

I think I said there were strange contradictions in it. I will give you a sample.

"If Christ was not the Son of God, but merely a great and mighty prophet, if He partook not of a Divine nature, but was merely a mighty scion of the house of David, then the Jews were and are right. However, if Christ be truly the Messiah, then the Catholics are right. But whether He was or was not the Son of God, whether He was the longlooked for Redeemer or merely a mighty man, in one or the other case *the Protestants are wrong.*" Mark that sentence well, the same idea is expressed often in Lothair—it is repeated in many forms in Tancred. Now read the following about 150 pages further on.

"Men moralize among ruins. London is a modern Babylon; Paris has aped Imperial Rome, and may share its catastrophe. But what do the sages say to Damascus? It had municipal rights in the days when God conversed with Abraham. Since then the kings of the great monarchies have swept over it and the Greek and the Roman, the Tartar, the Arab, and the Turk have passed through its walls: yet it still exists and still flourishes * * * * But there is not a form of government which Damascus has not experienced, excepting the representative, and not a creed which it has not acknowledged, excepting the Protestant. *Yet deprived of the only rule and the only religion that are right*, it is still justly described by the Arabian poets as a pearl surrounded by emeralds."

What then is that man's real opinion? Is it that Protestantism is wrong no matter whether Christ was God or not; or is it that Protestantism is the only right religion? Obviously these remarks are made so that his works may take with all beliefs. But which is *his* opinion? Neither one nor the other. I believe his conviction was that Judaism alone was

right and that Catholicism is no better than Mahometanism, while Protestantism is about on a par with the pantheism of the pagans. These flashes are merely to blind the reader. The Catholic, dazzled by one, may not take notice of the other—the Protestant, encouraged and flattered by the latter, may overlook the former. *Ergo*: his book is a plea for Judaism—in which the pleader does not disdain to fawn and stoop to sycophancy. The work is powerfully dangerous, or rather, *might* be dangerous, yet he over-reaches himself when he seeks to please all his readers. Written to uphold the honor of the Hebrews, to explain the beauties of Judaism, to impress upon the Christian that the Jew is not a dog, but a man, and a man of a chosen and beloved race, his object would be more surely gained were he to confine himself to the grand distinction between Judaism and Christianity without, here and there, going into the differences in Christian creeds. However rational it is for a man to defend his own faith—be that faith what it may—he loses his footing when he enters, at the same time, into the divers polemical difficulties of creeds antagonistic to his. It is proper for me to defend my Catholic Faith: but suppose I write a book to defend and explain my faith—my book is 400 pages—of these I consecrate 300 pages to pointing out how a Druse differs from a Bedouin, the Beni Kahtan from the Beni Kelb and Salem, the Tyahas from the Mezeines, you would likely conclude that I was somewhat *off* at the time I wrote such a work. I'm off now, but I trust I don't deserve to be ranked among the false prophets. I assert—or, swear upon my word, etc., that this many-hued philosopher's works will not go down the ages. In fact, who reads him now? He has his niche in history, but he is not of the "Immortals" in literature. C. J. F.