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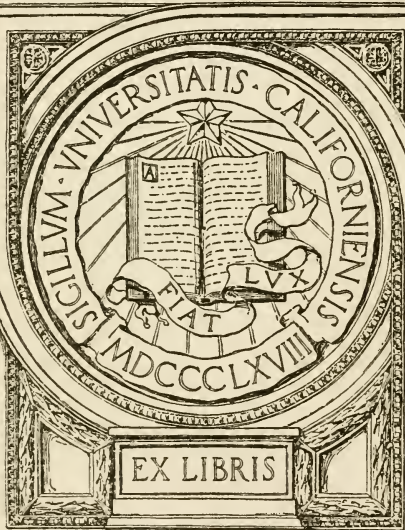
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ETHICS . . .

AND THE

“NEW EDUCATION.”

BRYANT.



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ETHICS

AND THE

“NEW EDUCATION,”

BY

WM. M. BRYANT, M. A.,

II

Instructor in Mental and Moral Philosophy,
St. Louis Normal and High School.



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PREFATORY NOTE.



WHAT is here offered is a reproduction, as exact as

I have been able to make from memory of an address delivered before the ST. LOUIS SOCIETY OF PEDAGOGY, January 20th, 1894. Its appearance in its present form is due to the suggestion of a number of friends; and I take the liberty of saying here that the first to make that suggestion was Mr. F. E. Cook, one of the founders of the Society of Pedagogy, always one of its most active and most efficient members, repeatedly its President, now chairman of its Executive Committee, and, in his work for many years as principal of one of our leading schools, a recognized representative of the NEW EDUCATION in its wisest and worthiest aspects.



ETHICS AND THE

“NEW EDUCATION.”



Mr. President:—

I AM here to tell you nothing beyond what you already know. If anything I may chance to say should be altogether new to you it must by that fact prove to be untrue. Truth is but the absolute, eternal form of mind. Mind is but the fulfilment, the concrete unfolding of Truth. And whatever appeals to you at any time with special force and freshness of vital import must yet seem, and even be in very truth, only a simple renewal and further intensification of what had always hovered, though it be in dimmest outline, within your own consciousness. If the seemingly new thing is true, it belongs to mind as mind; and your individual mind has but awaited the shock of circumstance to wake it into fuller measure of consciousness as to what by right must ever be its very own.

And that is the reason why language, which is but the body of thought—why thought, which is but the soul of language,—why life, which is but the central substance of every possible degree of thought—should be so full of ambiguities. The richer the conception represented by any term, the greater the variety in the shades of meaning that may be suggested by that term.

And so in all our educational work, as in all the work of life, there is nothing that demands more careful watchfulness than just the very terms which we must be forever using to give outward expression to our inmost thoughts, through which alone, in turn, our lives attain or can attain to actual definition.

To what better use, then, can we put the hour than this: That you and I in company devote ourselves to a study of a few of the terms specially apt to prove misleading through the very wealth of meaning of which they have come to serve as the outer, organic form.

And first of all, think of the marvelous aspects of Revelation, unfolded to us through that distinctively modern stage in the total process which constitutes in its full meaning the true "Advancement of Learning!" These aspects have crammed the word "Nature" with such volumes of fresh meaning for us as to render it ambiguous in most bewildering degree.

Old as the world, indeed, is the explicit affirmation that "self-preservation is the first law of nature." The very simplicity and imperious practical self-evidence of the principle thus expressed rendered its early conscious formulation inevitable. But the principle already implies a "self" to be preserved and a "nature" in the midst of which and by means of which that self is to make sure of its own preservation.

Taken in its most immediate significance, indeed, the principle looks first of all to the preservation of the mere animal existence of man. And it was long since pointed out that Nature presents three distinct sets of conditions which must forever predetermine the life of man in the sphere of his mere animal existence. In the first place the tropical regions supply man with everything needful to satisfy the immediate demands of his being. If he is hungry, there is food always to be had for the mere trouble of gathering. If clothing is required, nature, unasked, supplies fabrics which, with scarce a change, are fully suited to such needs. If shelter is desired, a few thrifty saplings drawn together above, and covered with the luxuriant foliage always at hand, will very well suffice. With such conditions there is nothing stimulating man to enter upon any higher measure of activity; and also the excess of heat forbids.

Again, in the extreme polar regions nature is excessive in its severity and parsimonious to the last degree in its provisions for satisfying human wants ; so that here man's whole energy is taken up in eking out the barest physical existence. In either case it is scarcely possible that man should ever clearly discover in himself anything above the ever-recurring necessities of his mere daily existence.

It is in the intermediate regions, in the temperate zones alone, that man's relation to nature has been such as neither to lull him into ceaseless spiritual languor and mere sensuous dream on the one hand, nor to overwhelm him with the difficulties of supplying his immediate physical necessities on the other. Here there is just warmth enough to stimulate and cold enough to warn ; just food enough to sharpen the appetite and not enough to satisfy ; abundant material for shelter, but not sufficient shelter to which nature has already given shape.

Always in this region man is confronted by the twin brothers : Fact and Possibility ; always and everywhere, too, there is here latent the suggestion that Possibility may still be merged in Fact ; and yet always when this miracle is once accomplished Possibility fails not to reappear in its own specific character while yet assuming new and freshly luring, freshly threatening forms.

Possibility! That is the giant Proteus with which from the beginning the Heracles called Man has been compelled to struggle. And this perpetual struggle it is, and the ceaseless victory involved therein, that has been the indispensable condition upon which man could ever come to know that quality of genuinely divine Sonship which constitutes the very essence of his own true being.

II.

But even so this discovery must already involve the further suggestion that, after all, self-preservation is *only* the "first" law of nature; that in fact there is a second and higher law that is no less a law of "Nature," since it is manifestly involved in the very being of man himself. And because forever re-discovered possibility is forever luring, forever driving man onward to new achievement, and since each new achievement is in its truest significance but a step in the enlarging of man's actual present self, there cannot fail to dawn upon man's consciousness this divinest of all possibilities: That there is no given conceivable stage of advancement beyond which man may not still hope to pass. And if this be true, then clearly that second and higher law of Nature can be nothing else and nothing less than that of self-realization.

(And still and always Fact and Possibility present themselves; and in this higher sphere they are known as the *Real* and the *Ideal*.

Are these exclusive the one of the other in this higher sphere? or may they rightly be viewed as complementary aspects of a concretely unfolded human world?

In seeking a clew to the true answer to this question we cannot do better than turn, though it be ever so briefly, to the most finished work of the world's greatest dramatist, "*The Tempest*" of Shakespeare! Who has not read and re-read with growing wonder and delight this marvelous production? And in your reading you can scarcely have failed to notice how the whole representation does but set forth in most impressive fashion the fundamental phases of relation between the Real and the Ideal.

On the one side the phase of Idealism is represented by the good Duke Prospero. On the other hand the phase of Realism is represented by the Duke's brother Antonio and by the King of Naples and his Court. Prospero gives himself over wholly to his studies, devotes his time and energy exclusively to exploring the ideal world, and thus drifts inevitably away from the "real" world. On the other hand Antonio sees nothing but vagary and mere illusion in the Duke's pursuits. So that not only does he take up and will-

ingly perform the practical duties of the Dukedom, but he also speedily persuades himself that he is in truth the rightful ruler. His blind ambition cancels all hesitancy on his part to plot the destruction of his too confiding brother, and at the same time to bring humiliation upon his native state by its reduction to the condition of mere vassalage to a foreign power; just as on his part the King of Naples, for no other purpose than to extend his own authority, participates in the ignoble plot of Antonio.

Thus these latter see nothing but the "Realty" of the present moment and greedily grasp at that, wholly regardless of the shadowy world of the "Ideal." And so these two worlds drift asunder. Prospero is set afloat upon the frail craft of his own learning and speculation. Only, he bears with him his choicest books and his infant daughter, Miranda. And now, indeed, it seems that as between the eternal powers and the visions of this dreamer there is truest unison.

"There they hoist us,
To cry to the sea that roared to us; to sigh
To the winds, whose pity, sighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong."

And upon this mystic voyage Miranda, "wonderful" daughter indeed of this most wonder-working Duke, "did smile, infused with a fortitude from heaven."



Could such voyage end elsewhere than upon the shores of the Enchanted Island? There alone could the magic powers of Prospero find free field of exercise. There alone could his prophetic visions assume unhindered their most perfect forms. It is there that Prospero finds Caliban, the living embodiment of the grosser brute forces of Nature, and reduces him to something approaching at least automatic service, friction-grumbling though it be, at the bidding of human will.

There, too, he discovers Ariel, the spirit of the subtlest phases of the world's space-filling energy, and through whose mysterious electric machinery he fills the sky with tempest or with sunshine at his will. Truly is the Enchanted Island the proper home of the splendid revelry of Idealism in its separation from the sterner aspects of the world of Realty!

But meanwhile how fares it with the world of exclusive Realism? Having thrust out the Ideal from their midst and from their very thoughts the denizens of that world can now live only from moment to moment, not clearly seeing what next must follow. Mutual trust is indeed for them impossible, for each knows the other a conspirator. In spite of themselves, besides, they still have each an ideal, though this is now limited to the mere vision of the possible attainment of purely selfish ends. Yet they must

hold together for mutual defense, for mutual support ; nay in very fear of one another and hence for mutual surveillance, must each be near to each.

Yet spite of all their watchfulness, and spite of all their wise precautions, they find themselves at length adrift upon an unknown sea. Realism has failed utterly. The ship of State has lost its moorings and plunges helplessly before a newly risen and mysteriously desolating tempest.

And where should *they* be driven but straight upon the shores of this same Enchanted Island where Prospero is now the undisputed master? Not elsewhere can safe harborage be found for them. Failing this, to sink to the bottom of the bottomless abyss must be their doom. Only through reunion with the despised Ideal can the vaunted world of the Real be saved out of the tempest into which it has been driven by its own follies.

After all then, the Ideal can very well maintain itself in isolation from this or that particular form of the Real. For the Ideal is, in truth, the very soul of all Realty and on occasion can unfold a real world of real life and beauty from and within its own infinitely varied resources. On the contrary, when the Real, in whatever of its forms, is seriously taken as apart from the Ideal, it proves destitute of any central, vitaliz-

ing principle and hence crumbles and fades into utter unreality upon the first breath of opposition.

From which it would even seem that the Ideal is in truth more "real" than is the so-called Real itself.

And yet in any phase of human life the Ideal apart from the Real can scarcely save itself from becoming more or less fantastic; just as the Real in separation from the Ideal sinks unflinching into ever lower depths of degradation. In passing, too, we ought to remind ourselves that separation as between Real and Ideal can at most be nothing more than relative. For in absolute and literal separation each must wholly cease to be.

And further, it is precisely here upon the Enchanted Island that these complementary aspects of the social world must once more be brought to assume their normal relation of fused union and vital wholeness. And Prospero, the "dreamer," is, of course, the first of all to clearly recognize this fact. Nay, he prepares the way for it and directs and even seems—seems even to himself—to actually awake the very tempest but now occurring, and to just that end.

Wholly self-deprived of any measure of prophetic vision the representatives of rash Realism are driven in helpless amazement upon the island. And once landed here by Ariel's help, already from the first moment they are separated into groups which still

tend more and more to fall asunder. The grosser ones, guided solely by their instincts, fall naturally and inevitably into the company of Caliban. On the other hand the arch-conspirators—the King, the king's brother and Antonio—constitute another of these groups. And straightway their perverted natures are manifested in the monstrous plot of the latter two against the sleeping king.

Meanwhile Prospero is showing the superior power of the Ideal by working spells that bring all again into one complex group in which Prospero's daughter Miranda, "the wonder," is already the promised bride of Ferdinand, the king's son—the youth whom the world of Realism has not yet been able to spoil and reduce to its own gross level; who therefore is most akin to the world of the Ideal and who must for this reason be the first to make discovery of the magician's cavern, which is but the normal center of this ideal world.

It is, in truth, precisely this wedding of the beautiful daughter of Idealism with the still uncorrupted son of Realism that restores the world to its divinest rhythm,—the prophetic-feminine leading the historic-masculine to ever brighter realms.

So Shakespeare seems in his dazzling way to say to us.

And yet throughout this perfectly realized ideal

representation there is manifest a painful sense of contradiction because of the recognized discrepancy between what *is* and what *should be*. And precisely this painful sense of contradiction is it that drives, and has ever driven, and must ever continue to drive men into action—action through which alone self-realization is in any measure possible. And hence it cannot reasonably be doubted that in very truth pain has the very highest ethical value. Far enough, indeed, is the fact of pain from being a proof of defect in the total World-order! On the contrary careful analysis proves it to be nothing less than one of the indispensable factors of any conceivable world having a genuinely ethical import.

But again it is already evident that the process of self-realization involves continuous and vital relationship as between each self and all other selves. Not mere abstract relations, like those of distance and direction between bodies in space; but actual concrete relations without which souls could no more exist and unfold into ever richer degrees of spiritual reality than could masses of matter aggregate in space and exist as definite bodies apart from gravity which is the very essence of their being as bodies.

Nay, pain itself is one essential aspect of this relationship as between soul and soul. So that we are bound to give careful consideration to what on

first view is the amazing and even appalling fact of pain inevitably suffered by each through all and for all. Nor may we safely omit to note that the effect upon each, of the pain each suffers, must depend upon the way it is apprehended and endured by each.

And here in attempting to estimate what can scarcely be regarded otherwise than as the vicarious aspect of human relations we may very well turn again to one of the world's great literary works for fruitfulest suggestion. Among all the great novels of the world what one can compare in complexity and subtlety of character, in depth and delicacy of sentiment, in sustained vigor of portrayal, with *Les Misérables*? No king, but only a peasant is its hero. No queen, but only a nameless waif is its heroine. Not the attar of roses so much as subterranean odors greet you throughout its pages. Yet how sublime the culmination!

A poor, ignorant wood-cutter sees his sister's children starving. His immense but wholly undisciplined strength can find no adequate field of productive exercise. What to do?

Passing a baker's window he sees bread in abundance. Only glass between him and plenty! And glass is transparent! Hunger on this side; bread on that; and only a transparent medium between! Under such conditions how could a mind of such

simplicity be expected to comprehend that the glass is but the illusory fragile representative of inflexible and keen-edged law?

Nay, at that moment he knew nothing, saw nothing but that the children were hungry and that bread was within his reach. Only with the crashing of the glass, only in the light of the blood flaming out upon his hand does he awake to the fact that linked all about him, and not less within him, is the adamantine net of Law binding him to his fellow-man beyond all possibility of separation. For the first time in his life he has seriously stumbled and violently shaken that chain; and its sudden fearful clanking has filled all his world with harshest discords.

Discords indeed! The crash; the plunge from the nightmare of hunger into the nightmare of conscious crime; the attempted escape; the capture—and five years in the galleys for failing to clearly see what had been to him indeed the Invisible!

To a soul like that how wholly fiendish must seem the disproportion of such corrective to such fault! Startled into keener intellectual consciousness by such suffering he is blinded to every aspect of self-realization save that which consists in such growing strength as shall be applied on first and every opportunity to square accounts with the monster called Society.



For this purpose he assumes the air of docility and attends the prison school. For this purpose he practices all arts that promise the least advantage to him in the ideal struggle with what is to him the hideous Reality--which ideal struggle now alone gives meaning to his life.

And shall he not test his growing strength and skill betimes in efforts to escape from the cruel clutch with which this monster now has such fast hold upon him? Three exercises of this kind in his effort at self-education costs him fourteen additional years in the galleys! So that not until the end of a nineteen years' course is he graduated from this university of crime and presented with the fatal diploma consisting of the yellow passport which he must everywhere display!

You remember his appearance in the village four days after his discharge from prison—his rude dismissal from every inn; his fruitless attempt to purchase food and shelter at private dwellings; the fear and horror everywhere awakened by his presence and his final kindly reception by the good Bishop of the village.

You will remember his fairly childish delight at being addressed in respectful tones and terms. You will remember his awaking in the night, the return—it was nigh indeed!—of the long-cherished purpose

to avenge himself upon society. You will remember the inner struggle, the newly awakened sense of shame, the victory of the long-cherished passion, the robbery, his escape, his capture and return by the officers. You will remember how the Bishop and his household were already aware that the man they had dealt with so kindly had robbed them.

And now the splendid efficiency of the legal arm of the Social Organism is once more proven! The house-breaker, the galley-slave, the ungrateful robber of the only man who had befriended him—can the Law now do otherwise than firmly close its iron fingers upon him and crush out a life so manifestly destitute of every worthy human quality?

The officers, proud indeed of their achievement, drag the prisoner to the Bishop's door. The door opens. There is the group: the serene Bishop, the triumphant officers, the stolid, desperate man who is once more experiencing the futility of his purpose to avenge himself upon society. Not a word, not even the slightest look of resentment on the part of the patriarchal Bishop! Rather, instantly comprehending the whole situation, he exclaims in kindest tones: "Ah! so you have returned. I am glad to see you. Did you not know? I gave you the candle-sticks too. They are silver and are worth two hundred francs. How was it that you failed to take those with the rest?"

To Jean Valjean that was nothing less than the voice of an angel! To the officers it could but bring confusion and deepest mortification. They had made so great a blunder, then? The prisoner had told the truth in saying the plate had been given him by an aged priest? The Bishop assures them that this is only the simple truth; he brings the candlesticks, puts them in the hands of Jean Valjean and dismisses the officers.

In the mind of Jean Valjean what a whirl! He is at liberty. He will not be taken back to prison. He has been forgiven his ingratitude. In his universe two planets have collided and are fusing. The two planets are rude Strength and ineffable Love. He trembles. His strength seems broken. It is only the tremor of divine Love breaking through the granite rudeness of his Strength.

When the officers had gone the Bishop said gravely and tenderly: "Never forget that you have promised me to use the proceeds of this silver in becoming an honest man." Then he added: "Jean Valjean, my brother, you no longer belong to evil, but to good. I have bought your soul of you. I withdraw it from black thoughts and the spirit of perdition, and give it to God.'

Stunned, humbled, elated, confused, transfigured, Jean Valjean left the presence of this living Crucifix;

and yet through all his wanderings and amid all his struggles, never for a moment did he lose the living Presence of the Divinity, thus represented, from his soul.

And swiftly does event follow upon event in the further unfolding of his life—his quiet entrance into a struggling village; the new process in manufacture; the creation of wealth; the building up of the town; the liberal and noble dispensing of wealth; the unhesitating sacrifice of self for the sake of others, even to the extent of wholly renouncing the new sweet life of reconciliation to the existing social world—nay, to the extent of denouncing himself in open court as the real galley-slave so long lost sight of, and this in order that he might save from a repetition of his own dreadful experience one who had been guilty of a minor offense indeed, but who was now about to be mistakenly identified with and punished as the long undetected and still, in the eyes of the law, altogether irreclaimable Jean Valjean himself; finally his perilous journey through the sewer for the purpose of rescuing Marius—all this done, and his career is ended.

And ceaselessly hovering near this transfigured soul is that blackest shadow of things evil, which nevertheless is firmly assured of itself as the very personification of all good—the absolutely conscientious

representative of the dead, and therefore deadly, forms of mere conventionality—the very impersonation of that diabolical spirit of Injustice which sincerely, devoutly believes that Justice and Mercy have nothing in common,—the inflexible, incorruptible, fanatical embodiment of "Law and Order," Javert.

It is his business to hunt down men who have been made demons by the galleys. It is his pride never to let one escape his vigilance ; it is the proof of his worthiness that he keeps his eye fastened upon the outcast ; it is his glory to protect society—finished, faultless Society—not merely from the actual deprivations of such lost souls, but also from contamination through merest casual contact with them, though this be unawares ; and above all from the scandal of seeing them prosperous and honored, as if redemption from the very pit of the Inferno were not merely a possibility but also an actually realized present fact !

And yet even Javert is not wholly impervious to the subtle chemistry of the divine Light that emanates from a truly noble character. Each time he comes in contact with Jean Valjean there is an unconscious molecular readjustment of his seemingly impervious nature.

And at length the climax comes. After the struggle at the Barricades and the deliberate saving of Javert's life by Jean Valjean, there is the sudden,

unexpected meeting at the mouth of the great sewer, with the fresh, pathetic evidence of Jean Valjean's measureless self-sacrifice. Making no effort to escape, he only asks that he be allowed the privilege of restoring the wounded, helpless, unconscious youth to his home—to the sane and clearly conscious world.

Already and in spite of himself Javert is transformed. He assents to an act of kindness while "Duty" is left waiting. He even so far forgets himself as to assist in the performance of a deed of mercy—to be the mere assistant in such deed when the chief performer is the very outlaw whom of all others he has for years been ceaselessly tracking and eagerly hoping to bring to justice!

To discover this noted convict and once more make him subject to the Law—that would be the worthy crowning of a truly honorable career! And yet under the spell of this great soul in hiding from the Law—the Law that has itself become ferocious—Javert quite forgets himself! He allows his prisoner to go *alone* to his room to change his clothing. Will not the prisoner escape? Javert, self-forgetting, stands meekly below—hoping the prisoner *will* escape!

Nay, by this time Javert dimly comprehends this splendid being. He knows he will not attempt to escape. He knows he will return. And he does return. He opens the door, steps upon the pavement,

looks about—there is no officer there! Javert has already walked rapidly away—but toward the bridge across the plunging current of the river.

In these last moments he has even seen through to the beautiful soul of this man whom he has so long and relentlessly been pursuing in full belief that he was thus but doing worthiest work. Now for the first time he clearly sees, what before he had not in the dimmest way suspected, that to apply the forms of law in such wise as to deal with this man as if he were a criminal would be nothing less than the blackest of sins, the most monstrous injustice.

And yet by the strict forms of Law, which Javert has always hitherto looked upon as wholly infallible, Jean Valjean ought to be arrested and returned to the galleys. Failing to do this Javert himself becomes a criminal. To Javert's intelligence the contradiction is wholly insoluble; and from the middle of the bridge he looks down, and in the plunging river below sees the one safe, sure channel by which he may escape from the still more wildly plunging stream of events by which he has been swept hither.

But into that same stream the great sewer itself, from which Jean Valjean has but just emerged, empties its contents—perchance to be purified.

The sewer? That is not merely the great sewer of Paris. It is the great World-Sewer of crime and sin

and shame. And this cowering convict—nay, this angel from the galleys—has for years been struggling up and down its dark, noisome lengths for no other purpose than that of saving other souls from perishing amid its horrors.

Poor Fantine, not vicious, but only ignorant of the real world, and hence trusting the world without reserve, not dreaming that Real and Ideal could fail to coincide, how could she fail to be bewildered by the fearful contradictions into which such blind trustfulness has plunged her? To her, thus awakened, organized society can have no realty save in its purely legal aspect. And in this aspect Society is for her nothing else than a heartless, purely demonic mechanism having but this single purpose: To crush live souls into ever lower depths of the wretchedness of living death.

Hence is it that with the fatal fever of life's enigma upon her she can only shiver and gasp and die at the apparition of faultless—that is, soulless—Society as personified by the inflexible, incorruptible savage, Javert. It is only the transfigured fugitive from such hopelessly unjust justice that, in the last moments of the poor dazed soul, can close her eyes to the shame and despair of the world that has so cruelly ensnared her. And this he does with such reverent tenderness that a halo seems to hover about her wan features as

if to show that her eyes are just opening upon the splendors of a more divinely ordered world.

Truly may it be said: Her sins were forgiven her. And yet let us speak warily here also. In and of itself no sin can be forgiven. All sin is unpardonable—absolutely so. Only the sinner can be forgiven; and that only when he separates himself from his sin. And as for Fantine, what moment of her existence but was filled with the repentance of agonized despair, not ceasing to struggle, though it be in frantic fashion, to expiate her offense upon the cross of Life's most poignant contradiction. And the meaning and saving efficacy of this unequal struggle is shown her in her last hours by this new living crucifix, Jean Valjean, who, to the legal world, was still a mere destroyer.

But the doubly orphaned little Cosette must also be rescued from even the possibilities of the sewer. It is this in fact, that constitutes the more immediate motive leading Jean Valjean to break through the forms of Law that once more begin gathering about him after his self-denunciation in the Arras Court.

Was this jail-breaking a relapse into lawlessness—a real return to the sewer—on his own part? No! Not otherwise at least than from the standpoint of extreme legality personified by Javert. For two casual offenses the simple form of Law might still demand

an answer from him. But the graver of the offenses had long since been estimated by the good Bishop, as sole "prosecuting witness," from the higher ethical point of view, and he had refused to look upon it as constituting a righteous cause of complaint. Nay he had even made the very offense itself the occasion of proving the genuineness and depth of his good-will as toward the outcast, and this in such degree as to awaken hope and self-respect upon the part of the outcast.

And the other offense—that of the little Gervais and the bit of money—had not Jean Valjean atoned for that a thousand times since then? Judged, not by the letter that kills, but by the spirit that gives life, Jean Valjean, at the time of his last jail-breaking and escape from Javert, so far from being a criminal and worthy of bonds, was one of the saintliest of all the saints that have ever walked the earth! Under such conditions it was his duty to break from the jail of conventionality and save Cosette from the Inferno of the Thenardier household.

And yet he accomplishes this task only to bring her at length into relationship with Marius—Marius, who, in his youthful inexperience and impetuosity, becomes involved in contradictions and is swept into the struggle of the barricades and thus unwittingly plunges into the sewer of crime, from which he too is

saved by the self-denying vigilance of Jean Valjean.

True, this last act of devotion is done—with what passionate whirl of mingled feeling!—immediately in the interest of Cosette; but also essentially in the interest of that divine-human Ideal which Jean Valjean himself had come to embody in wondrous measure of concrete reality, yet without dreaming in the least degree that he had risen to such splendid height of fulfilled being.

And so, with the accomplishment of this task of saving the youth who had freely offered his life in a way lacking wisdom, indeed. but yet in the noble cause of human freedom, Jean Valjean had insured the honor and happiness of his foster-child Cosette, and in so doing had fairly rounded out his own world to its completed form. But one thing more remains for him in this sphere of his existence, and that is: To pass—and who can doubt the reality of the transition?—through the ethereal gates of his own transfigured life into the still richer realms of activity awaiting his refined and nobly developed spiritual powers.

"Made perfect through suffering!" Not only through his own suffering, but through the suffering of others as well! And yet did the divine deed of the good Bishop cost him any real suffering? Was it not rather a joy to him to do as and what he did? Scarcely can it be doubted that such, in the immediate



instance, was the case. But that only brings into clear view the fact that through a whole long life of self-forgetting sacrifice the Bishop had attained a divinity of soul to most men wholly inconceivable. So that what must make *them* blind with fury only stimulated *him* to clearer vision through his superior power of Love.

In such wise, and in such wise only, are the finest phases of the education of human souls accomplished.

III.

But even so, it is evident that all genuinely educational work involves, and of necessity involves, what can scarcely be rightly named otherwise than as the *Purgatorial Factor*.

No graver error has ever found adoption in the course of educational theorizing than that of supposing that all educational work ought to be made wholly pleasurable; that the factor of pain is detrimental and ought to be wholly eliminated; that all lessons must be made "interesting" and delightful. The true mission of the teacher is not to lull souls into a sense of self-satisfaction and security. On the contrary his mission is to wake life into increasingly complex phases and into ever intenser degrees of manifested energy. And this can be done only at the expense of a greater or less degree of pain.

Make the lessons interesting? To whom? In what sense? Interesting only to the infantile mind? "Interesting" only in the sense of "amusing?" Is the infantile mind forever to retain its infancy?—forever to remain in the speechless, thoughtless, deedless state? Nay, it is to become articulate, to unfold its divine inner possibilities into the actuality of outer speech and deed. The infant must be led to take interest in things *not* infantile. Attention is to be drawn, even by force and divine violence, if need be, away from the trivial and vanishing to the essential and eternal. For only by such transference of his interest is it possible that the child should ever become in very truth and deed a MAN.

By no means, then, is it to be our first study to keep the child out of Purgatory. Rather are we sometimes in duty bound deliberately to plunge him into Purgatory—plunge him in on the one side and bring him out on the other! We are to show him how to cease to be a child, how to become in truest sense a man. We are to show him the true secret of Ceasing and Beginning; of Living and Dying; of that daily dying which is involved in the very idea of perpetual and perpetually increasing Life. We are to show him how the dying of interest in the particular rose that fades is involved in the unfolding of genuine living interest in the fadeless Type of Rose that blooms with

perfect beauty in the soul alone. We are to so guide him that he may come to actually see for himself what splendor of meaning there is in the suggestion that he ought to set his affections, his inmost interest, "not upon things on the earth," things that have no element of perpetuity, "but upon things above," things that constitute the soul's own divinest Life.

That Death is involved in Life is, indeed, already a commonplace remark. Modern science has already shown that so far from this being a mere rhetorical phrase and poetic extravagance it is rather a realistic fact of the most prosaic type and absolutely universal in the whole range of living beings.

And yet long ago poetic, which is also prophetic, vision caught a glimpse of the necessity of Death as involved in the full measure of Life. And so clear was this vision that it focused itself upon the horror of *not being able to die!*

You will remember how Eos, the goddess of the Dawn, came to regard her own destiny as bound up with the destiny of a mortal. Once the wife of the human husband, Tithonos, the measure of divine happiness seemed to her to be attained. And yet she could not be long in awaking to the consciousness that, while she was immortal, Tithonos belonged to the race of mortals.

After all, then, the Real failed to coincide with the

Ideal even in the life of the goddess. And so, remembering an unclaimed boon she had long ages ago been promised by Father Zeus she hastened to him and prayed that the boon might now be granted. And Father Zeus said: "It shall be as you desire. What will you have?" And Eos prayed: "Oh, make my husband immortal!" And yet as time went on Eos discovered to her infinite dismay that after all she had made the worst conceivable mistake. She had failed to complete her prayer by adding this further request: "And give to him eternal youth." And so it was that Tithonos grew old, and feeble, and blind, and querulous—and yet was wholly unable to die!

A fatality indeed for Tithonos, and also for the beautiful Goddess of the Dawn, whose blooming youth and beauty were renewed through death with each succeeding day! Blooming Life bound irretrievably to living Death! Impossible that this should be endured! And so Tithonos was put away in a cavern—in a living tomb—so that his cries might not be heard and so that his withered, unsightly features and figure might not torture the eyes of the Goddess.

Even from the earliest dawn of human consciousness, then, men have discerned this truth: That if you eliminate death from life, life itself becomes a living death! And while we listen to the clear dawn-

music of the myth, it is as if through such medium the finest instinct of the divinely prophetic spirit of antiquity were uttering this exclamation: *Oh, blessed, world-renewing Death, that is forever turning dark decay into ever freshly dawning Life!*

But is Eos merely a mythical personage vaguely looming alone in far-off antiquity? or may it be that she is indeed a veritable reality of all time, and that she is even familiarly known to us to-day? You know the answer. Eos is a reality! She is ceaselessly present in our midst. She is the goddess who presides over the dawning of individual human consciousness. She is known as *Primary Education*. And she is also wedded to a very human husband, who is yet immortal, and whose name is *Discipline*.

Worthy husband of a worthy Goddess—if only Eos makes sure of adding to her prayer: "Give to my husband eternal youth!" But when this is forgotten, as sometimes is the case, then it cannot fail that he should grow old, and blind, and feeble, and querulous; so that no truly divine eye could longer endure to look upon him; and even his very name changes. He is then called *Order*.

Discipline and Order! Discipline is the soul of Order. Order is the mere body of Discipline. Discipline without Order is the palest of ghosts. Order without Discipline is a mere death's-head scaring

away all life. Discipline unfolding into Order, Order realized through Discipline—that is Heaven's First Law in its concrete, divinely beautiful form! That alone is worthy to be forever wedded to the eternally youthful and beautiful goddess who presides over the endlessly repeated dawning of divine consciousness in human souls.

And yet this dawning consciousness must in every instance come up out of the night of the merely sensuous phase of existence. Up to this point soul has been drowned in Matter, and the dawning of consciousness is not so much a process of re-awaking as a process of re-animation. And always at best this involves more or less of amazement, of terror, of painful sense of contradiction.

All the more, then, must the priest or the priestess of Eos be careful to see that Order is never allowed to appear in its mere death's-head character, but rather that it shall appear as perfectly ensouled by Discipline; and so, divinely beautiful.

But this, too, has its reservation. For Beauty itself is not without austerity, and sometimes Discipline must even be severe. Does a weak ankle give narrow limitation to the power of locomotion? The surgeon comes and with steel bands and clamps constrains bones and tendons into normal form and into normal relation. The process is irksome, painful.

But presently bones and tendons are restored to their proper state and the individual, released from the torturing bonds, goes free and is able thereafter to keep step with the music of the world. You use a caustic word now and then. But that is only to burn away the "proud flesh" and leave the soul clean, and whole, and scarless, and beautiful.

Sometimes you find yourself unable to turn your head either this way or that. Your horizon is narrowed, your consciousness self-centered and painful. You call the physician. He comes and applies electricity and makes you quiver with pain. But this is only to free you from such abnormal constraint and to render you able to look freely aloft and behold Divinity shining through all the stars.

Discipline! One of the divinest of all words; and yet how rarely is it divinely comprehended! The eternal Fact for which it stands is nothing less than the solemn voyage by which each individual soul must make discovery of the great New World of spiritual Light and Life.

IV.

It is here, indeed, that we come in full view of what to-day is with so much insistence called the *New Education*. For the special claim made in behalf of what is usually so described is nothing less than

that the true method of adequately preparing the individual for actual *living* is now at length and once for all discovered.

And yet once more we come upon a lurking ambiguity. In three-fold form at least it proves its readiness to mock us. For the New Education may be considered equally well in respect either of its subject-matter, or of its method, or of the spirit in which its method is to be applied in dealing with its subject-matter.

In very truth if we would at all comprehend the so-called New Education we must carefully consider it in each and all these aspects. We must consider each in order that we may comprehend its truly specific characteristics. We must consider all—and that means each in the full compass of its relations—in order that we may rightly estimate its claims as the true and truly adequate and therefore final mode of preparing the individual for actual living.

As to its subject-matter the "New Education" puts forward its first claim to newness on the ground of its estimate of "Nature" as the medium through which the truest and fullest development of mind is to be secured. Already, indeed, a revolution has taken place in modern times in this respect. Education has really assumed a definitely new character through the increase of attention given to the tracing out of

Law and Order as the inmost essence of the world of Nature.

And further, this essence of the world of Nature already involves the method which the New Education puts forward as the second specific mark of its newness. And no doubt there is justice in the claim. In educational work there had not previously, nor has there even yet, been sufficient emphasis placed upon the necessity of carefully following the methods of Nature in every department of study.

Only let us beware of taking these terms at too low an estimate of their value. For "methods" imply mind; and if Nature presents a method then it is fair to conclude—nay it is absolutely unfair or irrational *not* to conclude—that "Nature" is but the manifestation of Mind; that it is, in truth, nothing else than the infinitely complex medium through which we have to discover the simpler modes of the working of the ultimate and perfect Mind.

And in this case it is evident that to follow the "methods of Nature" must thus far be the same as to follow the methods of the perfect Mind. Newly apprehended and better appraised in many ways there can be no doubt that the methods of Nature truly are. But yet for all that these methods cannot rightly be said to be but just now for the first time discovered. This discovery, in fact, has been going on through



all the centuries. And both in its subject-matter and in the explicit presentation of its methods the New Education owes much more to Aristotle than it seems commonly aware of. Here and there, indeed, the pioneer work of the great Greek in the investigation of Nature is incidentally referred to. But that he was the first to map out, and that he effectually and adequately mapped out the method by which all true thinking must be done—and that is the very essence of the "method of Nature"—is very commonly lost sight of altogether in the enthusiasm of "modern achievement."

But this can only be referred to in passing. It may be that the "New Education" is better entitled to its designation as "new" in respect of the clear and keen appreciation of the end proposed in education and also in respect of the spirit in which its work is actually done.

This at least is certain: That the study of Nature, at first leading away from the study of Man, has at length again led up to man as himself the necessary culmination of Nature. And even so the measureless contrast between man and every other aspect of Nature as the one unit capable of measuring Nature, and hence as standing above Nature while yet also actually including it within his own being—all this has served to emphasize the unique quality of man

and to emphasize anew the supreme significance involved in the relations sustained by man to man.

In which case it may after all be that the study of Nature is not to replace the study of the "Humanities;" but rather that the study of Nature is only to prepare the way for the more fruitful cultivation of the humanistic field as itself constituting the actual culminating phase of "Nature." And if this is true then so far from being already "antiquated" the "Humanities" belong to the perennially "modern" world.

Let the Humanities, thus newly interpreted, be transfused with the genuinely humanitarian quality and you will have in full view the very spirit of the New Education in the worthiest sense of the term. Already, in fact, the New Education has come to be definitely characterized as above all *ethical*. So that all its other phases assume a special tone as being distinctly subordinated to the end of unfolding rational human character on the part of each and every child.

The child shall be taught, not merely how to make a living—that is already the "New Education" of *yesterday*—but still more is he to be taught, how best to *live*. And that is the New Education that must forever abide.

But even so the ambiguities have not wholly disap-

peared. "Nature" ought assuredly to be studied with a view to rendering it subservient to human needs—with a view, first, to making it productive, in the highest measure, of those things, and materials for things, required to satisfy the necessities of man's physical being; and secondly, with a view to rendering it organic to man's spiritual being, and this so as to emancipate man from the simple exhaustion of his energy as inevitably consequent upon all forms of mere slave-labor.

And yet this is by no means all. For Nature ought still further to be specially studied as the outer, concrete unfolding of that great, majestic thing called *Law*. For precisely in that does "Nature" approach nearest to "Man." So that while on the one hand it includes man, yet also on the other hand, in just this subtle character of *Law*, it is comprehended by and in the mind of Man. And if the highest term of "Nature" is *Law*, and if it is precisely in this, its highest term, that Nature is comprehended by and in the mind of Man; and if, further, to "comprehend" is to "think," then, because that which Man comprehends or thinks is by that very fact already proven to be of the nature of thought, it is evident that Nature itself is a system of thought and that in comprehending Nature Man proves himself one in type with that supreme Thinking-Energy which is the living *Law* that constitutes the highest term of Nature.

V.

But in such case how much more complex must be the relations between man and man than are the relations between thing and thing in Nature. And since every human life is inextricably involved in every other human life we cannot overlook the fact that we here come upon what I venture to call the *Third and highest Law of Nature*. And that Law may be formulated as: *Mutual Helpfulness in the divine Process of Self-Realization*. And why should not this be given the further name of *Transfigured Ethics*?

And yet are these relations between man and man *new* relations? Or can it be said that they have been but just discovered? The answer to such questions may be found in History.

And here we have to turn once more to Aristotle. A thousand years of waiting for Aristotle before the Latin-Christian world had grown to such intellectual height as to be able to comprehend this great figure even in dimmest outline! And still two other centuries, and well-nigh three, were added before the Aristotelian Ethics could be rightly measured.

It remained for St. Thomas Aquinas at the close of the thirteenth century to free the great system-maker—or rather system-discoverer—from the obscurations and perversions of the Arab commentators, to rightly ap-

preciate the system in its due proportion, to adapt it to the needs of Thought and Life as now at length fairly Christianized, and in many ways also to supplement the system.

Especially was this the case with the Aristotelian Ethics. Here we already have the famed group of the four "Cardinal Virtues"—by no means "new," even with Aristotle. These are Knowledge, Temperance, Courage and Justice. And it is evident that these present a thoroughly organic relation each with each. As for Knowledge, that is presupposed in the very notion of Virtue. Virtue wholly without knowledge must forever remain a mere contradiction in terms.

Again, Temperance is essentially self-restraint, self-regulation. And without knowledge this must clearly be impossible.

So, too, Courage is self-directed power in defense of self, of home, of country, and in the positive conquest of the world to reason-serving forms. And this also is inconceivable, save as involving knowledge, which latter is the mode of the mind that first gives definition to the mind itself, through discovering definition as already existing in Nature; and which then again gives definition to the human aspects of the world in which man lives and of which man constitutes the culminating term.

But again it is manifest that Knowledge as such could not be acquired save through self-restraint and prolonged effort, implying the courageous facing of fairly endless menacing forms of opposition. And further, it is evident that Courage without Temperance or self-restraint must be mere savagery; while Temperance without Courage could be nothing more than simple helpless inanition. And so also without Knowledge both Temperance and Courage must be blind; just as without Temperance and Courage Knowledge must be altogether empty; and that would be the same as non-existent.

Finally, the perfect interfusion of all these could not but result in a perfectly well-ordered human world; and this could be nothing less than the concrete realization of Justice, in which neither excess nor yet defect could ever find unfoldment.

All this St. Thomas saw and gave to it appreciation in fullest measure and in noblest fashion. But he also saw a limitation, a lack, even in so admirable a presentation of the essential factors of the moral world. These virtues, so systematically unfolded in the Aristotelian Ethics, are, as St. Thomas noted, still only *human* virtues.

No doubt they belong to the whole nature of Man, and so cannot be separated from any other possible Virtues pertaining to man's nature. But over and

above them, though still transfusing and transfiguring them, are certain other distinguishable qualities or modes of the human soul which St. Thomas named the *Divine* Virtues; and this because he conceived them to be infused by Divinity into man and as having the value of transforming humanity into manifest divine likeness.

These divine virtues are: Faith, and Hope, and Love.

And yet they are scarcely enumerated before one is impelled to ask: Faith in what? Hope for what? Love of what? And for us to-day the answer comes in some such fashion as this; Faith in the Law of Gravity for one thing; faith in the great Law of the Conservation of Energy for another thing; faith in this Law as the absolute unification of the outer world or universe—a unification in accordance with a faultless method which, as we have already noticed, bears within it this logical necessity: That we recognize *Mind* as the supreme Essence or positive Being of the actual world.

And this, once more, must compel us to recognize the absolute oneness in Type as between this World-Mind and the individual human mind. And this again involves the infinitely significant Article of Faith: *That man in his spiritual nature is infinitely perfectible and, for that very reason, beyond peradventure immortal.*

And if this is true, then the virtue of Hope involves the fullness of infinite expectancy! If my Faith is borne on the wings of Reason to infinite, divine heights, then Hope rises by the self-same medium to the same exalted level, and hence I, in my own person, may legitimately and literally hope for all things—all things at least that pertain to the world of divine Reason.

But so also this raises the virtue of Love to its highest power, and proves it to be also a truly divine virtue. For Love is distinctly a relation between Mind and Mind. And because all minds are necessarily of the same divine Type then I cannot but recognize some measure of Divinity in each and every member of the human race.

And so in our work as teachers, if we possess this divine virtue of Love in its true significance, we cannot but regard with deepest interest every soul committed to our care. No matter how crude, no matter how perverted, no matter how repellent such soul may be, still, as a soul, as a mind, it cannot but present some quality, some characteristic that must call forth our faith, that cannot but excite our hope, that must command our reverence; something then for us to love in the true sense of devoted effort to awaken, to reclaim such soul, to guide it into the way of fulfilling within its own being that divine Self that is the true Type of all possible selves.

Think of your task in this way and you cannot fail to see with what scorn the great Teacher must have made the exclamation: "He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how *can* he love God whom he hath not seen!" For the surest proof that a man has not seen God is the fact that he fails to see God in his brother.

It was said long since: "No man can see God and live." It might rather be said: *No man can see God and go on living the same way*; since to see God is nothing less than to enter upon genuinely transfigured existence, to die to all that is merely evanescent, to here and now unfold eternal Life within the individual soul.

Such, in fact, is the fundamental element in all truly ethical conduct; and it is the very core of all that is noblest in the "New Education." Nor was St. Thomas the first to discern these supreme factors of a truly ethical life. Paul knew of them, and all thoughtful minds in all ages have more or less been conscious of them.

To-day, indeed, we seem but just rising to the level at which we can begin keenly to appreciate the splendor of the discovery of the *Doctor Angelicus* of the Thirteenth Century and of his chief predecessor in such prophetic vision, the Apostle to the Gentiles.

It is this, I repeat, which is coming at length to

penetrate the very substance of our being to-day; and that is the secret of our newly awakened sense of responsibility to that one of our brothers who is fast losing the divine likeness through crime and sin, as well as toward that other brother from whom we ourselves may hope for honor and advantage. That is the secret of the new movement of Prison Reform; a movement which looks through rags of destitution, through all deformities of sin and shame, and sees still shining there, though it be ever so dimly, a divinely constituted unit, an undying soul worthy to be redeemed and worth, beyond all calculation, all effort and expenditure that its redemption can require.

That is the secret, too, of the newly awakened missionary spirit of University Extension which will not wait until souls stumble through pitfalls of ignorance into the inferno of sin and crime, but will rather save them from such agonies by guiding them, while yet innocent, into clear knowledge of and reverence for the eternal Laws of godlike Character.

And truly may we apply to this newly awakened spirit of divine Humanity a world-old name world-full of meaning. And that name is: *Enthusiasm*, which, being interpreted, means: *The Sense of God within one.*

And with this as the core of every motive of your lives, you, as teachers, cannot fail in your daily school-room tasks, to exhibit spontaneously that

beautiful quality represented by the word of which Matthew Arnold was so fond: *Epieikeia*, and to which he gave singularly apt rendering in the phrase: *Sweet reasonableness*.

Infused with these divinest virtues of Faith and Hope and Love you cannot fail of genuine enthusiasm in your work, nor of sweet reasonableness in the manner of your work. And working in such manner you cannot fail of proving to be in your own persons the divinely appointed because divinely attuned media through which groping souls shall find true answer to that wonderful prayer: "Lead, Kindly Light!"



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