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RECOLLECTIONS OF VICTOR SCHÆLCHER.

BY THEODORE STANTON.

ONE day last winter I was calling on M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire, the venerable translator and expounder of Aristotle, when the conversation turned on Victor Schælcher. "We were schoolmates at the Lyceum of Louis le Grand," he remarked, "from 1816 to 1822. We parted on leaving school, but met again in 1848 as members of the Constituent Assembly and later at the National Assembly of 1871, and now we are both in the Senate. One cannot praise too highly his generosity of heart, his courage, and his disinterestedness. But his political opinions have always been extreme and not very wise." The next day the papers announced the death of Victor Schælcher at the advanced age of eighty-nine. By his demise France lost a remarkable historical figure, the cause of republicanism an ardent defender, and philanthropy a warm friend. But it is as the protector of the negro and as the liberator of the slaves in the French colonies, that Victor Schælcher's name will be remembered by posterity.

M. Schælcher once sent me a manuscript copy of a portion of Arago's memoirs which have not yet been published. This portion, however, was printed, through the kind offices of Schælcher, in the *Liberty Bell* of 1851, I believe. The extract in question is Arago's account of how the decree of emancipation was brought about, Arago being then Minister for the Second Republic. In the margin of the manuscript, opposite the decree of emancipation, Schælcher has written with his own hand: "At the end of my conversation with Arago, I drew up on a corner of his table the text of this decree, and he immediately sent it to the *Journal Officiel*, where it appeared on March 4, 1848."

On December 25, 1890, M. Schælcher wrote me as follows:

"MY DEAR MR. STANTON:

"Let me remind you that when I spoke of writing the 'Life of Toussaint Louverture,' you promised me to translate it into English if our worthy friend, Mr. Frederick Douglass, would consent to add to your translation an Introduction, presenting the book to the American public. Now, the book has appeared and has met with some success. You are doubtless in communication with the excellent and worthy Mr. Douglass, who is to-day United

States Minister to Hayti. Would you be kind enough to learn from him if he is still disposed to prepare this Introduction, for which I would be particularly obliged to him? I would be happy, with your assistance and his, which would add new value to my book, to make known in the United States and to its large black population, a negro who grandly ennobled his race in attaining the position of what is called 'a great man.' If you are good enough to communicate my letter to the excellent Mr. Douglass, tell him, I beg of you, that I have not forgotten him. I am going to ask my publisher to send him a copy of my book. I regret that I did not do so at the moment when it appeared.

With thanks and much affection,

V. SCHÆLCHER."

In another letter on the same subject he said:

"My best compliments to our good friend Frederick Douglass. Will you kindly send him a copy of my book? I request M. Ollendorff to send it to you. Surely Frederick Douglass must have the life of 'Toussaint Louverture' by Victor Schælcher."

These letters brought the following one from Mr. Douglass:

"MY DEAR MR. STANTON:

I am very glad to know that our venerable friend, Senator Schælcher, has completed his 'Life of Toussaint.' Considering his great age and the many demands upon his time as a statesman, it is something of a surprise to me, that he has found leisure and strength to devote to this work. I have no doubt that the book will be a valuable addition to what we already know of the life, character, and career of the marvellous man, and will do much towards lifting the heavy cloud of prejudice which envelops the African race. [Toussaint's life and achievements are a great fact. He was a genuine negro, and there is no robbing the race of the good influence of his example. If a race can produce one man of the character of that illustrious individual, it raises a strong presumption of its ability to give birth to more of the same mental and moral mould. It does not appear that he was indebted to any other than negro blood for his composition and traits, and hence the negro may claim him as a typical illustration of what is possible to the negro race. Among the greatest warriors, patriots, and statesmen of modern time, his character and his achievements rank with the highest.] I know no Frenchman at this period so likely to do justice to the noble qualities of Toussaint Louverture as Senator Schælcher, the statesman, who in the tempest and whirlwind of a mighty revolution, seized the occasion to liberate all the slaves of the French colonies. I shall be most happy to see his work translated into English. I fear, however, that my appointment as Minister Resident and Consul-General to Hayti, and the work of preparing for the same, will make it impossible for me to write an Introduction to the English edition as you request. If, however, I can find time between now and my departure for Hayti, I will write the Introduction and send it to you."

In April, 1890, Mr. Douglass sent me from Port au Prince a most interesting essay on Toussaint Lou-

verture, from which I make this extract concerning M. Schœlcher, whom Mr. Douglass met several times during his visit to Paris in the year 1887 :

"I may mention the surprise I felt in finding in Paris such a house as his. The room in which I found myself seated and where M. Schœlcher keeps his busy hands and brain at work, was largely decorated with the emblems of slavery. There were old slave whips which had been used on the backs of slaves in the French colonies. On the walls were handcuffs, broken chains, fetters, and iron collars with sharp prongs which had galled the necks and limbs of despairing bondmen, but which now galled them no more. These barbarous implements of a past condition were sent to M. Schœlcher by negroes from the colonies in grateful recognition of his instrumentality in setting them free. . . . Several colored men called upon Senator Schœlcher on the mornings of my visits. I was pleased to observe that his manner towards them had in it no show of patronage. He received them as one gentleman should receive another, with dignified cordiality."

The following extract is from an earlier letter from Mr. Douglass, written during his visit in Paris :

"I send you herewith the substance of my little speech, when at the Senate House you presented me to the notice of the venerable Senator Schœlcher, the friend of the oppressed and enslaved, and of universal liberty. I shall never forget the meeting we had at his house a few days later with that grand old man, blest with recollections of a long life of noble deeds, surrounded in his home with broken chains and fetters which had once bound the bruised limbs of enslaved men and women, and with so many tokens of gratitude from those he succored and relieved. In respect of him I can say with Burns, as regards his future :

"With such as he, where'er he be,
May I he saved or lost."

The "little speech," which Mr. Douglass mentions, figures in my autographic collection, and was as follows :

"Sir—I have met the noble leader of the abolition of slavery in England, Thomas Clarkson, who was then in his eighty-sixth year. I have long known the leader of the abolition movement in America, William Lloyd Garrison, and I am very happy now that I see the emancipator of the slaves in all the French colonies."

When the "Life of William Lloyd Garrison" appeared, in which, by the way, Schœlcher is mentioned two or three times, he wrote to me :

"Many thanks to you for having called my attention to the book of Mr. Garrison's sons. In the first place, I beg of you to try and have me sent a copy. I would be happy, very happy to read it. Those gentlemen had good reasons to write the life of their worthy father. Garrison was a good man *par excellence*. He employed a great part of his existence in combating slavery with as much courage as admirable persistence. He is one of those who have the most contributed to purge his country of this hideous social plague, which dishonored it. I may say this with assurance, because I long followed his labors with a veritable admiration. Glory to him!

"The authors are mistaken, however, in saying that I was Minister of the Colonies. The grand Arago was then Minister of Marine and the Colonies. I was only his Under-Secretary of State, and it was as such that I acted."

I find in my papers a copy of the following letter with this inscription at the head, in the handwriting of M. Schœlcher: "Lettre de Victor Hugo à Victor

Schœlcher." I do not know whether it has ever been printed; and unless I am mistaken it is this letter from the poet which is framed and hanging in Schœlcher's library. Here it is :

"HAUTEVILLE HOUSE, November 17, 1869.

"You are right to love me a little. You are one of the men who occupy the most sweetly my thoughts in this time of abjection and night. You are at one and the same time haughtiness and light. I love you as a standard-bearer and as a torch-bearer. This young man, M. Bellier, is really charming and noble; coming with your name on his lips, he had the true sesame to open my door. So he was warmly received at table, and in shaking hands with him, it seemed to us that you felt it. Work; make good, beautiful works, and keep well. France is not ailing when men like you are in health. For France is not the Empire; it is not the sad generation which is passing away; France is human liberty; France is universal light. Be assured that all goes well. The Republic is infallible for peoples, inevitable for kings. It is the future. I grasp your two hands.

VICTOR HUGO."

When the friends of Theodore Parker were raising the money for the medallion by Story, now found on the headstone in the Florence cemetery, and whose inauguration I described at the time in *The Open Court*, Schœlcher sent this little note, written in English :

"My dear Mr. Stanton: Of course you may put me down on the list of subscribers to the Theodore Parker Fund. In haste, very truly yours,

VICTOR SCHŒLCHER."

But Schœlcher went far beyond Parker in the domain of religion. He was an out-and-out atheist. M. de Pressensé once said of him: "Schœlcher is an atheist who makes one believe that there is a God." "I go farther," wrote in the *Temps*, the other day, his close friend, M. Legouvé; "Schœlcher was an atheist who believed in God."

This question of religion used to be one of the favorite topics of conversation when Victor Hugo and Schœlcher met. Schœlcher once told me how, when one day he was on his way to see the poet, it began to snow quite hard. "You say, there is no God?" began Victor Hugo, as Schœlcher entered the drawing-room; "who else could have made those beautiful crystals?" continued the poet, pointing to the melting flakes on his visitor's coat.

Schœlcher's reply came quick and sharp: "If there were a good God in heaven he would never have had an old man like me caught in such a storm."

One more anecdote of "the two Victors," told me yesterday by a Deputy, who knew them both, and I close this very incomplete sketch of this grand man. The anecdote is possibly not true, or, at least, very much exaggerated. But as it is typical of a certain side of Victor Hugo's character, it may be worth the telling.

It appears that Victor Hugo and Schœlcher were one day in an omnibus, during the development of the *coup d'état* of December 2. The vehicle was stopped by the passing of a company of soldiers carrying out

the stringent orders of the conspirators. Schœlcher, whose indomitable courage is noted on more than one page of French history, suddenly threw up the window of the omnibus, and cried out at the top of his voice: "Down with the Dictator! Down with the Dictator!" Whereupon Victor Hugo pulled him back inside and exclaimed: "That's foolhardy; why, we may be all shot!" The next day when they met, Victor Hugo referred to "our act of bravery." Two or three years later they met again, this time in exile, when coming back to this event, Hugo actually expressed the opinion that "I (Hugo) deserved some credit for my courage, displayed in that omnibus, in face of a line of loaded rifles!"

PRISON OR CITADEL—WHICH?

BY FRANCIS C. RUSSELL.

Not long ago I stood by the casket of a dear friend whose soul had entered into its larger mansion. Others also stood by. Some were bound to the dead by the intimate relations of family life and were suffering the pangs that must needs accompany the disruption of tender and deep-seated ties. All of us were full of the emotions and thoughts native to an occasion so solemn and so apt to move heart and mind. We thought of the man whose body lay there in our midst, of his worth and work. For he was a man of distinguished excellence in many ways honorable to mention. But above all he was a *lover*, a great-hearted and large-minded *lover* who had devoted his talents to the service of *love's* justice. "Everybody loves a lover," and we who knew him well loved him with an affection of honor, the measure of which was not wholly revealed to us until we found he was dead. Some were asked to speak to us words befitting the occasion, and so they did. They spoke of the traits and excellences of our dead friend. These we already knew, but we were glad to hear them told and retold. We could not lay away that dear body without testifying to the worth it had enshrined.

But on such an occasion certain great thoughts attend. We cannot avoid them if we would. Out of the very depths of our life are they born, and dead indeed would we be were they absent. So those who there voiced our reflexions spoke of these thoughts also: of their frame, intent, and import, as the same appeared to them and to our dead friend. One of our voices, borne by one whom we all also love because he too is a lover with great gifts which he holds ready for love's service, was moved to say: "It seems to me that could our dead friend direct my tongue, he would wish me to say of him as I would hope he would speak of me were I beneath his coffin-lid and he standing by my side: that as to the great questions of a

Deity and a life-again he did not know, and not knowing he would not guess."

In so saying, the speaker was in no wise untrue to the dead or to the fitnesses of the occasion. No such thought, but a remark of quite another kind seems to me to push forward on the heels of the protest thus framed by the speaker. It is this:

Is it *well* to make of *knowledge* a *prison-house* for the soul of man?

Knowledge—that is to say, knowledge itself—is divine; a divinity worshipful without abatement or disparity. In no jot or tittle must detraction be made from its sovereign authority or from the devotion paid to it. It nourishes the soul-life and the soul-growth with the strong meat of an assurance, complete and perfect.

But the soul of man has more than one function and more than one need. It not merely *knows*. It *loves*, it *admires*, it *hopes*, it *aspires*, and it also *grieves*, *dreads*, and *fears*. Driven by such impulses and drawn by such solicitations, the soul of man reaches out probing and groping for stays, sustenance, and requital. Naturally and insuperably it asks for these things. Some of these quests go out from the soul with a pleading that will not be denied. But present knowledge is utterly unable to satisfy such quests. It cannot even appease some of them, the most urgent.

In this exigency it is the counsel of some that we starve the soul and let all those soul-functions die out that cannot prosper on knowledge alone, indeed that cannot thrive on present knowledge and the hope of its gradual increase. Their commandment is, Thou shalt not guess. Thou shalt not believe unless thou canst show us premises that justify your conclusion as a probable result. If thou violate this commandment thou shalt suffer the imputation of an ill-governed soul-life.

Well, as for me, I do not thus mistake the character of knowledge. Not a dungeon, but a strong fortress from which to sally out and upon which to rally, is knowledge to me. If I am led to believe on the being of a being that ensouls the universe as my soul ensouls me, I see as yet no reason for suppressing that belief. Most certainly my lack of that degree of assurance that I can call knowledge is no reason. To suppress my belief on that account would seem to me no less than to install ignorance as a co-ordinate authority with knowledge. But I do not, as the so-called agnostics are prone to allege of such as I, say I *know* God exists. I believe, I trust, I have faith that such is the case, and there at present, and, so far as I can see, for a long while, I must rest.

But some one may exclaim, Why should you believe without any reason for the same? Ah! but stop right there, my friend, I have not said that I have

no reason for my belief. I only said that that belief that is not knowledge may justly obtain. It should be observed in the first place that beliefs do not arise or obtain unless there is some reason, good, bad, or indifferent, that induces or sustains them. To suppose otherwise would be to suppose an effect without any cause. The reasons for belief may be incompetent, or insufficient, or both, but a belief sustained by no reason whatever is an impossibility. If on any faithful examination of our soul-estate we find that we have a belief of this or of that sort, we may be sure that the same has reasons of some kind for its presence.

Again, the reasons for this or for that belief are often so latent in our nature, or so singly slight that any attempt to assign them is defeated. We do not possess any very exhaustive inventory of or index to our soul-estate. Yet, nevertheless, these latent and slight reasons for belief may conspire together in a manifold of unconscious or subconscious argument so cogent as to be altogether invincible. Call such tendencies and results instincts if you will. Why should we not trust our instincts? Have they not brought us safely and prosperously up out of our formerness to our better and still better intelligence? Did not intelligence itself begin as mere feeling? Will that which cared for us when we were children wholly betray us in our manhood?

I would not, however, have it thought that we must rely on grounds so intangible as this for the belief in God. Of assignable reasons there are several, one only of which will I mention. In the void of countervailing reasons it is to my mind abundantly sufficient to justify trust in God. It is this. Belief in the being of a being that modulates the All as a centered organic unitary whole, is *salutary* for soul-life and soul-growth. Be very careful not to take me as here intending a God that is a person or a God that is good, etc., etc. Personality, goodness, etc., etc., I leave entirely out of view. At present I only claim the mere *existence* of God, that is, that a being exists of some sort, so as to orient the All as a single but manifold whole. To believe thus-like is to be a monist, and I do not see how any monist can believe otherwise.

Now if we really believe in such a being why should we not name it God? Is not such the proper name for that being? Why should we say that not *knowing* of the existence of such a being we will not guess, when our believing is no other than a well-advised guessing?

When we come to know ourselves that we do truly believe in God in spite of our refusal to him of his proper name, we find that we have truly only come to our own. Our soul-life finds nourishment and grows in the clear light thus appropriated.

But how as to the belief in a life-again? Now we

either have it or we have it not. If we have it not, then any question of suppressing it in ourselves is superfluous. If, however, we have it, or if others have it, must we suppress or discountenance it? If Yes, then Why? Because we do not *know*, will you say? In my remarks on the belief in God I hope I have given reasons for holding that ignorance is no reason at all. But knowledge may forbid or discountenance a belief. Does it do this to the belief in a life-again? If so, how, and by what tokens? If, however, and as on all sides it seems to be confessed, knowledge neither forbids nor discountenances this belief, where is the justification for tearing it out of the hearts of those who cherish it? We ought, of course, to be honest. If we lack belief in this life-again we may not say we have it. Perhaps we may not even imply that we have it. If such conduct is calculated to shake the confidence of those who believe, as no doubt it is in greater or less degree, then our justification is found in our duty to be honest. We are, however, seldom really called upon to report the mere state of our belief. Unless we are so called upon no mere plea of honesty will avail to justify us for marring the faith of those who do believe. Because we are *honest* shall there therefore be no more rest and comfort? Usually, when the belief in a life-again needs to be spoken of, we may tell the truth in honesty, and when we tell the truth let us tell the whole truth and nothing but the truth, which is that, although we personally may be weak in the faith or wholly lacking in it, the same is neither forbidden nor discountenanced by knowledge. We may say we do not *know* and therefore it *may* be, notwithstanding our disbelief or misgivings. If we be in truth honest and sincere, that honesty and sincerity cannot possibly suffer any prejudice by so ordering our words.

But I think we may do vastly better than this. The belief in a life-again is warranted by the same reason that I gave for the belief in God. It fosters soul-life and soul-growth. It brings no prejudice whatever to knowledge while it gives scope to all the other *salutary* functions of the soul. It its atmosphere love, hope, and aspiration expand and thrive. It assuages the griefs and disappointments of life, and, under knowledge it need not cast any shadow of dread or fear. The exigences of ecclesiasticism have led it to make up a prospectus of the life-again that of necessity makes of death the King of Terrors. In so doing it has indicted itself of the most heinous crime against humanity that can be committed. But the hideous nightmare of this imposture is fast passing away, never more to return. We are now free to formulate our life-again according to nature and knowledge, and so to be as believable as possible. What though such beliefs be but dreams? Is it not well with us when we dream beautiful dreams? Who ordained it, and by

what warrant, that truth must be nothing but matter of fact ?

Again, what is it that is *good*? Reckon it how you will, in the last analysis the only good thing must be seen to be *life*. All other good things are good only in virtue of their relation to *life*. So far as living beings are concerned the final cause of the All is *life*. Not mere existence, but *life*, fulness of *life*.

"Whatever crazy sorrow saith,
No life that breathes with human breath
Has ever truly longed for death.

"'Tis life of which our nerves are scant,
Oh, life, not death for which we pant,
More life, and fuller that we want."

Physical life. Mental life. Moral life. Length of life. Breadth of life. Depth of life. In short, manifoldness and amplitude of life, this and these sum up all that is good for us, and the privation thereof is the only evil.

If there comes to our souls the feeling that death need not finally part us from our lives, our loves, our hopes, and our aspirations; if such a feeling abides with others, shall we, because we are ignorant, because merely we do not *know*, shall we order ourselves and others not to guess, not to believe?

Voltaire used to say, that if God did not exist it would be well for man to invent him. So it may well be said that whether or not we shall live again, it is well, very, very well, for man to believe that such is the case. Let us live all we can. Knowledge is of not the slightest consequence but that it fosters life. When knowledge depresses life it is a bane to be rejected like any other evil.

Because we do not *know* the contrary let us believe in God, and if we possibly can, let us believe and make others believe, that we shall live again after death.

And let us not put knowledge to foreign uses, but while honoring it for its service to life let us use it as a citadel and not as a prison for the soul.

IMMORTALITY A SCIENTIFIC TRUTH.

In *The Agnostic Journal* (Vol. XXXIV, No. 26) Dr. Robert Lewins criticises the attitude of *The Open Court* on the question of Theism and Immortality as follows:

"In a late number of the above excellent and widely circulating serial¹ is a most genial and generous tribute to the memory of the late General Trumbull, a constant contributor to its pages, and who, by all accounts, seems to have been a grand fellow both with pen and sword. But, sincere as is my respect for its editor, whose cultured and genuine Free-thought is as unexceptionable as it is rare, I desire in this letter to indicate a flaw in the presentation of the argument for the resurrection of the body for which Christianity is also responsible, which, in the present *fin de siècle* epoch, vitiates its conclusion by a reactionary principle character-

istic of the eighteenth century. My arraignment applies to the claim made, not so much by the editor as by his contributors, to immortality for their dead hero, and, indeed, also for the resurrection of his body—a claim not more ghastly and grotesque than it is demonstrably absurd. For, if this world is only relative and phenomenal or phantasmal, how can it be possible to 'shake hands' (!) with General Trumbull, or any other man, in any other world but the present one? The assumption is utterly untenable, though held by Kant, Voltaire, Rousseau, and even, though more obscurely, by Frederick the Great and David Hume, whose influence on the literature, history, and politics of their age was so conspicuous. Spite of his vast culture, and probably as its consequence, a remnant of chromatic metaphysics still seems to cling to Dr. Carus—from which, more or less, barrier to achronic reality, after much experience of Teuton thought, I never yet knew a German to be completely free. English thought, when genuine and straightforward, is much more exempt from such misleading substitutes. It seems thus perfectly clear and above board that, if the hylic hypothesis—to say nothing, on this occasion, of the hylō-ideal synthesis—be factual, all forms of Spiritualism or Animism, including Theism, Demonism, and posthumous human existence, must be relegated to the sphere, already so extensive, of our racial credulity and superstition. Theism, in any shape, is now what serpent-worship—at one time a much more universal creed than any extant or extinct faith, including that of Christendom—is represented to be in the Hexateuch—viz., Fiendism or *Kako-demonism*."

Dr. Lewins should have been more charitable in the interpretation of the words of the various speakers. Mr. Schilling said:

"And now, shall we never meet again? I think we shall."

He then added the poetical expression of the departed one's "extending a welcome hand on the opposite bank," and Colonel Sexton went so far as to describe how St. Peter calls out the guards to salute the General.

Dr. Lewins's remarks may well be compared with the comments of Mr. Francis C. Russell in his article "Prison or Citadel—Which?" (page 4153 of the present number) on Mr. Clarence S. Darrow's words, which affected his various listeners in various ways. While some were delighted with Mr. Darrow's fine sentiment of sympathy and love for his deceased friend, others found his agnostic mode of comfort depressing and not elevating.

Mr. Darrow said of General Trumbull, picturing him not as he was but as he thought he might have been:¹

"He did not know and would not guess. . . . As to the great questions of a deity and immortal life, he meekly and reverently bowed his head in the presence of this infinite mystery and admitted that the wisdom of the sages was no more than the foolishness of babes; to these old questions he could answer neither yes nor no, but confessing his ignorance of the great problem of the ages, he refused to guess where he could not know."

The religion of *The Open Court* is in sympathy with Mr. Russell's sentiment of fostering life and the fullness of life; it is in sympathy also with Mr. Schilling's

¹ General Trumbull was no agnostic. We have only to remind our readers of his expression "agnostics and other sticks."

¹ Meaning *The Open Court*.

longing for the immortality of our dear ones, and at the same time with the demands of Dr. Lewins of rejecting all untenable assumptions. Yet we reject the basis upon which Mr. Russell grounds his faith in immortality; we are not satisfied with Mr. Darrow's surrender of the problem as either unsolved or unsolvable, and we cannot accept Dr. Lewins's conclusion of the annihilation of the soul in death. We claim that the religious problem which depends upon the recognition of the true nature of man's soul has been solved in the religion of science and that from this standpoint we can afford to be just toward all the various positions taken by honest searchers for truth. We remain in close contact with the old orthodoxy of traditional dogmatism not less than the radical principles of the boldest freethought, with the scientist's diffidence in creeds as also with the pious assurance of the faithful. There is always some point in which their aspirations are turned in the right direction, and in a certain sense we agree with all of them. Let us only be charitable and try to understand one another better; and we shall agree better than could be anticipated.

Mr. Russell says:

"Is it not well with us when we dream beautiful dreams? . . .

"Voltaire used to say, that if God did not exist it would be well for man to invent him. . . .

"Because we do not *know* the contrary let us believe in God, and, if we possibly can, let us believe and make others believe, that we shall live again after death."

No, it is not well for us when we dream beautiful dreams. Let us not dream, but let us search for the truth. And let us trust in truth. Let us cherish the confidence that the truth is best, that it is most beautiful, and that life is nothing unless its fulness be truth. When a dream that has no truth in it seems to us more beautiful, more comforting, more life-sustaining than the truth, let us revise both our notions of beauty, comfort, and life, and our conception of the truth. If our faith in God and immortality must be grounded upon the fact that we do not know the contrary, it is built upon sand.

However, although we disagree in this point of finding a negative argument in our not-knowing, we gladly indorse Mr. Russell's proposition to make a citadel of knowledge, and not a prison. Indeed, knowledge can never be a prison. Knowledge is power, and if anything can, knowledge must give us fulness of life.

Agnosticism makes an attempt to use ignorance as a citadel, but ignorance is, and will always remain, a prison. The agnostic's hope is so entrenched in pusillanimity that all comfort is gone. If that were the final word of science and philosophy, we should be shut up in eternal darkness, and our condition would be pitiable indeed. There would be no use of aspir-

ing onward, of prospering, of learning, and of advancing to a higher plane, for the existence of light is denied, scientific insight into the central problem of life would have to be abandoned, and eternal ignorance would be our fate.

Dr. Lewins arraigns me, although he does it in a kind and sympathetic spirit, for "a remnant of chromatic metaphysics," because, taking my stand upon the revelation of the facts of nature and accepting nothing as truth except that which can be scientifically demonstrated, I speak of the continued life of our dead heroes and maintain the immortality of the soul.

Some time ago the following two questions were put to me:

"Do you believe in the survival of man as a distinct individuality after bodily dissolution?"

"Do you believe that man after such bodily dissolution, can, as a distinct, conscious, intelligent being communicate with those who still live in the flesh?"

My reply was this:

"In answer to the first question I should say: I understand by individuality not only man's soul, viz., his sensations, thoughts, and ideals, but his entire existence, including his bones, muscles, sinews, and all the material particles of which at a given time his body consists. Accordingly, I believe in the final dissolution of his individuality, and count it no loss; but I believe at the same time in the survival of the most essential part of man's individuality, I believe in the survival of man's soul.

"To the second question I should answer: Not only do the souls of our dead continue to communicate with those who still live in the flesh, but they are present in their minds, and they will form parts of the souls of the generations to come. The relation between the dead and the living is too intimate to be called a communication. The souls of the dead form an ever-living presence in the souls of the living. Progress and evolution to higher stages is only possible because the souls of former generations continue to live. If the souls of our ancestors were not with us and in us, what a wretched, and, indeed, merely amœboid existence would we lead."

Dr. Lewins can be assured there is not an iota of metaphysicism or animism left in this view of immortality. But perhaps he will say that this is no immortality; that this is a proposition which teaches the final annihilation of man's personality in death? If he does, he is blind to facts and fails to recognise the importance of that which survives of us, which is not a mere trace of it, but the essence of our being, our very soul, the substance and worth of our personality.

In one sense, transiency is the order of the universe, in another sense, permanency. The present changes into the past, never to be the present again; it passes away. Every happening in the physical world takes place never to happen again in exactly the same way and under the very same circumstances. But being embodied in the past, it remains an actual part of the constitution of the world. It has become a factor for all the future, and will be a determinant of any possible present to come. In the same way

every act of ours passes away, yet it is immortalised : it remains an indelible reality of our life, influencing and shaping our fate. Every thought of ours once thought and buried in the past of former years is, in a certain sense, gone forever, but in another sense, it remains an everpresent reality, and our soul is a grand structure consisting of the immortalised precipitate of the sentiments, ideas, and acts done in past years, dating back to the beginning of soul-life upon earth.

What is true of all events in the physical world and of the facts of our psychical existence, is true also of whole human lives. Nothing is lost in this world, least of all a human soul. To be gathered to our fathers does not mean to be buried in the ground, but to be embodied as a living element into the evergrowing organism of mankind. There we are preserved as a living presence with all our peculiarities and with the entire personality of our being. Death is a dissolution of our body; it is the end of our career; it is the discontinuance of our activity in this individuality of ours. Yet is it no annihilation of our thoughts, of our soul, of our spiritual existence, of ourselves. We continue after death as much as the memory of a useful knowledge which we have learned in the days of our youth remains a living presence with us throughout life.

Thus we may lament the premature cutting off of a valuable life by death, but we cannot complain about the annihilation of a man's soul; for it continues, it is here with us and in us. We might as well complain of the transiency of our school-years, forgetful of the fact that the knowledge we have acquired is permanent.

The past lives on in the present and the dead continue in the living. Every soul is and remains for ever a citizen of that invisible empire of spiritual existence which is always coming, always near at hand, and always developing and growing. This empire of spiritual life is not a phantom but an actuality. If anything is real, *it* is real. It is the kingdom of God of which Jesus said that it is within us.

Now, in the face of facts and in the face of the important part which the continuance of the soul plays in our life, shall we at the funeral of our dead step forward and preach the annihilation of their existence? Would Dr. Lewins advise us to say at the open grave of a friend that the belief in immortality is a remnant of metaphysics and animism to be relegated to the sphere of superstition? No! Spiritual facts are not less real than rocks and trees. Immortality is a truth as much as the existence of man's soul; and a denial of it will warp our entire world-conception.

As it is difficult for the uneducated mass of mankind to recognise the reality of the truth of immortality and to appreciate its paramount importance, the various

religions have taught it in allegories which in Christianity have been crystallised into the dogma of resurrection. The doctrine of resurrection is a parable, and the parable contains allegorical expressions which are crude and inappropriate; but the idea contained in it is a truth. Science rejects the assumption of a ghost-soul and also of a ghost-immortality, but science establishes at the same time the reality of the continuance of man's soul after death.

The immortality of the soul as taught by the religion of science is as complete and full as any faithful Christian can reasonably expect. It is not less than the ghost-immortality of an impossible dualism; it is not ghastly, not grotesque, not absurd, but noble, elevating, and comforting.

The immortality of the soul, such as the religion of science proposes, is right here in this actual world of ours, not in a celestial Utopia; it is real and not illusory; it is a fact and not a dream; it is an undeniable truth and not, as Voltaire, Frederick the Great, and his friends thought, a grand *peut être*. P. C.

CHAPTERS FROM THE NEW APOCRYPHA.

BY HUDOR GENONE.

THE PARABLES OF THE SISTERS.

NOW IN those days many came unto Jesus asking of him what they should do to be saved;

And while they were gathered together in one place a great multitude, the disciples also being among them, Jesus spake this parable unto them:

Behold there was a certain rich man which had two daughters, and one was named Martha, and one was named Mary.

The same was a just man and one who feared God and kept his commandments;

And he was righteous in all his ways unto his neighbor, and unto the stranger that was within his gates, and unto them of his own household.

Now Martha said in her heart, My father dealeth not aright with me, for he suffereth me not to go and come as I will.

And she asked of her father that he would suffer her to go into the city yet once again.

And her father answering, saith unto her, Nay, not so, my daughter, tarry at home, for afore time when thou wentest out saying, I will go to one place, behold thou didst go to seven places;

And when thou didst say unto me, I will return at the fourth hour, behold thou didst not return until the ninth hour.

And Martha was wroth, and saith unto her father, Who made thee to be lord over me? Am I not of full age?

Then saith the father unto her, Daughter, thy heart is not right in the sight of God.

But Martha reviled her father, and saith unto him,
I know then that thou art an hard man.

And while she was yet speaking Mary came unto
her father, saying, Father, suffer me, I pray thee, to
go into the city for a brief space that I make merry in
the house of my friend.

And her father saith unto her, Until what hour?
And Mary answered, Until the fourth hour.

Then saith her father, Go, my daughter, and make
merry with thy friend. But and if thou desirest to go
to yet another house, I bid thee go.

And I bid thee also when the fourth hour cometh,
and thou desirest to tarry longer, that thou mayest
tarry longer even until the ninth hour.

Then Martha lifted up her voice and reviled her
sister, and saith unto her, Thou hypocrite, thou sayest
these things for fear of thy father, or for a reward of
thine hypocrisy.

And unto her father she saith, Am I not the elder?
Why provoked thou me to wrath?

Then saith her father unto her, Martha, why re-
vilest thou thy sister, calling her an hypocrite?

She feareth me not, nay, but rather loveth me, for
she loveth the right. And whosoever loveth me loveth
the right, and doeth right.

A house divided against itself is brought to desola-
tion; but love endureth all things; submitteth to all
things; obeyeth all things; and is made free of all
things.

And this is the freedom with which I have made
thy sister free, that inasmuch as she hath trusted me,
do I trust her.

IN MEMORIAM.

TO GEN. M. M. TRUMBULL.

BY VOLTAIRINE DE CLEYRE.

BACK to thy breast, O Mother, turns thy child,
He whom thou garmentedst in steel of truth,
And sent forth, strong in the glad heart of youth,
To sing the wakening song in ears beguiled
By tyrants' promises and flatterers' smiles;
These searched his eyes, and knew nor threats nor woes
Might shake the steady stars within their blue,
Nor win one truckling word from off those lips,—
No—not for gold, nor praise, nor aught men do
To dash the Sun of Honor with eclipse,
O Mother Liberty, those eyes are dark,
And the brave lips are white and cold and dumb;
But fair in other souls, thro' time to come,
Fanned by thy breath glows the Immortal Spark.

BOOK NOTICES.

We announce the publication of the first number of Volume
II of "The Religion of Science Library," which, as our readers
will remember, is a bi-monthly publication, in book form, paper
covers, of important articles which have appeared in *The Open
Court* and of independent works before published by The Open
Court Publishing Company. The number for July, 1894, consists

of two half-numbers, namely, Dr. Alfred Binet's treatise on *Double
Consciousness* (93 pages), and Dr. Paul Carus's essay on *The Na-
ture of the State* (indexed, 56 pages), which appeared some time
ago in the columns of *The Open Court*. Of *The Nature of the State*
Mr. C. C. Bonney, the originator of the recent World's Parliament
of Religions, writes:

"I greatly admire the clearness and strength of your style,
"and strongly wish that the views you have so well expressed
"could be printed in the public press from one end of our country
"to the other. I think there is no other subject on which clear
"thinking is more urgently needed than the Nature and Authority
"of the Government."

"The Religion of Science Library," now contains Dr. Paul
Carus's *Religion of Science*, F. Max Müller's *Three Lectures on the
Science of Thought* and *Three Lectures on the Science of Language*,
Th. Ribot's *Diseases of Personality and Psychology of Attention*, and
Alfred Binet's *Psychic Life of Micro-Organisms*. (Yearly \$1 50;
whole numbers 25 cts.; half numbers 15 cts.)

The Freethinkers' Magazine, editor, Mr. H. L. Green, formerly
of Buffalo, has been transferred to Chicago, 150 Illinois street,
where the readers and contributors of this enterprising magazine
may now address their communications. The contents of the May
and June number of *The Freethinkers' Magazine* are as follows:
"John R. Charlesworth," frontispiece; "From Protoplasm to
Man"; "The Glories of War," by Cyrus Coolidge; "Duty of the
Community Toward the Unemployed," by Daniel K. Tenney;
"Is There a God?" by Otto Wettstein. Strenuous endeavors are
being made to increase the magazine's subscription-list, which the
change of its place of publication will no doubt favor.

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