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THE GRASSHOPPER.

"And we pass away out of the world as grasshoppers, and our life is astonishment and fear." II Esdras, iv, 24.

TO-NIGHT there is a church-fair, for money has to be raised to pay the debt contracted a few years ago for rebuilding the roof and the spire. The congregation is not rich, so they must make use of every occasion to collect funds.

The pastor, the Rev. John Wilby, has just returned from the funeral of a prominent citizen, together with Mr. and Mrs. Brand. Mr. Brand was the editor of a small country paper, and his wife was an old Scotch lady, known throughout the county, or at least so far as her husband's little sheet was read, as a poetess of great renown.

Entering the parsonage our little company met Mr. Harry Brand, Jr., son of the editor, a young Harvard student on his vacation, and Mr. Martin, the stage manager of a travelling theatrical company who, partly from business considerations, but mostly, we must say, to his honor, from a sincere respect towards the religion in which he had been educated, had given advice and practical assistance in the little performance that was to take place at the fair in the school-room.

All the people that passed by to pay their dime as entrance-fee had jolly faces, for they anticipated a joyous evening. The parson's face was still too sober for the occasion, and he attempted to adapt his sentiment to the new conditions. Almost automatically he repeated the words he had spoken half an hour ago at the open grave: "All flesh is grass, and the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field." Such is life! There tears and here laughter; there sorrow and here merriment; and religion consecrates the one as well as the other to the higher glory of God.

"Yes," said Mr. Martin, "all the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players."

"What would life be without sentiment?" began Mrs. Brand, sweetly.

She evidently intended to quote some poetical passage, but was interrupted by her son Harry, who added: "The facts of life are nothing; the sentiments

only with which we regard facts, make them what they are to us."

"True, as far as it goes," rejoined the pastor, "but not wholly true. There is something more in life than our sentiments make of it. Life, to the jolly fool may be a comedy; to the pessimist a tragedy. We must look upon life as God wants us to look upon it. If sentiment alone made life, the essence of wisdom might be to enjoy it as best we can. But we cannot live as we please, and we must not see the world in the light that suits us best. There is a something in life which we call duty, and duty does not depend upon our sentiments."

Having entered the schoolroom, which was already crowded, Mr. Martin disappeared behind the curtain, while all the others took the seats that were reserved for them, among the other dignitaries of the township, in the front row.

All of a sudden the lights were turned out and a general hallooing and murmuring vented the different feelings with which this opening of the performance was regarded. Upon the white sheet that served as a curtain there appeared in the light of a magic lantern a big grasshopper. The school teacher played a few chords on the piano, and now the choir began to sing:

"The grasshopper sat on the sweet-potato vine,
And the big turkey gobbler came up behind."

The picture in the magic lantern became cloudy as if it were going to dissolve, but rapidly it cleared again, and in the meantime the scene changed. A big monster appeared in the background, while the grasshopper, heedless of any danger, assumed a sedentary position. He looked gay and seemed very much pleased with his fate. Apparently he was young still; and if he were a human being, we should call him a dude. He seems to be the only son and an heir.

The choir continued:

"And the big turkey gobbler came up behind,
And he gobbled him down off the sweet-potato vine."

"Such is life," said the pastor to himself; "*media in vita nos in morte sumus.*"

There! The scene changes again. A reciter behind the curtain gives information of how the gobbler relishes the poor grasshopper. The eyes of the cruel

monster show the horrid delight which he takes in swallowing his living and feeling fellow-creature. What an unnatural banquet. Can any cannibal be less mindful of his victim's sentiments? Think of the grief of the deceased grasshopper's afflicted family!

The barbarous turkey has callous sentiments indeed. Nor does he mind that one of the grasshopper's cousins, upon whom the father's estate, according to the law of the country, will devolve, is not quite as mournful as the young grasshopperess, who was engaged to the unfortunate youth.

New scenes appear, showing the bereaved ones, and the tunes played indicate their sentiments.

The gobbler takes another view of the subject. With a basso profundo he presents his account of the event, triumphantly boasting of his heroic deed in the martial strain of an old ballad. It is a boisterous tune; but is he not right from his standpoint?

"How much onesidedness!" thought the pastor to himself, well aware of what he had just said to the young student, when he was almost shocked at the next picture that appeared in the dissolving views. It was a picture of himself. A clergyman was introduced as the Rev. Bumblebee, who stood there in the attitude of addressing the meeting on the Vanity Fair of grasshopper life; he spoke with emotion, half singing in the style of a hymn:

" Short were his days
On the sweet-potato vine;
For all flesh is grass,
On a sweet-potato vine,
And many are the birds
That come up behind,
To destroy him who sitteth
On the sweet-potato vine."

The pastor was very good natured, and nobody expected that he would take offence at it, although the picture of the clergyman was plainly a humorous suggestion of his personality. No one was more amiable when made the butt of a joke than he, but no one at the same time was more dexterous in retorting in a kindly spirit, and mostly in such a way as to accompany the retort with a lesson. The pastor began to laugh heartily, and the audience applauded.

Silence was restored, when the sweet voice of a soprano singer began:

" We twa bae louped among the grass
When simmer days were fine,
When turkey-cocks were a' forgot
And never brought to mind.
The gobbler he came down the brae
And creepit up behind
And took a right gude willy waught
For auld lang syne."

Wasn't that a strain in the style of Mrs. Brand's poetry? Some of these rhymes smacked strongly of a few verses that had appeared some time ago in her husband's paper. And lo! Out of the dissolving view appeared an old grasshopper-woman bearing a

marked resemblance to the old lady, and she would have been more indignant than she actually was, had not the pastor taken the production of his caricature so good-naturedly.

The next shot was aimed at Mr. Brand. He was as some of his friends expressed it, a labor crank. The world, in his opinion, was like unto a southern plantation in the worst times of slavery. His idea was that every rich man is responsible for the existence of poverty. Poverty exists because we have wealth; the presence of the millionaire is the cause of the tramping tramp. He hailed every breakdown of a great business enterprise, every bankruptcy of a rich man as one step nearer to the liberation of the enslaved and poverty-stricken laborer. The view that now evolved was a black bug reading an article out of Mr. Brand's paper to his still blacker comrades, who danced merrily about, rejoicing in their master's downfall.

The anarchy that thus prevailed seemed to forebode the end of the world; for now the angel Gabriel appeared in the clouds, blowing the trumpet of the last judgment. He proclaimed the resurrection of all grasshoppers, and their happy life in an eternal summer season of heavenly prairies, while the turkey gobblers would be condemned to be sunk into the pits of human stomachs.

The performance ended with the picture of a roast turkey, and underneath an invitation to an opulent supper in the adjoining room.

When the applause of the audience had subsided, Pastor Wilby rose to his feet and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, before we go to supper to avenge the death of the poor grasshopper, I wish to thank the actors for the trouble they have taken to entertain us with their amusing performance. They made fun of us, of the Bumblebee preacher, of the sentimental poet, and of all the grasshopper souls in general. They had their say. Now we shall have ours, and we ask: Did they teach us a lesson that is well worth remembering? And if not, can we supply one?"

"Let us hear," shouted a voice out of the audience.

"I should like to hear your opinion on the subject," replied Mr. Wilby.

"Well," said Mrs. Brand, with some bitterness, "the lesson is that even a grasshopper is a feeling creature, and we should be mindful not to hurt the feelings of anybody. I do not like ridicule at all."

"Ridicule is objectionable," added her husband, who was noted as a freethinker, "when it is unjust, but when just it is perfectly allowable. The personal allusions and caricaturing would better have been omitted in the performance, but the lesson taught is that human beings are much the same as grasshoppers. If grasshoppers could speak, I do not

doubt but that they would tell us that in the beginning there was an arch-grasshopper, and that he created the world for the purpose that grasshoppers, whom he created in his own likeness, might worship him. Men and turkeys and other creatures, when they die are dead and will remain dead, but grasshoppers will be resurrected, and their souls will live eternally."

Harry Brand, the student, said, when Mr. Brand had spoken his mind: "I think that the world can be viewed from different standpoints, and every standpoint is justified. The grasshopper's, the turkey's, and man's. The sentimentalist's view is as good as that of the matter-of-fact man—for man is the measure of all things, and . . ."

"Every standpoint may be justifiable," interrupted the clergyman, "but are all the standpoints equally right, equally correct, and true? If they are, we might as well say they are equally wrong, equally absurd. Is there really—as Mr. Brand, senior, declares—no difference between man and the grasshopper? Is man as much a sentient being as the grasshopper, only a little bigger, and is his sentiment the measure of all things?"

"Yes," said the student, "it is."

"Well," answered Mr. Wilby, "I do not deny that to the blue-spectacled man the world must appear blue. But is the world for that reason really blue? I mean the sentiment with which we view the world makes it appear to us in the particular color of that sentiment. But are our sentiments the measure of truth? Is there not a higher and lower stage in the recognition of truth? And is not man a step higher than the grasshopper? I do not deny that many men still have grasshopper souls; they have not as yet raised themselves above their petty selves, and think the world exists to suit their sentiments. To them, sentiment is ultimate. If the world suits their sentiments, they are satisfied with God and themselves, like the hypocritical Pharisee, but in case the world does not suit their sentiments they think the world is a failure. They never suspect that their sentiments might be a failure; their sentiments are to them the measure of all things. Only when we learn that truth is independent of our individual sentiments, and that truth is the standard of measurement, do we become human beings."

"Yet all our knowledge," interrupted the student, "depends upon our feelings."

"True, very true," rejoined the clergyman, "but not *that* we feel, but *what* we feel is the question. Man, as a feeling being, is like the grasshopper; he has pleasures and pains like the grasshopper. But man is more. He is also a thinking being. His feelings have become thoughts; they have acquired significance. There is no right or wrong in sentiment; there is no

truth or fallacy in pleasures or in pains. But there is right and wrong in thought; there is truth and fallacy in our ideas. This is the human standpoint. And the man who understands this knows that the mere possibility of truth means that the world has sense and meaning. We can comprehend the meaning of the world, and when we comprehend it, we find that it imposes duties upon us.

"In many respects, I, myself, am not free of the grasshopper element. I am still a Rev. Bumblebee. In my teachings and preachings, I grant, there may still be that narrowness which prevents me from seeing the full truth in its purity. But I feel that there is also a germ of the human in me, of the divine, of the immortal.

"I am searching for the truth, and I have glimpses of it; and that part of my soul which consists of glimpses of the truth will not die. For truth prevails; truth abides; truth is everlasting.

"Now, let us go to supper."

P. C.

MR. HENRY GEORGE'S PERPLEXED PHILOSOPHER.

BY LOUIS BELROSE, JR.

"The deeper we go into the study of politics, the better we understand how much the measures that emanate spontaneously from the situation surpass the superb inspirations of badly established theories."—*Auguste Comte*.

TO THOSE of us who have been accustomed to look for nothing more criminal in Mr. Herbert Spencer than a slight disinclination to give credit to such precursors as the author we quote, Mr. George's "Perplexed Philosopher" is a revelation. A revelation that, were it not for the exigencies of the "Single Tax Movement," it would perhaps have been as well to postpone. For though the immortal principles must be maintained, it is an ungracious thing to expose a man with a lifetime of good services behind him, even if, in the decline of his moral faculties, he steals sheep or robs a hen-roost.

Mr. George's well-known aversion to the sensational warrants our conviction that nothing less than his unbounded love of humanity could have induced him to make this sacrifice of his feelings.

Robert Browning, reader of souls, is brought in on the title page to tell us what the old gentleman has been doing and what we should do to him:

"Just for a handful of silver he left us,
Just for a ribbon to stick in his coat,—
Found the one gift of which fortune bereft us,
Lost all the others she lets us devote.

Blot out his name, then, record one lost soul more,
One task more declined, one more foot-path untrod,
One more triumph for devils, and sorrow for angels,
One wrong more to man, one more insult to God!"

It is sad to think that we could have prevented all this with a handful of cheap silver and a little ribbon! But we didn't know. How could we?

The gist of the whole accusation is that when Mr. Spencer was young, he held that "equity does not permit property in land," and that now, to curry favor with the aristocracy, he makes believe to have changed his mind.

Mr. George has devoted over three hundred pages to an attempt to prove him "a conscious and deliberate traitor."

Although the philosopher does not seem to have gone so far as his critic in denying the landowner's right to compensation when the state shall, at last, do its duty and confiscate all land, still it must be admitted that, with this reservation, he was, some forty odd years ago, an enthusiastic "Henry George man"; and it is no wonder that the loss of so distinguished a disciple is hard to bear. Just how hard, may be imagined from the following passages:

"Nothing but moral color-blindness can explain how a writer who has just asserted all this can in the same breath propose to compensate landowners." (P. 29.)

"From an unknown man, printing with difficulty an unsalable book, he had become a popular philosopher, to whom all gratifications of sense, as of intellect, were open. He had tasted the sweets of London society, and in the United States, from which he had just returned, had been hailed as a thinker beside whom Newton and Aristotle were to be mentioned only to point his superiority. And, while the fire in the hall of the High Priest was warm and pleasant, 'society' had become suddenly aroused to rage against those who questioned private property in land. So when the *St. James's* and the *Edinburgh*, both of them chosen organs of Sir John and his Grace, accused Herbert Spencer of being one of these, it was to him like the voices of the accusing damsels to Peter. Fearing, too, that he might be thrust out in the cold, he, too, sought refuge in an alibi." (P. 85.)

"Whatever may be the ethical views of Mr. Spencer, now that his eyes have been put out, and he has been set to grind in the house of the lords of the Philistines, the young Samson of 'Social Statics,' with locks as yet unshorn by the social Delilah, knew nothing of such ethics." (P. 106.)

"I am not objecting that Mr. Spencer has changed his opinions. Such change might be for the better or might be for the worse, but it would at least be within his right. What I point out is that in this letter to the *Times*, as in his previous letter to the *St. James's Gazette*, Mr. Spencer does what is not within his right, what a straight man could not do—misstates what he previously did say." (P. 109.)

"For this letter to the *Times* not only shows Mr. Spencer's intense desire to be counted on the side of 'vested interests' in the struggle over the land question that was beginning, but it also shows how he was intending to join formally the ranks of the defenders of private property in land without the humiliation of an open recantation of what he had said in 'Social Statics.' By aid of double-barrelled ethics and philosophic legerdemain Mr. Spencer evidently hopes to keep some reputation for consistency and yet uphold private property in land." (P. 112.)

"In his letter to the *Times* Mr. Spencer had surely abased himself enough to have been let alone by those whose favor he had so dearly sought. But even those who profit by apostasy often like to show their contempt for the apostate. Though the *Times* itself accepted his apology, it added some contemptuous reproof." (P. 117.)

"Try him by the principles of 'Social Statics,' or try him by the principles of 'Justice.' In this chapter he proves himself alike a traitor to all that he once held and to all that he now holds—a conscious and deliberate traitor, who assumes the place of the philosopher, the office of the judge, only to darken truth and to deny justice; to sell out the right of the wronged and to prostitute his powers in the defence of the wronger. Is it a wonder that intellectually, as morally, this chapter is beneath contempt?" (P. 225.)

"While 'Justice' shows no decadence of intellectual power. . . there is in it everywhere, as compared with 'Social Statics,' the evidence of moral decadence, and of that perplexity which is the penalty of deliberate sacrifice of intellectual honesty." (P. 284.)

A little before the French Revolution, a financier that was making a great deal of money by farming the public revenue, found it impossible to comprehend the general demand for reform, and his "Why innovate? Are not we comfortable?" has become historic. But there is no reason to suppose that he was not sincere, for it is undoubtedly true that the mind easily persuades itself that what is comfortable must be right; so easily, in fact, that the details of the process are not always apparent to the disinterested observer.

In Mr. Spencer's case, and notwithstanding certain allegations that are not without a shadow of proof, we may find more satisfactory reasons for a change of opinion in the tendency of age and experience to question the practical value of preconceived systems. To repeat the words of Comte, "the deeper we go into the study of politics, the better we understand how much the measures that emanate spontaneously from the situation surpass the superb inspirations of badly established theories."

And it must be acknowledged that, though by accident of birth, or otherwise, the Frenchman had a chance to say a good many things first, his early senility makes a pitiful contrast with the English philosopher's sound mental condition.

Francisque Sarcey once said, in speaking of Proudhon's methods, that before making even the most ordinary statement, he was in the habit of firing a pistol out of the window to draw a crowd; and it may be that the vision of the laborer saving up his wages to buy land, and thus imperilling his immortal soul, has so wrought upon Mr. George that a little exaggeration seems only legitimate.

A prophet and wonder-worker should not be held down to the puny devices of the common herd. When a man has done for humanity what, even according to his own account, the greatest minds of all ages had attempted in vain, it is only fair that he should be relieved from the necessity of conforming to the petty requirements of ordinary reasoning.

This is not readily understood by the vulgar, and we will admit that for a long time we ourselves were unable to accept the whole doctrine, because we ap-

plied the same logical tests to Mr. George's arguments that he applies to those of others.

Long after we had been persuaded in a general way that all land-owners are "thieves and robbers," there remained the difficulty of explaining why the laborer that has taken his savings to buy a lot should be obliged to divide with the one that has spent his for drink every Saturday night.

Of course, it was evident, as Mr. George says, that

"The way to make land common property is simply to take rent for the common benefit. And to do this, the easy way is to abolish one tax after another, until the whole weight of taxation falls upon the value of land. When this point is reached, the battle is won. The hare is caught, killed, and skinned, and to cook him will be a very easy matter." ("The Land Question," p. 53.)

But it did seem hard to understand the justice of cooking this particular hare for the benefit of his improvident fellow with the appetite for whisky. This appeared to us to be the stumbling-block that upset the whole theory of land-confiscation without compensation, and until we had accepted his transcendental methods of explanation, Mr. George seemed quite as perplexed as his "Perplexed Philosopher," Mr. Spencer. Here is the passage where he knocks our stumbling-block into atoms:

"Take, now, the case of the homestead-owner—the mechanic, storekeeper, or professional man, who has secured himself a house and lot, where he lives, and which he contemplates with satisfaction as a place from which his family cannot be ejected in case of his death. He will not be injured; on the contrary, he will be the gainer. The selling value of his lot will diminish—theoretically, it will entirely disappear. But its usefulness to him will not disappear. It will serve his purpose as well as ever. While, as the value of all other lots will diminish or disappear in the same ratio, he retains the same security of always having a lot that he had before. That is to say, he is a loser only as the man who has bought himself a pair of boots may be said to be a loser by a subsequent fall in the price of boots. His boots will be just as useful to him, and the next pair of boots he can get cheaper." ("Progress and Poverty," p. 321.)

The fate of this lot reminds us of an esoteric ceremony that we witnessed years ago while travelling in the East. A table was placed in the shadow of the temple and upon it were set out three small inverted cups. The celebrant then produced an ivory ball about as large as a pea, and after inviting the attention of the assembled faithful, he called upon them to follow the passage of the ball as, with many passes and incantations, he placed it first under one cup and then under another. Owing, probably, to what would now be looked upon as a kind of hypnotic influence, it seemed very difficult for any one to tell under which receptacle the globule had finally come to rest, and an offering was expected from all those who failed.

To an ordinary observer, Mr. George's lot would appear to be in the leg of one of those boots, but let us see what will be the result of closer investigation.

It is admitted that, with the system in full force, the lot's selling value will entirely disappear, but it is claimed that it will serve the former owner's purpose as well as ever. Quite so, but instead of having it for nothing (excepting an ordinary tax), he will be obliged to pay as much rent for its use as if he had never spent a cent upon land; as much as is offered to the state for its use by those who want it most. Is it true that he retains the same security of having *this* lot that he had before? Is it true that he retains the same security of having *any* lot, except such a one as nobody else is willing to pay anything for?

It is said that the value of all other lots will disappear and that therefore he retains the same security of always having *a* lot that he had before, but the fact is conveniently overlooked that it is the selling value only that will disappear, and that he will have to pay for any lot an amount of rent equal to the sum that any one else is willing to pay for it. Is he then "a loser only as the man who has bought himself a pair of boots may be said to be a loser by a subsequent fall in the price of boots"? Is he not a loser as the man that has bought himself a pair of boots that will never wear out and finds that a new law obliges him to pay the state as much rent for their use as any one else will offer? It may be true that he could have for nothing boots so poor that nobody else would wear them, but that is not the kind of boots that he saved up to buy.

Of course, the weather may be so pleasant under the new order of things that nobody will want any boots, but that is another matter.

All these questions fade away under the bright light of transcendental logic, and nothing remains but the fact that what is sauce for the goose is not always sauce for the gander.

Those who have read "Progress and Poverty" will remember how Mr. George tries to divide the "House of Have" against itself by the assurance that all incomes drawn from the earnings of capital, or from investments other than in lands, will be increased by the change that he proposes.

In the conclusion of "A Perplexed Philosopher," Mr. Spencer is accused of being "the foremost of those who in the name of science eliminate God and degrade man, taking from human life its highest dignity and deepest hope." [The hope of immortality.]

This is not a bad bid for the sympathy of another very important part of the same "House," and with many misgivings and one more quotation we leave Mr. Spencer to his fate.

"That part of our examination which crosses what is now his distinctive philosophy shows him to be, as a philosopher ridiculous, as a man contemptible—a fawning Vicar of Bray, clothing in

pompous phraseology and arrogant assumption logical confusions so absurd as to be comical!" (P. 317.)

By way of benediction and for the benefit of professional reformers, let us repeat the words of a modest man :

" There can be no radical reform in things until opinions have been radically reformed." (Littré, 1849.)

THE RELIGION OF SCIENCE, A CATECHISM.

THE ETHICS OF THE RELIGION OF SCIENCE.

What is the essential difference between religious and irreligious ethics ?

The ethics of the old religions can briefly be characterised as obedience to God, while the ethics of the atheist consists in the attempt to bring about as much happiness as possible. The former establishes an objective authority of conduct which imposes duties upon us ; while the latter makes the criterion of morality subjective. The former is briefly called the ethics of duty ; the latter the ethics of pleasure or hedonism.

The religion of science rejects the ethics of pleasure and accepts the ethics of duty. The authority of conduct is an objective power in the world, a true reality which cares little about our sentiments. We cannot rely upon our sentiments, our desire for pleasure, our pursuit of happiness, for a correct determination of our duty.

What is the part of happiness in ethics ?

The ethical problem has nothing to do with happiness ; the ethical problem proposes the question, What is our duty ? And our duty remains our duty whether it pleases us or not.

The problem concerning happiness is not, How can we satisfy as much as possible the desires which, we hope, will make us happy, but how shall we learn to be happy while attending to our duty ?

The fact is, that the neglect of our duties causes great misery ; but the attendance to our duties does not by any means always imply an increase of happiness.

What is the purport of happiness ?

Happiness of which men speak so much and which is often so eagerly sought in a wild pursuit, does not at all play an important part in the real world of facts. Nor does it lie in the direction toward which our desires impel us. Happiness is a mere subjective accompaniment in life which is of a relative nature.

Happiness may be compared to a fraction, the denominator of which consists in our wants and desires ; the numerator, of their satisfactions ; and man's nature is such that their relation remains always a proper fraction. The denominator is always greater than the numerator ; for as soon as the satisfactions habitually increase, they are accepted as a matter of course ; we become accustomed to them, so that we no longer feel

them as pleasures, which means, in the terms of our simile, we at once increase the denominator in equal proportions.

Is there an increase of happiness through evolution ?

Duty requires us to aspire forward on the road of progress. But while our pains are constantly lessened and our various wants are more and more gratified, the average happiness does not increase. It rather decreases. The child is, as a rule, happier than the man ; and a man of little culture is jollier than a sage. The fool is happy in his foolishness.

Shall we abandon progress, culture, and wisdom, when we learn that our happiness will thereby be diminished ?

If hedonism were the right ethical principle, we ought to sacrifice anything for an increase of happiness ; but it is not.

Nature does not mind our theories. Our theories must mind nature. We have to grow and to advance, and our happiness is only an incidental feature in the fate of our lives. In considering the duties of life, we should not and we cannot inquire whether our obedience to duty will increase or decrease happiness.

Shall we regard the pursuit of happiness as immoral ?

Buddhistic and Christian ethics recognise the futility of the pursuit of happiness. But in misunderstanding the spirit of the will of God, of the authority of conduct, of the moral order of the Universe, some disciples of Buddha and of Christ teach the ethics of asceticism. They regard the pursuit of happiness as immoral.

It is remarkable that neither Buddha nor Christ taught the ethics of asceticism. Buddha expressly declared that self-tormenting was injurious and unnecessary for salvation, and Christ did not request his disciples to fast. He himself ate and drank so that his enemies reproached him with being " a man gluttonous and a wine bibber " (Matth. xi, 19).

What does the religion of science teach of asceticism ?

The ethics of asceticism is the morality of the monk. It is negativism. It aims at the destruction of life.

The religion of science does not accept hedonism, but neither does it accept asceticism. The one is as erroneous as the other.

The religion of science bids us inquire into the duties of life and to attend to them.

Man must study his own self ; he must understand which of his desires are good and which are bad. He must inquire into the nature of the authority of conduct

which prescribes duties to him. He must strengthen that part of his soul which aspires to perform duties and even identify his very being with the behests of the authority of conduct: He must become an incarnation of God.

This will teach self-control as the main duty toward one's self and justice as the main duty toward others.

Asceticism may be regarded as an attempt at doing more than duty requires. The ascetic tries to become divine by suppressing or destroying the human.

As soon as we understand that the truly human is a revelation of the divine in nature, we shall see the error of regarding them as antagonistic. By suppressing the human, we suppress the divine.*

Let us not regard that which is truly human as being beneath the dignity of moral aspirations.

The pursuit of happiness is not wrong, and to enjoy the pleasures of life is no sin. It is only wrong to regard happiness as the criterion of ethics and to believe that pleasures are the ultimate aim of life.

Recreations, pleasures, and aspiring to happiness are not the purposes of life, yet they are in their season not only allowable, but even moral duties. Relaxation is necessary, and happiness imparts a buoyancy which helps man to accomplish his work. A rigorous suppression of our natural inclinations renders us unfit to attend to our duties. There is no virtue in morosity, and the happiness of living creatures, is, as it were, the divine breath which animates them.

Every fact is suggestive, and every truth implies a duty. Our own existence, the relations to our fellow beings, the nature of reality and the constitution of the Universe—in a word, everything teaches us lessons which we have to mind. There are duties toward ourselves, toward our fellow creatures, and toward the future of mankind.

The prescripts of the religion of science keeping aloof from hedonism and from asceticism, may be briefly formulated as follows:

Know thyself and the laws of thy being.
Learn the duties which the laws of thy being imply.
Attend unflinchingly to thy duties.

CREATION.

BY HUDOR GENONE.

I HAVE an unbelieving friend who contributes now and then to some of the periodicals, and who claims to be a philosopher. He said to me once, (in fact he has said so lo! these many times,) that there was food for reflection in his writings. But on one particular

occasion I remember asking him how much he got a column for that sort of thing. And when he said frankly, nothing, and that all his literary labor was wholly gratuitous, for the good of the cause and to uplift the masses, I said, that was well enough so far as it went; no doubt there was food for reflection in such work, but,—as I looked at it,—was there food for his family?

He made some reply,—I have forgotten now exactly what, but the purport was that I had a very sordid mind. "No," I replied, "my mind was all right, perhaps the more so that I did not bother much about its processes."

Now of course this is no place to go into an argument on these abstruse matters, even if I had the capacity,—which I haven't,—and the sole object I have in view is to tell you what happened one day last March, so that you may see for yourself how little philosophy has to do with practical affairs, and also how much there is in what I call "points of view."

That day it was very cold and blustering, and the sidewalk on Seventy-second street very slippery. My unbelieving friend and I came up on the elevated together. He had been to market,—chiefly, I presume, because groceries and butcher's meat are cheaper on Vesey street than up town, and such things do, I know, have attractions even for a philosopher. However, slippery as it was, we contrived to get on all right, he with his parcels thick upon him, till we came to the Boulevard. All the way he kept harping on his pet theme, doubting this and denying that,—his usual way. He was especially severe on the mental attitude of those people who believed in a creation; his idea being that things,—like Topsy,—just grew. He calls himself an evolutionist, but that is clearly the idea.

"Creation," said he, gesticulating, as well as he could for his bundles, "nonsense; there's no such thing,—nothing real but matter and sensation."

"But," said I, not seriously, but just to humor him, "even if there was no creation of matter, can the same be said of sensation? Hasn't sensation been created?"

"No," he answered stoutly, "no, there is not, nor has there ever been a power to create anything, sensation included."

Just then, right on the corner of the Boulevard,—maybe it was ice, maybe a banana skin,—but that instant my unbelieving friend's legs flew from under him, his armful of parcels flew from off him, and as he sat down hard on the cold, unsympathetic flag-stone, a big, big D—flew from out him.

Four pounds of coffee, a dozen lemons, a calf's liver and some chops spread and scattered, with an instinct these things have for such an emergency, over near half an acre of some very valuable property.

* In this sense the sentence of Terence is often quoted: "*Nihil humani a me alienum puto.*"

I may be wrong; I often am, but I feel sure that the policeman on that beat, all the passers by, including a dozen hoodlums, and alas! a young woman residing on West End Avenue, and to whom my unbelieving friend is tenderly attached, will bear me out in saying that he created a sensation.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE BASIS OF DUALISM.

To the Editor of *The Monist* :

WHILE thanking you for the review of my pamphlet "Der Materialismus, eine Verirrung des menschlichen Geistes, widerlegt durch eine zeitgemässe Weltanschauung" in the last number of *The Monist* (April, 1893), I take the liberty to make, in the interest of the subject, the following remarks :

It is well known to me that Kant regarded the sentence "*cogito, ergo sum*" as a fallacy; and this is the reason why (on page 54, footnote 8) I expressly remark that "We must not pass over in silence the fact that such men as Hume and Kant, we are sorry to say, regarded the ego as a sum of spiritual activities. The ego has to be regarded as the vehicle of these activities, and consciousness is, strictly considered, only an activity of the ego."

Descartes's "*cogito, ergo sum*" means to me nothing but that the thinking ego assumes its existence as a fact which is guaranteed by our self-consciousness.

Nothing is at the start more certain, when I attempt to investigate something by reflection, than the fact that the ego exists. There is no "it thinks," but an "I think." Taking issue with your statement in the review, I have to add that, strictly considered, we should say "the lightning lightens," and not "it lightens." Every activity demands a something from which it proceeds.

This being a fact which to me is beyond all doubt, I cannot surrender my dualistic world-conception which in the course of my argumentation is a necessary consequence of this axiom.

Descartes's mistake is that he gives to this axiom, "*cogito, ergo sum*" the form of a syllogism.

In this sense I maintain, on page 66 of my pamphlet, "Descartes's axiom, '*cogito, ergo sum*,' is and remains the unshakable foundation of all thought. When we deny this fundamental certainty everything falls. If I am not, what do I know of the All, what do I care for it?"

"Let me add that with Dühring I do not consider in this motto of all true philosophy an abbreviated syllogism, but the immediate expression of certainty which together with the act of thinking postulates the thinking subject as given. Matter of whose existence the materialist is convinced from the start, because his senses make its existence appear to him as possessing immediate certainty has a claim of existence in the eyes of the criticist, only on the account of the ego which on the basis of its perceptions cannot help concluding that matter exists, and which is constantly conscious of the fact that an unconditioned reality is to be attributed to our sensations and ideas."

Will you kindly publish this letter or inform the readers of your periodical concerning its contents?

Respectfully Yours, DR. EUGENE DREHER.

[Dr. Dreher is consistent. His dualism is thorough-going. There is the act of thinking and the ego which is the bearer of conscious thought; there is the act of lightning, and that something which does the lightning. There is the thundering and the thunder which does the thundering, etc. He to whom this duality is an indubitable fact cannot escape dualism. Dualism is an inevitable consequence of this postulate.—ED.]

NOTES.

The Prang Educational Company has published a handy little volume of one hundred and eighty-seven pages, entitled "Suggestions for a Course of Instruction in Color for Public Schools, by Louis Prang, Mary Dana Hicks, and John S. Clark." This little book is intended to be a help to parents and teachers in their attempts to develop the perception, appreciation, and enjoyment of color.

Two fundamental ideas of the book are new. First, the book proposes an ideal color-unit, and second, it introduces a method of investigating the color-perception of the child as the starting-point of color instruction. The authors propose a new color-unit as the embodiment of all pure color. Hitherto the solar spectrum has been used for purposes of defining colors. The solar spectrum, however, is incomplete, as it lacks a series of hues found in nature, that can easily be supplied. Nature nowhere gives a complete color-unit, and thus Mr. Prang regards it as necessary to construct an ideal color-unit as the basis of color instruction. While formerly colors were given to the child arbitrarily, without any consideration of his power of color-perception, Mr. Prang's little book presents a course of exercises leading to a knowledge of color, through the development of the color-sense.

The book contains, besides many other helpful plates and illustrations, two charts showing the standard normal colors according to the Prang system.

The work of this book and all it implies, is apparently a work of love, for everything is finished with great care and diligence. As it is intended to serve as a text-book for public schools, we expect that the price will be very moderate.

It is certain that no one else in the United States can be better fitted to present us with a school-book in color instruction than the Nestor of Art Publishers of our country, Mr. Louis Prang.

THE OPEN COURT.

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CONTENTS OF NO. 299.

THE GRASSHOPPER. EDITOR.....	3663
MR. HENRY GEORGE'S PERPLEXED PHILOSOPHER. LOUIS BELROSE, JR.....	3665
THE RELIGION OF SCIENCE, A CATECHISM. EDITOR	3668
CREATION. HUDOR GENONE.....	3669
CORRESPONDENCE.	
The Basis of Dualism. DR. EUGENE DREHER. [With Editorial Remarks.]	3670
NOTES.....	3670