting as a gift from any earthly king, a position or title that could by any possibility have dwarfed the spiritual for the sake of making sure of a poor, beggarly and slavish temporal power. I do not blame any priest, bishop, or pope for having fallen into the pit of old time darkness and confusion of authority; nor do I blame any bishop or pope for having accepted the emoluments of office from the temporal rulers and powers of the nations. It was the most natural thing to do in either case, but that it has wrought all the mischief that I here attribute to such action, I am as sure as that I live and breathe.

With this, we may conclude our second chapter, and take up the working-out of these same phases of ecclesiastical thought and action in the modern life of the nations since the Reformation, and so come naturally to our final conclusions.

All the world knows how the powers of Church and State became mixed in Great Britain and Germany, on account of what Protestants call the "Reformation" in England and Germany, and what Catholics call the recreancy, apostacy and rebellion of Henry VIII & Co., in England, and of Martin Luther & Co., in Germany.

My position in regard to all that, is, that while Henry VIII was a libertine and wrong in his legal position as regards his wife, Catherine, he was at the same time, an educated, scholarly man, and a king of no mean kingdom; that, as civilization has since concluded, and for fiscal and several reasons, the marriage relationship is a question to be decided by the temporal power or the laws of the land; further, that as Catholic princes and kings time out of mind, had and have been allowed a good deal of license in

their relations with women, and especially as the fate of a whole people was involved, the case of Henry VIII might, with propriety and without injury to anybody, or any article of faith, have been treated with more leniency, with less public denunciation and excommunication, and especially in view of the fact that the Pope had previously dubbed the "Merry Monarch" as "Defender of the Faith" and so had been responsible for the elevation of said monarch's pride; that in view of all the personalities and interests involved at Rome and in England, Henry VIII and the Church ruling on the abstract question of divorce, were not together, and multiplied a hundred times, worth, or to be considered for a moment with the spiritual interests of the millions of the faithful then concerned, and for future ages to be involved in the Roman ruling. I condemn Henry VIII, Cranmer, and the whole time-serving sycophants that went with him; but I think that had the Pope and the Hierarchy been less mindful of, and less loyal to their own notion of temporal importance, since, so sadly fallen into decline, Henry VIII might have been condemned, if necessary, or perhaps saved, and that the millions of English Catholics lost to the Church by the action taken, the blood and the souls of kings and queens, and saints innumerable might have been saved, the world made less brutal, and the Church triumphant, had Rome minded less the sense of her own cock-sure authority and her temporal power, and had minded more the divine charity, the forgiving power, the gentleness, the sweetness of her Divine Master in all cases that came under his notice where the action of palpable and public sinners was concerned.

As it was all England, spiritual and temporal, was thrust into the slavery of State authority—a church run by Parliament—and then a hundred foolish sects, run by ambitious and more or less disgruntled persons who had too much faith and too much real piety to allow their souls to be ruled and ruined by Parliament of England. The true Church does not live by the autocratic sacrificing of her millions on the point of, or for the sake of upholding what she calls her divine authority. She lives in the hearts of the faithful, by the perpetual exercise of the divine charity of forgiveness, gentleness and truth. "These things should ye have done, and not have left the other undone."

It is a horror of horrors to traverse the Islands of Britain to-day, to see the ruins and ravages wrought by the "Reformation";

to remember the stealings of her kings, the robberies of her present State Church, to recall the untold millions of anguished souls that have tried to keep the faith, but who lost it because of burdens of light and of falsehood hurled upon them in the name of truth; and yet it is the sublimity of the immortal and divine spirit of Christ, to find that in all this muck heap and confusion of belief it shines out in the faces and lives of heroes and heroines in every age of the empire and the world.

In regard to Luther and Germany, the case is still more mixed and questionable. Beyond question, and no matter how often, by whom, or with what prejudice the story is told, Father Martin Luther, already Doctor Luther, and a scholar, was at the outset a good, an earnest and devout Catholic priest: a little too conceited, a little over-assertive, a little visionary, etc., etc., but he had the power of the keys back of him or thought he had, and he had already many true Catholic friends; and to my mind, it is also beyond question that at the start he was sincere in his belief that Tetzl and others were making too free with the Church's general notion of indulgences, and that he, Dr. Martin Luther, was called upon to rebuke the plausible saints.

Beyond question again, as the case lays in my mind, the entire mix-up of Church and State in Germany gave a touch and a taint of worldly ambition to Luther's action and to the action of the papal authority that summoned him and finally condemned him. Luther was a true son of the Church, as a power that has so often made too much of her temporal power and not half enough of her spiritual power; and when the test came, what more natural than that he should appeal to the temporal princes for protection, or that the Church should appeal for the help of temporal princes to deliver him into her hands?

In truth, the question becomes one of authority again, and not one of true belief, or of true and divine mercy and charity. What has Rome gained by this perpetual assertion of her Apostolic authority? She has gained the name, orthodox and apostolic, which nobody grants to her but herself, and she has held a few millions of rather slavish followers, who follow often at a distance and not always because their minds and hearts are satisfied, but for a thousand reasons known only to each soul, not one of whom must be judged by priest, or man, or woman, but by God alone; and she has lost nation upon nation, and millions upon millions of

souls just as Christ-like and truly Christian as those that she has held. These ought ye to have held, and not to have driven the others away. "In My Father's house are many mansions," and while the Roman mansion may be the most orthodox as to exact dogma, is she also the most orthodox in her loyalty to the loving, forgiving, simple and divine spirit of Her Master? I think that Pius IX was perhaps as good a man as Leo XIII, but he was far more eager to increase the points on account of which the Church could hurl her anathemas at those who were not ready to kneel and obey. It is very puzzling to me to hear so much about obedience toward persons who were better thinking of their own obedience toward the very persons they would condemn.

The conflict between Luther and Rome was revived during the last generation of the nineteenth century, between Bismarck and Rome. Here again, as I have over and over again asserted, all my sympathies and convictions are against the man of blood and iron, and, of course, with the Church that he so foully persecuted: but at the same time, I repeat, whosoever pays your salary, his servants you are; and on all principles of commercial equity, so long as the Church accepts pay of the State, the State has a right to interfere in her teaching and government. But absolutely and intrinsically and essentially, by all the light of revelation, by the example of the prophets of Christ and His apostles and by the example of every highest saint and teacher of God, no State, no temporal authority has any right to touch the ark, the altar or the mind of a priest or teacher of truth, who is wedded to God and to God alone, and whom he must obey rather than man. Therefore if you would be free servants of God in Christ Jesus, keep yourselves free of all the directions of princes, kings or statesmen who do their bidding. I see no way out of the slavery of the Church to the State—now sixteen hundred years old—but to cut the gordian knot, and cut it clean and entire forever and forever; and I see of no way to use the sword of the spirit (which is the word of God) but to cut out and lop off and cast away as so much useless freight or baggage all and whatsoever the Church calls her temporal power and pretensions, immediately, and in all nations; to cut it clean and hurl it into hell fire, that it may be burned forever. Look into it again and again, my friends. I would lift the Pope to the throne of heaven and make him king of kings, as his Master was, in very fact and being, but not yet, and when the day comes for such

elevation, there can be but *one king of kings*, and as to who shall sit on his right hand and on his left, is known to the Father of Heaven alone—"but *one is your master*, even Christ, and all ye are brethren."

I did not intend to pronounce this final word till I had reached the end of this article. I conceived of writing the article and commenced to write it after reading once more Mignet's History of the French Revolution, especially for a new study of French history as related to the Church.

I have now and again, during the past year, intimated my hatred of the mean and contemptible action of the French government toward the religious orders and sisterhoods of the Church. I have read every intelligent thing I could find with a view of getting at the real heart and soul of this blighting, and as has seemed to me, senseless persecution and ostracism of the best and noblest souls in the nation of France to-day. Among these readings, is the one mentioned, which I annotated with the view of writing on the basis of said book. Up to this point of my article I have not, however, looked into Mignet and I do not know that I need to quote it even now. Throughout every phase of the revolution in France, the clerical or ecclesiastical representatives of the Church played an important part. Before the days of Richelieu, even from of old, Catholic Cardinals had held the highest civil positions under the French monarchs; and though it has ever been the glory of the Catholic Church that she ministered alike to rich and poor, and still so ministers, there can be no doubt that from beginning to end of the terrible efforts to make a Republic out of France, the leading representatives of the Church showed little or no sympathy with the masses of the people under whatsoever name they organized themselves, but adhered steadily to the interests of the monarchy and the aristocracy. Let no one think me insensible enough regarding the fitness of things to wonder at this or to disapprove of such action.

On matters of taste, of æsthetics as well as from reason, the Churchman, being an educated man, and by profession a man of peace, could never be expected to sympathize with or help the fearful brutalities of the people as manifested in the French Revolution, but when matters had reached fairly settled conditions, and it became apparent that the French were capable of, and were determined to have a Republic, still, the ecclesiastical elements

showed no accommodation to the changed aspect of things, but held on to the wrecks of monarchy, and apparently could not or would not accept the new order of things. Here again, one can hardly blame them, for being educated gentlemen they must have seen intuitively from the first that the elements of men and ideas of the French Republic, were opposed to Roman Catholic notions, especially to such notions as held to the perpetuity of the temporal power and they could not be expected, as loyal children of the Church that so built upon her temporal power, they could not be expected to favor their own assassination. I do not blame the ecclesiastics of France for favoring the monarchy and aristocracy of France even after there ceased to be a monarchy or an aristocracy worth naming. My own tastes would have prompted me to act with them, had I been living in France in those days; but the Revolution having succeeded, and the Republic having become an established fact, to hold to their own old notions of monarchy and aristocracy was practical suicide anyway. It was too much to dream or expect that the masses of dissatisfied and ambitious Frenchmen who had at last made the Republic, and being, large masses of them infected with the anti-Church principles of Freemasonry, un-Christian and unforgiving in all their methods of life, could, or would forgive the hundred-year-old opposition of French ecclesiastics, and allow them anything like the same sort of influence and position in the Republic, that they had held of old, under the French monarchies. This was expecting far more of unredeemed human nature than redeemed human nature usually shows.

Churchmen in France, henceforth, must expect to pay the penalties of their predecessors' adherence to kings. The present belongs to the people. Kings are a useless appendage. The very memory of the ages of humbuggery produced and enacted by kings and prelates in the name of government is a sickening inspiration in the minds of the people, to lead them to retaliate as far as possible. Yet as nearly as I can gather, the average instincts of Republican Frenchmen were not, and are not now, bitterly opposed to the Church as a spiritual or a religious body, but the clerics they oppose, would not keep their hands from meddling with the government of France. Here again, if well looked into, it was not and is not so much that they would not keep from meddling, as that they *could* not do so. From the days of Charle-

magne till now, and especially from the fifteenth to the end of the eighteenth century, ecclesiastics were the companions and directors of the kings of France. The very aristocracy of the aristocracy of the land. They were the teachers and guides of princes and princesses: the instructors of the aristocracy, par excellence. They were, in fact, the masters of princes, aristocracy and people. How could they learn in a day or in a hundred years that that order of things had passed away. Hence the Republican governors of France saw that there was but one way out of the mixup, and that was to deprive the ecclesiastics of mastery in the lines of education in France, simply because it was impossible for French Churchmen to teach the youth of the land in accordance with the new order of things. I do not approve of the new order of things in France or in this country. In truth, I abominate and despise it under Roosevelt and Company, as well as under Loubet, Coombs and Co., but I do not occupy any position under a government that I despise. I do not ask the government to support me in preaching my notions, and I always obey the laws. Roman Catholic Churchmen in France could not, dared not pretend to take any such position, but they expected to teach monarchism in a Republic, and expected the Republic to pay their salaries. This, to my mind, is absurd. The President of the French Republic is a Roman Catholic; vast numbers of the French people are Roman Catholic, but the government is not now monarchical or Roman Catholic, and there is a government that in all civil matters, is above the Hierarchy of France, or the Pope of Rome. The trouble is, that the ecclesiastics in France do not and cannot understand the new order of things, but the lack of understanding it does not in one iota lessen the palpable fact that the new order exists, and that a large majority of the clerics of France are opposed to it alike by what I believe to be on account of a defective education regarding their own true position and the true position of the French government. A Churchman, Archbishop or what not in France to-day, as in the United States, is simply a citizen of the Republic. If he is law-abiding, no power of the government can touch a hair of his head. As an archbishop of human souls, dedicated to God and the service of teaching as many as will hear him the gospel of Jesus Christ, he must not be molested; he must be protected, and he will be honored in the exact proportion of his piety and intellectual power. But in France, the other element

of clerics as statesmen, and of clerics claiming a temporal power, and the honors of princes as well as teachers and preachers of Christ, all came in. The French ecclesiastic not only wanted to preach Christ, he wanted to teach anti-Republicanism; to pose as a prince in a nation of democrats hating the name and title of prince, and with good reason; and above all, he wanted, and still wants the Republic to pay him for his oppositions. As well might any government hire assassins to stop its own heart and pay them well, and crown them at the same time. It is not, therefore, that French Republicans, in these days, hate Christ, or His true Church or His true religion, but that they hate the temporal pretensions of Roman ecclesiasticism, and because the Roman pretensions militate against the very existence of the government they are sworn to defend. I am giving my readers the view taken of this matter by honest and well-informed persons other than Catholics, but who certainly have no hatred toward the Catholic or any religion.

It is always well to hear both sides of any story. I believe that in France to-day, only another phase of the English and the German Reformation is being fought out, and that the temporal pretensions of the Church are quite as much to blame for it all as is total depravity or Freemasonry and infidelity, so much abused in our Catholic pulpits and newspapers. I am a Catholic. I have never believed in any secret society. I abominate Freemasonry, because in my judgment it militates against God, sound morals and human freedom, but that it has its phases of benevolence and attractiveness for most men, goes without saying. It would not be as powerful as it is, if it were only and altogether Godless, Christless, immoral and enslaving to the human mind. I abominate French and American Democracy alike, because, in the first place, their annunciated primal bases or principles are absolutely false to nature; simply false and a lie, and because here and elsewhere, wherever such notions of men and government have prevailed they have slowly but surely developed into Oligarchy and a tyranny of ignorance and corruption. I love the Church of Christ as I love my own soul, because I see how it has fed my soul with truth and the love of truth and the joys that such love gives to humanity. But I abominate the so-called temporal power of the Church; its titles of human honor, its pretensions to princedoms, and all worldly authority, because I believe all such claims and

pretensions utterly opposed to the spirit and teachings of Christ, and that such claims and pretensions have always worked mischief, pride and humiliation in the lives of Churchmen cursed by such temporal titles, that such claims and pretensions have been potent factors in wrecking the Church in ages past, and have done incalculable injury to countless millions of souls. I believe that these subtle claims are an evolution of the old imperial government of the Roman Empire, that were born and bred in the inmost heart of old Rome before Christ died to obliterate all such humbuggery and make the world free and joyful in its reconciliation with God.

I believe that these temporal claims and pretensions of Rome have been at the root of all its past miseries and losses and the wreck of nations, and that they are at the root of all the troubles in France and Italy to-day. With all my heart I acknowledge the utmost spiritual authority of the Roman Catholic Church. I know her precedence and her history; and so true am I in all this that could it be possible for the Pope to command me to believe other than I now believe, I should most prayerfully seek the light that might lead me to believe otherwise. But if a priest or a bishop jumps on me and tells me I shall be damned and go to hell for my present belief, I shall tell him to be damned and go to hell himself.

Believing this and seeing as I see most clearly that the temporal power of the Church has always involved her in trouble with the State; that she has always cared for and sought the titles and the support of the powers of kings and princes, and seeing clearly how the principles of the connection of Church and State have always worked in the past, have recently worked in the action of Austria and her veto in the recent conclave, and are working with wrecking and madness in France and Italy to-day, I believe in cutting clean and clear with the finest damascus blade Church and State asunder, letting the one stand in its adherence to Christ alone, and being wholly satisfied with the honor that Christ can give, and letting the other stand on the Declaration of Independence or any other old lie that the voice of the people may proclaim as the word of God for the time being.

There are many phases of religion and education involved in this change, but there can be nothing quite so bad, so humiliating and despicable as a priest of the Church subject to the temporal

direction of princes and kings, and we can see no way out of this slavery as long as the Churchman accepts his salary from princes and kings. I believe with the apostle, that it is right we should obey God rather than man, preach the gospel of Christ in all the plenitude of the power of freedom and trust to the inspiration of the divine spirit to move the faithful or those blessed by the gospel to make corresponding provision for our wants and needs.

Let the Church cast herself wholly on the appreciative love of God who careth for her and even if she should not hob nob as much with princes and kings, what of it? God will inspire His children to care for His own. I hold this doctrine of utter separation of Church and State, in all lands, in perfect harmony with the theory I have long ago advocated, that the Church should provide parochial schools for her own children and as many others as may care for the kind of education her schools have to offer, and that if the State provides common school education for children, much more, if the State makes education compulsory—which I do not believe in—the said State is bound in common law and justice and honor to devote as much of the common school fund to the Catholic parochial or other schools pro rata, head for head, as it costs said State to educate an equal number of scholars in the public schools, including, of course, as much as it costs the State for scholars and the teachers who teach her scholars: simply the equivalent per head for scholar and teacher. That I think we are bound to claim, as Catholics; have long thought so and taught so before Bishop McFall was bishop at all and more clearly than he knows how to teach. I believe also that we should be satisfied with this and with nothing short of this, and that we should not discuss or ask anything more; always leaving the scholar or the parent free to choose the school and simply making a business deal with the State, precisely as we would were we buying a piece of government land. The State has no business to teach religion in the public schools or elsewhere, and if it chooses to teach agnosticism, that is not our business as long as the State leaves religious teachers free to teach religion, and does not interfere with them—and we never want to mix up any claim of the Catholics with the claims of Lutherans, Episcopalians or others. They are all agnostics in one sense, though many of them are excellent people. They are not Catholics and we have no interest in getting their religious notions taught in or out of the public schools.

The government of the United States is wedded to the public schools. The *New York Sun* recently quoted a Brooklyn Catholic priest as saying that if any Congregational conglomeration should ever attempt to break up the public school system he would get down his old musket and fight for its continuance. All priests will not agree to my proposition either, and I only mention it here as showing that in my treatment of the subject of Church and State, I have not failed to consider the proposition of education as related thereto.

Cut the chain that binds Church and State. Let the Church mind the spiritual affairs of the race and mind them well. Let the State look after the criminals of the world and hang all she can convict according to her laws, but keep her hands off the altars of the Lord God Almighty. Let each be just in all its dealings with the other and with all men, and the millennium will dawn and Christ will come again and be recognized as King of Kings and Lord of Lords: the only ruler of princes and democracies—the Eternal Son of the one Eternal God. There will always be trouble in this world, but let the Church adhere closely to her own sphere and so stop the confusions and wrecks of hundreds of years.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

THE GOAL OF SCIENCE.

The intellectual revolution of the 17th century, which gave to modern science its Magna Charta, had as its battle-cry the substitution of the inductive for the deductive method.

Thus Galileo, Gassendi and Bacon, and their associates and followers, walking in the footsteps of Copernicus, Tycho Brahe, Gilbert, and other great scientists of the preceding generation, and animated by the spirit of Cardinal Cusa, Telesius and the Cosentinian Academy, succeeded in breaking the power of those fixed presuppositions in natural science which had for nearly two millenniums dominated the schools, vitiating alike the physical philosophy of the professed disciples of Aristotle (like the Catholic and Lutheran scholastics), the speculations of the Ramists and

other neosophists, and the science of the medico-occult school, then represented by Trithemius, Agrippa and Paracelsus.

There never have been lacking those who, in the name of ancient or mediæval philosophy, or of modern speculative thought (especially of the idealistic Cartesian and Post-Kantian types), have impugned the so-called Baconian method, denying its value, or questioning its validity, as an organon, or an adequate organon, of truth.

But as time has gone on, the two contending schools have approximated to each other, and have prepared the way from both sides, for a better understanding of the relative values, and proper utilities, of the inductive and deductive methods.

The fangs and nails of the deductionists are drawn by the simple consideration that their greatest master, Aristotle, was in a certain sense the historic father of the inductive method, relying upon it almost exclusively. The scientific errors resulting from the deductive method can thus be traced back to the imperfect induction upon which the basic principles of its deductions rested.

On the other hand, the hue and cry of the naturalists against the deductive method has lost much of its force since modern natural science, as a result of the discovery of one great unifying law after another, has itself become, in its higher phases, so largely deductive.

The characteristic vice of deduction is the imperfect verification of its premises and conclusions; the characteristic vice of induction is the hasty drawing of conclusions from insufficient data.

Deduction, the drawing of particular facts from general principles and laws, is a speculative air-castle, unless it rests upon sound induction.

Induction, the deriving of general principles and laws from particular instances, is a mere embryo of science, unless those principles and laws are made use of by deduction.

It cannot be successfully maintained that deduction differs fundamentally from induction because it has as its basic self-evident truths directly intuited; for those truths which are really and indisputably self-evident, like the principle of contradiction (a thing cannot *be* and *not be* in the same sense at the same time), are the (conscious or unconscious) basis of all reasoning—of the inductive or *à posteriori* variety, quite as much as of the deductive or *à priori*.

The function of induction is the attaining of real knowledge; that of deduction is the application of it. All the constructive work of the human intellect must ascend from details to unifying truths, and from the less general truths to the more general, by way of induction; but when unifying truths are attained to they must be utilized, applied and tested by deductive processes.

The empirical element of science is ancillary to the metempiric. The collection and classification of facts is valuable chiefly as a means to the discovery of principles and laws, and only so far as the latter are attained to is real science made possible. It is, likewise, only through these that we are enabled to apply the products of scientific labor to the exigencies of art,—that is, to make them instruments for the accomplishment of practical ends.

The milestones of scientific progress are the great unifying discoveries like the Copernican system, the Keplerian laws and the nebular hypothesis, in astronomy; the laws of gravitation, the atomic theory of the constitution of matter, the undulatory theory of light, heat and sound, and the law of the correlation of forces, in physics; Mendeleff's periodic law, in chemistry; and the evolutionary hypothesis and Quetelet's law of variation, in biology.

But every forward step in the explanation of phenomena is an approximation towards that universal synthesis which alone can perfectly satisfy the mind, and which every scientific philosopher is consciously or unconsciously striving for.

The very possibility of science depends upon the universality and uniformity of law; but if the whole universe is governed by fixed laws, a perfect understanding of its original elements and fundamental constitution would permit of an *à priori* deduction of all the consequences of those fundamental laws—that is to say, of all phenomena, in all their details and relationships. This will still hold good even if real causality and objectivity are not acknowledged; all that is necessary for the validity of the statement is the supposition that phenomena are co-ordinated, in a definable manner, in such sequences *as if* they were causally related to each other.

Many instances of such *à priori* deductions, with substantial results by which they have been strikingly verified, are furnished by the recent history of science. From the laws of anatomy the paleozoölogist has been able to reconstruct a whole animal from a single bone, and his reconstruction has been vindicated by the

finding of the missing parts. From the laws of astronomy the existence of unobserved planets and stars has been ascertained, and a search for them instigated which has resulted in their discovery. From the law of evolution the discovery of specific intermediate forms has been predicted before it was made. From the periodic law in chemistry unknown elements have been named, and their properties described with a considerable degree of accuracy, long before they were actually met with.

Whatever theory of the origin of the visible universe is held to, provided only that the universality and inviolability of its laws be recognized, the theoretical possibility of the ultimate discovery of a valid basis for the universal *a priori* deduction of phenomena must be recognized.

The possibility of such deduction, verified by the event, is the test, practically used, if not explicitly recognized in so many terms, of the truth of every large and bold induction. The parallelism between the periodic series of the elements and the members of the hydrocarbon series, pointed out by Sir Norman Lockyer, might lead to the permanent adoption and retention of his hypothesis that the so-called elements are only progressive and systematic combinations of two or three proto-elements; provided that it could be demonstrated that from the ascertained or hypothetical properties of those proto-elements all the properties of the elements at present recognized are deducible. In this and every other case, the truth inductively attained must be verified in its deductive application by observation and experiment. If the deduction, rightly made, does not lead to the facts empirically ascertained, the inductions or hypotheses which furnished the ground for the deduction must be repeated and corrected.

If all sensible phenomena are, according to the theory so ably elucidated *coram publico* by Dolbear, the results of the mechanical motions of atoms mediated by stresses in the circumjacent ether, then a perfect knowledge of the properties of the atoms and the ether, and of the laws of motion, would enable all the infinite details of the system of nature to be accurately deduced from them.

If, in accordance with the brilliant Helmholtz-Thompsonian hypothesis, the whole material universe is derived from the interstellar ether, the ultimate atoms being simply permanent vortex-rings in that medium, then all atomic and molecular phenomena must be perfectly explicable by the properties which atoms so

constituted must necessarily have, in view of the properties that must be attributed to the ether in order to explain the whole body of ethereal phenomena.

If, as Spencer concludes, in accordance with the metaphysical speculations of numerous Oriental philosophers with whom he otherwise has little in common, the whole universe passes through an eternal succession of evolutionary and involutory phases—ascending, in one vast cycle, from incoherent homogeneity to coherent heterogeneity, only to descend in the next from coherent heterogeneity to incoherent homogeneity—then it must be theoretically possible to find in the extremest phase of incoherency and homogeneousness the perfect and sufficient reason of the specialization of function and integration of parts that are to follow; and to find in the consummated complexity and integrity which would mark the completion of the evolutionary process, the perfect reason of the subsequent breaking down of the organic unities and the segregation and assimilation of their elements.

If the whole universe is derived from an Infinite and Eternal Being, as we know it to be, then the adequate reason for everything contained in it, in all its details and all its stages, must be capable of being found in that Being, and it is incumbent upon those who postulate such a Being to seek for it; unless that Being be, as we know He is not, an erratic and capricious personality, in whose thought and action no perfect reason and order exist, in which supposition, and in direct ratio with the degree in which law were displaced by caprice, science would become as impossible as it would be if the universe had been developed by pure chance.

It would be a mistake to suppose that the process of the theoretical construction of science by induction, hypothesis and verification can be completed in any finite time. To consider any least part of it as finally completed, so that its conclusions are treated as irreformable, is always dangerous, for the slightest flaw in the inductive process would vitiate the conclusion and all the consequences therefrom deduced, and such a closure of testimony would be a reversion to the apriorism by which the science of nature was so long kept in its swaddling-clothes.

New inductions, hypotheses and verifications will always be possible; the evolution of science, like all human progress, being,

as the Fichtean philosophy taught, of the nature of an asymptotic curve, continually approaching to the Absolute without ever attaining to it.

Even if physical science could be absolutely completed, there are quantitative and mechanical reasons why a universal deductive application of its conclusions to phenomena could not be made in anything short of a period so vast that for all practical purposes it might as well be of infinite duration; for the permutations mathematically derivable, by even twice compounding, from a very small number of original interpretative elements, reach a number inconceivably vast. For example, any nine objects, taken three at a time, are capable of 504 permutations; and the number representing the possible permutations of these 504 among themselves, again taken three at a time, would require a row of nearly six hundred figures for its full expression.

But there are certain advantages in having clearly before the mind the theoretical goal of scientific inquiry, even though that goal be indefinitely distant; not the least of which is the stimulus to original investigation arising from the consciousness of the inconceivable vastness of the work that, however great the achievements of science may have been up to any given time, will always remain to be done, every completed task preparing the way for others still more glorious.

MERWIN-MARIE SNELL.

SOME ROOSEVELT SOMERSAULTS.

On October 19th, the following appeared in the *Philadelphia Record*:

“Washington, D. C., Oct., 18.—President Roosevelt has come to the point where he will have to use whitewash in the postal scandal or lose his Secretary of the Treasury and at the same time the support of a powerful Republican following in Indiana.

“The report of Charles J. Bonaparte and Holmes Conrad, who at the request of the President, investigated that part of the postal scandal covered under the Tulloch charges, reflects upon Comptroller of the Treasury Tracewell, and practically demands his retirement. Secretary of the Treasury Shaw resents the dragging

of the postal scandal into the Treasury Department, and has flatly declared that he is satisfied with Tracewell, and will not have him go. He is said to have given the President to understand that he will quit the Cabinet if Tracewell is retired.

"This puts the President in a close place. If he ignores the report of Bonaparte and Conrad, his own agents, he will practically have to throw the whole postal scandal out of Court. This he can hardly afford to do on the eve of the campaign. If he follows the recommendation of the report he will give unpardonable offense not only to Secretary Shaw, who would probably leave the Cabinet, but also to Comptroller Tracewell's Republican following in Indiana. Tracewell is from the Congressional district of Representative Hemenway, who will be chairman of the Appropriations Committee in the next Congress, but it is said that Tracewell, and not Hemenway, is the real leader of the Republicans in that district, and that he has such powerful influence throughout the State that he could take its support away from the Administration. He was recommended for his present place by both Indiana Senators, but he owes his appointment rather to his own political strength than to their recommendation. He is said to be easily strong enough to take Hemenway out of Congress."

The next day the following appeared in the same paper:

"Yields to Secretary Shaw. President will not demand Tracewell's resignation. Declines to accept Bonaparte-Conrad report's recommendations on this point.

"Washington, D. C., Oct. 19.—Secretary Shaw and other friends of Comptroller of the Treasury Tracewell have won their fight against the enforced retirement of the latter official. It was semi-officially announced at the White House this afternoon that the President had become satisfied the criticism of Comptroller Tracewell contained in the Conrad-Bonaparte report was not sufficiently severe to warrant a demand for the resignation of an officer whose conduct of his office had otherwise been so able and conscientious.

"This decision of the President practically ends a controversy which threatened a split in the Cabinet, for it is believed that if the retirement of Tracewell had been insisted on, it would have led to the retirement also of Secretary Shaw within a short time. The latter, as well as Postmaster General Payne, has held throughout the controversy that the Comptroller had not been guilty of conduct even deserving of censure in passing the postal accounts in question.

"The two Cabinet members also took the ground that their view of the matter should naturally have more weight with the President than the view of outsiders like Bonaparte and Conrad. Now that the contentions of the members of the Cabinet have won the day, there will be considerable curiosity among the public to see what the Bonaparte-Conrad report had to say about Comptroller Tracewell, but it seems unlikely this curiosity will be gratified."

After reading the final dispatch, I remarked to a friend: Roosevelt is at it again, and what I intimated in the last GLOBE has already come true. He has backed out of the policy of justice and investigation of injustice, and has yielded to the thieves. From the date of these dispatches till this writing, December 1st, Roosevelt gave every evidence, silent and otherwise, that he dared not and dares not sift to the bottom any of the many corruptions that have disgraced the Republican administration during the last six years..

Now the common sense of the nation will naturally ask, where is the use of appointing experts to trace out the criminal conduct of the servants of the people unless punishment reaches and is fastened on the criminals themselves. In fact, it was not a mere matter of disrupting the Roosevelt Cabinet, but of disrupting the Republican party, and in view of the approaching presidential campaign what was to be done? It was and is plain, has been plain from the beginning of Roosevelt's so-called investigations, that if said investigations were anything more than a bluff, they would reach to and incriminate the very highest officials of the Government. For one, I do not believe that President Roosevelt ever meant that they should go thus far, hence the so-called investigations put the President in a worse light than ever. It would seem that all the time he was causing it to appear in the papers, that he meant to sift things to the bottom, he really meant no such thing. Either this, or that, if he really meant to sift things, he has backed out of this as he had already backed out of his purposes looking toward "Tariff Reform," Trust Killing, etc.

In truth, it takes a man of sound conscience and considerable business ability to accomplish what Roosevelt set out to perform, and no sane or well-informed man now supposes that Roosevelt is blessed with either faculty. I still believe that his intentions were inclined to the upright, but the Republican machine has made a puppet of him. We can hardly blame him. We simply pity

and despise him. This was all written before Roosevelt stole Panama and shook his fist at the owners.

The same day that the foregoing dispatches appeared in the *Philadelphia Record* there appeared also this wonderful item of news, namely, that "the President had turned down Senator Hanna," and intended to recognize Senator Foraker as the real leader in Illinois politics. This is too funny for anything but Roosevelt's statesmanship. Foraker is a good enough lawyer, but no statesman. To turn down Hanna in Ohio or National politics would be far more disastrous to Roosevelt's prospects in Ohio and the nation than to turn down Tracewell would be disastrous in Indiana. Tracewell is a stubborn man and he knows a heap about the national finances under the McKinley administration, much that would shock the pious sense of the country were he to divulge it as he threatend to do. But Hanna made McKinley president, the first and second times, and he and the forces he represents have the power to make or unmake Roosevelt. So far, Senator Hanna has appeared to yield points to Roosevelt, but only as a strong and wise man yields points to a child, or an impetuous boy, simply to let the boy see later on what a presumptuous fool he was to ask for such yielding, and to serve his own ends and lead eventually to the boy's downfall.

Nearly two years ago, admitting that we had at first over-estimated Roosevelt, and hoped too much from him, we declared his essential weakness and prophesied his fall. That fall is as sure as fate. He was too confident in the reputation and resuscitated power of Senator Quay. Senator Quay is still a power in Pennsylvania politics, but outside of his own State is either ignored or despised. But Pennsylvania is so utterly wedded to high tariff and the Republican party that the State would vote for any old and discarded mule for President of the United States if the Republican party nominated him. In a word, any fool Republican nominee is sure of Pennsylvania, therefore, what he wants is the friendship and help of men outside the Keystone State. To this end, of course, Payne and Shaw both got Cabinet positions; but even these men and the hat-throwing and yelling crowds of the farther West are not enough to boom a man into the Presidency who eats with negroes, plays fast and loose with fraud, who pretends to be a Civil Service Reform President in words, but in fact backs out of every position that would lead to common honesty or to any

human reform; in fact, as was seen later, who steals nations on his own account and gets Hanna to back him. President Roosevelt is a miserable failure, and what he plans, when Taft and Root and Wood are in positions where he thinks they can help him more than they are doing now, that is, mid-October, 1903, would wake the dead to living, burning indignation, that would haul the petty triumvirate from the small positions of power they might occupy and make the honored name of Roosevelt a hissing and a byword among all honest and dishonest men.

THE FALL ELECTIONS AND AFTER

The fall elections were of importance mainly as their results had a prophetic bearing on next year's presidential campaign; and it must be admitted that victory and defeat were so strongly blended that the average citizen could get no satisfactory assurance from them as to who would be our next President.

Long ago we told Roosevelt that the thing for him to do as a man and as a politician was to go right on with his Harvard and Yale notions of Tariff Reform and Trust Killing, making sure of a canal or two on the way, and to lay aside ambition. But he has reformed no tariff; he has killed no trust; he has built no canal; he has not even probed to the bottom by a long way, the post-office robberies, the Indian stealings and other rascalities, all of which have grown up under his own administration; he has played fast and loose with the rascals that did the stealing and has bartered honor and fame for the paltry ambition of being a candidate for the Presidency on his own account and of losing the one chance of his life of showing himself a man of honor and a gentleman. He has hob-nobbed with negroes, with the shallow hope of carrying the Southern States, and has lost respect even in that region. After the elections he started a Southern Roosevelt Republican party among his official slaves, which party means to be a dog in the manger affair, showing that it must be Roosevelt or nothing except a Democrat.

Long ago we told Roosevelt that it was useless for him to re-instate or make fast friendship with Senator Quay, because Pennsylvania was sure for any man the Republican party might nominate for President. If the Republicans of the United States were to nominate for president a white elephant, a circus monkey or a painted crow the State of Pennsylvania would vote for the beast

or the bird and all the editors and all the judges and all the politicians and, of course, all the thieves in the State would support the animal and sing his praises. Iron and coal and steel and rascality are so strangely mixed here that it is all folly to coax or curse the hand of destiny.

Personally, I have always favored Quay in any choice between the man and his enemies. I do not consider him immaculate, but between the two non-immaculates Quay and the Philadelphia reformers give me Quay every time, with or without the drinks, as you please. So that personally, I was glad that Roosevelt adopted Quay and so silenced the burning eloquence of the Philadelphia opposition; but as a political move, it was simply like the rest of Roosevelt's moves, an insignificant, sightless blunder. If he had favored Quay alone it might not have mattered much, but to pet Quay and to "turn down Hanna" showed the President, as we have said, a man without foresight or hindsight, a simple unsophisticated, prowling gunner with lots of spectacles and grin, but with no sight, no aim and no killing capacity.

At the fall elections, Pennsylvania rolled up 217,800 Republican majority. What is the use of reasoning with such a State? It is joined to its idols. Tariff reform for robbery only, and a sure protection for the thieves. What good will all this do Roosevelt? Pennsylvania is not the whole country, by nearly a hundred times, and the President's published attempts to turn down Hanna resulted in 100,000 Republican majority in Ohio, distinctly for the turned down statesman. The *Philadelphia Ledger* of November 4th, thus briefly stated the case in Ohio:

"The full Republican State ticket was elected and that party will have a majority of 100 in the Legislature on joint ballot, insuring the re-election of Hanna to the Senate."

In this connection it was stated that the President, on receiving the returns from Ohio, showed no especial joy, but was much elated over the Republican victory in Massachusetts. Here again, it is not the statesman viewing the returns with open eyes, taking in the whole country, but a mediocre man of small prejudices. In truth, the Ohio returns brought the chilling autumn wind from the West, plainly intimating that Senator Hanna was master in his own State and that the President would still further have to humble himself before the Senator if he wished to be even nominated President for the next four years.

Senator Mark Hanna is the ablest, the most powerful, the most influential, the most statesman-like, the wisest politician in the Republican party to-day, and for a young man like Roosevelt, a mere accidental President, without knowledge or experience to run against such a man, is, as sure as fate, to court and to get a tumble. We do not approve of Hanna's machine methods of carrying elections, but were we candidate for President we do not know of another man in the country that we would choose to manage the campaign. If Hanna wants to be our next President he can be; if he wants to give Roosevelt the nomination in order to see him beaten, he can do so. That is the situation at this writing, Nov. 5th.

Roosevelt cannot be elected; Hanna could be elected. But any one of three or four Democrats can beat Roosevelt, if the whole party will unite on their candidate, and I think the party will unite on Cleveland or Gorman, or perhaps Bryan or Hearst, or Mayor-elect McClellan, of New York, or Parker, and any one of them, if united on by the whole Democratic party can beat Roosevelt. To-day it seems to me that Senator Gorman, of Maryland, is the least objectionable as a man and as a politician, but the party must unite. Bryanism and Clevelandism *simply must bury the hatchet* and go in to win.

This last thought brings forward, for a moment, Senator Gorman, of Maryland. The Senator is, first of all, a gentleman, and such a man is badly needed in Washington and the White House. Roosevelt has good blood and had a good name, etc., but his two years in the presidency have smirched all that, and he is as good as dead. Gorman is a clean man—no smirch upon his record. Moreover, being a gentleman, he would certainly quit the office as clean as when he entered it. Real gentlemen do not turn thieves or the protectors of thieves. Gorman has been a conservative man in all his career, so much so that most of us were surprised at the boldness of his speech made just before the fall elections. In this speech he denounced Roosevelt's policy in general, and especially his folly of eating and socializing with negroes, thus making the negro question a direct issue in Maryland politics, and perhaps in the politics of the Nation.

Gorman saw that the time was ripe for this, and he won his State by a moderate majority. Gorman's radical attitude, by its very surprise as well as by its justice has helped the Democratic

party and injured Roosevelt's prospects more than any single speech or act of any one man since the Roosevelt campaign began.

Two years ago, Mr. President, we told you that you should be and would be broken on the wheel. But at that time even I did not see the concurrence of atoms that would combine to crush you.

In this connection, we may glance for a moment at the election in New York. Time and again I have foretold in this magazine, during the last two years, that Roosevelt's own State of New York would go 60,000 majority against him. I have always believed in the New York machine, just as I have always believed in the Philadelphia machine, solely on the ground that Tammany was just as upright as the reformers, and a great deal smarter; so in Pennsylvania, that Quay and Co. were just as upright as the reformers and a great deal smarter.

While courting Quay these last two years, which was not necessary for Quay's or Roosevelt's safety, and can only be accounted for on the ground of some strong personal liking for Quay on Roosevelt's part—but while thus engaged, he has antagonized the two senior Senators from New York and Ohio, and has already antagonized his own great State. Great man! this Roosevelt man, heap o' big, great man, him big, him strenuous, him shoot good, him wants war, him choose big triumvirate, *Wood* and *Root* and *Taft*, and the young braves sweep the country—all heap o' big rascalities included.

Meantime the Ohio elections and the New York elections have shown this, that Hanna and Platt are the bosses, no matter where Roosevelt and the big three go dangling around. I think it was early in this year that Mr. Platt suggested that the old men of the Nation were needed for control, and some time in this year Senator Hanna remarked that he President seemed to be hunting trouble. Well, my dear, Mr. President, you have certainly found it, and I wish you happy dreams of war or peace as the gods may choose.

Two years ago, while chatting in my office in New York, the Rev. Dr. DeCosta remarked, after Low's election and the noise that was being made about it: "Why, Mr. Thorne, the city of New York will wipe the gutters with Seth Low two years from now." Perhaps Mr. Low's congratulations of Mayor-elect McClellan were offered as a timely preventative of the literal as well as the political fulfillment of DeCosta's prophesy.

It should be remarked and mentioned here that the famous author and clergyman, now a student in Rome for the Catholic priesthood, was a Republican and a New Yorker born and bred. I was a little inclined to Low at the time, but DeCosta would have none of him. The New Yorkers may catch a drumfish inadvertently once in a while when their lines are dangling—as they caught Dowie, unawares, but they do not attempt to swallow such fish. They simply throw them overboard and turn in for a drink with the boys. The Pennsylvania machine acts differently and swallows everything caught and washes it down with soft drinks—on Sundays. Great State this, and sure for Roosevelt, no matter what becomes of all the rest of the world.

Twenty years ago at midnight, while the young Republicans were shouting for Blaine, all along the excited line of Chestnut street, drunk as lords and hoarse of throat with their wild shouting, I was quietly on my way home from my evening's work on the newspaper and had the last correct returns which gave New York to Cleveland by 11,000, and so made him President. I stepped up to one young man whom I knew and said to him: "Will, stop your noise. Cleveland is elected by 11,000 majority in New York." "No such thing!!" the young man said. "Go 'long!! Three cheers for Blaine!! Ho raw!!" etc. etc. The next morning he and the country awoke to learn that Cleveland was President-elect of the United States. So it will be again.

As I said, the fall elections both in Ohio and New York sent their compliments with the returns to Roosevelt with this information, simply: "You are a beaten man. You ought to have known better, but you didn't; the old men still rule this nation and no young bucks need go hunting trouble in the West or elsewhere."

On the day after the election, Republican Representative Payne, of New York, was quoted as saying that the election returns of New York City could not be counted on as having any bearing on Roosevelt's chances for the next presidency; the city railroads, etc. had elected the Tammany candidate, etc. Senator Gorman was quoted as expressing himself satisfied with the turn things had taken in Maryland; and President Roosevelt was reported as having sent a telegram to Senator Hanna congratulating the Senator on his splendid victory in Ohio. That was far more sensible than any attempt on Roosevelt's part to turn down Mr.

Hanna, but like all Roosevelt's actions, the congratulation was a day after time, and a little too late, Mr. President.

On his way to Washington, two or three days after the elections, Senator Platt was quoted as saying that the New York City elections could not be counted on as unfavorable to the election of the Republican candidate for the next presidency—"me too, Platt," but the "easy boss" did not mention Roosevelt as that candidate. Ordinarily, the State of New York can overcome a New York City majority of 50,000, but mark you, if Roosevelt is the candidate, McClellan's majority of 63,000 will not be overcome. If Mark Hanna should be the candidate, as is most likely, said majority of 63,000 will be overcome. So subtle is the trade and the commercial aspect of politics in the City and State of New York, and so little regard has Senator Platt and New York City or State for the mighty hunter, now accidental President of the United States. In a word, so intimate are the two party machines of the State of New York. Before the fall elections Mr. Seth Low was quoted and cartooned as "standing on his record," but as the "record" was a pack of wornout gambling cards, it just doubled up and fell. So Roosevelt, just before the fall elections, was quoted as "standing on his principles," but as the principles are unworthy of the name, never had any soundness in them, have always been as shifting and uncertain as quick sand, they have slid from under him, letting him down gently, so to speak, but down as sure as drifting sand.

It will prove true, as we have elsewhere asserted in this issue, that unless Roosevelt prostrates himself still further before Senator Hanna he is lost. Last year he telegraphed the Senator asking him to help the Ohio Republicans to commit themselves to him, Roosevelt, which Hanna did. Soon as the fall elections were over he again telegraphed the Senator sending congratulations. Meanwhile, some quiet word from Senator Quay must have gotten to the President's ear and lo! November 10th these dispatches appeared in the newspapers

"Washington, Nov. 9.—President Roosevelt to-day urged Senator Hanna to retain the Chairmanship of the Republican National Committee and conduct the Presidential campaign next year.

"Senator Hanna, it is understood, indicated his desire to retire from the arduous duties of active political management.

"The President, however, urged him in strong terms to continue to lead the Republican organization, pointing out to him the confidence his leadership would inspire throughout the country.

"No definite conclusion was reached at this conference, which was held at the executive offices, but it is understood that a further and more extended conference will be held on the subject soon.

"In the course of the conference to-day the subject of the presidential campaign was considered briefly, not only the Chairmanship of the National Committee being involved, but also Mr. Hanna's reported aspirations to the presidency.

"Senator Hanna called at the White House formally to pay his respects to the President. The President greeted him cordially, and renewed the congratulations on the result of the Ohio elections, which he expressed in his telegram to Senator Hanna, sent the day after the elections.

"The President and Senator Hanna remained in conference for a considerable time, notwithstanding the fact that several callers of note were waiting to see the President.

"The President insisted that the Senator retain the Chairmanship of the National Committee, that the Republican party might in the approaching campaign have the benefit of his services at the head of the national organization.

"When Senator Hanna left the White House he declined to discuss the subject of the National Chairmanship or to comment on the reports that he might be a candidate for the presidency."

This would cut Hanna out of the candidacy, and so help Roosevelt both ways, but the scheme is too simple to work.

Senator Hanna will not be a candidate for the next presidency unless the Republican party is made to see clearly that Roosevelt cannot carry the country. In that case, Senator Hanna would have to be candidate, and, as we have said all along, he is the only man that can win next year.

In any event, the President has made all the humiliating apologies that could be asked of any man, and if Senator Hanna remains Chairman of the National Republican Committee, and by any hook or crook of the old pattern can crowd Roosevelt to the fore, Senator Hanna will still be President *ex-officio*, as under McKinley. John Hay will still be Secretary of State, and all the postal and other scandals in another five years will be buried deeper than the fathomless sea.

History, or rather the foam of it, was being made rapidly between the 5th and the 10th of November.

At this writing, November 14th, the presidential situation remained as stated, unchanged, except that Roosevelt's imperial actions as regards Panama had awakened the Republican officialism of the Southern States to start a Roosevelt boom, but such action cannot forward his election or nomination, though it may increase the fervor of the general South to whip him. The President is certainly doing such stupid things. They appear smart and strenuous to shallow minds, but they are all around blunders just the same.

By Nov. 20th Mr. Hanna had grown tired of pledging Roosevelt and finally said: Let the other fellow now do the swearing off. Will you swear off, Theodore?

ROOSEVELT GETS HIS FOOT IN PANAMA.

Ex-Secretary Long, of the United States Navy, a conservative New England Republican, whose veracity nobody will call in question testified over his own signature during last October, that Theodore Roosevelt when Assistant Secretary of the Navy under McKinley, made things rather lively at his end of the Naval Department, by his persistent agitation in favor of sending American warships to the Philippines and elsewhere to destroy Spanish ships before our own country had declared war with Spain, and while negotiations looking to peace were still going on between the two governments, and while President McKinley still hoped for peace. As to Mr. McKinley's hopes for peace, we have our doubts, but as to Theodore's ultra Masonic pressure in favor of war ahead of time, we have no doubt. Ex-Secretary Long speaks on that head of matters within the sphere of his own control and his statements harmonize so exactly with the rough-riding, strenuous and impetuous propensities of Theodore Roosevelt up to that time and after, that we cannot help believing the ex-Secretary's voluntary testimony. "*Whoope!!* big hunt!!"

There are many people who think that the manners and methods of our accidental President have grown more conservative, or at least more reasonable since his elevation to imperial power. The latest facts, up to this writing, show that he is as wild-

headed as ever and has no real respect for national or international law or honor.

We are about to quote an editorial from the *Philadelphia Ledger*, of November 5th, thinking that its way of putting the President's last wild blunder, that is, up to this date, November 5th, covers the ground even better than the dispatches from Panama of the day before. We premise the editorial by this suggestion, that when an able Philadelphia editor gets his back up and feels free to write on "National Honor" he can put things as finely as Billy Hearst's double column heading editorials of the swing-your-bludgeon sort on all sorts of subjects in the *New York American and Journal*. But here is the way the *Ledger* man treats Roosevelt's latest blunder, up to this date:

"There is more at stake to-day on the Isthmus of Panama than the control of that neck of land; more than the prospect of obtaining a treaty that will permit the United States to construct a canal. The honor of the United States is at stake. Its reputation for faith with friendly nations, and especially its future influence in Central and South America, are in peril. Let it be understood that the rebellion on the isthmus was inspired by officers of this Government, encouraged by movements within our diplomatic or our naval service, or is now to be given aid and comfort by any interpretation of the laws of neutrality in favor of the rebels—and the credit of the American Republic will sink to a par with that of Russia.

"The feeling alleged by many reports to exist at the White House and the State Department, that the failure of the Colombian Congress to ratify the Hay-Herran treaty was a breach of good faith, would be preposterous and silly; it is not entertained by the President or his advisers. The insinuation, insolently made by professed friends of the President, that, in his irritation, he permitted it to be seen that he would look with favor upon a secessionist movement in Panama, may be confidently repelled. A man of sense, when his neighbor declines to sell him a horse at the first offer, doesn't sulk and hold himself justified in inciting his neighbor's sons to steal the horse, so that he may acquire it from them.

"It is, of course, the merest coincidence that the outbreak followed the departure of our Minister from Bogota, the return to Washington of army officers (Captain Humphrey and Lieuten-

ant Murphy) from a confidential mission to Panama, and the dispatch from League Island, ostensibly to Guantanamo, our new naval station in Cuba, but really to Port Royal, Jamaica, within striking distance of the isthmus, of the *Dixie*, with 400 marines aboard; it is another coincidence that the independence of Panama was proclaimed in the very hour in which the gunboat *Nashville* entered the harbor of Colon. But these coincidences are unfortunate, and every effort should be made by those in high authority to dissipate the impression which they contribute.

"The Government at Washington should, and no doubt will, instantly purge itself of any suspicion of implication in the rising in Panama. It should make it clear that no dissatisfaction which may have been felt at the unwillingness of the Bogota Government to come to terms over the canal treaty has been allowed to suggest to Washington the advantages of a new Government at Panama. If any officers of the army or navy have directly or indirectly encouraged adventurers on the isthmus to rise, their acts should be indignantly repudiated. If a conflict is to ensue, the most thoughtful care should be taken lest the presence of American warships in the harbors, or the movements of American marines guarding the Isthmian railroad, be interpreted as giving support to the rebellion. As for any actual aid, it is inconceivable that the President would for an instant dream of tolerating it."

Now as a matter of fact, while this very clever editorial was being written Commander John Hubbard, and all by previous understanding with the Government at Washington, was sending a dictatorial letter to the representative of the Colombian Government; in a word was, under the inspiration of our imperial and strenuous President, playing dictator over the whole Colombo-Panama trouble and landing in Panama those four hundred marines referred to in the editorial.

For the last two years I have asserted and re-asserted in this REVIEW that President Roosevelt's only hope of continuing in power was a war with some old-world nation; which war he was trying to get up, for which war as is now plain, he has placed his triumvirate of *Wood*, *Root* and *Taft* so they can serve him immediately.

They have served him so far only to lead him into the most indiscreet blundering. At first they thought, the four of them, that Russian persecution of the Jews would give ample excuse for a

war with Russia, but the Czar of Russia simply snubbed our Government as unworthy of its attention: would not even receive our many millioned petition—now pigeon-holed at Washington, and the snub was so plain and prompt and utter that our quartet of imperialists lost their breath, proving as we have also reiterated that our strenuous President would not be anything like as strenuous with a first class European power as he was over-strenuous with Spain. We had no business to interfere with Russia and to go to war was absurd. The whole nation would have turned their backs on Roosevelt and have told him to fight for his own folly, and Wood, Root and Taft would simply have stampeded like the wild cattle they really are.

Having laid his shallow plans to bring about the Independence of Panama and having sent agents into the Panama country to plot rebellion, Secretary Root went to England with what assurances nobody but Roosevelt, Root & Co. know. But the Canada boundary line unfavorable to Canada, very favorable to the United States, was declared by an English Lord and Judge, who stood for his picture with Root on his right hand; and now that things are supposed to be ready, November 5th, 1903—the bomb bursts in Panama—Root and branches all exposed.

What of it? A little while ago England and Germany were united with warships to collect honest debts of Venezuela. England was finally bluffed out of her then alliance with Germany and Mr. Kipling made a fool of himself in his poem berating the Teutonic nations.

Since all that, it has been asserted and denied that Germany would buy and build the Panama Canal, and that the next war would be between Germany and the United States—Billy, the German, and Theo., the Yankee, playing single stick across the seas.

Now this much Roosevelt can rely on. He cannot fool the Germans, and it is very doubtful if this country, spite of all its humbuggery about the Monroe Doctrine, will sanction or go into any war with Germany. But if our quartet of young warriors force the hand of Germany, the war will not be alone with the young Hohenzollern, but will be the world war we have said for years, was bound to come, and Theodore Roosevelt will be responsible for the same.

If our Government was really aching to fight for the Monroe Doctrine, why did not Roosevelt send naval vessels and United

States officers down to Venezuela when the English and German warships were there firing right through the rotten shreds of the Monroe Doctrine. If we are the leading naval nation in the world, why did not our quartet of warriors send the many-millioned petition over to the Czar in a warship to fire the petition into the hearing of the Czar? Ladies and gentlemen, spite of our bluff and our smartness, we were simply afraid to attempt to force the Czar to hear us, and spite of the Monroe Doctrine and all our bluster, we were afraid to attack Germany and England combined. Now in spite of all our underhanded plotting in Panama, when the time comes, as come it may, before this issue of the *GLOBE* is published, we had better be afraid to force a war in support of our petty dealings, and in support of our blundering young man who is now President of the United States, simply through an accident of murder.

If we force a war with Germany on the grounds indicated, it will be with Germany and Russia combined, with England and France neutral and non-combatants by mutual agreement, or if either of those two nations joins either side in war, the war will involve every nation of Europe and Asia, will be fought in the central valley of this continent, and the United States will be partitioned as we predicted some six years ago. Move a little cautiously, "Teddy." The game may prove more than you can carry.

This last interfering and meddling blunder of our President is the worst yet, but if our people really want to be led by such a "whoop!" why let them nominate him and elect him, and let them be cut to pieces as they deserve. The position of our warriors in Panama, was just as if a few thousand English, German and Russian warriors had been placed in the harbor of Charleston, S. C., at the opening of our Civil War, and had forbid the Northerners to fire on Sumter, or the Southrons to fire at the Union forces, and all in the interest of peace. The situation pictured in the *Ledger* editorial was no sooner realized than the Independence of Panama was recognized by Commander Hubbard, acting for our Government. Bloodshed was averted, and the daily press of the country reported that European nations were following or would follow in the line of Roosevelt's action. Promptly our Government recognized the independence of Panama, sent representatives and warships there to protect the rebels and shoot the Colombians if they interfered. This dastardly

diplomacy was so taking that everybody laughed at it. Really, nobody but Colombia wants to fight us, but we shall see how Roosevelt having gotten his foot into Panama is induced to take it out again. He will take it out somehow, *sure* as you are born. A subsidized United States Congress may help him to take it out, may lift it out for him, so to speak, or a subsidized Panama Congress, now become a Republican Congress, may be induced to kick it out, single-stick fashion, and if it should stay in and grow there, so to speak, it will damn the President as the greatest freebooter and the United States as the greatest freebooting nation in all the tides of time.

At this date, November 10th, the situation had grown a little complicated. The newspaper dispatches represented it as follows:

“Washington, Nov. 9.—The Provisional Government of Panama has designated a Commission of three members, one of whom is Frederico Boyd, a member of the Junta, who will sail from Panama to-morrow for Washington, to begin immediately the negotiation of a new canal treaty.

“This information comes to the State Department from an agent of the Panama Canal Company.

“This Commission, it is expected, is clothed with full powers to conclude the treaty.

“Embarking of Colombian troops from Buena Ventura or any other Colombian port for the Isthmus will not be permitted by the Washington Government, and American warships will be ordered to any port upon receipt of an intimation that Colombian troops will attempt to sail for the Isthmus.

“The Washington Government holds that this policy is in the interest of the general good.

“Overtures on Colombia’s behalf.

“It was stated on the authority of one of the representatives of the Canal Company that a friendly nation, supposed to be France, had to-day made overtures on behalf of Colombia that the United States should restore the status quo on the Isthmus as it was ten days ago, that Colombia might have opportunity to renew negotiations, with an understanding that the substance of the Hay-Herran treaty would be ratified by the Colombian Congress.

When this statement was laid before Mr. Hay to-night he said, with great positiveness:

“It is impossible. The treaty is dead. It cannot be resurrected. No overtures have come officially to the effect you describe. We have advices that there is an excited state of feeling in Colombia, and that the Colombians are now sorry they did not do what they failed to do. But it is too late. Colombia is not in possession of the Isthmus. We shall not deal with her for what she does not possess.’”

That is, we have just stolen the most valuable of the United States of Colombia from the Union; and, of course, will not treat with the owners of the house we have robbed. This interview with Mr. Hay is too funny for any man to handle except Dooly, but if our freebooters get away with the “swag” they will be hailed as the greatest diplomats of the latest centuries.

At this point, Senator Hanna was brought forward again prominently as was indicated in another article, but as bearing upon this issue, we quote another dispatch relating this time to him.

“Hanna to head Canal Committee.

“It is clear that the sentiment in the Senate supports the attitude of the President and his Cabinet on the Panama Canal issue. The majority caucus, it is said, will to-morrow make the Interoceanic Canal Committee a majority committee, and place Senator Hanna at its head as Chairman. At present Senator Morgan is Chairman and Senator Foster, of Louisiana, is the only minority Senator, with Senators Hawley, Platt, of Connecticut, Hanna, Mitchell, Millard and Kittridge forming the majority. Regard for Senator Morgan’s devotion to the idea of an Isthmian Canal for many years has led the Republican Senators always to keep him at the head of the committee, and the honor has been one that the Alabama Senator has cherished as one of the highest tributes he has enjoyed in all his career.

“This action on the part of the committee is a significant trend of affairs as to the Isthmus. This Government expects to go forward and deal with the new Republic and get a franchise under which the canal can be constructed. A member of the Cabinet stated to-night with great positiveness that it was too late to talk about going back and establishing the status quo to give Colombia a chance to make a new deal.

“‘We shall not annex the Isthmus,’ said he, ‘nor shall we overpower it or dominate it by force, but we shall treat them fairly, accept conditions as we find them and make the best of them by going forward to build the canal after a fair negotiation.’”

Such infernal rot is fit to come from a member of the Washington Cabinet. What was the United States Cabinet—Roosevelt & Co.—doing from November 4th to November 10th but dominating it, inciting it to rebellion and intimidating the rightful authorities so they could not bring the rebels to terms? But here is a word stating Colombia’s attitude and indicating that perhaps we may not be able after all to incite to rebellion, encourage to independence and create a new Republic subservient to our dictation out of a nationally and internationally recognized Republic of States, and all contrary to our explicit treaty relations, all in a night, and to crow over it as a piece of smart diplomacy.

“Colombia’s attitude serious. The protest of the Colombian Government, which has been before the State Department for several days, has as yet received no answer. The attitude of Colombia is said to be more serious than is suspected. It may not extend to war, but may result in a cessation of relations between the two countries. Colombia would recall her Ministers and her Consuls in this country, and dismiss our Minister and Consuls stationed in her borders. Her people would not trade with the United States. Capitalists from this country who have interests in Colombia would be in danger of burdensome discriminations and no franchises could be expected by Americans in any Colombian State or city. The Colombians would trade with Germany instead of the United States, and it is not improbable that German capital would be invited by special concessions to come in and develop the great natural resources of the country. It is also not unlikely that other serious complications might arise. A well known South American diplomat said to-night:

“‘It is hardly realized here in the United States that there is a sympathy between all the South American Republics on this matter. It is, however, the fact. You will find this feeling in the press of Chile, Peru, Mexico and Venezuela. There is an apprehension that the United States will encroach on South American territory. Mexico, always jealous of your encroachments, will view the acquisition of the Isthmus by the United States as a flank movement. She will think that you are crowding her on the

north and getting in position to press her on occasion from the south. To establish a naval and military station on the Isthmus, as you must now do to defend it against Colombia, will be dangerous business for the United States. You may gain a few paltry millions in all this seizure of the Isthmus, but it will cost many times more millions in South American trade.' ”

Thus the Monroe Doctrine may kick back at ourselves, and unless all Europe is composed of a set of cowards we certainly shall find ourselves at war with two-thirds of the nations of the old world within one year from this date, November 10th, 1903.

Meanwhile, here, of the same date, is a brief word indicating just where and how the row may begin, and with this and a brief comment thereon, we will leave the President with both his feet in Panama, and wait for further news.

“St. Thomas, D. W. I., Nov. 9.—The German steamer *Athen* having been refused permission to land her passengers and cargo at San Domingo, returned here Saturday and reported the facts to the German flagship *Vineta*, whereupon the commander dispatched the cruisers *Panther* and *Gazelle* to San Domingo.

“The *Athen* returned to San Domingo yesterday, and it is reported that she will ignore the blockade, under the protection of the German warships.

“Berlin, Nov. 9.—It was officially admitted to-day that German cruisers had been ordered to Santo Domingo, in compliance with the request of the German Consul there.

“San Domingo, Republic of Santo Domingo, Friday, Nov. 5.—The United States cruiser *Baltimore* arrived here yesterday, and subsequently left for Samana, to protect the Clyde Line Steamer *Cherokee* and convoy her to Puerto Plata, to discharge her cargo. Puerto Plata is held by the forces of the revolution.

“The political situation is unchanged. Macoris and Bani are in the hands of the revolutionists. A Dominican gunboat, which returned here Thursday night from Macoris, reports having bombarded that town. The damage done is not known.

“The forces of the revolutionists are approaching San Domingo. There was firing, which only lasted a short time this morning outside the city.”

While we were writing this article, Roosevelt was entertaining Congress by his message to the extra session. We may notice it later, but whichever way Congress acts, the President and his

Cabinet have created a history of infamy for this nation that no amount of Congressional action and no war can wipe out forever. The only honorable way out would be to turn the whole question over to the Hague for arbitration.

A day or two after this writing it was made clear to everybody that, as Secretary Hay had said, our efforts toward a treaty with Colombia had failed, and that phase of the subject was as good as dead. Now the Spooner bill provided that in case of failure of said negotiations the President should go ahead and build the Nicaragua Canal, but Roosevelt is now determined to build the Panama gutter, and he and his Secretary of State and all the legal power of Congress seems bent, at this date, November 14th, toward the position that spite of our failure to negotiate terms with Colombia, and spite of the Spooner Act, which directs the President what to do under such circumstances, the President has the right, without further negotiation, first, to steal Panama from the Colombian Republic; second, to defy Colombia to prevent the steal, or to touch the stolen property; third, to go on, contrary to law, and dig and build a canal through the stolen property, without right of way or leave from anybody. Such is law as regarded by the Roosevelt Cabinet.

Now, as confirming our statements at the opening of this article, I quote once more a short paragraph from the leading editorial of the *Ledger* of November 15th, showing that Roosevelt will fight anybody lawfully or unlawfully that it is safe to fight, and plans to do it in advance.

"The law of force. The portion of the President's message to Congress relating to the Panama Canal, which he had prepared before the 'revolution,' and which is now given out for publication, indicates that the resort to forcible possession of the Isthmus was already formulated in his mind when the more plausible alternative presented itself. The message is to the effect that the United States had waited long enough for Colombia's consent to the occupation of her territory, and the time had come to act without her consent. 'We must forthwith take the matter into our own hands,' was the President's conclusion."

Plainly, our strenuous "Whoope!" is as wild as ever and more so.

Robin Hood, of English fame, and Rob Roy, of Scotch notoriety, never stole their neighbor's cattle or personal property with

a bolder face or more soiled hands. Nothing that Alexander or Nero ever did had a coarser touch of infamy, the depredations of Frederick the Great, and all the depredations of the English in Ireland, in Africa or India have been gentlemanly and heroic compared with this sleek and underhanded piece of national bank robbery.

But again I say, if our Government can and will carry this matter through, we shall certainly be the greatest and most feared, vagabond and outlaw nation on the earth, and shall have so many coaling stations in various parts of the world, and have with all so many ships and so many seamen, marines and whatnot that we can make the world a series of targets and sail on a shooting match compared with which the regular fall duck shooting of Grover Cleveland will be as smooth and slow as a parade of lame chickens going down to the pond for a soft drink—on—Sunday.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

THE STUDY OF SHAKESPEARE.

As this is the age of specialties it is well to carry the idea even into methods of self-improvement. No person has time to read everything that pours from the prolific press of the day, so it is wise to determine to be rooted and grounded in at least one good book. There is so much virtue in knowing some one thing well that there is a saying which advises to "Beware of the man of one book." "Beware" being used in the good sense that such a mind is well nigh invulnerable, at least along the chosen line, as any subject may lead everywhere it is safe to say that the person of any one idea, one hobby, one book, need not necessarily lack a wide culture.

Especially may this be the case if the author chosen be the supreme of writers, Shakespeare, as this wide-brained, large-souled man teaches lessons which enrich the fancy, strengthen the virtue, and elevate character in every way, besides turning a treasure trove of ideas for the use of those who would improve the social condition of the people, for he has chronicled the light and shade of human passion from the vantage ground of

universal comprehension. The manhood of the Anglo-Saxon is no idle theme, and the singer is no "poet of an empty day."

"The folk who lived in Shakespeare's day
And saw that gentle figure pass
By London's bridge—his frequent way—
They little knew what man he was!
Yet twas the king of England's kings!
The rest, with all their pomps and trains,
Are mouldered, half remembered things—
'Tis he alone that lives and reigns!"

And why? Simply because he is so inconceivably wise, especially in that most desirable direction, a true wisdom of life. His ideas now permeate modern literature and his repute shows no signs of decadence. After three hundred years his writings exhibit no marks of decline but are strong and fresh as if imbued with the spirit of immortal youth.

"If I say," writes Carlyle, "that Shakespeare is the greatest of intellects, I have said all concerning him." And yet not so, for Shakespeare was not simply possessed of a great intellect. Many men have been thus endowed, he was also a great moral power, and his chief virtue lies in the fact that as a moral as well as intellectual guide he is so supreme.

It is true that when Shakespeare wrote, it was to produce a play and not a sermon. Simply to point out a moral was not his object. Yet so truly does he picture life without warning, exhorting or condemning that the moral is self-evident. He may not himself have fully appreciated how much his plays revealed to others.

Some one suggests, that, like Columbus, he may not have seen all the wealth that belonged to the new world of his discovery, yet his achievement loses no claim upon our gratitude. One secret of the potency of the Shakespearian drama is the fact that it portrays the life as a whole so that it is seen in the mutual relations of its parts.

Of the poet himself it is certainly true that the world knew no more of him than that he was born at Stratford, married, had three children, went to London when he commenced as actor, wrote poems and plays, returned to Stratford, died and was buried. That he was a poacher, intimate with bad women, died of ex-

posure after a drunken bout, are the traditions about this author which make it impossible for some minds, such as Emerson's, for instance, to reconcile the poet with his work. Other men have lived lives, he says, in some sort of keeping with their thoughts, but this man in wide contrast. But with all due deference to Mr. Emerson's opinion can we think that any man lives a life in opposition to his prevailing thought?

Look above the gossip about Shakespeare and consider how much character he reveals in his writings, the calm, profound wisdom, in utter dissonance to foolish and unseemly living.

But leaving the man Shakespeare to that undisturbed rest the epitaph upon his tomb demands, consider in what ways we learn of him. The successful study and appreciation of so great an author as Shakespeare requires certain previous qualifications. He is so many-sided that he lays a tribute upon all departments of knowledge. This makes it incumbent upon the reader who would follow him intelligently to know something of everything, from psychology down to ornithology with all the other "ologies" sandwiched between.

If the reader knows nothing of metaphysics what shall he do when he comes to the profound meditations of Hamlet? If he has paid no attention to one of the most fascinating of studies, ornithology, how shall he understand, for instance, the lines the fool uses in King Lear as an example of shameless ingratitude?

"The hedge sparrow fed the cuckoo so long
That it's had it head bit off by it young."

Here we have not only the ornithological fact that other birds hatch the eggs of the cuckoo, and become foster parents to the young birds, but also the folk-lore embodied in the old German superstition that as soon as the young cuckoo is grown it devours its foster parents. There is the additional item that in Shakespeare's time the pronoun "its" was seldom used, so, in the text line, "it" occurs twice.

To follow Shakespeare easily and understandingly one must know not only history, psychology, science, ethics, religion, and literature, but must also have acquaintance with Anglo-Saxon and early English, together with some knowledge of astrology, alchemy, and other occult sciences of the middle ages.

His Elfin dramas require a degree of insight into supernatural subjects, such as sylphs, spirits, gnomes, and witches. When it is remembered that magic was once considered the extreme of sacred knowledge, that seers could see demons from the under world, the magic of Prospero's enchanted island becomes more familiar, and Prospero is recognized as the righteous man learning in the tempest of life how properly to combine and harmonize the real and ideal, and so is able to command the invisible elements in the person of Ariel and to subdue sensual forces typified by rude Caliban. Anpeliuss says, among other things accomplished by magic, that the moon was made to send a "poisonous spume." Does this not throw light upon Shakespeare's lines:

"Upon the corner of the moon
There hangs a vaporous drop profound."

Some adequate cause for the introduction of unearthly beings into the drama must be sought. Shakespeare, possibly, did not introduce super-natural scenes in *Macbeth* for so inadequate a reason merely as that intercourse with the spiritual was considered possible in Northern Scotland. Rather he grasped the primary significance of superstition, making it mean so much that no critic has as yet answered satisfactorily the question, "Who are these so withered and so wild in their attire?"

A purely objective study of Shakespeare is never well rewarded. Much as the German commentators have been ridiculed for their subjective criticism of the poet, they have, nevertheless stimulated the study of the dramatist as no mere critic of words, phrases, and poetic forms can ever do. Of what importance is it whether in the *Tempest* the witch Sycorax is "blue-eyed" or "blear-eyed" if we get no spiritual meaning from the marvelous picture of human life the play so well exhibits? But, on the other hand, if no attention be paid to the meaning of certain words, poetic forms, and figures of speech, much recondite meaning will be lost.

In this play of the *Tempest* if the mythological interlude of the masque be not carefully analyzed and the significance of the classical figures introduced be not duly noticed, there is danger of agreeing with the critics who see nothing in it except a pretty scene introduced in compliment of the marriage of King James' daughter. The masque did, no doubt, serve some such purpose

as a charming tribute to a princess, yet it is not merely this, but indicates the basal rock upon which true connubial happiness is founded. Here, it seems, that some knowledge of mythology is necessary, if we would appreciate the poet's frequent allusions to it. The critics say he used fewer classical allusions as he grew older, but certainly the *Tempest*, when Juno sings the marriage song and bounteous Ceres and saffron-winged Iris appear, is not an early play. The poet's use of mythology is so admirable that youthful-minded readers, at least, rejoice that he wrote many plays before he grew older and wiser. Indeed he never was old, and was he not always wise? In *Merchant of Venice*, how the classical allusions add dignity and force wherever they appear, and they are by no means incompatible with simplicity of style. Yes, the student who would know Shakespeare must not neglect the study of the ancients, for the Greek is still the world's school-master. The myths are still pregnant with divine ideas, though Pan is dead and the oracles are dumb.

But while it is true that much previous knowledge is of importance in enabling the student to appreciate the details of such matters as history, language and so forth, in Shakespeare, yet an uneducated person, who, like Portia, is not bred so dull but she may learn, can soon supply the defects of being generally uninformed, for the strength of a conquered author, when conquered in love, passes into the conqueror, so the reader may gain by sympathetic insight something of Shakespeare's large-minded universality. They say, indeed, that the poet himself was no great scholar! Be this as it may, he certainly has the power to create students. Man has never had a more remarkable teacher than this marvelous dramatist, who penetrated into the verities of humanity, and by his occult sympathy with human nature depicts what is in man in such a way that his characters are not only true to history, but true also to the *individual within* each reader. Shakespeare's dramatis personæ represent mental states and principles; his truths, like those of Scripture, are of universal application. His grand theme is life—all-absorbing and mysterious life—which includes within itself *everything* which may be dreamed of in our philosophy, and the interest of which is commensurate with the love of it. When Ulysses meets Achilles in Hades he finds Achilles more interested in life than in anything else. Who can teach so much upon that subject as

Shakespeare? What other writer has so infused his philosophy into living forms that the subjective receives an objective existence? What other poetry, in like degree, sublimates reason, and teaches that self-knowledge can *never* be a *vicarious* task?

The first and most important preparation for the successful study of Shakespeare consists in a certain mental state. The mind should not be hermetically sealed, but should be kept in an open, receptive attitude, capable of following after truth and ready to appropriate it when found. As our author makes "Hamlet" say:

"What is a man,
If his chief good and profit of his time
Is but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more.
Sure He who made us with such large discourse
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and God-like reason
To fust in us unused."

Shakespeare is himself a wise aid in helping to relieve the mind of dogmatism and narrowness. He frequently makes use of the platonic idea of the tripartite nature of the soul. It is useless to contend that Shakespeare does not *say* so. He does not once mention Magna Charta in King John, yet what is this prelude to the English historical plays if it be not an illustration of the principles of Magna Charta?

In Troilus and Cressida, Ulysses makes a speech in which he puts the philosophy of Plato's Republic in a nutshell, making reason, affection and appetite stand in their proper order of precedence—

"When everything includes itself in power,
Power into will, will into appetite,
And appetite, an universal wolf,
So doubly seconded by will and power,
Must make, perforce, an universal prey,
And, last, eat up himself."

The plot of most of the tragedies hinges upon the *undue* development of one or another of these three powers—will, reason, affection or the sensuous nature— or else the collision is caused by disarrangement of the true order of precedence. As Shakespeare is a moral philosopher, in King Lear, for instance, he does not

simply tell a story unnatural and irrational in its foundation about an old man's madness. Neither is his object solely to depict filial ingratitude, but rather the fact in human experience is dramatized that when the intellect completely surrenders to the affections, degeneracy of character begins, and the individual, like Lear, finally loses command over himself, the family and the State. Lear, the poor, infirm, old man, abdicates his rightful kingdom as he rages in helpless impotence in the fury of the storm—a greater storm within himself—is in striking contrast to Prospero, the man who binds the hostile forces of nature to do his bidding in the person of Caliban, and sends beneficent ones in form of Ariel to execute his behests.

Coleridge says no man was ever yet a great poet who was not also a great philosopher. Our poet was a philosopher by virtue of the fact that he inculcates general ideas which are the law to a great variety of facts, and he also teaches the art of the adequate comprehension of principles. It has been said that Socrates affirmed the absolute goodness, and Xenophon the absolute truth, Plato the absolute beauty, but Shakespeare, the representative man, who is said to have correlated the Greek and Anglo-Saxon cultures, affirmed them all. Not, of course, in the cold, abstract terms of pure philosophy, but in the glowing forms of poetic expression and in a language which is indeed "a field of the cloth of gold." In his province of dramatist, he solves life's problems both philosophically and practically, for, as he says, a drama turns the accomplishment of many years into an hour glass. He is the poet of wisdom, of conscience and of self-knowledge. No one can read him thoughtfully without being improved in all departments of knowledge as well as in taste, feeling, and morals.

It has been objected that he presents for our admiration no great religious hero. How strange that he should be censured for religious limitations when every drama has its text, severe in its moral outcome as the strictest Puritan could wish, for Shakespeare is king of the drama, not so much on account of his wealth of invention, or grace of diction, or power of imagination, or vividness of fancy, as in consequence of the moral idea in each play. This idea was demanded by an age fresh from the hands of the reformation; also by the moral and æsthetic perceptions of the poet himself. No dry, theological theory was of interest to him, but the great facts of God's universe were reflected from his

mind. To him the world was not divided into two compartments, one sacred, one profane; but the natural and spiritual were harmonious parts of the same divine order. Not unmindful of the life to come, he shows the unseen influences for weal or woe which meet us here upon the banks and shoals of time. His great historical theorem is that punishment is only guilt developed, the necessary consequence of guilt voluntarily incurred. He agrees with the Welsh bard, Taliesin, that God Himself cannot procure good for the wicked. Everywhere in the plays the fact is made clear that character is destiny. With us it is as true as of the soldiers before the Trojan city—"Troy, in our weakness, stands not in her strength." There is scarcely an important doctrine or precept in the Gospel which is not directly or indirectly recognized and enforced by Shakespeare either in sentences or in the retributions which work themselves out by natural processes during the play.

But, cries the critic, can anything excuse the poet's coarseness, his confused metaphors and his anachronisms? Yes, for the coarseness individualizes character as it does in life; confused figures of speech show mental characteristics, and some of the anachronisms are on purpose. By placing palm trees and lions in the Garden of Arden, he would have his reader note that it is an ideal realm and not a veritable English forest. What if he does put cannon on the stage prior to its invention? What if he places Nero 800 years B. C., and causes a vessel to be wrecked 100 miles from any sea, is not genius a law unto itself? For does not Goethe make Faust mention Luther, while Raphael, prince of painters, puts a fiddle in the hands of Apollo on Parnassus? Shakespeare is a great moral and intellectual guide despite the carpings of verbal critics. As dramatist, he molds character for the great object of the drama is the purification of the passions.

Every age has its own poet-prophet who speaks to it in its own language. Shakespeare is ours, yet belongs to all. Let Athens have Aristophanes, but all Greece shall not keep Homer. We give Calderon to Spain, but every nation owns Cervantes. Dante belongs to Italy, Milton to England, but Shakespeare belongs to man.

MRS. BELLE P. DRURY.

THE NEGRO PROBLEM AGAIN.

More than seven years ago we predicted that the South and the Nation would have to deport, re-enslave or kill the American negro inside of the next twenty-five years. Since then various Southern States have so amended their fundamental laws as virtually to re-enslave the negro in such States, and, according to one so-called "Bishop" Turner, a negro and a leader among negroes, certain decisions of the United States Supreme Court, which he terms a "conclave" have wrought mightily toward re-enslavement. "Bishop" Turner frankly admits that the negro is really no citizen of the United States, and he is of the opinion that the negro never can be a genuine citizen of the United States. His euphonious way of putting it is, that the whites and the blacks do not and cannot understand one another, and therefore they cannot live together.

Being a "Bishop" and therefore presumably a man of peace, he is not in favor of having his brethren killed, and having tasted the air of negro freedom he does not seem inclined to the re-enslavement of his race; he, therefore, adopts and has, for several years advocated our first proposition, that the American negro should be deported.

Deportation, or the removal of the negro population to Africa, their native land, is a large proposition to talk about, and if our strenuous President Roosevelt, instead of inviting negroes to dine at the White House and so trying to compel a social union of whites and blacks, and instead of getting up a mighty navy in order to fight somebody, would only devote his strenuous, benevolent and mighty intellect to the ways and means of supplying money and ships, and the needed compelling power toward piloting the eleven millions of American black and white negroes to any portion of Africa or elsewhere he might possibly go down to history as the mighty naval officer who sailed the seas of adventure not wholly in vain. But let us halt a bit.

The American negro is very prolific. In thirty years he has, with the assistance and connivance of a mere handful of whites made a three-fold increase of population in the States, while the actual native white American has barely held his own, the resi-

due having been made up meanwhile by emigration, mostly of poor whites, mainly from the Latin and Slav peoples of Europe. In another thirty years the American negro, if allowed to remain and thrive will be over thirty millions—the Slav and peoples who increase nearly as fast as do the negro will be over fifty millions, and the native American element, having slowly, from lack of babies, decreased the irrepressible conflict between white—such as it is—and black may not be as bitter as at present, and the familiarities which have given us such a large mulatto population having grown quite familiar to us and our grandchildren, deportation may not seem to be such a pressing need as it seems even to negro “Bishop” Turner to-day.

In truth deportation is easier to talk about than to accomplish. All the negroes now in the country were born here. They all have the inalienable rights described in our “Declaration of Independence,” plus the right of native-born American citizens, whatever those may be. They have become or are naturally acclimatized. They like this country better than Africa. They like to be with whites rather than with all blacks. They are rapidly acquiring wealth in this land, and as wealth is our only standard of respectability, it would seem, you cannot load eleven millions of them the same as you would load eleven hundredweight of earth or stone to level up or cut away for your railroads, or as a few of them used to be shipped from home to home for breeding or other purposes in the old days of slavery. Yet the business seems clear to the florid intellect of negro “Bishop” Turner. Booker Washington wants them to stay here and learn trades and make money, and he will probably have his way.

“Bishop” Turner says that we have only the bad negroes in this country; that the bad masters originally shipped their worst negroes to this country, and it would seem from our statistics of crime, that freedom and American civilization is making the native breed of badness far worse than it was under slavery. American civilization does not seem to agree with the moral nature of the American negro, if indeed he has any moral nature, at all, but Bishop Turner thinks that if they were shipped to Africa all would be well. We have intimated some of the difficulties of deportation. We will question some other points that seem to tell against his last proposition that were the negroes out of the atmosphere of American civilization and hatred all would be well.

In various previous issues of this magazine we have pointed out the fact that though the native haunts of the black man in Africa were really adjacent to the old civilizations of Egypt and quite within touch of the ancient civilization of Asia and en route to the old wagon roads of the world, and notwithstanding the fact that in many respects the Asiatic and European and Egyptian civilizations were superior to our American civilization to-day the African negro, with all the same channels of the world open to him, as were open to the white man has never become civilized; has always been a purchasable commodity of slavery, a hewer of wood and a drawer of water; has never attained to any art or mechanism of note; or to any culture of any kind; has always been in nature and action a slave and a servant and remained so till Phillips and Garrison taught him the lie that all men are born equal and with equal rights and set him on the crazy rampage of American civilization, messegination, etc. etc.

Again we have pointed out the fact that whenever in modern times and under the kindest influences of the Latin races the negro has, by amalgamation and rebellion thrown off the yoke of slavery and attained to some position of political control, as notably in San Domingo, where under Toussaint, nearly a hundred years ago, he rose and by sheer might of brute force conquered his masters, he has been a blighting, wasting destroyer of civilization, commerce and progress, slowly going back again to the lazy ways of his native haunts in Africa. Many years ago the sympathies of the abolitionists led to certain deportations of Southern negroes into certain regions of Canada, and history tells us that for all the kindly instincts and impulses of the Canadians, French and English, the white population rose in pleading to the local governments for deliverance from the perils of the negro.

In Canada they found that the negro was a thief, a liar and a shiftless loafer; what else they would have found had he ever become as numerous in Canada as he is in Mississippi to-day, God only knows, but recent experiences give us some intimations. Above all the Canadians complained of the insufferable *manners* of the negro, so all the facts of ancient and modern history seem to prove that, blaze it or varnish it as you will, negro civilization is at best a grotesque, insufferable failure.

The insufferable manners and the easy and ubiquitous crimes of the civilized negro have made him terrible in the United States.

People know the record of this magazine on the negro question. As a young man full of humane impulses, I was an abolitionist; as an old man familiar with the facts of history I can only say that were it in my power I would re-enslave the entire negro population of the United States under such conditions as would aid any real all-round talent in the black man to assert itself and aid the owner of such talent to any position within legitimate reach of his ability, but I know that this cannot be; further, that I abominate the present order of things and know that it cannot last. As *servants*, properly trained, hundreds of negroes in this country have been ladies and gentlemen, catching the glory of that grade of life from their masters and mistresses. As so-called freemen and free women, I have never seen a lady or a gentleman among them. As servants their manners are winsome, as freemen and free women, whether preachers, school-teachers, professors, doctors, industrial teachers, thieves or street walkers and though dressed to kill, they are the most insufferable animals that I have ever come in contact with, and I am confident that it is not in American civilization to make them any better, but that said so-called civilization is bound to make them worse and worse and more and more disgusting, and again I tell you that you will HAVE TO re-enslave, deport or kill the vast majority of your negroes within the next twenty years, or they will kill you. The two races cannot live together except as masters and servants. In that relation alone can they respect one another, and all the Declarations of Independence, and all the constitutional amendments in the world can never change this inevitable condition of things.

It is of little moment that W. E. Burgardt writes magazine articles and books on *The Souls of Black Folks*. Mr. Burgardt is himself a mulatto, many shades and degrees removed from the black folks; is apparently of Latin and negro blood, and the Latin races have everywhere more readily amalgamated with the uncivilized Indian and negro races than have the Anglo-Saxon and Teutonic races. Like all mulattoes, he is the product of illicit and unnatural cohabitation, worthy, in our judgment, of the severest condemnation; not that we blame the offspring. The parents alone are to blame, but it only shows the unnatural inferiority of the blood that such people unblushingly sit for their pictures and blazon their birth marks in the face of mankind. This statement, in all its details as to blame, inferiority and coarseness, applies

alike to "Bishop" Holsey and to *Booker Washington*, Roosevelt's Pet. Not one of them is true negro, though for the sins of their parents they are condemned to share the position accorded to the negro. They should bear their shame in silence, neither excusing nor accusing the darkness out of which they have come.

The individual accomplishments of such men prove absolutely nothing for the negro race. Their work simply shows that their ancestry on the white side, at least, must have been people of some force, and it is to the credit of all mulattoes that show any superiority that they have not been utterly crushed with the natural shame everywhere stamped upon their faces. They are not to blame, we repeat, but for the sake of all decency let them keep their degraded selves out of the public photography.

Again, it is of little moment to discuss the souls of black folk or white folk. We know absolutely nothing about black or white souls, or the souls of horses, elephants, monkeys, dogs or parrots. A good argument can be made for the existence of souls in all these birds and animals, the Christian principle is to treat any being with due kindness and consideration, but to treat of souls in the abstract is a weary dream.

In the South, of late, the Rev. Dr. Mack, the Rev. "Bishop" Candler, and the Rev. "Bishop" Holsey already named, some white and some black, have been discussing the negro problem on Bible grounds again, as to the unity of the human race, and there is much insufferable rot in their statements as printed in the *Literary Digest* of November 14th.

We simply do not know anything about the origin of the human race, or the unity of the race, whether it had one or many origins. The Eden story pictures two chosen persons set in a garden, that is, in the home of domestic love and in the daintiest way indicates that this chosen pair made a mess of it, as is still too often the case—that the woman was primarily to blame, the man a weakling and a coward, as is too often the case, and the Scriptures go on to show what a vexatious time the Almighty had of it and still has to produce faithful, true and noble human creatures.

One of the first two children of this Eden of love was a fratricide or murderer; so matters grew worse and worse till the human menagerie had to be drowned out. But it all looks as if there had been a mixture of black and white in those days.

Noah, as I take it, was the best the Good God could find, but one of his sons seems to have been a mulatto, and in a crisis of one of the old gentleman's drinking bouts, this same mulatto seems to have acted much as the negro, slave or free, acts to-day, without refinement of feeling or manners except as learned from the whites in slavery—and so, called down upon his head and the heads of his descendants the curse of a continuance of his own hoidenish and heathenish instincts. This is all regardless of the unity of the human race. There were, and there are to this hour in actual history the characteristics that men have universally attributed to the savage on the one side and the gentleman on the other.

Bishops Candler and Holsey, are white, the other American mulatto—both Methodists, may retort and probably will that Noah showed more savagery in getting drunk than his son Ham manifested in gazing unmoved upon his father's nakedness. All one can say to such men is what Colonel Snowden, of Philadelphia, was reported in the *Ledger* of November 14th, to have said the previous day to Mayor Weaver—simply this: "Your understanding, sir, is very defective." Think it out, friends.

Now, as I take it, whether the Noarchian story was reflective, interpreting past history, or whether it was prospective and prophetic, foretelling future history, it is all the same, and whether you accept the common view, that the descendant of Ham in the black folk of Australia and Africa, with many touches of mulattoism in the Philippines and elsewhere, dwarfing to littleness, blackness, coarseness, and baseness everywhere or not, it matters little—as a matter of fact throughout the historic period of our earth the blacks have been slaves to each other, to the whites or to the yellow men; hewers of wood and drawers of water as the old gentleman said Ham's offspring should be. They answer the call and my position is that no amount of argument touching the unity or diversity of the origin of the human race can in any way affect these simple facts of history: that no amount of casuistry touching the unquestioned noble and self-sacrificing instincts of the black folk at times especially when in service of their legitimate white masters, can affect in the least these long-standing facts and conditions of human history; that no amount of what we call up-to-date, dollar-worshipping, lying and stealing, common-school educated, newspaper American civilization

can change the general trend of these accumulated and cumulative facts of history. There are exceptions to any rule, but the exception is only a violation of the rule and does not in the least change the value of the same. The negro is a born slave, as we have said spite of all your laws, and whether you find him in service, in the cotton fields, or as Methodist or other parson, or as physician, or as politician, or roadmender, or as a guest of Roosevelt in the White House; he is everywhere, and will continue a slave.

I have often thought that if the Catholics could have full sway with the negro, something might be made of him in the course of a thousand years. If our mulatto friends think that their thin veneer of whitewash can change the tides of time and blot out the act of nature and of God Almighty, and all this by what is called American civilization, we have but to remind them that mulattoes have been common on the earth for thousands of years, and especially in this land for two hundred years, but with no appreciable change in the condition of the black folk; even in our own recent centuries and in our own land, mulattoes have been numerous, and often so white as to be taken for and married to white folk. And here and elsewhere they are all too numerous.

The ablest American blacks of the last century, from Fred Douglas backward, were the sons of attractive black or mulatto women by white men, so-called.

Again, take the facts of the comparative records of crimes committed by blacks before and since the days of Emancipation, and the whole story is against, utterly against the supposed beneficial effects of American newspaper civilization upon the moral elevation of the blacks. And, as we have said a hundred times and never weary of saying the moral standard is the only one that tells. Many animals have quicker instincts of intelligence than the very smartest men. Education has sharpened many of the faculties of the negro and so has made him more criminal. The erroneous sense of equality with white folk is largely to blame for the assault of negro men upon white women, and the many lynchings that have followed. If I dared to wish anything outside the facts and trend of history I could wish that all the blacks were saints or even angels. I do not aver anything in regard to their future angelic or demonic state. I simply print the facts and trend of history and let the mulattoes solve them if they can.

There have been mixtures of black and white that have hung the world with beauty, but it is a risky path. More risky than Prof. Langley's flying machine. WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

RELIGION AND POLITICS IN ENGLAND.

"Homo sum: humanum nihil a me alienum puto."—(Terence).

The chief factor in the political situation in England, at the present day, is the disintegration of the Liberal party and the tendency to form groups on both sides of the House. We have the Rosebery group, the followers of Campbell Bannerman, the Secular party, the Labour members, the political non-conformists, composing the variegated opposition in the English Commons. The Irish Nationalist party stands aloof and seems to be about to again hold the balance should parties in Great Britain; as seems very likely, be almost evenly divided at the next general election, which cannot now be long delayed. On the Conservative side, we have the Ministerialists pure and simple, the High Church party headed by Lord Hugh Cecil, an extreme Protestant party from Liverpool and the North of Ireland, who would again put the penal laws in force against their Catholic fellow citizens if they had the power, and last, but far from least, a rising and rapidly increasing party, who follow the lead of the one strong personality in English politics, the Rt. Honorable Joseph Chamberlain. Besides these groups there are "Coteries" of members, representing the different varieties of "fads" that advanced civilization seems to develop, in every age and part of the world, amongst, for the most part, sentimentalists of the fair sex and old women in men's clothes, the teetotallers, the antivivisectionists, the peace at any price party, the antivaccinationists or league for the spread of small-pox—these eccentric varieties, for the most part, sit now, as in the past, on the Liberal side of the House. History repeats itself; we know that after the Parliamentary party had waged war for the political liberties of England; which had perished under the tyranny of the Tudors at the so-called Reformation; swarms of fadists arose, the fifth Monarchy-men, the Anabaptists, the Levellers, the Socialists, under the curious name of Diggers, the

Doctrinaire Republicans, Free-thinkers and Secularists, each "with their own axes to grind," each prepared, as the so-called passive resisters to-day, to throw the whole State into confusion if necessary to obtain their own ends, and which nothing but the strong hand of Cromwell repressed and saved from further bloodshed and confusion: at whose death that great statesman and patriot, George Monk, Duke of Albemarle, wisely restored the Monarchy and with it stability and public confidence. At the final settlement of 1688 with the dismissal of the House of Stuart, it was recognized by the majority of the nation, that the two great principles of the Constitution which had so divided opinion during the Civil War, viz, the reasonable liberties of the subject and the just prerogative of the Crown, were both equally necessary to the preservation of the normal balance of the State. This is proved to the hilt, as has been pointed out, by the fact, that when the Whigs were in power they were constantly accused by their opponents of Toryism, while the latter party when in opposition frequently resorted to the Whig cry of liberty.

In the 18th century, while the electorate was confined to the more educated and stable classes, the alternations of power between the two parties were fairly even, although the great Whig families, by whom the settlement was mainly contrived, could never divest themselves of the idea that they ought to enjoy a perennial monopoly of power, and the factious spirit of their administration; brooking no rival, either in the Church on the plunder of whose temporalities they had enriched themselves, or even in the legitimate power of the Monarch as supreme head of the State; provoked some reaction, "High Church and Sacheverell" was the protest of the London mob, against the Government of the Whig grandees, fattened on the Church lands, the patrimony of the poor, since the so-called Reformation; whose Government resembled more the exclusive oligarchy of Venice, than our old free Anglo-Saxon Monarchy, inheriting the tradition of Alfred the Just and Edward the Sainted Confessor of Westminster—the immediate cause of the disintegration of the Liberal party is, doubtless, the violent extreme to which, in pursuit of their own party ends, and to the great detriment of the commonwealth, they have pushed the peculiar principles on which their existence depends. This tendency, always exaggerated amongst them, became more obviously pronounced and violent after the Reform Bill of 1832. Political

power then passed largely into the hands of people to a great extent, utterly unfit and untrained for its exercise. Inside Parliament the Whigs; whose insatiable thirst of office was unimpaired; assimilated, with some modifications, the doctrine of the Manchester school, the Peelites and the Radicals, and with this variegated blend of heterogenous ideas transformed themselves into the New Liberal party which found a leader whose ambition was only equalled by his energy and talents, the late Mr. Gladstone. Unfortunately, at that time, the Conservatives were without a definite policy, and could only attempt to arrest or mitigate the more crude expansions of the democratic element. Under these circumstances the arch demagogue, the "exuberance of whose verbosity" and powers of self-deception were unlimited, had little difficulty in persuading himself and his followers that they alone contained all the virtue, intellect and genius of the country, and that a policy of peace at any price, retrenchment and reform of everything, must culminate in a Radical Millennium, and a Whig Elysium, with a No Popery Heaven thrown in to satisfy the bigotry of the political Non-conformists.

Following these principles ensued an exclusive attention to the liberties of the subject with a total neglect of the other duties which Liberal, as well as Conservative administrations, owed to the Crown and the Empire, viz, the maintenance of law and order at home and of the National Prestige in our foreign relation. It is a curious fact;—none are so blind as those who wont see;—that the Radical party never seem to have given a thought to the fact staring them in the face that their legislation for Ireland had always to be accompanied by Coercion Bills. The gigantic armaments of Continental nations, the disturbance of the balance of power which followed the Franco-German War, and the open hostility of the Dutch element in South Africa, seemed unimportant matters to them as compared with the Abolition of tests in the universities and the policy leading up to ideal of the "free breakfast table." "By the happy doctrine of the silver streak Mr. Gladstone persuaded himself and the country that we need not concern ourselves with the affairs of our neighbors. The common sense of the country re-asserted itself against these imperfect conceptions of public duty and at the general election of 1874 the Liberals suffered a severe defeat.

Achilles sulked in his tent and the radical opposition, under the

tutorship of the Irish Nationalists, cultivated the art of obstruction. "But the failure of the Liberal faith in the divine right of their party to govern was but temporary. During the Conservative administration difficulties and dangers sprang up, as had been foreseen, all over the world—in Europe, in India, in South Africa." Instead of rising to the occasion, and recognizing, with the true instincts of a statesman, that our difficulties were but the necessary results of our Imperial expansion; in part a consequence itself of our increased domestic liberties; the love of power was too strong for Mr. Gladstone, who stumped the country and persuaded the great mass "of the free and independent electors" that our embarrassments were but the consequence of Tory Government, and that nothing was wanted but his own return, to rule the destinies of the Empire under a policy of "Peace, retrenchment, and reform." If the electors were sufficiently ignorant to be deceived by him, the result was sufficiently startling to open their eyes, for at least a quarter of a century.

It can hardly be denied that Mr. Gladstone's second administration was one of the most discreditable periods in the annals of English History. By no device could it now be pretended that the infamous Phoenix-park murders, the Boer War ending in cowardly retreat after the surrender of Majuba, the shameful desertion of Gordon, the panic-stricken vote in the Peudjeh business were the fruits of Tory incapacity, any more than it would be believed, by any intelligent person, at the present day, that the mischievous and weak policy of Lord Carnarvon, the climb down in China, the unpreparedness in the late war, were, primarily, due to the heterogenous nature and unpartiotic conduct of the Liberal party.

The English nation now began to be alarmed at the, palpably, down grade condition into which public affairs, both at home and abroad, had drifted under the misgovernment of a faction; but Mr. Gladstone's marvellous personality and his old dodge of a new Reform Bill, with a further extension of the franchise to the less educated classes, triumphed in his again securing a narrow majority. When this proved unworkable, impelled by his senile lust for office, he played his last desperate card of Home-Rule and disintegrated the party whose permanent sovereignty he had hoped to secure. The aristocratic Whigs seceded and were followed by

the pick of the intelligent members of the Liberal and Radical subdivisions.

“Omnibus et lippis notum et tonsoribus esse.”

It seems difficult to conceive how a return to an old system can be now effected, viz, two parties and only two, opposed to each other within certain defined constitutional limits, but each ready at the proper time to assume the mutual responsibilities of office and opposition. With a democratic franchise, with fissures on such fundamental questions as Home Rule, Imperial Consolidation, and Fiscal Adjustment, a return to the “*statu quo ante*” is impossible.

The difficulty of finding any one point on which the so-called Liberal party are united, has given a fictitious importance, in the past few months, to the agitation; to a great extent artificial; excited by the recent Education Bill. This act no doubt was, in the main, a just one, as it was manifestly unfair that Anglicans and Catholics should contribute to the support of the Board schools, in which Non-conformists received religious instruction with which they were satisfied, and yet have to largely support by private subscriptions, schools which they themselves could conscientiously use—the Catholic body in England has long denounced the bitter injustice of having, in its poverty, to compete with institutions supported, partly out of its own money, by the rates. In other words, an injustice endowed at the expense of its religious and political adversaries. Nevertheless, it is but right to acknowledge that the Government seems to have lacked true statesmanship in the settlement of this question.

They seemed to have been either ignorant of or to have ignored the fact, that the mass of the lower classes, in communion with the State Church, who use the board schools, cared little or nothing for definite religious teaching; and that therefore, to a great extent, the political Dissenters have the truth on their side, when they claim that the act is largely in the interest of the Parsons. The truth of my contention is proved by the fact that the Church of England schools were being largely given up without a word of protest from their people. It would have been wisest to have; as I think even an extreme Non-conformist Dr. Fillness Rogers suggested some years ago; allowed the Jews and Catholics to stand apart and receive separate treatment, while a compromise should have been insisted on by the State, between

the Protestants within and without the establishment, as to the nature of the primary religious instruction to be given in the National schools.

The only persons whose consciences could be aggrieved at such an arrangement would be those very few persons amongst the class who use the free schools, belonging to the extreme High Church party or the Unitarian body "*rari aves in terris.*" And for these one would imagine that a conscience clause might be easily worked. This sentiment would have been the more easy to effect from the fact that the Catholics are found, as a rule, only in large towns, where one would think there would be ample room for both kinds of schools, agreeing to differ and perhaps benefiting each other by an honorable rivalry. The next general election will probably, as far as Great Britain is concerned, result in the return of a small Liberal majority, unworkable if swamped by the Irish vote and the veto of the House of Lords. The Conservatives are, at present, inactive and divided amongst themselves on the fiscal question, while the different shades of the opposition are hungry for office and have the advantage of a vast effective and zealous political organization throughout the country, in the recent "Federal Union" of the so-called "free Churches," brought about mainly by the efforts of an eminent Wesleyan, the late Mr. Hugh Price Hughes. Practically speaking the Liberal party are now thus provided with an electioneering agent in every village of England, the more effective as dependent on voluntary enthusiasm, and thus lifted above the normal political wire-puller in which the mercenary element was ever wont to be—predominant. The English Non-conformists compose, undoubtedly, the great part of the rank and file, plus a considerable proportion of the non-commissioned officers of the Liberal army, and should a Liberal Cabinet again grasp the helm of the State, they will, justly, demand to largely dominate its policy and claim a commensurate proportion of its patronage.

Whether such assiduous devotion to politics will, in the long run, increase the spiritual influence of these great Protestant communities? how distant the period at which they and their agnostic and socialistic allies will stand at the parting of the ways? are questions on which it would be impracticable at present to speculate. One thing is certain that any Government which neglects imperial interests and confines its attention to the expansion

and readjustment of domestic liberties, is bound to provoke a furious reaction and the more speedily if it assumes the role of a militant Puritanism which, like the Rump of the Long Parliament, has learnt nothing and repented of nothing, and rests its claims to office on the ignorance of the semi-educated lower middle classes, who have been saturated in the darkness of their obscure conventicles with the fatuous belief that whatever Catholics, or Tories, or even High Episcopalians, do or propose, must necessarily be foolish and wicked. A creed evolved, like a vile fungus, in the past three dark centuries of Protestant night, and which can only be compared, in its murderous emptiness, to the incoherent ramblings of some semi-human animal, not yet scientifically classified.

The intelligence of the nation will certainly never entrust, for any lengthened period, the destinies of her Empire to either the Puritan faction or the Little Englanders.

There can be no doubt that, on the whole, the sympathies of the people are more in unison with the aristocracy, whose enthusiastic love of sport they share and with whom they have shed their blood, on sea and land, in the building up of the Empire, than with the smug lower-middle class trading interests, that constitute the bulk of the Free Church proletariat. Should parties in the immediate future be, as I fear, so evenly balanced, and split up into sections, as to make stable government impossible, the respect of the people for the House of Commons will be necessarily lessened. That august body received a severe blow by the first Reform Bill, before which it practically appointed the ministry of the day. "By that Bill and the similar ones that succeeded it, the fundamental powers of self-government passed directly into the hands of the people; and it cannot be denied that the general character—apart, of course, from the personal composition—of the Government of the day is determined, not by the House of Commons, but by the constituencies. The House has also, for many years, gradually impaired its own authority by undue encroachment on the legitimate province of the Executive. Its own peculiar functions, of general control, and especially with regard to the expenditure of public money, have been abdicated, and session after session wasted in interminable questions, and futile talk about accomplished facts. So far has this proceeded, that many competent persons are beginning to fear, that if this perpetual interference

with administrative functions should continue, the House will, before long, become useless, lose its proper character and so destroy the cause of its own existence.

With regard to Foreign Policy the desire of the English nation is one of profound peace. The late war, though not of our seeking, was a direct consequence of the incapacity both of weak Foreign Ministers at home and incompetent rulers in South Africa. What Roman pro-consul would have allowed semi-independent, or nominally independent States, to have been formed at the very gates of his Province, under the very nose of the Imperial forces?

No wonder that, as far back as 1885, Mr. J. X. Merriman, since a member of a Bond Ministry; and who certainly cannot be charged with extreme English prejudices; wrote: "It must come to this, England or the Transvaal to be the paramount force in South Africa. . . . The Transvaal wishes to realize the dream of President Pretorius, that it should stretch from the Indian Ocean to the Atlantic."

While some irritation was justly felt at the unqualified misrepresentations of our cause, prevalent on the Continent, and to a certain extent in the United States, that has now almost completely passed away. Such misrepresentations were, for the most part, the work of venial and unscrupulous partisans,

"And Thackenn beat his dirty brains
t' advance his master's fame and gains."

—Hudibras.

trading on the weakness of human nature so often blinded by phrases to the realities of things, and which, as Thucydides remarked, "takes such little trouble in the search after truth, so readily do men accept whatever first comes to hand." The great result of the war, as far as European politics are concerned, seems to me to be the frigid feeling, if not actual estrangement, that has sprung up in all classes with regard to Germany; the consequence being a "rapprochement" which tends to develop into a renewed "entente cordiale" with our neighbors across the Channel. Even long before the war, the brutal frankness of Prince Bismarck, his harsh treatment of France in the hour of her misfortune, the bullying policy of Berlin in its dealings with the lesser powers who crossed her path, and the danger, which an exclusive cultivation

of the extreme military spirit involved to the peaceful progress of civilization, had excited many misgivings.

Nothing, perhaps tended to suppress this feeling more than the intense respect of the nation for our late beloved Queen, whose German proclivities were marked and whose family connections and alliances were in accordance with the traditional policy of the Foreign Office since the era of the French Revolution. With her lamented death and the accession of our present illustrious Monarch, intensely English in all his preferences and surroundings, men began to ask themselves, "Whether, for some time past, under both parties, our foreign policy had not been governed by postulated preference rather than directed by prosaic fact?" And if a mutual understanding between England, France and Russia, is not only possible but desirable in their mutual interests?

No monarch has ever conferred a greater service on his people than King Edward VIIth, in his recent visit to the French metropolis and the exquisite tact which he displayed on that memorable occasion was abundantly rewarded by the cordial reciprocation of the President of the French Republic.

When one considers the mutual relations of France and England, commercially, and the detriment which a war between them would inflict on hundreds of thousands of persons, the interests of both civilization and humanity cry aloud for a peaceful settlement of real or supposed differences in a spirit of honorable compromise. France exports to England annually goods to the value of over fifty million pounds as against eighteen millions to Germany and under two millions to Russia. While, from Great Britain, France receives annually goods to the value of nearly thirty millions. England is the market of France for her choicest wines, liqueurs, brandies, silk tissues, wool, sugar and an immense variety of other articles. Toys and Parisian articles alone to the value of over a million and a half are sent annually to England, and sold mostly in London.

As was some years ago pointed out, by Mr. Blennerhasset, in the columns of the *Times*, the notion that foreign policy, worthy of England and in accordance either with her ideals or her legitimate interests, can be formulated on the basis of intimate agreement with Germany is a mischievous illusion. It is an impossibility which does not arise from national antipathy alone. German statesmen, under the dictates of what they believe to be economic

necessity, have adopted a deliberate policy which puts it out of the question.

Their population must now be close on, if not over sixty millions, and is rapidly increasing. To meet the exigencies created by this circumstance German statesmen consider that their whole energies should be directed towards German expansion and the consequent development of German commerce. Many of them think this can be best accomplished by acquiring colonies sufficiently rich and attractive to induce Germans to settle in them. By this means they hope to create markets for their home industries, and they calculate also; either in defiance of experience or in gross ignorance of history; that the portion of the population forced by necessity to emigrate would still be available for military service. In the way of this policy stands, pre-eminently, the Empire which proudly boasts that on her limits the sun never sets.

“Nec vero Alcides tantum tellurii obivit.”

England, therefore, must be reduced to submission

Even in the German Senate responsible ministers have allowed themselves to use language that could only point to a calculated policy of hostility to England. For years Germany has steadily aimed at the destruction of our commercial and naval supremacy. To this end Prince Bismarck, with a view of embroiling us in a war with Russia and France, made use of the “Reptile Fund” to excite the hatred of both countries against us, and, following his example, the Berlin Foreign office steadily devotes itself to the work of preventing a friendly understanding being established between England and Russia. The part played by Germany during the Chinese difficulties in 1900, the unpopular appointment of Feld-Marshal Count Waldersee to the supreme command of the expeditionary forces and the way in which that distinguished officer lent the whole weight of his official position to the support of purely Russian interests, the story of which, although toned down, our Foreign office afterwards published with evident reluctance, was an object lesson for the steadily decreasing number of persons in England, who still dream of a permanent German alliance, and was, doubtless, largely responsible for the universal condemnation of the action of the Government in arranging joint action with Germany in the Venezuelan dispute.

We know that at one time in 1896, the German Government was

sounding Russia and France with a view to combined action against us and during the Boer war the German press was, as a rule, steadily unfriendly, including newspapers under the direct influence of the Government; many of these prints could not have expressed themselves more bitterly against us if England had been engaged in attempting the actual destruction of the German Empire. If they think it to be in the interests of their country that they should adopt this course, we have no reason to be aggrieved, but must seek other measures and other allies.

“Tempora mutantur, et vos mutamur in illis.”

With regard to Russia, no person well acquainted with her social and economic condition at the present moment; the backward state of her agriculture, her impoverished Treasury, the embryonic state of her industries, concurrent with the enormous annual increase of her population;—estimated at over a million and a half;— plus the existence of serious elements tending to social disorder; but must agree with Mr. Blennerhasset, that peace, almost at any price, is a matter of the extremest urgency.

As a distinguished Russian nobleman, Prince Alexander Scherbatoff, recently pointed out in the *Times*: “Russia is at present passing through a critical period of her economic and social development. Agriculture has to be improved, manufacturing industries have to be created for the surplus workers, trade must be better organized; the means of transport must be facilitated, cheapened and accelerated; general and technical education must be developed; in a word, the nation, in order to live and thrive, must pass to a higher form of economic and social organization.”

Every true lover of humanity must be pleased to learn from the same eminent authority, that although the persistent efforts of the anarchist agitators; no doubt often in alliance with some of the pestilent heretical sects and day-dreamers that have recently lifted up their heads; have occasionally succeeded in producing local disturbances, yet, on the whole, their efforts to stir up political discontent have always failed, and that the Russian nation maintain a steadfast faith in their religion, in their national, legally constituted Government and its head, their “little father” and sovereign. In no part of the world are the relations between the landed proprietors and the rural population better than in Russia. May I be permitted here to wander for a moment from my subject? With the reflection of what a loss the Russian

nation entailed on herself in her separation from the centre of Truth, when she lapsed to that China of Christianity the "Heresy of Tuoteui which men call the Greek Church." Even Protestant Englishmen can appreciate and bear testimony to the beneficent influence exercised by a united, divine body; as in contrast with a variegated Christianity; on the history of our own race, drawing together in her spotless unity the different elements of the nation, British, Saxon and Norman, and grafting them in her arms into one common stem. Such a link in Russia, at the present day, would be of priceless value in hastening the union and assuaging the divergent interests of the different populations, Tartar, Russian, Pole, Finn, of whom the great Northern Monarchy is composed. But to return to my subject. Great as is to Russia the necessity for peace, she is bound to anticipate her future gigantic development and provide herself with outlets on the Pacific, the Mediterranean and the Persian Gulf. "As regards the near East," says Mr. Blennerhasset, "we have little or no interest now in hindering the final accomplishment by Russia of her historic task." It is difficult to see how Russian supremacy in Southeastern Europe would be injurious to England. The true mission of Russia seems to be to guide and protect the Slav race and the Slav States in the Balkan Peninsula. If we allow ourselves to be tempted to oppose this we shall simply be playing the German game, and find ourselves involved in a struggle with the future in which, however, it turns out as far as Russia is concerned, we shall in the end be hopelessly worsted.

We must remember that as regards the Austrian Empire the main disintegrating force is not Slav aspirations but those of the Germans under the influence of the Pan-Germanic League. The Power which has the deepest interest in opposing Russia in the Near East is not England, but Germany"; and distrust of the German Empire is, undoubtedly, the key to the present European policy of the Russian Foreign office. Although Russia is always, apparently, willing to support the well meaning but impracticable schemes, devised by Western diplomacy for transforming Turkey in Europe into a model State of the latest pattern, Russian statesmen are perfectly aware that such schemes are but visionary and impossible. When circumstances permit her to assume supreme control, unhampered, in territories which her diplomatic traditions have ever assumed to be her legitimate sphere of ac-

tion, she will, doubtless employ the relative civilization which she has imposed upon her conquered Asiatic provinces. And wisely, for countries which, unfortunately, for centuries have been a prey to religious and racial disturbances, must be prepared for freedom by the stern rule of the strong hand which can alone repress and extirpate the disorders engendered by long periods of unrestrained internecine hostility. Meanwhile Russia waits. She knows well that the tinkering of a few well-meaning humanitarians and platitudes of grandmotherly politicians, in men's clothes, have no more power to perpetuate effete races, than the Bibles and moral pocket handkerchiefs of the respectable Protestant bodies had the power to arrest the decay of the aborigines of the North American Continent. Time is on her side—

“quod optante Divum promittere nemo auderet, volvendi dies en attulit ultro.”—Virgil.

She ever allows the small States on her borders to reach an advanced stage of decay, before she takes advantage of a suitable period for their permanent absorption. Witness her dealings in the past with the Khanates of Asia, her practice in the present as regards Persia, China and Korea. As regards Persia, here Russia stands confronted with England alone, but we surely have no reason to feel aggrieved that Russia should seek to gratify her legitimate ambition by seeking to secure a port on the Persian Gulf. It would seem our truest policy to acquiesce in such a course, in return for practical guarantees securing the integrity of our East Indian possessions. In the extreme East the Korean question threatens to bring Russia in conflict with Japan, but it may be fairly surmised that Russia will not seek to precipitate a collision in which Japan might find European supporters and in which China would observe an armed neutrality, standing by to pounce on her if she got the worst of it and recover her lost prestige in Manchuria and the Korean peninsula. When, rightly or wrongly, our naval forces, a short time ago, evacuated Port Arthur, we took a step, whether our foreign office in London was aware of it or not that yielded forever the political precedence in Northeastern China to St. Petersburg. Our interests became for the future mainly commercial. It is difficult to believe that Russia, if an understanding with England could be secured, would have any object to fulfill in thwarting our financial interests in that part of Asia. She has no manufactures of her own to push and can have

no desire to increase the insatiable ambition of her wily German neighbor of whose increasing influence, at Constantinople and Teheran, she has already experienced the inconvenience. A strong argument in favor of a permanent agreement between England and Russia is the essential divergence of our respective interests. The interests of the Tsar are entirely on Land, our Empire is on the ocean.

“Non illi imperium pelagi, sævumque tridentem, sed mihi forte datum.”—Virgil.

In the present crisis of bitter divisions and animosities, which the recent Education Act has evoked, it is hard for any individual holding definite religious and political convictions, to express an opinion on the existing religious and social state of England in that spirit of impartiality which guarantees a robust charity.

It is evident, from newspaper reports of crime, that after three hundred years of Protestantism our social condition leaves still much to be desired. As far as my opinion is worth anything the morality; using the word in the widest possible application of the term; of the lower classes has distinctly changed for the worse in the last thirty or forty years. On this point the Editor of the *GLOBE*, who, like myself is a native of the west of England, will perhaps express an opinion.

In Mr. Chas. Booth's recent exhaustive work, (“*Life and Labour in London*,” 7 vols.) ; he seems to have arrived at the conclusion that religion per se has lost all power over the great mass of the toilers of the metropolis. Under the very shadow of Westminster Abbey his verdict is “Much done little effected.” Though “all alike, churches, chapels and missions have their mothers' meetings and Sunday-schools, and the Churches have also large day schools. Nothing is wanting. Attractive and varied services, eloquent preaching, systematic visiting, eagerness to meet and help the poor, the children taught and the mothers sought, no lack of means, a pouring out of energy concentrated on some small groups of streets within a quarter of a mile of the Houses of Parliament; and yet it can hardly be denied that such improvement as can be traced in the morals and habits of the people is mainly due, not to all this, but to structural alterations; and that it is to the destruction of bad property, combined with better policing and improved sanitary supervision, and not to religion, or even education, that we have chiefly to look for further improve-

ment in the future." This is Mr. Booth's opinion. If it is true, then indeed Protestantism is a self-condemned failure—of all the great non-conformist bodies. Mr. Booth seems to have the highest praise for the Baptists. These, according to the *Church Times*, are divided into three principal types, the "open Baptists," who differ but little from Congregationalists save as rejecting Infant Baptism; the general Baptists, who are practically Unitarians, and the strict Baptists, who limit salvation to the elect, and hold Calvinism in its most naked and terrible form. To a Catholic the denial of the free will of man with the belief that God directly causes evil for the increase of His own glory, and that Christ died not for all but for some, seem but horrid nightmares, and no observant person can have failed to notice the wide prevalence of agnosticism among the upper and more educated classes in Scotland and the North of Ireland, as a revulsion from a form of Christianity so unnatural and cruel. A form nevertheless which undoubtedly replaced the old Catholic Church in England as its implicit assertion in the Modern Anglican 39 Articles bears, forever, witness to. Nevertheless, this very Calvinistic dogma, hard and false as it is, constitutes a back bone, which attracts many of the more earnest and serious of the Protestant middle-lower classes to some of the Baptist churches, disgusted at the mere emotionalism of the invertebrate Christianity with which they are everywhere surrounded. No doubt the great increase of Baptists in South London is due partly to the immense influence of the late Mr. Spurgeon, and partly to the fact of their close alliance with the Radical party, the stronghold of which is in the semi-educated lower-middle classes. With all their sincerity and devotion it is impossible that their doctrine of special election should fail to impart its morbid taint on certain types of the human mind; as Mr. Booth remarks, "Their attitude brings with it a too obtrusive piety, and so provides the material out of which hypocrisy contrives her hateful cloak." In fact, one of his Baptist informants speaks of the dreadful self-complacency of middle class people (from which class they almost invariably recruit), and says: "They fall so easily into cant that when he visits he drops religion." And it is undoubtedly this natural repulsion from cant that is answerable for so much aversion and indifference amongst the more intelligent of the working classes, who, in many instances, have never known any form of Christianity except those

extreme shades of Protestantism, as a rule so infected with this unclean leaven.

The late Cardinal Manning once said "that it was dreadful to reflect what might be now the religious state of some districts in England were it not for the labors of John Wesley." The Wesleyan ministers of the present day are certainly a highly cultured body, as a rule devoted to their work and infinitely less infected with the bitter zeal and rancorous hatred against those who differ from them, so characteristic of many of the Baptist and Congregationalist extreme politics—religious dissenters. Nevertheless, Mr. Booth considers, "That with all their energy, activity, enthusiasm and zeal, there is something hollow, unsatisfactory, and unreal about Wesleyanism. Its overwrought emotions produce a false atmosphere of exaggerated language. In self-deception the Wesleyans have no equals," and of their various forms he thinks "the Primitive Methodists are the only ones who touch the poor at all," while from themselves he quotes the general testimony: "We are making no impression on outside indifference." The strength of Wesleyanism is in the well-to-do middle class, a class; with many good points; saturated with the individualistic spirit, and a general hostility to the claims and ideals of the labor party which renders the masses aloof and suspicious. In Mr. Booth's opinion, the Circuit System, whereby every three years the minister is changed, results in depression or perfunctoriness on the part of the minister and perpetual unrest on the part of the congregations. The new Wesleyan chapels are usually built in fairly comfortable, well-to-do suburbs. The *Church Times* pertinently remarks that it is somewhat difficult to speak of the Congregationalists, because the creed and practice of one chapel may be very different from that of its neighbor. Their cohesion and unity is certainly more political than religious. While in recent years, principally amongst the middle classes, they have been strenuous advocates of the social aspects of religious activity, their doctrine has in many instances tended to Christian Humanitarianism. Mr. Booth says: "They now welcome those who will make no profession of faith, whose enrollment would have been impossible not many years ago." The natural tendency of Protestantism to Theism, which so rapidly succeeded the so-called Reformation on the Continent, but which, generally speaking, has been delayed in England, is undoubtedly advancing at the pres-

ent time in this country amongst all the Protestant bodies, both within and without the Elizabethan State Establishment.

Of a church in Dulwich, Mr. Booth writes: "Nominally Baptist, with a composite body of adherents consisting, besides Baptists, of Episcopalians, Congregationalists, and *Unitarians*, and it is in the direction of Unitarianism that the teaching tends."

In many places "Christ is good" has replaced amongst Protestants the Catholic dogma, "Christ is God." This is the "downward grade" which Spurgeon so lamented. The Labour candidates for Parliament are far too shrewd not to have recognized long ago that for pure snobbery there is nothing to equal the pew-rented chapel with its respectable deacons. The religion which these have to offer is the Protestantism which regards material wealth as the gift of God for renouncing as much of the Catholic Faith as possible. A brand new Protestant Peer, Lord Llangattock, recently propounded, to a London audience, the ridiculous idea "that England's prosperity since the Reformation was due to the Reformation," a prosperity built upon slums, upon the slave-driving of the people, upon a dominant utilitarianism, the base child of Protestant individualism. I believe the late Mr. Spurgeon used to say "that he had never known two generations of Non-conformists remain Dissenters, after once they were rich enough to keep their carriage." What fierce light such a remark throws down on the ingrained meanness of the only type of religion with which Mr. Spurgeon was probably acquainted. Thank God such a charge was never brought against "the poor, ignorant, superstitious Papists" even in the days of their deepest defection, when their priests were hunted down like wild beasts.

Of the modern English invention of Corybantic Christianity, which has invaded every part of the United Kingdom, under the name of the "Salvation Army," Mr. Booth's conclusion is "that the movement has altogether failed." Many years of observation, both in London and the provinces, have convinced me, that in most places, now that the curiosity excited by their new and noisy methods have passed away, the Salvation Army, as a rule, scarcely anywhere attracts even a crowd of idlers.

"The delusion that the world, perishing for the lack of belief in the doctrine they preach, is athirst for the Gospel expressed in their formula, is shared by all the Evangelical missions" and

though exploded in the minds of all thinking men, dies hard amongst the religious vulgar.

The zeal of enthusiasts proof against the severest criticisms, even in the shape of stones and rubbish, cannot, however, persist in the face of Apathetic Indifference; we are therefore not surprised to learn that in some very poor neighborhoods "they no longer come." I am not now discussing the social side of the Salvation Army work. Their lodging houses, labor homes, food depots, shelters and other charities, undoubtedly enter largely into the philanthropic work of London, so full of blessing for the sick, the poor, and the unfortunate. On the other hand, and so liable to abuse by the professional charity mongerer, the subtle mendicant and the incurable loafer.

On the purely religious side of the question many persons, competent to judge, complain that the Salvation Army, sometimes, does as much harm as good. As a missionary remarked to Mr. Booth: "None of us get the very poor, they are Gospel-hardened and sick of religion; the Salvation Army has made it too cheap." It is only too apparent that one result of their methods and utterances has been to enrich the vocabulary of the lowest classes with choice blasphemies, and an apparent incapacity for reverence. Both the most devoted workers and the devoutest members of the Salvation Army have been most certainly recruited from the ranks of the various Non-conformist bodies, and are, therefore not, as a rule, cases of conversion but of transference. There are, of course, some splendid exceptions to this rule, but they are, I believe, "like angel's visits, few and far between." The London city missionaries, so puffed by rich old ladies, of the Evangelical party and the more select Non-conformist coteries, and their clerical friends, at the May meetings, seem, according to the *Church Times*, to exercise their perfunctory labors, in a barren and unfruitful vineyard, with a result of only adding to the pre-existent disorder and confusion. For instance, the religious census of Deptford shows that the city missionaries have these five little churches of their own, with an average of thirty-six adults at each during the Sunday!!!!

"Quos deus vult perdere prius dementat."

To estimate the Influence and Work of the Anglican Establishment accurately, within the limits of magazine space available, is a work of considerable difficulty. If I appear to hastily generalize,

I can assure my readers that I am perfectly aware of the many exceptions and side issues which it is impossible here even briefly to consider. Politically and socially the Church of England is a powerful and important community. Few families of the upper and upper-middle classes are without sons or near relations in her ministry. While her divisions render her incapable of making a united attack on her enemies, all parties within her capacious fold would form one solid front in defence of her temporalities, and as both Houses of Parliament are composed, for the most part, of her real and nominal adherents, plus the fact, as that very astute Non-conformist, Mr. Augustine Birrell, has recently pointed out: "That no church has, or even had, such a host of external members," people who though utterly devoid of religion and performing none of its duties, would yet describe themselves as "Church of England," and be as averse to any interference with the prerogatives of "their Church" as her most devout inner circle of regular communicants..

Undoubtedly the leaven of the Oxford pseudo Catholic revival has deeply penetrated the dry bones of the Establishment and awakened spiritual energies long dormant, as Mr. Augustine Birrell remarks, the Non-conformists are now commencing to feel the force of the movement they sneered at, in scorn, at its commencement. Nevertheless, it is not too much to say that, conversely, the Oxford movement has alienated the minds of hosts of the thinking laity of the upper classes, people who have neither time nor disposition to study the Science of Theology, but who, nevertheless, can, plainly enough, grasp the fact, that a Machiavellian body which teaches doctrines on the one hand hardly distinguishable from those of Rome and on the other from advanced Unitarianism cannot, without exposing herself to ridicule, advance claims to be an integral part of the one Mystical body to which the eternal guardianship of her doctrines have been intrusted by its Divine Author. I am told that a recent eminent convert often remarks, "that it is impossible for a person with any sense of humor to remain an Anglican."

"Solventur risu tabulæ."

To a certain extent the minds of the lower classes have also been estranged by what they, at first, largely considered the dishonesty of Catholic teaching within what they had always been taught by their Fathers was a Protestant church, and latterly by

the feeling of indifference which the party strife within the Establishment, for the last half century, has logically engendered in the ordinary lay mind.

Mr. Booth's opinion of High Church missions well applies, I think, to High Church work generally, viz, that it is characterized by extraordinary energy and bitter sectarian feeling. This is not difficult to understand. Having persuaded themselves (in the face of all history and common sense), that they are the old Catholic Church of the land, they naturally resent the "intrusion" of Non-conformists, whether from Rome or Geneva. To give the majority of the clergy of the High Church party their due, they are zealous, high-minded, hard-working English gentlemen and certainly much less political than their Puritan rivals. The Evangelical or Low Church party possess many learned and pious pastors, with large and prosperous congregations, but their influence has dwindled and is now almost purely congregational. The Broad Church party may be described as the right wing of the army of which the Unitarian form the centre and the agnostic host the left. They consist almost entirely of members of the educated classes and are recruited from all parties within the establishment and the different Non-conformist bodies, with perhaps an occasional Romanist thrown in of the so-called Liberal Catholic variety. Having no definite views in particular, their system commends itself to negative Christians of all denominations. It is scarcely necessary to add that they hardly ever penetrate beyond the upper and middle classes and have no influence whatever among the lower orders.

If I have seemed to any severe or caustic in my remarks on the different parties in the English Church or the different divisions of Protestant Non-conformity, I wish it to be distinctly understood that for any deficiencies I have pointed out I cast no reflection on the good faith of numbers of God-fearing Englishmen of all denominations. Devotion and self-sacrifice, often unostentatious and unrewarded, abound amongst all the Protestant bodies. I blame not the men, but the system, under which the Divine Sacrifice and the Eternal Priesthood having been taken away and the Real Presence of Christ and the extension of His Incarnation through the seven-fold Rivers of His Grace denied: Deprived of which Protestantism has relapsed to the individualism characteristic of the twilight of the Jewish Church. Strange that some of

the Protestant pastors seem to perceive the result while unable to recognize the cause.

At the conference of Unitarian and Free Christian Churches, held in Liverpool, during the month of April, 1903, the Rev. Dr. Hunter, King's Weigh House Church, London, said: "The Temple has been converted into a lecture hall, prayer and praise into preliminaries, and what ought to be an assembly of worshippers into an audience more or less critical, or into a mere mob of spectators and hearers."

The increase of the Catholic body in England during the last hundred years has been produced by a variety of causes.

At no period were the prospects of the Ancient Faith at a lower ebb than at the dawn of the Nineteenth century. Up to that time in many parts of England, notably in certain districts of the North, on the borders of Scotland, and on the marshes of Wales, a considerable sprinkling of the landed gentry with many old yeomen and tenant-farmer families and their relations and immediate dependents clung to the religion of their ancestors. Probably the relaxation of the penal laws, in one way, weakened the Catholic body. In removing the stigma, born of falsehood and prejudice, under which they had so long labored, a more close intercourse with their Protestant neighbors was encouraged, with the result of mixed marriages and lapse of the children to the State Church. Even in my own limited sphere of observation, the persons I have met with in the last few years are very numerous, who in the course of conversation have remarked: "My great-grandfather was a Catholic I have always heard, and all his people before him, but he married a Protestant wife." It was the same old story over again, as the Royal Psalmist recorded of so many of his own race.

The Catholic Church in England one hundred years ago was a small, scattered, unimportant, but highly respectable body. It had produced, about that time, one or two learned controversialists, notably Bishop Milner, and perhaps one intellect of the first order among the clergy, the illustrious Historian, Lingard. Politically, socially, numerically, her weakness and dwindling numbers might have excited the compassion of even a generous enemy, retrospective to her ancient preponderance, and the impartial observer of the relics that had survived the tempest of three hundred

years might well have exclaimed in the language of the prophet,
 "Son of Man, can these dry bones live."

But the breath of God confers eternal youth and the Church in England, the Church of Alfred, of Bede, of Langton, of Thomas a Beckett, of John Fisher, of Thomas More, untouched by the accidents of time, had never lost faith in her Divine order and mission. Great was the destiny; we now perceive, for which the scattered remnants had been preserved. When the Irish famine drove hundreds of thousands of the faithful Catholic poor from the land of their birth, these children of St. Patrick who crossed the channel to England, were welcomed and cared for by the same spiritual Mother. In the sequence of the great Oxford religious revival, it is almost sad to contemplate what would have become of the gifted leaders of that movement and their devoted followers if there had been no remains of the old Catholic Faith in England. The illogical position of the Machiavellian establishment and her ridiculous pretensions were burnt into their souls by the urgency of visible facts. That ritual alone could never satisfy the deep longing of souls hungry for unity and truth was a foregone conclusion

"*insani ridentes præmia scribæ Prætextam, et latum clavum prunæque batillum.*"

The Catholic Church alone could give them peace, unity, clear, definite truth and valid sacraments of Divine Grace with Apostolic mission and order. The despised remnant of the one true Faith, once more lifting up her head, still bearing on her body the cruel wounds of centuries, might have, not presumptuously applied to herself the words of the Apostle:

"Poor yet making others rich. Having nothing and yet possessing all things."

The Irish Emigration and Oxford movement were succeeded by an event to which we are still much too near to adequately estimate its importance at a time when the whole Anglican Church was in a state of agitation on the subject of Baptism; a controversy which merged in a still deeper question, viz, the authority of the Church in matters of doctrine, and the authority of Parliament and the Crown as ultimate and final judges of the doctrines of Christ. When the religious atmosphere of this much-vaunted, free, intelligent (?), Protestant community!!! was exhibiting to the world an exacerbation of its confusions, disun-

ions, and perennial religious controversies; the lineal successor of Him who had sent Augustine into Kent, the supreme Pontiff, not by Act of Parliament, but by apostolic letters, *universalis ecclesia*, created in England a third epoch of its spiritual history. As the reason and conscience of many Englishmen were awakening to the true character of the Tudor Ecclesiastical supremacy and Reforms, "the shadow of a Divine hand fell upon men and another supremacy was seen to assert itself in England.

"The English people beheld a hierarchy of thirteen sees, under a metropolitan, a prince of the church, rise like an exhalation from the ground, or descend as if from heaven. The calm power, majesty and might of the Divine supremacy of the Vicar of Jesus Christ revealed more than ever by contrast the impotence and the unlawfulness of any human supremacy over the spiritual mission of the Church. It seemed that the very moment had been chosen which should exhibit in the strongest light this contrast of the true and the false.

"The Royal supremacy paled before the splendor of the Head of the Church interpenetrating all nations upon earth."

The Church mutilated since the last of the Marian Bishops had passed away, exiles and in chains, was now restored to the plenitude of its ecclesiastical perfection with the result that in the past half century Catholic activities in England have been diffused in a manner seldom if ever known before, and in which the reverent Catholic thankfully recognizes the finger of God,

"*Dominus visitavit populum suum.*"

In 1840 the Priests in England numbered 542; in 1850, 788; in 1862, 1,215; in 1903, 3,039. Within the past few months the Church in England has been again powerfully reinforced by a host of religious driven from their native land by the infidel and apostates who now misgovern the fair land of France. In welcoming and honoring these victims of the injustice and tyranny of unbelief, we are welcoming "the depositories of truths and principles which are indestructible in their vitality. Though buried, like the ear of corn in the Pyramids of Egypt, they will strike root and spring into fruit amongst us when their hour is come. Truths and principles are divine; they govern the world; to suffer for them is the greatest glory of man." "*Non mors sed causa mortis facit Martyrem.*"

The following notice from a London paper gives some interesting facts and statistics as to the recent coming of the religious orders :

“Rustics of Devon, Cornwall, Essex, Berks, and many other counties of England have within the past three years had occasion to stare in surprise at the quaint costumes that have appeared among them from time to time. The explanation is that monks and nuns during the period mentioned, expelled from their native France, have, unnoticed as far as the majority of the British public is concerned, effected a peaceful invasion of our shores.

“The following table has been compiled from Roman Catholic sources, and speaks for itself as to the growth of religious establishments in England :—

Year.	Houses of Men.	Houses of Women.	Total.
1836	—	16	16
1842	3	20	23
1850	11	41	52
1860	37	123	160
1870	67	232	299
1900	266	572	838
1903	283	635	918

“The figures for 1903 are up to March 31. Since then the numbers have increased, and to-day there are in Protestant England 685 convents and 305 monasteries compared with 377 convents and 215 monasteries in Roman Catholic Ireland. Scotland possesses, apparently, only 48 convents and 14 monasteries.”

Nevertheless, although I should be sorry to pose as a pessimist, it is impossible to deny that Catholic progress in England must be necessarily slow. As Archbishop Manning pointed out many years ago, the English schisms and the Protestant heresy have penetrated to the bone and poisoned the religious life of the Nation. Public opinion in England (and in America) is Protestant and Protestantism is opposed with deadly pertinacity to the idea of a visible Church divinely constituted and endowed. The first principles and maxims of Catholic education—such as submission to a teaching authority, fear of error, mistrust of our own judgments—are ever repulsive to heresy the basis of which is presumption. And this spirit is increasing, the High Church clergy,

although devoted and self-sacrificing, are, obviously, utterly incapable to turn the tide. They may be numerically dominant in purely ecclesiastical circles, but the majority of the English laity are against them.

They represent an esoteric literature not a living power. Synchronously the old evangelical school has dissolved into a multitude of opinions.

The sympathy of the Protestant laymen of to-day, whether Anglican or Non-conformist, is with the school of the Dean of Ripon and Dr. Harnack. The Theology of Hooker, of Richard Baxter, of John Wesley, is, practically, as extinct as the Dodo.

The semi-rationalism of the so-called Reformation has logically developed, and rude unbelief has possessed vast numbers of the uneducated people. Another great obstacle to our progress is the absence of a Catholic literature. At the time of the so-called Reformation, our glorious universities, founded by Catholics for Catholics were taken away from us, leaving the scattered remnant that still refused to bow the knee to Baal stripped of everything. Some of the first generation after the schism had been educated in the universities as Harding, Stapleton, Parsons, Baker. When these passed away the divorce between Catholicism and university life in England was complete. The fact that there is hardly any first class Catholic literature in England "entails on our youth dangers and disadvantages, the extent and perilous character of which it is difficult to estimate."

I say "hardly any" for in some of the incomparable writings of Newman, and the historical works of Dr. Gasquet, a foundation has been laid, but these are the only two authors whose works would be largely consulted by their non-Catholic countrymen. Again it seems so difficult for much of the English, so-called religious mind to separate itself from cant. Even respectable and well-educated (?) Protestants are not ashamed to boldly proclaim that Catholicism is a principal factor in the causation of moral stagnation and commercial retrogression. These platitudes, no doubt, appeal to the uneducated vulgar, as Latin quotations, in the funeral sermons preached by the old Port Wine Divines, did to the rural population in the time of our grandfathers. But, as it has been well remarked, "it is indeed a novel view of religion to urge that commercial progress is one of its aims. We have heard of the kingdom which is not of this world: we have

heard of One who had not where to lay His head. We can readily believe it to be possible that a country might produce men who were devout and faithful servants of Christ and yet fail to produce a millionaire or a Black Country, or a Spitalfields," or a Piccadilly Circus.

In advanced commercial countries of the English and American type, their Protestantism, has withheld nothing from the market of saleable things, from the chastity of women to the honor of politicians. If the commercial success of England and America is all the Protestant religion has to boast of, something might be said for French Canada and Ireland, where if there is less commercial success there is certainly less moral stagnation.

Moreover, Protestant Englishmen, as a rule, both lay and cleric, think themselves perfectly competent to decide any theological question. Questions that even the Divine Evangelist, that eagle facing the sun, regarded with veiled glance, or the flashing genius of St. Paul, traversing the abyss of the Infinite, tremblingly defined : on such questions as these, thousands of semi-educated pastors of obscure conventicles, are quite prepared to pronounce *ex-Cathedra* and proscribe the bounds of eternal bliss or eternal woe for their ignorant hearers. And yet these people are in many ways gifted with shrewdness and common sense, they recognize the advantage of all the specialists which civilization has developed they employ the plumber, the doctor, the lawyer, nor do they reject the refinements of specialism, the electric light engineer, the aurist, the oculist, the chancery barrister. They know their own ignorance of subjects which it takes learned men nearly a lifetime to grasp, yet they regard themselves as competent to decide all theological questions themselves. That anyone else knows more concerning these matters they deny, and the idea that there is a visible Church with a visible head, empowered in her corporate capacity to define and guard the truth, they rail at as clericalism.

The true spirit of heresy, the spirit of presumption, is the same as it was in the days of the so-called Reformation ; the same as it was in the days of St. Paul, when the great apostle of the Gentiles demanded of the Protestants of his time : "Has the Word of God proceeded from you, or has it only come amongst you?"

Another obstacle to the progress of Catholicity is undoubtedly the increasing shallowness and vulgarity of the so-called upper classes ; a great authority, Mr. Mallock, has truly remarked, that

modern society is just as wicked as that of the Restoration but incomparably more stupid. The man of pleasure of the time of Charles II, though a libertine and a drunkard, was often a wit and a scholar. The fast society man now-a-days is usually a glutton, a dunce, and a fool. The grand ladies and gentlemen of the old aristocracy were wont to observe in their social intercourse a punctiliousness and lofty courtesy as far removed from the coarse, slangy familiarity of modern fashion, as sunlight is from moonshine. As society has become permeated more and more with purely material ideals, the "almighty dollar" has put aside the high standard of intellect and manners, demanded by an exclusive Patrician order. The ideal of the rising democracy of fifty years ago, that a commonwealth of plain and simple lives and ideas was about to replace a decadent aristocracy, has passed away like a dream in the night. Radicals and aristocrats both, now, clearly, perceive that Plutocracy has commenced to reign.

Protestantism in its extremest conceptions in the Puritan and Republican United States paved the way for the introduction into England of the regime of "mammon-sworn ostentation and that worst of all respect of persons, the worship of the banking account." Even the most thinking of the working men; more noble in their conceptions and less saturated with the cant of the meeting houses than some of the lower-middle classes; are beginning to doubt whether they have benefited themselves in exalting the capitalist at the expense of the territorial aristocracy.

True Christian society is built like the true Christian Church, upon the Sacerdotal principle. Whoever has any advantage is Priest to him that has it not, and the Highest Title of the successor of the Fisherman, Christ's earthly vicar, is "The servant of the servants of God," "the higher organisms of nature are not the centipede or worm with a monotony of equal resembling rings, but those in which there is great subordination of functions and parts"; so the refining influences of education, culture, birth, and position create a class the absence of which is a positive danger to any well-regulated community. No thoughtful American can doubt the salutary influence on the nascent Republic of the United States of the great historic families of Virginia. One almost dreads to think what her fate would have been had she depended on the administration of a vulgar, radical proletariat. But I have digressed too long; to return to our immediate subject.

The influence of the Catholic Church in England is certainly not what it should be. The system is as Divine as the day on which it descended in its Pentecostal fullness from Heaven. Alas it has fallen amongst a weak and degenerate race of mortals. We have amongst us the Eternal Priesthood of the Great Head of the Church in the daily sacrifice, the Seven Sacraments, the prayers of the Saints, the protection of the Angels, the guardianship and affection of Christ's vicar on earth: yet we must in truth and justice confess that numbers, vast numbers, of our dear Protestant fellow-countrymen make better use of their crude, imperfect, and erroneous systems of religion, than vast numbers of us do of the privileges of the One Apostolic Church Universal ordained by Christ Himself: yet there are gleams of Hope, even our opponents would probably allow that we are the only religious body in London in whose churches, on Sunday, three, sometimes five successive congregations of the poorer laboring classes are found to worship, and even non-Catholics recognize that the unworldly lives, the unrewarded labors, the Apostolic poverty of the Catholic clergy are a great force making for spirituality in the land, a voice crying in this wilderness of sensuality and materialism,

“Man shall not live by bread alone but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.”

Mr. Booth has remarked that in the Catholic Church “there are no class jealousies.” This is a hopeful sign. No other Church but the one Divinely founded and inhabited by the Holy Spirit of God has the power to unite all classes in confidence and charity and to make them feel that the welfare of their Holy Religion is their common duty and their common interest. Thank God the Catholic Church in England has few well to do pew renters. She is eminently and visibly the Church of the poor. “Although indeed the lineage of a few great historic names binds the Catholic Church indissolubly to all classes of our English Monarchy, nine-tenths of her flock in England are amongst the poorest of the land.”

In conclusion, this article is written by a Catholic for a Catholic magazine, and if I have alluded to the defects and inconsistencies of what I believe to be merely human systems, it is only the system I condemn. I have nothing but respect for all those in good faith amongst them. Rejoicing as Catholics do in the unity and fullness of Divine Revelation we should indeed lack Christian

charity did we not deplore the religious divisions that have taken the place of our old religious unity, and wish with all our hearts that our dear fellow-countrymen could be once more united with us. As Cardinal Manning declared, "It would not diminish one jot or one tittle of the truths which they retain. The mission of the Church of Christ is not to pull down, but to build up. Its labor is not to destroy but to fulfil. It is in its spirit and its action essentially constructive. It desires that showers of blessing may fall upon England like the early and the latter rain, and that the land that was desolate may rejoice, and that the wilderness may flourish like the lily. Every fresh light that springs up over England is a cause of thankfulness: and a growing light has been visibly descending upon England for three generations."

London, England.

THOMAS E. H. WILLIAMS.

LOSSES OF THE CHURCH IN AMERICA.

"A series of articles, signed 'German American,' have been appearing in the Berlin *Germania*, one of the most influential Roman Catholic journals in Europe, and have attracted considerable attention in view of the fact that they aim to show that the Roman Catholic Church in this country has not only not been able to hold her own, but has suffered enormous losses. We extract from these articles the following facts and opinions: 'The number of Roman Catholics in the United States in 1900 was 10,774,932, with 13 arch bishops, 80 bishops, about 12,000 priests, 10,427 churches, 3,812 parochial schools, 183 higher educational schools for boys, 688 similar institutions for girls, 8 universities, 76 seminaries, and 247 orphans' homes. These figures ought to be double what they are. Within the last century fully 8,000,000 Roman Catholics have emigrated to America, and their descendants must number 24,000,000. The reasons for the enormous losses are many, among them chiefly the great expense entailed by the maintenance of church and school in America, as contrasted with the State-established church systems of Europe. It is also necessary to take into account the great confusion of nationalities and lan-

guages, the practical materialism that prevails, the influence of the several orders to which the Church is uncompromisingly opposed, the godless public press, and the liberalized tendencies of 'Americanism' within the Church itself. It is a notorious fact that in public life and work the Roman Catholic Church is systematically crowded into the background in America. Although theoretically the Roman Catholic Church is on an equality before the law with the Protestant denominations and the lodges, practically this equality never did and never does exist. The Roman Catholic Church of America has even more reasons than the Church in Germany to complain of a lack of parity. In America the Roman Catholic is excluded from all higher positions in the State, if not *de jure*, at any rate *de facto*. It is utterly impossible for a Roman Catholic ever to be elected to the Presidency of the United States. Of the Governors of the various States there is not a single one who is a member of the Roman Catholic Church. Of the ninety members of the United States Senate only two or three are members of our Church, and of the three hundred and fifty-seven members of the Lower House the relative proportion of Roman Catholics is no greater. In the army and navy, although fully one-half of the rank and file are adherents of the Roman Catholic Church, there is only a very small proportion of Roman Catholic chaplains. Without a single exception the salaried chaplainships in both the houses in Washington and in the Legislatures of the different States are in the hands of the Protestants. Into many of the penal and corrective institutions a Roman Catholic priest is not even permitted to enter, and the Roman Catholic inmates are not seldom compelled to take part in the Protestant services. The public schools, the high schools, and the State universities are officially non-religious, yet in reality they are preponderatingly under Protestant influence. The divorce laws are all modeled after the lax principles of Protestantism. In no other country is the number of divorces so great, there being in the United States between 1867 and 1886 no fewer than 328,716, while in the same period in Catholic Ireland there were only seven. Last, and not least, the Roman Catholic Church in America suffers through the phenomenal influence of the secret orders. The President of the United States is himself a Free Mason, as are also the majority of the Governors, judges, and representatives. In the laying of corner-stones and similar public functions these orders are promi-

ment participants, but never the Roman Catholic Church. America is the paradise of the lodge, but for this reason a hard field for the Roman Catholic propaganda.'—*Translation made for The Literary Digest.*"

I have once or twice during the past five years published the foregoing *facts* in the GLOBE REVIEW, but the Catholic press of this country is so given to flattery and laudation of the Church, so silly in its glorification of a few very mediocre persons simply because they are Catholics, so elated when some insignificant Catholic is appointed to any, no matter how inferior, position in the Government, and so foolishly, hypersensitive touching any criticism at all unfavorable to its assumed infallible wisdom and its impeccable action, that I have never been thanked for stating this or other unwelcome truth to the saints, though God knows, they are more in need of such rare article than they are of any other practical and truly Catholic virtue.

I now repeat the facts, and as they come from abroad and appear in one of our most valuable and respectable American Protestant weeklies, perhaps the Catholic Ecclesiastics of America, and those rhetorical persons known as Catholic editors, clerical and other, may look about them and try to find out the real force and meaning of this message. No man in his senses presumes to deny the statements. Catholic priests and writers, in general, as far as I have been able to learn, attribute the losses of the Church in the United States to the lax morality of the country; to the natural lack of piety or inclination to the same; to mixed marriages; to the habit of divorce; to the general cussedness, lying, stealing and apish extravagance of our worthy citizens, male and female; and I confess that I have often asserted that all these vices are part and parcel of our daily bread, every day growing worse, and I think that we are the most immoral people on the face of the earth to-day; but I hold further that the Catholic Church in this land has made too much of its ecclesiastical authority and not enough of that true spirit of Christ which is mighty in the pulling down of the strongholds of iniquity when applied in earnest to the work, and not with fear or with any overweening though subtle and ecclesiastical and domineering pride. I believe that, without detriment to the true religion and morals of the Church, more than twelve millions of the renegade Catholics lost to the communion of Rome during the last one hundred years in

this land might have been saved to the Church, made loyal and happy members of that Church, and that with the lost twelve millions saved and made a power of intelligent Catholic effort in the country another ten millions might have been added, saved, converted from other communions, from agnosticism and infidelity if the American hierarchy and priesthood had minded less their eternal pride in the power of the keys; their starched notions of temporal principedoms; their insufferable ambition to secure meaningless and useless titles; their various subtle and sly duplicities, their many jealousies and internal quarrels, and had, everywhere presented to this wideawake and giddy generation a real human sympathy, a consideration for the small faults of social indiscretions and a leniency toward the wavering in faith. It is impossible for Catholic people to grow up with and mix with society in this age without being influenced more or less with its literature, its liberty, its skepticism and its general benevolence.

The time has gone by when a priest may dare treat a young man as a priest once told me his pastor in Ireland treated him in the Confessional when once the young man told his Confessor that he, the youth, had "doubts of faith." "Doubts of what, do you say?" asked the priest. "Doubts of faith," said the young man, and the next moment found himself rolling on the floor having lost his equilibrium by a priestly whack aside of his head. Were a priest to treat a young man so in this country he would probably find himself bleeding at the nose and greatly the worse for wear. Priests are not here to give boxing lessons to their Catechumens, nor are they here to scorn the doubts of an active inquiring mind, nor are they here to suspect the faithful of crimes they have never dreamed of, nor here to damn men and women who have slipped in the social scale, nor are they here for any slight offense by any member of their flock, to send such member to hell. They are here to seek and to save the lost, not to damn them; and I think that the forgetting of this simple lesson of Jesus has lost more than twelve millions of souls to the Catholic Church; that it has also prevented other millions from seeking and finding the rest of religion that the true Catholic Church alone can supply.

It is simply a hideous farce of all religion to have priests and Catholics in general act with so much assurance of being in the right and with so little art in conveying the right and the light of truth to the millions seeking the same. Their confidence is natur-

al, but the manner of their using it is despicable. I know that it is very trying to have mere flippant worldlings in and out of the Church acting and talking as if they knew it all, a la Elbert Hubbard & Co., and to see such fools leading, by sheer unprincipled smartness, leading so-called intelligent, profound and upright people astray. I know that it is trying for educated, ordained and upright priests of the Church to have such poor creatures as Mother Eddy; such foul clowns as Dowie, and such wrongly taught but sincere persons as are to be found by the thousand in the Protestant Churches, all posing as teachers or priests of the gospel of Christ, but it will not hurt them to have their patience tried, even by me, and if they but remember that the founders of Protestantism *believed* at least and that their descendants and followers still *believe* that the corruptions of doctrine and life in the Church quite as much as their own weakness and wickedness led to the great schism known as the Reformation and try to respect what is good and true in the Protestantism of to-day, and magnify their own sins rather than the sins of Protestants they would at least in my mind come nearer the ideal of true servants of the Son of God.

It is better to take a good word of criticism from a friend who loves you and the Church, my brethren, than to wait for the avalanches of hell. I believe in the Church as the Church of Christ. I believe in its ex-Cathedra teaching. I do not believe in many of its pretensions either of belief or of life. I hold them as the unfortunate excrescences of older and now worn out forms of civilization that are as good as dead and gone. The age in which we live, though unprincipled and impious is full of wit, full of new thought and thoughts, has immense aptitudes for science and practical philosophy; cannot and will not be hoodwinked by any pretension of authority; will be treated with fairness and more, with consideration on the part of any man who comes to teach it religion; and such religion must be, simply *must* be, an appeal not to the fears of mankind; not based on the presumed authority of titles or creeds, but simply *must* be human and reasonable. Does the Church, that is, do the representatives of the Church in this land sufficiently understand this? With few exceptions I think they do not understand it. That they do not want to understand it, that they do not want to be told of their deficiencies and that they are under the delusion that all the fault

is with the lost and not at all with themselves. I not only believe in the Church, and am glad of it, and not ashamed to say that I am a Catholic, I am proud of and grateful for its many ideal virtues. I hold that its sisterhoods are the angelic forces of heaven to save this land through the ministries of Catholic womanhood, not through clubs and women's rights abominations, but through the simple virtues of patient Catholic womanhood. I have known hundreds and hundreds of Catholic priests who themselves were patron saints of God, but they all, as a rule, have emphasized too much the virtues of Catholic faith and not half enough the practical Christian virtues of common life alike for men and women, and the need of these every day and every hour of human life. These things should ye have done, but not have left the others undone. I would have every priest and Catholic feel as if Jesus Himself were beside him and in him, not merely on the altars, saying over again His blessed words of beatitude for the simple virtues of daily life, and know always that he who is not against us is for us, remembering, ever His words to Peter, "What is that to thee, follow thou me." I know of no class of men that manifest such perpetual curiosity as to the actions of men and women as is usually manifested by the priesthood; nor can it always be said that such curiosity springs from exalted motives. Mind your own business, and remember the Lord's words to Peter of old.

It is my belief that had the Catholic Church minded its own business and kept to its own highest ideals, that had it, during these last sixteen hundred years pursued its own apostolic and spiritual mission, as very largely before the spoiling touch of Constantine, going forth publicly and privately preaching the gospel of Christ and not so absolutely absorbed in its own physical advantages and temporal positions of power, the many nations of the old world now lost to its blessings, lost to the faith and more than half dead every way, might still be alive in faith and working powers for the good of the spiritual life of the world. *Christians*, Catholics and others do not attain eminence by seeking to obtain it, but by seeking "*first* the kingdom of God." So in our own land to-day, had the great Church of God been true to its Master, it would not have lost twelve millions of its children, but have held them in its fold and by its gains of another twelve millions would long ere this have held the balance of political power;

might have dictated terms to Presidents, have commanded its full share of the school tax, and have had Catholic governors, judges and party leaders galore. Pardon me this freedom and think it over now and then.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

BELIEF AND PRACTICE.

When we assume belief and practice to be reciprocal terms, as implied in the dissenter's conception of a "Christian"—though formal logic contemplates the union derisively—we are in the way of damaging the whole fabric of belief, which in its essence proposes to us the things worthy to be done or held; as practice in its several degrees represents the attempt to scale the heights whereon belief dwells.

Our own conceptions—bearing in mind what St. James says about faith with good works—while holding to the idea that the highest form of Christianity is that in which practice keeps abreast of belief, also recognizes the possibility of a lapse in practice without impairing the integrity of the belief, as instanced in the statement that a just man may fall seven times a day and yet remain entitled to a reputation for sound belief. A further illustration of the impracticable notion which holds belief and practice to be reciprocal—a notion evolved from the necessity of making reasonable the conception of justification by faith alone—is found in the case of John Wyckliffe, a fourteenth century priest, whose reputed statement that rites celebrated by one in mortal sin were invalid, exposed him to the easy reply that in such an event there was no certainty of anything being valid, since there was no means of determining the precise moral condition of a celebrant, and that such a situation was intolerable and opposed to all reason and common sense. The necessity, when holding such a repellant conception, of making belief and practice outwardly conform leads to a profession of formal compliance and an easy descent to hypocrisy of the unctuous variety. Still the unceasing enunciation of the opposing idea does sometimes fasten itself into a liberal habit of behavior and we have the hypocrisy of the Publican leaning too far backward because it has been suggested to him that the Pharisee has a converse inclination to bend too far in the opposite direction. There is a certain vulgarity in this tendency of the Publican not evident in the Pharisee, whose chief fault is the dry formalism he mistakes for practice; a formalism which humoring the arrogant, casuistical self within prevents him from ever feeling genuine compunction. The vulgarity of the Publican, on the contrary, being the honest expression of his nature, when the time comes, does not prevent him from feeling real compunction, and

consequently lifts his practice nearer the level of belief than that of the refined Pharisee. There are many men, however, not Pharisees, who revolt at the value set on the Publican's belated virtue and wish it were less conspicuously brought to our attention.

We know a brilliant man of theosophical views who, in speaking of this question, once said: "I have great respect for the Catholic Church, its powerful and intelligent organization, its age and venerable character, its impressive institutions and great moral influence, but," and here his features took on a melancholy aspect, "I can't understand why there are so many rough people in it, so many who profess to believe, but whose practice is wretched in the extreme."

"Your dilemma is appreciated," I answered, "though it may be that the hammering and grinding process to which those rough people and their ancestors submitted, to preserve their faith, has something to do with their present lack of refinement, and inadequate practice,—admitting for an instant that we have more than our proportionate share—and yet does it not seem quite natural that such people should find a place in the Catholic Church, when we recollect that Christ came on earth not to save people already saved, but to save those most in need of salvation—a description which fits the rough people weighing so heavily on your consciousness."

"There is something in that," said he, and the conversation ended.

When we have expressed all that can be said tending to bridge the chasm between belief and average practice, there remains within us a residuum of very human feeling which cries out for the minimum of the roughness of the Publican mentioned and a maximum of those whose belief and practice are nearly of a height. Accepting the interpretation that a man's belief ordinarily is better than his practice, how much more enthusiastically do we rally round a chosen leader when we know that his life is shaped on the exact model of his belief. There is more satisfaction in contemplating Paul as a practical Apostle than Paul as the energetic Jewish believer bent on rooting out the new sect of Christians. Cardinal Newman has a sermon touching this topic worth everyone's reading. He says truly enough that men's practice must in the end nearly approach their belief else a bad man suddenly converted who, dying shortly afterward, happened to gain heaven, would find himself uncomfortable in an atmosphere of virtue he was not accustomed to. He might have sensations such as those felt by a converted citizen of the levee when that gentleman was first introduced to the calm and unexciting precincts of a mission coffee house, its walls hung with sober pictures and its tables covered with unsensational prints.

Our own experience sometimes sheds an odd light on the sub-

ject, illustrating the animal instinct which drives us in the absence of restraining bit and bridle to liberate the jocose and coarser self which in its mad flight glories in exhibiting our lower nature in large advertisement on every unoccupied fence or tumble-down tenement.

It requires an impelling force to utter the reluctant criticism that the world of the Broad Grin and Animal-Comic seems a more easy and natural environment to many of us, than the world inhabited by ideas and sentiments born of contact with our spiritual selves.

When we examine the devious ways by which practice eludes the obligations of belief we get a clear idea of how far we have gone with the Publican and yet contrived to obviate the necessity of publishing the recantation which ultimately brought the Hebrew sinner to the gates of mercy and repentance. As for example, to refer to the things which distinguish our public gatherings of a social character, what a jar and concussion of all that is respectable occurs when on conclusion of an exhortation to rise to better things, we are compelled to listen to disreputable ballads and vulgar recitations less in value and as foreign to the occasion as would be the introduction of a character from Tom Jones, or a scene from a modern psychological drama. There is a stupefying flavor in such proceedings which urges the auditor to pinch himself to be assured that he is not asleep, so swiftly do our impulses contradict and traduce each other.

The *Missionary*, a monthly publication of the Paulists,—the sort of paper St. Paul himself would have published had movable types been invented fourteen centuries earlier—intimates that true religion would soon prevail everywhere if the practice of Christians were on terms of familiarity with their acknowledged belief. If we stand in our own light, if we block our own progress, we are persuaded it is by no means intentional, but in some sort due to the powerful influences around us, from which we cannot hope to escape entirely.

Laymen with greater opportunities see and hear things beyond the range of the ordinary clergyman's observation. One of the obstacles to the progress of belief which the layman encounters is the anecdotal habit widely popular in the social life of this continent. A good story teller is invited everywhere and he is applauded in proportion to his ability to echo the sentiments of his hearers. In lasciviousness and obscenity the anecdotal habit had acquired a bad pre-eminence. Its well nigh universal nature is its most appalling feature. An enthusiast on one occasion said, "Let me write the songs of a people, and I care not who makes their laws" but in the twentieth century the saying needs modification to the extent of substituting the familiar tales of a modern people for the popular poetry on which he laid so much emphasis.

Boccaccio's "Decameron" and Balzac's "Droll Stories" typify

the unclean spirit in printed literature. In Europe their successors have acquired a recognized standing, though here, thanks to a more virile intelligence, they have gained no recognized foothold. The anecdotist of this type presents his works in the garb of pretended humor and thus degrades the true comic spirit which is no enemy to belief and practice. Humor is the clarifying ingredient of life; nowise the boon companion of impurity; is invigorating in its many changing moods, and conducive to a cheerful and sane conception of life. The insidious enemy alike of practice and humor is the pornographic anecdote, the concrete representation of our baser self, told on all sides of us with every attractive detail likely to give it ready acceptance, by people who pass as leaders and bulwarks of society.

Morality, sitting in condemnatory supreme court on French realists, denounces subtly sensuous works, flagitiously at variance with a delicate appreciation of human life and its rights, parading in the rags of indecent expression, declining even to pay the tribute which vice has immemorially paid to virtue; yet these homicidal realists are little more disreputable in their choice of ideas, and if anything more refined in their expression, than the authors of the indecent anecdotes which form the principal item of five out of six conversations carried on by men of the average sort when the restraint imposed by the presence of women is removed. The specification of particulars would be a display calculated unnecessarily to stir the muddy waters, though "stag" parties held under the auspices of societies semi-pagan in their origin, occasionally seem orgies of indelicacy, where anecdotes, songs and recitations circulate amid applause which, in a general way, tends to emphasize the conditions herein barely indicated. Dim echoes of the worship offered to the sensual deities, revived in the twentieth century to preside at such feasts, sometimes effect unsuspected entrance to the precincts reserved for Christian gatherings and elicit the approval of dubious laughter from the Animal-Comic, while stirring to wrathful contempt the larger body better acquainted with the demoralization the practice scatters down its pathway. The literary ability employed in this service has the whimsical habit of selecting as chief actors in its dialogues representatives of nationalities in no way distinguished for the tendencies described, thus adding a tone of truculence to the other evidences of antisocial leanings. There is a rising tide of the lascivious in anecdote and story on all sides and with little visible opposition it pursues its course, sapping and weakening the stamina of younger men, until the situation loudly cries for an opposing tide of the aggressive virtues. Contemptuous satraps of the prurient oligarchy now ruling the "Eldest Son of the Church," former chivalrous France, uninterruptedly kick the prostrate bodies of a reputedly Christian people; and the scene is witness to a pornographic triumph over spineless virtue, and manhood minus

sufficient virility to defend its institutions against the attacks of acknowledged enemies, openly advertising their ultimate objects. Related, and leading to anecdotal misrule, is the coarse and common form of ballad, transferred from vaudeville stage to social gathering, portions of which have nothing worse to answer for than stupidity, by some held cheaper than bright depravity, which we deny is true, though admitting it to be less endurable. A doggerel reciting the antics of an inebriated laborer, a turkey and a fashionable woman, now commands popular favor and makes its entrances and exits amid loud applause from pit and gods. In these days of discovery when origins are painfully, and with much circumlocution, traced out and published for general benefit, a special chapter might profitably be devoted to describing the psychological operation which temporarily deprives respectable people of the complete use of their mental faculties on these occasions. Indeed the subject is not without its investigators, for the public press recently announced the interesting fact that a professor of a local university had resolved to devote the remainder of his life to studying the psychological aspects of crowds; that is, how it comes to happen that in the aggregate a crowd will follow a course of action diametrically opposed to its belief, which its units, taken separately, would not consent to on any terms, or under any stress of circumstances. Careful investigation requires to be given so serious a subject, and we must forego the attempt to answer it until the professor is through; but the united wisdom of a crowd is probably the direct outcome of what its units are accustomed to practice, rather than what they are accustomed to profess as a matter of belief.

Practice, we have had occasion to point out, in these remarks, is yet lagging painfully in the rear of belief, but pointing morals and didactically indicating consequences is not the work of the essayist, and must be left to the preacher, whose province the world universally concedes it to be.

Chicago, Ill.

DANIEL P. CAHILL.

THREE NEW BOOKS.

THE SYMBOL OF THE APOSTLES, A VINDICATION OF THE APOSTOLIC AUTHORSHIP OF THE CREED ON THE LINES OF CATHOLIC TRADITION. BY THE VERY REV. ALEXANDER MAC DONALD, D. D., VICAR-GENERAL OF THE DIOCESE OF ANTIGONISH, NOVA SCOTIA. NEW YORK CHRISTIAN PRESS ASSOCIATION. 1903.

THE RECTOR OF HAZLEHURST, AND SOME OTHERS OF THE CLOTH.
BY E. W. GILLIAM, M. D. BALTIMORE. JOHN MURPHY COM-
PANY.

BELINDA'S COUSINS. A TALE OF TOWN AND COUNTRY. BY
MAURICE FRANCIS EAGAN. H. L. KILNER & CO., PHILA.

Dr. Mac Donald in the *Symbol*, attempts to show the probability at least that the Apostles' Creed, as we call it in these days, came down to the Church from the days of the Apostles; that it is their united work and word. He is at one with modern scholarship in discarding as untrustworthy the idea or notion that each one of the Apostles contributed a separate article, so making up the twelve articles of the Creed, but he insists, through 360 pages of able reasoning that the Creed as a whole is the work of their united minds speaking as one mind, guided by the Holy Spirit.

He practically admits that his position can hardly claim to be proven by strictly historical methods, in fact he shows conclusively what sorry work Harnack and others of his school have made of this question and must continue to make of it and other similar questions, so long as they apply strictly the historic method alone, and, being without faith, discard the testimony of tradition.

While admitting that from the very earliest times there were verbal varieties in the Apostles' Creed he claims that these varieties of language are explainable on the ground that the Creed, as we now call it, or the symbol of baptism, as it was known in the early Church, or the first and simplest form of Christian belief was not written in words or learned from any writing or printing of it but was given by the Apostles and the apostolic successors, for some centuries, verbally only to the Catechumens or candidates for admission to the Church at their baptism: that in fact there was what he calls "a discipline of the Secret," that is, that the symbol or Creed indicated was a secret which the Apostles and their successors did not write themselves and that converts and others of the faithful were forbidden to write it and were instructed by word of mouth till the symbol was in their hearts and in their minds as a part of their very being; hence that in this oral and traditional learning and teaching of the symbol what could be more natural than that teachers and learners, apostles, bishops and others should in time give other than one exact form of words, but he holds, which seems to me to be the simple truth, that the symbol always has been one, that Harnack was altogether wrong in holding that it had ever been lost to the Roman or Western Church by the substitution of the Nicene in place of the Apostles' Creed, that, in fact the Eastern Creed or formula, in every variety of orthodox utterance of it including the varieties of the Athanasian and all primal creeds accepted and defended by the true Catholic Church has simply been such varieties as would inevitably spring into being from the condition of the secret, already mentioned, or from the fact that the Fathers, as well as ourselves

when referring to any special section or paragraph of the Creed did not always quote or record the whole of it, nor, perhaps, always the exact words of it, but gave any one article or more of it in their own words, or again from the fact that as one phase of heresy after another made its appearance in the Church, the Church by its assembled teachers, made additions to the symbol to meet and cover and refute more explicitly the special or specific form or phase of error at the given time lifting up its head. Thus the greater amplification and explicitness of the Athanasian Creed, especially in its christological articles was simply to meet the vitiating and explicit errors of Arius and the Arian heresy, and was never intended to be anything more than an amendment or addition to or an amplification of or a new edition of the old Apostles' Creed, and not as a new Creed at all or a substitute for the old one.

Now, in all this it seems to us that Dr. Mac Donald simply follows the true lines of historic fact and reason; at the same time we have always questioned the wisdom of making the Athanasian Creed as separate and Athanasianistic as it was and is, and with this very danger in mind, viz, lest it should be looked upon as a substitute for the earlier Apostles' Creed; for while never having had any questioning as to the detail of the Athanasian Creed ourselves, we have always believed that the Apostles' Creed or symbol of faith, here under discussion was ample, explicit and full enough for all purposes concerned and have always been willing to grant the same sort of charity toward a weak or lax belief that we all grant toward a weak or lax morality; and all the more so in regard to dogmas in definition of and concerning subjects or questions that the human mind, ecclesiastical or other, is at best unable to comprehend or explain or define; whereas the questions of morality are plain and simple enough, and to break through such principles has always seemed to me a far more serious offense against God and man than any mere questioning or swerving from or doubting the exactness and completeness of a shade of meaning or a sentence in a creed which attempts to define the absolutely undefinable. I am aware that this is not the traditional Catholic view, but I believe it to have been the spirit of Christ our Master, and I believe that the trend of modern Catholic thought and feeling is in the same direction.

There is still another consideration. It is a well known historic fact that in the various break offs from the true Catholic Church, the followers of the founders of various heretical or quasi heretical sects have been called by the name of their founder, as Arians from Arius—that is, they called themselves or were called Arians or Arian Christians, or later, Lutherans, or Lutheran Christians, or Calvinists or Calvinistic Christians, or again they have had and accepted the name of the nation in which the heresy sprang up, as the Greek Church, or the Church of England,

or again they have been called after some prominent or peculiar notion or dogma or form of government of their own, as Episcopalians, or government by bishops, etc., or Baptists, believing in one form of baptism, or Presbyterians, Quakers, Methodists, Unitarians, or Universalists, etc., etc., to the end of the chapter, while steadily, from the day that Christ died and Peter denied Him, from the day of Pentecost and the Council of Jerusalem there has steadily, without break or hindrance, held its way, the one and only true Catholic Church founded by Christ and his Apostles.

Now while we think that Dr. MacDonald makes out his case, and that the Athanasian or other brief or symbol or Creed or abstract compendium of the Christian faith is but an amplification or otherwise; and we might add a needless amplification of the Apostles' Creed, we always have held that there was danger of splitting the faithful into finer sects by such hair splitting as was done in the Athanasian Creed, and in fact to this day there is the danger that too severe an insistence upon *your* interpretation of the Creed or the Gospel may cause your brother to offend, quite as seriously as his laxity of interpretation may cause you to offend. Do we not hear all the while of secular and regular priests of various orders following more or less closely after the founders of said orders, and of liberal and more strictly orthodox Catholics? Believe me, brethren, there is danger in all this. And while one says he is of Paul and another of Peter and another of Augustine, and another of Dominic. I ask was Paul or Dominic crucified for you? Is any one of these your Lord and Master, or a perfect example for any man? And may not such simple Christian souls as have lived martyr lives in their own sects or in their own liberal creeds only half believed in but whose souls have kept true to the spirit of Christ through all their lives, that is, as true as orthodox Catholics or more so, may not they be nearer the eternal kingdom of true companionship with the heart of Christ than your flaming and much-decorated Athanasian prelate of the most ultra, *ultra* Athanasian creeds.

Thou believest, thou doest well—Devils also believe and tremble. But we are wandering a little. The Catholic Church and its Apostles' Creed are simple, and ample enough to fold in the bosom of God, and to guide every human soul inclined to the truth. God bless her and under her new Pope Pius X make her glorious and triumphant in all nations of the world. Now will some snarling, snapping thumb-screw creed compeller say to me: "Yes, but you said so and so, or did or failed to do so and so." Mr. Emerson once said to such snarling animals: "Consistency—stuff a rag in thy mouth" and be silent, at least. In a word there may be danger of splitting the Church again.

We think Dr. MacDonald makes entirely too much of the so-called "discipline of the secret." We think that he is entirely

too much inclined to lean toward the old Platonic and Asiatic schools of teachers and prophets in this that because they had an esoteric and an exoteric school of teaching Christ and Christianity also had to have the same. We believe that he is all wrong in this. Was Plato, Emanuel or God with us, incarnate, absolute and entire? Was Buddah or Zoroaster the only begotten Son of God—Light of Light, very God of very God, etc.? Why make such comparisons? Christ and Christianity while the soul of infinite mystery, are at the same time the revelation of God to man. Not merely to Peter and the Popes, the simplification of God to man; not merely to Athanatians, and we hold, with all reverence for tradition, with simple faith in the Catholic Church as the one inspired and infallible spiritual guide of the human race; that in Christ's coming and at His death every partition between the heart of God and the soul of man was broken down—that the heavens literally and spiritually were opened, that the light of the world, the light of the universe might shine into the innermost recesses of the soul of man; that every veil of every temple was rent in twain, and that henceforth the only secret or mystery was and is the great and boundless mystery of God incarnate dying on the Cross of Calvary for the redemption of the world.

I hold that your Creeds have neither simplified, explained or made more holy or more mystic this one open fact which outshines all the lights of the world.

Beyond question, in the earliest days of Christianity there was need of carefulness in the writing or in the verbal utterances of any Christian Creed. The world was pagan, and for the Christian to open his mouth, or to write his belief was often to thrust himself into the jaws of death. All the secret, underground worship in temples hewn in the rocks was proof of the necessity for secrecy. When every pagan was made to twist the words of the Christian into something that might cost the Christian his life, simple prudence taught and impelled secrecy. I sometimes think that this blasphemy of pagan persecution, extending in one form or another to our own day, may explain to some extent the very general temerity and lack of free and full expression among Catholics even in our own day and nation. But be that as it may, temerity, lack of heartiness, free outspokenness, lack of common trust in their fellows was the inevitable state of mind and state of action among the Christians of the first three centuries. Of course, I understand that then as now, when a Christian was called upon to confess or deny his Master he confessed and simply died, if necessary. And this deeper "discipline of the secret," wherein every man felt pursued as by a host of detective fiends ready to seize upon him, is a palpable enough fact of early Christian history, but that there was any such discipline of the secret as amounted to an esoteric and exoteric Christianity I hold as an insult to God in Christ Jesus, and hence unworthy the efforts of a scholar to prove it in these last days.

In truth, taking Dr. MacDonald at his word, that the old symbol which was held as secret and not printed or written, but was handed down orally by tradition and verbal teaching, was simply the Apostles' Creed substantially as we have it to-day, which, after the days of Constantine and the favorable winds of heaven that gave the Christians might and liberty to fly over the whole world with a feeling of freedom in their wings: that this symbol was our Apostles' Creed amended and re-edited by saint Athanasius if you please, it is plain that the so-called discipline of the secret was merely transient, accidental, conditioned by or on the pagan surroundings of the word of God—not permanent, not an esoteric Christianity known and to be known only by bishops or priests—but an open word of God shining in the face of the whole world. The Eternal Word made flesh and dwelling among us—the Radium and radiating luminary of all men of all eternity. In a word the early Christians, teachers and taught were cautious at first; timid, reticent for fear of unjust tyranny and persecution, but when the detective pagan was tied and silenced there was no longer any need of such nonsense as an esoteric and exoteric Christianity, and it seems rather far-fetched ecclesiastical pomposity on the part of MacDonald to lug it in and make so much of it in this twentieth century of Christian light and freedom.

I understand that it may have seemed to the author necessary to magnify what he calls the "discipline of the secret" in order to make strong his ground as against Harnack and others that the reason why they do not find the whole Apostles' Creed written in full in the earliest manuscripts of Christendom is that it was not then written and was not, because of an apostolic agreement that it should not be written, but I think it far more dangerous to the faith to magnify this agreement, provided there was one, into the foolish notion that there was or that there is to-day an esoteric and exoteric Christianity than it is to adhere to the simple truth of Catholic Christian tradition and say that we believe in it, which Harnack & Co. do not and are not expected to until by other reasons and forces, as happened to Saul of Tarsus, their blinded eyes are opened and they see something of the superiority of the beauty and constancy of Catholic faith as compared with the poor, halt and maimed, and lame, and hideous, and ugly and crippled duplicities of their own insincere and stumbling thoughts and lives.

In various places throughout Dr. MacDonald's book there are instances of weakness, sometimes of his own and sometimes of others: mere fanciful notions of conceited and over-pious and superstitious souls all bearing on this "discipline of the secret." It seems to be sort of blinding disease of his mind, as for instance on page 60 where he credits St. Augustine with defending or justifying this discipline of the secret as illustrating and fulfilling in some sense the Old Testament prophecy: "This is the covenant that I shall make with them after those days, saith the

Lord; I will give my law in their bowels, and in their hearts will I write it." In token of this, he, that is Augustine, adds the symbol is learned by ear, nor is it written on tablets or any kind of material, but in the heart!

To such weakness may the greatest minds descend, when under the fascination, the hypnotism of a wrong a foolish idea.

The very glory of the Old Testament prophecy was and is in its prophetic splendor and breadth of humanity, which saw or seemed to see the brighter days of human freedom and enlightenment when the priest and the old law would not be needed to exhort men to know the law and the Lord, but when all should know the light and the law since the very essence of light, the Radium and central soul of God had shone upon the face of the whole earth and was become part of the very vitals and heart and mind of mankind.

I do not say that the perfect flower of this bloom of Heaven has yet transfigured or transfigured the world, but to dwarf the splendid prophecy to the meaning of the "discipline of the secret" or hiding of the Christian faith from the pagan enemies of the same and for reasons of prudence or safety is to belittle the scriptures to the merest opportunism of hack politicians such as Loubet or Roosevelt. Away with such nonsense. No amount of learning can excuse it or make it sane.

The same sort of sophistical bombast under the guise of apparent erudition is found in other passages of this book where the strong and natural and penetrating utterances of Jesus relative to casting pearls before swine are made to serve and excuse the same "discipline of the secret." It is all folly to twist the great words of God in Christ to such petty and mere ecclesiastical uses. Besides, if the so-called "discipline of the secret" were so deep and far-reaching, so absolute as to have been foreshadowed and prophesied in the noblest words of Christ and the Hebrew prophets we should expect that the meaning of these words ended in such fulfillment, and that the esoteric secret of prudence and temerity would, like God Himself, abide forever. That the Apostles' Creed, and many others, too numerous, in my judgment, have long since been written and printed and blazoned on the walls of fame seems evidence enough that they at least were not a part of the supposed esoteric secret of the Catholic Christian faith. Drop such fanciful and foolish stuff, Dr. MacDonald, and use your well-stored powers of reason for the application of Christ's light to human eyes and not for the hiding it from the souls of men. The best part of the Doctor's book is in the middle of it where he grapples in earnest with the presumptions, errors and assumptions of Harnack & Co., and fires red hot shot into the camp of the enemy; and there are some concluding sections on the evolution and meaning of the term Catholic that are worthy of the fine scholarship, and the able reasoning powers of this gifted author.

The Rector of Hazlehurst, as defined by Dr. Gilliam, is a fine fellow, of good blood, and his career was luminous of good works and sound doctrine, but he was a little too steadily serious, his attacks of neuralgia were a little too opportune, and the opposition of his bishop and his fellow clergymen was a little too damnable, offensive and killing to admit of "Father Martyn's" longevity hence he proved a martyr to neuralgia, love and the despicable conduct of his superiors in the ecclesiastical fold.

Dr. Gilliam is a good writer; his pen has the touch, and leaves the impression of realism in its work but we are not inclined to believe that he will ever set the river on fire by writing such serious novels. The book is good, as we once said of *Lippincott's Magazine*, many years ago, but edited for a public that does not exist. There are serious people in the world, people who are still loyal to truth and honor—not the old-time honor, as we now say—for really there never was and never will be but one kind of honor and truth and trueness of soul in this totally depraved planet, and spite of the rigidity of Calvinistic interpretation of total depravity even to the verbal kind, there are still honorable, chaste, true, sweet and noble men and women in the world and lots of them, but they hardly seek or care to find in a novel elaborate dissertations on politics, the all-round and silly degradation of the negro race or the neuralgic or other idiosyncracies of comparatively mediocre clergymen and bishops or their rascally and worldly assistants and vicar generals.

We all know that such vermin exist, but who wants to settle down to a work of fiction, presumably for pleasure, to find himself entangled with a lot of promiscuous ecclesiastical intriguing and church gossip?

It is too late now to be of any service to Dr. Gilliam or his readers to say that a novel whose opening sentences deal formally with the theological differences or distinctions between the heresies of Eutyches and Nestorius may go to limbo or purgatory for readers, where said gentlemen may still be asserting themselves for all the modern reader of novels knows or cares, nor do we ourselves think the opening very winsome or catching. Better at once to have told the straight story of the duel between John Martyn and Colonel Henry and then have introduced the presumptive rector of Hazlehurst, and the reader would readily have seen what noble influences on the part of his bishop led to said Bishop's first and last infamy. This is all the more provoking because the reader will find as he or she approaches the close of the story that Dr. Gilliam knows of what stuff human passions are made and is able, if he settles to it, to work these into situations and complications that hold and fascinate the human mind.

As a matter of fact all that Dr. Gilliam says in Hazlehurst regarding and in adherence to the principles and actions of human

honor, all that he says in his left hand definitions of the true status of the negro race, all that he says in condemnation of the lack of principle in modern political and social life; and all that he says of the moral obligations of ecclesiastical officialism, Anglican and other, has been said and is being said in this magazine over and over again, and had the Doctor's dissertations or prescriptions even in stronger form appeared in this or in any other periodical given to the proclamation of religious and moral truth and honor, they might have brought him fame and financial remuneration, though that may be doubtful, but to put them into a novel in these days of Hall Caine and Humphrey Ward is to fall behind his imperious predecessors because he has not their heresies to make him popular in a world of thieves.

All the great novelists have, in their way, been moralizers as well as entertainers. There never was a purer gospel preached or a more elaborate sermon than you may find in Victor Hugo's *Les Misérables*, and Mrs. Humphrey Ward has done some elaborate if false theology in her various yarns, but, ye gods, these were people of genius, whose written words were and are among the treasures of the modern mind. The same is true, in lesser phase, of the writings of Ouida and Marie Correlli, and again supremely, of Scott, who has whole sections of the veriest padding of learned and false verbosity, and Dickens and George Eliot and Cooper and the whole fraternity of novelists in all languages, and we all read heaps of theology, moral philosophy and denunciation of the criminal aristocracy of vulgarity, duplicity and hypocrisy in Dante, Tasso, De Musset, and Hugo, as noted; in Goethe and Schiller, in Shakespeare, Wordsworth, the Brownings and Tennyson, but their dissertations are clothed and radiant with genius and the light of beauty, of flowers and of supreme poetry.

We do not object to novelist's moralizing any more than a poet's or a preacher's, but he must have the winged touch of power to win and hold his readers' attention, to drive his moral home.

We do not say that Dr. Gilliam has not this power, but it seems to us that with the facts and theories and possibilities at his disposal, and with his real gifts as a writer, he should have made better use of it all.

We congratulate him on his principles and send our regrets that he has not made a more fascinating story.

* * * * *

In these days of the passing of the girl child, it is a pleasure to find that some one still thinks it worth while to write sweet and wholesome stories to delight the girl hearts that remain. Such a story is *BELINDA'S COUSINS*. A Tale of Town and Country. By Maurice Francis Eagan. H. L. Kilner & Co., Philadelphia.

Mr. Eagan certainly loves and understands children to be able to write so into their lives, and with the heart of a naturalist—that is,

the heart of a poet, he understands and loves "all out doors;" otherwise he would not see and know the changing tints of color and feeling, manifest all the way up and down from flowers to the heart of a dog.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

GLOBE NOTES.

Within the past twelve months a good deal of lively interest has been revived in the reputation of Thomas Carlyle, especially his reputation as a "husband." On this matter the world never had any right to be informed or to express an opinion—ninety per cent. of the data necessary to the formation of any just judgment or opinion on that question being of necessity hid from the blinded and injudicious eyes of the curious world. The civilization of our generation, however, has been aptly called "newspaper civilization," and the life of the average newspaper is in depicting the sores by which all civilization has been cursed and crinkled since Mrs. Eve, of Eden fame, grew too intimate with some other gentleman besides her husband. It is a lively subject for comment from Adam to the Vanderbilts, and a man's domestic troubles will always be of interest to the women and the newspapers.

The so-called revelations of the skeleton in Carlyle's closet were made some twenty years ago by the publication of Froude's Letters of Thomas and Jane Carlyle. Froude was trusted by Carlyle, but proved himself unworthy of that trust, and his books, though all the more interesting to newspaper civilization on that account, were one sided, unjust and utterly untrue to the memory and reputation of the great man he undertook to defame.

During the last twelve months the question has been revived, as we said, and especially by some injudicious parties, who fearing that Carlyle might permanently suffer from the shadows cast upon his fame by Froude, have published various other letters of Jane Carlyle's which depict her *first*, as having on the whole a most devoted husband, and which prove, *secondly*, that Mrs. Jane was, as is seen in her letters descriptive of her kitchen relationships, a most talkative, complaining, unstable virago, a good deal of her time.

The foregoing, also, is about the position of articles of mine published in one of the leading dailies of Philadelphia in review of Froude's books at the time they were published, which articles afterwards appeared in my first book, *Modern Idols*, which book, as known to most intelligent readers acted at the time and has for many years acted as a sort of counter irritant to Froude's one-sided exposition of the Carlyle episode.

Time and again it has been suggested to me to republish the

Modern Idols Carlyle article in the GLOBE REVIEW, and in view of the facts just stated, and in view of the fact that not more than a hundred or two of the older subscribers to the GLOBE REVIEW are owners of the book, *Modern Idols*, I had intended to reproduce said article in this issue of the GLOBE, but current events have crowded out the more worthy theme. The letters published in the Froude books when read carefully, revealed the fact that while Jane Welsh was coquetting with Carlyle—the ablest man of the last century—and in fact, after she was engaged to him she was actually in love with and in correspondence with the mad cap Irving, who was a little later saving London, much as the prophet Dowie—spelled with a small p, if you please, is now saving New York, that is when this was written. The Scotch have always had the gift of tongues, and Dowie is said to have other gifts not especially characteristic of the Hebrew prophets and the apostles of Christ, money and land-grabbing for instance—any amount of duplicity and all-round power of abuse.

However, Jane Welsh, afterwards Jane Carlyle, played fast and loose with her betrothed, while engaged to him, was all the while in love with the lunatic Irving, tried to make Carlyle feel his inferiority to herself by questioning him as to how he proposed to support her, if they were married, had no end of sympathizing so-called friends to whom the poor creature ventilated her little domestic troubles, every year more and more showing herself unworthy of the man she married, and utterly unfit, physically, mentally, and morally to be any worthy companion of his sorrows or his joys, and the friends she confided in were a set of mere agnostic boobies who understand the marriage relationship about as they understand the Almighty.

She would gather up Carlyle's old shoes and pretend to mend them for the sake of showing her supposed degradation, but had neither sense nor heart to minister to or mend her over-worked and dyspeptic husband. She herself confessed that she "married for ambition" not for love "and was miserable" as she deserved to be. Pity for such creatures is a wasted treasure.

She seems to have been about seventy-five per cent. of the species of our modern American "liberated" termagant, and only twenty-five per cent. of womanly affection, which affection she had poisoned by various little unfaithfulnesses toward her husband, until the small twenty-five per cent. was turned to gall and bitterness and miserable complaining.

Carlyle was a martyr to a shrewish woman, incapable of being a true wife to him, a martyr to dyspepsia which the learned physicians never knew how to handle, and do not know to this day, a martyr to his own sacred regard for the sanctity of the marriage relationship, which he would have felt self-condemned and damned if he had publicly complained of—a martyr in all his life and work, in a word, he was treated much as God and the world

with very different motives have usually treated men of supreme genius, time out of mind, and finally Emerson and the New England socinians who had been his worshippers till they heard of his domestic misery turned against him and seemed to think that the whole world was with them and their perfidious leader, Froude, who, having ceased to understand the love and justice of heaven, applied his own blinded and poor intellect to mis-writing history and to defaming the very man who had intrusted to him papers sacred and noble enough to have kindled the world with new devotion to the greatest genius of the century. But nature guards her own. The sacredest and the dearest thing in this complex universe is the silent, honorable, self-sacrificing love and devotion of a great and complete soul, first to the truth of God, committed to it, and second, to such other soul or souls as, in honor, he feels bound to protect and love.

Christ, the Son of God, set us the most luminous example of this quiet exalted love, and Carlyle, of all the men known to me, was the supremest example of this same Christ spirit in all the years of the century now dead and gone. His wife Jane, and her lover, Irving, like Elijah Dowie and company, are smaller fish hardly worth angling for or inquiring about.

* * * * *

As to prophet Dowie, the Elijah fraud, the following paragraph has gone the rounds of the newspapers in the United States and Canada, and I republish it here as the most important item I have seen regarding this self-deceived and arch deceiver:

"The Dowieites. Chicago, Oct. 31.—A despatch from Essex, Iowa, says John Murray Dowie is crushed by the attack made upon him by his son, John Alexander Dowie. He says: 'The statement that I am not the father of John Alexander Dowie is the greatest myth ever uttered by the mouth of man. It is scandalous that my son should repudiate me after I have done so much for him. He is my son and was born in lawful wedlock. No one can deny it. The records may be had at the great register offices Princess street, Edinburgh, Scotland. I have always lived a quiet, peaceable Christian life and it breaks my heart to have this trouble come toward the end.'

"Judge Dowie, who is respected by the whole community, lives here in his little cottage. The resemblance between John Murray Dowie and John Alexander Dowie is so close that the father has often been taken for the son. The old man is growing feeble and the recent trouble has aged him greatly."

At first my attitude toward Dowie was precisely that expressed by Dr. Parkhurst of New York, viz, that of one willing to receive new light from the least gifted as well as from the most exalted persons or ecclesiastics. But my attitude changed a little when I found that Dowie left "Zion" just in time to escape suits of three Chicago men, amounting in all to about \$7,000. Then it

became an attitude of questioning, and then to a partially unfavorable estimate, again expressed pretty clearly by the same Dr. Parkhurst to the effect that as the new prophet had no great truth to utter, but only a wild rehash of the vilest abuse ever heaped upon newspaper men and other sinners, with fulsome praise of himself and his Illinois Zion, he was to be treated as a lunatic, not seriously, and simply let alone. As a Catholic and a man of experience I might have concluded this at first, but I was born and brought up a Protestant and have no aversion to a new sight of an old prophet, or a new view of the Son of God, even in the shape of a wealthy Western pioneer.

Then when the newspapers published the fact that Elijah had sent his spruce-looking wife and his smart-looking son to Australia, presumably to import some Australian negroes to supplement our plethora of the African kind, and so make Zion a mixed community, I began to suspect what we have not yet seen, that Dowie's subterfuges were deep and manifold, and I began to feel sure that he was more than fool. Finally, when the quoted item appeared in the newspapers, I lost all faith or hope in the wily old scoundrel. My view of the bird that fouls its own nest being the old orthodox view on all that, namely, that such bird is fit only to be slain and fed to the buzzards that seek the corrupted dainties that all other birds and criminals reject and despise. The poor deluded and conceited old humbug.

Newspaper men have admitted to me that Dowie with all his vile language was incapable of defining the subtle and brazen vices of the ubiquitous reporter, but when the reporter finds that his Dowie traducer is as bad himself, bedad, or worse, let the Dowie bad men look out for missiles.

It is a pity and a shame that in this land of freedom and of universal knowledge there is not sense enough to see and admit that the Church founded by Jesus is, with all its faults, the divinest family in the world, and if our Dovies, our Mormons, our agnostics, our Eddyites, and our Methodists, Baptists and Episcopalians would only search the Scriptures and see that the true way to divine peace is by the path of humility, instead of parading one's own ignorance, what a millennium might be at hand.

December 2nd and 3rd dispatches from Chicago described Dowie and his Zion as bankrupt and in the hands of a receiver, with liabilities amounting to nearly \$1,000,000. This revelation of bankruptcy, with an indebtedness as above, reveals Mr. Dowie in new light and lets a flood of revelation upon his New York adventure; and it seems clear to-day, Dec. 3rd, 1903, that Mr. Dowie is a helpless lunatic or a most contemptible and far-seeing but shallow scoundrel. In view of these revelations it would be interesting to have accurate information as to just how much money the smart-looking Mrs. Dowie and her son, Dr. Dowie, took with them to Australia and what they now propose to do with it.

I do not know when anything has given me so much genuine pleasure as the reports of Mr. Bryan's reception in England. When he found himself among gentlemen who were not prejudiced against him by the poisoned and purchased utterances of a corrupt newspaper gang, among men ready to give honor to a fellow man in proportion to their estimate of his real worth and exceptional ability he was treated with ample consideration and respected for the genuine manhood which has made him a byword and a good joke among the newspaper hirelings of this country.

Bryan's theories of bimetallism are simply the theories of the ablest statesmen ever born in this land. If great "financiers," as we call them in the United States, that is, men who began as usurers in a small way and have grown to multimillionaires in the nefarious pursuit of their robbery; if such men, for purely personal and selfish reasons, they being now the money lenders and actual rulers of the nations, have led other so-called financiers in this country to believe that gold should be the only standard of money value while these same men, our countrymen are in high positions in our government and authorizing the coining of silver, the passing of silver as the equivalent of gold; while authorizing our Government printers to print silver certificates nominally as the equivalent of gold and for popular use as the equivalent of gold; if these American Republican officials, who think that different sorts of money and various tariff schedules should be in use and imposed upon different sections of this our glorious and united Empire, have persuaded or purchased the newspaper fraternity of America to believe that such lying and most bare-faced duplicity of action is true gold standard statesmanship; that no real honesty can be admitted into the councils of the Nation or with the mints and bank note-printing establishments of the country, that black is white or white black, as the money-lenders dictate and have grown so blind in their service of mammon as simply to poke fun at a statesman who insists upon the principles of honor and truth in all his discussions and in all his attitudes toward the great interests of our land,—then they have in reality become damnable, and the more expert a man becomes in all the black arts of lying and stealing, even in the stealing of nations and breaking the Nation's word of treaty and honor the smoother will his way become in a land filled either with such thieves or with such fools as to believe that the financial or other theories of such thieves are the true and only safe financial and other principles for modern men and modern nations of men to live by and swear by.

During a space of six years Mr. Bryan carried with him very nearly half the qualified voters of the United States, and he carried these with him on the simplest principles of National and financial truth and honor. He was twice cheated—simply cheated out of being President of the United States, by the purchased

minions of his own party and by the purchasing power of the leaders of the Republican party. Even great churchmen for gains in real estate offered them, were inveigled into the rascally scheme, and by making public fools of themselves were led to aid in the defeat of the one man in the country who had intelligence and magnetism enough to carry half the qualified voters of the country to vote for him simply on conviction alone.

Bryan is the only American since Lincoln who has shown any real grasp of the political history of the United States; the only candidate for office who has argued the principles of statesmanship with any clearness or power. Hanna and Quay are shrewd men who know how to buy political goods and place them where they will command attention and win prizes; but God help the land ruled by such as they; and yet when it comes to such gentlemen as Roosevelt, Wood, Root, Taft & Company we may grasp for Hanna, Quay, Platt & Co. and be thankful if we escape with our lives.

Yet in view of these facts Bryan, the one statesman in the United States to-day, is the man that the newspapers have been poking fun at for the last six years. Now mark my words the last act, showing the power of this man after all your silly sport of him was his visit to England, his quiet seeing of Mr. Croker and getting a brief message sent to this country which stopped the Cleveland boom and knocked the duck-shooter out of another term of boundless luxury in the White House. When driven to finals such men as Bryan have resources known only to themselves. It is tit for tat, Mr. Cleveland, but in very different ways.

* * * * *

Two or three of the articles in the body of this issue were written originally for this department of *Globe Notes*. but as the antics of our worthy President grew more and more strenuous during the month of November our treatment of said antics also grew until it seemed best to affix separate heads to the same.

The last funny act of President Roosevelt previous to this date, December 4th, was his invitation to Governor Odell, of New York, to meet him and Senator Platt in conference at Washington. Of course, the newspapers made much of this wonderful conference. Of course the President had felt for some time that he was not entirely sure of Platt. The latter had been too quiet; was too familiar with Hanna and the Wall street gentlemen, and the President wanted an explanation. Odell is a younger man than Platt and in person and aptitude more like unto our strenuous President. Odell had for some time been represented as a Governor with grievances, and grievances against Platt. The Governor, so the reports went out, was invited to state his ground and his grievances, and the President was persuaded as to the justice

of his cause, whereon Mr. Platt, being an older man, and newly married and not caring to be bothered with youngsters, like Roosevelt and Odell, was somewhat irritated, if not disgusted with the persistent efforts of the President to fix everything and everybody sure for himself, did not treat the reporters with his usual kindness, so that said gentlemen the next day represented that Platt had been knocked out and completely routed by the youngsters aforesaid.

Two days after this little boxing match, two against one, in the prize ring at the Capitol, the reporters got their senses again, and reported an interview between Hanna and Platt in New York and reported that Platt had not been knocked out at all; that nobody had been hurt, that harmony existed between Platt and Odell, that Hanna had resolved to stand by the New York easy boss, that, in short, both of these venerable statesmen were heartily sick of Roosevelt's anxiety about the next presidency; that, of course, Roosevelt would be the presidential candidate, etc., etc., but the net outcome of it all was what the GLOBE has predicted long ago, namely, that Hanna and Platt were pledged to work together against any and all comers who tried to interfere with the management of their respective States. "Let the other fellow do the swearing off in future." Meanwhile certain United States Senators, in the Senate chamber were asserting that the Executive was invading the legislative rights of Congress and playing sort of universal boss of all things; meanwhile again the President's special pet, Major General Wood, ex-country doctor, ex-governor-general of Cuba; now general in the Philippines, was being tried on all sorts of charges brought mainly by one of Hanna's underlings, the condemned Rathbone, and at this writing, Dec. 4th, it looked very much as if Rathbone would knock out Wood, and as if Hanna would once more knock out Roosevelt or set him again in the President's chair on the ground of promises of good behavior.

* * * * *

During the months of October and November I had read many articles in English and American magazines and had made many newspaper clippings and had several times pulled my thinking cap down with a view of writing an article for this issue of the GLOBE on the Balfour-Chamberlain somersaults and financial pyrotechnics in Great Britain. But the newspaper habit of making most of home matters kept me pretty close to Roosevelt & Co., and the Balfour-Chamberlain article, and another excellent paper in defence of the "British Monarchy," by Dr. H. Fitzpatrick, will have to wait for the March issue. They will keep and be better for waiting a little longer. Meanwhile the O'Brien versus Dillon movement in and out of the British Parliament had projected itself across the ocean. *The New York Literary Digest*, of Dec. 5th, quoting from the Dublin *Freeman's Journal*

and then briefly from Mr. O'Brien, thus puts the case in a nutshell:

"The fact that Mr. W. O'Brien announces his resignation, alike of his seat in Parliament and his membership of the National Directory, will excite universal regret among the Nationalists of Ireland. The news will come with surprise on the people who had long learned to look to Mr. O'Brien for aid and guidance in the national struggle. It is no exaggeration to say that every thought and feeling of his youth and manhood, his eloquence, his energy, his strength, have been devoted to unfaltering service to the national movement. In the days of coercion his was ever the place of danger and of honor. To him among the greatest of his services the country mainly owes the reorganization of her forces and the unity of her party. That such a man should feel it necessary, for any cause to drop out of the national movement must be a matter for great regret. But that regret, arising from the universal belief in the sincerity of his motives and the grateful remembrance of the length and magnitude of his services to the national cause, will be aggravated by the terms in which the announcement of his resignation has been conveyed to the world. *The Freeman's Journal* has differed with Mr. O'Brien on the important issue of the prices to be paid under the new Land Act. On that subject we have not merely claimed a right, but performed a duty as chief organ of national opinion to offer advice, with the facts and arguments that enforced it, for the consideration of the tenants of Ireland. . . . By loud professions and vague promises the attempt was made to wheedle a ruinous price from the tenants. The demands were a violation of equity and good faith. They were an evil example of attempted extortion by those who should have exercised a moderating influence on their insensate brethren."

"Mr. O'Brien's estimate of the attitude of *The Freeman's Journal* is totally different. He accuses it of having been an obstacle in the way of the passage of the Irish Land Act from the very beginning. 'On more than one occasion,' it brought that bill 'to the very verge of destruction,' and as for himself Mr. O'Brien 'must decline to speculate as to the real design of *The Freeman's* extraordinary course of conduct.'"

Under an excellent portrait of Mr. O'Brien the *Literary Digest* also publishes the following significant paragraph: "Ireland 'unanimously sympathizes with the hope,' says the *Dublin Freeman's Journal*, 'that Mr. O'Brien will even yet withdraw his resignation' as a member of Parliament. 'But even should that hope fail . . . there is no danger of even the slightest dissension in party or country.'"

Sorry to say that we have no such optimistic view of the case. All the history of Ireland is against such view of the case. If Irish history teaches anything it is that outside of their beautiful

loyalty to the Catholic Church Irishmen have always been and always will be especially loyal to individual leaders, and though this loyalty has had many set-backs, as seems always to be the case when an honest, emotional and enthusiastic people attach their hearts to any fallible man; still the Irish people do not soon or without due cause forsake the leaders of their own choosing, and of these in the old years or the new, we do not know of one whose calmness, levelheadedness, goodness of heart and enthusiasm for justice have been superior to those of William O'Brien: and if he quits a cause, the cause itself must be wrong.

* * * * *

We had intended to make a special GLOBE NOTE on the Rev. Mr. Gee's recent advocacy of a return to denominational and private schools, and upon the varied comments our American Catholic papers made on the same. Catholics too readily attach themselves to anything that, on the face of it, seems to favor the Catholic cause. It is useless and it is a folly. The American people are not without a thin substratum of reason and justice, but if you desire to reach and affect this you must not butt against their idolatries and try to tear down their idols. That only makes them angry and deposes their reason and what little sense of justice they may have. You all know how it is with ourselves.

Now if the Americans have any idol it is their *public schools*, and, for a crude unlettered democratic people I do not blame them. I have never favored or believed in our public schools. I have written against them and in favor of Catholic Parochial schools, and for long years have advocated an appeal to the thin stratum of justice in the hearts of Americans on the grounds that if Catholics, on religious grounds, feel that they *cannot* send their children and youth to our public schools and are determined to educate them in the principles of the Catholic religion as well as in reading, writing, arithmetic, etc., etc., an appeal to the American people for such portion of the school fund as will cover the expense of such education, the estimates being made without jobbery and being satisfactory to both sides and well brought before the proper American officials will eventually prevail. And I hold that we do not want to unite with other denominations who think themselves in similar shape and case with our own. As a matter of fact they are not in similar shape, and I hold that we as Catholics, should press our own case on the grounds indicated till by the justice of our claim and by our sheer persistence we have won. I have referred to the matter in my article on Church and State, in this issue.

The United States and her public schools are married for life, till death, for better, for worse, and the schools will go on spite all that Catholics can do to the contrary, and United States principles will grow worse and worse, and our manners will grow cruder as our principles decline and our conceits of a character we do not

possess grow stronger until children despise their parents, and our young men become our rulers and the stealers of other nations, till the world-protest and the world-war ensues.

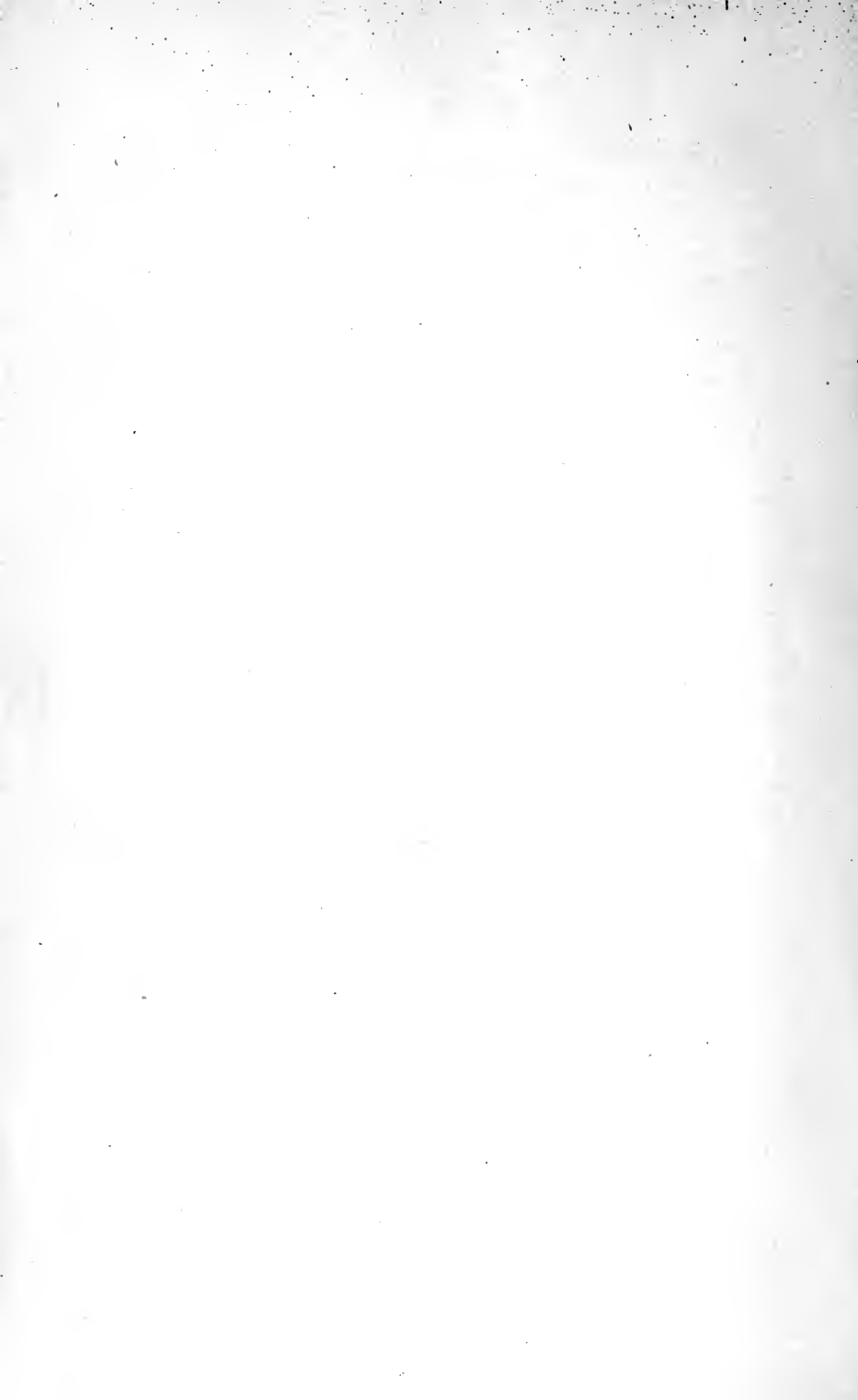
* * * * *

In this connection it may be well to mention the fact that a socinian pastor hailing from Boston, of course, made himself somewhat notorious during the past three months by starting the senseless proposition that "religious journalism was played out," and ought to admit the fact and die. The poor fellow bases his calculation on the long-subsidized existence of the *Christian Register*, published in Boston. When the paper was founded American Unitarians had some little respect for Christ and historic Christianity; hence they called their paper *The Christian Register*. They have long ago lost what little Christianity they ever had, and naturally their organ has ceased to collect the pennies, notwithstanding the monkey attachment, but what has this to do with religious journalism?

As well say that the universe had ceased to be religious because President Roosevelt and Co. had become a gang of freebooters, or because Dowie & Co. had shown such devices as sending the women and children to Australia with the bonds and the gold.

If Dowie, and the Maine man Sanford and Mother Eddy and the Mormons, the lineal descendants of Channing and Emerson, Elbert Hubbard, Rockefeller and Carnegie and Roosevelt would just quietly join the Catholic Church, they would be taught first to make restitution of all stolen goods, then to make such acts of penance or penitence as would show them to be sincere and what a millennium of heaven and justice and mercy would once more bless this weary world. Be sure to send in your subscriptions, any way.

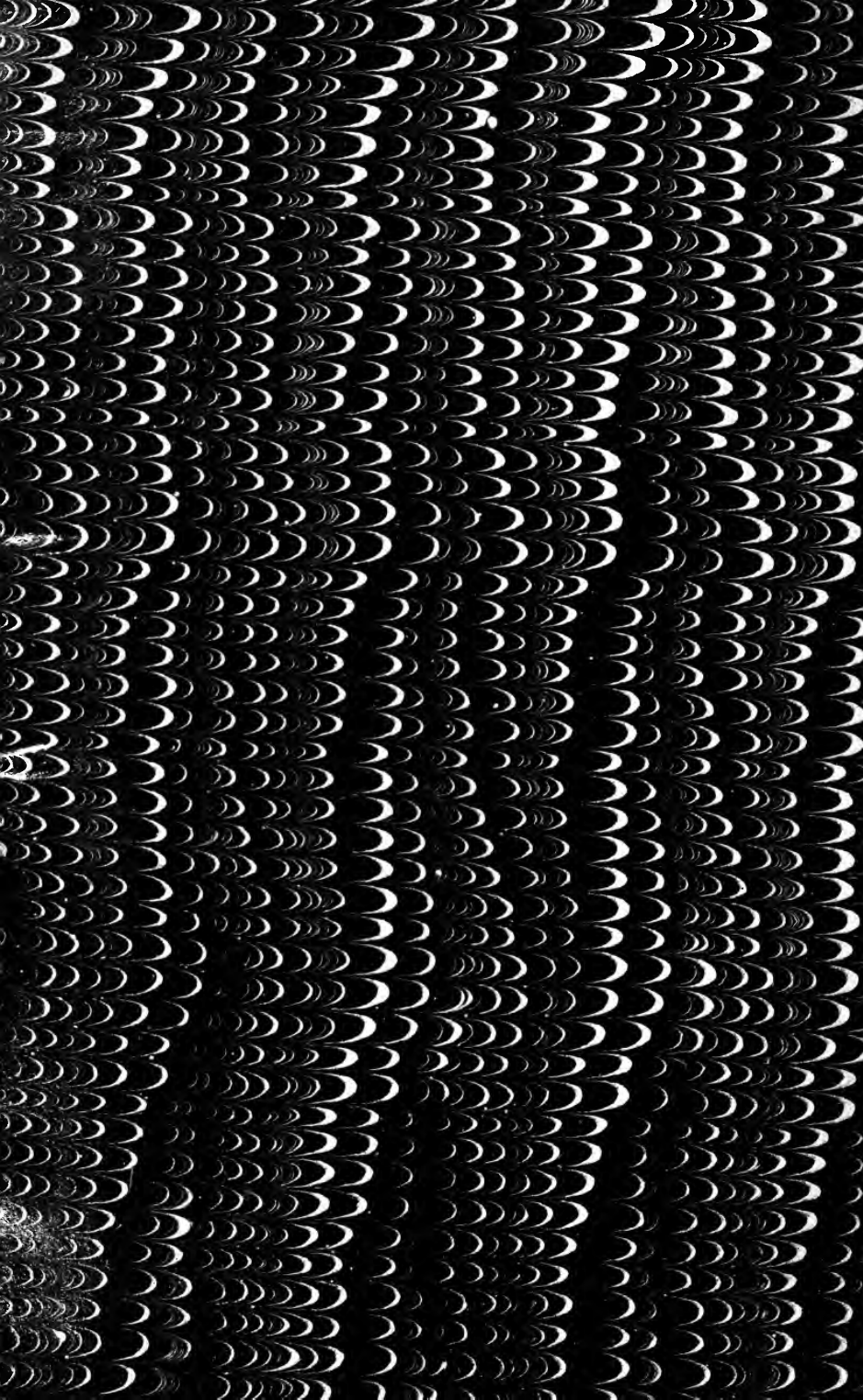
WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.











GLOBE, The.

1903
v. 13 .

