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THE DIVINE AND THE HUMAN IN RELIGION.*

BY PROF. F. MAX MUELLER.

It should be remembered that in no religion was the abyss which separated the Divine from the human greater than in that of the Jews. Their conception of the Divine was completely transcendent. The idea of anything approaching deification was blasphemy in the eyes of the Jews. Adam, though created by Jehovah, was never called the Son of God, in a genealogical sense, except in the Gospel of Luke, and that Jesus called himself the Son of God was enough to condemn him to death. It was among the Jews where the two ideas of the Divine and human had been most widely wrenched apart that we witnessed the strongest reaction. The desire for nearness to God, likeness to God, oneness with God, might be suppressed for a time, but it was always there. Though the Jew lay prostrate before Jehovah, yet his heart always panted for him; and it was the Jew who, in the great history of the world, was destined to solve the riddle of the Divine in man. It was the soil of Jewish thought that gave birth to the truest conception of the relation between the Divine in nature and the Divine in man.

In what I am going to say I shall pay little regard to the miraculous events in which the birth of that concept was supposed to have been manifested. What are those miraculous wrappings to us? When the Divine in the outward world had once been fully recognised there could be nothing more or less Divine, nothing more or less miraculous either in nature or in history. Those who assigned a Divine and miraculous character to certain consecrated events in the history of the world only, were in great danger of desecrating thereby the whole drama of history and of making it not only profane but godless.

Is this a pantheistic view? It is pantheistic in the best sense of the word, so much so that any other view would soon become atheistic. The choice lies between pantheism and atheism. If anything, the greatest or the smallest, could ever happen without the will of God, then God is no longer God. To distinguish between a direct and indirect influence of the Divine, to admit a general and a special providence, is like a relapse into polytheism, a belief in one or many gods.

What we call Christianity embraced several fundamental doctrines, and one of these is the recognition of the Divine in man, or, as we call it, the belief in the divinity of the Son. The belief in God, in God the Father, or the Creator and Ruler of the World, had been elaborated by the Jews. It was ready to hand. Greek and Roman, most of the civilised and uncivilised nations of the world, had arrived at it. But when the founder of Christianity called God his Father, and not only his Father, but the Father of all mankind, he no longer spoke the language of the Jews. For them to claim divine sonship would have been blasphemy. Nor should he speak the language of the Greeks. To them divine sonship would have meant no more than a miraculous mythological event, such as the birth of Hercules. He spoke a new language, a language liable, no doubt, to be misunderstood, as was all language, but a language which to those who understood it had imparted a new glory to the face of the whole world.

It is well known how this event, the discovery of the Divine in man, which involved a complete change in the spiritual condition of mankind, and marked the great turning point in the history of the world, had been surrounded by a legendary halo, had been obscured and changed into a splendid mythology, so that its real meaning had often been quite forgotten, and had to be discovered again by honest and fearless seeking. Christ had to speak the language of his time, but he gave a new meaning to it; and yet that language had often retained its old discarded meaning in the minds of his earliest, nay sometimes of his latest, disciples also. The Divine Sonship of which he spoke was not blasphemy, as the Jews thought; it was not mythology, as so many of his own followers imagined *and still imagine*.

The two words Father and Son seemed the best known of our language, and yet it would be difficult to find two words more full of mystery even in their everyday acceptance. Nothing seemed more natural than to apply these words to God and man. The expression had become so familiar that we hardly realised that it is, and could only be, a metaphor. And yet it was really the boldest metaphor in the whole of human language.

True sonship depended on knowledge. A man

* From the last Gifford Lecture, a report of which appeared first in the *Christian World*.

might be a son of a king, but if he was brought up by an old shepherd with his other children he was a shepherd boy, not a prince. And yet as soon as he discovered and knew that the king was his father, and not the shepherd, he at once became a prince, he felt himself a prince, the son of a king. It was in the same way that man must discover that God is his Father before he could become a son of God. To know was here to be; to be to know. No mere miracle would change the shepherd boy into a prince; no mere miracle would make a man the son of God. That sonship could be gained through knowledge only, through man knowing God, or, rather, being known of God, and till it was so gained it did not exist even though it be a fact.

If we apply this to the words in which Christ spoke of himself as the son of God, we should see that to him it was no miracle, it was no mystery, is was no question of supernatural contrivance, it was simply clear knowledge; and it was this self-knowledge which made Christ what he was, it was this which constituted his true, his eternal divinity. What could be clearer than the words of Christ himself—"No man knoweth the Son but the Father; neither knoweth any man the Father, save the Son, and he to whomsoever the Son will reveal him."

But though Christ used the homely words father and son, he himself warned the disciples against the wrong use of these words. "Call no man your father upon earth, for one is your father, which is in heaven." Could anything be clearer and stronger? Instead of saying as we would say, "Call not God father, because father means your father upon earth," he said, "Call no man father, for father has now assumed a new and higher meaning, and can no longer be used in its old familiar sense."

Those who have learned to look upon Christianity not as something unreal and unhistorical, but as an integral part of history, can see how all the searching after the Divine and Infinite in man is fulfilled in these simple utterances of Christ. For we must never forget that it was not the principle object of Christ's teaching to make others believe that *he only* was divine, immortal, or the Son of God. He wished them to believe this for their own benefit, for their own regeneration. Thus we read, "As many as believed him to them gave he power to become the sons of God."

It might be thought at first that this recognition of a Divine element in man must necessarily lower the conception of the Divine. And so it did in one sense. It brought God nearer to us; it brought the Divine from the clouds to the earth. It bridged over the abyss by which the Divine and human were completely separated in the Jewish and in many Pagan religions.

It rent the veil of the temple. This lowering, therefore, was no real lowering. It was an expanding of the concept of the Divine, and at the same time a raising of the concept of humanity, or, rather, a restoration of what is called human to its true character, a regeneration or a second birth, as it was often called by Christ himself.

* * *

Objections will be raised against my line of argument. It will be said on one side that I have deserted the impartial standpoint from which the student of the science of religion should never flinch, and that my chief object has been to magnify Christianity by showing that it was the fulfilment of all that the world had been hoping and striving for. In one sense that is true. But if I hold that Christianity has given the best and truest expression to what the old world had tried to express in various and less perfect ways I have at least given the facts on which I rely. If my facts can be proved to be wrong my conclusions will fall, and if any better expression could be given to what the witness within calls the truth I shall be most ready to accept it. Nor shall I ever wish to convey the impression that because the teaching of Christ is true, therefore all the teachings of other religions are false. On the contrary, I hold with St. Augustine that there is not one which does not contain grains of truth.

But I expect even stronger objections from the opposite side. So far from accepting the exalted position I assign to Christianity in the historical growth of religion, many theologians hold that Christianity stands altogether outside the stream of history, and beyond the reach of any comparison with other religions. The true divinity which I have tried to show Christ claimed will not satisfy them at all. They want not a real but a miraculous divinity—a divinity not very different, in fact, from that which soon after his death was ascribed to Plato, as the son of Apollo, or which was claimed for other founders of religions. If people are satisfied with such a belief it probably contains all that they require and all they can comprehend. I do not deny that they have a warrant for their belief in some of the earliest documents of the Christian Church. But the very fact that by the side of the synoptical gospels we find the Gospel according to St. John should teach us that here is a natural progress and easy transition from the one to the other, and that the same lesson might be conveyed to some in parables, to others in all plainness of thought and speech.

A DOUBTER'S HOPE ETERNAL.

BY WM. ARCH. MCCLEAN.

A Doubter lay dying. Life had been sweet and good to him, but much sweeter had it been to his dear ones, his friends and humanity. Peace, justice, and

love had been the forms in which his daily service to duty and truth had been moulded. He had yoked himself to stars of right, true morality, and purity, the reins that held these brilliant steeds were in a master's hand, and to the goal of earthly happiness,—a consciousness of duty to right living,—they were unwervingly driven. Had he a fault,—what mortal has not—but those who knew him best and loved him, found none. Those who knew him least, found fault because in his clear keen cut mind, theories, dogmas, creeds, and orthodox religions had vanished before doubt, even as mists before the morning sun. Intellectually as on a mountain top he had stood, and in this upper ether reason had wrestled with and dethroned orthodoxy in the service of truth.

Now doubting, this doubter died. The old slain enemy, orthodoxy, in pitiful despair now tried to appear aghast, but one sweet Christian singer, who knew him well, and who had a wealth of human kindness in her soul, dared to confess in song :

" Saying, 'There is no hope,' he stepped
A little from one side and passed
To Hope Eternal. At the last,
Crying, 'There is no rest,' he slept.

A sweeter spirit ne'er drew breath ;
Strange grew the chill upon the air ;
But as he murmured, 'This is death,'
Lo ! Life itself did meet him there.

He loved the Will ; he did the Deed.
Such love shall live. Such doubt is dust.
He served the truth ; he missed the creed.
Trust him to God. Dear is the trust."

From whence the Hope Eternal? Whither the rest? Lo! Where is the life to welcome death with? A dumb awful silence is the answer. The human breast, the heart, the desires, feelings, sentiments, longing for a Hope Eternal, make and create one for their own satisfaction. Wanting rest, imagine it can be found. Dreadful of the non-existence after death of the ego earthly entity, picture an Olympus, a throne of Bramin, a home of Confucius, a Heaven, the Happy Hunting Grounds. But does a like to be believed in ideal create and establish a reality? Do we know aught beyond life but that which the hope, which was evolved from the brain of humanity when earth was young, is fond of painting for itself, each different to suit each one's tastes? And so some singer has felt and to the world was conceived :

" We are born, we laugh, we weep,
We love, we droop, we die,
Ah ! Wherefore do we laugh or weep?
Why do we live or die?
Who knows the secret deep?
Alas ! Not I."

No shore, shoal, or harbor, that faith and belief would paint us that we turn to for answer but back flies our own answer, "Alas! Not I." All further knowledge seems a sublime silence. To all presump-

tions of creed, sect, and dogma, back comes the hollow echo of our own voices, "Alas! Not I." How very careful and cautious the world's most honest and zealous searchers after truth are, to assert, if at all, that to them there exists only a *belief* in immortality.

Why trouble the poor brain with a finite answer to an infinite riddle? The facts of existence, whose self-differentiation, somehow, some way, live and breathe in the consciousness of each mortal, are, "we are born, we live, we die." Birth, life, and death, are the sole attributes of existence. Be that so, then it is become each one's right in turn to be well born, to perform the duties of right living, and to die well in completion.

Orthodoxy asserts it is well enough to be a doubter in health, prosperity, happiness, and life, and pictures in fancy dread his hopeless state in sickness, misfortune, sorrow, and death. Tells of the purposeless life of the doubter, the hopeful state after probation to the believer. Rub the cob-webs from our eyes. Is it so? No, it cannot be, in fancy, in ideal dwells our would-be conceptions or knowledge of the hereafter, in reality we live and duty to life enjoins us to make of life all we can. How much better it is to strive towards the completion of our most exalted efforts in right living, towards an industrious, honest, honorable, temperate, charitable, pure, and true life, than by struggling after an imagined reward hereafter, of ten regardless of the life lived. The only real self-satisfaction in life is the good there is in the life we live.

But then we die. And how does the doubter die?

" Alas and yet alas,
For glory of existence that shall pass !
For pride of beauty and for strength of song !
Yet were the untried life a deeper wrong,
Better a single throb of being win
Than never to have been."

The doubter dies contented, after a right life. Death's summons is obeyed unquestioningly, as the only proper culmination to life and he grieves not. Existence to be complete is recognised to contain but birth, life, and death. To live forever in the flesh were to war against nature and not reach the ultimatum of existence. Life to be a perfect whole, to be a completed entity, must come to an end. The crown, the finishing point of life is death. To be born, our usefulness is ahead of us. To die our utmost living accomplishment is finished. Both are natural, both are good. Therefore the doubter mourns not, not as one without hope, but whose hope in death is only fulfilled. Born by inevitable laws, we live and die by laws as inevitable, all working towards an unity of completion, whether such be measured by an hour or three score and ten. Hence no matter how little or small a life may seem, it however contained everything

needful to complete that one life, not a minute longer would have added any more of fulness to it.

Nature makes no blanks, every life is a full existence in accordance with all powerful and often unappreciated laws. This alone would account for the fact, so often remarked upon, that a man or woman dies to-day and no matter how great, at once, the stream closes over the place occupied but a second before with scarcely a ripple. The cause, in death his or her life was completed, his or her work was finished, not another stroke of action was wanting, the world has no further need of his or her useful active existence. We may never know it, or appreciate it, but the full rounded life is the life it is given to each one to live, and just as he or she shall live it. When the time is reached, when the bounds are set, all living usefulness is ended. The utmost completion is reached by proof of death and the world is better off, richer with the memory, which then becomes an inheritance forever.

The proof that all things are for good, somehow, some way, we believe has been the history of this universe, mankind and nature, and convince us that the death of no man takes place unless it be towards more good than his existence. Then death is fruition. It is death that weaves a crown for birth and life. The parts are made whole, the unperfected is perfected, by death. The doubter feeling this, dies satisfied that his birth and life do thus reach full fruition and completion, and dying pens for his tomb this inspired epitaph, containing the glory of the only immortality he knows:

"I was not and I was conceived,
I lived and did a little work,
I am not and I grieve not."

FAITH AND DOUBT.

THE value of scepticism was the subject of discussion at the last meeting of the Evolution Club of Chicago. And it was a strange fact that almost all the speakers glorified scepticism as if it had been the cause of all progress, as if the human mind reached the climax of perfection in Doubt.

This attitude, it seems to us, is based upon an erroneous conception of the function of doubt, and it is now so prevalent partly because the terms doubt and scepticism are often identified with any denial of certain religious beliefs, and partly because agnosticism, which despairs of a definite solution of the fundamental problems of philosophy, is at present the most prevalent and fashionable world conception.

In the addresses made, it was maintained that all success in life was due to doubt. Mr. Armour had doubted the propriety of the prevalent methods of distribution in the meat-market; and Charles Darwin had doubted the truth of the biblical account of creation, and lo! what were the results! Mr. Armour created an

establishment which made meat cheaper all over the world, and Charles Darwin wrote "The Origin of the Species" and "The Descent of Man." One of the speakers defined doubt as the faith of a man in himself and in his ideals, contrasting it with a blind faith in dogmas. But it strikes us that this view of doubt and scepticism is, to say the least, misleading. Doubt, real doubt, is unable to produce any results. The man who has a faith acts according to the faith that is in him. But the man who doubts is like Buridan's donkey who hungers between two bundles of hay so long as he remains in the agnostic state of not knowing which bundle should be eaten first.

It was maintained, likewise, that the times of scepticism had been the times of progress. This is true only if scepticism be identified with active thought. Goethe said, that the epochs of strong faith alone had been the periods of a strong activity, of progress, of creative thought, fertile with ideas and deeds. It is not true that Mr. Armour's doubt produced the new methods of the distribution of meat, it was his faith in the new methods and not his doubts as to the old methods that produced progress. The negative element of doubt, important though it may be as a transient phase in the growth of our ideas, is not so important as the positive element of a new faith for the creation of great things. It is most probable that the new faith in the truth of the evolution theory developed in Darwin's mind long before his old faith had broken down, and it is not impossible that for a long time he did not even realise the full extent of the conflict between the old and the new faith. Success after all is always due to faith; and doubt is nothing but a state of suspense in which a new faith is struggling with the old faith, and only lasts so long as both faiths are sufficiently equal in strength to paralyze each other.

An instance of the fashionable glorification of doubt is Mr. Wm. Arch. McLean's article "A Doubter's Hope Eternal," in the present number of *The Open Court*. The aim of doubt is always its annihilation. Problems tend to be solved and the end of doubt should be their settlement. But here we are told that theories and dogmas vanish in a clear and keen cut mind before doubt, even as mists before the morning sun. But if the old theories are not replaced by new and better theories,—better because they are true,—it would seem as if we should rather compare the state of doubt to the mist. For if we are surrounded with a dense fog we cannot see, and only so long as we are in doubt do we answer "Alas! I know not." It is strange, however, that Mr. McLean's doubt is not at all a state of not knowing. He very soon becomes inconsistent with himself. As soon as he tries to describe his doubter's hope eternal it is noticeable that doubt is

simply a wrong name; for what he calls doubt is actually a new faith. His "doubter mourns not, not as one without hope," for he positively knows that "we live and die by laws as inevitable, all working toward a unity of completion" and "Nature makes no blanks," and death has also its place in nature. "It is death that weaves a crown for birth and life." A new faith is dawning on the intellectual horizon of mankind; and whether the new faith should be considered as preferable to the old faith has, to the large masses of our people, not as yet been decided. Hence the prevalence of doubt. This prevalent state of doubt is unquestionably the harbinger of better days, it is a sign of progress, it promises life and growth and evolution. But let us not make doubt the aim and end of thought. Our ideal is not the despair of an eternal scepticism, but the great hope of a new, of a better and a truer faith.

P. C.

THE ERROR OF MATERIALISM.

IN ANSWER TO COL. PAUL R. SHIPMAN'S CRITICISM.*

COLONEL PAUL R. SHIPMAN wields a vigorous pen, and his onslaughts appear overwhelming. Yet I do not see that his crushing verdicts have any reference to me, since the monism criticised by him is not my conception of monism. Accordingly, in spite of my best intentions to enjoy another philosophical tilt with a man whose name is so honorably known among the authors of this country, I cannot rise in self-defence because my views have not been attacked at all.

Did I ever speak of the "duality of atoms?" I rarely speak of atoms, and if I do I am careful in pointing out that the term "atom" is a mere symbol to denote chemical equivalents whereby to describe the proportions in which the elements combine. The existence of real atoms, i. e. of ultimate indivisible units, is not only unproved but even unthinkable. The philosophical idea of atoms is as untenable as, for instance, that of a round square, for it contains in itself contradictions. Rejecting atoms (not in a chemical but in a philosophical sense) still more must I consider "dual atoms" as an absurdity.

Col. Shipman charges me with crude dualism, because I reject the idea that feeling is material. I do reject the idea that feeling is material, but did I ever declare (as Col. Shipman repeatedly maintains) that "consciousness is immaterial, and will material?" The contrast of these two propositions is just as nonsensical as each proposition in itself. There is no sense in calling consciousness and will either material or immaterial. Neither consciousness nor will has anything to do with matter; both are non-material. We might just as well propose a discussion of the problem whether ideas are green or blue. Any issue concerning the color of ideas would be no less futile than to speak of the materiality or immateriality of the will or of consciousness.

It appears to me that the difference between Col. Shipman and myself is primarily a difference of reasoning rather than of opinion. The Colonel overlooks the fundamental rules of philosophical propædeutics, and this oversight produces as a secondary symptom a difference of opinion. Col. Shipman propounds a few very strange maxims which have been held for some time as axioms by the materialist school, but are now only to be found

in the lumber-room of the history of human thought or in the curiosity shops of philosophy.

Col. Shipman, speaking of the "omneity of matter," says among other curious things:—

"Mind is material."

"Immaterialise consciousness and you abolish matter."

"With immaterial things, if there are such things, science has nothing to do; to deny this is to cut loose from the sheet anchor of fact."

"Matter is the sheet anchor of fact."

Col. Shipman's propositions about the "omneity" of matter and the materiality of mind remind me of a most interesting episode in the history of philosophy. Feuerbach, the enthusiastic prophet of an idealised materialism, confounded thought with the phosphorous substance of the brain. His dictum has become famous. Without phosphorus, no thought. He declared that man is what he eats. *Der Mensch ist was er isst*. The elevation of the soul, accordingly, should not be expected to be accomplished by the church, but by the kitchen; *die Küche* and not *die Kirche* will save us. Why not feed on fish if in that way man can become a genius? The progress of mankind would depend on more phosphoric diet than meat. This was a queer perversion of thought in a brilliant mind which was aglow with a holy fervor for a religion of mankind! Yet Feuerbach's materialism was outdone by Carl Vogt, one of the most ingenious, witty, and sarcastic writers of the nineteenth century, if not of all ages. Carl Vogt had a peculiar knack of being pointed in all his utterances, and he formulated his philosophy in words which stuck in the minds of the people, and have become famous all over the world. He said: Thought is a secretion of the brain. Thought stands in the same relation to the brain as gall to the liver and urine to the kidneys."

Lotze wittily remarked in answer to this comparison, he had not known that the origin of thought was so uproarious. Wolfgang Menzel, however, a champion of the darkest orthodox Christianity, but no less sarcastic than Carl Vogt, and often even more malevolent in his criticisms (for instance, of such men as Goethe and Schiller), declared he did not wonder that kidney secretions and thoughts were equivalent, at least in Carl Vogt, and he called him an untranslatable name which, mildly expressed, reminds of the famous fountain-statue in Brussels behind the Hôtel de ville—so shocking to the English lady travellers.

Incidentally it may be mentioned that Carl Vogt's idea had been expressed in almost the same words by Cabanis, who spoke of the brain as producing "*la sécrétion de la pensée*."

Before we expose the absurdity of this proposition, we must recognise its truth. Thinking, objectively considered, is as much as any other activity of the human organism, a physiological process. When a man thinks, we know that at the same time some material particles of his brain are in motion. Herein lies the correctness of Vogt's comparison, and herewith it ceases. For thought, unlike gall, is not a secretion. Gall is a substance, but thought is not a substance. Gall is a special kind of organised matter, but thought is no matter. If it were, we might bottle it or preserve it in tin cans. What a fine prospect to buy canned thought at the grocer's!

The fact is that thoughts are the subjective states of awareness which are felt when certain physiological processes take place in the brain. A pain which I feel when my skin is pricked is not a material thing; it is not substance. Pains, pleasures, sensations, perceptions, thoughts, cannot be handled like pebbles or other material objects. It is true that pleasures and pains do not exist in absolute abstractness. There are no pains hovering in empty space like the ghouls and ghosts of old legends; there are no ideas flying about in immaterial nudity. All the ideas, the pains, the pleasures we know of are certain states of mind in real and actual creatures.

We must not forget that our method of cognition rests on ah-

* Col. Shipman's criticism appeared in *Secular Thought*, February and March, 1891.

straction. All our concepts, matter and mind included, are only symbols to represent certain features abstracted from the facts of experience. Our abstract concepts are not realities but ideas, mere noumena, things of thought, invented for the sole purpose of comprehension. When making abstractions, we limit our attention to one special feature of a thing and exclude other features. When speaking of the matter of a thing, we exclude all its other properties. By the matter of which a human body consists, we do not understand its form, nor its life, the display of its activity, nor the feelings which ensoul its active brain, but simply the materials of which it consists. If we speak of matter, we do not mean force. If we speak of force we do not mean matter. If we speak of form, we mean nothing but relation. If we speak of consciousness, or of feeling, or of thought, we have no reference to either matter or force nor even to form. All these terms are different abstractions of one and the same indivisible reality. There is no force without matter, no matter without force, but matter is not force and force is not matter. A motion is a change of place; and force is expended wherever a change of place occurs. The thing moved is material, but the motion itself is not material. When we speak of a man's ideas, we mean his ideas and not the material particles of his brain. If science had nothing to do with immaterial things, psychology would be no science, mathematics would be no science, logic and arithmetic would not either. And what is Col. Shipman's sheet anchor of fact, as he is pleased to call matter, but a mental symbol for certain features of our experiences? It appears to me that mental apprehension, the most immaterial part of man's experience, is after all the "sheet-anchor of fact." To speak of the omnity of matter, to declare that force and feeling and consciousness and thought are material does not prove the boldness of freethought, it betrays an immature mind. To define matter as an all-comprehensive term which has to include all features of reality is an unjustifiable license. Wherever this license is indulged in, it will be followed by a confusion of thought; for it is an oversight of the most elementary rules of philosophical proædæutics.

It is for this reason that one of the greatest chemists, a man who should know what matter is, (Baron Justus Liebig), designated the materialists as philosophical dilettanti. And this judgment is partial in so far only as the same is true of the spiritualists who make spirit, and the Platonists who make pure forms, the all-embracing realities of the world.

Matter, force, mind, spirit, form, feeling, are mere abstractions. To look upon any of these in their kind most general terms as something else than terms or mental symbols, to look upon them as "omnities" or all-comprehensive realities, is a self-mystification and will lead either to occultism or to agnosticism. Indeed Col. Shipman's materialism is agnosticism. He looks upon matter as a mystery, and the mystery of matter, he says, is absolute. Yet this absolute mystery is to him the condition of knowledge; it is the "sheet-anchor of fact." P. C.

CURRENT TOPICS.

I HAVE the privilege of subscribing to one of the "great dailies" of Chicago, and I am continually edified by the ingenious manner in which it mixes politics and piety, especially in the Sunday edition. Two or three Sundays ago there was a leading article in it, something in the style of a religious exhortation, reminding its readers of what they ought to give thanks for in their devotions on that blessed Sabbath day. In addition to other beatitudes conferred upon them as a "chosen people," they were devoutly exhorted to be especially thankful to Divine Providence for the prospect of an abundant harvest in the United States, and a "shortage" of crops in Europe. The sentiment of that worship appears to be the ethics of Wall Street also, for in the *North American*

Review for May, I find an article on "Our Business Prospects" written by Mr. Henry Clews, a man made of money, in which he prophesies "brighter business" for the remainder of the year; and he gives four reasons why, the second of which is this: "The evident prospect of good crops (for us), while the European crops are a partial failure." Thus do a false religious economy and a selfish political economy help each other, while moral economy teaches that every man is interested in the welfare of every other man, and every nation in the prosperity of its neighbor. The famine of one country cannot be the nourishment of another; nor can the United States ever grow rich on the poverty of Germany, England, France, or even of Timbuctoo. The Atlantic ocean, hearing that the Pacific had lost ten million tons of salt, might laugh at the calamity but in due time it would find itself a partner in that loss. And so it is with the great oceans of humanity; and the multitudinous worlds. They are one.

* * *
Prayers to God for exclusive personal favors and thanks for special gifts are of a doubtful morality. They narrow the soul and make religion sordid. They stimulate self-love and exalt vanity. They make the sorrows of others the joys of ourselves, and they reverse the commandment, "Love thy neighbor as thyself." Prayers for ourselves alone, for me and my wife, my son John and his wife, us four and no more, must weaken our sympathy for others, because within those prayers are the germs of envy, jealousy, and hate. When they develop a spurious patriotism they inflame the antipathies of nations. An old Greenwich pensioner who had fought in the wars with Nelson, confessed upon his dying bed that he had been a very wicked sinner; and when his spiritual adviser tried to comfort him by reminding him that he had probably done some good in his time, he answered, "No Sir, not much; I killed a Frenchman once; that's all the good I ever done." This was no paradox, for his achievement was blessed in the English religion of his time. The National Anthem of England is a prayer, imploring God to "scatter" the enemies of the queen, and also to "confound their politics." Soon there will be no queen in England, nor any king, and then the national hymn will pray, if there shall be any prayer in it, that the politics of other nations may not be confounded but improved, so that they may establish righteousness. Who prays by generous deeds prays best, or in the words of Coleridge, "He prayeth best who loveth best"; and he who prays for others, will if a benediction comes in answer, surely get a share of it. Slowly but surely the religion of humanity is rising above that insular theology which prays for an abundant harvest in America, and a "shortage" of crops in Europe.

* * *
It is related of Marshal von Moltke that on his ninetieth birthday he was presented with flowers and congratulations by some fair young ladies of Berlin, and in acknowledgement of their kindness he said, "You make me wish to be young once more." "How young?" said one of the girls. "Oh, about eighty," he replied; and comparatively speaking, eighty would have been youth again to him. The secret of longevity appears to be hidden still among the occult sciences, and an inquisitive explorer has been trying to find it by searching among the lives of old men. He was disappointed, for their contradictory testimony would baffle a jury. It is thought unconvincing to question women about their age, and the same rules of etiquette should apply to men also, for on that subject they are as sensitive as women. The bold explorer found it so; for when he requested Senator Evaris to give him the recipe for long life, the senator who is only about seventy, told him to consult some older man. "Go to Senator Morrill," he said, "He is eighty-one." The interviewer went to Senator Morrill, but that aspiring young statesman told him to call again in about six years, "and perhaps by that time," he said, "I may be competent to form an opinion about longevity." To remind an old man of his

age makes him older. Natural civility is careful on this point, although artificial gentility frequently offends by patronising old age in an awkward, amiable way. This explains the short and petulant answers the interviewer sometimes got.

* * *

Do men inherit longevity? If not, how shall we account for those weak, rickety persons who unreasonably continue to live in poor health for eighty or ninety years. And for those robust fellows who just as unreasonably die at fifty? Here is an old man, hearty and strong, who accounts for his fine condition by saying, "For fifty years I have bathed every morning in cold water"; and here is another man of the same age equally strong, who explains the phenomenon by saying, "For fifty years I have never allowed cold water to come near me." One man attributes his long life to abstinence, another to indulgence; and as the jury cannot agree, the problem of longevity remains unsolved. The testimony of the patriarchs interviewed by the explorer that I spoke of, complicates the question more and more. Mr. Holman, a member of congress from Indiana, being about to celebrate his golden wedding, thought that matrimony had a tendency to lengthen life; but then again, the next witness, General Early, an older man than Mr. Holman, said he did not know whether matrimony had that effect or not, for he had never tried it. Mr. Holman also testified that the use of tobacco had a tendency to shorten life, but his testimony must be stricken out, because he added, "I have chewed the weed ever since I was a boy, and I am an inveterate user of it still." There was a good deal of testimony against whiskey, and wine, and beer, but this was rebutted by Mr. Vaux, a member of congress from Pennsylvania, an antediluvian who sat in congress long before the war; and he explained the secret of his longevity by saying, "As to my eating I do not take a great deal of food; and as to drinking, I believe that whiskey is the basis of all good liquors and I confine myself to it. I take it straight, and I smoke on an average about twenty cigars a day. Also I believe every word that is between the lids of the bible." To which of these three causes does Mr. Vaux attribute his length of days? I should like to know whether he thinks his longevity is due to taking his whiskey straight, or to smoking twenty cigars a day, or to believing every word in the Bible. The symposium such as it was, tends to show how unreliable is the testimony even of experts on the subject of old age.

* * *

The American idea of an "organ" is a newspaper devoted to the principles of a certain political party, when the party has any principles, and when it has none, to its measures and its methods right or wrong, especially the wrong. In England however, a party "organ" is literally a musical contrivance out of which the machine politician, by simply turning a crank, grinds campaign melodies, warranted strictly partisan. It is in fact an "organ" like the rasping torment which a brunette son of Italy is at this moment operating beneath my window. For political meetings those organs are very economical as they save the expense of a brass band; but sometimes, like certain campaign orators, they strike the wrong "key note," and get response in hisses instead of cheers. One of that kind was lately the subject of a lawsuit in London, the plaintiff, a maker of musical instruments, having made it for the Parnellites, who refused to pay for it. The defense to the action was that the machine was to be a reliable Parnell organ, but when they began to grind the music out of it they found that it was a staunch McCarthy organ, and that it stubbornly refused to play anything but heterodox McCarthy tunes. It was pleaded that the organ had been warranted to play the inspiring anthems, "What should we do without Parnell," "Wait till we catch McCarthy," "Why we hanged Tim Healy," and other airs of similar sentiment; whereas in truth and in fact, it refused to do so, but persisted in playing exasperating tunes of an

opposite character. The plaintiff's reply was that the defendants did not know how to work the instrument, and therefore it had failed. This was probably correct, but the trouble would never have occurred had they employed one of our skillful politicians to grind the organ, for he would have drawn from its intricate wheels and springs any imaginable tune or tone that any imaginable audience might require.

M. M. TRUMBULL.

CORRESPONDENCE.

VIRTUE AND SURVIVAL.

To the Editor of The Open Court :

MRS. SUSAN CHANNING in her "The New Ethic of the Sexes," *The Open Court*, May 7, says, "It is owing to virtue that we exist." She uses the word, virtue, in its especial sense, i. e. meaning chastity, if judged by the context. She says also, "In primeval times, the tribes deficient in conjugal fidelity, and addicted to polyandry, reared no children, and were soon blotted out of the book of nature."

There is no testimony that tribes addicted to polyandry reared no children. The testimony is that infanticide was not uncommon, owing to the sharp struggle for life, which was also at the root of polyandry.*

The testimony of science concerning these assertions, is, as far as known to-day, that all peoples started alike in universal promiscuity, rising from that, by slow stages through a limited promiscuity, polygamy, and polyandry, to the communal, barbaric and civilised family.† Virtue to-day, in the structure of the language of the Chinese, of the American Indian, and if the India Indian—the Dravidas, who number about thirty millions,—are found terms of relationship which fit the customs of polyandry. These terms exist as fossil relics, which proclaim past conditions of the society in which they were coined. In the speech or dialects of the Polynesian peoples, similar terms are not yet buried in the structure of the language, although the customs of that portion of the globe have risen somewhat above them,—and are no longer expressed by them. The Savage tribes of Oceania are estimated as about one-fifth the population of the globe. While arrested development is at work among them, at least to the extinction of the native Australian, it may largely be attributed to the porcity climatal or otherwise, inherent in their habitat. Extinction of these ocean peoples must be very far off in time.

It cannot be that societies become extinct, simply from absence of chaste customs, or that they survive solely by the virtue in a high limitation of the sex relation, else how survives a society that furnishes employment to the Capt. Vernerses? How survives a society such as that exposed awhile ago in the columns of the *Fall-Mall Gazette*, or, is indicated in the sexual relations set up in Africa by Caucasian traders and agents, who are seeking fortunes there? In our commercial journals one may read of the enormous amounts of alcoholic liquors forced on the African natives, at the mouth of the cannon, as opium was on China at an earlier time. It is generally believed that the decrease in the native population of Hawaii dates from the advent there of trading vessels of the commercial nations importing alcoholic liquors, and the vices of white societies.

If it were true that the extinction of peoples comes from absence of the modern family relations alone, then all manufacturing nations are in the line of extinction. It is held by those who have deeply investigated the factory system of industry which has obtained in the United States for the last seventy-five years, and much longer in England, that it undermines home-life and the family relations.

* See "Life-History of Our Planet," Chap. VI, p. 191, on Man's Antiquity.

† See "Smithsonian Contributions to Knowledge," 218, Ages of Barbarism, p. 497.

The employment of women and children at inferior wages, displaces the full-paid man-worker, and he must go hither and thither, even across the seas it may be, to find a market in which he may sell his labor for a living price. The wife and mother away during working hours, the home is no longer home, and the ties centred there through generations of development, are weakened and must be finally uprooted. This destructive effect of the modern industrial system on the family relation has already become a theme of alarming interest in social science circles. It would seem that for the conservation of a people's life, other virtues must be added to that of chastity. Human Love came slowly out of primitive conditions and the family was founded.

More slow to appear is Justice, which is the keystone of the Social Arch.

Until that is set in its place the perpetuity of no social structure is secure.

MARY GUNNING

Chicago, May 9th, '91.

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE FINANCIAL PROBLEM, ITS RELATION TO LABOR REFORM AND PROSPERITY, AND CITIZENS MONEY. A Critical Analysis in the Light of Free Trade in Banking. By *Alfred B. Westrup*. Chicago: Mutual Bank Propaganda.

These pamphlets contain the condensed arguments of the Mutual Bank Propaganda, in opposition to the National Bank system, and in support of what is called Free Trade in Banking. Mr. Westrup's doctrine is a revival of the ancient principle, that as money is only the representative of wealth, all wealth should be allowed to circulate as money through its representative expressed in terms of dollars, and made of paper. The old position was that if a man owned a house worth five thousand dollars, he should be permitted to monetise it in the form of five thousand paper dollars, and use it in his business, or in any other way; the house, of course, being the security to the holders of the five thousand paper dollars, and liable for their redemption. This appears to be very nearly the position taken by Mr. Westrup, excepting that instead of every man being permitted to coin his own house into money, the owners of a hundred houses would combine the value of them into the capital stock of a Mutual Bank. He requires that Banking be made as free as Bootmaking, and that the exclusive privilege to issue notes to circulate as money, now given to the National Banks, through the ten per cent. fine on others, shall cease.

Mr. Westrup's monetary system is not at all a part of the "Greenback" plan, nor in harmony with it, for the freedom of his money necessarily requires the withdrawal of the "legal tender" privilege from all money of every kind, although Mr. Westrup does not say so. To make paper money is one thing; to get somebody to take it is another; and it is quite safe to say that the money of the Mutual Banks would be at a discount from the beginning, by reason of the insecurity of the security, which is to be "unincumbered improved real estate, never vacant lands." Improved real estate is poor security, for the improvements may burn down; and this contingency alone would at once depreciate the money of the Mutual Banks.

There is much in these pamphlets worthy of consideration, especially Mr. Westrup's criticism of certain economic superstitions, and our existing monetary system; but it will be hard for him to convince the men of business that the substitute proposed by him is not open to more serious objections. M. M. T.

THE DAUGHTER, Her Health, Education, and Wedlock. Homely suggestions for mothers and daughters. By *William M. Coff*, M. D. Philadelphia and London: F. A. Davis, 1891.

Says the author: "The ignorance concerning the simplest matters of personal and household hygiene and physiology even

among those who have enjoyed fair opportunities to obtain a good education, is often most surprising." He presents in this elegantly bound little volume of 144 pages very concise information on these essentials of woman's education. He explains briefly the mother's task, the care of new born infants from the hour of their birth, the infant's bath, bottle-feeding, nursing the child, care of the nipples, medicines, rocking the baby, chafed skin, teething, air, habits, the child at school, boys, and girls, puberty, the sexual nature, household duties, coeducation of sexes, considering marriage, home-making, housekeeping, pregnancy, care of teeth and hair, preparation of food, the skin and bathing, and gymnastics. The little book does not pretend to give advice in abnormal and difficult situations, but it contains much valuable information of things which every woman ought to know and negligence of which often causes grave calamities.

THE GENIUS OF GALILEE. AN HISTORICAL NOVEL. By *Anson Uriel Hancock*. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co. Cloth \$1.50, paper 50 cents.

It is difficult to know how to describe this work. It is called an historical novel, and certainly a good deal of information, more or less historical, is interwoven with the narrative. In no other sense, however, can that character be ascribed to the story, unless the episode, contained in the fifth Book, relating to "the Genius of Galilee," can be so described. The narrative is chiefly concerned with the fortunes of an apocryphal sister of Joseph the father of Jesus, and its ideas, where they are fictitious, are essentially modern both in character and expression. There is but little flavor of antiquity. It is somewhat startling, moreover, to come across a reference to the moral peculiarities of Tolstoi and Zola, or even to the opinions of Gen. Lew Wallace and "the inimitable Thomas Hughes Q. C." as to the childhood of Jesus, in a narrative of events happening at the commencement of the Christian era. The book is nevertheless well written, and it may answer the purpose for which it is intended.

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