

**NAZARETH
OR
TARSUS?**

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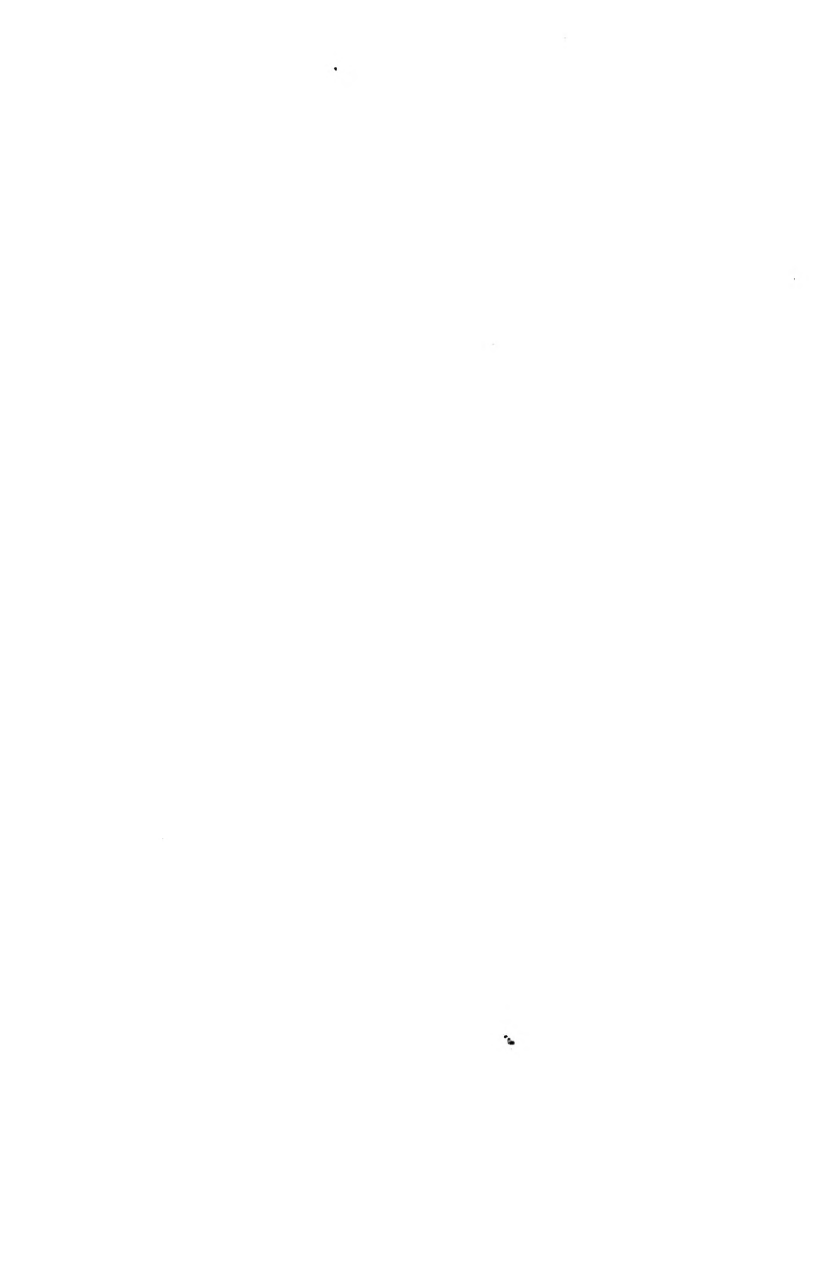
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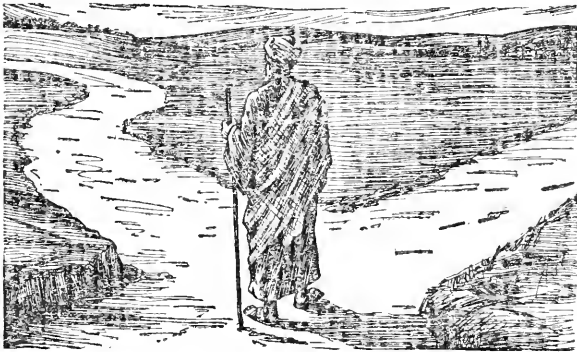




TO
Nazareth Or Tarsus?

BY THE AUTHOR OF

“Not On Calvary,” “The First Millennial Faith,” Etc.



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APOLOGY.

SO LONG as orthodoxy believes that its wisest course is to ignore the results of the higher criticism, he who would appeal to the occupants of the pews—nay more, desires to persuade that “man in the street” whose relation to the divine testamentary gifts is that of residuary legatee to the man in the pew—must follow the example of the pulpit, and allow himself no participation in the fruits of critical scholarship.



Nazareth or Tarsus?

I.

AN OPEN volume.

Of The Man who stands before it courtesy permits the phrase "in the prime of life."

The Book, like Shakespeare, "is more praised than read"—thoughtfully.

The Man is strangely alone.

He was most unfairly handicapped in that midnight footrace; for his competitor was encumbered with but a single garment, and that of the lightest material.

The starting post was the bedside of an unfaithful wife.

Then he went out into the still, clear night, thanking God that the reflected shame was his alone to bear. Thankful that to no child-life would come the overshadowing ignominy of a mother's sin.

Alone; without even the memory of mother, sister, brother, child.

Not but that he had experienced a mother's love,—on its reverse side. For the women—saintly women, if you will take their funeral sermons at their face value—whom he was obliged to call by that blessed name, had taught him that the maternal instinct in a woman is no holier, though wiser, than if it were endued with hoofs and horns to defend its own young, or to secure for its own offspring daintier pastures and sweeter waters.

There are oases in the desert;—but where the waters of Marah have fructified. Blessed are they who may abide under the beneficent shade that they foster.

This is not a story we are telling you. Come with us, as step by step we walk by the side of this man, learning his strength and weaknesses; and so, knowing his limitations, we may detect any mistake in his reasoning, any error in his conclusions.

But we cannot rightly judge whether we should allow him to influence our opinions till we measure the sincerity of his purpose: and equally important it is to judge whether the isolating conditions of his life have made him hard and bitter or have fostered a calm, self-poised, judicial temperament.

Yet we may be sure of this; that if he is not

hard and uncharitable he will possess a tenderness, morbidly sensitive through retrospect of his own suffering, which will make him vulnerable to the attacks of those who could not victimize him through any low or selfish appeal.

Once a gang of blackmailers had found the way to move his pity, knowing that he would be fearless and unguarded if his sympathies were aroused and his confidence won. When their masks were thrown off and he saw that they had him in their power—through the appearance of evil motive which they had skilfully woven about him—with no chance of escape, he would have drawn them into his power, by a pretended desire for a conference, and would have taken their lives as calmly as he would have destroyed any other kind of vermin. And to the spiritual comforter who would have visited him in his consequent confinement, with an appeal for contrition and repentance, he would have answered that he could not ask God's forgiveness for what he would do again under the same circumstances; that it was the only gentlemanly way out of his dilemma; and if it was the choice of going to hell a gentleman or to heaven a poltroon and with a cruel wrong unavenged, then he must ask to be excused from taking the heavenly road; and that he could not reconcile God's pity and justice with any regret on God's part that any of this most

merciless class of beings should be removed beyond any possibility of further prosecuting their brutal calling.

Perhaps there may have been some of the old heathen Norse blood in his veins; and surely he was better fitted for Valhalla than for Heaven.

But between his overpowering desire for a revenge that seemed almost sacred—because perhaps morbidly exaggerating the crime of working a great injury through an appeal to pity—there came the thought of her, “half child, half woman,” who looked to him for that love and care and provision which he had pledged to her, in her loving dependence on him. He could not leave her to struggle alone and unloved. So his enemies’ lives were spared. How close they came to death they never knew; while he calmly bowed to the shame and loss which the malefactors fastened on him.

Too late he had met that warning of a most accomplished student of human nature:

“Kindnesses which can be reciprocated foster friendship; kindnesses beyond the power of repayment engender hatred.”

Later, when he had become as conversant with his Bible as with Tacitus he never ceased to wonder that divine wisdom had not conveyed this warning; had left it to the heathen philos-

opher alone to place this beacon light, searching the soul as merely human light has seldom done. A light which—if it had lighted the Man's path in early life—would have saved him from the pitfalls that ingratitude had dug, and in which he had encountered his keenest sorrows.

II.

SIX months ago he stood as he stands to-day, reverently closing the volume before him.

To-day his face is firm and hard. A warrior's helmet would be a fit setting. Then it was serene and benignant; a calm restfulness possessed it.

It matters not how the impulse came: it may have been aroused by that eloquent and persuasive preacher, Death: it may have been through retrospect of the treachery and ingratitude of those whom he had loved and trusted; there came into his heart the longing to learn if there was a stable foundation for the hope of another existence; where to exultant, eternal youth there was presented an ever developing knowledge: where the beautiful in myriad forms would appeal to such sublime virility that satiety would never stay the flow of endless enjoyment.

It was his good fortune to have the friendship of one of those rare characters, whose evenly balanced intellects and generous impulses make

them the confidants and helpers of any who are in doubt or trouble.

But, crossing the threshold of that friend's library, he saw that the simple breakfast was untasted and that some grave problem oppressed him.

'You are busy—hard at work—I will come again.'

'No,' was the answer; 'stay, I need you. You of all men in the world I am most gratified to see. Here,' and he almost thrust into his visitor's hand the photograph he had been studying. Then, turning to some papers, he seemed to regard them carefully that he might in no way disturb his visitor's analysis of the "counterfeit presentment."

At length the Man laid down the picture. 'Well, it ought not to be hard to trap him if he is within reach. He is vain, and that will make it easier; he is brutal, and would be merciless; it will require no fine work; it will be through his lower nature that you will trap him.'

'You are right in your reading of his face,' the host replied.

'It is the old story. A foolish girl was carrying on a romantic correspondence with a supposed attaché of a foreign embassy. He had impressed on her that she must destroy his letters, and he assured her that he destroyed hers.

‘She obeyed; so we have no evidence against him. Her letters were carefully preserved, and when he had secured a sufficient number he began to ask her for loans. After he had obtained all that she could give he threw off the mask and demanded that she sell her jewelry, that she obtain money to pay her bills and send it to him, or he would use her letters to injure her.

‘All of these demands were typewritten and unsigned. So they are not evidence.

‘At last, every resource exhausted, confronted with bills she had obtained money to pay, half sick from fear of the scoundrel, she confessed all to her parents.

‘Last night they came to me. I am not on their visiting list. I am never invited to their functions. It was just a little amusing to observe the embarrassment they labored under as they appealed to one whom they regarded as their social inferior for aid in a crisis that might seriously affect their daughter’s social prospects. Any public prosecution they naturally dreaded. Indeed, there was no evidence to support it. They only desired to recover the compromising letters.’

‘There is only one way to recover those letters,’ said the Man.

‘I know it,’ was the answer, and the host’s face showed the keen chagrin of one who knows

the methods he should employ, yet is powerless to command them.

‘The Woman?’ Intently the two men looked into each other’s faces as the visitor asked this simple question. He, calm and impassive; the face of the other appealing mutely for help. Presently the visitor’s face relaxed into a faint smile, and a slight gesture told of his ability to help.

‘You have relieved me from what I was regarding as an almost hopeless position. For the parents I cared nothing. The mental sufferings of the girl had enlisted my interest, yet till you offered to help me I was humiliated by my powerlessness. But tell me—this woman, do you hold her by fear or through affection?’

‘Neither; through gratitude.’

Then followed a short conversation that would have been unintelligible to a listener; words apparently with no relation to each other; half sentences such as only those can employ who know each other’s hearts, and each so intent that words are almost needless, with each face fully in the light of the other’s eyes. So the two men arranged the details for the rescue of the girl from the power of her oppressor.

As the visitor rose to leave he said: ‘I value this woman’s loyalty too highly to permit a needless risk. Disagreeable as is the work, I must

take "close shadow." I would entrust no one else with her protection. Give me Hart for "outside." And at whatever sacrifice on his part the loyal woman would have been protected in her perilous mission.

His hand was almost on the door when his host recalled him.

'How can I apologize for my thoughtlessness? You have given me all that I could have asked; yet to you I have not given one thought. Tell me what service I can render to you.'

'One can safely give advice to a hungry man,' and the visitor laughingly called attention to the untasted breakfast; 'but to ask advice from an unbreakfasted man is a temerity that I trust I have the good sense not to be guilty of.'

'If you were not so modest that you are blind to the intense relief you have brought to me you would know that my heart is so light that I could work for hours on the strength of that relief; but'—and here he touched the bell—'I will order a warm breakfast for two, and while it is preparing let me share any interest or any anxiety that you entertain. Now settle yourself in this easy-chair and let me have the pleasure of making myself just a little less your debtor.'

The lightheartedness and cordiality were so evident that they made it easy for the Man to

reveal that longing which, next to Love, is hardest for one soul to unbosom to another.

Then the host answered: 'You esteem me, I fear, more highly than I deserve when you say I am the one whose comprehensive, unbiased study has made me, in your view, the safest counsellor on a theme the importance of which I concede unreservedly. But its truths are of such a nature that each student of them must regard their evidences largely through the media of his own temperament. So I can only offer to you that which I feel will appeal most effectively to you.'

He arose, and, taking from his desk a little book, he said: 'Here is a gift from a dear old lady who feels that she is responsible for my spiritual welfare. To tempt me to read it she writes to me that it is the Index Expurgatorius of orthodox religious bookstores. Its brevity attracted me more. That the author is in earnest is evident. That he has struggled up—as he believes—to a light that he wishes to impart to others is equally clear. He is too reverent to destroy where he does not try to reconstruct on lines that he believes to be true and natural. I give it to you, this little "Not on Calvary," knowing that you will weigh it carefully, confident that you will detect any false reasoning, if such it contains.'

Not many days after this consultation there came to the home of the foolish virgin a woman whose cultivation and refinement were evident. Her demand for an immediate interview she apologized for, 'because moments may be precious. Examine this package,' she said. 'If any letters are lacking it is best that I should receive these again and restore them at once, that I may recover all.'

Presently the girl's face told her without words, by the look of relief that suffused it, that the number was evidently complete.

'Believe me, dear child, my relief that my work is ended is little less than your joy that you have escaped from his power.'

But now the visitor saw a look of mingled contempt and fear on the mother's face. 'My dear madam, I understand you perfectly, since you take no pains to conceal your thoughts. Our low estimate of others is largely a reflex of our own characters—unless we have been terribly unfortunate in our experiences. No. You have not exchanged one danger for a new one. Your secret is safe with me, for the sake of the man for whom I have made this sacrifice—greater and more repugnant than you can understand. But'—and here she held out her hand to the girl—'I believe that you trust me.'

‘Indeed I do, and I shall never forget your kindness. Come again and see me; I want you to be my friend.’

‘Thank you, dear child. And I am sure that when a true and loyal love comes to you you will value it all the more for the counterfeit that you have received.’ Then, holding her hand, she impressed the willing girl into such sincere courtesy in leave-taking that the mother was silently but emphatically rebuked.

III.

SELF-RELIANT, shrinking from taking others into his confidence—even when it was a matter of small moment—it was only a sense of duty which impelled the Man to give publicity to his new convictions.

Perhaps he was not fortunate in his choice of the clergyman through whom he desired to make a public avowal of his newly found faith.

Simply and unreservedly as a little child he told the story of his weariness with the humiliating and contemptible conditions of living; of his hope that there was irrefragable proof—at least presumptive evidence of the validity of the claim of the Man of Galilee that he came with power to reveal a future life of happiness; telling, too, of his longing for fitness for such an exalted and restful existence.

Kindly, tactfully, the clergyman drew from him the history of the methods of reasoning and the influences that had led him to recognize the truth of the beneficent mission of the life begun in Bethlehem.

‘Let me see the little book that has been the means of convincing you that there is a future worth the attaining to and which has guided you into the knowledge of the way that leads to that life.’

Prepossessed in its favor, the clergyman received the book. But his face became ominously clouded as he glanced over its pages. Slowly closing the book, he handed it back to his visitor. For a moment he sat in silence. Then, as if impelled to the performance of a painful duty, he said:

‘My friend, saddest of all error is that which misleads through the glamour of sincerity. Such I believe is the *ignis fatuus* that you have followed. False light I believe it to be, although it has led you to a peaceful faith. But that faith is wrongly founded. Covertly, yet none the less intently, this little book attacks the teachings of Paul the Apostle. Reverently its author regards the mission of our Lord. But I appeal to your good sense—rather let me say to that skill in the analysis of evidence with which you are so justly credited.

‘On the one hand, St. Paul supernaturally converted by a revelation of the risen and reigning Christ—and divinely called to be an apostle of Christianity, especially commissioned to preach the Gospel to the Gentile world. Under divine

inspiration he wrote the epistles which bear his name. The doctrines set forth in these writings have stood the test of the most rigid investigation and were the inspiration of those great reformations which eliminated many of the errors which had crept into the church.

‘Surely if St. Paul’s doctrines had been conceived in error—founded on falsities—the searching intellects of those great reformers would have discovered the fallacies of his propositions.

‘Is it within the bounds of probability, I might almost say of possibility, that errors—so radical and so profound as this little book implies are incorporated by the canon of St. Paul in the universal Christian faith—could have escaped the critical acumen of those intellectual giants, Calvin, Luther, and the Westminster divines?

‘On the other hand, we have opposed to them an obscure writer, admitting himself to be unskilled in theology, inveighing against the doctrines that have stood the test of nearly two thousand years; doctrines that have survived through all those centuries the attacks of atheists and founders of schismatic sects; yet standing to-day as firmly grounded in the basic faith of Catholics as of Protestants; and not less of the Greek church, of the Armenian, and of all other Christian communions.

‘Let me ask you to apply to this investigation that law of probabilities on which, I presume, you have founded your success in your profession.’

‘I acknowledge the force of your argument; I admit the weight that is due to the consensus of belief throughout the Christian world. But you are not so wise in your personal appeal.

‘So far from my successes being based on—as you say—the law of probabilities, let me remind you that most successful men do not run with the multitude in the easy grooves of probabilities. Parallel with them, perhaps; or it may be counter to them; but never adown them is a great success overtaken. But my profession has taught me to hold lightly,—that I may drop readily, if faulty,—any thread of investigation; nay more, to be ready to couple with it, even if promising a success, any new one that possesses any appearance of leading to the truth. So I ask you to tell me where I can best learn of the teaching of Paul the Apostle. I assure you that I will enter on the study unprejudiced by that which I have previously read. In my daily life I am constantly impressed with the fact that truth is many sided; and its brightest facets may be unrecognized till that is cleared away which obscures them. Unreservedly I yield to your arguments; and I am allowing no protests from my

“superior ignorance”; an ignorance which, I assure you, I will overcome if you will teach me how to do so.’

‘Certainly—and it is always a joy to me to aid anyone who is willing to learn the true guide to such knowledge;’ and as the clergyman spoke he handed to his visitor the Book, open at the first chapter of the Epistle to the Romans. ‘Were all else lost, this one letter would have given to Christianity that which has enshrined St. Paul in the hearts of all believers. Then turn back to St. Luke’s story of his great Master’s life, a life that was so full of privations; so glorified by his devotion to his mission. Then go forward and read his fervent appeals to the converts; his devoted love to his children in Christ. You cannot fail to give him your reverent admiration.’

‘You have described a great preacher, but you have told me nothing of his doctrines,’ was the calm reply. ‘Will you please outline them, that I may know what the church of to-day demands as the foundation of belief?’

And the clergyman answered: ‘I know that your analytical mind will recognize as irrefragable this chain of argument by which St. Paul maintains his doctrines:

‘First: That God created man into a state of

innocence and gave him a commandment, which, if broken, brought the penalty of eternal death.

‘Second: That man broke the law and thus fell into a state of guilt which exposed him to the wrath of God in this life and throughout eternity. With the first man all mankind fell and were brought under the same condemnation.

‘Third: The sin being infinite, an infinite sacrifice must be offered to appease the Divine justice.

‘Fourth: That this infinite sacrifice was offered in the suffering and death of Jesus Christ, who, being the second person of the Trinity, became man, and shed his blood for the sin of man; thus satisfying the claims of Justice.

‘Yet, better than answer of mine, are the words of the blind Milton, who was compensated for his loss of vision by a clearer spiritual insight:

*“Man, losing all,
To expiate his treason hath naught left,
But to destruction sacred and devote
He with his whole posterity must die:
Die he or justice must; unless for him
Some other able, and as willing, pay
The rigid satisfaction: death for death.”*

And their inspiration was in St. Paul’s fearless,

unqualified insistence on the doctrine of atonement through the blood of Christ. Read his epistles and you will learn the truth of the mission of the Christ.'

The enquirer listened respectfully, yet resolved to find and to follow the truth; whether it led him with the multitude or alone into the wilderness.

Perhaps there was a degree of chagrin at his discomfiture in the impulse that led him—before he entered on these studies—to read again the little book; but this time side by side with the words of those who had been chosen by the Life to be the historians of His acts, the recorders of His utterances.

'Reverently its author regards the mission of our Lord'—he remembered that the clergyman had said of the little book. And as he compared the book with their teachings he found no injustice had been done by its author to the evangelistic writers.

And now there came before him a condition, which in a mind less self-reliant and analytical would have produced one of two results. Possibly a yielding of the judgment to the asserted authority of the church; but far more likely to have sent him to join that great body of semi-unbelievers who put aside the consideration of divine truth because they claim that they can-

not understand its complexity; the fault theirs equally with those public teachers who have placed before them the temptation to thus avoid their duty.

Let us then consider the condition which confronted him. There seemed to be a choice between two conclusions only. First, that the Life had purposely omitted to convey a system of theology to those whom he had chosen as His historians; and that later He had revealed this system to Paul the Apostle, and through him to the world; or, secondly, that the Life did not comprehend its mission, and so did not recognize while on earth the need of revealing to mankind that system of theology and that theory of his office—a knowledge of which was essential to an availing of the benefits of His life and death; and so a later revelation was needed, and this knowledge was conveyed through St. Paul. Then—in either case—the little book was grossly in error, or worse, in suppressing these important truths of later revelation. That there might be another proposition; that neither of these was true, did not occur to him, so perfect was his confidence in his teacher.

Desiring to devote all of his attention to the study of the evidence presented to him, there were appeals made to him which he could not resist; there came demands on his time which

engrossed him in behalf of others. But one evening, too weary for study, he had taken up the Gospel of St. John to beguile the hour with the beauty of its presentation of the love of our Lord. He read on uncritically till he came to the words: "But now ye seek to kill me. . . . Ye do the will of your father. . . . Ye are of the father, the devil . . . he was a murderer from the beginning."

Carefully he reread these sentences, studiously he examined the intervening words to see if he had done violence to the meaning of these sentences by grouping them together; critically he examined the context to find if it modified the apparent continuity of thought. Assured that the grouping did no violence to the meaning of the words, he closed the book. For a long time he sat overcome by the thoughts that crowded. Fatigue was forgotten now in the absorbing consideration of the vista that these words opened. By the side of them he placed the words of the clergyman: "Without shedding of blood there is no remission of sins." A less robust intellect would have been appalled at the complexity of thought which this juxtaposition engendered, as he questioned with himself as to what were the relations to one another, of these transcendent personalities that were to be participants in this impending shedding of blood.

Were the two divine personalities unable to effect the atoning sacrifice without the co-operation of that fallen angel whom they had deposed from heaven? Or had he intruded his participation, and the Divine were unable to repel him? And why did he take a part in this shedding of blood if that sacrifice was to be the means by which the Christ would overcome him? Why should he be so earnest in his purpose to effect the undoing of his own undoing of the race? Surely not through ignorance, for in the desert and on the pinnacle of the temple he had recognized and battled with the Divine.

The midnight hour bade the Man to rest. But for days thereafter these questions were the undercurrent of his thoughts.

And then there came into his heart the longing for peace. Why not seek it in the Roman communion? It forbade such vain searching after truth; it asserted its possession of authoritative revelation of truth. To those who succeeded him there had been handed down by him to whom the Christ had delivered the keys of his church the power to distinguish truth from error. So it claimed: and why not seek the peace it offered through this claim? But the proof? What is the evidence that the Christ did not complete the Messianic message, but had left important truths for those later revelations on which the Roman

church founded so much of its claims to unquestioning credence? Why, St. Paul! Yes, St. Paul. He must be the corner-stone of that church's claims, for to him—first of all—there came the vision of heaven and the bestowal of revelations that the Lord could not or would not communicate to His chosen twelve: revelations on which are founded the basic doctrines of the Christian church in its entirety—so the clergyman had told him.

In unmistakable terms the Lord had thus proclaimed through St. Paul the incompleteness of his teachings on earth. So the Roman church was logical in its claim that all down the ages it had received fresh revelations of the Divine will. Then he recalled that twice within his century the Roman church had received such evidences of the Divine favor; revelations that were the complement, the natural sequence, of those of which St. Paul had, at the outset, been the medium. Yes, there is rest, if the evidences of revelations are unassailable; and if they are assailable, the corner-stone, St. Paul, must first be found to be unsound. Yet this power that the church claimed—what if that should fall into over-zealous or even unscrupulous hands?

Vainly and long he sought the test for this. Yet the more intently he pursued it the more it eluded him. He was convinced that his reason

could not comprehend the methods of this test. There seemed no alternative but to subscribe to belief in that which was beyond his comprehension; and the maze became more bewildering at each step. Grimly there came to his mind the Hibernian definition of faith: "The gift of God that enables you to believe what you know isn't true." But at last he rose and took a volume* from his shelves and read:

"'Yes,' said the tall and solemn elder, 'it is indeed nothing less than a revelation received by the head of the church last night. It concerns both you and your daughter.'

"'My daughter,' gasped the woman, in scarcely audible tones, and I saw one hand grasp the back of a chair convulsively.

"'Your daughter, who has now grown to womanhood,' continued the elder, 'and owes her allegiance to the church.'

"'What is the revelation?' the woman forced her drawn lips to ask.

"'Through the grace of the all-wise Father it has been revealed to his disciple, Brigham Young, that your daughter Clarissa should become the third wife of Elder W——, here present with us.'

"An awful silence ensued, and then a con-

*Mrs. J. K. Hudson, in *The New Lippincott*.

vulsive movement in the woman's throat, as if her voice refused to utter a sound, attracted the attention of all, and the men bowed their heads that they might not see."

The Man gave a sigh of relief. "That danger is past. If brutal lust can successfully simulate divine revelation; can invoke its semblance to sanction its outraging of all that is pure in womanhood; then I demand of the faith that I acknowledge that it be untainted by the slightest suspicion that any revelation to which it lays claim is soiled by sordid motive. It must give me indubitable evidence that he, through whom the revelation came, was a prophet of pure vision, of clear and judicial intellect which did not refract truth through vanity or prejudice.

'Now to the study of St. Paul. I have faith in my teacher. Yet with an earnestness that I never before employed I will analyze the evidence of St. Paul's fitness to be the prophet who revealed our Lord's true mission to mankind.'

Never before had he attempted to solve a problem that had so perplexed him—because never before had he been shut in between two opposing truths. Truths they must be; for God's minister had endorsed "essential to salvation" across the dicta of Paul, while to the beloved disciple was attributed the seemingly conflicting words of his

Master. 'Could it be,' he asked himself, 'that there is demanded an insight superior to mere mental vision, to reconcile these? For surely no human intellect can bring order out of the chaos that these create. Perhaps, after all, the Catholic devotee is right when he surrenders individual judgment and admits the claims of his church that it possesses a divinely endowed power to recognize truth: a power mysterious and incomprehensible except to those through whom God has made His revelation.'

But these were only passing thoughts. The Man's intellect was too virile—perhaps intellectual pride may have been a potent influence—to permit him to accept any solution to which his judgment did not assent. Yet, turn which way he would, like the angel with the flaming sword, this question barred the way: 'If the Divine sacrifice was essential to the salvation of the race, why was the devil impelling his "children" to effect the atoning death?' and 'Was it from choice or necessity that God admitted the devil as co-worker in the plan of salvation?' And—though less important than the first—there came another question: 'Why did the Lord denounce those who were necessary instruments in carrying out the Divine plan of salvation?' Yet till the Man had read all that his teacher had indicated to him he would suspend judgment.

IV.

‘I THANK you for the lesson you have given me to-day.’

The speaker was a splendid specimen of manhood. The Man admired handsome animals; and it was the torso and limbs of an athlete that commanded favorable regard when the vacant place in his employ was applied for. He had accepted the applicant, partly because there was a “black mark” opposite his name, for the Man knew that in this lay the possibilities of developing a *fides Achates*.

And the lesson.

Ten miles behind them they had left the county jail, and now they are nearing the home of the Man. Almost silently they had watched the noble bay as he swayed from side to side, breasting the storm and breaking his way through the heavily gathering snow, never slackening his gait, though from time to time an ear was turned backward in that silent appeal for encouragement which only an intelligent horse will make and which only a true lover of horses can interpret.

As they had entered the heavy doors of the prison it was evident that the Man was not a stranger there and that he was regarded with respect.

‘Let me see the man who was committed on the 7th. I would like to talk with him, with your permission.’ This to the official who had received him with such marked deference.

With an expression half cowed, half brazen, and wholly suspicious, the prisoner shambled through the door that opened from a double tier of cells.

His visitor met him more than half way, then led him to a chair and sat by his side. ‘Thank you for coming out to meet me.’ The voice had a cheery, distrust-dispelling ring. ‘Now, we are going to be good friends; and I will help you if you will let me.’

As he spoke he dropped from his own knee to that of the prisoner a slab of tobacco. Lying there, it served as a drawbridge on which a new-born confidence was timidly venturing to meet the visitor.

Presently the prisoner placed the gift in his pocket; but the expression of his face showed that he was apprehensive lest it might possess some of the qualities of the Trojan horse: that it might include some secret power that could open the gates of his soul to a watchful enemy.

‘Your old pal said it was just your size.’

The prisoner’s face lighted up as his visitor named the associate. But this ‘slang’ name, as well as the thieves’ vernacular in which the prisoner spoke—and which his visitor used so far as was needed to establish confidence—it would be an affectation to repeat here.

‘But I thought that he was keeping shady.’

‘So he is; but you know that we must trust some one; and by the way, the —— gang are boasting that they have put you out of harm’s way for at least ten years.’

Then there burst from the lips of the inmate an exuberant efflorescence of profanity that evidently had its roots in his soul, and these were fructified by the intensest hate.

With seeming carelessness the visitor had made the remark; yet he knew that the success or the failure of his important mission depended upon how the apparently indifferent remark was received. The prisoner was too much absorbed in his ‘cursory remarks’ to observe the deep breath of relief and the faint smile that assured success had elicited.

‘Now, my dear fellow,’ and the visitor laid his hand on the inmate’s shoulder—rising as he spoke—‘my friend here is all right, but you and I can chat more freely at the foot of the corridor. Come;’ and together they went to the end

of the long passage. As they stand there silhouetted against the clear light let us regard them for a moment. One, erect, with a military bearing that made soldiers instinctively salute as they passed him. The other, cringing yet reckless; manhood gone, but defiant, as if fate had done its worst.

Presently the Man extends his hand. The prisoner's is half outstretched to meet it, only to be withdrawn in the vacillation of a spirit that has learned the lesson of distrust through falseness to itself. But in another moment as he reads truth and honor in the face of the Man the reluctant hand is impelled, as if by an impulse of distrust of his own distrust. So the weak thief and the strong man pledged faith to each other.

A short conversation follows, the visitor making a few notes in his tablets, showing them to the prisoner lest he might fear that confidence had been strained; then they are ready to return.

V.

SOME weeks later the press was loud in the praises of the alertness of the police of a small city because it had thwarted the attack on the home of a bank cashier whom it was intended to force into revealing the combination of the safes of his bank.

Yet apparently the condition could not have been more favorable for successful entering. The policeman on that beat was evidently asleep. The window of the house yielded without a sound to the jimmy; the operator had no difficulty in unfastening the street door that his fellows might enter. But immediately the hall where he stood was flooded with light and at the head of the stairway he saw the form of the cashier crouching motionless in the shadow.

Lightly bounding up the stairs, the burglar drew his revolver and covered the unmoved form, which maintained that serenity which one has a right to expect from a lay figure which has never done anything to shatter its nerves.

The 'drowsy' policeman's Winchester glittered chillily as the burglar turned at the 'hands

up!" that came from the doorway which he had left open for his pals. But they were detained outside. For two noisy roysterers who would not 'go home till morning,' and had to cling to each other for mutual support, had suddenly been sobered and passed noiselessly up to the pals and gave each a wrenching grip on arm and shoulder which made each stand quietly, bending over with pain, in an attitude as if looking for lost valuables; while a most disreputable looking tramp crawled out from under the veranda where he had been asleep, growling because he had been awakened from his nap, and was shuffling away. But when ordered to assist in securing the burglars he applied the bracelets with a deftness and celerity that was remarkable in a novice.

Behind the foliage on the other side of the street crouched a woman. Her rigid face and staring eyes were like those of the dead as she watched the silent procession. For there was one man there to whose aid she would have gone had he been wounded; though the devotion would have cost her commitment.

She had been a most faithful servant—"such a treasure!—so superior to her class!"

In a safer hiding-place than her trunk she had carried away blue-prints and drawings of the interior; while her faithful heart had carried all

of the details of the complete piping off of the house of the cashier.

And now the faint tinkle of the steel links seemed like a far-off knell; for dead to her for ten long years at least would be the man she loved.

* * * * *

The prisoner and his visitor have returned to the main corridor of the jail and have joined the Man's attendant.

'We owe my friend here something for leaving him alone,' said the Man. 'Come, now, tell him some of your experiences.'

'Experiences—nothing,' and the prisoner turned away half sullenly, leaning his head on his hands.

'Doesn't it pay?' The words came slowly and with a shade of taunt in the tone. The Man was intent on drawing him out. The lesson must be taught.

'Pay? Pay? Pay hell! Say, do you believe in a devil? I do!' And the prisoner sat erect and faced his hearers, his manner almost defiant. 'He draws us on; he stirs up all the recklessness and false pride in us. And then, when he has ruined and betrayed us, he laughs at us. I mean it. I have seen him come into my cell and gloat over me; and when I struck at him my fist went through him into empty air.' It was a the-

ory of the Man that no healthy mind consents to crime.

‘And back again to prison we go after a few weeks—at most a few months—of freedom.

‘But what is there for us but crime when we get out? We know that we have the prison pallor; we fear we have the lock-step to further betray us as criminals. If kind hearts secure work for us our past must be told. He may begin well; but we get tired of being regarded with pity at the best; perhaps with contempt. The reckless devil in us is waked up, perhaps by reading of a successful crime—successful till the sleepless vigilance of the police run it down.

‘Then we are at it again; and in we go again. That settles it; we are “professionals” then, and we have no place to go when our time is up but into the haunts of thieves. We have longed for time-up, and we mean to be more cautious. Society, we feel, is our enemy, and we will make it “life against life” if we get in a tight place. But we don’t. We get caught again, and we curl up like whipped dogs—if the odds are not in our favor.

‘Maybe it’s the women who pull us down. They are kind to us when we come out. Maybe it isn’t all selfishness on their part. We are men and they are all the women we have; and when they welcome us and expect nothing from us—

for a time at least—we lay our heads in their laps like Samson, and we listen to their stories of how different gangs have made big hauls and how generous they were to their women. And as the days go by, and we are idle, they rally us on our lost nerve.

‘Then our false pride is aroused and we go out to win—perhaps. And if we win we are proud if it; and we boast of our success to them—in acts, maybe, more than words; and they betray us. Not intentionally; they have a woman’s love of gossip; they love, like other women, to show their knowledge of what is going on in their world; and how can they be truer to us than they are to themselves? And soon the gossip filters down to where the police have their lines out to catch any bits of information. And we are run in.

‘Do you think that we confess to the police? Not much! Our lawyers have taught us to keep our mouths closed—if no one else has—and we have learned by experience that the police cannot get us shorter terms if we confess. But they have the game in their own hands. There is no one to dispute them; but usually they are right. We travel beaten paths, and it is easy to follow our path once they are on it, and that path usually leads through a gambling house. The

“confession” shields some one who has peached on us—and jurymen read the newspapers.

‘But I could tell you stories of the devotion of the wives of thieves; how they grow gray and worn supporting themselves and trying to lay by something till their men are free: how their women’s eyes see through the weakness or the treacherous nature of the men their husbands intend to make their pals; how their women’s love sharpens their wits to find the safest ways to work or to elude the police. Often they could save their men from detection if the husbands would only be guided by their wives.’

He stopped awhile, then cynically added:

‘Yes. If a few days of wild pleasure is enough for years inside of prison walls then it pays.’

‘There is a storm gathering, and we have a long ride before us; else we would stay and chat longer with you.’

The lesson had been taught and the Man was ready to go. ‘And now a word of advice. Listen attentively to the chaplain. If he observes you and seeks you out personally do me the favor to show him that you value his counsels. I am not advising you to play the hypocrite. You can be sincere if you choose, and I hope you will be.’

‘I will promise to do the best I can to follow

your advice.' Needlessly long the prisoner held his visitor's hand as he bade him good-bye. It was more than parting with the man who was the first in many years whom he had trusted. He felt that he was parting from honesty and honor.

As the visitor passed out he asked for and received the address of the chaplain.

The office of public prosecutor is one in which many a travesty or miscarriage of justice is effected. That is inevitable where the 'one-man power' has no check. In a wiser jurisprudence this needless temptation as well as danger will be guarded against. But, on the other hand, there can be such discriminative skill in using leniency as a means to acquire important evidence that the arbitrary power of that office may make it a safe repository of information; so that the otherwise impracticable methods of justice will be made effective.

To such a wisely administered office there came the knowledge of what the prisoner had done to prevent a great crime.

So when the kind chaplain bore witness to the prisoner's penitence the public prosecutor had pretext for asking that the greatest possible leniency be shown to the penitent.

And when the judge gave only a light sentence the good chaplain came forward and grasped the

prisoner's hand, certain that it was through his ministrations—and these alone—that the mitigation was established.

But the prisoner looked, through eyes dimmed by gratitude, beyond the clergyman wondering at the strange indifference, to the Man whom he knew has kept his word, and had unobtrusively wrought the mitigation of his sentence.

Then he, for whose sake the lesson had been elicited, resumed :

‘I am not afraid to tell you that more than you know—more, perhaps, than I know—I have taken your lesson to heart.

‘When I applied to you for employment I came believing what your enemies had said of you; and I came prepared to throw that in your face if you had refused me because you had heard bad reports of me. I saw that you looked me through and through; and I felt that you cared only for what your eyes told you. They who hated you, because they had found out that you had a heavy hand for those who were cruel or unjust, had taught me that your home was a fit place for a man who has made such a slip as I have made.’

‘I saw all of that plainly,’ was the answer, ‘and I saw that beneath it were the possibilities of a faithful member of my household.’

‘By degrees I saw that your enemies had lied about you. Then surprise changed to admiration; and before I knew it I was growing to love your home.

‘There was not there one of the things I had been taught a home needs. Not one person in it who has not the right to leave at any moment. Not one tie to fix any one there. Yet each one is thoughtful of the comfort of the others. Never a cross word or a word of command; and there is no fear there except the fear of failing to please you.

‘When I was a boy I used to visit my grandfather. Each morning I had to listen to his long reading and longer prayers; but I was comforted by thinking about the waffles and maple syrup that would follow. I remember that one morning he read how the Hebrew servant, when his time was up—I mean when his freedom came, but loving his master so well that he did not wish to leave him—would let his master run an awl through his ear and fasten him to a doorpost of the house; and then he was a part of the household as long as he lived. If it was the custom now I would furnish the ear if you would furnish the awl and the doorpost.’

Then, more seriously, he added:

‘I never before knew what the word home meant. I can’t expect you to trust me so soon;

but I shall be glad when you can tell me you have confidence in me and will let me feel that it is my home. I will work hard for this.'

In the Man's voice and manner there was more of the comrade than of the master as he gave assurance of how deeply the expression of devotion had moved him.

'And now you are part of our home. Its honor is yours to protect; and more, it will protect you. Whoever, from this time forward, reflects on you attacks our home. You are not built in such a way that you need to take a gross insult from any man. But you will have the good sense not to proceed to extremities.'

'You need not fear—if the insult is to me alone. If to you or to our home there is likely to be an accident that will need hospital treatment.'

'Well, here we are; home at last. I will send out a cup of hot milk to you; for I know that you will not leave Don while there is a moist hair on him.'

'Trust me for that; every hair will be "as dry as a drunkard's morning throat" before I close the stable door.'

"Unto whom much is forgiven, the same loveth much,"—and long and faithfully—if the hand of him who forgives has iron under the velvet.

VI.

MOST cordial was the clergyman's welcome. All his experience assured him that the coming again of the truth-seeker could have but one motive—the admission of the truth of the accepted Christian theology.

But in the full light of his study as the two men faced each other there was an ominous hardness in the visitor's face. 'With sorrow I observe that you are not at peace.'

And the Man answered: 'And why peace? Did not He say: "I come not to bring peace, but a sword?" Over your door I saw no warning legend: "Who enters here leaves peace behind;" but here I left the peace that was like a child's trust, and I have not regained it nor found its semblance in the line of study that you marked out for me, though I have faithfully followed it.'

The clergyman recognized the challenge and mentally girded himself for the struggle.

'I have studied that man, Saul of Tarsus, as I have never searched the life of any other man. It is a most absorbing subject.'

'And you find that he is——'

‘The most complex character that I have investigated. Unreservedly I concede him to be, *facile princeps*, the Christian poet of the first century. Poet surely, and with all of the “divine madness” of the poet. The “divine” in a poetical sense. The “madness” we will consider in this analysis.’ As he said this he laid a roll of manuscript on the study table.

‘Yet I beg that you will recognize that in this attempt to prove that Paul’s mind was disordered, and also in that which I shall say to you here to the same effect, my only sentiment is pity for his sufferings—which are so apparent. Wherever I express contempt or indignation it is only nominally directed against him. My contempt is for those who have refused to recognize Paul’s incapacity to develop a system of Christian theology; who have accepted his vagaries as divine truth, and have demanded their general acceptance. It is against these alone that I make my complaint. For I recognize in him an earnest seeker after righteousness. Nay, more; he highly attained to righteousness; for his innate revulsion to that which was unrighteous was an integral part of his nature. Yet he seems to me to have been saturated with an intense egotism that gave its color to his beliefs and utterances.’

‘But surely if you concede his innate love of

righteousness you cannot but admit his fitness to be a teacher of divine truth?"

'A teacher—no. A preacher—a most eloquent preacher—yes. There is a vast difference between the two. But the innate desire for righteousness does not include all that is essential to the leading of men into a true faith. Teachers most unlike him have been possessed by this desire. "Would you know," says Epictetus, "the means to perfection which Socrates followed? They were these: In every single matter which came before him he made the rule of reason and conscience his one rule to follow." So, too, with Mohammed. The unity, spirituality, presence and power of God, the necessity of righteousness, were truths clear to him.'

'But surely you would not compare Mohammed with St. Paul?'

'Compare them? Certainly. Attempt to draw a parallel?—surely not. That would be manifestly unfair—to Mohammed. He fell before the temptations that he, evidently standing alone, encountered in his short life. Nay more; he encountered those temptations in almost as few years as through centuries the church—in its entirety, with its strength of numbers and organization—battled; and it, too, fell. And both fell before the same temptations. His purity of purpose—whether you call it divinely implanted or

only a natural revulsion to the evil about him—fell; just as the church at that time had fallen before the temptations of self-gratification and love of power. And the last of these was doubtless, in both instances, the parent of the other. If his self-indulgence was animal it was not less debasing than was that form which possessed the church. “Faith had evaporated in worship of images; still more in discussion of metaphysical subtleties about God; had given way to a worldliness and corruption that could not be hidden.” And the intellectual pride which had substituted these metaphysical subtleties for the pure faith bequeathed to the simple Galilean fisherman was clearly traceable to the malign influence of an intellectual pride, which clearly had its impulse, at least its excuse, in the scholastic vanity of Saul of Tarsus; who held in such unmistakable contempt the message given to those humble attendants whom our Lord had chosen as his apostles.

‘Could there have percolated down to Mohammed—rather let us say, if his then pure spirit had possessed the opportunity to draw up to it—a genuine Christianity; if, too, the power of evil had not taken away Khadijeh, his true wife, his consoler in his spiritual despair, his guardian against temptation—who can forecast the power for good that Mohammed would have wrought

in rebuking the debased Christianity of his day, in "provoking" it to resume its apostolic purity?"

'Do you consider Mohammed equally inspired with St. Paul?' the clergyman asked.

'Why not? St. Paul was always a Pharisee; with all of the bad and all of the good qualities of the Pharisee. He never abandoned that attitude. Mohammed heard his call while engaged in earnest, humble searching after God, and he eagerly followed what he believed to be the voice of Gabriel. Saul of Tarsus was terrorized out of an antagonism to the Christ that he was persecuting. Far more wonderful miracles than the light that shone at noonday and the voice that spoke to him on the way to Damascus had attested the divinity of the Christ. To these greater miracles he was indifferent, though doubtless he knew of them. Personal fear, the blinded eyes; these overpowered him. Yet they had sufficiently their *raison d'être* in the deliverance of the Damascus believers from his persecutions. There was no precedent in the acts of our Lord for such methods of choosing and dedicating an apostle.'

'Then you believe that Mohammedanism had possibilities that could have developed it into being the peer of Christianity in true spirituality?' the clergyman asked.

'Surely not; for it did not possess the ele-

ments of intellectual strength with which a pure spirituality must be allied; for there were inherent weaknesses that made impossible even the maintaining of the wonderful intellectual triumphs of the Moslems in the Middle Ages. But its fatal weakness is that in it there is no place for the Divine love. It taught only God's sovereignty.

'In missing the love of God it failed to attain to that which is the only foundation of pure altruism, on which alone must rest a true spirituality—as well as a progressive civilization—and no other can be abiding.

'And yet how beautiful was the calling of Mohammed. "Thou art the messenger of God, and I am Gabriel." Such was the message that he believed had come to him.

'Disappointments, mockery, insults, persecutions were given to him in as full measure as to Paul; but unflinchingly he bore them; and his faith failed not.

'We admire Paul's attacking the worship of Diana in Ephesus. Mohammed's motive and experiences in Mecca were almost parallel.

'The appeal of his hunted followers is as beautiful as if from the lips of Christian devotees: "Oh, King, we lived in ignorance, idolatry and unchastity; the strong oppressed the weak; we spoke untruth; we violated the laws of hospi-

tality. Then a prophet arose, one whom we knew from our youth; with whose conduct and good faith and morality we were well acquainted. He taught us to worship one God, to speak truth, to keep good faith, to assist our relations, to fulfill the rites of hospitality, and to abstain from all things impure, ungodly, unrighteous. We believed him, and followed him.

“But our countrymen persecuted and tortured us, and tried to cause us to forsake our religion. And now we throw ourselves upon thy protection. Wilt not thou protect us?” Then one of them recited a part of the Koran that spoke of Christ; and the king and the Christian bishops wept upon their beards. And the king dismissed the Ambassador of the Koreysh, and would not give up the refugees. Thereupon persecution waxed hotter in Mecca; and Mohammed answered it with: “While God commands me, I will not renounce my purpose.”’

‘But you admit that St. Paul was possessed by a real love of righteousness. The fruit of that must be a noble exemplification of the moral law; and if he was filled with revulsion to the Law, because it had failed to establish the moral precepts, then the general influence of his teachings must be to establish moral conditions—even if sometimes he is led away, by

his intensity, into hyperbole and poetical exaggeration.'

To this the Man replied: 'Any really great leader must be the master of himself; and nothing could be more confusing, in our attempts to establish the moral responsibility of each individual, than is Paul's statement that he was possessed by an influence, independent of himself, that impelled him to do wrong contrary to his intent.*

'Hence if we were to allow, generally, this shifting of moral responsibility—through the attributing the culpability for sin to an external power, either personal or impersonal; which was not simply an influence, but an irresistibly impelling power—we should lower moral standards through weakening of individual responsibility.

'Thus Paul's influence did not make for moral conditions. Paul's influence was certainly bad in this respect. I do not forget that elsewhere—indeed almost immediately—Paul takes an entirely contradictory attitude; but this is another instance of that vacillation which adds to our confusion; and adds to our distrust of the man, of his doctrines, and of the validity of his

* Rom. vii. 1: "So it is no more I that do it (evil), but sin that dwelleth in me." Rom. vii. 25: "So then I myself with the mind serve the law of God, but with the flesh the law of sin."

claims to inspiration. Paul may have caused—surely furnished the palliation of—the Manichæan tenet of inherent evil in the flesh. In our estimate of what constitutes moral responsibility nothing could be more confusing than are these statements of Paul.

‘Plato was not only nearer right, but he was clearer and more convincing in his strong, incisive reasoning—so sharply contrasting with Paul’s vacillation, and with his impulsive, emotional utterances. “God is not the author of evil. Moral evil is the result of the abuse of free agency, and God stands justified in creating beings liable to both;” *i.e.*, liable to exposure to good and evil.’

‘Then you do not believe in an actual personal devil?’ the clergyman asked.

‘Most assuredly I do. Else I could not justify my belief in the Gospel according to St. John.

‘Through a form of what might be called Spiritualism I have been forced to one of two conclusions. First, that I—in common with every friend who has co-operated with me in my investigations—am possessed of an eidolon, or dæmon, its existence wholly unsuspected till sought and questioned; which is coarse, lying, profane, fond of giving pain through false statements; moreover, it can use our muscles as it wills, and this control is without the consciousness of that part

of our intelligence which we call our minds. Or else I must believe that there are actually lost spirits which come and tell of intimacy with and submission to the devil. I was obliged to end my investigations because they were evidently so unwelcome that they provoked only profane and abusive manifestations. Of this alone I am sure: that spiritualism is simply a revelation of that which is wholly bad within us or external to us; and surely I wish to believe that there is a devil and his angels, rather than to think that the coarseness, maliciousness and profanity which were invariably expressed, were not the outward and visible sign of a debased inward spirit, which was an inherent part of the mind and soul of my friends and of myself. I regret that I could not investigate further, and yet I can conceive of no scientific test that could have been applied to demonstrate either theory. Yet I shall never forget the expressions of self-contempt for life misspent on earth, whatever their source may have been. Hence I do not challenge Paul's statement that he was attacked by a power wholly external to himself.

‘But it is incredible that this malign power could enter and dominate a soul that, as Paul claims, had been consecrated by a divine call to apostleship and by a special revelation of the Christ will and teachings, and yet these divinely

endowed influences be so powerless to resist the demon that they succumbed and left Paul a prisoner in the hands of the power of evil.

‘One or the other of these statements is untrue; yet presenting an incongruity that is thoroughly Pauline. I do not forget Judas; but he voluntarily entertained the tempter.

‘But to return to Paul. Thoroughly arbitrary are his assumptions in regard to the relations of free will to God. Is what men do the result of their own choice or is it determined for them, and if the latter, how can they justly be punished? (Rom. iii. 5; ix. 19.) The answer is given in the form of an antinomy, of which the thesis is the sovereignty of God and the antithesis the responsibility of men. He states that the sovereignty of God is absolute; that God has no moral obligation to men; there is no qualification of God’s power, no moral rights of men. He quotes the Law and the prophets to show that only a remnant, an elect remnant, of Israel would be saved; and that all others should be blinded. But when he finds himself involved by the statement that God has blinded and reprobated other men so that they shall not reach this blessing, Paul can escape only by the arbitrary and literal use of the poetical imagery of Jeremiah and of the son of Sirach: the figure of the clay and the potter. “He hath mercy on whom

he will, and whom he will he hardeneth" (Rom. ix. 18-23). The "vessels of wrath fitted unto destruction"; "vessels of mercy prepared unto glory." Yet elsewhere Paul attempts to vindicate God by attributing to man an entire responsibility, but makes no attempt to reconcile the conflicting theories. He further defines God's plan of bringing the knowledge of salvation to the Gentiles as including the purpose thus to "provoke to jealousy" the Jews, and that the Gentiles "now have obtained mercy" by the disobedience of the Jews; "even so have these also now been disobedient, that by the mercy shown to you they also may now obtain mercy." The crowning absurdity of these utterances is (Rom. x. 32): "For God hath shut up all unto disobedience, that he might have mercy upon all." And then, in one of those periods of lucidity that only emphasize his aberration, in the next two verses, Paul says: "How unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past tracing out. For who hath known the mind of the Lord?" This calm, consistent flow of thought and language is as if another writer had taken up the pen of Paul to rebuke him for that looseness and extravagance of expression which would be blasphemy from one who was sane.

'Most repugnant—and in no way authorized by the words of our Lord—are Paul's statements

that Christ (Gal. iii. 13) was "made a curse for us"; and "He made him to be (II. Cor. v. 21) sin for us."

'His theology is so different from that of John. "He was manifested to take (I. John iii. 5-6) away our sin. For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that he might destroy the works of the devil." In this epistle, as in the Fourth Gospel, we see the rejection of Christ explained, not as a casual outcome of individual caprice or wickedness, but as an inevitable result of the eternal antagonism between light and darkness.

'Paul further adds to his confusion of doctrine by: "But if our Gospel is veiled . . . the god of this world hath blinded the minds of unbelievers" (II. Cor. iv. 4). Yet he has repeatedly stated that God is the cause of this blindness.

'Here, as frequently elsewhere, he furnishes to modern Unitarianism and (I. Cor. xx. 24-28) to the heretical sects of the early church, their authority for believing in the inferiority of the Son to the Father.

'(I. Cor. xv. 29.) He does not rebuke, but records with seeming approval the baptizing of the living for the dead. How can we condemn the doctrine of purgatory and the saying of masses for the dead so long as we make no protest against these words of Paul?

‘(Eph. i. 20.) Here, as elsewhere, he states that the Father raised Christ from the dead. That is, that Christ did not rise by his own inherent power; and then clearly implies that the power which Christ subsequently held was not previously existent, as power co-equal with that of the Father, but a lesser power, and that it was not bestowed in its fullness till after the ascent to heaven.

‘What matters it that these assumed limitations of our Lord are directly opposed to His positive and repeated claims to co-equal power—claims that include the asserting of a power over life (John x. 18), that is equal to the power which the Father possesses. Theology demands that the dicta of Paul be unquestioned.

‘(I. Cor. viii. 6.) “The Father of whom are all things and Jesus Christ through whom are all things,” is like the Logos of Plato. That Paul does not refer to the Johannean Logos was perhaps because he was imbued with the theory of Philo: for Paul refers (Col. iii. 16) to the spirit of Christ, in terms so like the conceptions of Philo and so unlike the Johannean conception, that the omission suggests the question whether his antagonism to the apostles made him ready to accept, or was caused by, his Platonic views on this important doctrine.’

VII.

IN SUPPORT of his criticism the Man quoted: "Who can measure the evil that came from Paul's practical denial of the true Logos? That he still held to his Jewish theological ideas is shown by his urging the universality of death as proof of universality of sin, 'for it was a fixed Jewish belief that God created all men to be immortal.' Yet that all men died Paul claimed was evidence that all men had sinned. But he gives no explanation of how he deduces this, or how revealed to him. He states that sin is universal, and that it is so inevitably. He attempts to prove this by stating that sin is inseparable from human nature, but gives no evidence to support the statement that mankind as a race was involved in the sin of Adam (Rom. v. 12-19; I. Cor. xv. 21, 22). Through the one man's disobedience the many were made sinners (Rom. v. 19), is an alternative expression with 'through the trespass of one the many died' (Rom. v. 15). But as to the mode in which the 'trespass' or 'disobedience' of Adam affected the whole human race, no information is given, and it has puzzled Christian theology for centuries."

“Paul favors the theory of sin being inherent, or has obtained a permanent lodgment—as it suits him for the moment.”

“Paul’s theology has two elements, the logical and the mystical, which are seldom wholly separated from each other, and it is these elements that have permitted his ideas to be so readily modified or construed or combined as to form the foundation of varied systems of theology; for Paul’s variety and complexity of expression, his varying metaphors permit such varied construction that they are readily adaptable to any interpretation in favor of which the student is prepossessed.”

“So, too, the liberty that Paul takes, in directly opposed statements, as Phil. iii. 6, ‘a righteousness that is in the law,’ and Gal. ii. 16, ‘By the works of the law shall no flesh be justified.’ ”

“So, also, the reasons for the giving of the law, when—as he asserts—it was destined to failure.* These passages allow the conclusion that the law was promulgated to make the sinfulness of sin more apparent; or they may be construed to mean to make sin more heinous, though in no way restraining it. Preconceived ideas and temperament of the student leading to either—or any intermediate—conclusion.”

* Gal. iii. 19; Rom. iii. 20; v. 20, and vii. 13; I. Cor. xv. 56.

“Again his complexity of ideas, in his conception of Christ’s mission, is so involved that no consistent reasoner can be guided by them.*

“Equally involved and complex—though naturally less contradictory—are Paul’s descriptions of the changes in man through the power of Christ.”

‘Noble are his exalted ideas and his descriptions of faith; but these are no indications that he had received a special revelation of the office of Christ; and furnish no justification for accepting, as a teacher of doctrine, a man whose poetic enthralment leads him to use any terms that serve the moment; terms that illustrate or vivify the emotion—not conviction—that absorbs him; till a new impulse leads him to another flight of sentiment.

‘His intense love of polemics, his intellectual pride, were constantly leading him away from his really dominant conviction, that righteousness, “a conscience void of offense towards God

* As Sacrifice, I. Cor. v. 7; Rom. v. 25. (1) Reconciliation, Rom. v. 10, 11; II. Cor. v. 18, 19. (2) Saved from the wrath of God, Rom. i. 16 and v. 9; Rom. iii. 24; I. Cor. i. 30; Eph. i. 7; Col. i. 14. (3) Language of purchase of a slave, I. Cor. vi. 20 and vii. 23. Free from bondage to the law, Gal. iv. 5. (4) Bondage to the elements of the universe or material things, Gal. iv. 3, 9; Col. ii. 15. (5) To the varied ideas of ‘acquittal,’ not justification by God’s favor, Rom. iii. 24; by Blood of Christ, Rom. v. 9; Gal. ii. 17; by Faith, Rom. xi. 28 and v. 1; Gal. xii. 8, 24. Mystical union of Christ and men, so that they died with him and rose with him, Rom. vi. 3-10; Gal. ii. 20; Eph. ii. 5, 6; Col. ii. 12.

and man," is the basis of a true religious life; led him into wild vagaries and illogical reasonings, which have furnished the pretext for countless errors in belief.'

From the Pauline quiver the clergyman drew another shaft.

'You have admitted the beauty of St. Paul's poetic conceptions. But more than poetical imagery is his demonstration of (Gal. iv.) the glorious freedom of the Christian under the gospel and of the Hebrew bondage under the law; using as illustration Isaac, the son of the freewoman, and Ishmael, the son of the bondwoman. Clearly—except to those who are unwilling to be convinced—he demonstrates that the lower plane of genesis of the law must be followed by failure to attain to other than bondage, because it was of that which the bondwoman was a fitting type; while freedom waited on the later birth that came of the liberty in Christ Jesus which the freewoman represented.'

And the Man answered:

'Let me complete Paul's illustration, "Now this Hagar, is Mount Sinai." But it was on Mount Sinai that the commandments were divinely delivered which included "Honor thy father and thy mother." Surely that which Paul denounced as the bondage of the law ought not

to be the system of ethics which God gave on Siani, and which our Lord sanctioned so clearly. That which oppressed Paul was—or ought to have been—the accretions of tradition. But why did not Paul denounce these? Why did he not join our Lord in His denouncing the traditions of which the brutality of the immunity from filial obligation in “Corban” was the natural result?

‘Paul was so steeped in Pharisaical perversity that he could not dissociate all that was ethical and humane in the law as divinely given, from the perversions which had been made by those whose works of the law had been instituted solely to foster their pride of exclusiveness and to display their supercilious sense of spiritual superiority.

‘Hence his figure was poetical—and only that; in no sense an apt illustration.

‘But if you insist on taking Paul seriously in his reasoning from those premises, I must ask you to regard first its inconsistency, and secondly its consequences.

‘The reasoning is illogical, for to Isaac’s posterity—the descendants of the freewoman—was given the law that was to put them—not the children of Ishmael—in bondage. The latter were to be free from the condemnation of sin, because Paul had established—to his own satis-

faction at least—that only by the knowledge of the law could sin be imputed.

‘But I have dwelt so much on Paul’s inability to reason logically that I will not continue this topic, but pass to the consideration of that which is of far graver moment than were his futile attempts at logical demonstration; namely, the consequences of his misdirected reasoning.

‘Already I have called your attention to Paul’s habit of introspection, and to his consequent viewing through the refracting media of his own convictions the presumed motives and methods of reasoning of those to whom he appealed.

‘Unfortunately for Paul’s thesis of bondage under the law, and of glorious freedom under the gospel, the consequence was drawn by the Greek and Grecized converts that the immunity from temptations—to which the law alone had given rise and power, and had made sinful the yielding to—had been so established by dying to the law, and being a new creature in Christ Jesus, that sense could no longer wield a seductive power.’

* “The shock to Paul when he learned of the dreadful immoralities practiced in his cherished church at Corinth must have been a terrible one. Thenceforth it ought to have been clear to him, as probably it was to unimpassioned on-lookers,

* J. Warschauer in “New World.”

that faith conferred no immunity from vices of the grossest description; nay, more, that the fatal doctrine of the abrogation of the moral law was bound to lead to the most sinister consequences, and would actually be taken as an encouragement to every kind of license. In vain the apostle 'writhed and twisted' to escape the difficulty he had himself created; in vain did he reason that faith, emancipation from the law, not only produced, but *was*, a state of emancipation from sin, and that they in whose members sin still bore dominion had not real faith. Who was to gainsay the fervid self-assurance of any one who chose to protest his faith, together with his conviction that he was superior to the restrictions of the law? Had not Paul himself plainly hinted that sin is not imputed where there is no law (Rom. v. 13), and that he himself 'had not known sin, except through the law' (Rom. vii. 7)? He might lay down, as indeed he did, the most explicit ethical injunctions, commending a godly, righteous and sober life; but what more natural than that his hearers preferred the part of his teaching which deprecated righteousness by works and described the law as the strength of sin?

"The Corinthian scandals were only the fitting prelude to a series of phenomena which, through the whole history of Christianity, never failed

to manifest themselves where the Pauline doctrine obtained a serious hold. *‘A hideous shadow of antinomianism has dogged it throughout all time. It was manifest in the immoral sects of the apostolic period; . . . it lingered on through the Middle Ages; it burst into febrile heat at the Reformation among the Anabaptists of Munster, and the Adamites and other obscene sects, and all these appealed to the *argument of Paul* and away from his *injunctions*.’ In the canon itself we are told of some who wrested the teachings of Paul ‘to their own destruction’ (II. Pet. iii. 16); of some who turned ‘the grace of God into lasciviousness’ (Jude 4); of a prophetess who taught believers ‘to commit fornication and eat things sacrificed unto idols’ (Rev. ii. 20).’

“Must we not read these passages in the light of Paul’s own sorrowful admission (I. Cor. v. 1), that there reigned in that church such immorality as was not even among the Gentiles. The charges of shameless debauchery constantly made against the early church—and occasionally admitted by writers like pseudo-Clement, Tertullian, and Irenæus—all point equally to the widespread mischief wrought by the doctrine of justification by faith; and well might the writer whom we have been quoting observe:

* Baring-Gould, “Study of St. Paul.”

‘The church trembled on the verge of becoming an immoral sect. *It was high time that the gospels should appear, and show that Christ had given His sanction to the moral law; nay, had extended its application.*’ ”

‘Yet all the more willingly,’ the Man added, ‘I pay heartfelt tribute to Paul’s attempts to free himself from these sad complications. “Paul’s faith that worketh through love” is the perfect definition of exalted Christian character. Still, if his dying with Christ to the law of the flesh, to live with Christ to the law of the mind, is regarded as other than poetical—is taken literally, and not as dying to sin in absorbing love to Christ—we make Him anthropomorphic, and lay the foundation for misconceptions. For it is impossible to accept Paul’s thesis of divinity dying to sin.’

‘Then you practically deny that Paul was divinely called to apostleship,’ the clergyman said.

‘Not quite so strongly as that; for the evidence is only negative. “Not proven,” I would say, since the evidence is not consistent with itself in its various and differing repetitions. Especially questionable is his last account of it; for there he attributes to our Lord language and methods of thought which are so unmistakably Pauline that they establish a profound dis-

trust of the accuracy of this account; moreover, it is unlike the previous accounts—and these do not agree with each other.

‘Again: it was inconsistent with the words of our Lord; inconsistent too with the tenor of His life—if I rightly understand them—that He should have chosen such a man as Saul of Tarsus to be the chief apostle.

‘To me there is nothing more pathetically appealing in His history than His washing of the disciples’ feet; and also His appeal not to put the new wine of His revelations of divine love into the old wine skins of rabbinical theology. He doubtless foresaw that pride of power and intellectual vanity would be the rocks on which his church would be wrecked.

‘Powerless to avert this He doubtless saw He would be; opposed, as he recognized that he was, by the malign influence of him whose “kingdom is . . . of this world”; while His calm endurance of that humiliating powerlessness cannot but inspire a loftier regard for the loveliness of the divine motive that accepted this added humiliation.

‘But Saul of Tarsus was foremost in this confining of the new Christ wine in the old Hebrew theological wine skins. And they burst, as the Lord foretold: and all through the pages of the

history of the church the splashes fell. There they have left their red stains: and we call one "St. Bartholomew's night," one "the reign of Bloody Mary," and so on.'

VIII.

‘BUT in making this charge you forget how zealous St. Paul was that the Law, at once and with no reservation, should be superseded by the faith in Christ. He was insistent that the Law had been tried and had been found powerless to establish a true religious life,’ the clergyman interposed.

‘No, I do not forget, but here again I appeal for faith in a consistent Christ, as against credulity in an impetuous and inconsistent Paul. Where has our Lord left any evidence that He wished that the Mosaic law should be abruptly abrogated? Almost His last act before His death was the observance of the Passover. And although it was instituted as a type of Himself, it would have been natural that He should have wholly substituted for it the Last Supper—if He had desired that at once the law should be made a nullity.

‘But we have the direct testimony of our Lord: “The scribes and the Pharisees sit in Moses’ seat: all things whatsoever they bid you

these do and observe"; and you know that this is by no means the only positive utterance of our Lord which Paul acted contrary to when he made such violent attacks on the law. The parable of the tares and the wheat—the danger of violently uprooting the tares—would seem to refer to the peril of making attacks on the law; if we construe "the tares" to mean the unauthorized accretions of tradition.

'But to go back to the figure of the wine skins of Hebrew theology; into which Paul proposed to force the untheological message of our Lord.

'Why does the Church pretend to be blind, for really blind it cannot be, to the coarse materialism of the rabbinical theology which possessed Paul and which he has infused into the Christian faith?

'Rabbinical theology had lost, if it ever really possessed, a real knowledge of the essential spirit of sacrifice. The giving up of the best that we possess; the rendering back to God of the life that vivified it, in token of our recognition that all we have is from His hand: this true inward dedication Paul could not comprehend; and so he could only teach an asserted potency in the material sacrifice; in the actual shedding of blood. That this erroneous sacrificial spirit possessed him, that there was no recognition by Paul of the spiritual devotion of a true sacrificial motive, are **evi-**

denced by his making no allusion to that most beautiful and impressive instance of absorbing self-renunciation that the Old Testament records.

‘But in Abraham’s sacrifice of his only son there was none of that actual outpouring of blood which Paul demanded in the idea of completed sacrifice. Paul’s silence in this is all the more startling, when we recall that the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews refers to it.

‘Nor could Paul recognize the spiritual figure of that other impressive form of sacrifice, in which the scapegoat was driven out into the wilderness: a type so suggestive of our Lord’s being driven out into the wilderness to combat with the power of darkness, that we can well believe it was thus foreshadowed. His omission of reference to the smiting of the rock in the wilderness is also suggestive. Here were symbols so striking, so full of poetical analogy that, it would seem as if Paul’s highly poetical spirit could not fail to recognize the beauty and appropriateness of the similitudes.

‘Yet if one is a careful student of Paul he cannot fail to find in Paul’s blood blindness to any sacrifice which was not material, the reason of his blindness to the impressive appositeness of these types. That in sacrifice there appealed to Paul only what the “outward man” could recognize ought to be almost conclusive evidence that

his inspiration existed only in his own imagination.

‘It is Paul’s coarse view of sacrifice which has degraded the theology of the church; that has doubtless laid the foundation of much of its terrible cruelties, through its imputing to the Father a satisfaction in the shedding of the blood of his divine Son.’

‘But St. Paul recognizes the need, the transforming power of a true sacrificial spirit, when he exhorts us to present our bodies a living sacrifice,’ the clergyman suggested.

‘I admit that he presents this most beautifully and appealingly—as a preacher. But as a theologian, as a teacher of the relations of the divine to the human, he is not able to comprehend a true sacrificial spirit, because he possesses no degree of inspiration to incite him to rise above his rabbinical education.

‘Do not think me insensible to the beauty and sincerity of Paul’s appeals for Christlikeness, for self-consecration, for identification with Christ through dying with Him. Let me forget his intrusive personality, and no one more than I will praise the lofty sentiments that he gave expression to in his best moments.

‘You will comprehend me when I characterize St. Paul as intensely fond of color. In his bril-

liant thought painting he was an impressionist. His artistic sense was so dominating that it impelled him to vivify his theme through every tint that he could employ. He delighted in the varying shades that each color afforded. A striking illustration of this we find at the close of the first chapter of Romans; the latter part of the fifth chapter of Galatians is yet another. Yet his artistic taste was so pure that his brilliancy never approached bizarre effects. But to expect accurate drawing, a true sense of proportion, correct perspective, would be unnatural: and most of all would we be disappointed if we looked for historical accuracy.

‘For he who would enter into judgment on St. Paul, and yet cannot enter into St. Paul’s artistic heart and view his glowing pictures from that coign of vantage, in earnest sympathy with his æsthetic emotions, must do St. Paul a grave injustice; and—more gravely important—will lose the *rapport* through which will be illuminated for him St. Paul’s limitations.

‘And yet, over against this idealizing imagination, we find its unexpected antithesis in the hard, unyielding literalness—the fruitage of his rabbinical education. While that literalness is not the resultant of scientific analysis, but is the product of his intense introspection, yet it is all the more dangerous—and all the

more tenaciously held than as now—because it is a moss-grown error that demands reverence for its antiquity.

‘It is just here that we find the overpowering influence of his false education.

‘In spite of his true poetic instincts, in the face of a really earnest desire to reform his theological views into the mold of Christ revelation, they had ceased to be plastic; and so his subsequent convictions must be bent,—no matter with what violence and unnaturalness,—to meet the conformations of his old rabbinical theology. This is strikingly evident in his treatment of the Jewish scriptures, when cited for the purpose of illustration.

‘We would expect that his own strong poetic instincts would recognize and intensify the poetic idealism of their thought. Instead of that, he invests them with a cold, hard realism which our judgment tells us is utterly foreign to the true poetic sentiment of those who uttered them in the groping after truth in the early dawn.

‘But to view it scientifically, why should we expect that any naturalness would result from such a conversion as was his? It saved the church at Damascus from persecution, it filled Paul with terror: but it appealed neither to his intellect nor to his heart.’

The clergyman made no direct reply, but said :

‘Then you regard St. Paul as adding nothing to the power and evidences of Christianity?’

‘To the evidences—most assuredly. Even the materialness of Paul’s conception of the resurrection of our Lord has historical value. That a man so thoroughly a Pharisee; contemptuous of the chosen of our Lord; absorbed in admiration of his own intellectuality; his thoughts so self-centered that they admitted nothing from without unless irresistibly forced upon his recognition; that such a man was compelled to acknowledge the divinity of our Lord makes him a most valuable witness to the validity of the claims of the founder of Christianity: a witness all the more convincing because his whole mind and soul rebelled against surrendering to the conviction to which he gave expression.

‘I conceive that the constant struggling of this revulsion was the cause of “what I would not that I do,” which brought to him the depressing feeling that his assertive individuality was dominated and that he was only an impassive battleground on which two opposing forces—wholly outside of himself—were contending. It would be a charitable view of Paul’s idiosyncrasies, and perhaps as just as it is charitable, to consider his contradictions—both those of doctrine and of sentiment—to be the revulsion of his in-

dividuality against his powerlessness to rid himself from the subjugating influences of his new belief. This revulsion doubtless had its origin in the intellectual vanity that refracted all external evidence out of its natural plane, and so made his thought morbid.

‘Thus the key to Paul’s abnormal mental condition may be indicated in his humiliating admission that he was possessed by uncontrollable impulses. His standard was noble, but his impulses dominated him, and he was swayed by his self-centered thoughts which were the results of his intense conviction of his own importance. In Phariseeism this conviction found congenial exercise; the passivity of self-renunciation in Christ was wholly foreign to his nature.

‘It was Christ’s sinlessness that found in Paul’s love of righteousness the interpreter to him of Christ’s divinity; but no such conviction could have come to Paul through that which was external to himself. So his conversion was through that which was purely personal to himself.

‘Hence, too, the law of sin in his members—through his intense self-absorption—made sin seem universal to him; and thus the doctrine of original sin was for him a natural evolution.

‘Again: while he was ready to yield to supernatural influences that appealed primarily to his own mind (Acts xxi. 4), he readily disregarded

whatever other minds presented as revelation. He was one of those men who are so convinced that they are children of destiny, so self-assured that they are born to preponderate and to dominate, that tolerance of the opinion of others is impossible to them.

‘Such a mind cannot be consistent even with itself. Consequently the impulse of the moment led Paul—led him to establish his theses by half truths and by illustrations that were not even consistent with his own previous utterances.

‘Paul’s utter disregard for consistency is evidence of his unbalanced mind. He advanced the thesis of the saving grace being extended to only a few elect; led up to it through a course of false reasoning, which no clear intellect would sanction. But when a different mood possesses him he clearly states that, “whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved,” and, “God is the Savior of all men, especially of those that believe.” It is needless to point out that every shade of belief, from Calvinism to Universalism, can find its vindication in such contradictory statements of doctrine.’

Here the clergyman suggested that every great leader in thought, who has commanded the homage of men, has been invested with a strong personality which arrested attention, yet could not have retained it unless he was actu-

ated by sincere motive in delivering his message, and asked :

‘How, then, do you account for the permanency of St. Paul’s power if you deny his inspiration?’

To this the Man replied :

‘I think that opportunity had much to do with this, for I cannot concede that St. Paul possessed an attractive personality—except so far as an assertive boldness attracts a certain class of minds. He was fortunate in his historian; fortuitous circumstances, doubtless, contributed to the preservation of Paul’s writings.

‘The very boldness of Paul’s claims to special revelations is calculated to carry conviction. His doctrine of sacrificial atonement; the defining of all that made it necessary, all that limits its efficacy, all that determines the bounds of its manifestations; these were advanced with such positive claims that they were divinely revealed to him that they commanded belief by their boldness. Hence we must regard them as blasphemous impositions or else accept them as the teachings of one divinely inspired—regardless of the contradictory terms in which they are expressed. There is no escape from accepting one or the other of these conclusions, except by demonstrating that Paul was mentally irresponsible.

‘He had few of the elements of a noble character. Courage can hardly be attributed to an apostle who ten times fled from danger. Consistency and courage both were absent when, in the face of his contempt for the law, he shifted his principles in his last visit to Jerusalem, boasting that he was a Pharisee and the son of a Pharisee, and readily accepting the suggestion that he show that “thou also walkest orderly and keepest the law.” Thus principle was laid aside for caution—that was too tardy to secure safety.

‘And while he could rebuke Peter unstintedly for showing consideration for the commands of the law, Paul did not hesitate to circumcise Timothy, that he might win the favor of Judean Christians; although he said (Gal. v. 2), “Behold I, Paul, say unto you that if you receive circumcision, Christ will profit you nothing.” and he performed vicarious vows to conciliate the unbelieving Jews.’

Here the clergyman interrupted, saying:

‘Most strenuously I protest against your assumption that St. Peter was necessarily in the right, and that St. Paul alone was to blame. That which you are pleased to call St. Paul’s egotism and self-sufficiency was only his natural and just indignation because his work had been interfered with by the Judaizers with whom Peter appears to have been in sympathy.’ In

the silence that followed this protest by the clergyman he was sanguine that he had gained the advantage.

At length, slowly and with an effort at self-command, the Man resumed:

‘I know that you are conversant with all of the conditions of this incident. On the other hand, I would not wish to think that you had intentionally suppressed any of the related circumstances.

‘That all of the elder apostles gave no encouragement to the Judaizers at Antioch but rather rebuked them—when Paul and Barnabas went up to Jerusalem—is *prima facie* evidence that Paul’s complaint was unjust, or that he took an exaggerated view of whatever favor Peter may have shown to converts from Judaism.

‘But the crux of the whole matter—the cause of inevitable antagonism to Peter—would seem to be evidenced by Paul’s assertion that Peter and Barnabas did “not walk uprightly according to the gospel.”

‘Now we know that Paul always meant by “gospel” that which he called “my gospel,” and that he was opposed to what he called “another gospel.” Surely, “another gospel,” from that which Paul preached is the gospel which is revealed by the evangelists. Collision was inevitable between Peter, who bore this gospel, and

Paul, who boasted of "my gospel and the preaching of Jesus Christ."

'Now, if it is orthodox to recognize that there is only one personage worthy of credence in the New Testament, namely, Paul, and only one in the Old Testament, Isaiah, then you are doubtless theologically correct. For Paul's "my gospel" of purchase of divine favor and of the appeasing of divine wrath by the sacrificial death of the Christ had its first intimation in Isaiah—and not with him, till the post-exilian period.

'If Paul was right, then the record of the Evangelists was imperfect. If Isaiah was right, we ought to relegate the other prophets to an obscurity merited by their ignorance. And let us eliminate all of the joyous psalms, whose delight in the law of the Lord reflected the almost universal Hebrew love for, as well as pride in, the law.

'It is theologically convenient, but it is not historical, to attribute to the whole Jewish nation the morbid view of the law which Paul and his sect possessed; and held with it, such contempt for those who did not share their distorted views, that the treatment which Paul received at Jerusalem clearly indicates that his caricature of the law was resented, and that it also made him powerless to win any of his nation to believe in his caricature of the true gospel. You

know that Paul was not representative of the Jewish nation, or of its faith. Representative of those who held censorious pride in the traditional accretions of the law Paul was—and this alone. And who knows but that our Lord had prophetically in mind that Pharisee who guarded the garments of those who slew His first martyr, when he denounced the moral blindness of that sect.'

'With strange inconsistency he used the synagogues of Asia, till he was compelled to go elsewhere, although he claimed precedence as an apostle to the Gentiles.

'I think that we have the key to much that otherwise would be obscure in the personality of Paul, if we will regard the many evidences of how little of affectionate regard he commanded (I. Cor. xvi. 17). At Ephesus he did not command the affection of the Christian converts; at least his support there—surely to a great degree—came from without.

'He lays much stress on his lack of local support, and he tries to have this indifference to himself regarded as an evidence of his devotion to duty. But is it not more natural to regard it as evidence that he could not command the affectionate regard of the converts?

'Not till after Titus had done his own mis-

sionary work in Corinth was Paul hospitably received (II. Cor. vii. 7). Then, on his third visit, he was able to command a hospitable welcome, following Titus' preaching. And he emphasizes this when he says: "This thou knowest (II. Tim. i. 15), that all that are in Asia turned away from me," and (iv. 16 and 10), "At my first defence no one took my part; but all forsook me." "For Demas hath forsaken me and Crescens and Titus; only Luke is with me." And he asks for Mark, "for he is profitable unto me." His self-centered thought is shown in his phrasing of this last sentence.

His inability to attach to himself faithful assistants is further shown in Phil. ii. 21: that excepting Timotheus and Epaphroditus "all seek their own, not the things which are Jesus Christ's." And Epaphroditus was "nigh unto death," "to supply your lack of service unto me"; yet he writes (Phil. iv. 18) of having received at the hands of Epaphroditus the gifts of the Philippians which were "a sacrifice, acceptable, well pleasing to God" (Phil. iv. 10), but received after much delay, and no other church (Phil. iv. 15) had given to him "in the beginning of the gospel."

"The success and steadfastness of the Thessalonian church came with the preaching of Timothy," whom Paul had sent when he was

“Satan hindered”—a term that his intense conviction of his own importance prompts him to use repeatedly.

‘We would have a right to expect that the scholarly acquirements which are claimed for St. Paul would have wrought some permanent results at Athens. Later, when a true scholarship had added its philosophical appeals, the Greek mind elsewhere was attracted to Christianity. But Paul’s scholasticism could not arouse their interest.

‘If Paul had been divinely inspired he would not have held such erroneous views of the nearness of the Parousia, as shown in 1st Thessalonians; and which he, or some wiser writer, had to correct in the next epistle.

‘As poetical—only imaginative, in no way inspired—can we regard Paul’s description of the second coming of our Lord, so variously are described the conditions attending that event. So, too, after the Advent. The statement, “in Christ shall all be made alive,” cannot be reconciled with the “eternal destruction from the face of the Lord.” And while in places it is taught that the destruction will be immediate, it is elsewhere taught by him that our Lord will reign as the longed-for Jewish Messiah; and during

this reign he would "put all enemies under his feet."

'His claim to be the apostle to the Gentiles is in opposition to St. Peter's statement (Acts xv. 7), that "a good while ago God made choice among us that the Gentiles by my mouth," etc., and St. Peter's evidently extended journeyings would seem to sustain his claim.'

Then earnestly the clergyman urged in St. Peter's behalf:

'It occurs to me that you wilfully ignore the noble characteristics of St. Paul. Was he not heroic? Read the record of his labors and his sufferings. He had nothing to gain, but everything to lose, by his devotion to Christ. Nothing but a firm faith in the truth he proclaimed and an intense love for its founder could have inspired and sustained him. Is not this deserving of honor? A man who for love of country endures hardship, suffers loss, and if needful sheds his blood on the battle field, would be by you deemed worthy of all admiration. Why withhold it from Paul, who, whether mistaken or otherwise, did choose to suffer the loss of all things for Christ.'

And the Man replied:

'I fail to see where your appeal can have much force. As I have previously observed, his frequent avoiding of danger—so strikingly in con-

trast to the true courage shown by the apostles—and his pusillanimity at Jerusalem, are what we have a right to expect from a man who through fear was impressed with the power of the Christ whom he was persecuting. But we have wandered away from our subject, for we are not discussing the impulses of a zealot, but the claim of Paul that he was the medium of those special revelations which have led the church to formulate its doctrines on the supposed sanctity of his statements.

‘But before we leave the subject of the personality of Paul, let me advance a related proposition.

‘No religious leader can be thoroughly comprehended—at least his doctrines and his motives justly considered—till he reappears, divested of his own personality, in the persons of his disciples.

‘In such relation Luke* stood to his master, Paul. He reveals unconsciously, and so all the more indisputably, Paul’s intense egotism.

“The very opening of his gospel displays this. The vanity of his master is shown in a like fondness for long and sonorous words.”

‘Luke’s adopting of Paul’s inaccuracy is shown

* Modern scholarship is not here ignored. Luke is used for brevity, in place of repetitions of “the writer of the third gospel, who appears to have been a disciple of St. Paul.”

in the parable of the unjust steward; the unjust judge; the friend persuaded by importunity; and in attributing to our Lord, "If any man hate not father," etc. We cannot believe that our Lord ever expressed such sentiments.

'Luke's Pauline contempt for the apostles is shown in his attributing to our Lord the calling of his apostles "unprofitable servants," who "have done that which was your duty to do." We cannot conceive that our Lord used such language, unless we eliminate much of St. John's gospel.

'So, too, the affectionate solicitude for the twelve, on their return—as given by Mark—Luke associates with the departure and the return of the seventy.

'His omission of other evidences, given by Matthew and Mark, of the affection of our Lord for the twelve, are additional testimony to his inheritance of Paul's antagonism to the twelve.

'We cannot believe Luke's statement that on the very day of His resurrection, our Lord applied the epithet "O, fools" to the disciples with whom he walked and talked—even if we soften the term in translation. The time was too solemn for such impatience, even if no contempt was implied.

'(Luke xxiii. 24-27.) It is not probable that a dispute in regard to superiority—evidently of superiority after our Lord should be taken away

—was indulged in by the twelve during the Last Supper. “All of his account of the Last Supper is meager and disjointed, and some things improbable—as the command to buy swords.”

‘The parable of the Prodigal Son is unsatisfying, as Luke records it. Beneath that triad of the insensate lost silver; of the low intelligence of the wandering sheep, for both of which there was eager solicitude, though no responsive love or effort to return was displayed by them; and the highest intelligence of the son, whose full knowledge of wrongdoing must prompt the penitential return, if forgiveness was to be extended; beneath this triad there was a deep spiritual truth, probably that divine love and justice regard opportunity. But Luke had not the spiritual insight to perceive the truth which our Lord was illustrating, or he would not have ended the parable as he did.

‘In marked contrast to this looseness of expression, which often approaches indifference in Luke’s writings, is the absorbing reverence which the fourth gospel displays.

‘Its careful details of the inmost thoughts of our Lord—so far as the human mind can comprehend the divine—makes most significant the omission of all reference to the doctrine of atonement. “And while the synoptists explain the sac-

rifice of our Lord as the giving of His life as a ransom for many, the fourth gospel presents only the metaphor of the Good Shepherd giving His life for His sheep, and attempts no solution of the mystery."

"The intense spirituality of the fourth gospel," "the whole Gospel breathing a supernatural atmosphere," "its instinctive perception of symmetry in thought and expression," the tenderness with which it displays the love of our Lord, these do not become any less attractive to us through doubts of its authorship. It not only tells us of Christ, it *is* Christ. And if its elevated spirituality was attained by one who had not actually known our Lord, had never been influenced by His divine personality, it is all the more a tribute to His divinity; all the more an evidence of His absorbing love to mankind that such rapt devotion, such living in Christ, could be possessed by one who never had witnessed personally the divine charm of that intense blending of the human and the heaven-born love which filled the soul of the author of the fourth gospel, as it has vivified no other human heart before or since.

"In the message of that gospel I place my hope of heaven.

"It is a noble casket in which are displayed

the words which are radiant above all others with the love of our Lord. "I go to prepare a place for you . . . that where I am ye may be also."

'Before these words I stand appalled. I can express it in no other way.

'Eternity of loving prevision; eternity of sharing a beatitude that can satisfy divinity. Had He come on earth and delivered only this message, it would have sufficed for the perfect revelation of a love that passes human comprehension.

'I would not minimize the faith that the Church reposes on Calvary. Yet most emphatically I would refuse to follow the church's example in its ignoring of the plain doctrinal teachings of the Spirit, when it led our Lord out to the temptations of the wilderness.

'Some time the church will have the courage to accept those teachings of the Spirit—which our Lord repeatedly and so plainly emphasized—and will relegate the poet Paul, to his own sphere of brilliant irresponsibility.'

Confidently the clergyman demanded:

'Surely you will not deny that the wonderful vision of another world that was granted to St. Paul was evidence of the divine favor, such

evidence as was granted to no other apostle, and that it entitles him to reverence. More than that, it was confirmation of apostleship so convincing that it places his divine calling beyond question.'

'Granted to no other apostle,' the Man replied; 'I admit that. I could almost say that I rejoice—for their sakes—that it was not given to others. But I do not wish to think you to be so ignorant of the history of monasticism that you do not know how constantly those zealots—underfed with bread and ideas—were seeing and hearing "unspeakable things," which they promptly showed to be exceedingly utterable in the eagerness with which they published the—believed—evidences of the divine favor shown to them. Mohammed, equally with Paul, was favored with visions.

'But I am very glad that you introduced this event, for I frankly admit that I have not had the time to study it as I would wish to do, and most earnestly I beseech you to supplement my imperfect knowledge; I will be a most attentive scholar.

'It is evident that in its introduction the author of the fourth gospel was rebuking a nascent spirit of Gnosticism. The modern Martinist system is the offspring of that Gnosticism

and it teaches that "the Being of Beings, who is the supreme First Cause, is manifested only by his Word, through whom everything was made," yet "Satan is the rebellious spirit whose lust for personal independence brought about his separation from God." Now, we can follow him thus far; but when the Martinist adds the claim that Satan corresponds to the Word of God, the creating thought of God, we must diverge—even though our Lord so plainly admits Satan's claim to power in this world; and further, by His silence, seemed to acquiesce to this claim, when Satan offered to confer on Him that power, if He would worship him.

'Now these Martinist views include much that was taught in the apocalyptic literature which, in the last centuries before Christ, passed under the name of Enoch; for Enoch refers to angels being cast down from the fifth heaven to the second heaven.

'It is most significant that in Paul's description of his vision he claims to have entered the third heaven. So, too, Paul speaks of Christ's reconciling to himself "the things which are in heaven" (Col. i. 20). It does not necessarily follow that Paul was imbued with the beliefs of the Gnostics, the theories of the secrets of Enoch, or that he was in sympathy with those early her-

esies which have their modern expression in the modern Martinist system. Yet it behooves his defenders to present some reasonable theory for his evident belief in conditions which were essential elements in these systems; and which have no warrant in the teachings of our Lord. So we have a right to ask, Why did Paul assert the plurality of heavens, and that in them—at least in one of them—were spirits that needed to be reconciled to Christ? It is not proven by these instances that Paul accepted Plato's and Pindar's beliefs in the fall of man's soul from the Deity, or that the secrets of Enoch colored his imagination. Yet it presents a reasonable basis on which to begin investigation of his erratic theological views.'

To this inquiry the clergyman replied that he was not convinced that the chain of reasoning was continuous, and that he would give it further thought, adding:

'Do you wish it to be understood that you regard as mentally incompetent or intellectually dishonest all who hold St. Paul to be an inspired man, and his teachings as worthy of acceptance?'

And the Man replied:

'I disclaim any such discourteous intent. But I do claim that they are not so courageous as the issues at stake demand. It is a charac-

teristic of fear that it eliminates other motives. And worse than that, it persuades its captives to dignify it with all sorts of Latin derivatives, which represent recognized virtues. You theologians do not dare to trust the divinely implanted impulses that create the soul's need to acquire divine truth. It flatters your sense of self-importance to indicate that the only path which leads to divine truth passes over the artificial way which you have elaborated; and that this way is a trestle work; and you fear that if from this there be taken one brace or chord or sill, your complex structure will collapse, and the chasm between man and divine truth will never be bridged again.

‘But there is no chasm—only the phantasm of one, which you have created.

‘And when science comes and points out that this beam or that string piece is decayed or cross-grained, and can support no weight and is weakening the structure, you shut your ears to its warning, just as you disregard the multitude of thoughtful men who know that science speaks truly; and these you are turning back, just as you would have turned me back if my profession had not taught me to think for myself; had not my great need impelled me to seek the truth in the face of your discouragement.

‘Shutting your eyes, too, to that lesson which

history has continued to teach—from Amos down to St. Francis d'Assisi, and from him to Wesley—that out from the people God must send the prophet to rebuke the priest, and to teach him his tendency to error or to apathy.

‘Will you never learn to look within your own hearts; that you may recognize the dangers that lie in the entrenched solitude of your studies?’

‘From all sides—even from sects most tenacious of the Pauline doctrine—there comes the plaint that clergy and laity are denying those fundamental truths of Christian doctrines: the faith in the immaculate conception of our Lord, and in His resurrection. You and I know that such denial is unscientific, since the ability to make such denial implies, at the outset, a thorough knowledge of the fundamental principles of biology. Moreover, only he may make such denial who carries in his brain the dynamometric power which enables him to measure the Divine creative dynamics and to ascertain their utmost power; and next, by a course of reasoning which is incomprehensible to the ordinary mind—and only reasoning, since actual test of that degree of power is apparently impossible—he must demonstrate that the ultimate extent of this creative power falls short of the degree of creative energy needed to establish the

germ of life primarily in a woman. While intelligent denial of the resurrection of our Lord is impossible, till man possesses the knowledge that the portals by which the soul leaves the body are so irrevocably closed in death that He who placed the soul within those portals cannot conduct it back again to its former dwelling place; while a knowledge of how the soul originally entered the body would seem essential to successfully asserting that the body cannot again receive it after a brief separation.

‘But these men are as earnest thinkers as you and I are. Hence you and I have no right to condemn them—surely not you theologians who have put before them the temptations to doubt.’

The clergyman was loyal to the faith that he had received.

‘It seems most unjust that you should charge us with tempting men to doubt, when we devote our lives to teaching the truths that have been tested for centuries and have never been found wanting. Would you renew the heresies of the early church, heresies that doubtless wrought its downfall, at least in the eastern church?’

‘Heresy is a word of such varied meaning—as you study it subjectively or objectively—that I must ask you to excuse me from answering

your question in a direct way; yet I still believe that the encouragement to much of what you call heresy is to be found in the writings of Paul.

‘Yet if I have no quarrel with those who reject the doctrines which we regard as essential—doctrines which my limited studies have led me to believe in, which my experience in evidence permits me to recognize as natural and consistent—it is because these men demand nothing from me. They recognize that their investigations are made in that same imperfect light in which the science of chemistry groped a century ago.

‘The advocates of the higher criticism recognize that they are in the period of the phlogiston; of chemical decomposition; and that there will come the period of chemical combination, when the fires of a pure devotion will not burn with less of warmth because they are fed intelligently.

‘As I said, these men make no demands on me. They do not tell me that I can find the way to heaven only by accepting the guidance of the disordered mind of Saul of Tarsus, one-half of whose utterances it is necessary to ignore in order to believe the other half.

‘In considering the arguments and conclusions of those who seek truth by what is known as higher criticism, I am impelled to a choice of one of two positions. First, that they possess

intellects so vastly superior to mine that they can recognize as conclusive proof that which seems to me to be only arbitrary denial on their part. I frankly admit it possible that Q.E.D. may some time be written against that proposition. The second possible condition is that, having grown to be hypercritical, they are too academic, and do not regard the practical conditions that modify all evidence; do not recognize that probabilities are all that we can attain to in most of our attempts at demonstration; and most of all, do not favorably regard as collateral evidence that responsiveness to the needs of mankind which is afforded by those influences which have their seat in beliefs that are founded on evidences which the higher criticism alleges are without adequate historicity.

‘Slow enough has been the advance in ethical and altruistic conditions. Yet, justly it seems to me, there may be demanded of the higher criticism that its keen, incisive reasoning demonstrate that through all the centuries of Christianity these conditions would have been more widely, more highly developed, if critical scholarship had eliminated at the outset all that is not demonstrable in the foundation of those beliefs that apparently have promoted the advance in those ethical and altruistic conditions. I am ready to regard the possible objections that these de-

velopments of beneficent influences are neither proofs of the truth of those beliefs that are claimed as the source of those beneficent influences, and also that their coincidence does not prove their relation to each other.

'The conditions of the demand are unchanged. It seems a just demand that higher criticism demonstrate what would be the present status of ethical and altruistic conditions, if the beliefs which scholarly criticism foster had been prevalent and potent, its negations established ever since Christianity was demonstrated. The ordinary mind entertains such profound respect for the mental capacity of the advanced thinkers that the latter would be regarded as avoiding a fair test if this demand is ignored.

'There would be, however, one consistent excuse for avoiding the test; namely, that religion should not be held responsible for the ethical and altruistic conditions that are coincident with it, since coincidence does not prove relationship; and in taking this position scholarship would be correct academically.

'Nevertheless, the ordinary mind is not inclined to oppose itself to that practical appeal—the probability of the truth of the opposite of this contention; nor can it reconcile with the law of probabilities that the sacrificial Life should have created for itself so imperfect and

so indistinct a recollection that they who were its witnesses did not convey a reasonably correct account of both His acts and language—even if that account was at first only oral.

‘It is “the man in the street” to whom I shall make my appeals for a just recognition of the divinity of the Man of Galilee. I wish to be equipped to meet his methods of estimating the value and the truth of evidence in general. Moreover, he is the man who would augment your church, if you would take the trouble to study him.

‘But this man is eminently practical. He demands of religion that it guide its possessor safely past the dangers of moral shipwreck in a horse trade; and when it conveys consolation to the widow and the fatherless that it put a bag of potatoes under the wagon seat.

‘He cannot make the nice distinctions between dogma and doctrine, and so he is unable to understand how the gospel according to St. John “was written with a dogmatic purpose,” while its language is opposed to the prevalent Pauline doctrine.

‘He cannot successfully argue the proposition, but, if you have enlisted his heart on your side, he cannot be convinced that the early martyrs gave their lives in devotion to one whose divinity was only dubiously attested: and though no

student of history he will not believe it probable that the malignity of Roman emperors would have been directed against the followers of one whose claims to divinity had no sound historical attestation—who was only the carpenter of Nazareth.

‘This man will recognize that these persecutors had at their command sources of information other than Galilean fishermen, and were too much absorbed in pleasure and in the momentous interest of their vast empire to make it probable that they would give any attention to a band of fanatics who were eminently non-resistant, unless those emperors felt that a real, though invisible, danger lurked beneath that non-resistance. Cruel enough by nature were those persecutors; but it was fear—prophetic fear, as time soon proved—that actuated them. Fear that doubtless had its source in the knowledge of the supernatural power of the Master of those fanatics; and that knowledge of His power was frequently recognized by those whom those emperors had placed in power in Judea.

‘That this “man in the street” does not possess the scholarship which enables him to stamp any alleged fact as improbable, solely because it cannot command an unbroken train of historical evidence, can be regarded as a defect which time may correct. Yet, on the other hand, he has

seen—perhaps painfully experienced—the deceptiveness of circumstantial evidence and of inferences, so that he will place little value on the deductions of scholars when they urge negations which are the result of reasonings which are academic.

‘This man, whom you ought to seek to win, is not inclined to honor demands on his credulity, but he has not the mental capacity to recognize the force of the argument of the higher criticism against the probability of miracles, that the question is not “What can God do?” but “What does He do?”’

‘But when this practical man sees plant life change all the form, structure, development, which it has inherited through countless generations, that it may stretch itself up to the sunlight from the pit where it has been unnaturally placed; developing with an effectiveness which indicates the exertion of adaptive intelligence—within itself or from without; or when he regards the expansion by cold, of that element which is the most expansive by heat, and studies the disastrous results if ice were to follow the general law that heat expands and cold contracts; this practical man has not the acumen to comprehend the asserted limitations of the divine adaptive power, for he cannot understand the claim that this exercise of adaptive in-

telligence is exerted for material results only, and that it cannot, or will not, be used in demonstrating—through miracles—that the limitations of divine power are incomprehensible by the human intellect. Consequently he cannot intelligently follow that course of induction by which the student of advanced theology can convince himself that miracles are improbable. Yet this student is consistent in his negations.

‘But you lay side by side the Acts of the Apostles and the Epistle to the Galatians, and you expect men to believe both. For, in your stern determination to maintain the dicta of Paul, you are reckless of inviting distrust of both records—through the opposition of each to the other. And then, when men have learned that lesson of distrust, you wonder that they go on to doubt essentials.

‘Will the time ever come that you will be content to teach the simple creed of a natural God and a consistent gospel? For that gospel can never be consistent while you demand belief in statements diametrically opposed to one another.

‘Doubtless there are some comparisons and analyses which demand a knowledge of theology, at least of philology, and of the original text. But it requires only a reasonable knowledge of the principles of evidence to compare

the testimony of Acts and of Galatians. The account in the early part of Acts appears to be a quotation from some other author by the historian of St. Paul. An evident and convincing consistency pervades that part. Its language and thought are just what we have a right to expect from men who had awakened to the greatness of their loss, simultaneously with their awakening to the divine grandeur of the Master; awakened, too, to the responsibility that He had laid upon them.

‘Conscious of their human weakness, they are full of conscious power in the strength that He has bequeathed to them. This record of their dignity, their rapt self abnegation, their noble awe as they recognize their responsibility, bears the impress of truth.

‘By the side of this deep, placid stream of thought you let run the wild, turgid flow of uncurbed emotion that the early chapters of Galatians display. It does not need either scholar or scientific philologist to recognize that this flow has no higher source than the heart of a man who is chafing under keen personal disappointment. Envy of the apostles has grown almost to hate. Truth is no barrier in the unrestrained rush of chagrin and evident jealousy.

‘In other epistles he has shown a degree of chagrin and petulance because he had not re-

ceived the personal devotion to which he felt that he was entitled. It would be amusing, if it were not so serious a matter, to witness in those plaints how his personal pride recoils from recognizing the neglect; and how he bestows fulsome praise—which displays its tenuity in the strained terms of a gratitude unnaturally simulated, and which could not for a moment deceive any one who has made a study of evidence.

‘But in this epistle all caution is thrown aside. Unimpeded by actual facts the unguarded statements run. Yet he recognizes that these statements will be sharply challenged—indeed he gives us all the more reason for questioning their truth by his oath, “Before God I lie not.”

‘Pity for the disordered mind is the highest sentiment which these chapters should arouse.

‘And yet the church has been so “falsely true” to what it has construed as a divine message, that it has practically told the world that it has so little faith in the convincing power of the great underlying truths of Christianity, that it does not dare to eliminate these statements of a disordered mind; statements that might be ignored if they did not deny important truths.

‘But in its challenge of the truth of the post-resurrection history of the Church at Jerusalem Paul’s language attacks statements which are close to essential truths of Christianity.

For if belief in the post-resurrection history is destroyed we must expect that the ante-resurrection history will be questioned. Consequently, to the unquestioning believer two conditions are presented.

‘First: That the doctrines which Paul promulgated are mysteriously essential to a true faith in Christ. Second: That those essential doctrines are inscrutably identified with the personality of Paul. So that all of his utterances—even if involving no question of doctrine—must be accepted as the truth, even if they conflict with the post-resurrection history, regardless of the fact that such conflict invites distrust of the earlier basic history of Christianity.

‘Now please tell me if I have stated the case unfairly?

‘Yet first let me examine with you that chain of dogma on which, as you tell me, the Pauline theology is dependent.

‘As I recall it, it was in effect as follows—that all mankind having merited eternal death, through the disobedience of our first parents, universal pardon could be obtained only through the sacrificial death of Christ. You elaborated this in four propositions.

‘I frankly admit that their sequence is natural, that each succeeding link is the logical conclusion from that which precedes it; and I have

only one objection to admitting its power to sustain the dogma which is dependent upon it.

‘The first link, like Mohammed’s coffin, is floating in the air, at least to my vision; and when that first link falls the succeeding links must collapse. Nowhere in the teachings of our Lord does it have support, and nowhere in the Old Testament can there be found a sustaining power, though there are two or three sentences of dubious meaning which may be wrested to a semblance of support.’

‘No; not a semblance of support,’ the clergyman said. ‘A divine hand reaches down and grasps it, through the revelation vouchsafed to St. Paul. That which you contemn—that “my gospel” which he received, “not with flesh and blood,” but by direct inspiration, was his authority.’

And to this the Man answered:

‘When a Mormon elder can obtain an additional wife only by receiving a revelation; when to a Roman pontiff a coveted additional power can come only through a revelation; or when a Paul must witness the collapsing of the chain of reasoning upon which his whole system of dogma is dependent, unless he can fasten its

first link to a revelation, we have a right to consider the frailty of human nature, and to recognize that an intense and longing contemplation of any object of absorbing interest makes the mind—especially a mind so ready to entertain visions as was St. Paul's—unfitted to discriminate between actual revelation, and a conviction founded on a believed need of establishing a cherished theory. To my mind it is illogical to claim that our Lord should have left any important element of his mission to be developed at a later period, by any method so unreliable—through opportunities of deception and dangers of self-deception—as are revelations. For my part I find a sufficiency in that which our Lord alone has taught, and I can find no compensation for the undermining effect of the flood of revelations which have their inception through Paul.'

The clergyman faced his visitor for the final struggle.

'You have chosen to establish yourself in a position which is not fortified by Christian experience. You eliminate all that Christian scholarship has vindicated in the writings of St. Paul. You deny the reliability of the gospel of St. Luke. What will you or I gain by trying to meet on any common ground? You choose to deny so much. I challenge you to any proof of

that to which you choose to pay a *quasi* respect. Define to me by what principles of electism you reject as false or accept as true. You accuse St. Paul of opening the door to heresies; you who are encouraging the atheist, by your denials, to deny the essentials of Christianity. What can you offer to him in proof of Christ's divinity?

Then the Man calmly replied:

'I offer the evidence of His miracles; they are testimony to the divine sanction of His claims of sharing divinity.'

'And if the atheist chooses to follow your example; if he denies the historic accuracy of all of the four gospels, as you do that of the third gospel, you are powerless to refute him?' the clergyman replied.

'Not powerless, and you know it. I plant my defense on the Toledoth Jeschu. By all principles of evidence that attack of His enemies never would have been written if the miracles had not been supernatural beyond the power of the human intellect to assign a natural cause; indisputable proof it gave, too, that the recording of them was historically reliable.'

The Man had risen while making his answer, preparing to end the interview. Each looked

into the other's face, and each face expressed something akin to contempt. Surely the clergyman's face reflected his feelings. To defend his position he had assumed the attitude of the atheist. He felt that he was safe in his false position. For twenty years he had taught the accepted truths of Christianity to his charge, and he had measured this man by the same standard that he applied to those to whom he ministered. And now his visitor, who only six months ago was like a little child in trust and submission, had proved him to be a dissimulator. No wonder the clergyman was contemptuous—towards himself—in his failure to use, successfully, the weapons of the atheist; yet ready to have the contempt construed as anger because his creed had been attacked.

IX.

SOON after his return to his home, this letter was delivered to the Man:

“DEAR SIR: I fear that you have been actuated not so much by a desire to discover truth, as to weaken my own faith by your sophistries and intemperate assaults on the authority of a man whom the Church has regarded for centuries as an inspired and able champion of the Christian faith. Calmly I view that universal and undimmed faith in St. Paul, as it stretches out in a vista of nearly two thousand years.

“It will require more than you have advanced in your conversations with me to shake that confidence in him which I hold, in common with all Christendom. In reverence for St. Paul Catholic and Protestant stand together; the most radical divisions on creeds and forms do not weaken this unity.

“I grant that I cannot refute all of your statements and inferences. St. Paul may have been egotistical, imperious, proud of his intellectual acquirements; but the impress which he has

made on the Christian thought of the ages is not to be obliterated by the charge of insanity.

“Temporarily your assertions and arguments have clouded my mind; but my faith rises above the mists you have called up, and I have peace, as myriads of souls have had during the past centuries, and in that I find rest.

“Had you succeeded in your evident purpose, I would have been driven to acknowledge that I, and all who teach the theology based on the doctrines of St. Paul, are teaching lies. What then could I do? I must either continue to teach a lie or withdraw from the ministry to which I believe myself called of God, and to which I have devoted the best years of my life.

“Did it occur to you for even a moment what such an uprooting of my faith would cost? If I stood alone, it would be bitter, even agonizing.

“To deny my faith would be to make homeless those whom God has given me to love and care for. As I write I hear the sound of my crippled daughter’s crutch. Every tap of that crutch smites my heart like a blow. She is helpless, shut out from most of the pleasures that should delight her youth, deprived of the joy that should crown her coming womanhood. The burden lies heavily on that young heart. Shall I make it heavier by depriving her of the comforts which now—though I am only a poor clergyman—my

position enables me to command? I have taught her that it is a Father's hand which thus afflicts her, and she is sustained by believing this. The faith you despise is her strength and support, as it is mine. At your bidding shall I surrender this? No. My lips may not have a ready answer to your arguments. But my heart tells me that it is safer to cling to the teachings of the revered instructors of my youth. I decline to read your communication, because I will not risk the weakening of my faith through that which it may speciously advance. I believe they knew the truth. I am content to follow their instruction and not your reasonings, the fallacies of which I shall find in due time. Meanwhile I shall pray for you, for I wish to believe that you are sincere in your desire to find the right way.

“Faithfully yours,

“JAMES UNDERWOOD.”

Deliberately the Man reread the letter, quoting aloud, “I fear you have been moved . . . by desire . . . to weaken my own faith.” There was a trace of sarcasm in his voice as he repeated:

*“Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as ithers see us;
It wad frae mony a blunder free us
And foolish notion.”*

‘It seems to me to be a clear case of “the pot calling the kettle black.” And surely it wasn’t I who began this fencing with creeds. It is positively refreshing—the coolness with which he ignores his own attack on my faith. How indifferent he was then to the consequences to me—perhaps through eternity—of his attempt to destroy my faith. And yet, how virtuously indignant he is when I, in turn, attack his faith.’

Again he quotes from the letter: “I view that universal and undimmed faith in St. Paul, as it stretches out in a vista of nearly two thousand years.”

‘Ah, my dear minister, how convenient is a bad memory. For during that same “nearly two thousand years” the fires of a material hell also have been “undimmed”; have flashed as luridly as at the beginning of those centuries. And although so recently as is your own childhood that material hell was preached, still you know that to-day you would not presume to preach that doctrine to any intelligent congregation. Hence—in the light of this radical change of belief during your own lifetime—who are you to assert so positively the permanence of that “blood doctrine” which St. Paul has engrafted onto the Christian faith?’

‘The one error has died out, its lurid fires paling before the light of the Sun of Righteousness.

No visible power has dispelled the intervening clouds, but silently they melted away. And since within a half century these sulphurous flames have ceased to be visible, bold beyond prudence is he who can assert that those Pauline blood stains on the garments of the Father will not fade away in the light of those same pure rays which subdued the baleful flames of God's imputed wrath.'

He read on, and the hard lines in his face were fading; a gentler mood possessed him. Once more he quotes: "Shut out from the pleasures which should delight her youth." "It is a Father's hand that has imposed the burden."

'No; it is not a "Father's hand." Every miracle of healing from the hand of our Lord: within ourselves every impulse of tenderness and of pity for those who suffer, gives the lie to this. And more plainly still, "whom Satan hath bound; lo, these fifteen years," is the direct and unqualified refutation by our Lord of this calumny.

'In this attributing her suffering to a loving Father he is not even consistent with his Pauline teaching. For unqualifiedly Paul describes death as an enemy—the last enemy—that Christ is to conquer.

'We have a right to apply here the axiom that "the greater includes the less;" so it is logical to consider that disease, and every disaster that

produces death, originates with that "enemy"; a power which cannot be an ally or instrumentality of divinity, since it is so inimical that Christ must conquer it.

'How Satan must rejoice in this attributing to God the consequences of his own malignity! Yet what avails the positive statements of our Lord if they are opposed by the dicta of an established theology? For religion is but the handmaid of theology.

'"Bound, lo, these fifteen years," has been this innocent child; and for thrice fifteen years more, perhaps, she will be in Satan's leash. Would God that I could find some way to weaken those bonds that make her "shut out from the joys that should bless."'

He rose and paced the room, as was his custom when some grave problem tried him; then he lay with his face in his hands, as he was wont to do when the solution seemed almost hopeless.

'Mentally, emotionally, physically; these bound the horizon of the possibilities.' He was arguing with himself. 'The second must be eliminated. That is a province which, now at least, I have no right to enter. That is too largely controlled by her father. The first is too abstruse; I have not now the knowledge of the conditions that would enable me to work intelli-

gently. Let that be laid aside, at least for the present.

‘But the last possibility, “physically”?’

‘Surgical skill has admitted its powerlessness. I cannot change that condition. To supplement materially: that alone is left. But how?’

Presently he arose, his countenance showing his sense of relief—at least of his hope of a solution—and he rang the bell. Promptly the maid would have answered the call, but a woman anticipated her, herself answering the summons.

‘You called me.’

‘I rang.’

‘But you called me.’

There was something triumphant in the tone; something exultant in the pose and manner of the woman, as she stood at the library threshold, repeating her answer to his call.

But let us see who this woman is who awaits his invitation to enter.

Not wife, not daughter. For there was an archness and an expression half pleading, half winning, to which assured position makes a woman superior—or makes her indifferent to please in little things—as you prefer.

X.

“WANTED—The daughter of an army officer desires a position as housekeeper. Has had experience in her own home. Would prefer a location other than in central New England. Address,” etc., etc.

Naturally, the last sentence of the advertisement attracted attention, and the Man gave it careful study. Pride as its motive he quickly eliminated, for if merely loss of income had compelled her to leave her home the entire wording would have been different. It was evident that she wished to remove herself from painful associations, which financial losses alone would not have made repugnant. Between the lines he read a sense of shame which impelled her to seek a position among strangers. But because the lines were there he was sure that the shame was a reflected one—not her own. He read, too, a consideration for others; an unwillingness to invite replies which she would not wish to consider.

He wrote briefly, stating his position, and that entire responsibility and an independent authority would be given to any one who was placed

at the head of his household. To this there came the answer:

“DEAR SIR: I thank you so much for your reply. I like it—more than any reply I have received. I dreaded taking this means of supporting myself, because I feared I should be subject to another woman’s whims. I am already building castles in the air and wondering what all will be like, if you will be so good as to give me the position. And if I am at all impatient, it is because I must consider other replies, which I frankly tell you are not so welcome as yours. Let me tell you at once—and have the shameful story over—why I must support myself and why I wish to leave old associations.

“My husband was recently committed to state prison, for ‘irregularities’ in his accounts. He was head bookkeeper in a bank here. Can I send you any references? Please command me if you wish me to tell you anything more about myself. I will be only too glad to respond.

“Most respectfully yours,

“EDITH ADAMS MARRINER.”

And thus the Man’s analysis ran: ‘Either this is a somewhat impulsive young woman—perhaps younger than Mrs. Grundy would permit me to take into my household, if I and Mrs.

Grundy had mutual friends whose interest in me was shown in other ways than, "thou shalt not"—or else it's a good many years since she "picked the shell," and yet is trying to pass herself off as a spring chicken. She is very ingenuous and frank, or she is skilled in flattery. Fortunately there is no half way ground, and the closing sentence of her advertisement tells me—by its inner meaning—more than all that she has written. So I will give her the benefit of the doubt; and I will hope that she is young and handsome, and will make an attractive piece of bric-à-brac, to put in this cabinet—my home. That the "irregularities" were not in any degree her own fault, that she did not tempt her husband into extravagance, I am convinced—unless she is an old cat playing kitten—for conscious guilt would have exemplified "*qui s'excuse, s'accuse*"; and she would have told a pretty fairy tale of "deceived into liberal home expenditures by his boasting of successful speculations, which made her feel free to enjoy his seeming success." So I will telegraph that I will come to-morrow.'

His hand was on the call. 'No, I will go unannounced; a woman of character and true refinement is never placed at a disadvantage by the unexpected.'

He found the conditions practically as he had anticipated, in regard to the wife's innocence of

any share in her husband's downfall. That husband had been tempted by his vanity—his intense personal vanity that made him oblivious to the suffering and shame that would fall on his wife. The bank had among its prominent patrons a coterie of good fellows, who never neglected business for pleasure—if they were liable to be caught at it. And though “a good workman is known by his chips,” the “chips” to which they devoted a large portion of their nights represented the débris of energies that were too much wasted to permit competing successfully in business with capacities that were unimpaired. So they must have accommodation at the bank, and more than their “limit” would allow.

Very much flattered was the struggling book-keeper when these prominent men became so friendly to him, offering him an opportunity to add to his income by devoting his evenings to the books and accounts of the club where they met every night. Perhaps it was through the manipulation of these men that complaint was made that this income passed to one who was not a member of the club, and so he was induced to use part of his new income in the payment of his dues—his entry fee generously paid by his friends. It was so easy to cajole him into a “quiet game,” now that the club rules permitted him to play. It was just as easy to let him

win, and still easier to flatter his vanity by admiring his skill and coolness. And then, when the time was ripe, the play was made heavy and he lost, and lost again, then won, till at last he lost his head—and half a year's income. Pity he had not then some friend to go to who would have shown to him the pitfall which his false friends were digging under his feet. But his captors did not demand any money; his note would suffice, and "your old luck will come back." And so it did; and then went away faster than it came—and farther. Then there was a birthday dinner given, and, when the wine had made him ripe for his fall, the generous hosts gave him back his notes and drew from him the promise to give them large accommodation at the bank, substituting notes that they knew to be valueless for the bank's cash, and to falsify his books to cover the deception.

He saved them from business failure. He wrecked himself. It was the old story. A sudden sharp illness; a new man at the books. A call at his house by the cashier of the bank. A confession of that which was self-evident.

But his tempters were prompt in their offers of help. They secured the best legal counsel, who in a fatherly way convinced him that to plead guilty would lighten his sentence; that not to implicate the influential men whom he had

“accommodated” would command their influence to secure a speedy pardon, and assure their aid to put him on his feet again when his short term was over, they meanwhile caring for his wife. So the prison walls closed on him, the weak victim, while his tempters were astounded and, with the gravity of hypocrisy, regretted that so promising a young man should wreck his prospects.

Through it all his wife uttered no word of reproach. His ‘honor’ prevented him from telling her how he had disposed of his thefts. So well had the able counsel done his work.

He was the man to whom she had given herself, both body and soul, in her first love. So she could not hate him.

He was silent when she asked him where the money had gone. So she could not pity him.

She had only one thought—to find some place where every one did not regard her with either pity or contempt.

Yes, she was young; and if not beautiful, no man need fear, when he had friends to entertain, that she would not lend grace to the head of the table.

While waiting for her to respond to his announcement—and he carefully noted the minutes that she required to make herself presentable—he hastily examined the photographs in the room

till he found the face for which he had been seeking. Just a trace of a smile played about his lips as he regarded the face of a man of thirty. 'Weak, vain, selfish; not the selfishness of a mean nature, but of one who had been petted and had grown to be thoughtless of others. No woman who could admire true nobility of character could love such a man. Let us hope'—he said to himself—'that she was only a girl when she married; maybe it was for the interest of others to exhibit him to her in a too flattering light. We will see.'

The Man had barely ended his analysis and inferences when the door of the room opened. He was just a little flattered by the eager expectancy which lightened her face. Truly she had been "building castles in the air," for she came forward with hand extended, as if she were meeting an old friend.

'It is a pleasant surprise. But wasn't I worth just a little word that I might have the pleasure of looking forward to your call? You can't understand what a pleasure it is to see a new face; a face that hasn't followed me for months, always showing consciousness of my misfortune. I hope that you never knew what it is to have the fault of some one else to bear.'

The Man drew a little breath as if hit unex-

pectedly. "*Arcades ambo,*" he said to himself. 'We have both tasted the same cup.'

'Do you believe in presentiments?' she continued, 'or inspirations, or angel's whispers, or call them what you will? Well, when your letter came my heart seemed to leap into my throat before I opened it. I felt that it held my fate.'

She had turned impulsively, and as she looked him full in the face and saw his eyes intently regarding her, her voice wavered, and for a moment she was silent. Presently in more measured sentences, her eyes holding a far-off look, she added in self-reproachful tones:

'I fear that I have made a grave mistake. I cannot blame you if you have misunderstood me; if you have thought me bold and unwomanly.'

But the frank naturalness of her impulses broke quickly through the constraint; and again looking fully and calmly into the face that was as free as her own from false sentiment, she added:

'I beg you to regard the oppressive burden of these weeks of worse than widowhood. Put yourself in my place—but without a man's resources; only the choice between pity or contempt in every face that you saw. And then you came. You gave me no time to compose myself. I came to you at once. My heart was full of hope. I had not time to think. I could only feel; only long

that you were to take me away from my humiliation.' Then she waited in suppressed anxiety for his answer.

'You asked me,' he said, 'if I believed in presentiments. Yes and no. I think there was never a woman who cared for my welfare but startled me with a strange, though imperfect, insight into my actions. They were impressions which could not have come by mortal knowledge. Let me tell you the most striking.

'I was trying to find who was the writer of a letter that was evidence of a crime. I had inadvertently taken a car that was dropped at a little city, so I there must remain for the next train to the place where I thought it probable that the author of the letter lived.

'To beguile the time I took some letters which had been given to me and began to compare them with the incriminating letter. I was doing it idly almost; for there seemed no possible motive for such a deed on the part of the person who had written them. Suddenly the unexpected happened, and I was forced to believe that this woman had written the incriminating letter.

'I immediately took a train for her home. She answered my ring at her door and greeted me with almost hysterical effusiveness. "It is such a relief," she said; "I beg you to stay till I am composed. I have a horror of being alone;

such a blow came to me to-day. I was in my sewing room, when it seemed as if a great weight fell on my head and was crushing me to the floor, and I was filled with the horror of an unknown but terrible danger." "When did the blow fall?" I said. "It was just four o'clock," she replied. That was exactly the hour when the conviction of her guilt came to me. And yet she welcomed me who had forged the bolt. So you see why I said "Yes and no."

The story had accomplished its mission. The tension was removed.

When a man who has little admiration for the sex in general meets a woman whose character commands his respect in spite of her womanhood, he pays to her an earnest courtliness of admiration that cannot fail to impress through the loftiness of its sincerity. As the Man rose to leave, his whole being showed how far removed were his sentiments from the pity or contempt which had been her daily "bread of affliction."

'May I ask you one or two questions?' he said.

'Most assuredly; a whole catechism, if you will. I would be sorry—should you let me come under your roof—if there was a question you wished that you had asked, yet had not given me an opportunity to answer.'

'You were married quite young?'

‘Oh, yes; I was only seventeen.’

‘And your wedding was a quiet one?’

‘Very quiet. You see, my aunt, who brought me up, had daughters of her own, and she and they made me jealous; made me think that my Charlie was paying attention to some one else; and so the wedding was hurried, so that we could take our wedding trip in his holidays, and there wasn’t time to have an elaborate wedding.’

‘Thank you for the answers,’ he said, while a half cynical smile—unobserved by her—passed over his face. Then, handing her an envelope, he added: ‘I earnestly desire that you should avail yourself of the references which this contains. On the face of my card I write the names of those who believe in me and trust me; on its back, the names of enemies. You will probably have the good sense to accept neither good nor ill report without qualifying it by its opposite. The “*media via tutissima*” of our copy books is as safe as it is old.’

When he had gone a few feet from her door, he turned as if mistaken in his way. But there was a boy’s roguishness in his heart as he caught her—by a sidelong glance from the tail of his eye as he repassed her house—peeping through the slats. Then the cynical look came back to his face, as he said to himself: ‘Those two answers tell me all of the circumstances, all of the influ-

ences that made the child—not the woman—accept this weak man.’

‘Oh, my!’ and her fingers went up and played an octave on the back of her head. ‘I caught him looking intently at my back hair. I hope it is all right. But what funny questions. What difference will it make to him whether his house-keeper had a quiet wedding or a swell one?’

“*Ex pede Herculem.*” would have been his answer had she asked this question in his presence. By and by, when she has gained his confidence, and he uses her woman’s eyes and wit to aid him in his studies, she will learn that from words, even more clearly than from more tangible things, there can be developed the spectrum analysis which will reveal the true components of the ideas that the words express, or that they may be intended to conceal.

‘But this fat envelope; what a lot of references it must contain! Does he expect me to write to all of these people? I think I had rather not open it, but take him for what I felt he was as soon as I saw him.’

Her curiosity, however, triumphed over her fear that maybe some one would write unfavorably in reply, and tell her that he was a bad lot; then she cautiously opened the envelope.

Nothing had been said by either in regard to

her salary, yet here was a sum equal to the yearly stipend that another had offered her.

Some way it did not seem indelicate for him to place in her hands, or for her to receive, the crisp, clean bills. It seemed as if it was an earnest of the wish that his eyes had told to hers; that he should be found worthy that she should come under his roof. The manly thoughtfulness of the words that he had placed in the envelope made her wish to burn the list of references—at least, to write only to those who believed in him and trusted him. And that is just what she did. He told her—each word and phrase presented with consummate delicacy—that he liked her; that perhaps there was a bit of selfishness in his hope that against the dark background of her sorrow it might be vouchsafed to him to develop, in the home he knew she would adorn and brighten, such a picture that the old darkness would be only a fading memory. That it would grieve him if she came oppressed by the memory of obligations which the suddenness of the blow had made her unable to discharge; obligations perhaps to those who would suffer—or would speak illy of her, if payment was not made. And maybe, too, there were keepsakes that she wished to recover. This letter she laid away among the few jewels that were left to her.

She wouldn't have been a real, warm-hearted,

impulsive woman if she hadn't curled up and had a good cry; then got just a little hysterical; quickly recovering, however, for she must pay regard to the references. But she wrote to just as few as propriety would permit, and waited for the answers, oscillating between fear and perfect trust, as influences came from without or were from her own heart.

XI.

Now that the step was irrevocably taken, now that in only half an hour more the train would stop at the station from which she would be taken to his home, there came an irrepressible longing to return.

She felt some influence, that seemed wholly outside of herself, swaying her impulses. She remembered vividly—too vividly for her present peace of mind—the tenderness of the parting with old acquaintances.

So long as she expected to remain at home they were only formally cordial. But when they found that she was really to leave; when they knew that she would not continue to be a social incubus; no longer would be one whose presence was to be apologized for, the sense of relief may have deceived even themselves into a friendly interest, that made natural the warm expressions of regret at parting. The profuse wishes that she might find happiness in her new position, the emphatic approvals, to her face, of the step that she was taking, had the impress of sincerity; though behind her back each Phar-

isee among them held up her hands in thankfulness that she herself was not making her home, alone, with a man who was "so well preserved." A contrasting phrase that women are fond of using—when they suspect that their own youth is showing them its heels.

And worse than this: more serious than the deceptive recollecting of the few bright closing hours of the life which she had left behind—the strange forgetfulness of the fear of ostracism that had made every meeting with old friends a source of anticipation of humiliation—she began to dread the meeting with the man whose happiness she had longed to have in her keeping; the hope of winning whose approval had made her so buoyant that her own joyousness made the more indifferent farewells seem considerate—even kind.

"In his power; in his power," the railway wheels seemed to ring out continuously and mockingly, and presently she would have worked herself up into a most pronounced case of 'nerves'—that would have impelled her to do something absurd, so morbid was she becoming in her dread of meeting him—had not the train soon reached the station that was at the end of her journey.

Waiting on the platform till the bustle of arrival and departure was over, she was making her way toward the baggage truck when she

heard her name called. Turning she saw two extended hands and a countenance that had the exquisite tenderness that only sorrow can mold the features to. The face was set in rippling, iron gray hair, and the motherly gentleness of expression instantly won the confidence of the distraught woman.

‘Warmest welcome I bring to you.’ The voice was as earnest as it was tender. ‘Our dear friend is absent, but he has sent me to find you. His man will take all the care of your luggage if you will be so good as to point it out. Then dismiss all anxiety and let me care for you.’

Strange perversity of womankind. The woman so cordially welcomed ought to have shown profound gratitude for the thoughtfulness. She ought to have given a sigh of relief that the Man was conveniently out of the way, for twenty-four hours at least. But she did no such thing. She only answered: ‘He is absent!’ and relapsed into a quiet nursing of her sense of neglect, because he had timed her arrival on a day when he would be away from home. By and by, when she had learned him better, she recognized that it was a delicate thoughtfulness that substituted the motherly welcome. But fortunately her curiosity came to the rescue of her good manners—the lapse in which had only amused her hostess—and she was quite her

natural self again by the time the two women had entered the carriage that was waiting for them.

No distinguished visitor could have been received with more consideration. The guest chamber waited for her, daintily arranged and fragrant with flowers.

As she looked at herself in the cheval glass, she said to her reflection: 'Well, you were a fool and no mistake; and I am ashamed of you; and if you had any sense of decency you would be ashamed of yourself. Go right downstairs and tell that dear angel without wings that you were a fool and deserved to be punished for the bad manners that you showed at the railway station.' And she did so; putting her arm around the gentle woman's neck and kissing her impulsively as she made her confession.

Everywhere she saw, and delighted in, the evidences of his good taste. 'Guest I am to-night in this lovely home,' she said to herself exultantly, 'and its mistress to-morrow and many to-morrows, and maybe on and on till——' She stopped and her face grew grave,—as many a time thereafter the shadows fell on it, and fell more darkly as the time approached when she must cease to be free; because freedom would come to 'him.' That was all the designation she

ever gave in her heart when she thought of the author of her sorrow.

But the call to tea happily came, breaking in upon her gloomy forebodings. Her hostess—who had promptly explained that she had come only to teach a little of the tastes of the master—placed herself at the tea tray. As deftly as tastefully she made the function a graceful offering up of incense to the new priestess of the lares and penates of the household; and made it a dignified induction to her new authority, with an impressment of deference that assured the respect of those over whom the honored guest was to have authority.

Then memory went back and labeled as only an ugly dream the wild vagaries that had oppressed her at her journey's close.

XII.

‘Now, my dear child, sit right down by my side on this comfortable sofa and look right into this blazing wood fire, and build your castles in Spain while I tell you about this man.’ She hesitated a moment and then added slowly and piquantly, ‘whom you love.’

‘I! I love! What do you mean?’

‘You told me so. You put your arms around my neck and confessed that you had told me so.’

‘I did no such thing. I confessed that I had been discourteous to you; that was all I said.’

‘And you were discourteous—because! And now, dear, I am asking no confession; only giving you a little discipline for your own good; teaching you to be less impulsive, though I would not have you less natural and sincere. I believe that you will make our friend’s home ever so much brighter and happier. But I must beg you to remember that there are other eyes just as observant as mine, though not coupled with lips so discreet, or hearts so loyal to him and to you, too, for the sake of one who once prevented a great sorrow from falling on me and mine.

‘If I were to describe him in one word, I would say “chivalrous.” Had I a daughter who could have filled the place you have taken, I would place her here, gladly. Hard and unrelenting he is to his enemies; and they are those whose evil deeds or heartless acts his firm hand has repressed or punished. The soul of loyalty to his friends, or to any cause that he espouses, it may be that he is a shade too reckless as to consequences—but never unjust—to win success; for he is a stranger to fear.

‘Himself untiring, giving his best, he expects faithfulness; yet exacting less from others than he does from himself; and he is considerate. Frank, where frankness is due, yet by nature secretive, he has no patience for curiosity, and will not brook it. He regards it as among the grossest of insults.

‘His enemies will tell you that he is not a saint; but I am sure that no man or woman ever left him with less of purity than he found them possessed of; while more than one despairing soul has taken hope and courage and has had the firmness to continue in the better way which his kindness prompted him to provide. And they were steadfast in that way, because they knew that his strength would supplement their weakness, and that they could regard him as a

faithful protector. Can I tell you anything more?"

'Oh, yes; lots. How can I make him happy?'

'Oh, now! Did ever a woman really wish to make any one happy, and her womanly instincts not show her the way—if she is faithful to them? But this single suggestion will perhaps be inclusive of much. Let him see that you wish to make home restful. The rest of quiet—if he is oppressed with thought; the rest of your real buoyancy, if he is only fatigued. And above all, do not let him feel that you expect him to be always entertaining.' So the evening passed.

The sensations that come to us on our awakening on the first morning of a new arranging of our lives have decidedly the flavor of our having become some one else. Out of these confused sensations the new mistress of the house was pleasantly called by the beauty and perfume of the flowers which he had so thoughtfully provided, and which she had placed by the side of her pillow.

The first day was full of interest, in tactfully taking the measure of the servants. She remembered, too, the advice of the evening before: to make a division of duties to each, clearly naming those that she reserved for herself; and to do this promptly, before a degree of famil-

ilarity had made her authority less unquestioned.

Night was falling and she felt a pleasant exhilaration as she looked forward to welcoming him.

‘Home at last, and at last a home to look forward to returning to.’ He came in with a breezy, eager way, like a school boy just in for the holidays. He did not wait to remove his top coat, but sought her out at once and extended his hand with a sincere cordiality that made her at ease. ‘I’m hungry as a bear; and after dinner you must tell me all of the bad things that our friend said about me, so that I can immediately begin turning over a new leaf—any number of new leaves.’

She knew what he meant. ‘Well, she was just lovely, and so cordial, and gave me such good advice that I am afraid I should have believed her if she had said bad things about you. But dinner is ready and you must go at once and get ready, for you men will not forgive a cold dinner—even if the fault is yours.’

She listened till the sound of his steps ended at his own room. ‘He never had a sister. He shall know what a sister’s love is if I have power to bring it to him.’

As they were ready to part for the night he led the way to his library and opened the safe.

‘Here are duplicate keys for you. This

drawer is yours. From it **make all disbursements** for the household—and deal with yourself as generously as you would deal with me if conditions were reversed. I shall ask no accounting. Good night.’ He took her hand in both of his for a moment; then left the room too abruptly for any thanks.

The tears came into her eyes as she recalled his expression of confidence—his delicate avoidance of anything that would be like making terms with a servant. But she was too happy for tears, even of gratitude, to be lasting; and tossing the keys in the air with a child’s glee she said, ‘There’s just one man in this world, and if I don’t make him the happiest man that ever lived in it, then—may I lose these keys, and to another woman at that.’

As the months passed by, her recognition of his strength grew apace; and she grew into restfulness in it. ‘Maybe there will be no ending; what he attempts he accomplishes. I will trust.’ It was trust only; for she did not dare—did not care to consider how. She had learned to rest.

* * * * *

Was it something akin to weariness with “Aristides the Just” that at last brought to this placid home life a disturbing influence? Only a woman’s love of power. No wish to hold his shorn locks in her lap. Only the desire to com-

mand his admiration for her womanhood. Simply to dominate his calm, strong self-possession, and sway it in yielding recognition of her charms.

These were the thoughts that prompted her to burst upon him in all the loveliness that she could command. 'Admire me; tell me I am beautiful.' This was what the snowy, heaving, "half concealed, half revealed" bosom, and the graceful outstretched arms were pleading for. Just an hour of a woman's triumphant power, won through his love of the beautiful, was all that she asked, as she stood before him in the unconscious temptation of her charms.

Oh, Temptation, subtlest when you come and tell us that we are strong, and that we can safely harbor you; bidding us the while show to ourselves and to the world that we can treat you as a plaything.

And she did win his admiration. Never could he forget how radiant she was, standing between the parted portières, that made effective setting of her loveliness. Never would she forget how she swayed him. He stood silent a moment.

'You are beautiful to-night,' impressively, calm and low. Then a deep gasp, a quivering of the hands, their palms turned outward as if pleading for possession. It was over in a moment. The tempter had passed; for before the

shadow came over his face, before the outstretched arms fell passively, before he had uttered the words that filled her with shame for many a day, his good angel had flashed out from memory her warnings. He saw faces of men who had "renewed their youth" and came to him haggard and appalled at the power—and its brutal use—that their temptresses held and exerted; beseeching him to interpose his iron hand and deliver them. And clearer, perhaps because nearer, the face of one—she seemed to his ripe manhood hardly more than a child—who had come to him, the bitterness of death swallowed up in the terror of the shame she would bring to her home, and in the horror of the curse in her motherhood that she would inflict on the little life to be. Again there came to him, sounding like the funeral knell of hope, the stony, hard appeal of her hopelessness—all the more pathetic that its calmness was the icy strength of a frozen heart: 'I have engaged a position as companion to a lady going abroad. It will be easy to reach too far over the stern to recover my hat. The great deep ocean will never give up my ugly secret. My belt of shot will save me from rescue. I don't feel quite prepared to die; but I have no choice—unless you can save me. Will you?'

‘Three months’ income for a life—two of them’; this to himself; and to her he said, ‘Yes.’

‘Beautiful! How your husband would admire you!’ Had the hands that had fallen that moment to his side been raised and struck her in the face she would not have recoiled more from the blow. Her face grew almost ashen from the shock, as she clutched the portières for support, hiding her horror in their folds. Then suddenly she relaxed her grasp, gave him one look that was beseeching and reproachful, and fled to her room.

It was a cruel kindness. Perhaps the surgeon’s knife need not have cut quite so deeply, but it was an emergency case; there was no time to calculate closely.

She almost tore her lovely costume to shreds in her bitter haste to put it away from her. She had planned with such care to make herself beautiful in his eyes; his only. It had been such a joy in its conception and execution. So many times she had rearranged it. It must be perfect, for it was for him, and now it lay before her, as thorough a wreck as was the joy she had tasted for a moment. Through that long night she lay sleepless, bitterly moaning till too exhausted to think, almost to feel.

‘The wife of a thief. Bound “to love, honor and obey till death us do part.” Shut out from

human love, how can I believe even that God loves me? Yes, "till death us do part"; not his death, but mine. "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly." He, the only man I ever met that was worth living for, he struck me with those cruel words. Did he think that I am only a child? Did he think that I hadn't power enough to command myself, if those strong arms that longed for me had really taken me? But he did love me; just one little minute he loved me, and it cost him, oh, such an effort! I'm glad it cost him such a struggle. I can forgive him for the sake of that inward battle where he had to strike me to end this fight with himself.'

And so, between the brief flashes of the rays of that one moment of triumph, and the dark, pervading clouds of the humiliation which was not of her own doing, the weary night passed on.

And do you suppose he thought that she was 'only a child'? Well, that treacherous "little god without breeches," the roguish child, Eros, nestles so innocently, and you watch his baby face in your bosom; and, lo, he has changed before you know it; and he has grown to Amor, and he takes you in his strong arms, bearing you whither he listeth.

The thickest pall of sorrow must lose a degree of its oppression when the exhilarating rays of

the rising sun fall upon it; the sombre night is at last ended.

She wondered why he left the house so early.

Presently he returned and she heard him come softly to her door, and as she listened there came a sound like a faint rap, but too soft to have awakened the lightest sleeper; then she heard him quietly returning to his library.

Curiosity suggested to Sorrow that it step aside a moment till the cause of that sound had been investigated. Curiosity opened the door a little and in fell a box of flowers—a whole armful of them. And with them such a tender letter. The blame was wholly his. He had been selfishly inconsiderate. Could she ever forgive him? He had been so happy in his home; she so buoyant, or so considerately unobtrusive, as his mood or need required, that he had forgotten the long, uneventful days filled with cares that were only repetitions of each other. He wondered that the dreary monotony had not made her a candidate for a strait-jacket. He would send her off on a holiday, hating Mrs. Grundy all the while that he could not go with her, that he might see all the bright things through her eyes. She must drive out every pleasant day; the horses needed the exercise. She must 'go out' more. And he closed with more self-reproach, begging her to wear to breakfast a few sprays of his fa-

vorite lily of the valley in token of her forgiveness.

This she did and entered the breakfast room, very busy in arranging another bunch that she might go straight to him and fasten it in his button hole, thus sparing herself the embarrassment of looking so high as his face in the morning greeting, while he read aloud, with apparent intense interest, an item from the morning paper. She knew the article was so foreign to his real interest that the ludicrousness of his awkward attempt to relieve the embarrassment of the situation appealed irresistibly to her appreciation of the funny. She burst into such shouts of laughter that he began to edge away towards his hat and top coat, fearing a display of hysterics would follow, but feeling even that would not be too high a price for escaping the dreaded awkwardness of their meeting.

XIII.

‘“How are the mighty fallen.” Can it be that this is the same man who rebuked me so pitilessly because I came to him and sought his admiration? Was it not enough to have come behind my chair and whisper to me to meet him at ten o’clock to-night in his library—yet in not so low a tone but that the handsome maid heard him and looked her triumph over me? Was not this enough, without his asking me to give him the photograph of that pretty maid—and all this in his own house?’ Her idol was only a man after all; he had fallen from his pedestal, and she did not know whether most to pity him or despise him.

But she obeyed him, and was chagrined beyond measure that the contempt she felt—and emphatically expressed in her manner—was apparently unobserved by him, though she noticed his evident satisfaction as she gave him the girl’s picture.

‘Please send Osborn to me. I almost forgot

to thank you for the picture.' He certainly was very much absorbed in it.

As Osborn entered he said:

'Now, my dear fellow, you said you wished to go to your club to-night.'

'Yes, I would like to go; but if I can be of service to you, I will gladly give it up.'

'So far from your staying away for me, I should be sorry if you did not go. You told me that there was to be a little supper at your club. At the proper time take this envelope from your pocket, saying that it was received from a friend, and you don't know what is in it. Open it and pass its contents around for comments. Tell me what you learn; but don't come to me till morning.'

* * * * *

'Let me have a game of chess with you.'

She saw that the pieces were set and that the Man was seated at the table, as she entered the library at the hour he had named. He welcomed her without looking up. It was so unlike his former self.

'I hope to show you some new moves to-night,' he added. The play had lasted perhaps twenty minutes, and she was sure that she held the advantage, when he almost hissed 'Checkmate.' 'But you needn't strike the table so hard and nearly upset the pieces,' she said.

He made no answer, softly rising; and as he looked into her strained face he was glad that the test was over. Noiselessly approaching the door, he quickly opened it.

‘What are you here for?’ The girl stood paralyzed, but stammered out in reply:

‘I thought you wished me to wait up till Osborn came in.’

‘Then sit there.’ He pointed to the place where—in the now unlighted hall—a chair usually stood, and quickly closed the door. As the girl came to the floor with a heavy fall, he pointed laughingly to the hall chair, now within the library.

‘And the last move of the game. Listen! I was sure that the hard floor would astonish her into the “flight that is confession.”

The girl had picked herself up, groped her way through the dark hall and was rushing to her room, her noisy steps impelled by anger and chagrin.

‘The “last move”? Yes; yet I feel that the last move should be my going down on my knees, for my distrust of you. For all the while that I doubted you you were arranging a punishment for her, because you saw that she was insulting me by her base suspicions.’

And he replied: ‘Your heart is kneeling and

pleading so charmingly that I can ask for nothing more.'

Through tears she looked up laughingly, as she put out both her hands and said: 'Good night; and if you catch me again, base deceiver, it will be I that will have "the last move." I will find a way to checkmate you.'

'You have had your lesson?' he asked.

'Lesson? a whole curriculum; graduated and entitled to a diploma.'

'I hope that you have recovered from your fall of last night.' There was nothing mocking in the Man's tones; they were very business-like in their greeting as the girl entered the library on the following morning.

'I leave your house to-day,' the girl replied with bravado.

'And you will go to——?' He stopped, and was drawing from his pocket her photograph.

'I don't know that it is any of your business where I will go.' This even more defiantly.

As she spoke, he was coming close to her, and placed her picture in her hands. Osborn had let it run the gauntlet of the club, and it bore the marks of the encounter. She glanced down at it and saw an address at the bottom that had not been there the day before. In an instant the

bravado left her and she stood aghast. She hid her face in her hands.

‘Oh, my God, will my shame follow me wherever I go? I meant to reform, I——’

‘Stop. Do not insult that almost sacred sentiment with such a lie. You stood before my door last night, a self-confessed blackmailer. I saw, almost as soon as you came under my roof, your base desire to entrap us, and I knew that if I gave you the right kind of rope you would hang yourself—and you did.’

‘Don’t; don’t call me by the awful name you just named me. I am not so bad as that. I would not have taken a dollar from you. Had any one else attacked your characters I would have defended you. But I saw that she admired you, and—you know the school; rather I hope you don’t know it, in which I have been taught; where we learn that all men are base and that all women are weak. You were, both of you, kind to me, and that very kindness made me long to be on equal terms with you both.’

‘Consider what kind of a home I had—no, not home, hutch. Rabbits know as much of what home means as I did. My mother married my father because he was a handsome animal, and so he made her a beast of burden. There I learned every foul word that a man can use to a woman. Decency was a stranger there. Why

shouldn't I think every one was as bad as he taught me?"

If to the Man's heart there came a degree of pity, it was a pity that was not brightened by hope.

'Come.' It was request rather than command that his voice expressed as he led the way to the looking glass. 'Look at the picture, as if it was that of one who is a stranger to us. Those large, roving eyes; the full, ripe lips; the development of the lower face; all these tell men that nature has won half the battle for them; and so they will come again and again to the contest, where your past has so little to offer in aid of your weak impulse to do right.'

'But I pray you to give me one more opportunity to save myself.'

'No; not here at least. Here there would be no incentive to follow in the better way.'

'However, I will send you to a lovely old lady, who will accept my statement that you came out of a home that had only evil influences, and she will be kind to you and will ask no further questions.'

'I will write to her and will also telegraph her, so that by no chance will you come unannounced. If you really desire to remain under good influences you will have the opportunity to save yourself from yourself.'

‘I will show you that I value your kindness,’ she said.

More in sorrow than in a spirit of cynicism the Man continued: ‘You will make her lonely home very bright till the novelty of the new position is past. Then—since you have no resources within yourself—you will be weary of the uneventful life; you will be careless in your duties; and when you are reproved you will be petulant. This will grow as your *ennui* increases.

‘Then all that was dreary and wearisome and repugnant in your stained life will be forgotten, and you will remember only the brighter side—and, oh, how winningly the devil will show that to your weariness of goodness. You will go out only to take a little look into the dark waters, just out of curiosity, and your feet will slip on the slimy bank and you will be engulfed.

‘It is not a pleasant picture for me to draw—for you to see yourself portrayed in. But I hope for nothing better. Yet none the less will I welcome your drawing a lovelier one—in tones that will be permanent. Your letters can continue to come here. No one need know where you are. I will provide amply for your journey. You will do well to go to-day.’

And when she had gone he mused: ‘Is it worth all the effort—not mine, but of that pure

soul to whom I am sending her? "Handsome animal," she said of her father, and that is the quality which he has bequeathed to her. No moral impulse, no buttressing of purer motive by the memory of home and loved ones. False love, false friendships are most likely to come to her in her loneliness; and she has lost—rather never acquired in the "hutch" she was reared in—the delicacy that would warn her against such insidious influences. Yet I am glad that she recoiled so sharply; glad that there was so much of good in her that she rebelled against the ugly charge I made when she entered here.

'But will the good impulse outlast the refinement that God gives to early womanhood? Probably not. And then, kind and ignorant souls bent on doing good, and in their supreme ignorance seeing all hearts as free from guile as their own, will come to her and such as she; will mistake the weariness with the slavery, the chagrin of neglect to the fading charms, for sincere repentance; will clothe the seeming penitents with the garb of respectability, giving them letters of marque to go out and invade homes and work the silent injury which their ripened judgment tells them can be effected safely—because the victims will never dare to complain.

'Better, far better, that she become the sodden victim of alcoholism; and so, content in stupor,

the world will be spared the ravages of that most dangerous member of society—a reformed woman.

‘But where is the primal wrong of her environment—for she is a victim of conditions into which she was born? Back of her coarse father, back of the weak, soulless mother, presumably we must look.

‘Will a better civilization, a truer Christianity, protect childhood from ante-natal curse?’

XIV.

AT first the end seemed so far away that the vista appeared to be interminable. But at length by years the prisoner counted no longer, for months were the milestones that marked the dreary procession of prison life.

And when there came the time when only weeks intervened between him and freedom. His heart grew lighter day by day.

When he was ready to leave the prison there was given to him a package. It contained a letter of advice, that bade him not to return to his old home, but to visit some large city; to see everything that was bright and entertaining there, so that he might have pleasant topics of conversation when he returned to his wife. It urged him to dress well, for a man does not respect himself if he is not well dressed. The writer kindly omitted "when he has nothing within himself to respect."

The package contained sufficient money to enable him to avail himself of the advice.

It was sent from the city of his disgrace, and there was no signature to the letter.

He immediately wrote his thanks to the men

who had effected his ruin. They concluded that it was best not to acknowledge his gratitude.

He wrote to his wife, telling her of their generosity and thoughtful suggestions. She had already written to him, telling him to come to her and that he would have a cordial welcome.

But in that home cheeks had grown paler and lips more firmly pressed as the time for the parting approached. Yet this only in aloneness. In each other's presence each bore a brave front, and with each the sorrow was hidden, that it might not bring keener pain to the other.

When only the last few days of the home life remained it was noticeable how much of his work the Man found he could do at home; how frequently he needed her advice.

At length there came the last evening of his stay before his long deferred journey was begun.

In his constant thoughtfulness he had recognized that a week of aloneness would make the husband's home coming more welcome to the wife, her greeting more sincere and cordial. But she was too oppressed to recognize this consideration. She had hoped that on this last evening he would tell her—in words that even in their calm constraint would show his pain—of the loneliness to which he looked forward, when he had returned and found her gone; would tell her of the joy she had brought to his life, of the

great void that her absence would create—and for which nothing could compensate.

Just like any other evening it passed, till she, weary of waiting for the words she would have treasured, made excuse and went to her own room.

There her disappointment and vexation found relief in tears, which only displaced these sorrows by bringing keener pain. Being a woman, she put the worst possible construction on his reticence, now that she had grown morbid in her tears and solitary brooding.

It was all plain to her now. He had expressed no sorrow because he felt none. He did not like to be alone. That was why he had welcomed her. He would miss her for a time, but probably he already had found someone else who would make his home just as bright.

And she reasoned like a real woman: because she admired him, every other woman would be glad to fill the place she was vacating.

Not till early dawn did she fall asleep; and as the day was opening there came a faint knock at her door and she heard the rustle of a note passing over the threshold.

Her heart was too weary to regard these noises, till a moment later she heard the outer door close and saw him passing down the street. She watched him till he passed out of sight. Then—

having actually seen him alone; no evidence of that dreaded woman near him—by some principle of induction which no man can understand, she dismissed her gloomy forebodings and opened the note.

In it he begged her to regard his last request. He told her of the comfort it would be to him in his loneliness to feel that she had left the room with every possible evidence remaining in it that she had occupied it.

He begged her to arrange nothing; to leave it exactly as this note found it; to take her little ornaments, but to leave, just as it happened to lie, everything that was associated with their last evening together; then to lock the room and place the key in her safe drawer, adding: ‘And neither room nor drawer will be opened till you return—some time within four years. Till then, let me feel that your room is in the charming disorder of the impress of your presence—just as if you had left it for a moment’s absence.’

She regarded his wish. Now she knew that the indifference at parting was not real; that it veiled regrets that could not be expressed under the strange conditions of their leavetaking.

When at last she was leaving their home, and with her husband had reached the street door,

she returned alone to her former room and fastened on the door a card. Its inscription was:

*'Bluebeard's
Chamber of Horrors.'*

'There, now; if that dreadful woman should come, she will be just dying with curiosity to know what it means—and he won't dare tell her. And maybe then she will be jealous. Wish I could see his face when he reads it.'

At the breakfast table she found another letter. It told her to go with her husband to the metropolis; to make themselves so well acquainted with its principal streets and buildings that they could claim that city as their home.

'Be sure to be able to speak intelligently of the theatres; of the churches you will probably be little questioned. You will take the name we decided it was best for you to assume. When ready, go to San Francisco. I enclose the card of my attorney there. He will give you the directions for reaching the ranch that I will have arranged for your occupancy—leased with opportunity to purchase. You will see that it is located so that there is no danger of meeting old acquaintances.' Then there followed earnest assurances of the sorrow it would give to him, if

any need came—or even any opportunity for enjoyment—and she did not avail herself of the means that would be always at her command.

When her husband came to her she showed him this letter. Dead to honor, he felt no humiliation that one who had saved his wife from want and from reflected shame should thus provide for his comfort—thus providing because his life was indissolubly bound up with his wife's happiness.

On the other hand, she asked to see the letter that had come to him in the prison. She glanced at it hastily, then, forcing a composure, she asked with assumed indifference: 'May I have it and keep it?' She took it and hid herself. When she reappeared her eyes had marks of tears and much of the letter was illegible. 'Dear heart, did you think I wouldn't find you in every line of this? Did you suppose your tender thoughtfulness could be hidden from me? Poor sinner; let him think it was done for his sake. But that big, loving heart was regarding me, only me, when this was written. It was all for my sake.'

Three years have passed. Even the balmy air of Southern California could not bring a healthful glow to the cheeks that were whitened with more than prison pallor. The prison physicians

were correct. 'Not more than four years of freedom can come to him—in this world.'

As the end drew nearer, and the strength of manhood faded into the weakness of childhood, that which might have developed into true manliness displayed itself. Like a little child he pleaded for forgiveness, and asked her to teach him to crave pardon from the Judge, whom he feared might not regard his sin with the same leniency which she had bestowed. Asking only for tenderness to an erring child, it was easy to give him the affection due to a repentant child, and so, in peace, his life ended.

'Within four years. You were right. May I come?'—so ran the telegram.

And when she comes, and they look into each other's faces, each heart vibrant with fear and with loving expectancy—fear that the years may have made the other's heart less constant to the old faithfulness—and she receives again the keys in token that she is again the mistress of the home; and she leads him to the "chamber of horrors" and shows him its disorder, on which the gathered dust is evidence of how sacredly the lares and penates have kept the place in a seclusion devoted to her memory, then——

Will the dignified serenity of the old life be resumed? Will there still abide the old faith in

each other which existed unquestioningly, because there was no right to resent a fancied violation of any pledge? Will each have no secrets from the other, because neither will be oppressed by the thought that each has the legal right to look into the other's thoughts? Will there be the same generous giving of self, because it was wholly a free gift—no right to demand? And, most of all, will there be the old-time thoughtful courtesy that power delights to banish?

Or, will they go the way of the world, each to be reduced to a fraction of two, sacrificing that noblest condition of a self-poised, self-controlled individuality?

If it is this, may it be vouchsafed that a little child may lead them, its tiny hands blinding them to the vista of the dignity and devotion of the old life.

XV.

LET us go back to where we left the woman standing triumphantly at the threshold of the library.

Triumphant her womanhood had the right to be, since its "sixth sense" had penetrated his consciousness and had read there that he wished her to come to him.

'Yes, you are right.' Laughingly he yielded, yet with a sort of awe, as he regarded that strange power that he knew he could not himself command.

'I did want you. Now take this chair, which I permit no one else to use—and so you are always *quasi* present, though if you often exercise such intrusive power as you have been guilty of just now it will be banished, as something eerie; something through which you have established a weird power.

'Will you find out for me, as early as you can, who is the regular physician in the family of the Rev. James Underwood?'

‘I think that I can tell you now; at least I have twice seen the carriage of old Doctor Matthews at the clergyman’s door.’

‘My dear old friend,’ the Man replied, as his face lighted up with satisfaction, and then became thoughtful in reminiscence.

‘Now, please remain seated, and do not feel that I am dismissing you abruptly if I go out to enter on some work that I have in hand.’

She obeyed him, but only till she heard the outer door close; then she was at her old trick of watching, through the blinds, his soldierly bearing and buoyant step. But he never caught her peeping again, as he had detected her after their first meeting. He had rallied her so unmercifully on her *maladroitness* that she did not permit him to have another opportunity to turn the laugh on her.

‘What use can such a picture of health and vigor have for an old doctor? But welcome, most hearty welcome, I give you; come right into my consulting room.’

‘You are right,’ the Man replied; ‘not even to a “mind diseased” can I ask you to minister. Yet to a very puzzled mind perhaps you can afford relief. I wish to ask you a few questions: yet if I attempt to exceed the bounds of profes-

sional secrecy do not hesitate to ignore my inquiries.'

'Oh, I have no fear of your transcending. I can conceive of no question you may desire to ask to which I could not give unreserved answer.'

'Thanks for the assurance; you and I need have no prologues. So I will ask you to tell me about the oldest daughter of the Rev. James Underwood. You have been his family physician for a long time?'

'For over twenty years; ever since he came here.'

'Then you can tell me of her lameness. Is there any ankylosis of the knee; any wasting of the muscles below the knee?'

'None whatever, I can assure you.'

'And is the articulation at the hip reasonably free?'

'Reasonably so. Indeed, except for the shortening of the limb, and a slight stiffness, her limb is as good as any one's.'

'I am glad of this assurance; you have relieved my anxiety,' the Man replied.

'Not one-half so much as you once took the weight off my heart when shame and sorrow were impending to a family that was dear to me.' The fighting face came and settled like a mask on the Man's countenance, as he remembered the

details of the incident which the doctor had recalled.

In parting, the old doctor was fairly overflowing with happiness. It was all clear to him. He honored and trusted the Man, and assured him how sincerely he wished him every success in his efforts.

He loved the child—all the more because he had been powerless to prevent her deformity. To be sure there was some discrepancy in their ages, but seventy regards a man of fifty years as comparatively young—in defense of its own growing infirmities.

In the Man's perfect vigor; in his power to provide a charming home for the penniless, crippled girl, he felt that the advantage was thoroughly on her side. He would do all that he could to advance his friend's interest. Later, when he sang his friend's praises in her home, he was grieved to find that his tribute was received so coolly.

XVI.

‘FAIR warning, sir knight! If you crush the tiniest of my beloved flowers, you must dismount and on bended knee sue for forgiveness.’

The Man knew that to carry out his plan he must have a woman’s aid; a woman who was able to keep a secret. He had chosen this woman as his ally, because she would not make a confidant of the husband whom she had estranged years ago; and the Man felt confident that his plan would not be generally disclosed, because, in a sympathy the husband had not sought, his friends, especially those of the distaff sex, had made her position almost isolated.

It was a theory of the Man that it is unsafe to trust a woman who is liable to fall in love with her husband. He felt sure that of such peril to his confidence there was no danger here.

Reared in an atmosphere of selfishness, herself the fruit of a marriage that had been established for the sake of personal advantage—on either side—the woman whom the Man had taken as his ally had accepted the hand of the handsome young physician, just as she would have acquired

any other treasure that the world had appraised as valuable.

Her high vitality, that bore with it a splendid flow of spirits, at first had made unnoticeable her vacuity of noble sentiment. In the husband's own devotion he was not critical of her lack of tenderness.

But at length that love of power which lies sleeping in all of us till opportunity arouses it, overcame whatever degree of tender consideration she may have felt for him. It was a keen, unholy pleasure that filled her soul as she saw him turn pale, as if the blood had gone back to his heart, while an appeal for pity pleaded in his eyes when she first laid bare her selfishness and displayed the emptiness of her heart.

It is not easy to give up an ideal: not readily does a noble character release itself from its pledge.

Had she been as skilled as she was pitiless in marital torture, she would have healed the wound and nursed the stricken love back to life, impelled by self-interest and by the pleasant anticipation of again and again watching him quiver under her stinging words. But she was lavishly wasteful of her power; too engrossed with the joy of its exercise to observe that the blows were falling on deadening nerves.

At length—and before she had suspected how

rapidly her resources were waning—she found herself bankrupt of power.

He had waited patiently, at first tenderly, hoping that it was only a passing impatience; and that the true woman whom he had believed he had married would assert herself, and that she would be a devoted wife when her better self had conquered a passing impulse.

At last he ceased to hope ; and when she found that he met her attacks with cynical calmness her chagrin impelled her to unbridled bitterness. This, and her, he regarded with amused indifference. She was drawing against 'no funds.' Her resources were exhausted. Then she came and stood over him, and was fast forgetting herself in her passion of anger—at herself—because she had squandered her power.

He rose and took her shoulders in a vise-like grasp. 'Let this be the last time that you indulge in such an exhibition. If in future your language is other than respectful—other than you would use to a man for whom you were only housekeeper—I will give a lease of this house to people who will enter it and remain here, and who will meet your violence with its equal if you try to remain. I will go to the —— Hotel. I shall provide rooms for you adjoining mine, but my man will see to it that you do not enter my apartments unless you are sent for. While you

remain here you will exercise every care in the management of this house. If you fail to do this, I will establish a housekeeper here who will be sufficiently muscular to protect my rights—and her own. I trust that you will recognize that this house is large enough for each of us to move in his or her own orbit, and that these need not touch each other.'

Loving his profession, his sincerity impelling him to loyalty to every obligation, he had always been devoted to duty. Now it was no longer only duty that commanded him. Activity in the way of duty was his 'surcease of sorrow.' The tenderness that another might have lavished on—at least divided with—all that home may include, he gave to those who suffered. No demands were too frequent, none wearisome, and more and more he grew to be 'the beloved physician.'

The poor found in him a considerate friend; he had no motive to acquire money.

Strange and blessed alchemy that transmutes sorrow into the soothing balm for others' pain.

Faithful to household duty she continued: yet not from fear; but because with his asserting of his masterful self-command she entertained a respect for him such as he had never before commanded. Then, again, cut off from most of her social enjoyments, her home became more in-

portant to her; and, most of all, her delight and pride were in the magnificent parterres through which the Man was guiding his horse, when the fair challenger sounded her warning. Truthfully he could compliment her on the charming picture that her face and figure made, set in the window draperies that matched and heightened her attractiveness.

‘I have come to ask you to lend me those handsome shoulders—fairest in all the country side—that over them I may do a kindly act; for alone I would be powerless. I would fail utterly if I were to come out into the open and show a man’s presence. With your “woman’s wit” and your ingenuity I am sure of success.’

Her face told him that the conditions were opportune; and it delighted him, as he unfolded his plan, that she was ready to co-operate with him.

XVII.

ONE week later: the same scene; the same pair of kindly plotters.

‘Well, I am sure that you are eager to know all about how your plans have been executed.’

And the Man replied: ‘I had no fears that they would miscarry; I had confidence in your skill and ingenuity.’

‘And it required both to induce the mother to allow her daughter to come to my house. I think it was through piquing the mother’s curiosity that I succeeded.

‘When I invited the girl to take a drive with me she wondered why I insisted on her putting on one of my skirts. I had shotted it at the bottom. My carriage was at the door and we drove to Milburn’s, where I had sent your beautiful gift and my saddle; for I feared my girths were too old and weak. I had no thought of old lame Duncan, who was turning away from the curb, having set the new girths, just as I had helped the girl to the pavement.

‘“Now go right up to him and put your arms around his neck and tell him you love him,” I

said. But she shrank back to my side, and whispered :

‘“Oh, I can’t. He is old and ugly, and besides every one would see me.”

‘“Oh, you dear child; I don’t mean old Duncan; I mean your own beautiful horse. He is yours, yours only; from his soft brown muzzle to the tip of his handsome tail.”

‘She looked at me in wonder a moment; then threw aside her cane and went to him and wound her arms around his neck, kissing him and calling him all pet names.

‘I explained to her why he was trying to find her pocket; and when he drew out the sugar that I had placed there she went wild with delight. It was evident, right then and there, that they would be the best of friends.

‘“Oh, my; but isn’t it a long way down to solid earth! He has grown two feet at least, since I left the ground for his back,” she said. It was evident that she had never mounted a horse before.’

‘But had she no fear?’

‘Fear? How could she have fear? In “the perfect love that casts out fear” she thought only of her newly found joy.

‘I drove by her side, out into the country. She would take no hints. I had to tell her plainly that we must return; that her horse had been

out of work for some time and she must not overwork him at first.

‘I had assured myself before we started that her shortened limb had a firm grip on the pommel of the saddle. She will learn quickly. I seldom had occasion to correct her a second time.’

‘I can compliment you on your skill as a teacher. I met her yesterday. A duchess could not have been more haughty in her bearing when I complimented her on good riding. The child’s manner told me that her father does not regard that which passes in his study as a confidence to be respected; and for this I am most sorry, for his own sake.’

The woman’s face grew grave as she resumed: ‘But I must tell you of what followed and which moved me deeply.

‘On our return she had dropped off the skirt that I had given to her, and as she placed her hand on her own—as if it was the first link in a chain of recollections—her face grew strangely serious, then expressive of pain. Impulsively she came to me and knelt with her head on my lap. And then she confessed to me! Think of it; to me, who have never done one kindly act except it amused me! To me that pure child poured out her soul. She told me of what she called her awful sin.

‘In childhood she had not recognized the barring from joys of young womanhood that her imperfect limb would occasion. But of late she has grown to this recognition.’

‘I understand,’ the Man interposed. ‘In her father’s religious philosophy there was no comfort for her but to believe that a loving Father had brought this darkening of her life to test her faith; it taught her that it was done arbitrarily, with full power to prevent it, if He had chosen; but it was “part of His divine plan,” and so she must not murmur.’

‘You are right; and her whole soul has risen in rebellion.’

‘“I was growing to hate God,” the girl continued. “I could have borne it if I could have considered only myself; and could have regarded Him as I would regard anyone else who had injured me. But, for my father’s sake, I must appear to love Him. This life of hypocrisy was hardest of all. It made me hate God more because I had to wear a mask, for father’s sake. The time came when I must go to the communion service. I pleaded illness and so avoided it. But another communion service is close at hand. My heart was growing harder. I knew God would punish me—perhaps forever—if I went to the communion table, even though I did so to save my dear father from pain. And this

made me hate God all the more. I would not dare to take the sacred emblems. I could not grieve my blessed father by refusal."

'By this time the child was speaking through sobs that the memory of the bitter struggles had produced. She was silent for a while—perhaps it was in prayer—and then she looked up, smiling through her tears, as she calmly and softly resumed :

“But now, now it is all changed. God loves me. He does love me; that thought was filling my heart as I rode. And now I can love Him; and I will love Him, and it may be that the best way to show my love to Him is by enjoying His gift all that I can; keeping my heart full of gratitude to Him for the beautiful gift, His gift.

“Next Saturday there is to be a tennis tournament at Beatrice Malcolmson's; she invited me, so kindly, but every word was a pain to me. A nice easy-chair was to be arranged for me in the best place, and I was to watch the sport in which I could never take part. I intended to stay away if I could find an excuse. Their sport would be mockery of my weakness. There will be no excuses now. Now I shall go—but I will not go among them as a helpless girl to be coddled in an easy-chair, for on the back of my darling I will sit. There I am the equal of any of them, for while he is just as gentle as can be, I

feel that I could sit tight if he was a bucking bronco.”

“Then her sweet face, that permits one to anticipate every emotion that she will give expression to, became self-reproachful. “I have not confessed everything,” she said with penitent demureness; “and I have learned a lesson. Never again will I believe evil of any one. I believed the evil that they told me of you. They told me you were hard and selfish; that you made your noble husband’s life a miserable one; that you did not love him. I know that it is false; God would not have chosen you—you would not yourself have obeyed His command—to save me from my awful sin, if you had been so bad a woman as they told me that you were. I know that you are good and kind. I know that it is only those who envy you who have said such cruel words. I love you and trust you, and I will come every day to you and will not be in your way; I will take my work and sit in the stable with my darling.”

““Smoother than oil, yet be they very swords,”” the woman quoted.

“Every word that she spoke of love and trust stirred my inmost spirit. I longed to throw off the mask that you had placed on me. I would have done so had I been free to act, could I have

done so without thwarting your plans, and so doing her a great injury. And then there came a gentler mood. Who knows but that it was her good angel that was calming and inspiring me? I longed to tell her the truth; to tell her that one who was really kind and unselfish, who loved to relieve distress, to deliver the oppressed, had given to her this new treasure. But that better spirit bade me be silent. I looked into that trustful face and a strange calm possessed me. It was as if an intelligence above and beyond myself was dominating my mind; as if a better, truer self—and more real than the self that I had known; that through all my life I had called myself—was telling my unworthy self that I was not my own; that I was not free to act as my impulse was swaying me. Told me that in the fabric of the child's new faith my unworthiness had been builded in, and that He who builded had chosen my unworthiness that He might glorify it through His abounding grace.

'In the sweet serenity of this new-found consciousness of a nobler self than ever I had longed for I took the child in my arms and, resting her head on my shoulder, drew her to my heart as I had never folded any one. Then I said: "My child, to each of us has come to-day a glorified illumination of our better selves; with each heart

beating close to the other let each make dedication of that better self, in quiet self-communion." ' "

Then the woman was silent, her high resolve ennobling her face that was turned to him with an expression of entreaty. Presently she resumed:

'I am not accustomed to asking favors; unaccustomed to seeking help. But it is not for my own sake that I ask your aid. Help me to be what this child believes me to be. I cannot live a lie to her. Yet it is my thought for her that makes me dread that I should be iconoclast, and myself cast down the image that you and I have permitted her to believe is worthy to repose faith in.

'I am sadly conscious that it is only an image of earth, earthy, yet you know that you are more guilty than I for the setting up of it.'

Then, as the story of Pygmalion and Galatea was recalled, archly she said: 'Can't you pray to Aphrodite—your enemies say that you worship her—and beseech her to make this graven image become a real, true woman? I would ask no further parallel, for I am too good a friend of yours to permit you to follow Pygmalion's example and to marry—even if she were free—such "a bad lot" as the graven image would be, if only Aphrodite vivified her.'

‘Trivial, insincere; the noble motive shown to be only an impulse.’

Thanks, ingenuous reader, for your confession. For you have told us that you have never experienced the joy of rising to an exalted purpose; the very purity of motive inspiring fear that a less noble past may darken the lustre of the cause espoused.

You tell us, too, that in you is no sympathy with the sensitive recoiling of a new-born nobleness from any outward expression; and so you cannot accept her play of fancy, as only the modest sheltering of the purer motive, till she is sure that it will meet a responsive sentiment.

Fortunately he whom she addressed was a skillful student of expression, and so the lighter veiling of her language made the sincerity of her motive only the more apparent. So he said:

‘But, really, I cannot permit you to take no credit to yourself for the peace that came to the child through the joy that you and I have been permitted to bring to her. Vividly and gratefully I shall always remember your willingness to help me in bringing that joy to her.’

Almost as warmly as if she were defending herself—so eagerly her better nature was protesting against any deception even through silence—the woman answered:

‘And why shouldn’t I have helped you? You complimented me so tactfully; you sat your horse like a centaur; you presented the plan with skillful appeal to my love of acting a part which would make my enemies admit that I had generous qualities—and you didn’t suspect the presence of another ally that was aiding you. It was my contempt for her mother.

‘She is a Pharisaical old cat; and I knew that I would enjoy sending the child home, singing my praises, daily, to the mother who must endure them for the continuance of the happiness that I would be bringing to her daughter.’ This with a warmth which was intenser than mere retrospect would quicken to.

Back again to earth you have fallen, fair penitent. Icarus-like, your wings have failed you, as again, and “time and again,” they will fail you. Not from a glowing warmth without will the lesion come, but relaxed by unguarded fires within, because—you are a daughter of Eve.

‘You asked a little while ago that I help you to be really what the child believes you to be. With all my heart I will give you whatever aid I can bring to you.’

At once he entered on the problem.

‘Along the lines of least resistance; that is

philosophical.' Unconsciously he was thinking aloud.

'Oh, bother your philosophy and least resistance. I am a woman!'

If in her words there was anything of self-depreciation, because of her lack of power to philosophize, her bristling pride in her womanhood quickly entered its graceful and commanding protest against anything that seemed like an admission of conscious inferiority—because she was a woman.

"Between the lines" of her impatience his sympathetic watchfulness read the noble eagerness to know—the almost fear that he could not find—the way she penitently sought to walk in. Then he said:

'A woman's home is her natural kingdom. There she best can command power if she is to effect an influence for good. Fortunate beyond most women are you in that your siege can be laid from without.

'All know that your noble husband is devoted to the relief of suffering among the poor. Every devoted physician experiences keen sorrow that his best efforts are often fruitless, because his skill cannot be supplemented by careful nursing.

'I will have some kindly "mother in Israel"

find from him where he would welcome such intelligent nursing.

‘Into such homes of poverty you will go. You will demand from those whom you aid that they give him no idea who is their benefactor. He will soon recognize the benefit of your assistance; then satisfaction in the better results of his attendance may lead to a sincere interest in the woman who is aiding him.

‘Good deeds cannot long be hidden, and when accident reveals them they will be all the more effective through sincere unostentation. When he discovers that the ministering angel is his wife you will have your opportunity. But let a calm self-respect wait on your penitence. For penitence is all the more impressive if it bends from an elevated pedestal of dignified self-respect. Tears influence only a weak man—permanently. A cringing self-abasement would never command your husband’s respect. Sincere contrition will be all the more irresistible, if channeled in a dignified sense of the claims of your womanhood; if its deep, pure current is borne along the heights of consciousness of lofty and ennobled motive.

‘Assiduously consider his comfort in his home, yet do not discover this to him. But do not relax your efforts—in either direction—when they have accomplished their service to you. Let him,

and the world, see that not for yourself alone did you enter on this new life.'

Without delay she began her service to those who were suffering. Equally studious she became in adding to her husband's comfort. He appreciated the thoughtfulness and thanked the upper servant; who was too diplomatic to permit herself to lose, through needless explanations, the material expression of his appreciation.

Her splendid vitality was never overtaxed.

A little child of three years of age had won her love. She was never weary of listening to its struggles with elusive consonants and vowels. But the struggles grew weaker as the days went by, though its answering love was just as bright and strong.

At last the new toys ceased to amuse.

'I want only you, auntie dear. Hold me close, and sing to me soft and low. There, I'm so happy now in your strong arms.'

But she must hear from the physician's own lips if the case was as hopeless as it seemed. When she heard his footsteps she had hidden herself in the closet, the door ajar so that she could hear his decision.

'Dear heart, you are very weary, are you not?' she heard him say.

‘Sometimes, but not when auntie holds me close to her bosom.’

‘And would you be very sorry if some time you were to fall asleep and when you woke up you were well and strong and with the angels?’

‘Not if I can take mamma and auntie and baby brother with me.’

‘Not with you, dear child, but they will come to you by and by; and when they come you will be waiting for them and have everything ready for them.’

‘But can’t I come back to comfort mamma and auntie and baby brother?’

‘God grant that you can return; and, if you can, to me too; for I need such comfort, and I would gladly lay my head on your pillow and fall asleep with you, and we would take each other’s hands and go through the pearly gates together.’

In an instant he was on his feet and looking angrily about him. ‘I have told you that there must be the utmost quiet—no agitation of the child.’ He moved quickly towards the closet from which the sharp, moaning cry had come. As he threw the door open he saw two hands shielding a woman’s face, and on one of the hands was a ring of peculiar form. His eyes

seemed to regard only that, then he quietly closed the door.

‘But that is auntie. You mustn’t scold auntie; I won’t love you if you do; I won’t come back to comfort you. I’ll tell auntie you are sorry that you scolded her, and then she will come and comfort you when I am gone.’ Truer prophet than you could know yourself to be, dear heart.

“And a little child shall lead them.”

That evening, as she sat at the tea table, he came behind her and laid his hands on her shoulders and said: ‘Has it been all a dream—only an ugly dream?’

‘No, it has not been a dream. It has been a hard, cruel reality. But that woman is dead. I despise her memory. If years of loving devotion can blot her baseness out of your memory, I will give you that.’

She was tempted to cover her face and go down on her knees and ask his forgiveness. But she remembered the Man’s advice.

She rose and turned stately to him with graceful, outstretched arms; her white bosom heaving, her snowy shoulders glistening, her head thrown back, displaying ivory throat, while half closed, ravishing eyes, and lips molded in expectancy of kisses completed the grace that waited on the penitence which she brought to

him—penitence none the less sincere because she made her grace its ally.

She wound the shapely arms about him and drew him to her. ‘It shall always be leap year in my heart, and I will woo you as sincerely as you did me in the years ago. Then a heartless woman took your heart and did not give you hers in return; yet she had none then to give. Oh, my darling, that woman wasn’t I. Think of her as dead; as some one I never even knew. She is not worthy of thought, of even contempt from you. But I come to you unsullied. In all these years I have not had one sentiment of friendship for any other man. I admired you, and you alone; and yet it was a man who revealed to me my better self. I will tell it all to you; some time when you hold me in your arms.’

He looked down at her, smilingly. ‘How easy it is to forgive a handsome woman. But if that awful woman is dead, and this beautiful creature that I am entrapped by is to be my wife, then we must be publicly joined. So, as it is Sunday to-morrow, we will go to church together, and thus, before all the world, I will take you as my wife.’

She kissed him her thanks for the delicate consideration that prompted him to thus demand

from all of his friends their recognition of her as once more his wife.

‘You are a charming bride this morning.’ A deeper color came in acknowledgement of his admiration. As they walked along she wanted to see that every one observed that she was again his wife. Yet she wanted to be constantly looking into his face.

You have seen the same delightful failure to do both successfully when the mother of a young hero takes him out to show the world that it was she who bore him and tended him and taught him to be noble.

At the church door he left her, promising to join her as soon as a pressing call was answered. He thought it wisest that she should not see again that dear child whose now glazing eyes and pains of dissolution would displace the memory of the sweet face that smiled so tenderly as the thin lips told her: ‘He is sorry that he was cross to you, auntie, and he is so lonely; he has no one to love him, and you must go and comfort him after I am gone. Oh, he is so kind.’

Later, when the child rested as if in sleep among flowers that lay on soft clouds of mist-like mull, he brought her to see its sweet repose. Then she took her husband’s hand, and in her

heart she said again—and this time so sincerely --the obligations of the marriage service.

For once the Man was wrong. She had fallen in love with her husband; and himself had wrought the undoing of his prophecy.

LET us now regard the evidences of Paul's insanity; the evidences contained in the manuscript which the clergyman declined to consider.

In a spirit of candid inquiry—by no means comprehensively, but in the hope of suggesting scientific examination—the author presents these views to skilled alienists, hoping that they can differentiate the indications of insanity and state whether the morbid condition of Paul's mind, when he approaches the subject of sex, was a primary condition of his insanity, or was the result of insanity otherwise established.

XVIII.

“The woman . . . tempted me.”

“AND Adam was not deceived; but the woman being deceived was in the transgression. Notwithstanding, she shall be saved in child bearing, if they continue in faith and charity and holiness, with sobriety” (I. Tim. ii. 14, 15).

Would that Saul of Tarsus had shown no graver evidence of a disordered mind than is indicated by this confusing change from the singular to the plural—a plural which cannot include the husband, since her being “saved” cannot be contingent on his joining her in practising the virtues named.

But let us consider the import of these sentences.

The inference naturally drawn from the first proposition is: Adam was not in the transgression; and the consequent conclusion is, that Adam was unjustly driven from the Garden.

But how preposterous is the second statement! Surely no sane mind would thus imply the exclusion of childless wives and unmarried women from the saving power of the Christ.

But if we insist that Paul was inspired, “what

further need have we of witnesses" to the beneficence of Mormonism efforts for the salvation of women? How heroic, truly so, become the sacrifices of the fading wives, who are supplanted; since the souls of those who supplant "shall be saved in child bearing," while the men who thus assume the added responsibilities must no longer be regarded as selfishly seeking their own pleasure, but are ministers of grace to women, who would remain in the transgression of Eve if these noble, self-denying men did not open to them the gates of heaven through conferred maternity.

If a wholly artificial yet conveniently arbitrary meaning is given to these words, and it is assumed that "child bearing" refers to the incarnation of the Christ, there can be shown no appositeness in their application to women only: while the discrimination against woman, as shown in the first sentence, makes it improbable that the leading thought in Paul's mind was of the incarnation.

But further on we find the impelling sentiment of this denunciation of woman. For the prurient imagination which St. Paul shows in his commands in regard to the care of widows (I. Tim. v. 3-16) is accompanied by the further evidence of that cultivated contempt for women which manifests itself so often in his writings.

No sane or pure mind could have written: "But

the younger widows refuse (to relieve?); for when they begin to wax wanton against Christ, they will marry; having damnation, because they have cast off their first faith." Surely such neglect and sweeping denunciation would be an incentive to wantonness.

So, too, is his bitter denunciation of widows of any age under sixty years.

However, when another mood possesses him, he says: "But if (I. Cor. vii. 39) her husband be dead, she is at liberty to be married to whom she will, only in the Lord."

Again: his morbid imagination is shown in I. Cor. xi. 2-16: "But every woman praying or prophesying with her head uncovered, dishonoreth her head. For this cause ought a woman to have a sign of authority on her head, because of the angels." It is hard for a sane mind to discover a reason why the angels should be disturbed if a woman was not veiled, though it is easy enough to fabricate fanciful explanations.

He adds: "For the man is not of the woman but the woman of the man," and a few verses later he says: "For as the woman is of the man, so is also the man by the woman." A senseless attempt to depreciate womanhood.

I. Cor. xiv. 34-36: Supercilious as he was towards the law, he does not hesitate to quote the law when he desires to express his contempt for

women; a contempt that is expressed in scorn and sarcasm at the close of this quotation.

In these disdainful expressions he shows an estimate of womanhood that is so thoroughly at variance with the language and actions of our Lord that—if we accept Paul's language as authoritative, his sentiments as just—we must recognize that our Lord was strangely ignorant of the true character of the sex.

In striking contrast is St. Peter's delicacy and his respect for women when he refers to marital obligations, and to the proper conduct of married women; thus showing that Paul's coarseness was inherent with himself—not demanded in rebuke—and St. Peter's intercourse with the Gentiles seems to have been nearly as great as was Paul's.

Rather let us regard Paul's utterances as indicating a soul that had vainly attempted to discipline itself out of the realm of natural affection, but had produced only a diseased intellect—that saddest form of mental obliquity which refracts any impulse into the plane of demonstrated truth; and permits the end to justify the means in producing a desired conviction.

Rom. i. 24: Even more convincing is the revolting account that Paul gives of the sensuality of unbelievers.

While it may be a truthful picture of their

degradation, it has no appositeness here. He opens the chapter by praising the faith of the church at Rome; he acknowledges the purity of the lives of those whom he addresses, with whom he hopes to "be comforted by the mutual faith, both of you and me." Only a morbid imagination, directing a mind which had become unsound, could have introduced this repugnant description—a description wholly foreign to the conditions which he was regarding—and there is nothing to indicate that he intended it as a warning.

Rom. ii. 1: And although he says "Thou doest the same things," he has clearly indicated that in this he was denouncing idolators; for there is no evidence that the revolting picture which he drew (Rom. i. 23) was in any way applicable to particular members of the church at Rome; which, in its entirety, he had commended so warmly.

None of the other New Testament writers—nor all—found it necessary to consider conditions incident to sex to the extent that Paul has done in a single chapter (I. Cor. vii.). This chapter is clearly the product of a mind which has given undue thought to sexual relations; that is, fascinated by the contemplation of tendencies which he counsels superiority to. Yet even this fascination cannot long restrain that erratic thought which is a consequent of insanity. For

he here (18-24) digresses; only to be dominated towards the end of the chapter, by the same morbid impulses that directed its first half.

The contradictions of an unbalanced mind are shown by (I. Cor. xi. 5) his giving permission to women to pray or prophesy—evidently in public gatherings; but soon (xiv. 34) he says: "Let your women keep silence in the churches," and there seems to have been no lapse of time to permit his opinion to be changed by further experience.

I. Cor. vi. 12-15: Most difficult of all of Paul's writings I conceive these verses to be. First he states that "all things are lawful for me." But there closely follows it such reference to sexual impurity, and there precedes it a recounting of grosser forms of impurity, so that one is perplexed in trying to fathom his intent in associating the comprehensive "all," in stating what is allowable for him to do, when his mind is dwelling emphatically on sexual relations.

But what apology, other than insanity, can be offered for the next verse? That would seem to be the only excuse for the strange perversion of the words of our Lord. He says (Matt. xix. 5): "For this cause shall a man leave his father and mother and shall cleave to his wife; and they twain shall become one flesh." But Paul says: "Know ye not that he that is joined to a harlot

is one body? for the twain, saith He, shall be one flesh." Had any one but Paul thus misquoted the words of our Lord we would have called it blasphemy. Paul's clouded, yet arrogant, intellect made him indifferent to the perverting of our Lord's language. But this degrading of His utterances turned a phrase in a way that satisfied the moment, and Paul was indifferent to the sacrilege.

Hence naturally we find that twice he gives himself precedence of our Lord in "My gospel and the preaching of Jesus Christ," yet the precedence might not be so clear in its intent but for the third instance (I. Cor. v. 5): "Ye being gathered together and my spirit, with the power of our Lord Jesus, to deliver such a one unto Satan for the destruction of the flesh." Although this may be softened in translation, it does not qualify Paul's arrogance, in his claiming a power to command the aid of our Lord to deliver the offender to Satan.

The easy and confidential relations which he seems to have established with Satan are further shown in (I. Tim. i. 20): "Of whom is Hymenæus and Alexander, whom I delivered unto Satan that they might be taught not to blaspheme." His ability to command the exercise of divine wrath is asserted equally with his claim to

possess the power to employ Satan as an administrator of discipline.

(Gal. i. 8) : "But though we, or an angel from heaven, should preach unto you any gospel other than that which we preached unto you, let him be anathema."

Evidently Paul had learned to "sow beside all waters."

And again he says :

II. Tim. xi. 8 : "Remember that Jesus Christ was raised from the dead according to my gospel."

Rom. ii. 16 : "In the day when God shall judge the secrets of men by Jesus Christ, according to my gospel."

I. Cor. vi. 2, 3 : "Or know ye not that the saints shall judge the world? Know ye not that ye shall judge angels?"

Could insane egotism lead to a greater presumption in assuming a knowledge of God's plans?

What was Paul's authority that God's scriptural plan of governing man—a plan so carefully elaborated—was not only an utter failure but inherently so? In II. Cor. iii. 7, he calls its commandments "the ministration of death." Only the reckless temerity of a disordered mind imbued with arrogance would have impelled to such characterizing of the law—that its failure

was inevitable and predestined. This theory, so boldly assumed, he attempts to vindicate by: "It was added because of transgression" (Gal. iii. 9), a statement which admits of such varied interpretations that it does not explain.

Boastfully he says (I. Cor. xv. 10): "But I labored more abundantly than they all" (the twelve apostles); and later implies that this "more abundantly" was because God's grace was bestowed on him with a fullness which exceeded that which was bestowed on all of the twelve.

II. Cor. xi. 15; xii. 11:* Here, as elsewhere, he parades his sense of equality with the other apostles; and in this epistle there are frequently recurring "vain repetitions" of his obtrusive self-exaltation, which he develops rather than conceals by his attempt to veneer it with assumed humility.

Paul made a statement directly opposed to the account given in Acts, of his conference with the apostles, and of that which led up to it.

Practically, too, he denies St. Peter's call to apostleship to the Gentiles: the call that was so clearly made through the vision of the great sheet let down by the four corners. We must reject

* Fruitful as were the so-called Pauline churches—"the garden of Christianity"—we must not forget the devoted services of others, who are significantly suggested in his "all that are in Asia are turned against me."

one side of this evidence. We cannot accept both as true.

His writings bristle with the capital I, and he describes general tendencies of the race as if they were peculiarly personal to himself; so strongly does self-consciousness overpower him.

I. Cor. ix.: This is a marked illustration of the egotism that often accompanies insanity.

“The complex relations of faith, works, imputed righteousness, and the law as the revealer of sin, gave to St. Paul that opportunity for the display of scholastic reasoning in which he so thoroughly delighted, for the sake of its intellectual exercise, and which has a glittering semblance of truth in monologue, though in pure polemics its lapse from accurate reasoning, its false deductions, its assumed premises, would be exposed before his ingenious conclusions had carried conviction.”

“One phase of his intense self-absorption is shown in the inappositeness of his quotations from the Scriptures. It could not be from ignorance that he failed to quote them pertinently. That he had them in mind is evident, for he was constantly denouncing the law, and the denunciatory passages would have eminently attracted him.” But his thoughts were so self-centered that he must have been as averse to the guidance of the Scriptures as he was eager to boast

that he was in no way indebted to the chosen of our Lord.

Only a mind that was so unbalanced that it delighted to reason from distorted truths or from false premises could have presented the proposition (Rom. vi. 1-15) : "Shall we continue in sin that grace may abound?" "Shall we sin because we are not under law, but under grace?" And even these propositions are illogical deductions from (verse 20) the evidently false premises that the law was promulgated, not to be the "school-master to lead us to Christ," but to intensify the sinfulness of sin—or whatever Paul may have meant by "that the offense may abound." Here, for the sake of creating an illustration, he does not hesitate to attribute an arbitrary and unnatural motive, when he refers to God's inscrutable plan of revealing His will in the Mosaic dispensation.

Rambling, discursive, disjointed, his thoughts run.

He abruptly drops the subject under consideration and takes up a new and totally unconnected thought; but presently—and as abruptly as he changed—he returns to the previous thought. He lays down certain propositions and elaborates them. Then he propounds an entirely new thesis and goes on to argue from it; as if it had been

demonstrated by the previous reasoning—though in no way deducible from that which precedes.

One of the most serious of these lapses is shown in Gal. v. 14: "For all the law is fulfilled in this. Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." The love to God omitted; as only an unbalanced mind could forget to add. And it was Christian duty he was exemplifying—not contrasting it with the Mosaic law.

All these instances are proofs of a disordered mind; as is also Paul's manifestations of that intense egotism which always attends certain forms of mental aberration. It is this which leads him to employ so largely the first person singular, —even where a general or impersonal proposition makes it inappropriate.

And this egotism takes a form more repugnant—though none the less instructive—in his expressions of contempt for the twelve apostles, and in his claim of a direct "revelation by Jesus Christ."

Gal. ii. 2-14: Here his sense of superiority to and his contempt for the twelve is clearly shown, and he boasts that he publicly denounced Peter (verses 20-21); then extols his own righteousness.

In marked contrast was St. Peter's charitable construction of Paul's language; and also the

care that the apostles took to save Paul from the violence of the Jews in Jerusalem.

His intense intellectual pride impels him to attempt scholastic argument. But the results are illogical and involved (Rom. v. 12-21 and vii. 7-25), the thought becomes confused, the argument ceases to be sustained and coherent, conclusive evidences of a distraught mind. Only such a mind could have conceived: "For the creation was subject to vanity (Rom. viii. 20-21); not of its own will, but by reason of him who subjected it, in hope that the creation itself also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption, into the liberty," etc., etc. Now the consequent "in hope," etc., is utterly senseless. To say that "the creation was subject to vanity" "in the hope that it shall be delivered" is thoroughly unmeaning. In Paul's distraught mind there was an intermediate idea. But the flaccid will—which is a marked feature of insanity—failing to control the vagaries of his thought, allowed the conjunctive phrase to be expelled from its place and to be forgotten. This lapse may have been; *nevertheless it continued* "in hope that the creation itself also shall be delivered." The observant reader will find repeated instances of such lapses.

Later on, in Romans, his erratic attempts at reasoning are exhibited in his stating that the law

cannot give to man power to lead a new life. It commands, yet it does not give power to obey; implying that man had not been divinely endowed with power to obey the commands laid upon him; and he teaches that, although good in itself, it has for men only a pernicious effect, since it incites to sinful desires. The conclusion is directly opposed to the premises.

Rom. ix.-xi.: It is Israel's own fault to have rejected salvation; on the other hand it was God's will that it do so. No sane mind would introduce such contradictions.

Israel is at present rejected in order that place might be made for the heathen. But by this admission of the heathen, Israel is to be stirred to jealousy. But he gives no reason why the saving grace is not so vast that Jews and Gentiles could not have received it simultaneously.

"God gave them (the Jews) a spirit of stupor; eyes that they should not see; ears that they should not hear;" and elsewhere he attributes a harsh arbitrariness to God.

From a sane mind these statements would be blasphemous claims of familiarity with God's purposes. Doubly sacrilegious are these claims because contrary to his asserted "revelation in Jesus Christ"; yet of value as showing that Paul was always at heart a Pharisee, unable to free himself from the rabbinical conception of God's

arbitrariness; and, as a consequence, clearly proving that he had neither the intellectual perception, nor the spiritual insight to recognize the true mission of the Christ.

Observe his long sentences; with attempts at illustration and explanation by interjected matter; but which new matter is often discovered to be a new proposition; and not till we have traversed laboriously these intermediate ideas do we find the conclusions of his original propositions.

Such lapses and irrelevant additions plainly indicate a disordered mind, unable to maintain continuous and logically developed reasoning.

He gives us another instance of this in "But before faith came (Gal. iii. 23) we were kept in ward under the law; shut up unto the faith which should be afterwards revealed. So that the law hath been our tutor to bring us to Christ;" not regarding that—in Romans—he has taught that the law has a pernicious effect, and incites to evil desires. A few verses later he changes the figure, and makes the world—not the law—the power which restrains us. "So we also, when we were children, were held in bondage under the rudiments of the world," till the coming of Christ. But he has previously said: "For as many as are of the works of the law are under a curse" (Gal. iii. 10).

While many a school boy thinks that his "tu-

tor" is a "curse," it is preposterous to assume that any sane reasoner could argue that a "curse" could be "our tutor to bring us to Christ." No stretch of poetic license, nor fine distinctions between the "law" and "the works of the law," can excuse these extravagances; nor permit these impulsive utterances to be dignified with the authority of inspired truth. No well balanced mind could fail to recognize the incongruity of naming "the rudiments of the world" and the "curse of the works of law" as wholesome and disciplinary influences to prepare the "children" to attain the freedom of majority in Christ.

Most noticeable is his very frequent repetition of the word 'for,' as if desiring to establish the conclusions of previous propositions; yet those previous propositions having no connection with assumed deductions.

Instances illustrating every phase of Paul's morbid and distraught mind are so numerous that it is needless to quote them. But the reader who encounters them in a spirit of candid inquiry cannot but recognize that Paul's unbalanced mind led him to believe that there were natural sequence of ideas, when in reality his assumed conclusions had no relation to his premises. There is a marked illustration of these vagaries—and showing, too, that even Paul recognized, how little reliance could be placed on

claims of special revelation, as evidence of inspiration—in (Col. ii. 18, 19) : “Let no man rob you of your prize, by a voluntary humility, worshipping of angels, dwelling in the things which he hath seen, vainly puffed up in his fleshly mind.”

Now this is senseless; compelling the reader to indulge in arbitrary inferences as to the meaning of “prize” and “voluntary” and “worshipping of angels”; and by filling any hiatus from his own fancy.

THE END.

