

## LOKE'S PUNISHMENT.

BY CORNELIA STEKETEE HULST.

## FOREWORD.

THIS mythology of the north presents a triple tragedy: (1) that of Loke and his kindred, the Jotuns; (2) that of Odin and his Circle of Asas in Asgard; and (3) that of Balder and those who join him in Hell. Loke's is the blackest tragedy, of evil done and not repented; Odin's is the tragedy of evil done that good may come of it, but acknowledged as evil; and Balder's, the tragedy of the good and the just and the peaceful who seem to be overcome by evil, but transcend it and prevail in spirit.

The cycle of northern myths, then, presents a world-theme, and the utilitarian ethics of Odin in building his Circle is the provoking cause of calamity in the whole series. As Rydberg shows, even while the immediate object for which Odin does evil is attained, evil results follow and develop, until at Ragnarok they will overwhelm him and his Circle. But after Ragnarok justice will prevail in Balder's Realm of the Spirit.

Before he is caught and bound by the Asas Loke has plotted the domination of the world by his evil offspring, the Serpent, the Wolf and Hel; and with his own hand he has slain Balder, the Lord of Light, the Father of Justice, "whose palace has sheltered no evil." But bad as he is, this devil must be given his due. If we find him crafty and dishonest in his dealings with the Asas, we must admit that he is only meeting craft with craft, and bettering the example; if he does wrong that he and his may rule Creation, he is imitating Odin's policy for his Circle. Loke becomes the personification of destructive fire, a spirit of revenge, but was, until he was perverted, a loved spirit of warmth and brightness. From his own point of view he is more sinned against than sinning, for Odin had tried to exterminate the Jotuns in order to ensure his own dominion, and where he did not destroy Jotuns, bribed them or enticed them to turn traitor to their race and join his. Odin overreached the Jotuns, and stole from them, that he might add to the power of his Circle, thinking it his manifest destiny to prevail because he had the chance. It is entirely fit that his career should end at Ragnarok by the swords of all whom he has wronged, the dwellers at the ends of the earth, Jotunheim, Maspelheim, Elfheim,

and Hell. When all of Creation has been purged by fire, only Balder's Realm of Justice will remain, to become New Heaven and New Earth. In poetic justice, the race of Asas, that seemed the fittest to survive, goes to its doom because it has done all manner of injustice to gain power and prevail. So perish all that do such deeds.

WHEN the plot of that evil one, Loke,  
 Was sped, and Balder the Bright  
 Was doomed with Hel to abide,  
 While o'er Balder's bale, save for Thok,  
 The whole world wept,  
 Thok's self was Loke, who cackled  
 With laughter and ran to his cavern  
 Refusing to weep for Balder.

After the death of Balder, Loke laughed in spite.

He fled from the Asas in fear.

That laugh was the last of his misdeeds,  
 For then Loke knew that the Asas  
 Would never forgive, and he fled them.  
 In many strange guises he fled them,—  
 As fly, bird, beast,  
 As fish in the flood, as earth-elf;  
 And still as he fled, still transforming,  
 Through the open he glided, a-shrinking,  
 Through the shadows he slunk, a-skulking,  
 And ever he felt in his hiding  
 That Odin's eye was upon him,  
 And ever abandoned his cover  
 To wander afresh.

Without the apples of youth and strength, he grew aged.

He dared not return to green Gladsheim  
 To visit young Idun and Brage  
 And eat of their Apples immortal,  
 So apace old age crept upon him,  
 The fire in his eye burned to ashes,  
 His cheek hung wrinkled and withered,  
 And his foot dragged heavy and languid.

Haunted by fears, and lonely,

Very many the fears that oppressed him—  
 Was there nowhere a soul would assist him?  
 In all the wide world was no creature  
 A friend, for all he had injured

And now of all must be fearful.  
When he swam in the sea, Jormungand,  
His Serpent-son, rose up and hissed him;  
To an island he neared, but Fenrer,  
His Wolf-son, there snarled  
When he saw him approach—  
He hated the source of his being;  
In a cavernous hillside he hid him,  
But the Dwarf Andvare crawled forth  
And drove him away with deep cursing  
For wresting from him that Ring  
That has carried gold's curse to Earth's kingdoms,  
*"A bane to the bearer shall be,  
Bitter grief to the greedy of gold,  
Haunting sorrow to all who possess  
Gold weighted with wrong."* . . . .  
How many and many have sorrowed!  
And alas! how many will sorrow  
Ere that curse of Andvare shall pass!  
And when as a hawk Loke soared,  
The son of Thjasse, the Eagle,  
Remembering young Idun, his sister,  
That Loke led forth from her kindred  
With her casket of youth-giving Apples—  
Them the skill of Thjasse had fashioned  
And now her kindred must hunger  
While her foes may feast—  
Pursued him to rend him in pieces.  
So wherever he went some old deed  
That was done in spite or in mischief  
Raised its head like a snake's head, and hissed him,  
And threatened to strike him and sting him.

Almost he was willing to perish,  
Or to seek his old hag, Angerboda,  
And their wolf-sons that lurk in the forest  
Afar in the North, the dun Mirkwood—  
But hate was the tie that bound them. . . .  
And Hel, his cold daughter in Helheim—  
Her he fain would forget. . . .  
Not only he hated. . . . he dreaded.

he sought  
hiding in  
Helway,

Grown weary with wandering, haunted,  
At the foot of a rock that looks northward  
He hid in deep shadow,  
Whence downward and northward leads Helway,  
Bleak, and steep, and forbidding.  
There never a living thing grows,  
Gray lichens, or grasses, or mosses,  
But hoar frost lies white in the moonshine.  
And when, muffled close in her mantle,  
Dark Midnight had passed on her mission,  
Hel's hounds came a-baying from Helheim  
And a pale form rose from the Deep  
That he knew, as a dream, in his slumber,  
For Hel, his daughter, his tyrant,  
And naught he could do to escape her. . . .  
His heart grew cold with its knowledge.  
It was then for the first time he feared her,  
This child of the worst in his being,  
Supreme of her kind, Queen of Evil. . . .  
That thought wrung his heart with foreboding—  
*His Queen, to himself anguish-boding.*

where he  
saw his  
daughter  
Hel coming,

but was un-  
able to flee  
her,

Loke struggled to rouse him, to flee her—  
Far less did he dread the wronged Asas  
Than Hel, as he saw her ascending—  
But slumber still held him in bondage,  
For Odin's Rune risted in aether  
Turned evil upon the ill-doer.

And Hel came still closer, and closer,  
Till the cold of her breath blew upon him;  
The cold of her hands chilled his body;  
Her eyes, cold-gleaming, transfixed him;  
And her voice spoke, coldly, his doom:

and received  
her curse,

“So Loke would flee me? Fool, Coward,  
And author of what he'll not look on!  
Nay, yet thou shalt pray and beseech me  
To take thee to Hell from thy torments!  
This thy doom, and hope not to escape it:  
*Hell on Earth, Death in Life,—*  
*To know goodness and light, but still hate them;*

*To see joy, but be banished forever;  
 To live in the world of the living,  
 But still without power to injure;  
 To will still to do, but lie bound;  
 To suffer in sight of Heaven's Asas,  
 Enduring their scorn, while the pity  
 Of her thou hast injured protects thee,—  
 Hell itself has no pains worse than thine be,  
 No chains like the chains that shall bind thee....  
 Live, languish, agonize,  
 Impotent, vacant, immortal—  
 Nay, look not for end to thy sorrow—  
 And remember, Loke, remember,  
 Wherever thou art, thou art mine."*

And Loke moaned as he listened,  
 And bitter he groaned when he wakened,  
 Though the evil Queen had departed  
 And naught he beheld but bleak Helway  
 Downward and northward extending,  
 And naught he heard.... There was silence,  
 A stillness that throbbed with foreboding....

in utter  
 loneliness.

Alone was Loke, so lonely  
 He would fain have kept Hel there beside him—  
 Her cursing was better than silence....  
 Alone with the stars and the heavens,  
 And the stars and heavens were aching.

## II.

He is joined  
 by his Asa-  
 wife, Sigyn.

But not alone to remain,  
 For before the first flush of the morn,  
 In the hush that awaits a new Dawn  
 Slow footsteps approached from the South,  
 And a voice, low and soft as a wind-harp,  
 Breathed, "Loke, Loke, my lord!"  
 That he knew; then a presence like sunshine  
 Illumined the place of his hiding,  
 Fair Sigyn, the True and the Tender,  
 Whom he had deserted in Asgard  
 To wed the foul witch Angerboda.  
 Now, she had come down from high Asgard,  
 Womanly, motherly, wifely;

And still, if Loke had loved—  
 What might not the future have seen?  
 For she knew the wrongs he had done—  
 And she knew the wrongs he had suffered—  
 She would have found joy in forgiving.

He repulses  
 her,

But was there no love in his heart?  
 Hateful and spiteful and vengeful  
 Loke answered. He hardened his heart  
 And accused her, suspicious,  
 That she from the Asas had come  
 To betray him, to bait him;  
 And so he reproached and reviled her.  
 And Sigyn looked sadly upon him  
 And silently bore his upbraiding;  
 And with him she stayed, that fair goddess,  
 Still living her dream of devotion,  
 Fulfilling the troth that she plighted.  
 And still she had hope.  
 And patiently went she with Loke  
 When later he hid in the mountains,  
 And steadfastly held her high purpose,  
 Sustaining her heart in its sadness  
 By telling it o'er the sweet tale  
 Of the days of their love, in far Asgard.

but finally  
 suffers her  
 to stay with  
 him and bring  
 their sons.

And Loke half feared her, and wondered  
 That still she should stay, but endured it,  
 Though he felt her presence but irksome.  
 And he suffered her summon their children,  
 The wilful Vare and Nare,  
 Whom she loved with the love of a mother  
 Though they tore her heart with unkindness.  
 And Loke, too, had no kindness  
 From them, but dread and dire danger,  
 For his sons did not care for his safety,  
 But under the vault of the heavens,  
 In the crystalline light of the Day Star,  
 They threatened and shouted,  
 Though Odin was watching on Air Throne.

He lives in  
 retreat,

In the long, anxious days that succeeded  
 Loke sat in his house with wide windows

To all quarters of space, whence he watched  
 For the Asas to come from the North,  
 From the South, from the East, from the West,  
 While in thought he did over the deeds  
 Of his life. And not in the least  
 Was he sad for the wrongs he had done,  
 But all for the tricks that had failed him.  
 And those long anxious days was he busied  
 In netting a net, cunning meshes,  
 That seemed, as he made them, a symbol,  
 His life and the lives his had met,  
 Intermingled and knotted together.  
 The knots were the deeds he had done,  
 For each knot that he knotted was hard  
 And not to be loosened. . . .  
 Each life his had met had been marred,  
 And was not to be mended.  
 But he joyed in the life he had lived  
 And the net he had made, as he pondered,  
 And so intently he netted  
 That the shouts of the Asas surprised him,  
 For he had forgotten his danger.  
 War-ready, their ranks closed upon him—  
 Wise Odin, strong Thor, calm Tyr,  
 Shining Frey, swift Hermod, white Njord,  
 And Heimdal, that hated him ever—  
 The band that fills Asgard with glory.

but is discovered by the Asas.

His sons rejoice at his danger.

With shouts hateful Vare and Nare,  
 His sons, wished him ill  
 And mocked their old father: "Lo, Loke,  
 The Asas! What youth, and what splendor!  
 Such the gods are, but thee! Art not jealous?  
 And such might we also now be  
 But for thee, thou old Jotun and wizard,  
 Whom we hate—Alas, for our birthright!  
 Flee? Do, but they'll catch thee—  
 And may they!"

### III.

Loke hides in the guise of a salmon,

And flee Loke did, wild with terror.  
 He flung his net to the fire

And flew to the Force, in whose flood  
 He leaped and he plunged, in the guise  
 Of a salmon, so seeking escape.  
 But the Asas saw him and knew him,  
 And taking a net, woven meshes  
 Like his, that they found in the ashes,  
 They followed him down in the water.  
 Twice he sought to pass to the ocean. . . .  
 To dive under the net. . . . to leap over. . . .  
 But they caught him, strong Thor and wise Odin,  
 They caught him and, spite his guise, held him.

but is caught  
 in the Asas'  
 net,

And when Loke's struggle was over,  
 And he lay there, no longer a salmon,  
 They dragged him into a valley  
 Where ledges of rock beetled o'er him  
 And mountain crests rose and enclosed him  
 That the heavens themselves scarce could see him—  
 None save Odin when seated on Air Throne.  
 And there to three rock-ribs they bound him  
 For a bed, and the thongs that they used  
 (A horror—he scarce could endure it!)  
 Were the entrails of wolfish Vare,  
 His son, that hated and mocked his old father  
 And killed and devoured his brother.

and is bound  
 to the rocks  
 in a valley.

Loke struggled, and groans shook his body,  
 Though proudly he strove to control him  
 While the Asas stood by looking on him.  
 Then a Serpent from over the summit  
 Came to torture and feast, as a spider,  
 When a fly is caught in its meshes,  
 Comes to play with it struggling, and kill it.  
 But so fearful the play of the lightning  
 That leaped from his eyes when he saw it,  
 So piercing, so hunted, so blinding,  
 And so fearful those serpent-eyes stony  
 That, alike fixed in terror, they gazed,  
 The Serpent and Loke, bound both  
 By a spell that neither can break,  
 And binding each other forever  
 By a spell that neither can lessen.

He struggles  
 proudly,

but is tor-  
 tured by a  
 serpent



Prone lay the snake,  
 Its thin neck stretching down  
 And its flat head depressed,  
 Its cleft tongue hanging limp,  
 Dropping venom distilled  
 Where Loke lay rigid beneath it.  
 As it dropped, drop by drop,  
 It encrusted his body, and burned,  
 That he writhed in his anguish  
 And fought with the strength of his godhead,  
 While the Asas stood by, and derided.

until his  
 pride is  
 broken.

Then his pain broke his pride, spite of Loke,  
 Cries of agony startled the mountains,  
 And backward and forward they hurtled  
 Through the vales, o'er the plains, up to Asgard,  
 And down to the nether abysses.

In all places their tidings were welcome  
 That the days of his misdeeds were done  
 And that Loke lay helpless and harmless.  
 The wide world listened, rejoicing, it seemed,  
 And with mocking and laughter:

The Asas  
 torture him  
 with taunts,

“Thy desert now thou hast, dost thou like it?”  
 Said one, and “Could we but do so  
 With usury we would repay thee!”  
 “Aye, aye,” cried the rest, taunting Loke.  
 “Thy chickens come home to their roost  
 With their broods; count them, Loke!”  
 “Thou wert wont to pour vials of torments  
 On victims in sport. Dost remember?  
 Now ours is the sport, thine the torment;  
 And remember the pain of thy victims!”  
 His base deeds to remembrance they brought  
 In wrath, and for vengeance,  
 To requite ill with ill in like measure,  
 For so it seemed good to the Asas  
 To torture their prisoner, Loke.

but his wife,  
 Sigyn, in  
 mercy

To all save his sad-eyed wife Sigyn.  
 To her tender heart, wise in sorrow,  
 No rejoicing it brought that Loke  
 Must sing that terrible song

In torment, but she pitied his pain,  
 An added weight to the woes  
 Of a world but too woful without it.  
 Her soul was sad as she heard them,  
 Mourning her mood:

pleads for  
 him,

“Oh Father, oh brothers, have pity!  
 Our world is too heavy with sorrow  
 To wring one cry that is needless  
 From the bitter breast of a captive,  
 Long bitter with wrongs ye inflicted  
 On those dear to him, as his kindred.  
 Now Loke is bound and harmless,  
 And Loke's children are outcast,  
 The Wolf, and Hel, and the Serpent.

reproaches  
 the Asas  
 with their  
 own wrong  
 doing,



SIGYN, LOKE AND THE SERPENT.

Enough let it be that the safety  
 Of Asgard and Earth are assurèd—  
 The brave never injure the helpless. . . .  
 Leave Loke to me, give your blessing.  
 And perhaps, some day in the Future—  
 Perhaps—for he may repent him—  
 Perhaps I may bear to glad Valhal

and an-  
 nounces her  
 purpose to  
 stay with him.

A word for peace and forgiveness.  
 If not—but let me not think it—  
 Still here will I stay,  
 And will labor to lessen his anguish;  
 And still I can hope for a whisper  
 Of love, that will long to be voiced  
 When it wakens to life, toward one. . . .  
 And toward all. . . .  
 In mercy now go. . . .  
 I will bear it!"

The Asas were touched by her pleading,  
 That goddess' so sad and devoted;  
 The laughter died from their voices,  
 And their taunting, scornful and biting,  
 Lay hushed on their lips into silence.  
 And pity entered their hearts  
 For Loke, that he must be lorn  
 Of her love, that his heart had cast from him. . . .  
 And awe came upon them at Evil  
 Itself. Whence came it? How comes it?  
 Why did Loke succumb?—and why they?  
 For they—they, too, were infected.  
 Each knew in his secret soul  
 Of hopes and desires and deeds  
 That he wished he need not remember;  
 And it softened their hearts toward Loke  
 To know that no Asa was blameless,  
 And that they themselves had been tempters.  
 And it seemed an inscrutable Other  
 Moved him and moved them divers ways.  
 Were they puppets alike? and warped  
 By the stuff that was theirs from their forebears?

Thor agrees  
 with her  
 words,

"Sigyn is right," Asa Thor spoke,  
 "Bound is Loke, and harmless,  
 And the brave never injure the helpless!"

#### IV.

"Aye, Sigyn is right," said All-Father;  
 and Odin also. "Now that Loke is bound and harmless,  
 For us 't is enough that the safety  
 Of the Heavens and the Earth are assurèd.

And bound are the children of Loke,  
The Serpent, the Wolf, and that other,  
The Queen of ravenous Hell.

Odin shows  
the present  
perils of  
Asgard

Do ye see the shade in the valley?  
It is spread by the wings of the Eagle;  
Do ye hear his screaming eerie?  
'T is Thjasse's son threatening Asgard—  
Alas for our Heavenly City  
That its gold must be weighted with wrong!  
Do ye hear the call from the Sea-Stream  
Sucked down in a whirlpool? The Serpent.  
And the howl of the Wolf? 'T is wild Fenrer!  
The baying? Hel's hounds—Angerboda's.  
Ye know those sounds and their portents.  
Ye know the mustering foes  
To be met in the Future as erewhile....  
And not the less to be feared  
Because they give evil for evil  
To destroy the fair world that we fashioned  
By seeking advantage from theirs.  
It was I for myself and my Circle—  
Was it well?... *Was* it well?

“Do the Norns themselves know the outcome,  
They that sit at the roots of the World-Tree  
And weave the web of the World-Life?  
Know they the End and Beginning?...  
Or draw they the threads from the Unknown,  
And toss the torn shreds to the Unknown?....

and reminds  
the Asas of  
their vows of  
brotherhood.

Ye know how, late, in our Valhal,  
In winter, since Balder is dead,  
We sat at our tables, heroes  
Eating and drinking, and singing  
The hero-deeds we remembered,  
In the warmth and light of our fires,  
While without all was hoarfrost and storm.

He compares  
life to the  
flight of a  
swallow.

Then in swam a swallow, skimming  
From one wide door to the other.  
For a moment he circled, he twittered,  
Enjoying the warmth—  
Welcome guest with feathers at banquet—  
And then, in a twinkling, was off,

And had passed—from Winter, to Winter. . . .  
 E'en such, methinks, is our life.  
 It comes from no man knows whence,  
 It goes to no man knows whither.  
 It flutters a space, and in it  
 We build for ourselves and our Circle  
 And strive to do action heroic. . . .  
 And at last we may fail of our purpose. . . .

He glories  
 in action

“But ah! the glory of striving,  
 The joy of our work for our World's Good!  
 If vanquished, victors it leaves us.  
 Foes surround us, and we must endure it.  
 Foes surround us, shall Asas surrender?  
 Nay, Asas, life is a Battle,  
 The day of the Present is passing,  
 The darkness is coming, Time's flying:

and urges the  
 Asas to action

Let each ere he die do the deeds  
 That he may, and rejoice in the doing  
 Though he know not the end. . . .  
 Else belong he to Hel and her sluggards.

against Hel  
 and her  
 brood.

If we die, as the Vala foreshadowed,  
 Let us die dealing death for our Circle,  
 To Hel and to hers;

He rejoices  
 in Vala's  
 prophecy of  
 the kingdom  
 of Balder,  
 and

And after, as Vala foreshadowed,  
 When the Battle that Last Day is ended  
 Our Balder, the Bright, will arise,  
 For his Palace has sheltered no evil,  
 The Peaceful and White,—  
 Him our souls still sigh for —  
 And Nanna will rise from dark Helheim,  
 And the same World will rise that bred us,  
 But refreshed and ever renewèd,  
 As Asgard the Golden anew,  
 But higher, more splendid, new namèd,  
 Will rise in the glorified heavens,  
 In the Land of Spirit eternal. . . .

inspires the  
 Asas to meet  
 Fate as  
 heroes.

And we—shall we, too, spring anew?  
 We know not and we need not to know.  
 And Evil—will it spring anew?  
 We know not and we need not to know.  
 Enough that to-day is our own.

Let us gather the brave to our banners  
 And trust that cause to wise Skuld—  
 To a hero will death come but once. . . .  
 Come gather about me, and hear me.  
 I will rist you the Rune I created  
 What time I o'erhung the Abyss.  
 Touch ye each the hand of a brother,  
 Fix your eyes on Asgard above us,  
 Lift up your voices in union  
 And sing the New Song that I sung."

v.

He rists the  
 runes of Peace  
 and Strength,

Then Odin the mighty Rune risted  
 That gives peace and strength to the Asas,  
 And together they chanted his verses,  
 Brave hearts!—the song they will sing  
 When he leads them into the Battle  
 That Last Day, in the Dusk of the Nations.  
 Rising and falling like breakers  
 That beat on the sands of the seashore  
 It sounded under their shieldboards,  
 And deep, like the roll of far billows,  
 Rolled the voice of All-Father in union.

and sings the  
 Song that  
 gives courage,

and finally  
 leads them  
 back to Asgard,

Then, lifting their hands over Sigyn,  
 They wended their way from the valley,  
 Ascending to pinacled Asgard;  
 And Loke, the wanton and Evil—  
 Very willingly would they have eased him,  
 But Hel's dread curse was upon him  
 And on hers she must work out her will.

leaving Sigyn  
 with Loke, to  
 render him  
 service and  
 win him from  
 vengeance  
 and hate.

Alone beside Loke stood Sigyn.  
 She could not loose him, and would not,  
 But she strove to lessen his anguish  
 And open the floodgates by kindness  
 That the streams of his love might start flowing.  
 A cup she made, joining her fingers,  
 To catch the withering venom  
 That fell from the fangs of the Serpent,

To spill it or ever it burned him.  
 So, unsleeping, his pain she endures,  
 In the glare of the sun in the summer,  
 In the pinch of the cold in the winter,  
 Through the watches of noon and of midnight ;  
 And she listens, by hope still sustained,  
 Again to-night, and forever,  
 Till he whisper that Word.

But Loke does not relent,  
 But Loke relents not, and speaks not,  
 Save when, her cup overflowing



THE ASAS ASCENDING TO ASGARD OVER BIFROST.

And the venomous drops on him spilling  
 And rankling, he cries aloud and he curses,  
 And save when, at midnight,  
 When the stars are most awful in heaven,  
 The howling of hounds heralds Hel.  
 Then he moans and he mutters, by turns  
 Praying Hel, *now to pass, now to take him.*

though Sigyn  
is steadfast,

Still she listens and watches, lone Sigyn,  
That Goddess of Sorrows; and her face  
Is alight with a passion of pity,  
Transfigured by self-abnegation  
And unthanked devotion—the steadfast!

But who shall say it is thankless?  
And who shall say it is useless?  
Still Weird will go as it will.

until Ragna-  
rok and  
Doom.

Surely Mercy is better than Vengeance,  
Mayhap Love will prove stronger than Justice  
And Sigyn win Loke from Hel.

## DEMOCRACY AND REACTION.

(A BOOK REVIEW.)

BY HENDRICK MARTIN PELS.

YOU have had the experience, possibly, of groping along a long dim hall in search of a door, and then suddenly finding the knob and entering a well-lighted room. The light brings relief, even if you have been unafraid in the dark. It has been with a similar feeling of relief that I have read *Democracy and Reaction*, by L. T. Hobhouse. Here I find what I have been groping for, a matter of some importance, nothing short, indeed, of the intellectual and ethical background of the world war.

To find this background in *Democracy and Reaction* one is compelled, I admit, to read something into this little volume of 250 pages. It was published in London in 1904, some thirteen years ago. It contains not so much as a hint, from cover to cover, of the danger of Armageddon. It discusses, at times, foreign policy and international politics, but it does not prophesy war. And this is one of the reasons it holds so clear a value for interpretation,—that it has escaped the color and bias of later discussion.

The thesis of the book is given in the very first sentence: "During some twenty, or it may be thirty years, a wave of reaction has spread over the civilized world and invaded one department after another of thought and action." After the great reforming movement of the nineteenth century a period of lassitude has set in. The ideals of the reform era have lost their efficacy, and its catchwords have ceased to move. The gap has been filled in by