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## THE SONG OF SONGS.

BY THE REV. T. A. GOODWIN, D. D.

### I. HISTORY OF THE BOOK.

TO THE common reader of the Bible, and little less to the careful Bible student, the book known as the Song of Solomon is a perpetual enigma. Not seeming to meet any of the supposed purposes for which the Bible was written, many good men, including many whose business it is to teach Bible truth, seldom if ever read it as they read other Scriptures, and not a few hold that its incorporation into the sacred canon is somebody's blunder. It is not difficult to account for this, when we call to mind the once prevailing opinion of what the Bible is and what it is for. Being found in that collection of histories and prophecies and songs, which by the way of pre-eminence we call the Bible, and which is held sacred by devout and learned Christians and Hebrews as the repository of correct doctrine and of safe rules of conduct; and seeming to contain nothing that may be regarded as either doctrinal or didactic, Bible students as well as the common Bible reader have been put to their wits' end to find a place for it.

During the Middle Ages the dogma of the plenary inspiration of the Scriptures was promulgated with such pertinacity, that long after the Bible became the property of the common people this figment held a place in their thoughts. Even as late as the days of King James this was the case to such an extent that the translators whom he had chosen to prepare an authorised version so rendered Paul's language to Timothy as to read, "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God." This practically settled the question with the common reader, so that the Song of Solomon and the Book of Ruth were placed on a level with the prophecies of Isaiah and Daniel and the writings of Moses and of David, as being designed to teach doctrine or to administer reproof, or to instruct in right living.

All down the ages following, individual scholars protested against this rendering, but their protests went unheeded, as unworthy of acceptance in the face of the opinion of the learned commission of the king, who, in the popular thought, were little if any less inspired than the sacred writers themselves. This compelled Bible scholars to adapt the "Song" to the

general purpose of inspired Scripture, so that it might be profitable in some way "for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, and for instruction in righteousness."

One can hardly review with complacency the many schemes of Bible teachers to bring this book into line with Isaiah and Daniel and the Psalms, so that with them and other inspired books it may refer to the Messiah, and may instruct the Church in things spiritual. By some it has been regarded as an allegory, by others a parable, whose hidden meaning might be guessed at, if not comprehended. In keeping with this thought almost from the first edition of the authorised version, the editors of the several editions have seemed to vie with each other in ingenious suggestions as to the signification of this or that sentence or paragraph; and preachers, from the unlearned rustic, in ministering to his uneducated and emotional flock, to the profound doctor of divinity in his city pulpit, preaching to men of culture, have found spiritual "instruction" in such passages as "I have put off my coat, how can I put it on?" "Thy teeth are like a flock of sheep." "The head upon thee is like Carmel." "We have a little sister and she hath no breasts."

The sermons may all have been good enough and may have conveyed important lessons to the hearers, but they might have been "founded" as well upon some passage in Milton or Shakespeare or Dante as upon these. Not the least objectionable use of this Song, or parts of it, is that made by hymn-writers. Who can enumerate the hymns that find their chief attraction in poetic changes upon the rose of Sharon, the lily of the valley, the turtle dove, the one altogether lovely, or some other similar phrase in this book? If all the hymns which are inspired by some passage from the Song of Solomon were expurgated from some collections of hymns there would be little left worth singing. Many of them are beautiful, but their beauty does not consist in the thought of the text as it stands in its proper meaning.

It is positively ludicrous, if the following exposition of the Song be the correct one, to read the headings of the chapters and the running titles in our common family Bibles, which are intended to give a clue to the meaning of the text. They run thus: "The Church's love for Christ," "She confesseth her de-

formity," "Christ directs her to the Shepherd's tent, and showeth His love to her," "Having a taste of Christ's love, is sick of love," and so on, calling the lover's passionate description of his affianced, "Christ showing the graces of the Church, and His love towards her," though elsewhere they have the Church confessing her deformity.

It is plain that any intelligent exposition of this book, or, for that matter, of any part of the sacred Scriptures, must be along the line which repudiates the figment of Plenary Inspiration, at whose doors most, if not all, the obscurity which envelops this Song of Solomon lies, as well as do many indefensible dogmas, which have the same paternity. Not only does the Bible nowhere make such a claim for itself, but the structure of the book as a whole, and of its contents taken separately, are evidences against the assumption.

The advent of the revised version, the product of a ripe scholarship that cannot be gainsaid, has greatly aided in the proper understanding of this Song, as well as of many other parts of our sacred Scriptures. There is a far-reaching difference between "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God," as the authorised version has it, and "Every Scripture, inspired of God," as it appears in the revised version. The scope of this treatise does not require the elaboration of this difference. It is sufficient for its purpose to state that the plain inference is that Paul and the Jews of his period, and of course the Christians also, held that some portions of the sacred writings, as they then possessed them, were not so inspired as to be specially profitable for doctrine or for reproof, or for instruction in righteousness.

The assumption that Solomon was himself the author of the Song has very little to sustain it. That it is called the Song of Solomon, or the Song of Songs, which is Solomon's, proves nothing. He could not have written it, unless the remorse which possessed him towards the close of his misspent life, and which led him to pronounce that life a failure, implied more than remorse usually does. The author was not even a friend of Solomon's. The whole poem is a scathing rebuke to all his social and domestic methods. It is quite as likely to be the product of some man or woman a hundred years or more later than Solomon's time, and more likely to be that of a woman than of a man, judging from the tender pathos of many portions of the poem which very few men could exhibit. The author, whether male or female, whether living near Solomon's time or much later, gave birth to this undying poem and then died leaving nothing else worth preserving, not even a name.

It was probably founded upon some fact in the life of that lecherous king, which had been transmitted

through generations by authentic history or by tradition or both, out of which the gifted poet built this most admirable production as Longfellow built his Miles Standish out of the traditions and history of the early pilgrim fathers. Its being called the Song of Solomon no more proves or even suggests that Solomon was its author than will the *Song of Hiawatha* prove or suggest three thousand years hence that Hiawatha was the author of the poem which this generation knows was written by another.

Neither is it difficult to account for its place in the sacred canon. Books in those days were few and only those that struck the popular heart had the distinction of a reproduction through the expensive process of being copied by hand; hence few ever reached the second edition, much less a general circulation through multiplied copies, so as to be preserved through succeeding ages.

When Ezra and Nehemiah returned to Jerusalem after the long captivity in Babylon their first duty was of course to provide for immediate physical wants; hence they addressed themselves heroically to the rebuilding of the temple and the reconstruction of the walls of Jerusalem. When this had been done they found another work of not less piety and patriotism, though so much less ostentatious as hardly to find mention in the annals of the Hebrew people. When they and those who followed them looked around they found that most of the literature of their nation had been "lost by reason of the war." To recover this as much as possible seems to have been a chief aim of Nehemiah, hence he set about "founding a library, gathering together the acts of the kings and the writings of the prophets, and of David and the epistles of the kings" (2 Macc., 2, 13).

It needed not to be specifically mentioned by the historian of that period that this lover of the literature of the fathers included other songs than the songs of David, for others are included in the collection of pious songs called the Psalms. In their quest they found among other books this poem, and it, too, was incorporated into the national library, and thus it was preserved through the succeeding ages, and thus it has come down to us.

It had then been preserved through probably not less than four hundred years in manuscript alone, and had probably been recited during all those years of tribulation, in which, according to the prophet, the nation had been "scattered and peeled and meeted out and trodden down." From the Assyrian captivity ten of the tribes never returned sufficiently organised to retain their tribeship. Finding this book thus preserved they gave it a place in their collection and thus it became a part of the Sacred Writings. And no wonder. It had vindicated its right to immortality. When

read or recited as the Hebrew people read and recited it, before it had been allegorised out of all significance, it could not fail to interest every true heart. It delineates the triumph of true love over all the allurements of wealth and lust in such a manner as to strike all pure men and women as above praise.

It was never claimed by those compilers or for them by others until long after the coming of Christ that all these books were inspired in the sense inspiration is used in modern theological discourse. It was only a collection of history and prophecy and song. It was the beginning of a public library which was by no means completed during the lives of its founders, but was continued through succeeding generations by the Great Synagogue. At no time was it claimed for this collection as a whole that it had such divine sanction that whatever it contained should have the authority of a "Thus saith the Lord."

In the time of the Maccabees this library was to be "read with favor and attention" (Prologue to Ecclesiasticus), and we have no record that as a whole at any time down to and including the times of Christ it had any other sacredness than that veneration which is due to any collection of ancient writings. Hence the significance of Paul's distinction in his letter to Timothy, between the Scriptures which were given by inspiration and those that make no claim to that origin, when speaking of what is profitable for doctrines and reproof and instruction which is in righteousness.

It matters nothing one way or the other that neither Christ nor any of his disciples ever quoted from this book, so far as the meagre record of their sayings show; for many other books of Ezra's canon are in the same category and some of these books are of much historic importance. It is much more significant as relating to the question of inspiration that they quoted from books then in common use, no copy of which has come down to us, among our Sacred Writings. No book is extant which details the contention between Moses and Jannes and Jambres, nor have we any part of the Prophecy of Enoch from which Jude quoted as something with which the people of his time were familiar. It is even more significant in relation to the plenary inspiration of the sacred writings of apostolic times that when Christ opened the understanding of his two disciples who met him on their way to Emmaus, that they might understand the Scriptures that he quoted only from "the law of Moses and the Prophets and the Psalms."

That such a book should be placed in the "Library" of Ezra and Nehemiah and be preserved in it through succeeding centuries is no wonder. Neither is it any wonder that centuries later, when the Christian fathers were compiling their collection "to set forth in order the things which we believe," this thrilling book should

be retained, though not conspicuously adapted to doctrine, or reproof, or instruction. The Bible as a light to human feet along every pathway of life would be incomplete without it. We have the personification of faith in the story of Abraham; of patience, in the story of Job; of filial love, in the story of Ruth; of endurance, in the story of Moses; and here we have a photograph of ardent conjugal love, the most holy sentiment of humanity, in the story of a humble shepherdess and her equally humble and faithful lover; a constant rebuke to that pietism which teaches that ardent conjugal love is only a sensual passion which must be foresworn or tethered if one would attain the highest type of moral character—a most detestable heresy.

### THE END OF EDUCATION.

BY THOMAS ELMER WILL.

WHEN I was a boy on the farm, my father, as I remember, was famous for the straightness of his corn-rows; they ran across a forty-acre field like the ruled lines across a sheet of writing-paper. This fact was to him a matter of great pride, and he used to tell me how he did the work. To run a straight corn-row, he declared it was necessary that one should free his mind from all distracting influences, look neither backward upon the work already done, nor to the right hand, nor to the left; nor yet to the nearest stake in front; but, fixing one's eyes upon the stake at the farthest limit of the field, and holding a firm and steady rein, one must drive resolutely toward that goal. If this were done, the rows would be found to have taken care of themselves.

The ambitious and conscientious teacher desires to make a straight track toward the educational goal; but the name of his distractions is legion. There is order to be preserved; there are lessons to be assigned and taught and heard; there are school-room tasks innumerable that must receive attention. Examination papers must be read and their value estimated; percentages must be computed, and promotions made or withheld. The teacher's personal studies, too, must not be neglected; professional literature must be kept track of; county superintendent's tests must be prepared for and met; positions must be won and held; and in the midst of these multitudinous cares and distractions, the teacher, of all persons, is most liable to forget the prime object of his strivings. It is therefore well that he pause at times and heed the wise old maxim of the Greeks, "*Consider the end.*"

What is the end of education? If the question were put to the whole body of the patrons of our educational system, doubtless the reply from a large per-

centage would be, "To fit the boy or girl to make a living."

That livings must be made, and that education should contribute to this end, I would be the last to question. The lines of Schiller are only too true, that

" Until philosophy sustains the structure of the world,  
Her workings will be carried on by hunger and by love."

Human history shows with startling distinctness how large a part the struggle for life has played in motiving human activity. Primitive man, born into the midst of a world unknown and inexplicable to himself and to his fellows, scorched by the heat, pinched by the frost, chilled by the blast, hounded by fierce beasts and fiercer men, must have felt that, to keep his slippery footing on the planet, to avoid being killed and eaten, and to find somewhat to eat, would keep him fairly busy; while the education that best fitted him to find food and to save himself and those near him from becoming food, was the education for him.

Times change, but fundamental human requirements remain constant. To-day, as in the days when man strove for the mastery with the anthropoid ape, he who would live must eat, wear clothes, and find shelter; and education seeks to help him find the wherewithal. Machine industry calls into being the technical school; that mines may be economically exploited, schools of mines are established. Lest the country fall behind in the race with the city, the agricultural college is founded. Teaching must be scientifically done; hence, normal schools are established; at the same time, the more ancient professions of pleading and judging and preaching and healing must enlarge their facilities for instruction; and all, to a great—too great an—extent, that the Almighty Dollar may be won, and the individual student may be enabled to keep his head above the daisies.

I realise, I say, that livings must be made. I realise that, however high the oak would rear its head toward heaven, it must still strike down its roots into Mother Earth; and the higher it would tower, the deeper and stronger must be its grasp upon *terra firma*. But, if the physical existence be all, is the life-struggle worth while? Why should one toil and strive and mourn, and bear the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, merely to exist and to call into existence others to repeat the same dreary round? If the mere material existence be all—the keeping together and in running order of the human machine—I can readily understand how one, battered by the storm, wounded in the strife, and mortified by failure, should elect the swift plunge into eternal sleep by way of the bare bodkin or the pistol; and I am not surprised that one who sees no more in life should appear in periodical literature as a defender of suicide. Why not?

But man is more than this, as we shall see; hence life and education mean more.

Man is organic. As root, stem, branches, leaves, flower, and fruit of the majestic tree are enfolded in the tiny seed, so powers and faculties, physical, intellectual, æsthetic, social, moral, and religious, are enfolded in the little child; and to child, as to tree, nature issues her fiat: Develop, expand, unfold.

Education means physical development. The hand, the eye, the whole body, must be made the ready and responsive servant of the mind. We are gradually recognising this truth; wood-pile and buck-saw practice may send the blood coursing through its channels; it may harden the muscles, and steady the nerves, and tone up the digestive system; but for all that a skilful and efficient wood-sawyer, if he be no more than a wood-sawyer, may appear at times at an exceedingly great disadvantage, whether in the drawing-room, on the floor of Congress, or wherever else men congregate; and, in the sharp competition of modern life, he may find that he could well afford to exchange a modicum of the brawn born at the wood-pile for some of the easy grace of the stripling whom he could readily throw over the fence. Physical culture, then, is a normal and healthy product of nineteenth-century development.

But, oblivious as some college men seem to be to this fact, man is more than body. Man, we are taught, has a mind, a soul. I amend by declaring that man is mind; he is soul; the thing he has is his body.

The intellect demands unfoldment. It must be taught to perceive, to discriminate, to weigh. It must be taught to read. Carlyle declared that the most any college or highest fitting school can do for us is to teach us to read. The mind must be taught to read with understanding and appreciation the records that are found in books. "Books are the treasure-houses of the ages. They are the vehicles which gather and bring the accumulated knowledge of the past to our doors. By distributing knowledge they become the handmaids of progress. They are the fountains from which all must drink who would be of the elect." They "are the legacies which genius leaves to mankind." How much of all that is good and great, instructive and ennobling and inspiring that has descended to us from the past is hidden away in musty and dusty tomes piled, tier above tier, upon the shelves of libraries! Yet to the illiterate these treasures are as blocks of wood; they are as an art-gallery to the blind, or as a symphony to the deaf. They are as the Eternal City to Vandal and Hun.

But to read printed books and manuscripts is not all. One may be able to do this, and yet be but a book-worm. We must learn to read the book of nature. How majestic are the records the Infinite, as with

iron pen and lead, has written in the rocks forever! Yet, though men have trodden upon and wrestled with these rocks since the beginning, geology is a new science. Astronomy is called the oldest of the sciences. Chaldean shepherds, watching their flocks by night, observed the courses of the stars; they called these mystic specks by name; and, handing down from father to son their scraps of knowledge, they laid the foundations of the noblest of the inorganic sciences. The seer and bard of ancient Israel could exclaim: "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork. When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers; the moon and stars that thou hast ordained, what is man!" Yet only yesterday we believed the earth to be the centre of our system, while round it, stuck on transparent, concentric spheres, coursed sun and moon and stars! Or we believed it rested on an elephant, which, in turn, stood on the backs of turtles, who went "clear down." Verily, man has halted and stammered in his attempts to read the book of nature.

But man should learn to read, also, the book of humanity, whose records persist in stones and ruins and tombs; in myths and traditions and writings; and in the daily deeds of nations, of organisations, and of individual men. Who of us knows what history is? Young people learn the story of Romulus and Remus; of King Alfred burning the cakes; of Pocahontas rescuing Captain John Smith; they wrestle with chronological tables; tell of royal scandals and court intrigues, and give the statistics of killed and wounded in battle; and we say they are studying history! The so-called "statesman" snatches here and there a leaf from the book of history; uses it as a missile with which to pelt an adversary or as an agency wherewith he may legislate money out of the pockets of the people into the coffers of some corporation; and flatters himself, forsooth, that he is using the "historic method."

What is history? It is the record of the life of the race upon the planet; of men's attempts to live; to live together; to live like men rather than like beasts. History pictures the development of human institutions, political, social, military, ecclesiastical, industrial. It records man's experiments, his successes, his failures. It is therefore filled with lessons of vital moment to those men and nations competent to learn. Would that we could read the history of Rome! that we might see, for example, how the people, in their ignorance, sought to govern an imperial domain by means of the machinery adapted to the wants of the village by the Tiber; how this machinery naturally fell into the hands of the residents of Rome and vicinity—nay, rather, into the hands of a trifling minority consisting of those who had the wit and the will to

seize the machinery which they now turned into an engine for their own aggrandisement, thus running the ship of State upon the rocks!

Lessons, too, that are invaluable for our own time and country, might be learned from the history of old France. Institutions there, once socially serviceable, had outlived their usefulness. Classes, armed with a power that was once coupled with some measure of responsibility, possessed of privileges that had once been matched, in some slight degree, at least, by duties, now played the part of parasites and drones. From those whom they should have served, they extorted unrequited service; and, when the thunders of revolt began to mutter in the distance, they hugged still closer their privileges and used still more despotically their power—till the flood came and swept them all away. Could we but read the records of history, we might steer more surely our own ship of State through the breakers that now rumble and wash about her keel.

Finer than his intellect, man possesses faculties that respond in the presence of beauty and harmony. How many of us inherit the old Puritan contempt for the beautiful, and regard the æsthetic sense a mark of effeminacy? Yet man possesses by nature an æsthetic sense as truly as he possesses powers of physical perception or intellectual insight. And all without him lie in nature the objects upon which this sense may exercise itself. What Raphael or Michael Angelo can paint a sunset, or a mountain glen; or an Arctic night, illumined by the Aurora? What human art can rival the heavens with their ceaseless panorama of cloud and sunshine and stars? Yet we pass unmoved amidst these scenes like owls at midday through a flower garden: and we call ourselves "educated"!

Man's social nature, too, demands development. How many of us from social converse, can give and get, in even small degree, the good commensurable with the possibilities of the case? How many of us appreciate, even in faint measure, the enormous gains accruing to each and all from such association and co-operation in industry as we have now attained? How many appreciate how absolutely dependent upon his fellows is the civilised man; and how utterly, abjectly helpless would he be if cast adrift in a wilderness? Yet our national creed, our real, work-a-day "orthodoxy" is, "Each for himself. Look out for Number One. Get all you can, by whatever means you can, taking care only to keep clear of prison walls; and keep all you get. The only debt owed by social classes to each other is civility and the prompt meeting of bills when due. Cash payment is the sole nexus between man and man. Charity begins at home—and ends there. The chief end of man is to mind his own business." In so far as we deviate from these articles

of faith, we show ourselves to be well meaning, perhaps, and pious, but "sentimental" and "impractical." And so slightly as yet is our sense of social solidarity developed, that we imagine we can individually flourish in the midst of adversity; and be happy while our fellow-men, all about us, are wretched. One of the prime needs of the time is social education.

But social relations, if they are to endure, must be ethical relations. They depend on an equilibrium between rights and duties. What are human rights? Shall we say with Pope, that whatever is, is right? Then every abuse, however hoary, and however rank, though it smell to heaven, must stand unchallenged. Ruthless Might may have enthroned itself in legislative halls, and seated itself on the judge's bench, and elbowed itself into the executive chair. It may have possessed itself of the means of communication, of the organs and agencies for the diffusion of intelligence; and, like the abomination that maketh desolate, it may even stand in the holy place. Yet, backed by man-made laws and by armies, it may trample in the dust helpless innocence, devour widows' houses, despoil the laborer of his earnings, and then, drunk with power, declare that "there is nothing to arbitrate," and demand of an outraged people "what they are going to do about it?" And the answer must be "nothing"; these things exist; they are backed by law; they are therefore right. Since the law was against him, the slave had no rights.

And are human duties, too, simply such as are marked out for us by statute, supplemented by a conventional local code? Or is it true that man is in duty bound to know what his real rights are; and, like a Hampden or an Otis, maintain them, if not for his own sake, then for that of his children? Is it his duty to defend the rights of the helpless? Is man indeed his brother's keeper? Have we civic as well as individual duties? Is the respectable citizen morally blameless when he attends so diligently to his own business that he cannot find time on election-day to vote for clean and honorable men; and so by his neglect permits his city, like the traveller on the Jericho road, to fall into the hands of thieves? Is patriotism a virtue exclusively military? In time of peace, is the citizen justifiable in maintaining a sleepy indifference toward public affairs, while the nation is being plucked and bled by men who seek public office for revenue only? Nay, rather, does patriotism in time of peace in fact consist, as a great New York daily recently declared in its editorial columns, in standing up for what it was pleased to call one's "rights"; in taking advantage of the necessities of an embarrassed government, and aiding in the work of looting the national treasury? One might suppose, to read certain newspapers, that unless education in rights and duties

is speedily begun, even in high places, and vigorously pushed, we may have cause to rue our neglect.

True education must not simply train us to answer categorically questions in formal, conventional ethics; it must cause us to know the basis upon which rights and duties actually rest; it must implant in us convictions; it must give us the courage of these convictions, and must make of us men of action as well as of thought.

But above the body; above the intellect; above the æsthetic, the social, and even the ethical sense, is the religious nature. Man is born religious. Among the lowest types we see him standing in awe of the Infinite and worshipping His crude manifestations, if perchance he may find Him. Trace him a little further, and we discover him seeking that unity with the Infinite, that harmony with the Universal Order, and the Universal Mind and Spirit, in finding which man realises himself and fulfils his destiny. But how, through ignorance and priestcraft and blind leadership, has he stumbled and groped in the thick darkness! Yet man's religious nature must be unfolded before he can in any true sense be called a man. What then shall we say of systems of public "education" in which the religious nature is ignored and the vast field of religious truth is left uncanvassed? The State in many countries, and rightly, assumes to educate her youth. She provides for them kindergartens, manual training schools, primary, secondary, high schools, technical, military, and naval schools; and she provides a university, which, by its very name, professes to investigate the whole field of knowable truth; and she maintains professional schools, in which, in theory, one may fit himself scientifically for the learned professions. Yet the State leaves untouched that department of the field of universal truth in the light of which only all other isolated truths may be correlated. And the student who has swept the gamut of our public educational system from the kindergarten to the doctorate, and who from the day of his toddling entrance to the taking of his final degree has, nominally, at least, been instructed and trained by scientific methods, must now, if he would supply his lamentable deficiencies and study religious truth, turn from State institutions to institutions provided by ecclesiastical bodies, or by private voluntary associations; institutions, moreover, that in most cases do not even profess to be scientific, but do profess to be sectarian; and do, in many cases, look upon science and scientific methods with undisguised hostility. Who dare affirm, in the face of such facts, that our "system" of public education is complete and symmetrical!

I know full well the meaning of the separation of Church and State in America. I have not read in

vain the history of the Huguenots in France; of the career of the Duke of Alva in the Netherlands; of the Thirty Years' War in Germany; nor of the Protestant Reformation in England, and the reign of Thorough; and none would resent more quickly nor more strenuously than I the reinstatement of ecclesiastical despotism backed by and working through the strong arm of the State. Yet I lay it down as philosophical truth, and I challenge contradiction: first, that man is by nature religious; second, that his religious nature, like his intellectual or his æsthetic nature, is capable of development; third, that nature demands that every normal faculty and power of man be developed, and developed harmoniously and symmetrically with every other faculty and power; fourth, that one function of education is thus to develop the man; and last, that therefore any educational scheme that ignores a normal part of man, and makes no provision for its development, must stand in the light of philosophy as partial and incomplete. If this be treason, make the most of it!

That, to the failure of society at large thus to provide for genuine religious education, is due much of the childish and humiliating "warfare between religion and science"; and the often-assumed irreconcilability of these two fields of truth, I have no doubt.

But it is not enough that man's powers shall be developed; they must be at his command. His education must be "liberal": that is, it must *liberate*. His body must be not only sound and strong and supple, it must be prompt to respond to the dictates of his will. His mind, too, must be freed from the thrall-dom of tradition and conventional prejudice and infallible authority. It must be ready to stand alone, and to hew its way through the wilderness of current notions and dogmas; though the world rise in arms, or bread and butter be threatened. The soul must be freed from the black winding-sheet of superstition; and, like that of a Luther, must step out into God's sunlight, and issue its declaration of independence. All this must be before the man may profess to be educated.

Authority, it is true, has a place in human development. History is sown knee-deep with the records of its acts; authority of the State, authority of the Church, authority in the army, in the world of fashion, in industry, in science, in education, and in art. A king, ruling by divine right, able to do no wrong, himself the State, summons "his" people on pain of death to slaughter their neighbors across the line, and themselves risk slaughter. A Cæsar Augustus issues his decree that all the world must be taxed; and thereby, without hint of popular assent, drafts into his coffers the wealth of the producing millions. A church-council informs the faithful that tweedle-dum and not tweedle-

dee is the one true faith, which all must accept on pain of eternal fires. An Aristotelian may rival a Calvinistic orthodoxy in inflexibility. A blundering official orders a charge at Balaklava. An unknown potentate at Paris informs the race that boot-toes must be broad or pointed, as the case may be; that hats must or must not be bell-crowned; that "the trousers must be exceedingly tight across the hips" and very tight, or very loose, at the knee; and that "it is permitted to mankind, under certain restrictions, to wear white waist-coats."<sup>1</sup>

And authority has not only a place, but a rightful place. Before men have become fitted for self-government, the fittest, slight though his fitness be, must govern them. Until we have learned to think for ourselves, whether in ordinary affairs, in science, in politics, or in religion, some one must do our thinking for us; and, if need be, force upon us the results of his thinking. Until men learn freely to co-operate, and equitably to distribute their products, the Industrial Captain must occupy the field, and discipline them by force into fitness for a higher social state. That authorities are often tyrannical, follows from the fact that they are human and fallible.

But, with the progress of the race, the time comes when the people slowly emerge from the darkness and damps of ignorance; grown up children slowly assume the estate of men. Authority now, in corresponding ratio, loses its reason for existence. Monarchs, as in England, are gradually shorn of a political power that the people assume for themselves. With the progress of science comes the "theological thaw"; and, despite the thunderings and maledictions of clerics of a certain type and temper, the husk of error is stripped from the kernel of religious truth and the old truth is brought into harmonious relations with the new. In science Aristotle falls before Bacon, and Bacon before Darwin and Spencer; and each new "authority" lives but his brief day, to wither and fade before the spirit of free inquiry. Even in industry the reign of the autocrat, in advanced nations, is doomed; and time and light alone are needed to place him along with kings and prelates in the category of social functionaries who have outlived their usefulness.

But individual progress runs parallel with race-progress. With individual as with race, law must be the schoolmaster to bring us to freedom. The teacher's function with respect to the individual student is "to make himself useless"; to wipe out, like the king, the reason for his existence; in short, to prepare the student for liberty.

Lessons, exercises, tasks of whatever kind assigned by the teacher, stand, let it be remembered, for a vanishing category: while plays, independent

<sup>1</sup> Carlyle in *Sartor Resartus*.

reading, society work, spontaneous, voluntary activities of the student, of whatever character, so that they be constructive rather than destructive, represent the permanent category, if the student is to be educated for the highest type of manhood. These activities, then, instead of being eyed askance, or reprobated, should be regarded by the teacher as the most hopeful aspects of the student's life; the genuine, man-making portions of his work.

But the end of education is not yet. To develop and liberate powers and then stop there may be to give the rein to the spirited horse; or to pull open the throttle of the steamed-up locomotive, and leave it to its own sweet will. Education does not end in anarchy.

The exercise of human faculties and powers must be under restraint; yet the controlling force must be something deeper and higher than mere social convention or individual caprice. What must it be?

The development of science everywhere brings us uniformly and infallibly to one goal: it brings us to law. Not so frail and fickle a thing as legislation, which the first breath of popular disfavor may change or nullify; not the thing the purse of the millionaire may buy as it would buy a residence or a railroad; not the product of the log-rolling of politicians; nor of the coercion and bribes of an executive; nor of the decision of a venal or prejudiced judge; not these, but the divine, unchangeable thing that pervades the universe.

Look where we will, we may find it; in the rocks, the skies, the winds, the waves; in vegetal and animal life; in human society; in the workings of the human mind, and even of the soul. It is the thought of the Infinite; it is God's way of working. The cosmic process is the bringing of all things, animate and inanimate, under the domain of law. Man, it is true, by virtue of relative freedom of will, may be in some degree a law unto himself, liberty, he may read licence. But if he reads licence, he must pay the price. He cannot play with fire and not be burned; he cannot defy gravity and not be crushed. Human power must submit to the domain of law; human liberty must be liberty under law. Until this great lesson is learned, learned not by rote but in very truth; burned, as it were, into his deepest consciousness, is man in the fullest sense a law unto himself.

Let him stop one step short of this and he may become an Aaron Burr, sweeping almost without effort the honors of his college, and then going forth to prey upon society, and perhaps to betray his country.

But let one be thus educated, prepared honestly to earn his bread, and perform some needful social function, whether ploughing corn or driving a locomotive, or enacting legislation, or proclaiming divine truth; developed in body, in intellect; in æsthetic,

social, ethical, and religious nature; let his powers be freed to obey instantly and perfectly his will; then let that will be inspired with loyalty to the Infinite Will, and consecrated to the task of helping on in any way and in every way the process whereby the Mind of the Divine is realising itself in the individual, in society, and in the universe; and the man thus educated may face without fear this world and all others, and feel that he is indeed, though it be in small degree, a worker together with God.

#### BOOK NOTICES.

WHY I AM A VEGETARIAN. An address delivered before the Chicago Vegetarian Society, Great Northern Hotel, March 3, 1895. By *J. Howard Moore*. Chicago: The Ward Waugh Publishing Co.

This pamphlet denounces animal food in most vigorous terms on purely ethical grounds. We read on page 32: "All the highest mammals of the earth preach kindness and reciprocity with a noise and enthusiasm that are well-nigh vindictive, but in practice deny them to all except to their pets. They make the Golden Rule the cardinal measuring-rod of all morality, and then freckle the globe with huge murder-houses for the expeditious destruction of their associates. If the sub-human myriads had no nerves and were not fond of existence and had no choice of emotions and were totally without destiny, they could with difficulty be treated more completely as personal nonentities. Millions are hourly massacred by pitiless and professional assassins, and their corpses hacked and flayed and haggled, and then hurried away to be ungracefully interred in the stomachic sepulchres of men and woman who have the pedagogical temerity to teach each other that they are not terrific."

Miss Flora J. Cooke of the Cook County Normal School of Chicago has published a little volume of about one hundred pages, entitled *Nature Myths and Stories for Little Children*. All kinds of legends and fables, Greek, Indian, and Teutonic, are here so popularised that kindergarten teachers can use them for children of about six years of age. The book is the product of practical experience, for these stories are the same tales which she tells the little ones entrusted to her care, and they will prove valuable for any one who, like the author, understands how to hold the attention of children. She has added sketches of drawings that can without great difficulty be imitated by a child, and will thus be a great assistance in instruction.

P. C.

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