

sounds as if he had discovered joy in his new faith, and I know that he repeats volubly the glad tidings that are said to have made the angels sing as they never sang before; but it needs no more than a glance at the rigid glaring eyes of the old man to feel that the soul within him feeds on bitter and uncharitable thoughts, and it needs but a little familiarity with his later work in fiction to learn that the ground of his spirit is bitterness and denunciation and despair.

It is natural that a writer of Tolstoy's gloomy convictions should deny the validity of beauty and should call the Greeks ignorant savages because they believe in beauty. His own later work shows an utter absence of the sense of beauty and joy. The fascination of such a novel as "Resurrection" is no different from the horrid fascination which impels a crowd to gaze at some unseemly disaster in our city streets. The drama called "La Puissance des Ténèbres"—I do not know that it has ever been translated into English—is one of the most revolting and heartsickening productions of the past century. The imagination of the author has apparently dwelt on unclean objects until it has become crazed with a mingled feeling toward them of attraction and repulsion.

Count Tolstoy takes his law of righteousness from the Sermon on the Mount, and that is well; but he has forgotten the song of joy that runs like a golden thread through that discourse—"Blessed are they that mourn; for they shall be comforted. . . . Rejoice, and be exceeding glad." Out of the preaching of Christ proceeds the wonderful and beautiful lesson of the fowls of the air and of the lilies of the field; out of the preaching of Tolstoy comes the loathsome "Powers of Darkness." Or, if we look for a more modern instance, we may read the "Fioretti" of St. Francis of Assisi, than whom no one has trod nearer to the footsteps of Christ. The parables and poems of St. Francis are all aglow with passionate joy and tenderness and beauty. I do not mean that sorrow and denunciation are banished from the teaching of Christ. But the sorrow of Christ is not the uncharitable cry alone of one whose spirit has been wounded by seeing wrong and injustice in the world.