

The Open Court

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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

Founded by EDWARD C. HEGELER

VOL. XXXVI (No. 5)

MAY, 1922

NO. 792

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SUPERNATURALISM AND SATANISM IN CHATEAUBRIAND.

BY MAXIMILIAN RUDWIN

“MILTON has converted many a man to Diabolism,” says Max Beerbohm in his recent story, “Enoch Soames.”¹ Among these converts must be counted François René, Vicomte de Chateaubriand. His return to Catholicism was not inspired by his mother’s death, but incited by Milton’s Devil. Chateaubriand himself, as is well known, attributed his religious conversion to his mother’s death-bed appeal to him to return to her faith. “Ma conviction,” said he, “est sortie due cœur. J’ai pleuré et j’ai cru.” This story, however, is the purest of his fictions. It is truthful only to the extent that he inherited from his mother the tendency towards Catholicism. The abruptness of his transition from the scepticism of his *Essai sur les Révolutions* (1797)—“a book of doubt and sorrow,” as he himself called it—to the certainty of his *Génie du Christianisme* (1799-1802) is a suspicious circumstance. The interval between “Quelle sera la religion qui remplacera le Christianisme?” (the title of the last chapter of the *Essai*) and his panegyric of the genius of Christianity was too brief. The fanatical Voltairian was too suddenly transformed into a fervent votary of the Catholic faith.

As a matter of fact, Chateaubriand remained the sceptic even while writing his *Génie du Christianisme*. This is shown by marginal notes to the *Essai* in the author’s own handwriting found by Sainte-Beuve in a copy which had belonged to Chateaubriand him-

¹ Enoch Soames is the most recent imitator of Theophilus, the ambitious priest of Adana, who, as is well known, was the first to discover that man could enter into a bond with Beelzebub. The story “Enoch Soames” first appeared in the *Century Magazine* for May, 1916, and was reprinted in Max Beerbohm’s book, *Seven Men* (London, 1919; New York, 1920).

self.² On the basis of this discovery alone our author's sincerity in matters of faith may well be called into question.³ This inaugurator of the religious reaction in France believed in nothing, as he himself repeatedly asserted, adding the words, however, when he recollected himself, "except in religion."⁴ But this position is an impossibility. One cannot be a believer in religion and a disbeliever in everything else. Faith in God implies faith in man; disbelief in man cannot be reconciled with belief in God.

No, this "restaurateur de la religion," as Chateaubriand was pleased to call himself, had no religion. Honored as he was as the latter-day apologist of the Christian religion, no man of genius of his day, Byron not excepted, had less of the Christian spirit. His Catholicism, if the hackneyed simile may be pardoned, was much like the play of *Hamlet* with Hamlet left out; it was a religion with the religious element wanting. Our defender of the faith remained virtually a pagan at heart—"an epicurean with a Catholic imagination," as Sainte-Beuve calls him. It was Chateaubriand's imagination rather than his heart that was touched by Catholicism. His creed was esthetical rather than ethical. His religion consisted in symbol and ceremonial rather than in faith and philosophy. He was attracted by the decorative shell of Christianity, by the pomp of its ritual, by the poetry of its legends, rather than by the truth of its dogmas and the power of its precepts. His argument and appeal in behalf of the Christian religion was not based on right and reason, but on sentiment and imagination. It was not the truth but the beauty of Christianity that our apostle proclaimed to his irreligious generation. His Christian apologetics did not spring from any religious convictions, but resulted from his esthetical sympathies. He viewed esthetically everything that had to do with Christianity—even Hell, as Professor Irving Babbit has incisively remarked.⁵

² Cf. Auguste Sainte-Beuve, *Chateaubriand et son groupe littéraire*. Nouv. éd. (2 vols., 1872), i p. 183; cf. also, i, 297; see also Georg Brandes, *Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature* (English translation, 6 vols., London, 1901-5), iii, 78.

³ See, on the other hand, Georges Bertrin, *la Sincérité religieuse de Chateaubriand* (1900) and F. Saulnier, *Chateaubriand et sa foi religieuse* (1900). Reprinted from the *Revue de Bretagne, de Vendée et d'Anjou*, t. XXIII, pp. 325-40, 422-31. The abbé Bertrin's efforts to defend the sincerity of our author's Catholic convictions have been aptly called *bertrinades*. See also J. Croulbois, "la Religion de Chateaubriand," *Revue d'histoire littéraire religieuse* for 1901.

⁴ Cf. Georg Brandes, *op. cit.*, i, 12f.

⁵ *The Masters of Modern French Criticism* (Boston, 1912), p. 68.

I

Chateaubriand's advocacy of the Supernatural is no indication of his Christian beliefs, and far from being the consequence was rather the cause of his vindication of Christianity. Throughout his discussion he demands the substitution of *le merveilleux chrétien* for *le merveilleux païen* not on ethical but on esthetical, not on philosophical but on psychological, grounds. Chateaubriand follows Boileau in considering the marvellous machinery an essential element in epic poetry.⁶ He differs from him, however, in advocating the employment of the mysteries of the Christian faith, which this "lawgiver of Parnassus" has put under ban.⁷ Modern poetry and art must build, he argues, upon Christian theology, as the ancients built upon Greco-Roman mythology. A poet, according to his view, should draw his material from the religion of his own country and of his own period. Moreover, Christianity is richer, he holds, than Paganism in rhetorical means and machines. Our religion, with its great diversity of spirits—deific, angelic, beatific and demonic—is better qualified, he maintains, as an instrument of poetry. The Christian Heaven has a larger population than the classical Pantheon, and the Christian Hell is larger than the heathen Tartarus inasmuch as it has absorbed the Olympus also. The angels and demons offer an especially fruitful field to the poet, who at will can populate with them the earth as well as Heaven and Hell. The ranks of the supernal and infernal powers, moreover, can be endlessly extended by angelicizing and diabolizing our various virtues and vices. It should, furthermore, be remembered that with Chateaubriand as with Boileau the marvellous element is but an artificial embellishment, a rhetorical adornment, of an epic.⁸ The truth of the mysteries of the Christian religion is not involved in this discussion at all. Neither was Chateaubriand the first to rebel against the classical creed. Boileau did not have it all his own way even in his own lifetime.

⁶ The classicism of Chateaubriand has been well pointed out by Louis Bertrand in his Paris dissertation, *la Fin du classicisme et le retour à l'antique* (1897).

⁷ "De la foi d'un chrétien les mystères terribles
D'ornements égayés ne sont point susceptibles."

(Boileau, *Art poétique*, chap. iii.)

⁸ For a discussion of Chateaubriand's theory of *le merveilleux chrétien* the reader is referred to Hubert Matthey's *Essai sur le merveilleux dans la littérature française depuis 1800* (1915). Many details in our present discussion of Chateaubriand's esthetical theories have been drawn from this brief but brilliant survey of the Supernatural in modern French literature.

Already as far back as the seventeenth century the authority of this dictator of the French classical school was not left unchallenged. Many poets believed that an epic poem should "renfermer la théologie de la nation pour laquelle il est écrit." Chapelain, the formulator of the theory of the *épopée pacifique*, advocated what he called "poétiser à la chrétienne."⁹ It is now evident that Chateaubriand had but revived the two hundred years' quarrel between the "Ancients" and the "Moderns."

That Chateaubriand's appreciation of the poetic possibilities of Christianity had really nothing to do with his religious beliefs is proved by the fact that even in his earlier sceptical *Essai*, where the story of Christ is treated as a variant of the pagan myth of the death and resurrection of vegetation,¹⁰ he could see in the *Messiah* the sublimity of Klopstock's poetic tableau of the passion of Christ (*Essai*, chap. lviii). It was in the work of the great Christian poets of foreign lands,—Dante, Camoens, Tasso, Klopstock, Pope and Milton,—whom Chateaubriand studied in his exile, that he realized the beauties of Christianity and was struck by its literary availability. Our author was first attracted to the German poet, in whom he found the combination of sensibility with some measure of epic instinct,¹¹ but he soon transferred his interest to Milton, of whom he speaks, as M. Dupuy expresses it, "avec une vraie dévotion." Chateaubriand himself says that he lived for thirty years with Milton under the influence of his poetic inspiration, of his poetic vision. Milton above all others fired our poet with that great enthusiasm for Christian Supernaturalism which he expresses in his *Génie du Christianisme*. Throughout his argument for the superiority of *le merveilleux chrétien* to *le merveilleux païen*, Chateaubriand refers again and again to Milton. He had an unbounded admiration for *Paradise Lost*, that greatest of modern epics, finally translated it into French prose and published it with a preliminary *Essai sur la littérature anglaise* (1836).

"The finest thing in connection with this [Milton's] *Paradise*," says H. Taine, in his *Histoire de la littérature anglaise* (1863), "is

⁹ In his own epic, *la Pucelle* (1656), Chapelain represents Satan as the inventor of gunpowder and owner of a cannon foundry. According to a plate in Iohanness Brantzius' *Artifices de feu* (Strasbourg, 1604), the Devil instructed Schwartz in the art of making gunpowder.

¹⁰ "La persécution, le martyre et la résurrection du Christ ne sont que le dogme allégorique persan concernant le Bon et le Mauvais Principe, dans lequel le Méchant triomphe et détruit d'abord le Bon; ensuite le Bon renaît et subjugue à son tour le Méchant." (*Essai*, chap. xlv.) A reconstruction of the ancient fertility ritual has been attempted by the present writer in his *Origin of the German Carnival Comedy* (New York, 1920).

¹¹ The reader will recall that when somebody once called Klopstock the "German Milton," Coleridge promptly retorted that Klopstock was a very German Milton.

Hell; and in this history of God the chief part is taken by the Devil." What fascinated Chateaubriand also in Milton's poem was the character of Satan. Our author praises the poetic personifications of evil in all Christian poems, but finds Milton's Satan the finest conception of all. He considers this irreconcilable and irremediable archangel an incomparable creation—a mighty angel fallen! The reader cannot but be affected by a sense of sorrow for this fall. Some of the most eloquent passages in the *Génie du Christianisme* treat of the empyrean rebel in Milton. In Chateaubriand's opinion there is no poetic character, ancient or modern, that equals this Devil. Contrasting Milton with Homer, he finds nothing in the *Odyssey* that can be compared with Satan's address to the sun in *Paradise Lost* (*Génie*, Pt. II, bk. vi, chap. 9). "What is Juno," Chateaubriand asks, "repairing to the limits of the earth in Ethiopia, compared to Satan, speeding his course from the depths of chaos up to the frontiers of nature?" (*ibid.*, Pt. II, bk. iv, chap. 12). "What is Ajax," he exclaims, "compared with Satan?" "What is Pluto," echoes Victor Hugo, "as compared with the Christian Devil?" It was the Satan of Milton who revealed to Chateaubriand the poetic beauties of Christianity. Of all Christian supernatural beings it is the Devil who, as a poetic figure, is superior to all pagan divinities. The poetry of the Christian religion is mainly manifested in the Prince of Demons. The genius of Christianity is finally reduced, in its poetical aspect, to the Adversary. Chateaubriand, who throughout the book takes issue at every turn with Voltaire, seems to agree with his erstwhile master that the Fiend was the fount and foundation of the Christian faith. ("Cette doctrine [du diable] devient depuis le fondement de la religion chrétienne." *Essai sur les mœurs et l'esprit des nations*, chap. iii.)¹²

II

The unique position of Chateaubriand consists not in the restoration of Supernaturalism but of Satanism. In his advocacy of *le merveilleux chrétien* he had a rival in Mme. de Staël; both he and she turned the eyes of their countrymen to Christian legend. Mme. de Staël, also, protested against the ban which Boileau had put on Christian Supernaturalism. But he differed from his brilliant con-

¹² Voltaire must have meant that from the old orthodox point of view Christianity was inconceivable without Satan. What need would there be for salvation through Christ if there were no Satan constantly plotting against man?

temporary and co-precursor of Romanticism in regard to the place of the Devil in French literature. Mme. de Staël, who borrowed much that was germinal from Germany, was unwilling to bring Mephistopheles over to her country. In contrast to Chateaubriand she believed that the Fiend would not fit exactly into French literature. In her essay on Goethe's *Faust*, she writes:

“La croyance aux mauvais esprits se retrouve dans un grand nombre de poésies allemandes; la nature du Nord s'accorde assez bien avec cette terreur; il est donc beaucoup moins ridicule en Allemagne, que cela ne le serait en France, de se servir du diable dans les fictions” (*De l'Allemagne*, 1810).¹³

The rehabilitation of the Devil as a puissant personage in poetry constitutes Chateaubriand's greatest contribution to posterity. It is the most striking literary phenomenon of the nineteenth century. Victor Hugo tells of the famous and indisputable apparition of the Devil in the rue des Bernardins in the last year of the eighteenth century (*les Misérables*, 1862). This marks the Devil's return to literary glory through the kind offices of our Christian poet. But although introduced from across the Channel, Diabolus seems to have taken out naturalization papers in France. He was made over by the writers of that country into their own image and likeness and dominated the literary movement of that period to such an extent that the terms “demonic” and “Romantic” came very soon to be wellnigh synonymous expressions.¹⁴

Les Martyrs, Chateaubriand's great Christian epic, was also written primarily in behalf of the Devil. The Preface maintains that the book is the result of the author's efforts to mold into poetical form his theories in regard to *le merveilleux chrétien* already advanced in his *Génie du Christianisme*. The book is offered, Chateaubriand claims, as the first illustration of his contention that “the marvellous of this religion might well contend for the palm of interest with the marvellous borrowed from mythology.” This, however, seems not to be correct, as an earlier work, *les Natchez*, written prior to his theoretical book, already contains in part the Christian scheme of the Supernatural. *Les Natchez*, although published long after *Les Martyrs*, is now generally conceded to have been written

¹³ “The belief in evil spirits is to be met with in many pieces of German poetry; the nature of the north agrees very well with this description of terror; it is, therefore, much less ridiculous in Germany than it would be in France, to make use of the Devil in works of fiction.”

¹⁴ On Satan as the patron of Romantic poetry and the ideal Romantic hero see the Introduction to the present writer's *Devil Stories: An Anthology* (New York, 1921).

much earlier.¹⁵ The truth of the matter is that neither of the two was primarily composed as an illustration of the availability of Christian Supernaturalism for poetical and fictional narration. They represent Chateaubriand's two attempts at writing an epic poem. In Milton's England he caught the epic mania and became obsessed, as Jules Lemaitre has put it, by "le préjugé de l'épopée."¹⁶ Chateaubriand would show that Voltaire was wrong in maintaining that "les Français n'ont pas la tête épique." Our author wished to give to the France of the nineteenth century what Voltaire, in his *Henriade* (1728), had attempted to give to the France of the eighteenth century—a great national epic. In further confutation of Voltaire, who had enounced the theory that Christianity was as much opposed to poetry as Paganism was favorable to it, Chateaubriand's poem was projected as a Christian epic. He first attempted to transform into such an epic *les Natchez* (originally a romance of American life, written under his American impressions in the manner of Rousseau and Saint-Pierre), by interspersing in it several passages of supernatural interferences in the manner of Virgil and Tasso. This attempt, however, turned out to be unsuccessful and was abandoned at the end of the first part of the book. He then extracted from it the two short stories *Atala* and *René*, which he sent out as feelers, and published also his great work, *le Génie du Christianisme*, in which he elaborated and defended his esthetic theories.

During a stay in Rome, Chateaubriand conceived the idea of making a second attempt at composing an epic. In conformity with the literary tendency of his day, of which he himself was the foremost exponent, he avoided contemporary events. Undoubtedly there was in this procedure also a great deal of caution. The subject which he selected for his epic was, however, not without bearing on the political situation of that period. As a matter of fact, the book was almost as much of a political pamphlet as his *De Buonaparte et des Bourbons* (1814). It is no exaggeration to say that *les Martyrs* is a *roman à clef*. The persecution of the Christians under Diocletian, which forms the historical background of this book, was a symbol of the sufferings of the royalists and Romanists under the Revolution. Rome stood for Paris and Hiéroclès for Vol-

¹⁵ The composition of *les Natchez* is mainly attributed to the author's second stay in London (1797-1800), although parts of this work may already have been written in Suffolk, as M. Anatole LeBraz, *Au pays d'exil de Chateaubriand* (1908), has shown plausibly enough. The book was left, its writer maintains, in a trunk in London, and did not appear until 1826.

¹⁶ *Chateaubriand* (1912). p. 177.

taire,—the bugbear of our Bourbonist.¹⁷ The infernal council represented the Convention. Just as Dante consigned personal enemies to his *Inferno*, so Chateaubriand placed his political opponents in his equivalent for Hell. The philosophers of the eighteenth century and the leaders of the Revolution figured in his book as the spirits of darkness. Chateaubriand hated the philosophy of the preceding century with its levelling tendencies and its belief in human equality. He was also full of contempt for everything connected with the French Revolution. We will not go very far amiss then if we say that *les Martyrs* was primarily written to credit the Devil with the rebellion against the Lord's anointed.

III

It is an interesting fact that the Devil generally comes into vogue after a war or a revolution. Each of the great poetic personifications of evil has appeared after a critical moment in the world's history, when the old order was disappearing to make room for the new. Periodical upheavals in the social and political world give men a renewed realization of the fact that a power of evil is always at work in the midst of them. This unifying, growing, begetting life-force has been personified in the human mind and is called the Devil. It is, indeed, strange that at the very moment when we cease to believe in the existence of the Devil, we have borne in upon us a new and appalling sense that all the attributes which go to form his personality are more rampant in the world than we in our former blindness had ever dreamed. Just when we have consigned Lucifer to Limbo and have lulled ourselves into the fond conviction that all is for the best in this best of all worlds, we awaken to a new and sudden realization of a unity in all the various forms and elements of evil, which seems to point to a personality if not to a person. "We may not believe in a personal Devil," says Mr. Stanton Coit, "but we must believe in a Devil who acts very much like a person." Victor Hugo, who, like most modern thinkers, was a Manichean, said: "It is certain that evil at one end proves the Evil One at the other" (*les Travailleurs de la mer*, 1866). It was the lesson that the French Revolution and its attendant Reign of Terror

¹⁷ Voltaire, the great champion of justice and tolerance, was conventionalized by the Catholic Church into Mephistopheles. The Jesuit Patouillet, a victim of Voltaire's scathing sarcasm, was of the opinion that his enemy was of diabolical descent. Joseph de Maistre, Chateaubriand's fellow-reactionary, called Voltaire the man "into whose hands Hell has given all its power"—"the ambassador plenipotentiary of his Majesty the Devil" (Albert Guérard. *French Prophets of Yesterday* (1913), p. 101.

taught the sceptics of the eighteenth century, and it was again the lesson that the devil-doubters of our own day learned from the recent war and its deplorable aftermath. This new realization of the Devil as the controlling power in the world's affairs takes form in the imagination of a Dante, a Luther, a Vondel, a Milton, a Goethe, a Chateaubriand, a Flaubert, a Victor Hugo.

It may also be noted in passing, that most of the re-creators of the Devil were exiled from their country or ostracized from the society of their class. We need but refer to Dante, Luther, Vondel, Milton, Byron, Heine, Lermontov and Hugo. Vigny voluntarily withdrew from his fellow-men into his "ivory-tower." Chateaubriand, in writing *les Martyrs* under the Empire, still retained the point of view of an *émigré*, that point of view from which his first romance, *les Natchez*, was written. These men, suffering banishment or imprisonment for their opposition to a tyrannical government, were naturally attracted to "le grand banni," who, in the words of Milton, "opposed the tyranny of Heaven" (*Par. Lost*, i. 124).¹⁸

"Pour comprendre un écrivain," said J. J. Ampère, "il faut comprendre son ciel," and, we might add, "son enfer." Chateaubriand's political views may best be inferred from his Heaven and Hell. In the administration of his celestial and infernal worlds the most outstanding feature according to our author is order. The Lord permits no disorder or discord even in Hell. No insubordination is tolerated in either the upper or the lower regions. The sin of the most profoundly corrupt spirit of the Abyss consists in nothing more than wishing to establish a different order of precedence in the court of Heaven. Chateaubriand pictures a disturbance during the session of the infernal council and calls upon the Lord to restore harmony among the spirits of darkness. "A terrible conflict would have resulted," he tells us, "if God, who maintains justice and is the author of all order, even in Hell, had not ended the turmoil" (*Martyrs*, VIII).¹⁹ In upsetting discipline in Hell and employing Heaven to re-establish it, our author lays himself open to an accusation of unfairness. The Devil is no Lord of Misrule. Hell may be a region of disorder as far as Heaven is concerned, but it is very

¹⁸ Moncure Daniel Conway, the well-known American demonologist, was an outcast from Southern society, into which he was born, on account of his anti-slavery propaganda. Paul Carus, author of *The History of the Devil* (Chicago, 1900), and former editor of *The Open Court*, was not American born. He had to turn his back on the country of conservatism and kaiserism as a consequence of his liberal religious views.

¹⁹ Cf. also Georg Brandes, *op. cit.*, iii. 149.

apparent that some sort of order must prevail among the infernal spirits. Milton also says:

"Devil with Devil damn'd
Firm concord holds."

(*Par. Lost*, ii. 496-7.)

If the demons cannot always control themselves in council let us not be too harsh with them; let us rather recall what Byron said: "Even saints forget themselves at times in council." The idea of a Tartarean tumult, by the way, is not as new as Chateaubriand would have us believe. Lucian set the infernal gods to quarrelling over the ferry hire in Hades. Moreover, the tumult in *les Martyrs* was really caused not by the devils but by the damned. The demons in council conduct themselves as gentlemen and reason like *encyclopédistes*.

Another characteristic of our royalist author is the fact that his Heaven and Hell contain many throned, crowned and sceptered spirits. Not only the monarch of Hell sits upon a throne and holds the scepter of Hell in his right hand, but his daughters, as the princesses of Hell, also have marks of royalty. The demon Rumor sits upon a throne, the demon Death wears on her head a sparkling crown, and the demon Night holds a scepter in her hand.²⁰ Royalty is highly respected in Chateaubriand's Heaven. Saint Louis is king in Heaven as he was on earth, and Queen Esther at the court of Heaven enjoys all the privileges of a royal visitor.

Chateaubriand's anti-revolutionary views may also be seen in that he places the poor man in Hell. He is proud of his achievement, and admits that the idea would never have occurred to him prior to the Revolution (*Martyrs*, VIII, n. 16e). "Here," says Jules Lemaitre, "is frankness with a rather Nietzschean hardness."²¹ Our author must have remembered well the frightful conduct of the Paris mob in the days of the Revolution and during the Reign of Terror.

It may also be noted in passing that when this religionist employs the Jew as an agent of Hell, he represents him as an unbeliever. He is a Jew who has renounced the faith of his fathers. In the Theophilus legend, from which this tradition may be traced, the in-

²⁰ It is interesting to contrast the despotic monarch of Hell in *les Martyrs* with the Devil who boastfully says, "I am a constitutional, democratic king," in a recent book, *De kleine Johannes*. The author of this new "Pilgrim's Progress," the Dutch folk-lorist and novelist, Dr. Frederik Willem van Eeden, who expressed in this book strong anti-Catholic views (cf. *The Open Court*, vol. XXXV (1921), p. 527), has just announced himself in his new book, *Significant Broodings* (1921), a convert to Catholicism.

²¹ *Op. cit.*, p. 186.

termediary between man and the Devil is a believing Jew. The zealot in one religion prefers a zealot to a liberal even in an opposing religion. In his eagerness to point out the infernal connection of the unbeliever our author resorts to magic, a method which was already condemned by Chapelain as "la vieille mode."

IV

Following the lead of Milton, Chateaubriand represents the Arch-enemy of mankind as a fomenter of revolutions. Satan, it must be remembered, is still waging on earth the war he started in Heaven.²² Our author is deeply impressed by his discovery that Milton's Satan was the personification of the English Revolution. Moreover, Chateaubriand was keen enough to discern under the diabolical masks in the epic of the Puritan poet those energetic rebels, who, although defeated, refused to submit to the royal authority. The Frenchman must also be given credit for his critical acumen in observing that Milton himself was, in the words of Blake, "of the Devil's party."²³

"Nous sommes frappé dans ce moment d'une idée que nous ne pouvons taire. Quiconque a quelque critique et un bon sens pour l'histoire pourra reconnaître que Milton a fait entrer dans le caractère de son Satan les perversités de ces hommes qui, vers le commencement du dix-septième siècle, couvrirent l'Angleterre de deuil: on y sent la même obstination, le même enthousiasme, le même orgueil, le même esprit de rébellion et d'indépendance; on retrouve dans le monarque infernal ces fameux niveleurs qui, se séparant de la religion de leur pays, avaient secoué le joug de tout gouvernement légitime. et s'étaient révoltés à la fois contre Dieu et contre les hommes. Milton lui-même avait partagé cet esprit de perdition; et, pour imaginer un Satan aussi détestable, il fallait que le poète en eût vu l'image dans ces réprouvés, qui firent si longtemps de leur patrie le vrai séjour des démons" (*Génie*, Pt. II, bk. iv, chap. 9).²⁴

²² "The Devil," says Anatole France, "is the father of all anarchy."

²³ "The reason Milton wrote in fetters when he wrote of angels and God, and at liberty when of devils and hell, is because he was a true poet, and of the Devil's party without knowing it" (William Blake).

²⁴ "An idea strikes us, which we cannot forbear to communicate. Whoever possesses discernment and a knowledge of history must perceive that Milton has introduced into the character of Satan the perverseness of those men, who, about the middle of the seventeenth century, filled England with mourning and wretchedness. You even discover in him the same obstinacy, the same enthusiasm, the same pride, the same spirit of rebellion and independence; you meet with the principles of those infamous levellers, who, seceding from the religion of their country, shook off the yoke of all legitimate government, revolting at once against God and man. Milton had himself imbibed this spirit of perdition; and the poet could not have imagined a Satan so detestable unless he had seen his image in one of those reprobates who, for such a length of time, transformed their country into a real abode of demons."

Already in his *Essai sur les Révolutions* our author had maintained that a revolution is under no circumstances to be justified. This partisan of potentates and pontiffs believed with the abbé Genoude that "la révolte n'est jamais permise." He shared the viewpoint of the Catholic Church towards the Revolution and all its works. Joseph de Maistre, his fellow-reactionary, also considered the Revolution a Satanic work. In the eyes of the Catholic Church France was possessed by the Devil of the Revolution. The priests taught the French peasants that the Constitution which confiscated their property was the diabolic masterpiece of the Revolution.²⁵ Victor Hugo in his royalist days also described the Convention as a creation of the Evil One (*Odes et poésies diverses*, 1822).²⁶

Satan in *les Martyrs* is not so much the fallen archangel of Christian tradition as the moving spirit of the French Revolution.²⁷ He employs many of the expressions of the revolutionary leaders. In his address to the infernal assembly we find echoes of the oratory of the Convention. Chateaubriand even goes so far as to put the revolutionary-patriotic hymn of his country, *la Marseillaise* (1792), one of the world's great martial songs, into the mouth of the Fiend. An anachronism of so conspicuous and disconcerting a sort does not in the least freeze this reactionary and royalist when venting his hatred on the Revolution and all its works. Perhaps in this respect the self-canonized *père de l'église*, as our author was pleased to call himself in a letter to Mme. de Custine,²⁸ is following the lead of the other Fathers of the Church in ascribing to the Devil a marvellous sort of prescience. For when the early Christian missionaries discovered that pagan beliefs and practices were similar to their own, they could

²⁵ The Catholic view of the French Revolution down to the present day may be seen in *le Diable et la Révolution* (1895) by that impostor Léo Taxil, a work dedicated to Pope Leo XIII.

²⁶ *Livre i, ode 4.*

²⁷ Perhaps Napoleon, whom he bitterly hated, also reminded our author of the leader of the insurgent hosts of Heaven. Napoleon was considered by many of his contemporaries as a devil in human flesh. Victor Hugo in his Bourbonist days pronounced Napoleon to be an emissary of Hell (see his ode "Bonaparte" in his *Odes et poésies diverses*, 1822). For Marie Louise, Napoleon was Antichrist (Letter of July 8, 1809). Mme. de Krüdener believed Napoleon to be the devil himself (cf. Brandes, *op. cit.*, iii. 188). Adam Müller in a letter to Gentz used Bonaparte as a synonym for Satan (*ibid.*, ii. 324). In comparing this world to the Dantean *Inferno*, Schopenhauer finds the only difference in the fact that on our planet man himself is the devil to his fellows ("homo homini diabolus"); and the arch-devils in this philosopher's opinion are those world-conquerors who get hundreds of thousands of men lined up against one another and then call out: "Suffering and death are what you are born to; now fire away at one another with musket and cannon!" "And," says Schopenhauer, "they do it, too."

²⁸ Cf. *Correspondance générale de Chateaubriand*, p. par L. Thomas (1912 seq.).

only explain the fact by assuming that long before the advent of Christianity the Devil had put Christian beliefs and practices into the heads of the pagans in order to confound the faithful. Justin Martyr thought that by overhearing the celestial council the Adversary learned the intention of the Almighty and anticipated them by a series of blasphemous imitations (*Apol.*, i. 54). In this manner was explained the similarity in creed and cult between Christianity and Paganism. Cortez, it will be remembered, also complained that the Devil had positively taught to the Mexicans the things which the Lord had taught to the Christians. If the Devil had wind of Christian rites and ceremonies centuries ahead, he might easily know in the third century what hymn Rouget de Lisle would compose fifteen hundred years later. And why, pray, not believe that it was the Evil One himself who put the *Marseillaise* into the head of the poet of the Revolution? Diabolus is known to have inspired the brain of many a philosopher and poet. Bruno and Servetus, it was believed, owed their scientific theories to the inspiration of Satan. Beelzebub, wishing to take vengeance on the devil-fighting knights of medieval days, whispered *Don Quixote* into the ears of Cervantes,²⁹ and Asmodeus avenged himself on the monks by inspiring Boccaccio with his *Decameron*. The Devil might very well have composed the hymn of that Revolution which he himself brought to pass.

The address of Satan to his companions at the infernal council is perhaps the most powerful passage in the supernatural portions of *les Martyrs*. The fame of Satan's oratorical ability renders further comment superfluous. Lord Broughman, as we know, recommended Satan's speeches to barristers and parliamentarians. The Fiend is even famed as a pulpit orator.³⁰ Satan's address in *les Martyrs* is the one original passage in a book which, by the admis-

²⁹ Charles Nodier speaks of Cervantes as "l'ingénieux démon qui assiste en riant à l'agonie de l'ancien ordre de choses et qui lui donne le coup de mort avec sa marotte."

³⁰ The Devil's speech to St. Guthlac, the Irish St. Anthony, is not, as has been somewhere stated, the only instance extant of a diabolical sermon. Satan is known to have occupied pulpits in many parts of Christendom. He is said to have preached a sermon, among others, in the church of North Berwick. Lord Morley recently told the French story of the monk who was a particular friend of the Devil. One Sunday morning the monk was too ill to preach, and as Diabolus chanced to appear in the sacristy, he asked that obliging personality to occupy his pulpit for the special edification of his congregation. The Devil preached a most masterly sermon, covering himself with shame and confusion. "How now?" said the monk when the Devil came down, "you have pretty nearly ruined yourself with that sermon." "Oh! dear no," answered the Devil, "no harm done, no harm done; there was no unction in it." (Quoted by Jack O'London in a recent number of the *New York Times*.)

sion of the author himself, is but a mosaic of quotations. "*Le Génie du Christianisme* est un tissu de citations avoué au grand jour." Chateaubriand admitted in a letter to M. de Marcellus. "Dans *les Martyrs*, c'est un fleuve de citations déguisées et fondues." Chateaubriand's lack of originality in the supernatural parts of *les Martyrs* as well as of *les Natchez* is now generally conceded. His borrowings have formed the subject of several critical studies,³¹ but the limits of this study forbid detailed consideration. Our author plucked plumes from all of his predecessors, but particularly from Milton. Satan and the other demons in *les Martyrs* have been conceived in slavish imitation of the English poet, the repeated references to Tasso in the notes to the book in question notwithstanding. For Chateaubriand, perhaps unwittingly, always attributed the influence exerted upon him to any but the right person.

The opening speech of Satan to the infernal assembly, though suggested by a study of the Pandemonium in Milton, reveals a modicum of originality on the part of his French follower. The Puritan poet, with all his admiration for the empyrean rebel, would never have thought of putting such beautiful words into his mouth:

"Dieux des nations, trônes, ardeurs, guerriers généreux, milices invincibles, race noble et indépendante, magnanimes enfants de cette forte patrie, le jour de gloire est arrivé; nous allons recueillir le fruit de notre constance et de nos combats. Depuis que j'ai brisé le joug du tyran, j'ai tâché de me rendre digne du pouvoir que vous m'avez confié. Je vous ai soumis l'univers; vous entendez ici les plaintes de cet homme qui devait vous remplacer au séjour des béatitudes. . . ."³²

The other debates among the infernal spirits in council do not differ essentially from their models in Milton.

³¹ The first man to make an exhaustive study of Chateaubriand's plagiarisms was the Swiss Ernst Dick in his Basle dissertation: *Plagiats de Chateaubriand* (1905); *idem*, "Chateaubriands Verhältnis zu Milton" in *Festschrift z. 14. Neuphilologentage in Zürich*, 1910; *idem*, "Plagiat, Nachahmung und Originalität bei Chateaubriand," in *Germanisch-romanische Monatsschrift* for 1911. Cf. also W. Wright Roberts, "Chateaubriand and Milton," in *Modern Language Review*, vol. V (1910), pp. 409-29; A. Köhler, *Quellen-untersuchung zu Chateaubriands les Martyrs* (1913); A. T. Baker, "Milton and Chateaubriand," in *The French Quarterly*, vol. I (1919), pp. 87-104; J. M. Telleen, *Milton dans la littérature française* (1904); H. Matthey, *op. cit.*, pp. 217-21.

³² "Gods of the nations, thrones, ardeurs, generous warriors, invincible armies, noble and independent race, magnanimous children of this powerful country, the day of glory has arrived; we are about to reap the fruit of our constancy and of our combats. Since first I broke the yoke of the tyrant, I have endeavored to render myself worthy of the power which you have entrusted to me. I have reduced the universe to your control; you hear the groans of the posterity of that man who was to have succeeded you in the abode of blessedness. . . ."

As an imitator of Milton, Chateaubriand has been most successful in the expression of human emotions which he imparts to his Satan when this fallen angel descends into his doleful domain to summon the infernal council. Satan's pity for the sad plight of the spirits who fell with him and his compassion for man, to whom he must bring destruction, are lines in *Paradise Lost* which our author never tires of praising. The idea of the repentant rebel, to be sure, is not original with Milton. This is common in all forms of mediæval literature and may be traced to the apocryphal *Vision of St. Paul*. It is, moreover, of pre-Christian origin and was acquired by the Jews from the Persians from whom we have taken our Satan. The writer of the *Book of the Secrets of Enoch* (written between 30 B. C. and 50 A. D.) already represented the apostatized angels as "weeping unceasingly." In Satan's descent to Hell and in his address to his synod, Chateaubriand almost succeeded in breathing life into his Devil. Satan stands forth from the rest of the supernatural personages, who have not the slightest breath of life in them.

(To be Continued)

RUMINATIONS.

BY F. W. FITZPATRICK.

THE world over are social economists and political economists prescribing wise measures to prevent strikes, to ameliorate the condition of the workingman, to destroy pauperism, to protect capital, to safeguard public interests. One is loud in the praise of compulsory arbitration, another sagely suggests a combination of labor and capital (!) and still another sees a cure positive for all our social ills only in the public ownership of everything; and each is conscientiously assured, satisfied in his own mind and labors to convince his disciples that, of course, all the other economists are wrong. And most of them, as well as the general public, seem to believe that the conditions about us today are brand new and require drastic, immediate and extraordinary treatment, they sigh for the "good old times when things were differently regulated," when the iron heel of the trusts did not crush the laboring man, when the individual amounted to something, when there was a premium upon skilled labor, an incentive for a man to do his best, for then there was a future before him. Ah, "the good old times"! What a fascination in the retrospect, what a charm and, withal, what a mystery in those words! And, alas, we must also add, what a mass of plain myth there is wrapped all about them! As a matter of fact are we not, all of us, generally satisfied with that wrapping, the outer husk; how often do we get right into the kernel of those alleged good old times?

European economists seem even more perturbed over the condition of things in America particularly than are our own sages. They see nothing but dire social calamities ahead of us. In fact with them today America is the uppermost subject of discussion, (we might add, too, that we are a serious cause of worry to more than their economists; our political and commercial moves are watched with breathless attention) and in their press and upon their rostrums

the concensus of opinion is that we are in a very bad way indeed, that we have fallen from grace, that our wealthy class has profited immensely by the War, the hard luck of Europe, (and that we actually expect Europe to pay us something of what she owes us seems to be the worst offense) and that our people, our workingmen, our poor have been improvident with their high wages of war time and are now in worse straits, more downtrodden, ridden by the rich than the same classes have ever been in, anywhere before. And some of these men stand high in the learned societies of their several countries!

True, extreme poverty seems the harder to bear in proportion as the luxuries of extreme wealth increase, and, I grant you, that our wealthy class *is* extremely wealthy and luxurious. The contrast is a painful one, but it seems to be an eternal law here below; it is not a new condition. Degraded misery has ever been hidden behind the splendors of great cities. Yet New York and Chicago cannot hold a candle to London or Paris in that respect, or to any of the European metropolae of those aforesaid good old times for that matter. In all the latter the chief effort seemed and seems to be to thoroughly hide that misery, while, thank God! with us more earnest and intelligent efforts are being made than ever to not only bring that misery to light and alleviate it but, chimerical as it may seem, to destroy it root and branch, and those efforts are meeting with noteworthy success.

But the contention that workmen, the humbler class generally and particularly in our country are worse off than they ever were, and that social conditions are growing from bad to worse is a most cruel libel, unjust, untrue and shows an unfamiliarity with history that is astounding, or else a deliberate perversion of facts.

Never before, or elsewhere, has the workingman been freer from extraneous fetters, let us call them. He has placed himself voluntarily under certain restrictions of freedom, but merely to the end of improving his ultimate condition; the law, his employer hampers his actions but little: and never before have there been such opportunities for advancement, such material incentive for individual effort, for never before has it been possible for man to rise to such heights by his unaided efforts and force of character.

The good old times, pshaw, what delusions! Let us glance at them, those wonderful old times when all men were true and brave and free and when all women were beautiful and, oh, so virtuous. The histories and records that the economists have at their elbow,

but that they seem never to consult, are open to us, clear to any who will but read. We have been taught that poverty, the individual and accidental fact, is of all times and climes, but that pauperism is a creation of modern times; that formerly, while there may have been abuses, even violences, there was, nevertheless, a well established tradition, an obligation, that bound those in high places to protect, to help those in the lower ranks; the Christian ages gave the industrial classes absolute peace for centuries at a time, a fixity of wages and stability of occupation and a solidarity of interests that, one would suppose, assured a most heavenly and beatific state of affairs; peace reigned supreme, there was perfect harmony of interests, the classes knew no rivalries, or jealousies or hatred, for holy Church dominated all and her influence kept her children, employers and employed, masters and serfs, great lords and humble retainers, in the proper spirit of love and charity. Would that those good old times were still with us!

So much for the teachings; let us glance over the records of fact, the histories indubitable and clear, that all may read who will. Fortunately in European countries county and district officers used to keep very careful record of the doings and condition of the people, their ability to pay the taxes, police records of behavior, deaths, births and what not, an infinity of detail that has come down to us in very good shape; they used good paper and a fair quality of ink.

First let us turn our attention to the agricultural classes of old, later we will look at the industrial records of the times. We find that in entire sections of England, France and Germany, even as late as the early seventeen hundreds, when actual serfdom no longer existed, the common people had meat but three or four times a year, their bread was of rye and oats, husks and all, salt was a great luxury, small fruits and mean garden stuff formed the bulk of their food, the ground was worn out and they had neither the implements nor the fertilizers nor the energy to work it properly. "We must not be surprised," adds a high sheriff reporting to his king, "if people so poorly fed lack force; they also suffer from nudity, three-quarters of them wear half-rotten cotton clothing winter and summer; they lack the strength to work and have degenerated into mere animals not unwilling to be rid of life. Those we draw for the army will have to be built up for a year before they are *fit to fight* . . ."

The Intendant of Limoges, a district then of about 110,000 people, writes under date of January 12, 1692: "Last year was bad enough, now it is worse, already 70,000 of the people of this district

are reduced to beggary, those too proud to beg live upon herbs and roots." Another officer writes that in his district 26,000 people are begging their bread "not counting those too proud to beg" (?) and in Basse Auvergne "thousands are dying of hunger." All this is in France, thrifty, fertile France. Even in the very zenith of its glory under Louis XIV, when that monarch revelled in a very surfeit of splendor, grim hunger stalked about the country. In Germany it was even worse. England's evil days were not over either.

Some impute these vicissitudes of the inherent vices of the old regimes, the crimes of the rulers and the errors of their policies. Rather should we, with Haussonville and Privoff, attribute them solely to the state of civilization that then obtained, the insufficiency of means of communication, the lack of system and the ignorance of the people. Not only was each people but each little province and county absolutely dependent upon its own resources; if they failed, thousands must perish before supplies could be gotten from elsewhere and in fact they seldom *thought*, even, of drawing upon distant points until far too late. In those "good old times" the peasant's condition was "singularly precarious and in the periodic crises, of, alas, too frequent occurrence, he fell far below the minimum of well-being that is assured him today". And that was written fifty years ago, since when we have raised the possible minimum of the peasant's state several notches higher.

As for the craftsmen, the workers in cities, we have splendid records of their condition from the time of Julius Caesar, and I do not think our workmen of today would willingly step back into the condition of any antecedent period, though they have always been better off than the peasantry, the workers of the field. To take the casual reader back to Julius Caesar with me, however, might be something of an infliction—upon the casual reader—so we will but cast a sweeping glance over the period since the XIII century. Prior to that time, let me assure you, conditions were not one whit better than since. For centuries at a time they were far worse than anything that we know of in the past 500 years, so let us dismiss the dim past, assuming that the "good old times" do not antedate 1200.

About that time associations, unions, began to spring into existence and rapidly grew into considerable importance. The Church takes credit for their birth, or, at least, as their foster parent. As a matter of fact she violently opposed them at first; she was jealous of them as she always is of any growing power outside of her domination. She forbade her children joining them and hurled eccle-

siastical bombs at their leaders. The Unions grew, nevertheless; they took on a semi-religious phase, adopted patron saints and contributed to the support of the clergy and Mother Church, always a graceful yielder under stress of circumstances when opposition is fruitless, took them to her bosom and swore she gave them birth. "

These societies did a great deal of good, they took care of the sick, their indigent, and unemployed, they promoted the interests of their members and gave men a certain solidarity theretofore unknown, but there was no harmony between them. It was a constant warfare between harness-makers and shoemakers, armorers and blacksmiths; every trade stood out against the other. Then there was strife and everlasting friction between employer and men. The unions though not organized for that end really were to the greater profit and advantage of the employers and the burthen of their support was upon the workmen.

Before these organizations sprang up there existed corporations, guilds of the different trades, associations of employers of labor. They established customs that the unions later adopted as laws of labor. Take but one for instance, apprenticeship, who was benefited by that? The unions bit at the bait imagining they would thereby restrict their numbers and consequently the competition in labor; the employer meantime got seven and even ten years of labor (that became skilled in two years) for nothing; yes, almost slavery! The two forms of organization began fighting within six years after the first union was established and the first recorded strife of importance was in "merrie old England."

The legitimate outgrowth of guilds and such associations of employers was a system of combinations, great manufacturing plants sprang from these, just as those plants were later merged, in our day, within still closer lines, trusts. It is all consistent with the very natural evolution of things. Up to that particular time each little employer had his little shop and little force of men, and competitions in prices and in qualities was "right livelie." Sully in France, Goeckel in Germany, and Smythe in England seem to have been the first to think of organizing such, for that time, mammoth establishments. These became privileged institutions, existing "under royal charters and enjoying rights," subsidies, immunity from taxes, etc., that simply wiped out the competition of the small fry. Around these factories were grouped the workmen, "articled" to *each*, their very existence depending upon the prosperity of that factory. Whatever sentiment there may have been was entirely wiped out, no

more unions, trade banners, patron saints or special chapels, but just plain business, "get all that can be gotten out of them for as little as can be paid them" was the motto—in that I find but little difference twixt the old and the new times. In other words men became pieces of machinery, the wages being in lieu of oil, that was the sole difference; that time saw the birth of the proletariat as we understand the word.

Stringent laws protected these factories, for were not the garments, the baubles, the arms, the fripperies of their sacred majesties made there? Those factories were nearly all purveyors or makers of something or other to the king. Wages were fixed by law, the men were articulated, they had to work *here*, or nowhere else. When work failed, the manufacturer stopped pay, or course; if the workman had saved money from his starvation pittance, well and good; if he had not why, he could go into no other trade or district, he stayed *there* and begged or starved.

We find such records as these; one a petition from a state officer to the king begging for a *special* dispensation allowing the men of a certain factory district to go elsewhere and work, or else send on royal provisions, for since the factory had closed down "already twenty-eight deaths had occurred in one day; but two died of disease the remainder passed away by the act of God and *lack of food*." Another officer complains most bitterly that "he had tried to encourage 300 women wig makers to be patient, that the factory would resume work, or else they would be allowed to go to the next town and find other employment, but they paid no attention to him, insulted him, crying out they were hungry and wanted bread or work, not words." And still another writes he has not sufficient forces at hand to prevent frequent and serious *desertions* from a factory in his district. Then we find another petition to a king to force his court to wear a certain kind of point-lace, that since the fashion had been not to wear it 6000 women were thrown out of work, these might have to be allowed to go into other trades elsewhere and that would cause desertion and disorder on the part of the men, the husbands who were employed in the petitioners' cloth factory that then had many large orders ahead!

Another record is interesting; it is a redeeming one, it shows that in those days at least investigations resulted in something. Voluminous papers go to show that a certain factory employing 1500 operatives had raised the price of their goods nearly 100 per cent. Living had become more expensive yet, by misrepresentations it had

secured the right to reduce the wages nearly half and that blessed record shows that the factory's privileges were cut off and the patronage of the court withdrawn for four years!

What think you of men being articulated to a factory from which they could not go farther than a league, and that for two years' period, under the pain of fine, imprisonment and even corporal punishment if the offense was repeated a third time?

And all this was in the good old times." Strange what a fascination the past has for us, what an irresistible tendency there is in us to paint it in brilliant colors and poetic terms. Disappointed with the present, fearful of the future, every generation seems to turn from its own bright sunlight to the past, seeking in the mists and uncertainties of yesterday to find that ideal to which the aspirations of man ever tend. But yesterday was no better than today. Suffering and strife have been of all times; that we have less of them than yesterday is very evident and we ought to be prayerfully thankful therefor. I doubt, however, if we owe it to the panaceas or nostrums of our economists. We must seek the cause elsewhere.

As a matter of fact—even if by the admission, we glorify the economists in conceding them if but the power of evil—I believe that much injury has been done the cause of humanity by the acceptance by not only individuals but even by states of the theories of Gournay, of Adam Smith, of Cobden and of Garnier not to mention the more recent authorities, such as the Professor of the Chicago University who, some years ago, discovered anew that Malthus was absolutely right and forthwith proceeded to study out some means of stopping the increase in our numbers. He found that checks must be put upon us. Not content with "race-suicide" or a "controlled" birth rate he felt that we had to be reduced rather in wholesale lots by "positive methods", wars, disease, and if necessary, immoral means as well as the privitive or preventive means. And now since the devastations of the Great War, economists of equal standing, authorities too, are seeking some means of increasing our numbers! Some suggest Government premiums upon large families and some German high-brows, noting the preponderance of women in the population, sagely advise polygamy.

One thing we have to thank the economists for. Their agitations of the labor and other subjects started the people to think for themselves, not necessarily along the lines laid down for them by the sages, but along reasonable, sensible ones, and the result has been to influence the state to tamper less with the subjects than it ever did

before. It keeps aloof from legislation directly affecting those conditions and enforces existing laws, anent them, much as it would handle red hot coals. It realizes that it cannot prevent conflicts 'twixt labor and capital and endeavors only to keep those conflicts within the bounds of propriety.

As men are constituted today, and probably will be for several generations to come, such competition, rivalry and conflict are the inevitable consequences, accompaniments of industrial vitality. There where no such conflicts and rivalry exist, there will you find stagnation, decadence, a moribund industry.

The intervention of the state must perforce be measured most carefully, prudently and equitably, otherwise to attempt to regulate too much simply means spoiling it all, aye even self-destruction for that foolhardy state. But the state must intervene when one of the first principles of its very basis is involved, it must ever stand for the protection of the weaker, be it either side, in any controversy.

Some would have us cry for absolute liberty and liberty alone, and both sides to manage each its own interests as best seems. That cry of liberty is thrown at us from every corner, it seems to be the eternal refrain to every song. Yet, the game of "liberty" is a rough one; some of the players are bound to get hurt and the fatalities are not few. Absolute liberty means to let the great natural laws work out their own results. The law that seems to control the evolution of our material world is the "survival of the fittest", the everlasting conflict between the strong and the weaklings, resulting, of course, in the destruction of the latter. The chances are, therefore, that that very liberty, so insistently clamored for, works to the detriment, the undoing of the weak, though in it may also be found the weapons for their defense. But the state must not be constantly intervening in the vain endeavor to establish an artificial equilibrium. The moment it plants itself doggedly athwart the way of those natural forces and laws it but produces worse disorder than would they if left unopposed. Those laws, those forces, like electricity, may be gently guided, subjugated, carried into useful channels, harnessed for our use and greater good, and that is the province of the state in those questions: In times gone by, it attempted and alas, often today, it blunderingly attempts to handle them, so to speak, without rubber gloves, let alone any scientific knowledge of their power, nature and effects.

The sight of two great armies of Capital and Labor, ranged in battle array, face to face, is, I grant you, an alarming one. Seem-

ingly their constant and sole preoccupation is each other's destruction. It would also seem that there might be occasional armistice but never assured and lasting peace between them, and such cessations of strife occurring only when both needed time for the renewal of armaments or fresh drafts of men to continue the strife. To say the least it all does seem most senseless, nay, insane.

We used to think that preparedness for War rather discouraged actual belligerency, that the machinery was so appallingly effective neither side would really invoke its use but would take it out in talk. This was the general idea until the storm of 1914 since which we have come to the notion that preparedness begets war and our efforts are toward disarmament.

So with our economic struggle: both factions have precipitated trouble heretofore and upon very slight provocation. The experience has been costly, but it has been worth while. They have gauged each other's strength and increased mutual respect has been the result, greater concessions are made, arbitration is welcomed and the outlook for a better understanding is bright.

The great strikes of recent years have cost us billions of dollars of loss, upon the producer and upon the consumer and upon, in very great part, the laborer. Actual strife has been recognized as something not to be resorted to lightly. The handling of some of the more recent strikes speaks volumes for the steadiness and reasonableness of the labor leaders. Arbitration, adjustment conferences are becoming the fashion. In very many unions the blatant demagogue has stepped down and out, the leaders today generally are cool, sensible, business-men, gentlemen, the equals of any class in intelligence and real patriotism. All of which means another step toward better conditions. The more perfect organization of labor may impel some to make rash displays of their strength for a time, but better counsel will prevail; the more perfect and far-reaching the organization the quicker and surer will labor settle down into well defined and reasonable lines that will be accepted by all parties as standard.

On the other hand there is capital, proud, defiant, all-powerful, merging itself into trusts and threatening us with all sorts of dire calamities—if we are to believe our economists.

The history of great organizations, as that of great political parties, is written in few words. They grow and grow, absorbing all about them, their self-reliance and vanity make them top-heavy; they become unwieldy by their very size and inflation; there are

ruptures in the management, defections, personal jealousies, they split up into a half-dozen minor organizations and there is competition again. And later these contending forces, composed of new men with new ends in view, get together once more only to run over the selfsame course. History repeats itself. There are revolutions in our process of evolution, only today they usually are peaceful, figurative, commercial revolutions where they used to be bloody and real upheavals.

And there is where the government comes in with a judicious interference in "those things which conduce to the conservation of the entire commonwealth and must perforce modify those made for the welfare of particular districts and interests." If these combinations are hurtful—and it is generally conceded some are—and exist by reason of certain taxes or concessions created by legislation that has outgrown its usefulness, then, at the proper time legislation must remove those aids to those combinations, and, be assured, it will remove them. *Vox populi* is strong and will ultimately prevail, though certain gentlemen in Congress assembled may squirm mightily during the operation.

Things have a faculty of adjusting themselves or being adjusted at the right moment. This old world of ours is not such a bad place to live in after all, and we who live in this bright beginning of a new century have much to learn from the past, but nothing to pine for in those alleged good old times so much harped upon by certain of our economists.

Neither lord nor peasant, trust magnate nor laborer, has any right or reason to complain of the time he lives in, nor need he look back longingly at the times or conditions that are gone by. We have everything anyone ever had, and ten thousand times more to be thankful for. Rather let us look ahead, being the while content and appreciating and enjoying to the full our splendid advantages. And let us so sensibly arrange the education of our sons that they may be even broader minded than their sires, that they may forget that might was ever considered right, that they may awaken to the full realization of the true brotherhood of man and live to enjoy that peace that we and our father may have hoped for but that almost passeth our understanding.

HOMER AND THE PROPHETS, OR HOMER AND NOW.

HISTORY AND HISTORICITY.

BY CORNELIA STEKETEE HULST, M.A., M.P.D.

(Concluded.)

That Thersites had dared to speak against the King showed a stirring of the spirit in Greece which was soon to result in the deposition of kings in Greece, a spirit that had been killed in the East, and that was crude and rude, but full of hope for the future. This we can readily see in the light of Athenian history following Homer, in which a wider and wider democracy led to the Golden Age, proving the truth that rule by a wise and just people is better than rule by kings. Was Homer blind to this hope? Did he put rock-bottom truths into the mouth of this bad-mannered, ill-tempered, bandy-legged and generally crossed and mal-formed commoner as a kind of last warning to kings to be worthy of their charge or prepare to descend from their thrones? . . . He had shown that the Council was wiser than the King and reversed his decision. . . . The day of the common man had not yet come among the Homeric Greeks, but it was far on the way when men even whispered such truths as Thersites had uttered, when a great poet repeated them, having shown them justified by the facts, and when men felt a stirring of pity for the poor wretch who had spoken, thought at first they laughed when they heard him ridiculed and saw him beaten, as Thersites had been by Odysseus. In this case, as always, the blood and tears of the martyrs is the seed that will ripen later on. A generation after Homer, Grecian kings were displaced by a Council of Judges (in Athens, the Council of Areopagus), and reading Homer with this coming change in mind we see the Homeric Council as the nearly completed first stage toward democracy. In Thersites,

we see the rise of the Mountain, which, under the guidance of Solon, a century later, will mark the completion of the next stage.

In an age when people had begun to criticize their kings, Homer's drawing of the sons of Atreus, Menelaus and Agamemnon, must have been a strong factor in the democratizing process, helping to disillusionize the people as to their "heaven-descended kings." If Grecian kings had been less like Menelaus and Agamemnon and more like Odysseus, the Monarchies might have lasted longer. If monarchies had continued, it is very unlikely that they would have sunk into despotisms like those of the East, for Homer's Odysseus would have served as the model to which the kings would have to approximate. Princes would consciously or unconsciously emulate him, knowing that their people would judge them according to how well or how ill they succeeded. Thus, Homer is seen to be one of the Bards that outranked kings, a truth-teller and leader of both kings and people to a higher life, under Apollo, and, thanks to Apollo, the dispenser of just retribution to all, from swineherds to kings, with no mitigation of judgment to kings because of their higher rank. Homeric monarchy was approaching democracy because, in the realm of the poet, where Apollo was king, a good and just slave, like Eumaeus, *ἐν μάλομαι*, Try-Well, the swineherd, is judged higher than the less wise and the unjust kings. Eumaeus does not take his servitude slavishly; but, in complete independence of judgment, guides his master and king, Odysseus, into the better way. Would he obey if his master commanded him to do an evil thing?

In the incident at the swineherd's cottage, where Odysseus visits him disguised as a beggar, Eumaeus says and Odysseus admits that piracy is wrong, though Odysseus, as well as the other kings, has waged piratical wars for profit. This speech of "noble Eumaeus," as Homer calls him, is both wise and just in what he says about the war-makers of his time, and what he says makes for peace among men:

"Reckless deeds the blessed gods love not; they honor justice and men's upright deeds. Why, evil-minded cruel men who land on a foreign shore, and Zeus allows them plunder, so that they sail back home with well-filled ships—even on the hearts of such falls a great fear of heavenly wrath."

The principle here stated is not limited in application to the pirates of the Mediterranean of ten centuries before Christ, but is general and applies as well to ultra-modern imperialists who wage war for commercial or financial advantage. Apollo through Homer, and Homer, through Eumaeus, here breath spirit higher than

that of the Homeric age, a universal spirit that will find the fullest expression in the Beatitudes, eight centuries later.

Historically, this speech is seen to be very important. Odysseus, assenting to Eumæus, became the ideal king for the coming generation and waged no more wars for plunder; and shortly after Homer the tendency to piracy was checked and the Peace Movement, if we may call it so, was strengthened by the formation of the Delian League, a league of the Ionian cities of Asia Minor, the Grecian Islands of the Aegean Sea, and Athens, named *Delian* in honor of Apollo, whose most sacred temple was then at Delos. Homer might well give Eumæus the Swineherd higher honor than any other person in his story, for justice and peace among nations are the New Law that he is pleading for—the poet becomes so moved with enthusiasm telling the incident of Eumæus that he abandons the narrative form and breaks dramatically into direct address as he proceeds: “Then, swineherd Eumæus, you answered him, and said.”

In later Greece, also, the character of Eumæus was greatly revered—he was one of those herdsmen wiser than kings, whom the foremost nations of that age were giving ear to as their moral and religious teachers.

Some centuries previous to Homer, Moses had lived as a shepherd with the shepherd Jethro, from whom he learned much of the wisdom of life, before he was ready to lead his oppressed people out of their bondage in Egypt, to found a just state under a New Law higher than that of the Pharaoh—he had chosen the cause of the people though he had been reared in the Pharaoh's household in luxury. So Zoroaster, the herdsman, was wiser than his Persian kings, and taught them and their people to build a juster State. So, shortly after Homer, Amos, the shepherd-Prophet, was wiser than his king and the moral voice of his people. In those centuries, the truth seems to have been breaking upon these foremost nations of the West that imperial despots had not been justified in their rule, but that Truth speaks through humbler men, good shepherds, good swineherds, good cowherds, as the case might be, all working men who wished to live in peace and establish justice among the people and among the nations. The dream was rising that a Prince of Peace might come—and the Persian Magi found Him among the shepherds.

As every year the tribes of Israel met at Bethel to hold their sacred festival, so the Grecian cities of the Delian League began

to hold a yearly festival at Delos in honor of Apollo—again we see a parallel, which indicates that the Greeks were probably considering their neighbors' institutions before adopting their own. These Delian Festivals gave expression and bent to the strong, sound, faith-inspired and very beautiful life of Apollonian Greece. Not only the men took part, but the women and children also, realizing doubtless that they could have such a life as Homer had pictured only if they maintained their ideals against those of the East. Homer's good women had been sisters in spirit to the Mothers of Israel, and their homes afforded mothers and daughters as well as fathers and sons an opportunity to lead life in much freedom, which the women of the East did not have.

An important historic fact that is very clear in Homer is that his good women, as Penelope, Arete, and Nausicaä, are not of the Eastern, but distinctly of the Western type, though perhaps more restricted than some of the women of Israel had been. In Israel, as early as 1296 B. C., when Greece was still under kings and before Troy had fallen, a Deborah could hold the office of Judge and act as advisor on public policies and as a leader in battle, and a Jael had a literal as well as a figurative hand in bringing the war to a close when she lured the commander of the enemy, Sisera, into her tent and drove the nail into his brain as he slept. The Homeric women do not seem to have done such things, but they had considerable power and influence even in public life. Cassandra was a true prophetess to her people under Apollo, warning them of the punishment that the righteous gods would send upon them for their act, and in later Greece the pythoness of Apollo became an institution, her prophesying a factor in public as well as in private life.

Above all, the character and activities of Athene, as personified Wisdom, would show that Grecian women were not regarded in Eastern fashion, as lacking in mental, moral, or physical power and independence, witness the regard that Zeus pays to Athene and her successful personal combats with Aphrodite and Ares, both of whom she overthrows on the battlefield. She is a wise counsellor in Heaven, as her worshippers, men, women, young men, and maidens, are on earth under her guidance. We may not always like her ways, particularly in the scene where she lures Hector to his death—the poet created her in the image of his age, when Jael also was greatly admired. Such a stratagem as hers was then regarded wise in war, as traps, ambushes, and all manner of deceit are still widely approved. But where Athene could rouse the world to war, and where

she could take part in combat when that was necessary, her main activities were in the home, where she taught women to employ themselves with the loom and the distaff and to care for the clothing and other necessities of the household, and men and boys to conduct themselves wisely. In their homes, Homeric women were not secluded, as were the women of the East, but lived very much as women of Europe now do, in the social life of the family, taking part in the conversation and other activities. Queen Arete walked unattended through the town, respected by all beholders, and she announced the decision on charities in the home when a suppliant made his appeal—that it was her custom to do so we learn from her daughter Nausicaä, when she told Odysseus how to approach her mother and gave him the needed clothing at the washingpool. The conduct of this maid is the final and convincing proof that the Homeric woman was free and worthy of her freedom. Nausicaä is as free as any girl need be, while her ideal, Wisdom Athene, is the extreme of independence, not exceeded by the modern bachelor girl.

In the Delian Festival, every member of the family took part:

“There in thy honor, Apollo, the long-robed Ionians assemble with their children and their gracious dames. So often as they hold thy Festival, they celebrate thee, for thy joy, with boxing, and dancing and song. A man would say that they were strangers to death and to old age evermore, who should come to the Ionians thus gathered; for he would see the goodness of all the people and would rejoice in his soul, beholding the men and the fairly cinctured women, and their swift ships, and their great wealth; and besides, that wonder of which the fame shall not perish, the maidens of Delos, hand-maidens of Apollo, the Far-Darter. First they hymn Apollo, then Leto and Artemis delighting in arrows; and then they sing the praise of heroes of yore and of women, and throw their spell over the tribes of men.”

That nation will be strong in which the maidens are taught to sing hymns praising the God of Justice, “the Far-Darter,” who shoots arrows of retribution to the farthest mark, and in which they sing also “praises of heroes of yore, and of women.” Those at Delos must have included Homer’s songs of Odysseus and Penelope, Telemachus and Nausicaä. So these would continue to throw over the tribes of men their “spell,” Apollo’s inspiration to the high life, conveyed to them through his poet, Homer.

Such a popular festival as this of the Delian League, in praise of the god of the sun and joy in all of the good things that he gives to men through the arts, poetry, song, the dance, athletics, must promote not only fellowship, commerce, and art, but freer social institutions, a stronger tendency toward Democracy in the State, and patriotism, the spirit which will safeguard the nation against attack from without. In spite of rivalries among themselves,

and hegemonies, the united Grecian cities of the Delian League preserved the Peace, and fostered the ideals of Apollo as against those of Baal and Ashtaroth, or Istar, who were now encroaching and threatening the States of the West. The lines were drawn and an Asiatic League was formed in opposition to the Delian League, comprised of cities along the coast of Asia Minor which held Asiatic ideals and served Baal and Istar. How much credit should be given to Homer for the Grecian ideals, and for the Delian League through which these were maintained against Asia?

The formation of these two leagues was a visible sign that war was on in the hearts and minds of the East and the West, and that the people on the frontier, at the lines of demarkation, were fully conscious of holding fundamentally different ideals. The East was an oncoming tide, which was to be stemmed if at all by the tribes of Israel in Palestine or by the Greeks united in the Delian League—by these, battles of greatest importance in the world's history were to be lost or won in the course of the three centuries following Homer.

We know the sequel. Israel, sunk in corruption except for the small "remnant" that her prophets rallied, was to be destroyed as a nation and carried into captivity by Assyria and Babylon; the Ionian units of the Delian League failed to support each other when the Asiatic armies made their attacks, and the Coast Cities and the Islands, one after the other, fell; only Athens was able to maintain her faith and keep her independence. The chances were hundreds to one against her, as they had been against Odysseus, but her hope was, like his, in the god of Justice because her cause was just. Athene was with her also, true Wisdom, "Wisdom in the scorn of consequence." She was strong with the greatest strength in the world, a great idea held with faith like that of a mustard seed: that the god of Justice will give help in what looks like hopeless straits. Their Homer had shown, as the Prophets of Israel had shown, the utter destruction of guilty men and nations and the salvation of those who lived the faith.

The East had begun encroaching before the time of Homer. In 876 B. C. an Assyrian army had penetrated to the Mediterranean Sea, laying Israel under contribution on the way. Israel was geographically near to the Ionian States, and it was easy for news to be carried from Israel to the Greeks of the Ionian Cities, for the land-route from Greece to Egypt passed over Palestine; and news was certain to be carried because Israel was the buffer-state, by

whose fall the Ionian States would themselves be endangered. In this early period, Israel would naturally exercise a very powerful influence upon her younger and weaker neighbor, through her superior institutions, experience, learning, religion and power, and this influence would be the stronger because of their common danger from the East. A few centuries later, when Israel had suffered the penalties of her corruption and Athens had reaped the reward of the Wisdom she had shown and the Justice she instituted, Athens would become a powerful influence upon restored Israel.

Following the Assyrian invasion, Israel fought a war with Damascus, also an Eastern State, and she came out of it with final success under King Ahab, who had strengthened his position by an alliance with Tyre, made by his taking to wife Jezebel, the daughter of the Tyrian king.

But now the East threatened Israel within her own borders through (1) the religion of Jezebel, whose gods were Baal and Ashtaroth, and (2) through her despotic methods of governing the people. King Ahab continued to support the Temple and the Prophets of Jehovah, but he also built a temple where the Queen might worship her Eastern gods and for the services of Baal he permitted hundreds of prophets of Baal to come into the land, who threatened the worship of the righteous God of the Fathers.

How the Eastern Queen took away the rights of the people is shown in the incident of Naboth's vineyard, which we will review briefly for purposes of comparison. Naboth was a humble subject of Ahab's, "humble," however not in the sense of "cringing," as will be seen. He owned a small vineyard near the royal palace, Jezreel, and this Jezebel wanted for her garden of herbs. But Naboth refused to sell his land, and even to trade it for a better vineyard, for it had come to him from his father, and he loved it. To the king, he persistently replied, "The Lord forbid it me that I should give the inheritance of my fathers unto thee," a speech in which we see the former freedom of the people of Israel and the independence which they still felt under their kings. Naboth's refusal was not to end the matter. The spirit of the East spoke in Jezebel, and she said to Ahab, "Dost thou govern the Kingdom of Israel? I will give thee the vineyard of Naboth," and she summoned false witnesses and had Naboth tried and convicted on a charge of blaspheming God and the king. He was then stoned to death. Such events were very common in the ancient East, as today.

The Prophet Elijah came forth against Ahab and Jezebel, with

only the purpose of his righteous God to serve; and he appealed to the people. Against the "false god" of the neighboring nation, he thundered:

"How long will ye halt between two opinions? If the Lord be God, follow him; but if Baal, then follow him."

The people finally rose in response to Elijah and killed all of the prophets of Baal; not one remained in the land. The rage of Jezebel against him forced Elijah to flee for his life and live in hiding, but after the death of Naboth he came forth again, and rebuked the King in the sternest and most public manner:

"Hast thou killed, and also taken possession? Thus saith the Lord, in the place where the dogs licked the blood of Naboth shall dogs lick thy blood, even thine . . . because thou hast sold thyself to work evil in the sight of the Lord. Behold, I will bring evil upon thee and will take away thy posterity."

Of Jezebel also he prophesied:

"The dogs shall eat Jezebel by the walls of Jezreel."

The fate that Elijah had prophesied came literally upon Ahab and Jezebel, and in 853 B. C. this baneful King and Queen paid the penalty for the injustice they had done to their humble subject—the loss of their throne, the destruction of their House, and their lives. To use a Grecian expression, *ἄρη, Ate, folly, judicial blindness*, had been their undoing; they were *ἀρηρός, baneful, driven to ruin*.

This is the very expression that Homer used for the folly and injustice of Menelaus and Agamemnon, when he called them *sons of Atreus*. Had the Ionian poet heard about Ahab and Jezebel and the danger that Israel had been in through them from the "false gods" of the East and the despotism of the East? Homer was himself of their generation, or that just following . . . can it be that *Baal*, the Eastern War-god, is in a general and allegorical way Homer's *Ares*, the god of war, whom he shows as a perfectly despicable character, intriguing in secret with Aphrodite (the Eastern Ashtaroth or Istar), utterly without principle in his fighting, an abject coward who goes down in defeat when he is faced in combat by Wisdom, or even by the youngest of the Grecian warriors who has faith in his righteous cause? No temple was reared to Ares on Grecian soil; no wise hero or heroine in Homer's epics pays him reverence; and Menelaus, the king, who is said to be "dear to Ares," is a "son of Atreus" and the worst man whom the poet shows on the Grecian side. It is not possible that Homer, who so loved Eumæus and Peace, in an age when Grecian kings and their sea-rovers were still profiting by piracy, should also love Ares and give him public honor. He shows Ares thoroughly beaten at

the end of the Trojan war. . . . Is Homer not saying to his people in an allegorical way that the righteous gods of their fathers will help them in their wars against Ares if their cause is just? Is he not facing them with the question whether the Far-Darter, Apollo, shall be their god, or this false War God? Is he not saying, in effect, what Elijah had said to Israel:

"How long will ye halt between two opinions? If the Lord be God, follow him; but if Baal, then follow him."

only paraphrasing "the Lord" with "the righteous gods," and "Baal" with "Ares and Aphrodite"?

Homer shows Ares as so contemptible that any person who worshipped him would deserve defeat, and any person who was "dear to Ares," as Menelaus was, must be the antipodes of Eumaeus, not blessed as a Peacemaker, but a man of violence and on the way to ruin. Was it not the final count against Menelaus as a man and a king that he was "dear to Ares," and not dear to Zeus, Athene and Apollo? . . . as if an Israelite had said of Ahab that he was "dear to Baal," but not dear to Jehovah?

Following this parallel in the cases of Ahab and Menelaus, we find on studying Menelaus that he is a much worse man than Ahab in various respects. Abroad, he has been a pirate who gained his wealth by despoiling cities with no high cause, while Ahab has fought on the defensive for his country; at home he conducts himself like a tyrant, or despot, where Ahab seems to have been kindly and indulgent to a fault. The incident where Telemachus visits Menelaus and Helen shows enough to tell the whole sad story of this baneful King's Queen, his servants, and his people. In a previous chapter we have spoken of the tragic situation of Helen—she might well wish that she had died, for the happiest occasion offers her no joy or honor. Today, if ever, Menelaus should be in a happy humor, for the occasion is the marriage of their daughter and the wedding feast is being held, but he is in a savage mood and rebuffs her cruelly when she tries to please him. To his servant, also, he shows a harsh humor, and his speeches reveal his despotic treatment of his people.

An attendant enters to announce that strangers are arriving and to ask whether they shall be given entertainment for the night or shall be *sent on for someone else to entertain*. Night is approaching, and if they are sent on into the mountains, it is most likely that they will be attacked by wolves, so this suggestion is heartless, and wicked. To a Greek with right feeling, who knew the danger, it must seem shocking, and impious, for Zeus commanded kindness to

strangers and wayfarers and was their special guardian—if these should die in the mountains Zeus would punish those who had refused them entertainment. In the scene where Eumaeus welcomes and entertains the beggar (who is Odysseus in disguise), Homer shows by contrast how even beggars ought to be received and cared for—Eumaeus entertains the beggar in the most generous way and invites him to remain as long as he wishes to do so. This servant of Menelaus was quite the opposite of “noble Eumaeus” in every way, and he might well have been named *Try-III*, but bears a name more fitting than this, which fits his character exactly and is universally hated throughout the East; *Eteoneus*, derived from *ἔτης*, *citizen*, *ὠνέομαι*, *I buy, I farm public taxes, I bribe*. The inference is clear. Addressing Citizen Tax-Farmer, Briber, by this name, Menelaus shows that he knows his character thoroughly and employs him nevertheless. We must conclude that he employs Eteoneus to farm his taxes and to bribe for him. It is clear, also, that this bad servant is not only a hand for the king, to serve him in evil-doing, but that he is an active prompter to bad acts when it seems that they will be to the least advantage. He has grown so bold as openly and in public to make this proposal to turn strangers from the door when night is coming on.

A wise king would now point out the wrong in this suggestion, and Menelaus does this, though rather from the point of view of his own interest than from a high principle. He says:

“Only through largely taking hospitality at strangers’ hands we two are here, and we must look to Zeus henceforth to give us rest from trouble. No! take the harness from the strangers’ horses and bring the men within to share the feast.”

The wisdom and moderation of this part of his speech is not maintained in the rest of it, however, for “deeply moved,” he says:

“You were no fool, Boethoos’ son, Eteoneus, before this time, but now you are talking folly like a child.”

This statement is perfectly true, but in manner it is violent, and it is indiscreet. Such treatment as this will not open Eteoneus’ eyes to a higher view of life, as the talk in the Swineherd’s cottage would have done, and it will not fan the spark of his loyalty to his king. We may take it for granted that when the day of Menelaus’ trial comes this Tax-Farmer and Briber will not be standing devotedly at Menelaus’ side, as Eumaeus will stand with Odysseus, but that he will be hiding among those who seek their own safety, or will have gone over to the king’s enemies if that should seem to his interest. No one knows better than he the evil side of the king, there can be no ties of affection to bind him to this kind of a master, and neither

of them has high principles to guide them in life. In fact, if Eteoneus should adopt high principles, he could not in conscience serve Menelaus.

The approaching stranger happened to be Telemachus, and when Menelaus learned that this was Odysseus's son he unrestrained in his praise of Odysseus. Here, again, his speech was an offense, for Apollo commanded *restraint in all things*. Menelaus shows no fine discrimination and appreciation of the excellencies of his friend Odysseus, such as Homer shows in drawing his character, and we suspect that there really was not much friendship between them, for the gods that they served were too different—serving the same God is a stronger bond of attachment than being born of one blood. Speaking of Odysseus, Menelaus exclaims:

"I used to say that I should greet his coming more than that of all the other Argives,"

thereby doing something of injustice to his other friends, one must believe. He proceeds to tell, too warmly, that he would delight to bestow upon his favorite very rich possessions, some of which he ought not to consider his own to give away:

"I would have assigned to him a city, would here have built his house, and I would have brought him out of Ithaca—him and his goods, his child and all his people—*clearing its dwellers from some single city that lies within my neighborhood and owns me for its lord.*"

King Ahab had weakly permitted his wife to *clear one man from his land* after that man had refused repeatedly to take what looked to them like a just and generous offer, and Jezebel urged her personal need of that particular piece of land, but here Menelaus proposes to *clear out the people of a whole city*, just to show his regard for a favorite who has not even requested this favor, apparently without compensation to the people dispossessed and without proposing to consult their feeling in the matter. Would they not probably object to being *cleared out*, and reply to the king, as Naboth had replied to Ahab:

"The Lord forbid it us that we should give up the inheritance of our fathers unto thee."

On his part, Odysseus would certainly think twice before he accepted such an offer as Menelaus here proposes, giving up his little independent kingdom for rich dependence on such a king. If he did accept, he soon would rue the day, for out of hand a king's favor can be withdrawn as summarily as it has been bestowed, and to please a new favorite, the former favorite is likely to be "cleared out" with as little consideration as his predecessors were. No Eastern despot could be more harsh and autocratic than Menelaus as he

is shown in this incident. The poet reveals the instant, and the future immanent in it. Ahab's throne, his life, and the succession of his House were the retribution he paid for taking the land of Naboth: will this baneful and fated Menelaus pay less of a penalty if he disposes his people?

False gods and unwise and unjust kings are shown in Homer's poems, as in the Sacred Books of Israel for the period in which Elijah and Homer lived, we must here admit. If the exact date and contemporary events of Homer could be discovered, they might throw a light upon his myths which would show us other moral and religious values. Perhaps a rumor of a new invasion from the East had reached him; perhaps he saw that some of the Grecian women were weeping for Adonis, the mortal lover of Aphrodite, while they turned from the altars of Athene and Apollo, as women of Israel wept for Tammuz, dishonoring the righteous God of their Fathers. It seems clear that the poet's purpose was to strengthen his peoples' faith in Wisdom and Justice, and to weaken the hold of all that is ignoble, to body forth the ideals of the West as their best protection against those of the corrupted East. If his purpose was high and serious, he succeeded notably, for the Greeks themselves credited him with having named their gods and given them their attributes, and Solon molded their public policy in accordance with the Wisdom and Justice which Homer had taught them to trust.

The love of Wisdom and Justice, which Homer had strengthened, bore noble fruits in the course of the generation following him, besides those that have been noted. In 750 B. C. occurred the first captivity of Israel; in 753 B. C. the city of Athens deposed its kings. This decade, then, marks a turning point in the decline of Israel and in the rise of the Athenian Democracy.

Where Homer presents a parallel to Elijah in his choice of a theme and his attitude toward the Eastern gods and despots, so later Apollonian Greeks of the Delian League present parallels to the later Prophets. In 722 Israel was taken captive the second time and her people were enslaved; in 588 B. C., Jerusalem was taken, the city utterly destroyed and the people carried to slavery in Babylon. Attacks on the States of the Delian League now followed, with unvarying success by the East, until Athens turned the tide at Marathon in 490 B. C., where she is rightly credited with having saved the Western world. Throughout this period Homer's spirit had been marching on to victory after victory in the purification of the State and in the development of the Athenian Constitution, with-

out which the miracle of Athenian victory over Persia would have been impossible—that Constitution which is one of the noblest works of the human race, wise and just beyond that of any other democracy, and the foundation on which could be built the works of art and intellect that characterized the Golden Age. Throughout the period between Homer and Pericles the poems of Homer were the Sacred Books of the Athenians, sung at religious festivals, presented on public occasions, put into dramatic form for the religious stage, and made the subject of careful study by the young.

The internal transformation of the Grecian States into democracies, toward which we found strong tendencies in Homer's poems, made steady progress. While Israel was going down, in 753 B. C., as we have said, the question of royal authority was settled in Athens by a decree of the Council that thereafter kings should rule for a period of only ten years, and shortly after that they were shorn of their military power, the Council alleging that they were not capable of command and appointing a military leader to act under the Council . . . an Agamemnon would not again be able to give rash and dangerous orders to the army before he had discussed them with the Council, and his baneful and ruinous rule would last for ten years at the longest, during which the Council would continue to limit him at every turn. A further important change for the better was made in the Athenian Constitution when an Archon was chosen by the Council to take special charge of the interests of widows and orphans—to us who have Homer in mind, these will be seen as developments felt to be needed at that time, but a result also of the need of such as Penelope and Telemachus, as Homer had shown them. The discussion of a purely ideal case prepares the mind and heart to react rightly when an actual case occurs.

This limitation of royal prerogatives, ending in the abolition of the kingly office, and this first reconstruction of the Athenian Constitution in the Eighth Century before Christ, and immediately following, Homer were contemporary with great events and great prophets in Israel. The times were anxious, and the evils that should be corrected were denounced by great and earnest men. Fortunately, Wisdom was prevailing in Athens and with little or no violence changes were being made for the better as needed to approximate justice; but in Israel, for the most part, high and low had fallen into evil ways and the call of the Prophets to purification was not heeded. Injustice continued to prevail. This was the case when the Prophet Amos began his mission at Bethel, in 760 B. C.

The Israelitish League of Tribes was holding its Festival in honor of Jehovah, with revelling and carousal as had come to be their bad custom of late years, this year with extreme abandon, for it was an occasion of peace with victory and Damascus had been defeated again. Pride and pomp and luxury were in full display, the prosperous were elated with a happy feeling that God was on their side, but they had not heeded the voice of Justice and the poor were poor as never before. It was now that Amos, the shepherd, thundered forth the wrath of Jehovah in a prophecy that took the form of a dirge. In the name of the Lord, he threatened the revellers at Bethel that unless they repented they would be delivered to defeat and slavery for the sins of the rich against the poor . . . the Assyrian army had recently penetrated to Lebanon. . . .

"Thus saith the Lord, for three transgressions of Judah, and for four, I will not turn away the punishment thereof, because they have despised the law of the Lord, and have not kept his commandments, and their lies caused them to err after that which their fathers have walked:

"I will send a fire upon Judah, and it shall devour the palaces of Jerusalem.

"This saith the Lord; for three transgressions of Israel and for four, I will not turn away the punishment thereof; because they have sold the righteous for silver and the poor for a pair of shoes."

The charges that Amos makes are definite, that the rich have profited in foodstuffs and manipulated the money market, the age-old methods of enriching the rich and "making the poor of the land to fail":

"Hear this, O ye that swallow up the needy, even to make the poor of the land to fail,

"Saying, when will the new moon be gone, that we may sell corn? and the Sabbath, that we may sell wheat, *making the ephah small and the shekel great*, and falsifying the balances of deceit?"

The only hope that the Prophet holds out to the nation is in its purification:

"Let Judgment run down as waters, and righteousness as a mighty stream . . .

"Hate the evil and love the good, and establish justice in the gate." . . .

This would be wisdom, and would still save the nation. In his denunciation Amos names the king by name:

"The high places of Israel shall be desolate, and the sanctuaries of Israel shall be laid waste; and I will rise against Jeroboam with the sword."

Under this denunciation the king did not try to silence the Prophet with blows, and he did not imprison him, as has been commonly done with unwelcome prophets, and as Jeremiah was beaten and imprisoned for foretelling his country's defeat; but Amaziah, a sycophantic priest who was an adherent of the king's, tried to silence Amos:

"Then Amaziah, the priest of Bethel, went to Jeroboam, King of Israel,

saying, Amos hath conspired against thee in the midst of the house of Israel: the land is not able to bear all his words.

"For thus Amos saith, Jeroboam shall die by the sword and Israel shall surely be led away captive out of the land."

Speaking to Amos, Amaziah advised him sarcastically to go elsewhere with his prophesying:

"Also Amaziah said to Amos, O thou seer, go, flee thou away into the land of Judah, and there eat bread and prophesy there. But prophesy not any more at Bethel, for it is the King's chapel and it is the King's court"

But Amos did not yield to the sycophantic priest, and repeated his prophecy with added emphasis:

"Then answered Amos and said to Amaziah, I was no prophet, neither was I a prophet's son; but I was an herdsman and a gatherer of sycamore fruit.

"But the Lord took me as I followed the flock, and the Lord said unto me, Go, prophesy unto my people Israel.

"Now, therefore, hear thou the word of the Lord: Thou sayest, prophesy not against Israel and drop not thy word against the house of Isaac.

"Therefore, thus saith the Lord: Thy wife shall be an harlot, and thy sons and daughters shall fall by the sword; and thy land shall be divided by line; and thou shalt die in a polluted land: and Israel shall surely go into captivity forth of this land."

Of the Prophets, Amos is in some respects of the greatest value to our study of Homer's moral and religious meaning, and his political tendencies, both those which we have seen in his epics and those which resulted later from the worship of Wisdom and Justice that he inspired. We note that Amos was a poor man and a herdsman, as Eumaneus was in the *Odyssey*, and that both had lived nearer to God as they tended their flocks than the men in the courts and the cities lived—we surmise that Thersites was not only a common man, but a herdsman of Argos, a man of the Mountain. In Athens, the protest from *The Mountain* was to continue, gathering strength, until it prevailed over *The Plain* in the Code of Solon, which we shall consider later.

Contemporary with Amos, Hosea (785 B. C.-725 B. C.) pled with Israel to stop polluting herself by the practice of Usury; and, following Amos, Micah (745 B. C.-525 B. C.) and Isaiah (750 B. C.-695 B. C.) denounced the corruption by mammon of kings, judges, priests and prophets. Both of these prophets foretold defeat of their country and both looked beyond defeat to a final purification and to the coming of peace:

"Thy princes are rebellious and companions of thieves: everyone loveth gifts and followeth after rewards; they judge not the cause of the fatherless, neither doth the cause of the widow come unto them.

"The heads thereof judge for reward, and the priests thereof teach for hire, and the prophets thereof divine for money. . . .

"Therefore, shall Zion for your sake be plowed as a field and Jerusalem shall become heaps. . . .

"And I will turn my hand upon thee and purely purge away thy dross. . . .

"And I will restore thy judges as at the first and thy counsellors as at

the beginning: afterward thou shalt be called the city of righteousness, the faithful city."

These prophets looked also to the coming of a Prince of Peace:

"And he shall judge among the nations, and shall rebuke many people: and they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks: nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

The problems that were faced by Israel and by the Greeks of this period were clearly parallel, and with Wisdom and Justice they might have been solved by both of those foremost nations of ancient history. But there the parallel stops. Except for a small "remnant" the corrupted people of Israel did not rise in response to their prophets. Hosea's reproaches that they had sold themselves to usury went unheeded; the warnings of Amos met no response; no changes for the better were made; and the nation met the defeat that the prophets had foretold. In 750 Judah was captured and in 722 she was destroyed as a nation; Jerusalem was destroyed in 588, her people carried away as slaves to Babylon. In Athens, meanwhile, kings were deposed, and the first less effective period of reconstruction was followed by a very effective reconstruction under Solon, who was elected Archon and Legislator for Athens in 594, six years before the fall of Jerusalem.

Before Solon, Athens was still far from a democracy. Though she had deposed her kings and appointed Archons, she was an Oligarchy, controlled by nobles and rich men to their class advantage. Those who spoke against abuses were being imprisoned or put to death, courts favored the rich, land was monopolized, the people were very poor and many of them had been sold into slavery as debtors, rates of interest were exorbitant, and money was controlled by a small class of private citizens who made high profits at the expense of the community, as bankers do in modern times. Athens was on the brink of civil war, the men of The Mountain rising against those of The Plain, who were mainly business men.

Solon was chosen Archon and Legislator because he had come to be known as The Just, and he justified the confidence of those who turned to him, as is evident in his code:

¹ He repealed the laws by which men had been imprisoned for political reasons and set free political prisoners.

² Courts had been favoring the rich—he reformed them in such a way as to give judges a strong personal reason for judging justly. Aristotle considered this reform of the Courts the measure by which Athens became a democracy.

³ Land had become a monopoly in Attica, and much of it was heavily mortgaged at an extortionate interest. Solon set a limit to the amount of land that any one person might hold and cancelled the "mortgages" where extortionate interest had been collected from the people. He called this "the lightning of burdens," where others called it "repudiation," for he viewed the situation

from the angle of the peoples' rights and the wrong that had been done them. Grote says that he doubtless adopted this measure with the thought that it was right for the class which had profited greatly and unjustly as a class to suffer something of loss in the readjustment. In this cancelling of mortgages, Solon sacrificed his own fortune along with those of the rest of the mortgage-holding class. His action in this matter is the more creditable to him because he rose above the prejudice of his own class—he traced his own ancestry to the Kings.

⁴ Perhaps the most important thing that Solon did was to nationalize money; that is, to take it from the small class of men who were profiting privately by coining, exchanging and controlling it in amount as bankers are profiting in modern times by these operations. Solon put all of these operations in charge of the national treasury and turned all profits on them into the national treasury, to be used for the nation's needs. This broke the "money power" of that day and prevented the formation of a class of financiers who could dominate Athens as modern financiers dominate the modern world, and it also filled the Athenian treasury so that Athens was able to spend richly for public purposes, paying new issues out for public works—there was no problem of unemployment in Athens with such a money system. Also, without laying taxes on her people, she could build the ships to defend Greece and the West against the attack of the Persian Empire which was about to be made. If Persia had made her attack before Solon, she would have found Athens an easy prey, her discontented and poverty-stricken people rising against the rich who oppressed them, the nation as a whole poor and weak. On the foundation laid by Solon in Justice, Athens became very strong, and the spirit of her people rose to the new life that was opened to them. Art and thought were stimulated as at no other period of history. The rich did not lose opportunity under the laws of Solon, and all gained opportunity to distinguish themselves in other ways than money-juggling, in philosophy, in poetry, sculpture, architecture, drama, and statesmanship—Athenian statesmen considered the people rather than some moneyed group of citizens.

With such conditions as this code gave, it is not surprising that little Athens became the wonder of the ancient world and that her citizens produced works that have never been surpassed. If Israel had heeded her prophets and had empowered a Solon to correct the wrongs that the prophets had pointed out, breaking the money power which had corrupted her kings, her priests, her prophets and her profiteers, as Hosca, Amos, Micah and Isaiah testify that they were corrupted . . . it is useless to speculate on what she might have become in history. As it was, she became a perfect example of the ruin of nations so unwise as to permit injustice to continue, a warning which they must heed, or disregard at their peril. The parallels that we have observed leave little doubt that her peril had much to do, from Homer to Solon, with the thought, institutions and policy of the Greeks.

If a Solon had guided Athens always in Wisdom and Justice, she might not have declined. Folly led to her defeat when she had undertaken leadership among the States of Greece, used their funds for her own adornment, permitted slave-driving and heavy profiteering in wars, and in various other bad ways lost the spirit that would have saved her, that had first made her great. Her rich men came to care more for their riches than they did for their coun-

try and urged her into war after war to add to their profits, though always posing as patriots; and the admirals of her fleet sold out her interests for their own. Finally, when Rome came, on her career of conquest, the richest of the Athenians welcomed the Empire and fought for her because the Romans had promised support in suppressing slave-insurrections and in conducting business abroad. Ferrere says:

"Everywhere, even in the most distant nations, powerful minorities formed, that worked for Rome against old, separating forces, against old traditions and local patriotisms alike. The wealthy classes were in a way wholly favorable to Rome."

So Athens passed from the spirit of Homer to that of degenerate Rome of the Caesars and Vergil. The imperial gods of devotion were now Ares, who was Roman Mars, and Aphrodite, Roman Venus. In turn, Athens became soon another perfect example of the nation so unwise as to permit injustice—a warning which others may heed, which they disregarded at their peril. Like uncorrupted Israel of Moses and the Prophets, the uncorrupted Athens of Homer's Wisdom and Justice is an inspiration and hope to the world: like Israel in her decay, she became a shaking of the head to the nations.

ANIMISM, AGLIPAY'S CULT, AND CHRISTIANITY'S ECLIPSE IN THE PHILIPPINES.

BY GEORGE BALLARD BOWERS.

THE religious conditions in the Philippines are unique. Missionaries claim the average Filipino is a Christian in every sense of the word. Filipino politicians have seized upon this assertion to prove that their people have Christian ideals and are entitled to be called Christians. Against the assertions of the missionaries and the politicians I shall set facts, leaving readers to draw their own conclusions.

Magellan discovered the Philippine Islands in 1521, a date marking the dawn of Christian influence in the Orient. In 1565 the first Spanish settlement was founded and, in 1571, Mohammeden Manila became a Christian capital.

The arrival of the Spanish missionaries was timely. The Mohammeden faith was already permanently entrenched in Mindanao and a Moslem ruler reigned in Manila. But it is doubtful if the Crescent could have survived even if the Cross had not been raised. The Japanese had already planted thriving colonies on Luzon to be destroyed when their rulers plotted against the Christian conquerors.

In those parts of the islands conquered by Spanish arms, the Moslem faith was supplanted by the Roman Catholic but Animism, the primitive Malayan religion, was more difficult to uproot; its priests, witch-doctors, continued in every community notwithstanding as they do to this day.

A moral code is necessary to modern culture; no people ever got any where without one and, upon its tenets, depended the grade of that civilization. The Moslem missionaries gave the Filipinos no moral code. Animism had none, a code was unnecessary; the spirits determine every act of the individual believer.

When the Spanish missionaries introduced their code, the

Filipinos made their first step forward. Catholicism became the state religion of the Philippines. When critics complain of its influence in the affairs of the Spanish government in the Philippines, let them bear this fact in mind.

During the Spanish regime, progress did not make such great strides as under the American tutelage. There was a very simple reason—slender treasury as now under the autonomous government. Neither the island of Mindanao nor the mountains of Luzon were conquered by Spain. For the same reason that the Spanish government was unable to cover the Philippines, the missionaries could not extend their influence. I have heard Americans visiting the Philippines and Protestant missionaries harangue of the wealth of the old missions, pointing out as evidence, the great piles of masonry crumbling in the weather. Such thoughtless ones forget that the four crumbling walls may have been the work of fifty years of the two or three generations of priests sleeping within.

When Dewey thundered at the gates of Manila in 1898, the Roman Catholic priests were in their parishes. Revolutionary leaders imported from Singapore were given American rifles to harass and drive into Manila the few outlying garrisons. Finding few Spanish soldiers, the insurgents set upon the defenceless parish priests, subjecting them to imprisonment and atrocities too harrowing to relate. The European priests had been the moral police of the islands. They had kept in check Animism and its witch-doctors. Moral regression followed the disappearance of the opponents of the UN-MORAL. Encouraged by bloodpacts of savagery and ceremonies brought back by the forces of revolt and the freedom of the witch-doctors, the people began to return to Animism. A few Malay priests had been left in the parishes but their voices were too weak to be heard above the tumult of revolt.

Civilization in the tropics is a delicate institution, requiring constant care and vigilance; the impermancy of things tropical makes it so. The material is as impermanent as the immaterial. Both must be guarded to avoid decay. One year a Philippine field may be green with corn while in the next it is a jungle of plumed cogon. Rivers change their courses with the season; in a single night the rivulet may become a raging torrent a mile wide. A day may change the green hill into a black seething crater-caldron. In a score of years a cove is turned into a harbor for a navy and within the lifetime of a man, a river may become a vast lake and a bay, and an inland sea. A night of rain may obliterate miles of roads

to turn the traveler to the jungle paths winding through creeks and over divides. Sometimes a storm of a single night razes ten thousand homes and lays low miles of cocoanut trees planted fifty years before.

Returning again to the historical thread—while the Spanish army was beleaguered in 1898 by the American, the Archbishop of the Philippines sent Gregorio Aglipay, a Filipino priest, to Northern Luzon to inquire into the welfare of the Spanish nuns and priests captured by the Filipino insurgents who, instead of helping the Americans capture Manila, had scattered over the archipelago to implant their authority so as to be better able to defy America once the Spanish had capitulated.

Aglipay forgot his mission when once within the insurgent lines. He cast his lot with the rebels already planning to turn against America. His short vision led him to believe that the Roman Catholic Church organization was about to be disrupted because of its connection with the Spanish government at war with America. On this same ground the insurgents excused their atrocities against the priests and nuns. Technically the Church dignitaries were representatives of the Spanish government. The insincerity of the excuse will be shown later.

The Filipinos claimed that all their ills had been caused by the union of the church and state. Although a priest of the state church of Spain, Aglipay accepted a commission of general-chaplain of the insurgent forces. A few weeks later, he assembled a few Filipino priests within the rebel influence to nominate himself a bishop of the Roman Catholic Church, and after two months archbishop of the Philippines. The Roman Catholic Church was proclaimed the state religion of the Filipino Republic organized while the American army kept the Spaniards shut up in Manila. With a child-like confidence, Archbishop Aglipay forwarded his nomination to Rome for confirmation.

During the heat of the Spanish-American War, all Americans were ready to believe the Filipino complaints against the Spaniards. Soldiers of all nations speak a common language. On August 13, 1898, the Spanish military capitulated and on the day following, the Spanish soldiers were showing their volunteer enemies of the day before, the sights of Manila. Their mutual respect for each other was too great to permit even an ordinary street fight. Of course it was embarrassing for a volunteer captain from the mountains of Tennessee to have an old Spanish colonel to embrace him

like an old sweetheart but soon both nationalities understood each other. It was not long until the Americans had learned that the Spanish military and the priests had accomplished wonders with the slender resources at their disposal.

When the Filipino rebel leaders saw that the Spanish and American military were friends, they brought forward the claim that the Spanish priests had been their worst oppressors. Many Americans were ready to accept this claim, all but a few of the priests were prisoners of the Filipinos and the Roman Catholic Church somewhat unpopular because its authorities had been loyal to the Spanish government as the Episcopal Church in England is loyal to the English Crown.

It has taken years to convince Americans in America that the Roman Catholic Church was the greatest benefactor the Filipinos have ever known and that the charge that the church retarded education and progress is nothing more than the age-old custom of shifting responsibility to some other. No doubt that the Filipinos have since discovered that they themselves are to blame for their short-comings.

When the Filipinos openly revolted against the United States in February of 1899, Aglipay was already disillusioned. His betrayal of the Archbishop of the Philippines and his failure to secure the release of the nuns held in captivity, had lost him any sympathy he might have had from Americans.

With the disruption of the revolt against America, the Filipino State Church disintegrated. All but a few of its adherents crept back into their old fold.

Nothing more happened until 1902. The Spanish priests had been returned to Spain. Representatives of the American Bible Society and a few Protestant missionaries began to entice the people away from the only force that had stood between them and their old pagan beliefs. Their progress was slow and unsatisfactory. It was decided that the best way to strike the Roman Catholic Church would be to take up the renegade Aglipay with the idea that he would later deliver en masse his former adherents to the Protestant church. With Protestant advice and assistance, Aglipay was brought into prominence. He proclaimed himself pope of the Independent Filipino Church, popularly known as the Aglipayan cult. Aglipay denied to me that he was a pope but, nevertheless his photograph shows him garbed in a costume similar to that worn by the Catholic. He made a whirlwind campaign through the archipelago, appoint-

ing priests in every village. For a time it appeared that the Catholic Church was doomed to disappear both physically and spiritually.

As the Aglipayan church grew, plots against the government became more common but it was not until 1908 that the numerous local uprising were definitely traced to the new church. The names of the American advisors had served to disarm suspicion. Aglipay's secretary lead the famous Mandac revolt of 1908. For political reasons Aglipay himself was never tried but a number of his priests were given stiff sentences. Aglipay was compelled to move to Manila where he could be watched. He promised never again to incite an uprising against the government. Although he has kept his promise, his subordinates seldom pass-by an opportunity to incite sedition and fan race hatred.

The Aglipayan Church has many of the outward appearances of the Roman Catholic but its official rituals and teachings are little known to the millions who fill its churches for no other reason than its supposed loyalty to Filipino culture and beliefs as opposed to those brought by the white man.

When I last visited Aglipay in his Manila home, I found a pathetic old man whose face bore a wistful look. I went to get some first hand information of his aims and ideas as the head of the church. The old man had neither aims nor ideas but he presented me several rare books whose existence I found to be little known.

The first rare volume was *The Filipino Bible, the First Stone for a Scientific Genesis According to Corrections Made by Jesus Christ*. My copy has the official seal of Aglipay's office. This pathetic volume was adopted in 1908 as the official bible of the new church. It contains one-hundred-seventy-six pages with illustrations of church dignitaries running over the four pages of the covers.

The first one-hundred-twenty-four pages are a criticism of Christianity and its comparison with the folk-lore of the Filipinos. There is an attempt to prove to the reader that the Filipinos had a religion equal to Christianity before the arrival of the Spanish Fathers.

Several pages are devoted to a comparison of the Bible of Christianity with that made by the author, a Filipino named Reyes. A final thirty pages is devoted to a "Genesis" for the Filipino Church, copied from Herschel, Kant, Laplace, and Flammarion. It contains a picture of the canals of Mars, Halley's comet, the moon, and other illustrations to be found in any text-book of astronomy. The book

makes no mention of morals. I mentioned this phase to Aglipay. He explained that the bible was not yet complete but that he hoped to furnish me a complete copy incorporating my observations before he was called to the Great Beyond.

The second volume was *The Cathecism of the Independent Filipino Church*. My copy has a number of corrections made by the donor. The book contains one-hundred-fourteen pages. Many of the questions are quite unusual:

"Is God all-powerful? Perhaps, but we are not sure."

"Where did we get the pretended Trinity? From Plato."

"What was the famous theory of Darwin? Haeckel?"

"How will the earth end? The moon? The planets?"

Every question and answer is designed to weaken the faith of the Christian reader.

The third volume of interest is the ritual used by the priests. The second part is a mass service resembling that of the Catholic Church.

To illustrate how the organization of the Aglipayan cult was organized, I shall draw upon my own experience. In 1903, I was stationed in the island of Negros. Aglipay came there. In the town where I first met him, his party was given a dance. Aglipay did not dance but other priests of his party did. The dance lasted until morning. It was a funny scene, the priests dancing in their long black cassocks.

Aglipay appointed priests from every station in life to be assigned to the vacant parishes after three months training. Two appointed had been soldiers of my command. One a private was such a worthless individual that I refused to re-enlist him. I always refused him a recommendation, fearing he might use it to re-enter the service in another province. One day he informed me that Aglipay had promised him an appointment if he could bring a recommendation from me. After I had seen Aglipay's contingent at the dance, I did not have the heart to refuse my simple soldier. He was duly appointed and assigned near my station where I had a detachment of his former comrades. It is needless to add that I regretted my recommendation. He led my soldiers into so much mischief that I was compelled to remove them to a station farther in the interior. The priest never lost his respect for me, always saluting me in a military manner. The second priest had been a corporal, a married man, made parish priest of the village in which lived the parents of his wife.

Of the many priests of the new church only a few possessed more than three months training, the exceptions would be those who had once been priests of the Roman Catholic church.

As explained in a previous paragraph, in my interview with Aglipay, I expressed doubt of the usefulness of his church in that it did not touch the moral life of the people. I mentioned the conduct of his priests. He explained to me his plans for betterment but I could not put out of my mind the fact that the prime object of his organization had been revolt.

After having read Aglipay's literature, I was at a loss to understand how he expected to teach the Christian code of morals and at the same time explain it away. It can not be done. The Filipinos are returning to Animism. The intelligence of the average Filipino is not such that he can view calmly the conflict of religions, the Catholic and the Protestant, each headed by aliens. What is the result of the conflict?

At the time of the American occupation of the Philippines, there was no island without its pope of Animism. At no time since the discovery of the archipelago by the Spanish was the island of Negros without a pope. America inherited Pope Isio who had an army of six thousand men with which he destroyed the Republic of Negros. He was finally subdued in 1908.

In Luzon there was Pope Felipe Salvador and the Colorum. In Leyte Pope Amblan ruled the peasants; in Samar, Pope Pablo; in Bohol, Pope Isco; and so on through the entire archipelago. Although the popes have been subdued or exterminated regression continues.

In 1915 the entire population of the town of Loang, Samar, stood in the streets ringing bells and beating tin pans to scare the dragon devouring the moon.

In a nearby village the people rioted because the new-comers had brought their grandfathers with them to their new home. The grandparents were the crocodiles infesting the river. The crocodiles had persisted in eating the old residents rather than the new. When I spoke to the new arrivals about the conduct of their relatives they disclaimed responsibility. I ordered a few sticks of dynamite thrown into the river. This brought relief.

In 1917 the din of bells and pans kept me awake in Sorsogon where I had gone to ascertain the causes of the severe epidemic of cholera. I was informed that the people were scaring away the evil spirits. In an adjacent town I found that the mayor had

prepared for the epidemic by compelling each householder to provide his home with a bamboo cannon for noise making.

In Laguna province I found the laborers of a large plantation planting rice with music and animistic rites. In the town of Tayabas every rice-farmer has an altar upon which he places rice as an offering to the gods.

Filipinos of the type now in control in the islands have always given as their reason for opposing the Catholic Church that the priests encouraged superstition. That such a charge was insincere, I shall cite as evidence only one of the many examples that came to my attention.

On June 8, 1910, a butcher of Santa Cruz, Laguna Province, cut a malauen tree for wood. The malauen generally has a black heart of irregular form. The heart of this particular tree resembled a triangle with one angle broken with a round figure, forming lines similar to the outlines of a picture of the Virgin. The circle represented the head and the triangle the vestments. While the butcher worked he was entertained by a crowd of loafers. One of the loafers remarked that the black heart of the tree resembled the Virgin Mary. It happened that the Aglipayan priest was passing. When his attention was called to the figure, he fell upon his knees in adoration. For a time the loafers thought the priest was suffering from the effects of too much wine. After some minutes of silent prayer he explained to the crowd that the figure was a miracle. He begged that he be given a block to be enshrined in the local church. During the excitement, the crowd forgot the remaining part of the log which the butcher carefully preserved and actually sold a block to a Chinaman for thirty dollars. The priest used his wits and a paint brush, the Chinaman's miracle was proven worthless.

The priest explained to his small congregation that he had found the miracle through a dream or vision. He assured his people that the picture would become more distinct each day and finally turn into a living image to become a Joan of Arc to lead the Filipino to independence.

A local artist joined church, his brush improved the work of the priest.

The local politicians of the anti-law and order clan joined in with the imposter to enshrine the block, mounted in a case costing more than three hundred dollars.

The fame of the shrine of the Santa Maria Malauen became

so great that the steamboat operating lake boats out of Manila was compelled to increase the number to five. Pilgrims to the shrine in Santa Cruz so increased the revenues of the church that the priest was able to build a large church and residence. A village sprang up around the church. More than one hundred small shops opened to sell lithographs of the miracle and food to the pilgrims.

A large pot of cocoanut oil was kept near the shrine to be sold to cure ills of all comers. Many stories of miraculous cures were circulated to be believed by the simple folk.

When the shrine was a year old, the Aglipayans prepared an annual celebration. During the week of the anniversary more than one-hundred-thousand pilgrims came to Santa Cruz to worship at the shrine.

On the evening of the anniversary of the discovery of the miracle, it was escorted through the streets with eight bands of music and ten thousand marchers. Thirty thousand spectators were in the street. As I was responsible for the order of the province of La Laguna, I became alarmed. The priest had announced that the miracle was to turn into a Joan of Arc on the eve of the anniversary, I decided that the imposters had gone far enough. I warned the priest and the local leaders as well.

Later I discovered that the local municipal council had voted the miracle the patron saint! The Patron Saint's Day is a legal holiday.

This is only one of many similar instances that came to my attention.

A number of years ago I had the opportunity to study the Ilongots for a period of six months. This small tribe inhabits the mountains east of the Cagayan river of Northern Luzon. They have been famous for the fact that they ate the heart of their fallen enemy instead of taking his head as the Igorots. Later upon my recommendation an effort was made to assemble the tribe so that its members might attend school and establish permanent homes. For a number of years I thought that I had been one of the first to make a detailed report of the Ilongot tribe. I chanced upon an old copy of a magazine devoted to missions to find that a Spanish monk had studied the tribe fifty years before. I said nothing to any one. I was chagrined.

In 1917 I was sent to inspect the work of the men in charge of the settlement projects of the tribe. Wishing to encourage the American in charge of the first settlement of my tour, I was very compli-

mentary of his work. I told him he was a great pioneer, but he laughed. I understood after he had lead me to a nearby hill and pointed out to me the ruins of a church and village. The Spanish had colonized the Ilongots years before to be driven out by the insurrection of 1896.

I continued across the island to a point near Baler to inspect another Ilongot settlement established but five years before. The report I carried informed me that the village I was to inspect contained one hundred and fifty houses. I finally located the town. All that remained to mark the settlement were twelve posts. The Ilongots had returned to the mountains. The American who had organized the village had gone. The wild men preferred the mountains to the village life. From my notes I might select a hundred similar cases.

I mention the incidents of the last paragraphs to illustrate a few of the difficulties to be encountered by him who would give the Filipino people the Christian religion. I have dealt only in facts, I leave the problems suggested to be solved by the missionary.

THE SKEPTIC'S CHALLENGE.

BY HENRY FRANK.

(Concluded.)

MIND:

Then, e'en
Beside the Grave thou canst but mock the pain
That writhes and pales the heart with fear; if ask'd
The question which, unanswered, palsies hope
And saddens sorrow, thy answer is a sigh!

BRAIN:

What answer can more honest comfort give,
Till Truth shall unequivocally speak?
No bars are cast by Science across thy way:
Seek thou for Truth!

MIND:

All 's vain if this base life
Be all!

BRAIN:

Despair not. For a higher faith
Inspires the soul of Science than e'er yet
Regaled the heart of simplest sacristan;
Perchance, if Science cannot cheer the hope,
That casts a dubious radiance upon
Death's dusty darkness—like a spectral bow
That moonbeams sometimes cast on cloudy night—
She still begets a sturdier hope, which, sprung
From safer soil, shall safe fruition yield.
What though the goal is far removed on keen
Endeavor's track; what though with swiftest feet
We must needs fly nor seize th' inviting prize.

In full, but *ignes fatui* snatch betimes ;
 What if fruit's promised taste oft disappoints ;
 What though a dream inspires, which tested, fails ;
 What though sometimes the house of Theory's cards
 Is dashed by empiric's hand and Logic's frown ;
 What though false hope betimes, a glittering toy
 Bedangles luring to Temptation's void ;
 What though a promised mine of wealth, a vacuum
 Prove, and priceless ore but false pretense ?
 What though a thousand times cast down ; again
 We must needs rise and struggle on for Truth,
 That, buried, lies beneath the centuried soils,
 Or glimmers in a star's faint beam, or floats
 In vagrant vapor, or entombed in rock
 Awaits the blow that grants its spirit release ;
 What though, like sylph, among the forest's limbs,
 Truth flirts and flutters, inviting but to slip
 Our grasp, or teases with a perfume that
 Misguides us from its source, or blindly leads
 Into a *cul de sac* that halts our course ?
 What though thro' myriad mazes of conceit,
 She lead our wandering and bewildered feet,
 Or bandage our keen view with problems dark,
 That must be torn aside ere we advance ?
 You ask where is the peace in such pursuit ?
 Why follow mysteries that tantalize,
 Or seek unbottomed sea for treasures 'yond
 The reach of Man ? Because th' Impossible
 Suggests the Real. Because the searcher's zest
 Is, by th' Unfathomable, whetted to a keen
 And sharper edge, that failure cannot dull.
 Infinity invites to infinite
 Research, and prizes that abide.

MIND:

But vain
 That search for, if it withers to the touch !
 Vain is the flower of Knowledge that shrivels in
 Death's hand !

BRAIN:

Nay heed! The individual,
 Achieving, may himself, like bubble, burst,
 And leave on ocean's breast no trace behind.
 Yet he, now vanished and invisible,
 Hath reared a monument, Time's hungry teeth
 Cannot devour. In character, in thought,
 In splendor of achievement, noble speech;
 In kindly act, and neighbored aid, defence
 Of Right and stern demolition of Wrong;
 In succor of the weak, and plaudits for
 The Brave; in courage on a thousand fields
 Where moral Valor called for volunteers;
 There glow the stones that shape his monument,
 Immortal as the Time-defying hills.

MIND:

But what of them whose deeds have cursed the earth
 With foul and devious ways, or murderous course?
 Who shall revenge their deeds?

BRAIN:

Their own revenge
 They wreak in memoried hate, and warning stern
 To those who would ape their acts. As rot their bones,
 So rots their memory in Oblivion's cave.
 In surging sea of human life each leaves
 Its momentary impress; some to stay,
 And some to disappear. The great who are
 Immortal are inwove in fabric of
 Mankind, that clothe with beauty and with strength
 Its stalwart limbs.

Have not the ages coined
 The sweat and suffering of human toil,
 And purchased thus each Epoch's waiting prize?
 The Earth, once niggardly and crude, now yields
 Exhaustless cornucopias of wealth
 To Man's compulsory, stalwart Will!
 Vast centuries ago lived he, who first conceived
 The cunning art that tickled sleeping soils
 With the plow's awakening edge? Lives he not still,

And hath long lived, in every plowman who
 For eager substance champs the idle earth?
 And he who, first on rugged stone or bark,
 Wrought forms that mimicked objects he observed,
 Lived not his soul in Angelo again;
 Did not Praxiteles his spirit breathe;
 Were not Murillo's brush and Raphael's dreams,
 His own returned to life and labor's love?
 Of him who first the vulgar symbols of
 Man's speech discerned and traced on sand or rock
 The magic semblance of Man's voice, lives he
 Not still in learning and in lit'ratures,
 In ponderous tomes of thought: in Homer and
 In Hesiod, Plato and Confucius, and
 In all the Great, have trod Parnassus' heights?
 And what of him who first entuned his harp,
 That lingers still in trembling lays of love:
 In Orpheus' and Anachreon's strains divine.
 In Sappho, Byron, Goethe, Shelley, Keats,
 And all whose music hath mellowed human hearts?
 Is not he immortal who inspires
 The race?

And he, who, first, thatched branches seized,
 Himself to shelter rudely from the storms,
 Lives he not still in architrave and arch,
 That glorify cathedrals, or in roofs,
 Whose humble gables have housed a myriad souls?
 Lives he not still in gorgeous temples, domes,
 In castled turrets, towering minarets,
 In stately structures that adorn the marts
 Of Commerce, and in architectural dreams
 Divulged in statant stone and steel? Is he
 Not deathless who enhances Progress thus?

MIND:

Nay, 't is but a pale and sallow ghost,
 To substitute for Hope's fair form! What
 Though millioned generations follow me,
 Upon this globe, inspired by my deeds,
 And I forever vanish, save in traces
 Of dim Memory—a filmy wraith

Of Thought, that Time shall dissipate? Does this
 Afford me comfort? If I, unconscious, live
 In other lives, but I myself expire,
 Of what avail are all my toils and tears,
 The strain of labor, the fruit of sweat, the woe
 That Disappointment wreathes upon the brow?
 If I live not, what care I who lives after?
 Though Shakespeare, once upon supernal heights,
 The wing'd Pegasus be-reined, and Bruno
 Peered through mystic depths of knowledge; Plato
 Vied with Olympian gods, and Socrates
 The masque of vapid sophistries exposed;
 Though Aristotle swept all fields of thought,
 And Copernicus traced the paths of distant stars;
 Though Grecian lore exalt Themistocles,
 And Rome the praises of a Cæsar sing;
 Though myriad voices laud a Luther brave,
 Or Britain, trumpet-tongued, of Cromwell tells;
 Though mankind, Washington shall ne'er forget,
 And Lincoln be by Freedom's votaries
 Forever hymned; and I were each of these,
 Or all combined, what comfort this, if I
 Live not?

BRAIN:

(derisively)

This is the native passion of
 Persistent life. We live and therefore wish
 To live, both now and on eternally.
 It is the craving of the self for self—
 Delight: it is the selfish egotism
 Of Earth's supremely egotistic god—
 It is the acme of self consciousness.
 He who lived midst swirl of dying worlds,
 That measure life by aeons as he by years,
 And yet whirl on toward Dissolution's maw;
 He whom dead worlds, bestrewn on vacuous skies,
 Remind of fate with seal of surety;
 While massive mists of incandescent worlds,
 Depicting cosmic slaughter, fall round,
 To suggest how suns and globes and stars,

And myriad constellations, swarming space,
 Shall all dissolve—yet, is so spurred by love
 Of conscious self, he clings tenaciously
 To the last straw of sinking hope—is primed
 For crass and painful disappointment, should
 Convincing proof disintegrate his faith.
 But if this, too, should pass like else earth-sprung,
 (Time's product that like Time itself shall wane) ;
 If, 'faith, this earth-life be but flower and fruit,
 Planted in aeonic bowels of the Past,
 Whose seed contains the innate worm of death,
 That gnaws and gnaws and gnaws, till it devour
 The last frail vestige of existence: 't were vain
 To hope, in palpable defeat of hope!
 If we live, we live—the Future's door is closed.
 What is to be, no Pythoness reveals.
 Though Fancy's gossamer threads may weave fair dreams,
 And Imagination 'body, what Fantasy
 Surmizes, of unexplorable demesnes,
 The mind but plays with toys, that please and tickle,
 When it thus assures itself of fabled hope.
 So please we babes, not yet begloomed by dun
 Reality, and charm them with sweet lies.
 So they, whose brains vacated of sane thought,
 Are lured by mintage of a mind diseased.
 We know not what may be; the stars say not.
 The Grave evokes no voice beyond its bars.
 The rest is silence; and sacred is the spell.
 But if we know not what may be; what is,
 We know; and what has been is finally
 Incarved upon the rocks of centuries.
 The Future dreams; the Past is all achieved.
 What we may, in unfrequented realms
 Become, none ventures to foretell. But what
 Portrait of ourselves the Brush of Truth
 Paints on the storied canvases of Time,
 Looms high in all the Halls of Memory.
 One's self is one's monument! The deeds
 We do alone commemorate our lives.
 Achieve! Achieve!

MIND:

But if all yields to dust
 And earth's itself consumed in final fires,
 How useless is ambition, how inane
 Achievement!

BRAIN:

Why, with nobler faculty,
 Despise the humble labor of the birds?
 They gather, mark you, rubbish of the fields—
 A leaf, a snapped off limb, a casual thread,
 A piece of paper, a breeze-blown string—and then,
 With inf'nite patience, weave therefrom a rare,
 Tho' miniature, house, in which the winds shall rock
 The eggs they lay, and fledglings they shall rear;
 Which labor, ended, the house, abandoned, may
 Be food for shattering storms. Shall we decry
 Their toils as fruitless, and their noble art
 And cunning craft all vain because so soon
 Destroyed? Yet, note, how Nature, honoring
 The Present, drives, by sheer compulsion of
 Instinct, all life to more abundant life.
 The species of the birds and beasts abide,
 Unhindered by the thought that Death awaits!
 From moment unto moment the pulse of life
 Throbs on—though individuals expire.
 Though death pervades, immortal is the race.
 Thus Man, unreasoning, his reason scorns,
 And builds for waiting generations, who
 Shall thrive on what his sweating toil achieves.
 Shall eyes despair and vengefully disgorge
 Their straining balls, because the covering Blue
 Withholds from them the myriad spheres that lie
 Beyond their ken? Or shall the hand hew off
 The shortened arm, that cannot reach the stars,
 Or smite the thunderous clouds?

Nay, limit is

The father of the very madness that
 Begets the glorious genius of mankind!
 'T is challenge of th' Impossible that spurs
 The mind to loftier endeavor; t' search

Unfathomable, super-spacial depths,
 Wherein the salient mysteries abide,
 Thrills the heart with passion, panoplied
 With hope of promised trophies; it impels
 The hungry soul to Fortune's ripened fruit;
 It lures the Intellect with splendid wreath,
 A promised crown—though Ignorance deride.
 'T is very scorn of mystery, that spurs
 The thought to action! Each generation toils
 For centuries yet unborn, and they, anon,
 Their brilliant heritage impart to those
 That follow them. Thus human life is thrilled
 To venturous deed, inventive thought, and vast
 Increasing splendors of renown. Why, then,
 Repine, though these few pregnant years of earth
 So soon into oblivious silence sink?
 The race still lives, and Life's inspiring still!

MIND:

I say no more; let Reason now decide.

REASON:

With patience and with pleasure have I heard
 Your several discourses and appeals.
 Mind truthfully hath plead, vast worlds beyond
 Are ever untraversed by human thought,
 And ever shall be; while Brain hath decried
 The frailty and uncertainty of Faith,
 Compared with usages of Knowledge brave.
 Profoundly conscious of its unique power,
 Intent on being, gifted with inner sight
 Into regions unfrequented by the thoughts
 That tenant th' ostensible houses of the Brain,
 Mind justly chafes at boundaries, the flesh
 Imposes, and dreams of realms whereto, alone,
 Its winged feet can fly whilst Brain still plods
 The sodden and necessitous paths of earth.
 Mind, life-conscious, dreams of life without
 An end, eternal, sublimate, and free.
 Dull sense it scorns, well knowing a better sense,
 Refined with spiritual vision. Thus pinioned for

Eternal flight, it seeks the aid of faith,
 And thinks itself immortal. Well it may!
 Impossible it should conceive a state,
 Unlike its conscious mood. Can Life know aught
 Of Death? Knows Light the Dark; can Substance feel
 Its shadow? Can aught its opposite discern?
 Light knows but light, and darkness, darkness; else
 Were Error truth, and falsehood fair. The dream
 Of life beyond the dusty House of Death,
 Is, therefore, justified by Life itself.
 Nor more is conscious mind unjustified
 In claiming thought itself immortal. For Thought
 Cannot conceive of Thought unthinking, chained
 In spiritual flight. Its feathered arrows reach
 The outmost distances, and far impinge
 On unsuspecting brains, which they impress
 Unwittingly with their intelligence.
 Invisible are thoughts; and, truly, Mind's
 More tenuous substance seems from substance free.
 Therefore, it challenges restraint, and feels
 Its habitation is not in this house of flesh,
 And spurns the flesh's power. Thus rightly, Mind
 May deem itself supreme, howbeit misled
 By supercilious pride. For it o'ermoulds
 The brain, and shapes anew its cells, that thought
 Devours; it rides the rivers of the blood,
 And charges them with new, invigorant life;
 It e'en may poise the nerves, the pulses calm,
 When feverish heat inflames; yea, some contend,
 It hath such potency that Matter yields
 To its invincible touch, when the temples cease
 Their throbbing, and sleep secures th' unwilling lids;
 At which strange times the body is as wax,
 To the controlling mind. What wonder Mind
 Conceives itself of super-sensuous stuff,
 And regal to all subjects else!

MIND:

O Joy!
 O Gratitude! O noble Judge, be praised!
 The world is saved and mankind is redeemed!

REASON :

But pause—Were this the final word; were this
 The end of knowledge, the spokesman, here, of Science,
 Brain, were humiliated and demeaned:
 Unsolved the Ages' Riddle of the World,
 And fear of the Unknowable remain,
 The last and palsying state of Man! Mind,
 As Brain hath truly said, is moving stuff,
 Too tenuous and immaterial
 For eye's or instrument's detection; yet
 Whose faintest glimpse the chemic plate may seize—
 Its ghostly substance imprison and proclaim.
 In essence, then, are matter and spirit, one:—
 Brain and Mind, a dual-faced shield.
 In Unity is ultimate and grand
 Superlative, of Life's ascending scale.
 'T is true, and here, perhaps, the Sphinx is slain.
 In all the universe is there but One:
 That One, the All: Diversity's a masque!
 Though Science yet but tentatively tread
 This perilous and unfrequented ground,
 She hath already glimpsed sufficient of
 The truth, to call for newer readings of
 The Sphinx's puzzle and Nature's cryptic Book.
 Here hints promised peace for conflict thought,
 And settlement of Problems, Time hath vexed.
 Mayhap, in this solution rests the place,
 Twixt sublunar and super-starry realms,
 Where Science and Philosophy, with Faith,
 Shall build an honest Religion, and
 Unfettering Mankind from fear of Truth,
 May usher in Earth's last, irenic Age.
 Then Unity shall be discerned throughout
 The infinite scope of seen and unseen zones—
 One life, one element, one law, alone,
 Shall then prevail, and Man, supremely dowered,
 Shall reign with sceptred Knowledge and Wisdom's crown.
 As for that last enigma whereat mankind
 So long hath shuddered, none finally has answered.
 Unwise the peering of the heavens, to seek
 The voice that thence shall answer. Man's faith is slight:

Yet while Disproof cannot a shattering spear
 Hurl at the heart of hope, Despair repines,
 Nor durst her gloomy locks shake threat'ningly.
 Faith oft hath falsely used this vital hope,
 Wherewith to chain the mind's aspiring course,
 And justly men revolt, preferring death
 To slavery. The better part is search,
 And silent waiting for the truth. Brain wins ;
 For that, too soon the fog of faith bedims
 The vision of the intellect that peers
 Into unpathed abyssms of the world
 None but Nature herself can answer, true,
 The dread, detested Sphinx, mankind appals.
 Who heeds another's voice, though fair, is lost ;
 Man's Mind with toil the shafts of search must sink,
 And who forestalls with faith, unprovable,
 Deludes the blind and shackles them with fear.
 As star, slow rising from horizon's skirts,
 Its far, cerulean path pursues, and glows
 Increasingly as 't nears the zenith's dome,
 To sink and rise again in morrow's dawn ;
 To Truth from Ignorance ascending moves,
 Across the vaulted sky of doubt and search,
 Outshining Error's dimmer orbs, that pale,
 To its ascendant splendor and renown ;
 And bides the day that yet a fairer Dawn
 Shall grant, to lift still darker veils of night
 From Error's potent reign and gloomy power.
 Truth's word is forward ; she never strikes the knell,
 That tells the midnight of Man's final toil.

BRAIN :

(courteously bending)

I thank thee, Judge, and await the larger Age.

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The practice of eating a god in the form of first-fruits or of a divine animal originated in ancient times, and attained an extraordinary development in the Mystery Religions of the Greeks, in the cults of Attis, of Adonis, of Osiris, of Dionysus, of Demeter, and of other Saviour Gods. From these cults the idea was borrowed by Paul and, against opposition of the Jewish Christians, fastened on the church. The history of the dogma, after the first centuries of our era, has been the story of attempts to explain it. Transubstantiation and the doctrine of the sacrifice of the mass were not, as commonly by Protestants and rationalists they are said to be, the inept inventions of a barbarous age, but were the first endeavors to reason about and philosophically to elucidate beliefs formerly accepted with naïve simplicity. The hardest battles over the dogma came in the Reformation period, which accordingly bulks large in the present work. While Luther, Calvin, and other prominent Reformers believed in a real presence, but tried to give its mode new explanations, other more advanced spirits, Honius, Carlstadt, Swingli, Tyndale, and their fellows, adopted the view, now prevalent in Protestant communions, that the eucharistic bread and wine were mere symbols. After the heat of the sixteenth-century controversies, Zwinglian or rationalist views were quietly adopted by most Christians, though here and there high sacramentalism survived or was revived.

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