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MISSING

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THE DOMINION REVIEW.

A Monthly Journal of Science, Religion, and Politics.

J. SPENCER ELLIS, Editor.

C. M. ELLIS, BUSINESS MGR.

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J. SPENCER ELLIS - - EDITOR.

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Missionary Work in China.

Among the comments that Lord Salisbury's mild condemnation of missionary work has evoked, the following by "Cyrano," in *Topical Times*, is worthy of note:

"The foreigner would have been quite comfortable in China, able to live and trade in perfect peace and amity, if only he had never meddled with the religion of the people. And, in the name of common sense, why should he? China has a civilization older than our own; has a literature that is worthy of respect; has religious beliefs deeply implanted in the minds of the people, so that attacks are keenly resented. I should think a prompt kicking into the street the most courteous treatment possible for the man who should come as a guest into my house, only to tell me that I was a superstitious fool, and that his special belief was to be swallowed by me. No man, unless he was a hopeless cad or lunatic, would think of behaving like this as between man and man. Why, then, should it be thought either decent or praiseworthy as between nation and nation? Lord Salisbury, I think, underrated what I may style the religious side of the question."

The same journal also publishes the following satirical lines on the same subject:

Pack your bag and do not tarry,
Go and be a missionary,
Teach the heathen how to be
Circumspect, like you and me,
How to hide their shameful limbs,
How to warble Watt's hymns,
How to feel they're worthier far
Than their erring neighbors are!

Yet I warn you at the start. Ah!
Be a saint, but not a martyr;
Why should missionaries come
To a useless martyrdom?
If the natives won't admit you,
If they all look black and hit you,
Since that proves their country lacks hymns,
Wire for soldiers and some Maxims!

Maxims are the things to teach them!
When our military reach them,
Though at first, perhaps, they'll hurt them,
In the end they will convert them
Into British subjects, then,
For the remnant of those men,
Here on earth has heaven begun,
So your mission will be done!

It might do some of our Christian friends much good to study the following opinion of their religion, given by an educated Chinaman, Wu Ting-Fang, the Chinese Minister to the United States, in an article in the *London Commonwealth*:

It is difficult for a man of education and reflection to give credence to all the Bible stories. The account of the creation of the world and the story of Adam and Eve and the garden of Eden seems to me funny. I see too that in these days of enlightenment many thinkers in

Europe and America take a similar view. I must acknowledge that the teachings of Jesus Christ seem to me to establish a standard of conduct as highly ethical as that established by the doctrine of Confucius. Jesus Christ, in fact, goes a little further than Confucius. If your enemy smites you on the cheek, he bids you to turn the other also. Confucius is more practical. He says: "Requite justice with justice, favors with favors." "If we requite our enemy with kindness, how, indeed, can we reward our friend?" he asked.

I have no quarrel with any religion that is based on a foundation of virtue. If they all bid one to do good and deter one from doing evil, I say let them all go on. If there is a reward in some future life for good deeds done on earth, if there is a heaven for the righteous, there must surely be many ladders leading up to it, just as there may be many staircases in a house. To say that there is only one ladder is too narrow for me. If there is any reward for any, I believe it will be for all good people. Some Christians say that except you believe in Christ you cannot be saved. I am broader than that doctrine. My religion comprehends all.

I have read the history of Europe during the middle ages, and the account there given of persecution caused by difference of religious belief fills me with horror. We have no such records in China. Jews, Mohammedans, Buddhists have lived there peaceably side by side. It is only when indiscreet Christian missionaries go to extremes and excite the people that they have any trouble. Christianity owes most of its converts in China to the fact that it is more alluring than any religion we have there. The idea of a future life and rewards for the righteous is tempting to many. Confucius teaches no such doctrine. He was once asked if he believed in a future life, and he answered: "If I don't know what will take place to-morrow how can I know anything about a more remote future?" He exhorted men to do their best to-day with no thought of reward. That seems to me the higher view.

Wu Ting-Fang's remark, "The idea of a future life and rewards for the righteous is tempting to many," is one that corresponds to our common experience, and indicates the cause of the wide-spread belief in a future life among the ignorant masses. In all ages, intelligent men have seen the folly and impossibility of such ideas as those of eternal bliss and eternal punishment; and there is no doubt that—though the Chinese may not on the whole be so advanced and progressive as Westerns—to an educated Chinaman the Western missionaries who come to convert them to Christianity must appear in about the same light as that in which an Indian medicine-man would appear to Englishmen if he came to convert them to his religion. When the Chinese, whose religious prejudices have been ruthlessly violated for many generations, turn and make a determined effort to destroy their oppressors, a howl of "Chinese Barbarities!" is raised, but this should hardly come from those

to the credit of whose co-religionists stand such crimes as the Crusades, St. Bartholomew, and the torture and martyrdom of millions of innocent women as witches and men for mere differences of theological opinion. If the Christians wish to stand before the world with clean hands in their dealings with inferior races, they should begin by abandoning all their persecutions for religious or irreligious opinions, and act among their own people upon the principles they claim the right to enforce when dealing with weaker peoples. "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature" is an injunction that might have been harmless had it been carried out as honestly and devotedly as similar injunctions were carried out by Buddhist and Mahomedan missionaries; but, supported as they have claimed to be by the Consul and the General, the Christian missionaries, with their boast of conquering the world for Christ, must be looked upon as the direct cause of the present war.

* * *

Christianity versus Intelligence.

The New York *Tribune* recently gave its views on the above subject in this shape:

"A cynical critic of religion remarked recently that the logical outcome of the Salvation Army propaganda would be to drive intelligent people out of the Church, leaving it with a sort of sanctified *sans culotte* membership. The remark is not quoted here in disparagement of the Salvation Army, but it suggests the thought that in its anxiety to reach the masses the Christian Church to-day may forget or ignore the equally important duty of reaching the intelligent and of holding them when they are reached. The popular outcry against the conclusions of eminent Christian scholars is a striking illustration of this tendency. These conclusions, we are told, would puzzle and alarm the simple and the ignorant. But no account is taken of the educated and thinking people in the Church whose faith in the fundamental verities of religion may be strengthened by the reconstructive work of reverent Christian scholars. Is the Church doing its duty in ignoring these people? Can it hope to live and prosper as a vital force in the world if it allows the intelligent and thoughtful classes to drift away from it even though it should retain the allegiance of the unthinking masses? This is the question which, it seems to us, confronts the Church to-day.

"Of course, we shall be reminded that the Church, first addressed itself to the ignorant. But this is only a half-truth. Illiterate peasants and slaves were, indeed, among the first to accept the Gospel. But so also were men and women in the higher walks of life. In fact, the message of the Church was singularly fitted to reach the hearts and consciences of those representing the culture and scholarship of the age. The Gospel preached by Peter and Paul and Polycarp and Irenaeus was certainly not a *sans culotte* gospel. It was the noblest appeal to the intellect as well as to the conscience that had ever been made, and as a result it was able to dominate the world's civilization in less than three centuries. Without in any way depreciating the good work of the Salvation Army in this generation, it is proper to say that it would not and could not have accomplished this marvellous result. There was in the cogent preaching of Peter, the Galilean peasant, and the nervous and fiery appeals of Paul, the pupil of the great Gamaliel, not the

slightest suggestion of Salvation Army methods except the all-conquering earnestness and zeal that gave dignity and power to the words of the peasant and simplicity and force to the words of the cultured Pharisee. The common people heard Christ gladly, not because he appealed to their ignorance, for he never did that, but because he appealed to their intelligence. We speak of Christianity as a levelling force. But it is really an uplifting force. Instead of dragging the intelligent down to the capacity of the ignorant, it lifts the most ignorant up to the heights of intelligence, far above the clouds of ignorance, error and prejudice.

"Now, it is admitted that many intelligent persons are drifting away from the Church. Without clearly formulating their objections to the Church, they believe, in general, that the simple creed of the early Church has come to be overloaded with opinions, speculations and dogmas that are not merely untrue, but alien to Christianity. They ask the Church to review some of these things and, in the light of the better knowledge of to-day, modify them, without touching any of the fundamentals of the faith. The liberals in the Church are disposed to respond to their appeal, but the conservatives are supreme in the councils of the Church, and their only terms to these intelligent doubters are unconditional surrender. 'Accept every jot and tittle of the complex body of dogmas, opinions and interpretations that the Church has built up out of the simple teaching of its great Founder, or else get out of the Church'—that is the only message of the Church to sincere scholars and thinkers who are unable to accept the traditional theology. And because it is, the Church is losing men and women who, by the exercise of a little common sense and Christian charity, might be retained in its membership."

The *Tribune* puts a question which is already answered. The intelligent and thoughtful classes have drifted away from the church, and we do not expect they will ever drift back. The appeal to the unthinking masses is all that is left for it, and the Salvation Army, as its expression, shows, we think, that the appeal is doomed to failure. Had the Salvation Army been started and carried on upon a more liberal basis—say upon co-operative lines—it might have brought about a somewhat better state of things; but its history, like that of other religio-charitable or semi-charitable institutions, tends rather to prove the inherent weakness of all such agencies for improvement. It has probably intensified rather than ameliorated the problem of pauperism; and is likely utterly to collapse when its autocratic ruler succumbs to the inevitable. The gutter appeal of the Salvation Army is the legitimate successor of the Wesley and Whitfield appeals of the eighteenth century; and it is likely to be the last, because it has reached the lowest level of the social ladder. The more intelligent classes have to a greater or less extent rejected the demand for unquestioning faith; more or less clearly and determinedly they are demanding a reason for the faith they are asked to exhibit; and, even if commercially successful, the Salvation Army is likely to develop before long a similar demand.

* * *

The *Tribune* writer wears peculiar spectacles when he reads early Christian history. Allowing that Christianity

was the "noblest appeal to the intellect as well as to the conscience that had ever been made," it is simply absurd to talk about it having "dominated the world's civilization in less than three centuries." It can only be said to have done so if it be meant by the term used that it destroyed that civilization and replaced it with its own barbarous superstitions. To designate it, however, as the "noblest appeal to the intellect" that had ever been made seems to us to be hyperbolic in the extreme, when its essential feature is that of unquestioning faith; and if it be pretended that to-day its professors do appeal to the intellect, we can only reply that they differ in this respect from nearly all Christian advocates that have gone before them. The few men who have attempted to defend Christian dogmas on rational grounds have been as but a drop in the ocean compared with those who have persistently demanded belief at the peril of life or liberty. If the *Tribune* writer thinks the Church can save the "fundamentals of the faith," while allowing some of the dogmas to be called in question, he must also be blind to the lessons of history and philosophy. The dogmas of the church which have grown up around the original "simple creeds" mark stages of its evolution. They are necessary links in a chain which must inevitably break when any one of them is broken. How near the strain has already reached the breaking point it is difficult to judge. The man who speculates upon the sudden collapse of Christianity is hardly a philosopher or an evolutionist. The question is, What is the nature of the religion which is being evolved out of the chaotic mass known as Christianity? It will take ages before the crude theological dualism will be done away with for the masses of mankind, but while among the thoughtful and intelligent classes an ethical ideal of individual duty, of the dignity of manhood, and the claims of the human race will gradually take its place, among those who are, on the one hand, too busy with pleasure, and those who, on the other, are too busy struggling for an existence to devote time to thought, the vagaries of some sort of prophet and seer will still rule the world. On no other hypothesis can we account for the immense mass of "literature" that to-day floods us from all parts of the world, much of it full of the wildest and most incoherent "spiritualistic" and theosophical speculation and dreaming.

Some "Tribune" Fallacies.

Among the many fallacies with which the *Tribune's* article fairly bristles, the first that will be noted is that there is a "popular outcry against the conclusions of eminent scholars." Now, two things must be patent to any one who watches what is transpiring in the religious world. One is, that the "outcry" is almost invariably raised by clerical opponents of their more liberal and scholarly conferees; and the other is that the preachers who accept, and as far as possible teach, the conclusions of modern scientific investigation and religious criticism are just those whose ministrations seem to be the most popular. Another fallacy may be seen in the statement

that the conclusions just referred to "would puzzle and alarm the simple and the ignorant." It has hitherto been held that some sort of faith in a hereafter, with its heaven and hell, is necessary to keep the simple and ignorant in order. A sample of this argument occurred some years ago in the columns of this paper, in which the Rev. Thos. Fenwick, a Church of England preacher, of Woodbridge, Ont., declared that without his faith in God and fear of hell, he would be "the biggest scoundrel in Canada." Of course, Mr. Fenwick might object to being classed among the "simple and ignorant;" but, though he may have attended a college for some years, his declaration simply proved him to be, ethically, a mere ignorant savage or an unscrupulous special pleader. It is, indeed, a ridiculous assumption that taking away the fear of hell, and any others of the unworkable dogmas of the Christian faith, and replacing them with the most rational conclusions of scholarly men, could "alarm" or "puzzle" anybody, ignorant or intelligent. The assertion that Christianity is "the noblest appeal to the intellect as well as to the conscience that had ever been made" could only be made by a writer who either deliberately ignores everything outside his own church, or who is one of the "simple and ignorant" persons already referred to. It is impossible to deny a certain strain of "loftiness" in some portions of the Bible, and the writings of Paul are probably as "lofty" and "spiritual" as any; but to call them appeals to the "intellect" is to misuse terms. Paul has given us a magnificent burial service, but how does it stand an intellectual examination? In his first letter to the Corinthians he beseeches (v. 10) his correspondents "in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, that ye all speak the same thing, and that there be no divisions among you." Is this an intellectual way of settling religious controversies? "The common people heard Christ gladly," we are told, "not because he appealed to their ignorance." But certainly the appeal was one that could not have been accepted by intelligent men, who would never admit that "belief" in any doctrines or persons, which is the essence of Christ's teachings, could avail as an atonement for misdeeds. This, indeed, has always been the "message" of Christianity; and when the *Tribune* suggests—as many other advocates have suggested—that the Church should modify this message, it simply ignores the patent fact, that "the fundamentals of the faith" essentially depend upon an "unconditional surrender" to the dogmas that have naturally developed out of them. To allow these to be qualified is to cut away the foundations of the whole structure. A Catholic who disbelieves in the infallibility of the Pope is no longer a Catholic, though that may have been the last dogma developed out of the Christian assumption; and a Protestant who has doubts about the inspiration of the Bible has certainly no standing-ground inside the Church. If the *Tribune* wishes to give some substance to its advocacy, let it put forward a schedule of the Christian dogmas which may be modified and the "fundamentals" which must be maintained at all costs, and let us see how far we can go in swallowing one set or the other.

Municipalization in Glasgow.

EVIDENCE OF LORD PROVOST CHISHOLM.

The following report of the evidence of Lord Provost Chisholm, on behalf of the Corporation of Glasgow, before the Joint Committee of both Houses of Parliament appointed to inquire into the subject of municipal trading, contains facts that will correct many mis-statements in regard to Glasgow, and which should be invaluable to the municipal reformer. The Earl of Crewe, chairman of the committee, presided.

The Lord Provost stated that, in addition to the ordinary municipal departments, such as police, health, parks, city improvements, and so on, the corporation had various non-rating enterprises, these being markets, water supply, gas supply, tramways, electric light, hydraulic power, and telephones over the city and area of the National Telephone Company. These enterprises were not undertaken for the purpose of trading, but simply in the interests of the citizens. The officials tried to make them pay, and they practically did so, but the profits were not applied to the reduction of the rates; they were applied to the improvement or the reduction of the price of the individual enterprise in each particular case. The rates were used for general municipal purposes.

With regard to water, the corporation had carried on the supply for forty years, to the great advantage of the city and the citizens, and they had been able to lay aside a large sinking fund and depreciation fund. The charge, which in 1855 was 1s. 2d per £1 in one part of the city and 1s. in another part, was now 5d. Outside the city area the price was 10d. per £1. He was satisfied that a company could not have carried out such an improvement in the supply.

Lord Crewe—Do you know any difference between gas and water supply?

The Lord Provost—Practically none. We carried the lighting of the city just as essentially a part of the duty of a municipality as the supply of clean water. When the corporation took over the gas undertaking in 1869 the price was 4s. 7d. per 1,000 feet, and now it was 2s. 2d. (52c.). He did not think a private company would do as well. He considered it was to the interest of the outsiders that the city should be allowed to supply them with gas.

With regard to the "tramways," the Lord Provost gave full details, claiming that the fares had been reduced and greater comfort given to passengers since the concern came into the hands of the corporation. The number of passengers had been doubled, over two and a-half millions being carried per week. For the year ending 31st May last the total number carried was 127,628,485, as compared with 54,000,000 for the last year in which the service was conducted by the company. When the extensions at present authorized were completed, they would be working 34 miles outside the boundary. The inhabitants outside were continually wanting extensions, and those extensions were undertaken for the mutual interest of the city and the suburbs. The corporations were looking forward to the continued prosperity and success of the tramways. They had been very successful financially, although they had to meet the competition of underground railways and subways. The electric system was expected to be completed next year in time for the exhibition in Glasgow. He was satisfied the corporation had done what a corporation could not do. The first aim of a company, within reasonable limits, was to make profits. The first aim of a corporation was the comfort and convenience of the citizens, and the provision at the same time of a reasonable amount for sinking fund and depreciation.

Lord Crewe—After making those allowances, are you prepared to carry people for cost price?

The Lord Provost—As nearly as possible. There is no disposition on the part of the corporation to apply a penny for the reduction of the rates. The corporation took the entire man-

agement, by arrangement with the local authorities, who had never seriously suggested anything like joint management.

With regard to electric light, the Lord Provost stated that there were over 5,000 consumers, and the capital expenditure in May, 1899, had been £388,599.

Lord Crewe—Do you think you have shown a reasonable enterprise in connection with your electric supply?

The Lord Provost—I think we might have gone ahead a little more vigorously at the beginning; but there are circumstances which, in my opinion, account for the delay. It was not taken up as a serious enterprise to be pushed, as it were, by a committee; but it was taken up as an adjunct to the gas supply, to be given as it was asked for. I think the corporation might have provided larger facilities at the very first.

Lord Crewe—You account for that by their taking more interest in their largely developed gas undertaking?

The Lord Provost—Yes, I think that was really the explanation; it was also a matter of caution, because it was a comparatively untried enterprise in 1890. Details

Water were then given regarding the supply of hydraulic power, the loss upon which was met out of the ordinary water enterprise; and also regarding the acquisition of a telephone licence. The Lord Provost thought this licence had been granted by the Postmaster-General because of the impurity of the corporation than because he was convinced on the general question of proprietorship of telephones. He

would say that the telephone had practically become a necessity of business life, and was a monopoly requiring the use of the streets. He looked forward to a vast extension of the telephone system, and the corporation proposed having numerous call offices where the charge would be one penny.

Lord Crewe—Do you think you will be better able to carry it out than a trading corporation?

The Lord Provost—We have had many years of a trading company which either cannot or will not do it. Dealing with the question of the position of municipal employes as voters, the Lord Provost said there were 8,021 boys, girls and men working in the various departments of city employment, about 6,500 of whom were voters. The constituency numbered 132,808, and the city councillors 25 wards. There were always one or two close contests, but he never knew of a contest turning on the question of the position of civic employes. These men were not dismissed by the Town Council, but by the responsible head of the particular department, although they had an appeal to the committee. He did not think there was any real danger in the employment of so many men, because if there was, other workmen would be quick enough to see that any advantages the corporation employes were seeking to obtain would be at the expense of other workmen.

Lord Crewe—If you make a loss on those enterprises would you still say what you have said to-day?

If the corporation were carrying on any enterprise which showed a persistent loss it would be a serious argument against them being allowed to continue. I think the ratepayers would very quickly bring them to book. As to the increase of municipal debt, he might say that their experience in Glasgow was that that increase was nominal, the assets having increased in far larger proportion than the debt. It was a dangerous system for a corporation to apply profits to the relief of the general rates, and he would not be disposed to encourage it, because there was a risk in so doing of starving an enterprise for the purpose of putting aside the profits for another purpose. He could imagine cases where they might be allowed to make a special contribution. Reverting to the subject of electric light, he admitted that the Corporation of Glasgow had been sluggish at the beginning, but they were making up for it now. He did not think there was any deduction as to municipal management to be drawn from his admission.

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Goldwin Smith on "Shakespeare: the Man."

BY G. W. FOOTE, EDITOR "FREETHINKER."

UNDER this arresting title a slender volume has just appeared from the pen of Mr. Goldwin Smith; the publishers being Morang and Co., of Toronto, and the English agent Mr. T. Fisher Unwin. The author's object, according to his sub-title, is "to find traces of the dramatist's personal character in his dramas." But this is not what the author really attempts. Such an enterprise would involve the most careful and subtle analysis, and the result would extend to far more than these seventy-seven pages of type, of twenty narrow lines each, surrounded with extraordinary and extravagant margins. Mr. Goldwin Smith merely endeavors, in a rather cursory fashion, to deduce some of Shakespeare's opinions from his writings. In doing this he prints several long quotations, which help to make a small book of his little essay. By way of "apology" he expresses a doubt whether "familiarity with Shakespeare is so common as it was in former days"—a negative phenomenon which he associates with the "tidal-wave of popular and sensational fiction now flowing." But is not this a mistaken idea? Nothing in the London publishing world is so remarkable as the multiplicity of editions of Shakespeare. Library editions and pocket editions pour forth almost every season. That they are purchased goes without saying; and that they find readers is at least presumable. We will allow that the vast bulk of the British public are ignorant of Shakespeare's works; but that is only because they are ignorant of all high and serious literature. Yet the people who do read such literatures are certainly, if slowly, increasing in number; and we venture to say that there are many more students of Shakespeare to-day than there ever were before.

Professor Smith remarks that materials connected with Shakespeare's personal history have been "gathered with the most loving and persevering industry." "Unhappily," he adds, "they amount to very little." Strictly speaking, this is true; relatively speaking, it is false. Shakespeare was not a public man, in the then prevailing sense of the expression. He was not a soldier, a politician, a diplomatist, or even a religious sectarian. He belonged to a profession that was more or less disreputable, and as a man of letters he could only win distinction within a very limited circle. It is not to be expected, therefore, that we should be able to learn as much about him personally as we can about Lord Bacon, for instance, or Sir Walter Raleigh. Both these men were great writers, but they were also public men in the fullest sense of the word. Bacon was Lord Chancellor of England, and Raleigh was a renowned adventurer and explorer. Considering who and what Shakespeare was, it is wonderful that we know so much about his personal history. We have more ample and precise records of his life than we have of the life of any other dramatist of the period; or even of the life of a splendid courtly poet like Spenser, who was patronized by Elizabeth, and had several other patrons amongst the proudest nobility. It is high time, in our opinion, to drop the common, but rather silly, astonishment at the paucity of the materials for Shakespeare's biography. And, after all, as Emerson said, Shakespeare is revealed to us, as far as he can be revealed, in his writings. "Speak, that I may know you," is a grand old saying. The printed page is a mechanical accident. It is the thought, the imagination, the language, purely in themselves, that come from a great writer's brain. And they disclose his essential

genius and character far more surely and intimately than any exterior records. All that a biography does is to corroborate in this or that way, or in many ways, the impression which is formed of a great writer by the "judicious reader," as some of the old poets used to say in their prefaces and dedications. We have set biographies of Dickens and Tennyson, and a scattered biography of Thackeray. Very interesting they are, for we all love to read about great men. But what do they amount to in comparison with the total volume of their work? Dickens, Tennyson, and Thackeray live for us in their writings, and Shakespeare lives for us in his writings too. He made a purchase like other men, or gave instructions to his lawyer about a suit, or signed a lease or a will, or arranged the business details of his theatre. All that sort of thing is by the way in the life of a man of genius. Where he is like other men he is very much like them. His distinctive quality alone is individual. What he is like when his genius is aroused into full activity, when his highest emotions are kindled, when his intellect takes his loftiest flights, can only be known from his creations. And to search for this information in biographical records is to seek the living amongst the dead.

Notwithstanding that "unhappily," Mr. Goldwin Smith has a perception of this truth. Instead of investigating municipal records, registers, leases, wills, and inventories, he sees that it is "better worth while to consider under what general influences—social, political and religious—the life was passed." Accordingly he points out, as a professor of history might be expected to do, that between 1580, when Shakespeare was sixteen, and the time of his death, there were "thirty-six years full of momentous events." The Papal curse against Elizabeth, the Armada, the conflict in France between the League and the Huguenots, the insurrection of Essex, the death of the great English queen, the accession of James, the union of the Crowns of England and Scotland, the Gunpowder Plot, the opening of the struggle between Parliament and the Stuarts, and the beginning of the Thirty Years' War, make a crowded period of history. But was it really these events that moved the mind of Shakespeare? We think not. There was something mightier behind them all. Printing had only recently been invented, America had but lately been discovered, and it had just been ascertained that the world was round, that the sun was the gigantic centre of our planetary system, and that the heavens were strewn with countless other constellations. This was the mighty revolution in human knowledge, and therefore in human thought, which preceded the exercise of Shakespeare's incommensurable genius. It was another instance of the man and the hour. Such a revolution is not likely to occur twice in the history of our planet, and such a genius as Shakespeare may never be born again; almost certainly not in similar conditions and with the same opportunities. For the first time in the world's history, it was possible to perceive man's true position in the universe. Shakespeare had the amazing intellect, not only to perceive it, but to accept it absolutely in the moral sphere. He took human nature as his province—that human nature which is eternal, and outlasts all dynasties and systems. Banishing the supernatural, except occasionally for mere stagecraft, he brought human nature into the presence of All-Nature; and showed that as the earth shared the movement of the universe, so man shares the life of the earth; and that although his soul is swept by tides of thought and passion, those very tides are like the ocean tides in this, that they are under the sovereign sway of absolute and universal law. It was the great principle of moral

causation that Shakespeare introduced, established, and illustrated. His Titanic mind rested on the nature of things. Nothing less was adequate to support it. And there, to use his own sublime phrase, he laid great bases for eternity.

II.

Let us now turn to the criteria which Mr. Goldwin Smith uses for "finding Shakespeare"—if we may so express it—in his writings:

"In the work even of the most dramatic of dramatists the man can hardly fail sometimes to appear. There are things which strike us as said for their own sake more than because they fit the particular character; things which seem said with special feeling and emphasis; things which connect themselves naturally with the writer's personal history. There are things which could not be written, even dramatically, by one to whose beliefs and sentiments they were repugnant. Any knowledge which is displayed must, of course, be the writer's own; so must any proofs of insight, social or of other kinds. Inferences as to the writer's character from such passages are precarious, no doubt; yet they may not be altogether futile."

These criteria are not displayed in any logical order; indeed, they are rather haphazard; nevertheless, they are to a large extent sound, only they require to be applied with very great skill and delicacy. We cheerfully concede that even a dramatist can "hardly fail sometimes to appear" in his works; in fact, we have argued that he appears in them all the time. This appearance, however, is not direct and obvious, but indirect and suggestive. Just as a Pantheist like Goethe calls nature the garment of God, by which alone he is visible; so we may say that such a supreme artist as Shakespeare is behind all his creations, and is always perceptible there to those who have sufficient insight or intuition. He does not say "I am here," after the fashion of an inferior dramatist like Byron, whose principal heroes are the projections of his own selfhood. The revelation is not by body or voice, but by an electric presence. The living genius pulses forth its power, and we feel that it lives all its achievements. Not that we invariably feel this truth. We are all too prone to ignore it. We are apt to look upon the vast gallery of Shakespeare's creations as something exterior to him, whereas they were all conceived by his genius, and lived within him before they existed beyond him. Dr. Johnson was once annoyed by a dream, in which an adversary had defeated him in argument; but he recovered his serenity of mind on recollecting that he himself had supplied both sides of the discussion. A similar recollection must aid us in our appreciation of Shakespeare. He created all the vital, individual characters of his dramas; he gave them their virtues and their vices, their qualities and their defects; he endowed them with their appropriate language; he furnished them with all their wisdom, wit, strength, beauty, grace, valor and heroism. From his own mind he drew the restless, far-glancing philosophy of Hamlet; from his own nature the subtle and exquisite witcheries of Cleopatra. All the characters of all his plays are partial incarnations of himself. They are but representations of him; splendid symbols thrown off by the incessant activity of his amazing genius. He was more than they—ininitely more. They were samples and specimens, and he was the freighted store. His creative force was as full, and rich as ever when he set his final seal upon the majestic "Tempest;" his wealth of thought, his opulence of imagination, his imperial command of language, were just as magnificent. His treasury was too vast to be impoverished by any expenditure. It could only be rifled by the supreme despoiler of mortality.

"O proud death,
What feast is toward in thine eternal cell!"

We will now look at the application of Mr. Goldwin Smith's criteria. As an instance of things said for their own sake, he cites that lovely passage from the last act of the "Merchant of Venice," beginning with the line—

"How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!"

"Sleeps" is one of those magical, audacious expressions of which only the highest genius is capable. Tom Moore, we believe, and even Byron, misquoted it as "falls," which is commonplace in comparison. Mr. Goldwin Smith calls it a "poetic voluntary." He points out, what should never be forgotten, that Shakespeare was a poet before he became a playwright, and that it is the profound poetical element of his masterpieces which renders them in a large degree unactable; a point, by the way, that was inimitably argued and illustrated by Charles Lamb. Incidentally, it is noticed that Ben Jonson's reference to Shakespeare's "small Latin and less Greek" simply meant that he was "not classically cultured." Ben Jonson spoke as a deep scholar, one of the best in England, who was even consulted by the thrice-learned Selden. Shakespeare in all probability knew nothing of Greek. Latin he learnt, like every other pupil, at the common grammar school. That he knew French is certain. "It can hardly be doubted," Mr. Goldwin Smith says, "that he understood Italian."

With regard to Polonius's advice to Laertes, Mr. Goldwin Smith remarks that it must be set down to the credit of Shakespeare himself, because it "really does not well suit the character of Polonius, who is generally represented as a pompous old fool." Yes, he is generally so represented, but this is a great mistake. Hamlet does cry "these tedious old fools!" when Polonius is trying with his worldly plummet to sound the mysterious depths of a greater nature. But in the common sense of the word Polonius is not a fool. He is wise as the world goes; that is to say, shrewd. And he is moral as the world goes; that is to say, prudent and decorous. We think, therefore, that his famous advice to Laertes is quite characteristic of the man; and he would naturally express his best, not his worst thoughts on such an occasion.

Mr. Goldwin Smith asserts that "the mystery of Shakespeare's Sonnets will never be solved." But is not the "mystery" an invention? Is it not like the "mystery of evil," a manufacture of intellectual busy-bodies? We also regret to hear Mr. Goldwin Smith echoing the usual old talk about Shakespeare's estrangement from his wife. Where is the *proof* that he saw little of her and the children for eleven years? Is there any real *evidence* that she was not with him in London? That he led anything like a disorderly life is absolutely disproved by the rapidity as well as the quality of his dramatic work, to say nothing of his business labors at the theatre. Critics began very early to make up their minds on a plentiful lack of evidence, and the tradition was religiously handed down from generation to generation. And as there is nothing like a prepossession to play the devil with the simplest facts, they presently found a ridiculous corroboration in Shakespeare's will, by which he left his wife only the legacy of his "second best bed"—having, as one fool commentator sneered, worn out the best one with her rival. Whereas the truth is that Shakespeare's wife, according to the custom of the age, was already provided for; and in all probability the second best bed was *their* bed, perhaps their marriage-bed; the best bed being in the guest-chamber—or, as we now say, the spare bedroom. Really, if the method of so many critics and commentators were applied in courts of justice, no man's liberty, honor, or life would be worth a moment's purchase; accusation

would prove guilt, and sentence would be involved in every indictment.

Assuming that Shakespeare's marriage was unfortunate and unhappy, Mr. Goldwin Smith says :

"All this considered, we have reason to be thankful for the essential soundness of Shakespeare's morality, especially with regard to marriage. There is not in him anything of the evil spirit of the Restoration drama. Matrimony with him is always holy, and though attacks upon its sanctity form the subject of more than one of his plots, he carries it through them inviolate. There is no Don Juan among his heroes."

Substantially we think this is undeniable. Shakespeare understood—nay, he realized, which is much more—that human society and civilization are founded, first upon affection, and secondly upon discipline. "Conscience is born of love," he says in one of his sonnets; and that is the whole primary philosophy of evolution in a nutshell. But the time comes when love and affection, which is one of its reflexes, need discipline in the interest both of the individual and of the social organism. Order, custom, and habit are as necessary as freedom and spontaneity; in other words, the conservative element is as necessary as the progressive. Now the family is the first degree of social order, and no one has yet shown how the family is possible without marriage. The two together secure—not perfectly, but as far as may be—the socialization of the sexual impulse. Let that instinct, and the other great instinct of self-preservation—under which all our emotions may be subsumed—once have absolute free play, unchecked by laws, forms, and social regulations, and we should soon fall back through barbarism into savagery. Shakespeare puts this in his incomparable way, at the close of that long and wonderful passage of social philosophy in "Troilus and Cressida":

"Then everything includes itself in power,
Power into will, will into appetite;
And appetite, an universal wolf,
So doubly seconded with will and power,
Must make perforce an universal prey,
And, last, eat up himself."

We fully agree with Mr. Goldwin Smith on this point, but we differ from him on a collateral topic.

"It must be owned that in "Measure for Measure," in some of the Falstaff scenes, and elsewhere, Shakespeare plays with certain subjects in a way suggestive of looseness in sexual morality."

Jack Falstaff talks in character. Huxley, in a letter to Grant Allen, called "Honest Jack" a great philosopher. This is true enough, but his philosophy began and ended with the world he lived in. On the sexual side he was a pure (or impure) anarchist. He talks as such, and acts as such. We may call him a most delightful old rascal. But one Jack Falstaff is enough at a time, and Shakespeare drew but one; and that he drew him with as much loving care as he drew Hamlet only proves the astonishing catholicity of his genius. With regard to certain scenes and passages in "Measure for Measure," we admit that they display looseness in sexual morality, but not that they are suggestive of it. Coleridge disliked that play; probably not for the rather fantastic reasons he assigned, but because of its grim and relentless treatment of the darker sides of human nature. Yet through all the mire of that tremendous drama the noble Isabella moves with spotless and radiant purity. In presence of that divine woman, the weak and profligate Lucio exclaims: "I hold you for a thing enskied and sainted." He was unable to perceive the possibility of a taint in her adorable character.

III.—HIS VIEWS ON LIFE AND DEATH.

We should like to follow Mr. Goldwin Smith through several other applications of his criteria, particularly as to Shakespeare's social and political leanings, and more especially as to his view of the natural and inevitable relation of the sexes. But we feel that our review must now be concluded, and we desire to devote the whole of this instalment of it to Shakespeare's views of life and death. This is a subject, no doubt, on which it is possible for different persons to hold a great variety of opinions. Just as Shakespeare has been shown to have followed a considerable number of trades and professions—which is a tribute to the universality of his information—so he has been argued to have been a Roman Catholic, a member of the Church of England, and a Nonconformist. Our own opinion, for which reasons will be given presently, is that he was neither. Some of the principal commentators have noticed, with regret and even with dismay, what they are pleased to call the levity with which he too often treats religious topics. Gifford, the zealous editor of Ben Jonson, called Shakespeare the coryphæus of profanity. He certainly put into the mouths of clowns and fools, for whom he could claim a traditional license, some remarkable thrusts at the tenets of the Christian religion. We intend to elaborate this point in our projected work on Shakespeare. For the present it must suffice to call the reader's attention to it. Those who have read the plays carefully will recollect many instances. We must likewise remark that more than one commentator has dwelt upon the great poet's scepticism. Mr. Green, the historian, for instance, admits that he stood outside all Churches and outside all religion. It will be apparent, therefore, that we are far from being alone in our opinion of Shakespeare's religious (or irreligious) convictions.

Mr. Goldwin Smith is very certain that Shakespeare was not a Nonconformist. He threw ridicule upon the Puritans. "Least of all," Mr. Smith says, "can it be maintained that Shakespeare was a Roman Catholic." His noble presentation of the friar in "Romeo and Juliet" only shows that he was "a large-minded artist." He was true to nature, and he knew that there were good as well as bad and indifferent in the army of priests and monks. Elsewhere he makes a character speak of something being as fit "as the nun's lips to the friar's mouth," and a host of similar things might be quoted if we had room for them. We are also glad to hear Mr. Goldwin Smith declare his view that "The ghost and the purgatory in 'Hamlet' are evidently a mere part of the fiction." This is true all round. The supernatural in Shakespeare is mere stage machinery. It is never allowed to interfere really with the natural development of the plot and characters, or to precipitate a catastrophe. Even in "Hamlet," where the ghost appears so decisively, as a superficial reader might easily imagine, it will be found on a close examination that it does not actually hasten the natural progress of events. Further, we beg the reader to note that the supernatural which Shakespeare uses as stage machinery is never distinctively Christian. He introduces no angels or devils. Ghosts, fairies, and fates—for such are the so-called witches in "Macbeth"—belong to the immemorial primitive superstition of mankind; and, instead of being distinctively Christian, are distinctively anti-Christian.

Mr. Goldwin Smith says we may "safely" take it that Shakespeare was "a Conformist." But we may just as "safely" take the opposite. Whether he was a church-goer, Mr. Goldwin Smith says, we have "no means of telling." Nor does it very much matter. He

may have gone to church to please his wife, or his relatives and friends, or to divert attention from his own convictions in an age when heresy was so dangerous. He was not an apostle, and could hardly be expected to graduate as a martyr. "Atheistical or irreligious," our author declares, "he evidently was not. His general spirit is religious." But this is a matter of opinion, and other critics have taken a very different view. What does Mr. Goldwin Smith mean by "religious"? If he defined the word, or his use of it, we might discuss the matter. But in the absence of definition we might simply answer what he would assure us that he never meant. For, at this time of day, the word "religious" has contracted a dangerous ambiguity.

After referring to the turbulence of that age in the religious sphere, Mr. Goldwin Smith remarks that difference of opinion on the gravest questions was not confined to the Catholics and Protestants.

"Religious controversies and wars had not failed to produce their natural effect in breeding among men of more daring spirit, or perhaps more libertine lives, total scepticism or indifference to religion. Among the Bohemians of the theatre this tendency was likely to prevail. Marlowe is maligne as a blatant Atheist, an utterer of horrible and damnable opinions, who had written a book against the Trinity and defamed Christ. The imputation was extended to other Bohemians."

Reference is then made to Giordano Bruno, the great Freethought martyr, whose odyssey as a hunted heretic included a visit to England. He found much to disgust him at Oxford.

"But in London he found to his satisfaction comparative freedom of thought and speech. A circle, of which Sir Philip Sidney and Sir Fulke Greville were the chiefs, and of which Bruno was a member, discussed questions of science and philosophy with closed doors. So far as social position was concerned, Shakespeare might possibly have found his way into that circle."

One would like to know that Shakespeare and Bruno really met in London. Each would have felt the other's supreme greatness. And what a thought, that the world's supreme poet had clasped the hand of the world's supreme martyr!

We have another quotation to make from Mr. Goldwin Smith. When he comes to Shakespeare's views of life and death, he is compelled to write as follows:

"When Shakespeare touches the problem of human existence or that of the world to come, we cannot help feeling that we are in contact with a mind more like that of Giordano Bruno, or rather that of the Elizabethan liberals, than that of an orthodox Anglican Divine. The soliloquy in 'Hamlet' presents nothing sceptical; yet it and Hamlet's general utterances are pervaded by the spirit of one to whom the state of man, present and future, is an unsolved mystery. We do not know 'in that sleep of death what dreams may come.' The world beyond the grave is 'the undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveller returns.' To die is to 'go we know not where.' 'We are such stuff as dreams are made on; and our little life is rounded with a sleep.' This globe of ours, 'like an unsubstantial pageant, will vanish and leave not a wreck [rack?] behind.' That Shakespeare himself speaks in such passages cannot be affirmed, but may surely, without much improbability, be divined."

We think this is true as far as it goes. We also think it is far from being the whole truth. It seems to us that it can be proved that Shakespeare himself speaks in such passages. The very same sentiments about life and death are assigned to all his characters who are distinguished by intellectual power. Differ as they may in other respects; let them be mild or daring, noble or

wicked, scrupulously just or daringly ambitious; if they possess *intellect* they all speak essentially the same language in regard to death. Hamlet speaks like Macbeth, and Prospero like Cæsar. It may, of course, be replied that Shakespeare, as a great dramatic artist, only made these lofty ones speak in character. But that comes to the very same thing in the end. It implies that Shakespeare felt those sceptical sentiments about "the great perhaps" to be appropriate to men of powerful intelligence. And what is that, at bottom, but a confession that those sentiments were his own?

No person in the whole gallery of Shakespeare's creations ever derives the least consolation from the thought of an after-life. More than one shrink from it in apprehension and terror. Shakespeare had looked into the great abyss, when the sun was shining and in the silent watches of the night, and he saw within it the doom of all mortality. That he was, nevertheless, the great poet of the joy of life, only proves that his colossal genius was wedded to invincible sanity.

Some Social Observances,

THE CHURCH.

A REASON why the church is one of the most important society factors known is that it is a regular thing. Receptions are intermittent, calls may be delayed, dinners restricted, but the church is regular and gregarious enough to cover a multitude of sins.

A woman in church has an opportunity to observe her social superior which that individual would never otherwise bestow on her. The church also offers cover for quiet reflection and observation, which are invaluable to the society woman.

The ideal church consists of a mixed element. Spencer's law that we develop from homogeneity to heterogeneity is quite proper here. Simplicity characterized the church at first; but this was too primitive to last. A few millionaires and a greater number of semi-millionaires are indispensable to the working of the church that aims to preserve the highest social traditions.

There should also be a sprinkling of the poor. They give an air of respectability to the whole affair.

Church is held one day in the week and is a place where women assemble to think over their neighbors' sins and what they wear.

Men once went to church, but they have been driven away by the clergy. Now they stay away and play golf.

Church-going is one of the most delightful social functions when properly indulged in. It serves also as a soothing amelioration for certain inconsistencies, while in its revised and modern form it is not irritating enough to be disagreeable. It is a medium of intercourse between those who have got there and those who want to.

Social aspirants cannot always expect to get admitted at once to the best churches. But money helps; and, once in the clergyman may introduce you to some of the leaders if you are good and practise the best form.

Without church-going many people to-day would not be in society.—Puck.

Sceptic—"You still believe in Spiritualism, and yet at the *seance* last night the medium called up your grandmother, and she didn't know how many daughters she had." Believer—"Oh, well, grandmother's memory was getting very poor a few days before she died."

Why Blame the Boxers ?

BY WINIFRED BLACK.

WE'RE getting excited over the Chinese Boxers, and their daring to fight—in their own country. They have the assurance to defend the altars of their fathers. They care enough for the religion to die or to do murder for it. What hideous bad form!

We in America, who have let religion lapse into a mere form, who would not think of murdering a man to save his soul, much less dying to save our own, we who call our religion the greatest thing in the universe, and who let the ministers who preach it half starve until they can dun their churches out of a reluctant dollar or two, who will not do, or suffer, or sacrifice one material thing for the church we profess to honor—we have the audacity to send half-educated, half-formed men and women over into a foreign land to take from the people there a religion in which they have the grace to believe with all their hearts and souls, and then we wonder why these people rise and protest.

The missionary business is a survival of another age.

It is as distant an anachronism as a feudal castle, drawbridge, moat and all, would be, set up on the Hudson River to defend America from the invasion of the Huns.

It was all very well during the dark ages, when people believed in and lived up to their religion, but now—have you ever been to a missionary love feast?

Have you sat at the feast of a returned missionary and heard him tell of his trials and privations, and of his glorious work of saving souls?

I have.

The first one of any importance I ever went to was in San Francisco. It was a glorious occasion.

There were delegates from all the churches, and Bands of Hope from all the Sunday schools.

We gathered into dank and darksome parlors in the Chinese mission, up on the slope of Chinatown hill.

There were lemonade and cookies, and the Chinese children of the mission sang "I lang to be an angelle" deliciously and without the faintest idea of what words they were singing.

Then the missionaries spoke.

One was a tall, fine, patriarchal old man, and one was an elderly woman, with a disappointed face and a quantity of curious brass jewelry disposed variously over her shrunken figure, and one was a pale young woman with a knobby forehead, large, pale eyes and a stubborn mouth.

The patriarch spoke first.

He told us about the poor, suffering heathens, who bowed down to wood and stone, and how he and his brothers were saving them from their degradation. He told us all about mission buildings, and how many teachers there were in them, and what thousands and thousands of dollars it all cost, and at the end of his speech he said:

"I have been laboring in the vineyard for lo, these twenty years, and I have led three men and seven women to the light," and all the room echoed to the fervent "amen" of the electrified listeners.

Then the elderly woman spoke, and she told us all about the heathen women and "their heathenish ways" with such a supercilious lack of sympathy, that it made me long to turn heathen myself just to spite her.

And then the young woman rose and rolled her pale eyes, and told us of the awful martyrdom of a devoted missionary, so far from friends, and home, and luxury, and then we all put something in the contribution box.

A bland and smiling heathen sat in the back of the room, fanned himself with gorgeous fan of peacock feathers and listened.

He was a prosperous merchant, known through San Francisco as a just, honest and wise man.

He and I walked down the steps together after the meeting.

"Do you wonder," he said to me, and he spoke better English than any of the speakers of the day, "do you wonder that my people laugh at the missionaries? That man and

those women who spoke in there, they do not look like the people I see here who are intelligent and well educated. Where do you find them, these missionaries?" and when I expostulated, he said:

"Tell me, if you want to transact important business with me, do you send an ignorant servant to do it? Our men in China are wise men. They will listen to wise men. Why do you not send some to them?"

The heathen in his blindness had a curious little way of seeing straight into the heart of things after all.

Who are our missionaries? Good, conscientious, if somewhat meddlesome, folk, no doubt. But to what class do they belong?

Do we send Lyman Abbott, Dr. Gonsaulus, Edward Everett Hale, or even men of half their ability? Do we pick out men and women specially adapted by their sympathetic nature, wide experience and ready resource to the persuasion of a stubborn and peculiar folk, or do we take anyone who wants to go and convert them? Do we select men of courage, of youth, of high hope and stern resolve? Or do we choose a broken-down minister, who could not make a success of his own church among his people?

There is no use to ask these questions. Every one knows their answer.

We send a mealy young theological student from Kalamazoo, who has never heard of Confucius, or a discouraged old bigot from some backwoods congregation over there to China to talk to a nation of intellectual skeptics.

How can they reach them? How understand them? Come, come, let us face the truth.

How many of us would listen with patience to a Chinese coolie, who tramped into our houses, smiled at our religion and criticised our domestic economy? How many days do you suppose a colony of proselyting Chinamen would live undisturbed in Mulberry Bend, or out in West Denver, for instance, if they invaded the homes of a neighborhood of well-meaning laborers and tried to tear their religious pictures from the walls? How long do you think a missionary home of Chinese workers could disseminate the doctrines of Confucius in a good old New England Presbyterian village?

Religion, politics, and the reputation of a woman, these are the subjects no wise man ventures upon in decent society. These missionaries of ours have no such scruples.

They pry into a Chinaman's home. They tell him the religion of his fathers is a by-word and a scorn because they do not happen to believe in his particular form of marriage. They call his wife a name no man will listen to in patience, and then, when the Chinaman gets up and throws things at them, they run out and bawl for the police.

I am afraid I don't sympathize much with the troubles of the missionaries in China, or anywhere else. They know the risks they take, and they take them voluntarily. Why worry other people about them?

We all admire the spirit of a martyr to any cause so long as he be sincere, but if he is dragged to the stake, howling protests and shouting for help all the way, we somehow begin to lose interest in him.

I have never met a naval officer, a minister to other countries, or a traveler of any intelligence, who believed in foreign missions. They have seen too much of it.

When I was a very little girl I went to Sunday school. The brother-in-law of the superintendent was a missionary to the Hawaiian Islands.

Every Sunday I put a round, perspiring nickel in the box for the Sandwich Islander. When I grew up I went to those blessed islands. The first day I went out to drive I saw a magnificent country-seat; great rows of palms led up to a magnificent mansion.

"Missionary So-and-So lives there," said my driver. And then I saw another country-place, and another, and yet another, magnificent homes, the like of which none but multi-millionaires can inhabit, much less own, in this country. All of them belonged to missionaries. A prominent missionary gave a picnic and invited me to it. He had twenty servants on horseback to help attend to the comforts of the guests.

—Denver Post.

"Kynde Kit Marlowe."

BY MIMNERMUS.

"Pardon, gentles all,
The flat, unrais'd spirit that has dar'd
On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth
So great an object."

—SHAKESPEARE ("King Henry V.," chorus).

THE greatest of Shakespeare's immediate predecessors was Christopher Marlowe, familiarly known as "Kit." The son of a shoemaker, and born at Canterbury in 1564, his unmistakable genius seems to have gained him friends, who looked after his early education, and sent him, at the age of seventeen, to the University of Cambridge. He was intended for the Church, but the Church had, as may readily be imagined, no attractions for such a mind. The study of theology only succeeded in making him a determined enemy of religion in general, and the Christian superstition in particular. Marlowe's statue is fittingly erected *outside* the gates of Canterbury Cathedral. There was no element in Marlowe's untamable nature favorable to the growth of religiosity. He was, indeed, one of the proudest and fiercest of intellectual aristocrats. Scepticism in him naturally took the form of contempt rather than of mere negation. From the statements of Richard Bame, the informer, we may assume that he occasionally gave vent to Rabelaisian pleasantries on the subject of the Christian dogmas.

Before the age of twenty-three we find Kit Marlowe in London, an actor and a playwright, and the author of "the great sensation work" of his time—the tragedy of "Tamburlaine"—in which Greene perceived Marlowe's attempt at "daring of God out of heaven." This portentous melodrama, a strange compound of inspiration and desperation, has the hall-mark of real genius equally on its absurdities and its sublimities. In the first play, written in blank verse for the popular stage, the versification has an elasticity, freedom, and variety of movements which makes it as much the product of Marlowe's extraordinary mind as the thoughts and passions it so finely conveys.

It had no precedent in the verse of preceding writers. It is constructed, not on merely mechanical rules, but on vital principle. It is the effort of the real genius disdaining to creep along well-trodden paths, and boldly opening a new road for itself. Intellectual daring is the source of Marlowe's wonderful originality. Throughout "Tamburlaine" strange gleams of the purest splendors of poetry more than redeem the bombast into which it occasionally drops. Now and again we meet with glorious strokes of impassioned imagination, as in the celebrated scene in which Tamburlaine is represented in a chariot drawn by captive kings, and rating them for their slowness:

"Hallo! ye pampered jades of Asia!
What, can ye draw but twenty miles a day?"

The horses that guide the golden eye of heaven,
And blow the morning from their nostrils,
Making their fiery gait above the clouds,
Are not so honored in their governor
As you, ye slaves, in mighty Tamburlaine."

Blank verse was not only brought into existence by Marlowe, but was also carried to some degree of perfection by him. He could temper his blank verse to different moods and passions. Listen to the speech in "Edward II.," in which the indignant King first gives way to anger and then to misery:

"Mortimer! who talks of Mortimer,
Who wounds me with the name of Mortimer,
That bloody man? Good father, on thy lap
Lay I this head with mickle care;
O, might I never ope these eyes again,
Never again lift up this drooping head,
O never more lift up this dying heart."

What didactic dignity we find in the following lines:

"Our souls, whose faculties can comprehend
The wondrous architecture of the world,
And measure every wandering planet's course,
Still climbing after knowledge infinite,
And always moving as the restless spheres,
Will us to wear ourselves, and never rest
Until we reach the ripest fruit of all."

Here is another example of his full-voiced harmony. Faustus exclaims:

"Have I not made blind Homer sing to me
Of Alexander's love and Cæsar's death?
And hath not he, who built the walls of Troy,
With ravishing sound of his melodious harp
Made music with my Mephistophiles?"

We feel at once that this is the work of a rare genius. In fact, the soliloquy in which the doomed Faustus watches his last moments ebb away might be quoted as a perfect instance of variety and sustained effect in a situation which could only be redeemed from a wearisome monotony by consummate art.

One scene, which contains the memorable address to Helena, seems to have influenced Shakespeare and other poets. It contains that wonderful passage commencing,

"Was this the face that launched a thousand ships,
And burnt the topmost towers of Ilium?"

and concluding with

"All is dress that is not Helena."

It is simply aflame with impassioned loveliness.

Marlowe could introduce the lilt of indefinable melody with the most unpromising material. Take the descriptive lines from "The Jew of Malta":

"Bags of fiery opals, sapphires, amethysts,
Jacinths, hard topaz, grass-green emeralds,
Beauteous rubies, sparkling diamonds,
And seld seen costly stones of so great price,
As one of them, indifferently rated,
May serve, in peril of calamity,
To ransom great kings from captivity."

Marlowe's "Faustus" perhaps best reflects his whole genius. The subject seems to have taken hold of his nature, as it afterwards did that of the argus-eyed Goethe. The characters of Faustus and Mephistophiles are both conceived with great depth and strength of imagination, and the last scene dangerously approaches perfection.

Marlowe's life, though short and reckless, was fertile in work. Besides, his plays, his translations from Ovid, and his poem of "Hero and Leander," would alone give

him a position among the poets of his period. He was killed in a tavern brawl, in the year 1593, at the early age of twenty-nine.

Marlowe was always outspoken and fearless. His Freethought opinions attracted attention from the time when he wrote of that Atheist, Tamburlaine. Only a few days before his death, Richard Banne, an informer, sent a note to the authorities concerning Marlowe's "damnable opinions and judgement of religion and scorne of God's worde." Only the poet's death prevented a trial for blasphemy.

As it was, Puritan pamphleteers, overflowing with Christian love, which thinks evil of all men, did not scruple to see in Marlowe's death an awful example of God's judgment. But the snarling of Christian hyenas, disappointed of their prey, did not prevent Marlowe's friends from testifying to his genius and defending his character.

Rare Ben Jonson celebrated his "mighty line"; Drayton described his raptures as "all fire and air"; and Chapman, with a yet clearer perception of Marlowe's self-committal to the Muse, said that—

"He stood
Up to the chin in the Pierian flood."

An anonymous critic refers to him as "Kynde Kit Marlowe." A still higher tribute to his eminence comes from Shakespeare himself, who, in "As You Like It" quotes with approval a line from Marlowe's "Hero and Leander"—the only instance in which Shakespeare has publicly recognized the genius of an Elizabethan writer.

Marlowe was killed in a tavern quarrel at Deptford, near London. The dead poet was buried in an unknown spot. Thus ended the life of this stormy, irregular genius, strange compound of Alsatian adventurer and Arcadian singer. His sudden death, in the height of his glory and his pride, seemed to threaten the Elizabethan drama with irreparable loss. But he was to be succeeded by the greatest Englishman, the greatest author that ever made literature his medium of communication with the world. Greater than Homer, more than Dante, the full blaze of the sun of his glory was heralded by the morning-star of Kit Marlowe.

—Freethinker.

"Pictures" of "Christian Truths."

THE scientific or "materialistic" objections to the "Spiritual" hypothesis have no weight with the firm Spiritual believer, just as we find that the rationalistic objections to Bible inspiration have no weight with the ordinary Christian believer. Such people, notwithstanding all modern evolutionary expositions, are still firmly bound by the old dualistic notions, and can see no incongruity in believing at once in the immutability of natural law, and in the existence of a supreme being or power whose only chance of manifestation would be in some reversal of that natural law. In order to maintain a show of consistency in such contradictory beliefs, both Spiritualists and Christians are compelled to put forward

and maintain fallacies that schoolchildren should be able to expose. A good sample of this sort was lately received by a friend in answer to some questions he put to a clerical gentleman, to whom he had sent a copy of the *Open Court* with a request for his opinions on a certain article. Here is the rev. gentleman's answer:

"My Dear Sir:—I thank you for the copy of the *Open Court* which you sent me. I was much interested in the article on 'Eschatology in Christian Art.' In reply to your questions on the accompanying slip, I would say:

"1. No, the truths of the Christian Religion cannot be represented by a few pictures.

"2. The Universe of God will not 'wind up'—that is end—at all. The New Testament references to 'the end of the world' mean simply the end of that age, as a correct translation shows. The physical universe is constantly changing, and world systems may dissolve into their elements and form other systems. But all who are not gross materialists believe that back of this changing physical universe there is a spiritual unchanging universe, and that man belongs to the latter as well as to the former.

"3. Yes, I suppose that Paul told the truth as he understood it about the matters of which he wrote. But the truth which he gives us is no doubt colored by his own ideas and those of his age, which of course in a later age would need to be modified.

"Yes, Christ told the truth about his second coming, but it was very imperfectly understood by those of his time, and is often misinterpreted now. To me it is clear that he taught that his second coming would be a spiritual manifestation to believers and not to the world, and that it occurred shortly after the withdrawal of his bodily presence."

Now, there is not a bigger fallacy in existence than the statement that the "truths of the Christian Religion cannot be represented by a few pictures," unless the rev. gentleman means that a great many pictures would be necessary to adequately represent them. Let us ask, What are the "truths" referred to? Chiefly, we have the Fall, the Atonement, the Crucifixion, the Resurrection, the Ascension, the Second Coming, the Judgment Day, the Millennium, Heaven, Hell, etc. Will the reverend gentleman tell us, if these "truths" are really truths, why they cannot be pictorially represented? Was it a fact, that Adam and Eve offended God and were turned out of Eden? If so, surely such an occurrence could be as accurately painted as the signing of Magna Charta. If not, will the rev. gentleman tell us where the Christian religion can be found? Are the "Plains of Heaven," with the Great White Throne and its occupant, so beautifully painted by Haydon, only a myth? If the streets of the New Jerusalem are paved with gold, if its walls are of jasper and its gates of pearls, why cannot they be painted on canvas as readily as by the words of men like Talmage or Sam Jones? If they are only figures of speech, having no tangible meaning, or simply meaning, as some say, that "the kingdom of heaven is within you," why not honestly say so, and cease talking about "the truths of the Christian religion?" If there is to be a Judgment Day, will there be any men and women there to be judged? If so,

surely a picture of the scene must be conjured up by every one who thinks of it. Even if only "spirits" are to be there, the question still presses for an answer. Will these spirits be real tangible beings or not? Are they to be real flesh and blood organisms—that is, spiritual flesh and blood, made out of material almost infinitely finer than the ether, as our Spiritualist and Theosophical friends assert, in order to overcome the objections of sceptics? The former, indeed, show photographs of their spiritual visitors, and we should like our clerical friend to say whether his Christian heaven and hell are to be inhabited by beings of this character or not. If so, we should ask some other questions; but if not, then again we ask, Where shall we find the Christian religion? If we think of the doctrine of the Atonement, can we fail to picture an angry father and a beseeching son? The "Fatherhood of God," if it has any meaning at all, necessarily involves a picture of a father caring for his children as a shepherd watches his sheep. Of all these "truths" it can be said, that if they have any meaning or any relation to fact, they must inevitably be pictured by any one who contemplates them; and the Catholics and the rougher Protestant elements are quite consistent when they paint a blazing hell and devils torturing the damned, and when they denounce as "worse than infidels" their Christian fellows who refuse to sanction this "grossly material" picture. They see, if our clerical friend cannot, that in giving up these "realities" of religion they are giving up religion itself; and it is clear that those who profess belief in the Christian doctrines without forming mental pictures of them are only repeating a meaningless shibboleth.

In his other replies, the writer unreservedly gives up the Inspiration of the Bible. This dogma is one of those that perhaps the reverend gentleman thinks cannot be pictured; but if he thinks of it again, he will possibly come to the conclusion that, if the thing ever occurred, it must have been an event as easily put on canvas as any other historical event, or as, say, the printing of a Bible on a Wharfedale press. The question is, did the event really happen? If so, how did it occur? Did the Holy Ghost stand up in the field with Ezra and his forty scribes and dictate to them all at once, or did he simply fill Ezra only? If our friend cannot tell, let him confess honestly that there is no ground for a belief on the subject. His use of the term "gross materialist" shows that he has dipped a little, however lightly, into recent discussions; but no special pleading can do away with the fact that throughout the New Testament the idea of the approaching end of the world is a prevailing feature. "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away," can hardly have its meaning radically changed by any amount of new translation. What Biblical exegetes can do with it, however, is quite a different affair. But it is certain that if Paul's words were "colored by his own ideas and by those of his age," they can no more be looked upon as "inspired" than the words of any other writer in any other age; and the same must be said of the "truths" told by Jesus. If

his words—intended primarily for the poor and lowly—were misunderstood by those who heard them, if they have been often misinterpreted since, and are only now understood by a few men like our rev. friend, how can we be sure that the latest version is correct? Is it not clear that the Higher Criticism simply deals with the Bible as it does with all other literature, applying reason as the final test of its truth and utility, and altogether ignoring its supposedly "divine" origin? And what is meant by a "spiritual manifestation"? Why should the manifestation be made to believers only? The believers must already have had some reason for believing. If God, or Christ, or the Holy Ghost really loves mankind, why should not a manifestation, even if a spiritual one, be made to all men alike, and thus all mankind be made believers? Is there any fear that this would do the preachers out of a job? Then why should Christ's "second coming" be confined to the period "shortly after the withdrawal of his bodily presence"? If his second coming even to believers only was of any value, why not have it repeated to all time? Our rev. friend may have his own reasons for his opinions, but to us it seems that he is going a long way into the regions of theological and sectarian speculation, and that it would be well for him to get back into the regions of fact and reason. Let us know what the "truths of the Christian religion" really are;—not the teachings it has in common with all other religious and ethical systems, but the doctrines that distinguish it from them and raise it to a higher level.

One point our friend might elucidate. He believes, he says, that "back of this changing physical universe there is a spiritual unchanging universe." On consideration, our friend will see that he cannot possibly have anything more than a vague belief for such an idea. No man can by any possibility get behind the physical universe we know something of. But this is clear, that if there is an eternal existence in store for us, it must necessarily be an unchanging one. The rev. gentleman might tell us what he makes out of this "unchanging universe" as a possible goal for the "spirits" of men and women. Will he be satisfied with an unchanging eternal existence? Is he not talking eternal nonsense?

If we could only see in one view the torrent of hypocrisy and cruelty, the lies, the slaughter, the violation of every obligation of humanity, which have flowed from this source—the doctrine that honest disbelief is a moral offence—along the course of the history of Christian nations, our worst imaginations of hell would pale beside the vision.—Huxley.

As the missionaries disembarked, the naked savages upon the shore testified to their great joy.

"You are welcome!" cried these latter. "Thrice welcome! For now, in case that we ever desire to be civilized, all we have to do is to kill you and the Christian powers will come with hospital ships and things and civilize us!"

Smith—"Brown's turned Christian Scientist." Jones—"Brown! Well, that beats me. How'd it happen?" Smith—"His mother-in-law was dangerously ill."

A Talk About Heaven.

BY F. J. GOULD.

EVERY now and then, when a child applies for admission into our Secular Sunday-school at Leicester, I have to call on the father or mother, in accordance with my invariable rule, in order to make sure that he or she quite understands our non-theological position. The other day I made one of these visits of inquiry, and wanted to know if Mrs. H. cared for her daughter Lily to attend our school. Our conversation ran something in this way :

"You see, Mrs. H., our Secular Society does not teach the same things as the Churches and Chapels do, and I want you to see the difference before you send Lily to our Hall."

"Well, I should like to know what Secular means."

"We tell the children about their daily duty to parents and playfellows and neighbors, but we tell them nothing about God."

"Nothing about God !"

"We tell them that if they act harshly or untruthfully it makes other people unhappy, and the unhappiness will come back upon themselves. We think that is reason enough, without saying anything about hell."

"Nothing about hell !"

"And we remind them of the bad things in the world, and impress on them that unless they—the boys and girls, and the men and women—join together and strive, the evil will never be changed. So we try to make them think about making this world pleasanter to live in, and we say nothing about heaven."

"Nothing about heaven !"

"We persuade them into seeing the need of self-help, and so, in our school, we never say prayers."

"Never say prayers !"

"Do you agree with this way of thinking, Mrs. H. ?"

"I can't let Lily come, sir."

"No ?"

"What you teach the children is all right, I daresay. But I feel I must have a heaven to look forward to, and I should like Lily to look forward to it as well. This world is hard enough, with all its worries and troubles, and we should be in a poor way if we could not afterwards go to a place of rest."

"But how do you know heaven will be any more peaceful than the earth ? You know no one who has ever been there and come back ?"

"No ; but when my son lay dying he told me he knew he was going there."

"But, Mrs. H., when your rooms get dirty you don't *hope* they will get clean ; you know that unless *you* clean them, God will not. And are we likely to get a clean world or a sweet heaven unless we make it ourselves ?"

"Ah, but God gives us the strength to work."

"If that is so, why does not God give strength to us all ? Why does he allow many to go about crippled and palsied ?"

"I don't know ; but I couldn't do without the thought of heaven, and so Lily can't come."

The good woman was perfectly frank. She merely put into homely illogic what the theologians express in high-sounding and imposing, but not less illogical, affirmations. There is absolutely no proof of the existence of heaven, and yet thousands of suffering people cling to the hope, and know it is only a hope. The hope is perfectly natural. It is no more unreasonable than hoping that the noonday's pain will have passed

away at even. The evil is done when the hope is fostered and incited. Seizing on a weakness of human nature, the priest has transformed the hope into a dogma. He takes a fancy and feeds it with promises. Sadness weeps and prays for consolation, and the priest says, "Your consolation is assured in the Hereafter." Now, we all know what happens when a man begins to entertain a more or less vague expectation of a fortune. He broods, he dreams, he lives in the future. He hears not To-day whispering, "Do your work" ; he hears only the lullaby of to-morrow, singing of unrealized riches.

It is chiefly the unfortunate who love the vision of heaven. Comfortable villadom prefers the substantial upholstery of earth to the ethereal accommodation of the skies. Anguish is the mother of paradise, and the New Jerusalem is built, not of pearls and jasper, but of tears and disappointments. I do not complain that the poor should try to deaden care with the narcotic of the hope of heaven. I complain that the sleek and well-provided should encourage this illusion. It is meanness made religious, and selfishness broided with pious appearance. Every sigh directed to heaven is a loss of the energy of will which should be used in the remedy. Heaven is a perpetual invitation to laziness. If we are prosperous and we meet the miserable, we ought to do two things. We ought to search for the causes of the misery, and we ought to induce the miserable to co-operate in the struggle against injustice or unhealthy conditions.

It is often said that it would be an unkindness to rob the ignorant and the wretched of the prospect of repose in a world to come. That is not true. Go to the ignorant and the wretched and tell them honestly (a still better word would be honorably) that there is no solvency in the heaven-doctrine ; that a bankrupt world is no guarantee of divine credit in Zion ; that human failure can only be redeemed by human effort ; and that man—man who hates, slays, steals and oppresses—is the only agent of salvation. This is a paradox, but it is not discouraging. It startles, but it does not numb. It drags us into the awful presence of facts, but there is a more deadly influence in an irrational hope than in a terrible truth. When suffering awakes to the knowledge of its real situation, it gathers up its little strength to grapple with its enemy. It silences the psalm, and puts out its hand for the sword. It gazes no longer at the clouds for the advent of angels, but at the earth for stones to fit its sling. It inspects human nature more eagerly and closely. Is it not possible that this nature which hates, slays, steals and oppresses may conceal within its bosom a store of love and helpfulness ? Can this better nature be appealed to ? Can the hand of tyranny be made to bless, and can the eye that despises be kindled into tenderness ? We pray in vain to God to give us our daily bread. May we not succeed better if we pray to publicans, sinners, and foes ? Perhaps, after all, man is more likely to aid man than God is. Matthew Arnold tells in one of his sonnets how, in a West London square, a beggar woman "let the rich pass with frozen stare." She waited till some laborers went by ; these were her kinsmen in sorrow ; she sent her daughter to ask alms, and the girl came back with money in her hand. The beggar pleaded not with aliens, but with

friends and sharers in a common fate.

She turns from that cold succor which attends

The unknown little from the unknown great,

And points us to a better time than ours.

It will be a better time when we turn from the alien splendor of God to the modest, but real, friendship of our fellow-man.

—*Free-thinker.*

The Propensity toward the Marvellous.

BY PROF. ERNST MACH.

[Translated from the "Warmelehre" for the *Open Court* by T. J. McCormack.]

ALL incitation to inquiry is born of the novel, the uncommon, and the imperfectly understood. Ordinary events, to which we are accustomed, take place almost unnoticed; novel events alone catch the eye and solicit the attention. It happens thus that the propensity toward the marvellous, which is a universal attribute of mankind, is of immense import also for the development of science. It is the striking forms and colors of plants and animals, the startling chemical and physical phenomena, that arrest our notice in youth. Afterwards the craving for enlightenment is gradually aroused, as we compare these unthought events with the events of familiar and daily occurrence.

The beginnings of all physical science were intimately associated with magic. Hero of Alexandria makes use of his knowledge of the expansion of air by heat to perform conjuring tricks; Porta describes his beautiful optical discoveries in a work entitled "Natural Magic"; Athanasius Kircher turns his physical knowledge to account in the construction of a magic lantern; and in the "Mathematical Recreations" of the day, and in such works as Enslin's "Thaumaturgus," the sole purpose for which the more phenomenal facts of physics were employed was that of dazzling the uninitiated. With the fascination intrinsically exerted by phenomenal events was naturally associated in the case of the person first discovering them the temptation to acquire greater prestige by keeping them secret, to produce extraordinary effects by their assistance, to derive profit from their practice, to gain increased power, or at least the semblance of the same. Some slight successful venture of this kind may then have kindled the imagination and awakened hopes of attaining some altogether extraordinary goal, resulting in the deception not only of others but perhaps also of the person himself. In this manner, for example, from the observation of some astonishing and inexplicable transformation of matter, may have originated alchemy, with its desire to transmute metals into gold, to discover a panacea, etc. The felicitous solution of some innocent geometrical problem is the probable foundation of the geomancy of the "Arabian Nights," which divines futurity by means of numbers, as it was probably also of astrology, etc. That *Malefici* and *Mathematici* were once mentioned in the same breath by a Roman law, is also intelligible on this theory (Hankel, "*Ger. der Math.*," p. 301). Even in the dark days of mediæval demonology and witchcraft, natural inquiry was not extinguished; on the contrary, it appears to have been invested then with a distinct charm of mystery and wondrousness, and to have become imbued with new life.

The mere happening of an extraordinary event is in itself not marvellous; the marvel is to be sought, not in the event, but in the person observing the event. A phenomenon appears marvellous when one's entire mode of thought is disturbed by it and forced out of its customary and familiar channels. The astonished spectator does not believe for a moment that no connection exists between the new event and other phenomena; but, not being able to discern a connection, and being invariably accustomed to such, he is led, in the nature of the case, to adopt extraordinary conjectures, which are usually fallacious. The character of these conjectures may be infinitely varied, but inasmuch as the psychological organization of mankind,

conformably to the universal conditions of life, is everywhere pretty much the same, and since young individuals and races, whose physical organization is of the simplest type, are most frequently thrown into situations productive of surprise, almost the same psychological phenomena are repeated the world over.

Auguste Comte ("*Phil. pos.*" Paris, 1852) first touched upon the phenomena here referred to, and Tylor ("*Prim. Cult.*") subsequently made a very thorough study of them, utilizing the vast material which the ethnology of the savage races afforded. The most phenomenal constant occurrences in the natural environment of the savage, are those of which he himself or his fellow-creatures are the authors. He is conscious of will power and muscular force in his own person, and is tempted thus to interpret every unusual phenomenon as the creation of the will of some creature like himself. His limited capacity to distinguish sharply his thoughts, moods, and even his dreams, from his perceptions, leads him to regard the images of absent or deceased companions appearing in his dreams, or even those of lost or ruined objects, as real phantom entities, as *souls*. Out of the worship of the dead which here took its being has sprung the worship of demons, of national deities, etc. The conception of sacrifice, which is utterly unintelligible in modern religion, finds its explanation here as the logical evolutionary outgrowth of the funeral sacrifice. Savages are wont to bury with the dead the objects which their phantoms have most desired in their dreams, that the shades of the one may take pleasure in the shades of the other. This disposition to consider all things as like ourselves, as animated and ensouled, is in the same manner transferred to useful or injurious objects generally and leads to *fetichism*. There is a strain of fetichism even in the theories of physics. So long as we consider heat, electricity, and magnetism as mysterious and impalpable entities residing in bodies and imparting to them their known wonderful properties, we still stand on the level of fetichism. True, we invest these entities with a more stable character and do not attribute to them the capricious behavior which we deem possible in the case of living beings; but the point of view indicated is not entirely discarded until exact investigation by means of metrical concepts has taken the place of the fetichistic views.

The failure to distinguish sharply between one's thoughts and feelings and the perceptions of sense, which is noticeable even in scientific theories to-day, plays a predominant rôle in the philosophy of youthful individuals and nations. Things that appear alike in the least respect are taken to be kindred in character and to be closely allied also in physical efficacy. Plants that exhibit the slightest similarity with any part of the human body are held to be remedies for corresponding local disorders. The heart of the lion is supposed to augment courage, the phallus of the ass to be a cure for impotence, etc. Ample corroboration of these facts is afforded by the old Egyptian medical papyri, the prescriptions of which are found in Pliny and even as late as Paulinus. Things that are desirable but difficult to obtain are sought after by the most fantastic possible combinations of ingredients, as is amply demonstrated by the recipes of the alchemists. One need but recall one's childhood to appreciate from personal experience this manner of thinking.

The intellectual department of the savage is similar throughout to that of the child. The one strikes the fetish that has deluded him, the other strikes the table that has hurt him;

both talk to trees as they would to persons; both believe it possible to climb to heaven by high trees. The phantom world of fairy tales and the world of reality are not sharply distinguished for them. We know this condition from childhood. If we will but reflect that the children of all ages are invariably disposed to harbor thoughts of this character, that a goodly portion even of highly civilized peoples possesses no genuine intellectual culture but only the outward semblance of the same, that furthermore there always exist men who derive profit from fostering the lingering relics of the views of primitive mankind, and that entire sciences of deception even have been created for their preservation, we shall clearly understand why these habits of thought have not yet died out. We may read, indeed, in Petronius's "Symposium of Trimalchio" and in Lucian's "Liar's Friend" the same blood-curdling stories that are told to-day; and the belief in witchcraft now prevalent in Central Africa is not a whit different from that which pestered our forefathers. The same ideas, slightly modified, are also found in modern Spiritualism.

(To be continued.)

The Nebular Hypothesis and the Lick Observatory Photographs.

BY PROF. GARRETT P. SERVISS, IN N. Y. JOURNAL.

ASTRONOMY commands the imagination of both the learned and the unlearned as no other branch of science does, and some of its recent advances appeal with particular force to the inquiring mind, which, conscious of its superiority to merely terrestrial and temporal things, reaches continually toward the infinite and eternal realities that alone can satisfy it. Among these advances one of the most remarkable is due to the discoveries made at the Lick Observatory with the great Crossley reflecting telescope, which is devoted to the photographing of celestial objects.

Especially among those mysterious and wonderful clouds of faintly glowing gases called "nebule" has this telescope proved its exceptional power. Vast spirals, immense gulfs of blackness surrounded by luminous walls, intricate patterns of nebulous traceries as delicate in structure as the finest lacework and beaded with stars, interlinked rings of light, gleaming like the phosphorescence of the sea, but each so stupendous in circuit that the whole solar system and many other solar systems together might be embraced by it; orbs of pale fire whose gigantic whirling motion and whose gradual compaction into new suns under the pressure of gravitation are all but visible—such are some of the marvellous shapes and appearances that these photographs show.

And, most wonderful of all, where these strange scenes are revealed by photography the eye frequently beholds nothing at all. One begins to suspect that before long something equivalent to the X ray of the laboratory will declare itself in astronomical investigation and will reveal a whole new universe within and around the known universe of the stars.

In one respect particularly the latest Lick photographs of nebulae are intensely interesting. Frequently the question is asked by those who, although interested in astronomical progress, have not followed it closely, "Has the famous nebular hypothesis of the origin of the world been exploded by recent discoveries?" How the impression that it had been exploded became so widespread it would be hard to say, but no one studying the photographs in question could long entertain any doubt as to the nebular hypothesis. Instead of being exploded through the progress of discovery, as some over-zealous churchmen have pretended, it has been immensely strengthened, and the Lick photographs alone would have given birth to such a hypothesis if the genius of Kant and Laplace had not anticipated them.

Out of a nebula we came, into a nebula we shall return, is a

proposition the first half of which at least can be regarded as established. There are photographs, for instance, which exhibit as clearly as anything possibly could do the emergence of suns, planets, satellites out of the nebulous clouds. The process is there before your eyes. You cannot dispute it. The various stages of world creation are represented, not all in one nebula, of course, but by many nebulae in different states of development and condensation. If we had sufficient time, if human life were more than a span, we could watch the changes in a particular instance. But it takes millions of years to make a sun and more millions to compact a planet. Yet to doubt that the results of the process are before us represented by these photographs would be as irrational as to doubt that the grain of seed in the ground and the sprout pushing above the soil and the full-grown stalk with its leaves and berries are all bound together as successive phases of one continuous process of growth and evolution.

Take the wonderful photograph which Professor Keeler, the director of the Lick Observatory, has recently discussed in the scientific journals, representing the strange Trifid nebula in the constellation Sagittarius, one of the richest regions of celestial space within ken from the earth. The latest teaching of astronomy is that that curious haze, sprinkled with stars and channeled with dark, winding gaps running into endless branches like the roots of a gigantic tree, contains the whole potency of a future system of suns and worlds. No miracle is needed; no intercession of creative power. That nebula holds the atoms of coming planets and moons, and the essences from which their inhabitants are to be compounded. Once on a time this solar system of ours was as formless and chaotic as that huge mass of glowing gases in Sagittarius. But it held the seed of humanity, awaiting its time to sprout and spring up and grow into the beauty of the "image of God."

CIVILIZATION IN THE UNITED STATES.

WETUMPKA, ALA., Oct. 3.—Winfield Townsend, alias Floyd, a negro, was burned at the stake yesterday, in the little town of Eclectic, 15 miles from here. The crime with which he was charged was an attempted assault upon Mrs. Lonnie Harrington, whose husband set fire to the brands which reduced Townsend's body to ashes. The negro went to Harrington's house, and told Mrs. Harrington that her husband had sent him to get 20 cents from her. She told him she had no change. Then Townsend left, but returned in ten minutes. The woman's screams were heard by Bob Nichols, another negro, who was passing along the road at the time. He ran to the home in time to see the negro escape. As soon as Mrs. Harrington was brought back to consciousness Nichols gave the alarm. The news spread rapidly. All the stores in Eclectic were closed and all the gin and sawmills shut down. The people gathered for a pursuit of the negro. The crowd divided, some scouring the woods near the scene of the crime, and others went to the Penitentiary for bloodhounds. The dogs were taken to where the negro's track disappeared, and an exciting chase ensued. The dogs stopped finally at a tree on the outskirts of the town. The crowd coming up discovered the negro sitting on a limb. He was brought down at once and taken to the scene of his crime. There he was confronted by his victim, who positively identified him.

A crowd of several hundred people gathered in the village. The negro was then taken to the edge of the village, and surrounded by the mob. The preparation for and the manner of death were discussed by the mob. To decide the matter, a vote was taken and the balloting showed a majority of the crowd to favour death at the stake. The stake was prepared, and the negro was bound to it with chains. Pine knots were piled about him, and the flames were started by the husband of the negro's victim. As they leaped to the wretch's flesh his wild cries upon God for mercy and help could be heard for miles. The crowd looked on, deaf to his cries, and in an hour the negro was reduced to ashes. Townsend, before being bound, confessed the crime, and said he was also implicated with Alex. Floyd, who, a couple of weeks ago, attempted to assault Miss Kate Pearson. He said he and Floyd had planned other crimes of a like character.

The Evolution of the Cosmos.

Nothing seems more certain than that the human mind will never cease from exercising itself upon the problem of the origin and destiny of the Universe. Speculation and dogmatism in this field, indeed, have been the battle-axe and buckler of the myriads of priests that in all ages have battered upon the ignorance and credulity of men, themselves included; and the speculative spirit, if not the dogmatic spirit, has probably been stimulated rather than discouraged by modern discoveries and the resulting overthrow of the old theology. It does not, indeed, appear possible that men whose minds have once begun to think clearly and unreservedly should be content to work on in steady and progressive investigation into the secrets of nature without inventing and formulating some theory to account for all things. Between those who, calling themselves Agnostics, believe that behind all passing phenomena there is some "real" existence which must for ever baffle the human intellect; and those who, like Dr. Carus, calling themselves Monists, believe that phenomena display to us the only possible evidences of a real existence, and that, consequently, in investigating them, we are really investigating the Origin and Cause of All—the Method of Work and Ultimate Laws of the Cosmos;—between these two extremes it would be impossible to fix a point where one could say, in view of present-day scientific development: "Here investigation must fail." To us, it seems that, however accurately we may diagnose its manifestations, or however comprehensive may be our views of the universe, from molecules, atoms, or ether, to cosmic clouds, star-dust, or invisible dead suns; however keen and penetrating may be our methods and instruments, the ultimate problem of existence must ever remain a mystery to man. With Infinity and Eternity, the Alpha and Omega of the Universe, whether in time or space, must be absolutely inconceivable. Such matters, however, may be looked upon as perfectly legitimate subjects of discussion, if dangerous ones; for dogmatic utterances upon them must be classed as practically identical with those of theology. But, if we cannot conceive a beginning or an end, if substance is really indestructible and cosmic laws immutable, then we are justified in looking upon the present moment as being as much a beginning or an end, a starting-point or a destination, as any other conceivable point of time. The words of Marcus Aurelius express this idea:

"He who hath seen present things hath seen all, both everything which has taken place from all eternity and everything that will exist for time without end."

In this view, we may reasonably conclude that, as we are told in the Church of England Prayer-book, "As it was in the beginning is now, and ever shall be," is simply a statement of the truth that, if we could see the whole of the universe, we should probably see it in every stage of evolution, from clonds of incandescent gas to inhabited worlds, if those are two opposite poles in the cosmic process. To describe any one condition as the beginning

or the end would be as misleading as it would be to try to solve the problem, "Which was first, the hen or the egg?" by naming one or the other as the reply.

The danger of dogmatizing on such subjects is illustrated in a discussion that has just taken place in the *Torch of Reason*, of Silverton, Oregon. That journal, on Aug. 16, reprinted from the *Popular Science Monthly* an extract from an article by Prof. Jacoby entitled "The Sun's Destination," in which, though nominally supporting Laplace's Nebular Hypothesis, the Professor makes this statement:

"Three generations of men have come and gone since the Marquis de Laplace stood before the Academy of France and gave his demonstration of the permanent stability of the solar system."

Now, a man need not be a scientist or a very expert logician to see that the "permanent stability" of the solar system, supposing it could be demonstrated, would be a fact utterly contradictory of the Nebular Hypothesis as well as of Evolution. And further on occur these strange sentences:

"So was it demonstrated that changes in our solar system are surely at work, and shall continue for nearly countless ages. The objection that the Newtonian law meant ultimate dissolution of the world was thus destroyed by Laplace."

We are not now concerned either with the Nebular Hypothesis, however, or with Prof. Jacoby's self-contradictions. In the *Torch* of Sept. 20 Mr. Herman Wettstein vigorously combats the "permanent stability" statement, supporting his views largely by quotations from an article by Prof. Serviss in the *N. Y. Journal*, which we reproduce in another page. As we have said, however, our object is not to discuss these matters, but mainly to refer to some remarks which occur in a rather lengthy but labored and not over lucid reply to Mr. Wettstein made by Mr. T. B. Wakeman, Principal of the "Liberal University of Oregon," an entirely Freethought and practical Secular educational institution founded by the Secularists of Oregon at Silverton. In this reply, referring to Mr. Wettstein's assertion that Prof. Jacoby's argument was made in the interests of orthodoxy, Mr. Wakeman asserts that the *Popular Science Monthly* "is quite a reliable scientific publication," and that the article was chosen because it was "short and good." These two qualities, of course, are very desirable in contributions to journals of limited space, but in this case we feel that we are well within bounds in saying that the article was far too short to be of any value whatever on such a subject; and certainly a periodical's reputation should not be valued as a large asset in estimating the validity of a scientific hypothesis or the theological bias of its expounder. Mr. Wakeman then proceeds:

"Now, urges our friend, what began in gas must end in gas, the solar system not excepted. But does this follow? Things may grow stronger as they grow older, and that indefinitely. Suppose it proved that our sun did condense from a nebula; it may still go on for ever. *What had a beginning need not have an end, if the supply equals the loss.*"

With similar philosophy and equal validity, some of our New Thought friends tell us that if men only will

to do so, they may keep their bodies alive for ever; they must only let the "supply equal the loss." We submit that Mr. Wettstein's main position is not only in accordance with all our actual knowledge, but the only possible philosophical position. We are compelled to postulate the indestructibility of the substance of which the universe consists, but this necessarily implies the transiency of the various forms which that substance assumes in the process of evolution. If we are not fully entitled to dogmatize in saying that "Out of a nebula we came; into a nebula we shall return," because there are suns that have become dark, dead bodies instead of turning into clouds of gas, and because there are streams of meteorites that may be either the *débris* of a shattered world or the materials for a new one, at all events we cannot assert that any world can go on collecting cosmic materials "for ever" or "grow indefinitely." Such a theory necessarily implies that some one world must eventually accumulate around its centre the whole substance of the universe, and thus put a stop to all further evolution, including its own "indefinite growth." It is equally difficult to admit the validity of the notion that our sun "may still go on for ever, . . . if the supply equals the loss," for it is palpable to any observer that the supply of "coarse matter" in the inter-stellar spaces is extremely variable, and that it would be impossible to maintain an even balance between supply and loss.

Mr. Wakeman opposes the notion that "what has a beginning must necessarily have an end," as implied in the phrase "worlds are born and die." He says:

"The notion that the sun cannot [grow older indefinitely] is a biological analogy from plants and animals which does not apply at all to the universe or to solar systems. . . . The *DIE* idea is absurd, except when used to describe the ceasing of the life-process of some microbe plant or animal. The attempt to biologize the universe so as to 'introduce death' into it is simply absurd."

This, of course, is but a corollary of the preceding notion. But, amid a mass of semi-comic sentences intended to overwhelm Mr. Wettstein, Mr. Wakeman fails to avoid bearing testimony to the fallacy of the thesis he is supporting. After speaking of the sun as a "noble young star," he says:

"Under the law of correlation and 'supply and demand,' we bet on the sun FOR EVER, or *until* it catches the star Lyra, which is also on the fly, being pulled, pushed, or floated, and which it may overtake and appropriate by 'benevolent assimilation,' and thus commence a more wholesale and still grander 'for ever.'"

This prognostication is given on the authority of Prof. Newcomb's article in *McClure's Magazine*, July, 1899. It is almost needless to point out that these ideas of growth and change, 'benevolent assimilation,' and so on, are totally subversive of and contradictory to the ideas of permanent stability previously enunciated. If our sun is a "young" star, what will it be when it is an "old" one? If we say it is young, and will grow old, why object to such terms as "born" and "die," simply because they are used instead of "beginning" and "end"? Then we might ask Mr. Wakeman what he thinks the process will be when the sun—our "noble

young star"—shall possibly overtake the star Lyra? Could it be fitly described as "gradual appropriation"? Will Prof. Newcomb tell us how the "gradual appropriation by benevolent assimilation" of the star Lyra by our sun will fit his theory of the permanent stability of the solar system? Is our solar system the only permanent one in the universe? Are we not getting back to the Mosaic cosmogony and geocentricism? Professor Newcomb will probably tell us what meaning we are to attach to the word "gradual" when applied to the collision of two such bodies as our Sol and Lyra, with their attendant planets. "Gradual assimilation!" And will our earth and its fellow planets be still "permanently stable" when the two suns have made their junction? As we said at first, we have no intention of discussing the Nebular Hypothesis, nor do we propose to dogmatize upon the subject. At the same time, when theories are advanced on the strength of the names of prominent scientific men or of reputable periodicals, it is but right that they should be discussed in the light of what knowledge and logic we possess, and not blindly accepted on even the highest authority. In this view, it is rather depressing to find a man in Mr. Wakeman's prominent position, after putting forward such self-contradictory ideas with so much assumption and dogmatism, meekly requesting "Mr. D. K. Tenney to give the truth about them and their bearings,"—[the photographs of nebula referred to by Prof. Serviss]. He would have done well had he obeyed his own decision at this point, when he says: "We shall wait until we get the actual truth from him or Prof. Serviss, or some other source." He would have saved himself from some of the dangers inherent in dogmatism on subjects beyond human knowledge.

After thus denouncing Prof. Serviss's theory, and in place of it supporting Prof. Jacoby's theory of the "permanent stability" of the solar system, Mr. Wakeman cites John Stuart Mill as recommending that, "if you must have hypotheses, there is no sense in making them pessimistic, especially against the facts." We doubt if Mr. Mill ever uttered a sentiment like this in such crude shape, but even if he did, the fact only proves that small minds have no monopoly of the utterance of foolish aphorisms. The remark is open to the radical objection, that the pessimistic appearance of a certain theory is chiefly a question of the point of view. The first requisite of a hypothesis is that it shall be in accord with all known facts; even if, so, it is not necessarily true; but it is clear that, if true, a hypothesis can only be pessimistic if viewed from a false standpoint. Mr. Wakeman, in his verbose discussion of the Nebular Hypothesis, puts before us two hypotheses,—the indefinite growth of worlds and their combination or assimilation, and the permanent stability of the solar system. Now, without any further discussion of these two hypotheses, we may say definitely that they are mutually destructive. Even if we permit ourselves to admit that one of them might be true, both cannot possibly be true. Probably both are false. But what sense is there in applying the term "pessimistic" to any such hypothesis? To a pious

Christian, the idea of abolishing hell, where his enemies may be eternally grilled, brings untold anguish; to the devout Theosophist, to do away with a future life where present ills may be remedied is to convert the universe into a hell of injustice; to a Secularist, who sees in this present world and in this present life man's only opportunity of working out his salvation from the ills that flesh is heir to, the Christian's heaven of unending bliss is as pessimistic an idea as he could imagine. But to speak of the Nebular Hypothesis, true or false, as being pessimistic is just as rational as it would be to speak of the Atomic Theory as being pessimistic. Let us, Brother Wakeman, use our words as accurately and as rationally as possible.

Edward Fitzgerald.

BY MIMNERMUS.

"That same gentle spirit from whose pen
Large streams of honey and sweet nectar flow."

—Spenser.

EDWARD FITZGERALD, a great English poet, died in 1883, almost unknown. Only a few people had even heard his name. Indeed, the general public had very little chance of hearing it. He was so shy and retiring that he took more pains to avoid fame than others do to seek it. He wrote about remote subjects, which appealed only to cultured people. When his friend Tennyson dedicated "Tiresias" to Fitzgerald, the tribute seemed merely the outcome of friendship. The average reader discounted the praise of that

..... golden Eastern lay
Than which I know no version done
In English more divinely well.

It is said that a man is known by his friends. If that be so, the world has small need of a formal introduction to Fitzgerald. He was a man of many and notable friendships. At school he made acquaintance with Spedding, the editor of Bacon, and at Cambridge with Thackeray. The years that followed united him to Alfred Tennyson and his brother Frederick Tennyson, Carlyle, Bernard Barton the Quaker poet, Lawrence the painter, and others.

Fitzgerald's biographer, like the immortal knifegrinder, has no story to tell. Edward Fitzgerald was born at Bredfield, near Woodbridge, in 1809, the same year as Tennyson and Darwin. He was educated at Bury St. Edmunds, and afterwards at Cambridge. He followed no profession after taking his degree. Till 1853, though he often shifted his quarters, he lived mainly in a thatched cottage at Boulge, near Woodbridge, near his brother's residence, Boulge Hall. He was in lodgings in Woodbridge from 1860 to 1874, when he settled in a small house of his own outside of the town, named, at the wish of a lady friend, Little Grange. And "Laird of Little Grange," as he liked to sign himself, he remained till he died, aged seventy-four, in June, 1883. He is buried in Boulge Churchyard, and a rose, transplanted from the tomb of old Omar Khayyam, has been planted over his grave.

From this it will be seen that he lived the life of a recluse in Suffolk on the North Sea coast. His friend Carlyle saw in it all only a "peaceable, affectionate, ultra-modest man," and

an "innocent, *far niente* life." Like Shelley, he had a great fondness for the sea, and a great affection for fishermen and sailors. One old viking, the hero-fisherman of Lowestoft whom we know as "Posh," he numbered among his personal friends. The viking succumbed eventually to an undue devotion to Bacchus, but that did not trouble Fitzgerald, for he was no harsh judge of human frailties. Singularly enough, the man who gave us Omar's "Rubaiyat," that immortal rhapsody of wine, women, and song, was very abstemious. He was a vegetarian, and he once nearly killed his friend Tennyson by persuading him, too, to turn vegetarian for some six weeks.

The little Fitzgerald wrote was all published anonymously, except "Six Dramas of Calderón," in 1853. And, curiously, the new popular edition of his incomparable poem, by a publisher's error, has no mention of his name on the title-page. He wrote a memoir to an edition of the poems of his friend, Bernard Barton, in 1849. Two years later he printed his remarkable dialogue, "Euphranor." "Polonius" appeared in 1852, a rendering of the "Agamemnon" was published in 1876 and four editions of his immortal version of "Omar Khayyam" came out before his death, the first appearing in 1859, the year of Darwin's "Origin of Species," apparently without gaining any immediate recognition. Other works appeared in Mr. Aldis Wright's edition of his "Literary Remains" (1889).

We have spoken of Fitzgerald's friendships. The companion of such giants must have been no ordinary man. Nor would it be possible to keep on writing uninteresting letters to such men for nearly half a century. Fitzgerald's letters, then, we take for granted, are not dull. In fact, they are among the best in the language. He was truly a delightful correspondent, and his letters are charming and very piquant reading on account of their heterodoxy. His taste was all for old books and old friends, familiar jokes and familiar places. His special literary favorites were Cervantes and Scott, and Montaigne and Madame de Sevigne, she herself a lover of Montaigne, and with a spice of his free thought and speech in her. Of course he loved Omar Khayyam, who made his fame, and that other old-world Freethinker, Lucretius. He hated London for many things, but chiefly for hiding nature. Like Thoreau, he knew by instinct the life that suited him, and had the wisdom to refuse to be turned aside from it. If any justification were needed, his version of Omar's wonderful "Rose of the Hundred and One Petals" would be enough. The perennial charm of that immortal poem is, that it voices with no uncertain sound the scepticism at the bottom of all thoughtful men's minds, and makes magnificent music of it. In his version of "Omar Khayyam," this shy dreamer of dreams dreamed one dream more lasting than we ourselves, or he, or the very Suffolk coast he lived on. Under the spell of the poet we, who grub among the muck-heaps of the world, may enter the magic realm of poesy. He gives all who care to read the freedom of that ancient Eastern city of dreams, which far transcends in mystery and splendor the Orient men go out in the ships to see.

Oh, immortals of literature! The old Persian poet sees his vision and his dream, and writes it, and eight centuries hence the tired merchant, forgetting for a little space his counting-house and ledgers, lives a freer life in the wonderland of your genius. Here are nymphs and roses, grotesque imaginings and human memories. This is immortality, indeed! Under thy opiate wand he dreams your dream for one little hour—and is refreshed—*Freethinker*.

The Elohim or Ale-im of the Hebrews,

TRANSLATED "GOD" IN ENGLISH BIBLES.

BY MAJOR-GEN. J. G. R. FORLONG, F.R.S.E., F.R.A.S., ETC.

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V.

The idea of man's divinity is not ennobling, when we read in the Samaritan version of Genesis that their *Ale* (deity and Creator) is "a ram, goat or strong one," the *Ail* or *Amon* of Egypt, from which comes the ejaculatory talismanic "*Amen*" of Hebrew and Christian rites and prayers. No wonder, as Maimonides said: "Jews were forbidden to read their scriptures lest they became idolaters." Showing that in their literary period (the early centuries of our era), the race had passed by or forgotten much concerning the deities of their childhood. It is as Byron wrote:

"Even gods must yield; religions take their turn,
 'Twas Jove's, 'tis Mahomet's; and other creeds
 Will rise with other years: till man shall learn
 Vainly his incense soars, his victim bleeds,
 Poor child of doubt and death, whose hope is built on reeds."

There is nothing strange in gods and devils being often synonymous and identical, for all alike are *primarily* spirits. The *Daimon* of the Greeks was a god or spirit whom some thought good and lovely, others bad, and eventually a demon; so our old *Deuce*, seen in the *O. Lat.* *Dusius*, was, as Prof. Skeat shows, *Deus*, and the Hindu *Deva* became a western devil, and there are many similar parallels. There is not much difference between all these gods, as many Hebrew texts show, so we must briefly look a little into the characters of this *Aleim* and *Yahve*, to distinctly see the idea the early Hebrews formed of a God as the just and good ruler of the Universe.

The *Yahve Aleim* hardened Pharaoh's heart to the destruction and misery of thousands of innocent Egyptians. He put lying spirits into the mouths even of prophets to deceive people; entered into cities to their destruction, and evilly disposed even his chosen ones, and a high angel of heaven—*Satan*, to the life-long misery of his favorite and cruelly tried servant *Job*. It was "*Yahve's messenger*" who put a "wicked spirit into the heart of the slayer of King *Ahab*, to hew him in pieces before the altar"—a place of refuge among all peoples; see the whole treacherous, bloody, and cruel proceedings connected therewith in 2 Kings 9, 11, and 2 Chron. 22, etc. Yet was *Yahve* "well pleased," and promised that the descendants of the new favorite should long rule over Israel. Like *Rudra*, *Jehovah* was "a storm god who breaketh the rocks in pieces and causeth earthquakes;" both are "dwellers on high," surrounded by angels, *apsaras*, *gandharvas* and like singers; and like *Gan-isha*, *Yahve* is lauded by Hebrews as "a God of hosts." All alike had women allotted to their service, but the Hebrew God went beyond the Hindu, for he was "cheerea with wine," and for long periods male *Kada-*

shim thronged his sanctuary (Judges 9: 13; Deut. 14: 26; Jer. 35: 2).

Our liturgies truly say that it is a fearful thing to fall into *Yahve's* hands. "He abhorred" even his chosen people, said the Deuteronomist (30: 11), and was like a fire which burns to the lowest hell, and consumes the earth and all its increase; he delights in heaping mischiefs upon them and shooting arrows at them; in burning them with hunger, and devouring them with heat and bitter destruction. He sends upon them the teeth of beasts and the poison of serpents. The "sword without and the terror (or plague) within is to destroy the young man and the virgin, the suckling and him with grey hairs." *Yahve* is to "whet a glittering sword and arrows which shall devour flesh and be drunk with the blood of the slain." He "sets snares" for his erring children, "to provoke them to wrath so that they be destroyed and consumed with fire and everlasting burnings." He is praised as a god whose wrath is "as smoke from ovens," full of jealousy, and the cause of murder and rapine. Yet for ages he was, and to some extent still is, the ideal Divinity of Hebrews. *Moses* and others delight to call him "the Eternal," their everlasting *Tsur* or *Rock-god*, an Almighty "Spirit of truth, without iniquity, and just and right."

Nevertheless, among Hebrews as others, and even in the earliest stages of civilization, there were always a few *Rishis* or just, thoughtful and pious men who were above their fellows, and hated evil in gods or men, and all foolish and sensual worship and rites like that of *Baai Peor* or *Baal Barith*, the *Basar* or *Bashath*, that "shameful thing" which *Jeremiah* reproachfully said had altars in every street of Jerusalem, and which no doubt was the symbol of *Jacob's Ale-im*. It was of course the same *Basar*, *Bast*, or *Bas*, as was then worshipped at *Bubastes*, or rather *Pi-bast*, in Egypt, and which still is in *Banaras* and over all India. It is we, not *Jeremiah*, who here calls the emblem a "*shame*," for man in his rude animal stage thought the *Basath* was the most sacred emblem under which to worship the great creating father. But to resume consideration of the arboreal spirit idea.

There is significance in making the sacred oak bring *Absalom* to judgment for his treason against "the Lord's anointed;" and in "*Saul* and all his valiant men" being buried under the oaken god of *Jabesh*, when he had "to die for his sins against *Yahve*" (1 Chron. 10: 12). The foot of an oak or ale was from the earliest times a royal place of burial. *Jacob* chose it for all his dead, and *Abraham* took his angel guest (one of the *Ale-im*) under his oak or Ale, as the most honorable of places—the special and eponymous sanctuary of the *Ale-im*. Such hypæthral temples have been honored far and wide, alike by our Druid ancestors as the *Lamists* of Tibet, and the wild *Karens* and *Shans* of furthest *Burma* and *Siam*. There, under Oaks or the *Ficus Religiosa*, its substitute, we have sat and watched these races holding communion with their *Elohim*—spirits or *nats* as they call them.

Chinese Horrors.

BY G. W. FOOT, EDITOR "FREETHINKER"

A good many of the clergy have used the "Pekin Massacre" as a theme for their more or less facile pulpit eloquence. It is so easy (and safe) to be indignant with the Heathen Chinee, for he is a long way off and cannot retaliate, and all the "Powers" in the world are down upon him. Besides, those wretched Celestials are so irritating. They have a civilization far older than our own; and although it is inferior in some respects, in others it is superior. Then again, they find their own religion good enough, and even better than ours. Sometimes they say that theirs is a religion for honest men, while ours is a religion for thieves and scoundrels, seeing that it promises heaven to the worst of men provided they "lay hold" on Christ at the last moment of their evil lives, and avail themselves of the virtue of his atoning blood. Now this is calculated to fill the average Christian, and especially the professional Christian, with boiling anger. Hence the present universal shout of execration. There are pro-Boers, because the Boers are Christians; but there are no pro-Boxers, because the Boxers are anti-Christians.

Canon Page Roberts, of St. Peter's, Vere-street, preached there on Sunday for the last time, before taking his holiday, and going into residence at Canterbury. Towards the end of his sermon he referred to the "great anxiety now felt as to the possibility or ghastly certainty of an awful crime having been perpetrated at Peking." Before such a crime, he said, we stood speechless—although he was talking about it. Such a crime, he continued, had few parallels in history. But is this true? Or is it one of those cheap falsehoods which modern Christian preachers are in the habit of palming off on ignorant congregations, who know next to nothing of history except what they have casually picked up in their random reading of magazines and newspapers?

If the European Legations have been murdered, it is an act of shocking savagery, a brutal violation of the immemorial law of nations. The worst barbarians are accustomed to respecting the person of an ambassador. He is a guest, and is therefore sacred. But the Legation buildings at Peking had been for some time heavily armed, and, being defended by European soldiers and sailors, they doubtless appeared to the fanatical Chinese as foreign occupations rather than embassies. Still, the crime (if really perpetrated) is a dreadful one. We do not seek to palliate it. And if all Europeans—women and children as well as men—have suffered the same fate, perhaps after the most sinister torture, in which the Chinese are said to be adepts; why, in that case, it is easy to understand, and hard to deprecate, the cry which is being raised for vengeance. It is at any rate necessary, at this time of day, that a nation like China should be taught that it cannot be allowed with impunity to murder wholesale and with deliberation the citizens of other countries who have a legal and recognized status within her borders; in other words, that a minimum of decency must be enforced upon all States in their international relations. That is right enough. But when a parson talks about this Peking massacre as having but few parallels in history, one is prompted to

hold up one's hands in amazement at the ignorance or audacity of the speaker. Why, there have been many far worse massacres in the history of Christianity itself. The Saint Bartholomew Massacre was infinitely worse. It involved the murder of more than forty thousand persons, it was planned and carried out by priests and statesmen, it was acclaimed and blessed by the Pope. A hundred other instances of Christian cruelty and bloodshed might be cited. Take the case of the Jews. Up to recent times they have frequently been massacred by the Christians in various parts of Europe. Prior to the reign of Edward I., when they were practically banished from England, not to return until the protectorate of Cromwell, they were often massacred in hundreds; and, on more than one occasion, they slew their wives and children to prevent them from falling into the hands of the cruel and lascivious Nazarenes; just as most of us hope that if the Chinese mob did overpower the Legations, the Europeans had time to slay their women and children with their own hands. When one reads of the sufferings of the Jews in Christian Spain, one is filled with an agony of loathing. The vilest smiling butchers in China could not possibly beat the cruelty of the Spaniard. Even in Protestant Germany the robbery, oppression, and murder of the Jews was simply diabolical. Their tormentors had nothing to learn of the Chinese in the arts of devilry.

Let us go back along the stream of time. Let us take the period of the later Saxon kings, the Normans, and the early Plantagenets. Cutting off the feet and hands of prisoners, amputating their noses, putting out their eyes, and even castrating them, were common occurrences. Yet England was then devoutly Christian. What she wanted was science and humanity.

Let us go back still farther. King Edwy, who ascended the throne of the Heptarchy in 955, fell in love with a beautiful princess called Elgiva. Had he made her his mistress, the clergy would have raised no objection. But he married her, and she was within the degrees of affinity prohibited by the canon law. Even that offence might have been overlooked if Edwy had been more humble and docile in the hands of the ecclesiastics, who were incensed at his independence. Odo, Archbishop of Canterbury, sent into the palace a party of soldiers, who seized the queen and burnt off the beauty of her face with hot irons. Then they carried her by force to Ireland, to remain there in perpetual exile. Being cured of her wounds, she tried to return to the embraces of her husband. But the Archbishop sent a party to intercept her. She was hamstrung, and she expired after three days of frightful torture.

Branding a beautiful woman's face, only because her husband loved her! Holding the hot irons against her seething flesh! Grim hate watching with zest the defacement of the loveliest of nature's productions! And then hamstringing this unfortunate woman—cutting the sinews of her thighs, and killing her by inches! Damn these Christian monks, and these priests of Christ. Yes, damn them. What milder language can a man use? Not a monk or a priest, but a *man*; one who reverences the living temple of maternity.

The fact is that the Christians, as Christians, have no right to be indignant at Chinese or any other horrors. The history of their own religion is too black with crime and red with blood. Even if the Chinese should hold white hostages, and carry out a threat to boil some of them in oil on the approach of the European army to Peking, they would only be tearing a leaf out of the torture-book of the Inquisition.