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HUXLEY.

A Discourse at South Place Chapel, London.

BY MONCURE D. CONWAY.

ON THE 13th and 14th of June, 1878, a Congress of Liberal Thinkers gathered in this place from all parts of the United Kingdom, and indeed among the four hundred representatives some were from other European countries and from the United States of America. At the end of very impressive discussions an Association of Liberal Thinkers was formed, its aims and objects being defined as :

"1. The scientific study of religious phenomena. 2. The collection and diffusion of information concerning religious movements throughout the world. 3. The emancipation of mankind from the spirit of superstition. 4. Fellowship among liberal thinkers of all races. 5. The promotion of the culture, progress, and moral welfare of mankind and of whatever in any form of religion may tend towards that end. 6. Membership in this Association shall leave each individual responsible for his own opinion alone, and in no degree affect his relations with other associations."

The presidency of that Association was conferred on Professor Huxley, and by him accepted. I remember well the satisfaction with which, referring to the names, eminent in science, literature, and rational religion, in the membership, our President Huxley said, "Freethinkers are no longer to be merely bullied." The large committee met at his house, and it was found impossible that members widely scattered about the world could be organised in any central or definite movement; but the Association was never dissolved; in many regions its surviving members are carrying out its principles in their several centres of work and influence; and it is not impossible that they may be again summoned in congress, and be called on to choose a successor to him who remained to his death President of the Association formed in this place,—the Association of Liberal Thinkers.

But we shall never be able to find a President more fit to be the head of those varied movements of thought, impossible of organisation, distributed everywhere, indefinable, the leaven subtly at work like the "yeast" of his scientific essay, which, he says, "will increase indefinitely when grown in the dark." Yeast reminded him of how other things grow in the dark,

as those "living organisms buried beneath two or three thousand fathoms of water." And the phenomena may remind us of the liberal leaven that is increasing indefinitely in places that seem dark with superstition.

We cannot help feeling some scandal when such a man as Huxley is buried with rites of the church whose every creed and article he pronounced untrue. That part of the service which gave God hearty thanks for delivering our brother out of the miseries of this sinful world may have met with an unuttered response from the clerical breast,—“We give thee hearty thanks for that it has pleased thee to deliver this world from a sinful heretic.” But not every clergyman is clerical, and we need not, like the adversary, dispute with the archangel for the dead body of our scientific Moses. The ancient Moses would seem to have given some rationalistic explanation of the way he got water out of the rock for the thirsty people; whereat Jehovah was angry, and said Moses should never enter the Promised Land; but nevertheless, when rationalistic Moses was dead, the archangel was sent to claim his body, as our archangels or archbishops claim the bodies of great men whose living spirit they could not subdue. This the Church would hardly do were there not multitudes within its own pale and its pulpits who inwardly recognise the great thinker as the truer archbishop of souls,—real souls. Much as we may deplore the giving up of the body of the President of the Association of Liberal Thinkers to burial under rites of superstitions he exposed, the surrender is not all on our side. The Church has buried, *in sure and certain hope of his resurrection to eternal life*, a man who denied every dogma on which that Church declares eternal life to depend. Huxley did not believe in the miracles, nor the inspiration of the Bible, nor the atonement, nor in any Deity as yet affirmed; yet the Church, by its most solemn service, has promised him eternal joy. Its old doctrine, “He that believeth not shall be damned,” is reserved for common people: it does not apply to Members of the Royal Society. I remember once standing beside the open grave of one of England’s greatest freethinkers, in Westminster Abbey, and as the service proceeded, its ancient chants and prayers seemed to ascend and

blend with the Abbey's solemn arches and the windows glowing with extinct saints; they all—arches, windows, chants, prayers—passed out of their literalism, and were fulfilling their higher and only genuine purpose, of decorating the monument of a great thinker who had interpreted their evolution from real to artistic symbolism.

There has not been by any means a unanimous expression among liberal people of admiration for Huxley. He trod on the theoretical toes of various schools of freethinkers; he repudiated the materialistic as well as the Christian flag, the atheistic along with the theistic; he would not join the Liberationists to disestablish the Church, and he held ideas of the parental functions of the State, which, while they offended the anti-vaccinationists and individualists, fell short of the friendship of socialists. Myself a personal-liberty man, I dissent strongly from some of his sociology. But what of that? All of these differentiations represent the man. That was Huxley. Had he been able to work in any harness, or bear any label, he would have been another man; and though the favored clan might have rejoiced in a powerful chief, the empire of thought would never have known its unique figure, its finest free lance. You who see, or think you see, faults in a great man, remember the profound truth of Shakespeare: "Best men are moulded out of faults."

My friend Mr. J. M. Robertson, in the current *Free Review* thinks there was some timidity in Huxley's advocating Bible reading in the schools, and in calling himself an "Agnostic." I know by long personal acquaintance with and study of the man, that there was no lack of courage in him. Both of those criticised things, little to my liking, represented an important side of a many-sided man. That side was Huxley's imagination. This was mainly developed into the scientific imagination, which enabled him to take the smallest themes suggested by others,—such as vertebration of the skull, or even large themes like natural selection,—and carry them into innumerable variations, and gather them all up in mighty symphonies of science, in which protoplasm and zoöphyte and plant, worm, man were all united in harmonious generalisation. Who that listened to those lectures can ever forget how in his hand the little piece of chalk swelled to a world populous with animal life, or the bit of coal became a diamond lens through which were seen the tree ferns and giant mosses of the primeval forest? I remember listening to him on an occasion when he invited us to take our stand with him, in imagination, on London Bridge; with him we remarked the current of the Thames, the slope of its banks, their distant curving; then passed on beyond its boats, barges, and ships, to its sources and its

mouth, varied by glances at primitive tribes on its shores; till we traced our old river, its tides, its geologic work, back to a different world and to the confines of the solar system. All this was the joint work of imagination interpreting scientific fact, and a finished literary art which could make an obscure thing clear at once to the taught and the untaught. For his profound humanitarian sympathies had led him to cultivate to the utmost the power of carrying, by both speech and drawing, the illiterate and unscientific along with him from first to last. The most subtle and far-reaching hypothesis ever made by any one, since the discovery of evolution, was, in my opinion, one originally made by Huxley concerning the vast chasm, moral and mental, between man and the highest of the lower animals. This was first given in a lecture to workingmen, and I will read it to you:

"Well, but," I am told at once, somewhat triumphantly, 'you say in the same breath that there is a great moral and intellectual chasm between man and the lower animals. How is this possible when you declare that moral and intellectual characteristics depend on structure, and yet tell us that there is no such gulf between the structure of man and that of the lower animals?'

"I think that objection is based upon a misconception of the real relations which exist between structure and function, between mechanism and work. Function is the expression of molecular forces and arrangements no doubt; but, does it follow from this, that variation in function so depends upon variation in structure that the former is always exactly proportioned to the latter? If there is no such relation, if the variation in function which follows on a variation in structure, may be enormously greater than the variation of structure, then, you see the objection falls to the ground. Take a couple of watches—made by the same maker, and as completely alike as possible; set them upon the table, and the function of each—which is its rate of going—will be performed in the same manner, and you shall be able to distinguish no difference between them; but let me take a pair of pincers, and if my hand is steady enough to do it, let me just lightly crush together the bearings of the balance-wheel or force to a slightly different angle the teeth of the escapement of one of them, and of course you know the immediate result will be that the watch so treated, from that moment will cease to go. But what proportion is there between the structural alteration and the functional result? Is it not perfectly obvious that the alteration is of the minutest kind, yet that slight as it is, it has produced an infinite difference in the performance of the functions of these two instruments?

"Well, now apply that to the present question. What is it that constitutes and makes man what he is? What is it but his power of language—that language giving him the means of recording his experience—making every generation somewhat wiser than its predecessor,—more in accordance with the established order of the universe? What is it but this power of speech, of recording experience, which enables men to be men,—looking before and after and, in some dim sense, understanding the working of this wondrous universe,—and which distinguishes man from the whole brute world? I say that this functional difference is vast, unfathomable, and truly infinite in its consequences; and I say at the same time, that it may depend upon structural differences which shall be absolutely inappreciable to us with our present means of investigation. What is this very speech that we are talking about? I am speaking to you at this moment, but if you

were to alter, in the minutest degree, the proportion of the nervous forces now active in the two nerves which supply the muscles of my glottis, I shall become suddenly dumb. The voice is produced only so long as the vocal chords are parallel; and these are parallel only so long as certain muscles contract with exact equality; and that again depends on the equality of action of those two nerves I spoke of. So that a change of the minutest kind in the structure of one of these nerves, or in the structure of the part in which it originates, or of the supply of blood to that part, or of one of the muscles to which it is distributed, might render all of us dumb. But a race of dumb men deprived of all communication with those who could speak, would be little indeed removed from the brutes. And the moral and intellectual difference between them and ourselves would be practically infinite though the naturalist should not be able to find a single shadow of even specific structural difference."

I remember, by the way, asking Professor Huxley whether if the throat of a fine opera-singer, like Jenny Lind, and the throat of a person of coarse voice, were given to an expert scientist to dissect, he could tell by great care which vocal chords belonged to the singer and which to the rude voice. He replied that it would be as difficult as for a musical expert to determine between two violins, outwardly alike in color and shape, which was the Cremona, and which an ordinary violin. He must first hear a note sounded. How marvelous is this! A difference of not even a hair's breadth,—a difference undiscoverable to the expert microscopist,—yet makes all the difference in function between the rudest voice, and the voice that enchants thousands.

You will observe in the quotation made how perfectly under control is his scientific imagination, in dealing with a scientific problem. He does not say that language is the agency by which man has been able to store up and apply his experiences, turn them into wisdom, and thereby far distance the dumb animals, even in bodily form; he merely suggests that as a probable factor, a working hypothesis. And in the same way he curbs his imagination when he comes to the limits of certainty with regard to matter, and with regard to mind. He cannot be persuaded to postulate a material substance causing mind, or a spiritual substance causing matter: he refuses to be labelled either Theist or Atheist; he says "I do not know"—and that is the English of Agnostic. It was put into that Greek form because it was first used by Huxley in a small club of learned men, the Metaphysical Society. It was published and popularised by others, not by himself, and if anybody has used it to conceal his scepticism it certainly was not Huxley. The word was a fair individual motto, like that of Montaigne, "*Que sais-je?*" "What know I?" Huxley declares in effect: "I know not anything beyond the contents of my consciousness: I say not there is or is not a God; I say not matter is or is not all. Such things may be knowable, but to me they are unknown." Such

is Huxley's attitude; and it appears to me a sad misuse of this accidentally coined word "agnostic," to disguise under it any beliefs or unbeliefs. It is a misfortune that the word ever passed out of the Metaphysical Society, for it is a time when every man should speak his thought in plain English speech, as Huxley certainly never failed to do.

But that same imagination of his, so perfectly filed and polished as an implement for scientific work, made Huxley among worldly affairs something of a dreamer, and occasionally even a visionary. Some of his dreams I share. Here is one:

"Again, I suppose it is universally agreed that it would be useless and absurd for the State to attempt to promote friendship and sympathy between man and man directly. But I see no reason why, if it be otherwise expedient, the State may not do something towards that end indirectly. For example, I can conceive the existence of an Established Church which should be a blessing to the community. A Church in which, week by week, services should be devoted, not to the iteration of abstract propositions in theology, but to the setting before men's minds of an ideal of true, just, and pure living; a place in which those who are weary of the burden of daily cares should find a moment's rest in the contemplation of the higher life which is possible for all, though attained by so few; a place in which the man of strife and of business should have time to think how small after all are the rewards he covets compared with peace and charity. Depend upon it, if such a church existed no one would seek to disestablish it."

But one of his visions lay rather closer to my vocation and experience than to his, and always appeared to me insubstantial. Such was his vision of the coming career of the Bible in the public schools. It was generally regarded by liberal thinkers as a lapse and a compromise for Huxley to support the reading of the Bible in the schools, after he had done so much to show the unscientific, unhistorical, and mythological character of that book. But his view was based on a real belief that the Bible would be used in the schools as he himself would use it, for the sake of its good English, its poetry, its good ethical teachings,—the bad ethics omitted,—and with such geographical and historical explanations, "by a lay teacher, as would bring the children into some kind of mental connexion with other countries and other civilisations of a great past." He believed the ethical ideal might thus be raised in young minds, and also the spirit of revolt against clerical and political despotism which pervades parts of the Bible.

All of this appeared to me when he said it, and appears now, both credulous and visionary. To a philosopher, to a mature scholar, the Bible is an invaluable book; for its myths, legends, folk-lore, poetic episodes, and ethical sentiments, if not principles. But it was not for the sake of these useful points that the Bible was forced on the schools; it was forced on them as the word of God, to be raised before the chil-

dren daily, whether they could understand a sentence of it or not,—to be raised before them as a thing to be worshipped, a leather-bound fetish. And this sacramental use of it inevitably paralyses the common-sense estimate of what is read, on which common-sense depends all the uses that Huxley hoped for. He had a vision of heretical Huxleys instructing innumerable little Huxleys. But that vision appears to me baseless, and the more probable result is likely to be a generation growing up with an antipathy to the Bible, as a burden on the teacher and a bore to themselves. Indeed, I remember this view urged on me in favor of Huxley's course. "What made you a freethinker?" he said: "Why, reading the Bible." Huxley had belief in English unorthodoxy: the last talk I had with him was on mottoes of the London guilds, which, he said, are mostly deistic. It appears that in boyhood Huxley enjoyed the Bible stories very much, and his mature writings show an acquaintance with the Bible rare even among clergymen and unexampled among the scientific men of our time. He is the only scientific man of our age who has followed orthodoxy and superstition into all their Biblical byways.

This became necessary because of his rejection of all a *priori* method. Outside the pure mathematics he, like Kant, would pronounce nothing impossible. To the assertion that a man walked on the water or rose from the dead he only asked for the evidence. Prove it, and he is ready at once to catalogue it among the phenomena of nature. We have plenty of miracles in science already, he told the clergy; and have not the least objection to adding yours; but we have an obstinate liking for evidence and verification.

It is characteristic of his severe scientific method that when the spiritualists came about with their mysterious rappings Professor Huxley at once began to search out whether there might not be some unused potentialities of human nature causing them: he experimented on himself, and after a little practice with two of his toes acquired ability to sit with motionless feet and yet make raps with his toes that sounded loudly through a large room. He not only believed that it was right to judge of every alleged fact by its own evidence, but drilled his mind to an instinct that way; insomuch that once in a company where I was present, met to investigate thought-reading, when Mr. Bishop first came from America, a marvellous thing was done, which nearly all the scientists present knew must be a trick, but Huxley, his knowledge of human nature being mainly scientific, at once prepared to subject the miracle to scientific experimentation. Mr. Bishop, however, announced that it was a mere trick, and showed how it was done. It was one of his illustrations and exposures of spiritualist impos-

ture, and he then proceeded to his own genuine and extraordinary powers of deriving mental impressions through muscular action.

You will observe that I am considering to-day mainly the President of our old Association of Liberal Thinkers. His excursions into political and sociological inquiries appear to me also visionary: presupposing a government of Solomons, instead of that which we have—a mere numerical majority of people struggling for their class-interests. Huxley's career is far too large to be dealt with in one discourse. His educational work, his protest against Sabbath-oppression, his services in the cause of female training in science and art, would need a volume for their estimate. His great strength lay in his scientific and philosophical culture, and in his wonderful critical insight. His contributions to science I am not competent to estimate; but I heard many of his lectures, and regard him as by far the most lucid and accomplished expounder and interpreter of science to whom I have listened. Of his philosophical genius some account, though very inadequate, has been given in his maintenance of the agnostic attitude with regard to the phenomenal and the real world. His philosophical competency is illustrated in his work on Hume, which deserves careful study. His great critical ability finds illustrations in his masterly rejoinders to Dr. Wace, Gladstone and the Duke of Argyll from five to eight years ago. These are collected with other things in his *Science and Christian Tradition*. This volume represents, I believe, the only detailed analysis of Biblical narration, and exposure of supernatural and Christian fallacies, made by any eminent man in this century. It merits our reverence for its courage; it elicits our wonder that amid multifarious official and scientific work, commanding the attention of the world, this learned criticism, not equalled by any professional theologian for thoroughness could have been achieved.

It is probable that the clerical array in their stronghold, besieged by these shining arrows, so finely feathered, must have reflected with pain on the good old time when the Church held the keys of learning, and all such knowledge was under its orders. But it is to be feared that our clergy only feel the smart of such arrows as Huxley's, and do not take to heart their significance. Every heresy of Huxley is a handwriting on the walls of the Church, admonishing it that so long as it bars out the genius of the nation it is rejecting the only true corner-stone of a real English Church; and that stone, if still rejected, will fall on it and grind it to powder. The heaviest blows the Church has received this hundred years have been from thinkers of largely religious genius, who aspired to work in the Church. Even Thomas Paine first tried to do his

work in the English Church. He knew science but not Greek, and was refused. Darwin studied for Holy Orders; Professor Clifford had the same aim; and it is said Professor Huxley had some such desire. He mentions that his friend Herbert Spencer always said there were clerical affinities about him. I have read you his high ideal of an English Church.

Against clericalism he was severe, but always had some hope of the Church's conversion. The story of his encounter with Bishop Wilberforce will bear repeating. When the British Association met at Oxford in 1860, the Church, which now has a Darwinian Archbishop of Canterbury, was bitterly denouncing Darwin, and in the crowded meeting at Oxford, Bishop Wilberforce turned on Huxley, and asked whether he (Huxley) was "related by his grandfather's or mother's side to an ape"? When Huxley's turn came he reviewed calmly the arguments of various speakers and then as calmly said:

"I asserted, and I repeat, that a man has no reason to be ashamed of having an ape for his ancestor. If there were an ancestor whom I should feel shame in recalling, it would be a prelate of restless and versatile intellect who, not content with an equivocal success in his own sphere of activity, plunges into scientific questions with which he has no real acquaintance, only to distract attention from the real issue by skilful appeals to religious prejudice."

Sometime after receiving that rebuke Bishop Wilberforce met Huxley, and said, "Well Professor, is it to be peace or war?" Huxley replied, "A little of both." And that answer fairly represents his attitude to the Church: it was both war and peace—war against their dogmas and superstitions, war against their clerical arrogance; but with it always a strong religious sentiment, a fine moral nature, and every quality of sympathy, which kept alive in him the ideal of a Church. How is it that the clergy cannot perceive how bad an exchange they have made in exchanging Darwin, Huxley, Clifford, for Athanasius? Such penal blindness as that which increasingly divorces the intellect of England from its Church—which exiles Huxley and takes Riley instead of him—can have but one issue. Some of the clergy are crying to St. Peter, as he once to Jesus: "Save, Lord, or I perish!" But Peter cannot help them. In Greek legend it is said that a statue was erected to Theagenes, son of Hercules, renowned for his strength and swiftness. But some rival, whom in life Theagenes had defeated in the Olympian games, pulled down his statue, which, however, in its fall crushed him who dragged it down. This is a parable of the Church, which was once the home of English genius,—having in its high places such men as Bishop Jeremy Taylor and Archbishop Tillotson, who freely rejected articles and dogmas repulsive to their reason and conscience. That noble ideal was overthrown by a reactionary

Church, and is now crushing it. As the Greek legend further runs, that barrenness fell on the country until the statue of Theagenes was set up again, so may we recognise that the Church will become increasingly barren as a spiritual power in the land until it restores the old standard of intellectual liberty, and throws open its portals to all men who prove with learning, eloquence, and fidelity to truth, their right to be religious leaders of men. We have, some of us, lived to see a procession of illustrious thinkers passing to their graves. Excommunicated while alive, their sepulchres are garnished when dead: pure, brave, wise, and true, they were teachers in the living temple of this great people: and among them towers the noble brow of Thomas Huxley.

A SAVING ELEMENT.

BY IRENE A. SAFFORD.

HE WHO has seen a ghost can never be as if he had not seen it, says Cardinal Newman. Modern society has seen a ghost, and the growing question is, can it ever be again as if it had not seen it.

It is true that it is a somewhat disjointed ghost, scattering stray gleams and revelations along its way—here a Trilby foot and there a Manxman's forehead—but trailing ever clouds of passion-splendors in its wake, and stirring, what its French master calls, "the subtle odor of love."

Science has caught its image and turned its searchlights upon it. Theology has seen its handwriting on the wall and striven not to be found wanting. Art has leaped up to welcome it, and all literature appears to have become its willing servant.

Meantime, plain, every-day men and women, who do not like its lineaments, are asking seriously what is to be the end of its open-air diversions, and are we ever to be again as though we had not seen it. Is a return to that paganism which we are told "is older than Athens" to eliminate all the spirituality of nineteen Christian centuries from the "divine passion" and leave us but a modern type of that "Aphrodite Pandemos" which the better thought of even the pagan world rejected.

Such certainly is the character of that ghost which now haunts the courts of love, and, after the fashion of all things good or bad verily determines, as the great Cardinal has it, that they who have seen it shall never be again as though they had not seen it.

Now it appears to be the ordinary and orthodox thing for all who admit this premise, to conclude mournfully that from conflict with such a spectre, society must inevitably come out second best, and many are the warning notes sent out from press and pulpit to guard the young person from its vampire touch. But the significant thing to be considered here

is, that nothing in all the facts and evidences of everyday life would seem to indicate that humanity is made of such poor stuff as to suffer much at the hands of such a foe. There never was a time when the level head of the young person and all the rank and file of society were more determinedly turned away from any reckless and disturbing freaks of love, than at the present moment. It does not appear that the women who read Ibsen and Mäterlink, discuss Tess, and give Trilby matinees, are any less pure and well-regulated in their daily lives than their puritan sisters who were brought up on Charlotte Elizabeth and Hannah More.

The prevailing tone of intercourse between men and women generally was never more bright and wholesome, more free from sickly sentimentality or nonsense, than in these days of the college educated girl and the club-room freedom of study and discussion. However it may be in those European centres of civilisation of which Max Nordau writes, in America we do not find that "concomitant phenomenon of social crime and decay," which he claims waits upon the bold, bad literature of the hour, and in a special sense differentiates our time from any other troubled period of history. The bringing out of the ghosts of society into the light of day tends rather to seal their doom at the bar of common intelligence and understanding. And especially is this so in view of the manner of that bringing out. "Vice," says Burke, "loses half its evil by losing all its grossness," but the revolting grossness with which the love tale of today is handled, destroys its power for evil, however "deliciously wicked" it aims to be. It may not be going too far to submit, indeed, that if simply the French masters and artists were left out of the account, there are no others who can touch that irregular phase of love, which makes the burden of our present fiction, in a sufficiently delicate and subtle manner to make it very dangerous.

It takes these wicked, intense, and spirit-probing Frenchmen to invest Lucifer with the air of saint or martyr, or make the wrecking of life and honor a sublimated offering to the highest gods. It is they only who can fill their artistic productions, "full to overflowing with the sap of impurity," as Saint Beuve has it, yet give their fruit and flower a spirit-fineness and flavor that might bewilder the archangels.

The English touch especially is gross and heavy, and if the English writers should go on rolling out their pessimistic tales of passion and despair to the end of time, they could never blind the better instincts of mankind sufficiently to do much harm with them.

The truth is, that, despite the loud cry of "degeneracy" and "retrogression" on every hand, mankind is growing more and more to recognise that love is a spirit force, a spirit life and regeneration, and

any author or artist who deals with it mainly from the physical standpoint, might better commit his works to the beasts of the fields for preservation, than expect an intelligent public will have long patience with them. Why some truly strong and able writers of today should be willing to miss the ranks of the immortals through this tampering with clay, is for them to declare, but that the deepening spiritual consciousness of humanity shall miss its better ideals of love and truth through any forms or phantoms that they may set up, is a fear that need not largely disturb the anxious inquirer who looks without the Max Nordau spectacles into the real life about him.

As love is at the heart of all life, it is generally conceded that the first evidence of any ills than can afflict the social body declare themselves by derangements in love; but equally is it true that through the eternal power and purity of love are these evils sooner or later corrected. It has been recently set forth that the regeneration of polygamous man, so far as he is regenerated, has been brought about through woman's love for her offspring, but beyond even that it may be submitted that woman's love for pure love and her instinctive demand for its holiest ideals, is one of the strongest forces in existence for holding society to its moorings. Not for her offspring alone but for herself and for all humanity's offspring is she forever committed to monogamy, to the changeless ideal of the one man to the one woman. To "love the highest" is the first need of her soul and the one sin that she never forgives in herself or her lover, is any wrong done to the white sanctities of love. It is the strange ignoring of this principle of everlasting nature that dooms much of the strongest fiction of to-day. The artist who portrays a woman without this instinct, whether he sets his subject in the Latin Quarter, or in the Vale of Blackmoor, or among the Boer women in the heart of Africa, misses that truth to nature which art demands and renders his work really more inartistic than immoral, however he might have preferred the opposite result. The true masters never err in this way. Balzac puts this feminine key-note through all its intensest chords, but he never once suffers it to give out this false sound. Tolstoi strains it to its utmost in his Anna Karenina, but makes the tragic tones ring clear to it. Auerbach "On the Heights" sets it to royal music, but holds its purifying heart strains triumphant. It is a different style of writer who attempts to paint "a pure woman," who can be blown by winds of destiny from one man's arms to another, or innocently follow love from bower to bower as a sweet pastime. But to suppose that these writers can do very much harm with their "divigations" is to suppose that they can reconstruct human nature and wipe out from a large proportion

at least of the human race the very first instincts of being.

It is strange that this native and eternal bar to chaos is so generally ignored by the troubled writers on our times. They appeal to religion, to the progress of science, to the better adjustment of new inventions and activities to the understanding and capacity of man, to countless outside elements and forces, but seldom to the sound and saving qualities of simple human nature itself. Untold feats and wonders of reformation are assigned to the "emancipated woman" of to-day, but here at the fountain head where her power is mightiest, nothing seems to be expected of her. Nay worse, she is even dealt with by those who should know her better as if there were a danger in her liberties, and "half blind with intellectual light, half brutalised with civilisation" she really might fall into some such bottomless pit, as that opened to her by Grant Allen's "Woman Who Did," or Davidson's "Ballad of a Nun." The everlasting fact that pure love is a necessity to her, and that all the "erotic writers" in creation could not blind her to the knowledge that true marriage is the whitest human flower of it, is left entirely out of the account. And yet to these springs of purification in human nature itself, to that inherent and untrained morality which Sophocles calls "the eternal law of the gods," must the final hope and appeal of course be turned. He who does not believe in these, need not take counsel with Max Nordau for the "physical regeneration" of mankind, nor yet with Mayo Hazeltine for the spiritual, but might as well commit himself at once to the rigors of an older counsellor and "curse God and die," for there would be nothing left in His "sweet human creation" that the onridding powers of brute force could not overcome. To those, however, who would still believe that God made man and probably woman upright, it is yet possible to say, "cling to the old faith, look hopefully about you, see how in quiet homes and orderly communities your neighbors and acquaintances live out their patient, law-abiding lives, note how the temples to the Invisible still lift their glistening spires to heaven and through all shifting forms of warring forces, the yearning heart of humanity yet holds its fundamental faith in the true, the eternal, and the divine."

THE IDEA OF EVIL IN EARLY CHRISTIANITY.

THE EVIL ONE played an important part in the imagination of the people in the time of Christ. Satan is mentioned repeatedly by the scribes and the people of Israel in the synoptic gospels, by the Apostles, especially by St. Paul, and very often in the revelation of St. John. Jesus follows the common belief of the time in attributing mental diseases to the possession

of demons, and we might expect that he shared the popular view. Nevertheless, he speaks, upon the whole, less of the Devil than do his contemporaries.

The Jesus of the Gospels is said to have been tempted by the Devil in much the same way that Buddha was tempted by Māra, the Evil One. Even the details of the story of their temptation possess many features of resemblance.

Christ represents the Devil as the enemy that sows tares among the wheat, and addresses as Satan one of his disciples who speaks words that might lead him into temptation. We read in Mark, viii., 33, and Math., xvi., 23:

"He rebuked Peter, saying: 'Get thee behind me, Satan, for thou savorest not the things that be of God, but the things that be of men.'"

This fact alone appears sufficient to prove that, while it is natural that Christ used the traditional idea of Satan as a personification of the evil powers to furnish him with materials for his parables, Satan to him was mainly a symbol of anything wicked or morally evil.

In addition to his old names of Satan, Beelzebub, and Devil (which latter appears first in Jesus Sirach), the Evil One is called in the New Testament the prince of this world, the great dragon, the old serpent, the prince of the devils, the prince of the power of the air, the spirit that now worketh in the children of disbelief, the Antichrist. Satan is represented as the founder of an empire that struggles with and counteracts the kingdom of God upon earth. He is powerful, but less powerful than Christ and his angels. He is conquered and doomed through Christ, but he is still unfettered.

The Christian Fathers lived in a time when paganism was still a power. The gods of paganism, accordingly, naturally helped to swell the Christian demonology. On the one hand, the idea of angels as a hierarchy of ministers, messengers, and plenipotentiaries of God became more and more developed. On the other hand, Satan and the Satanic host were dualistically represented in a perfect dualism as the hostile camp of God's adversaries.

Tertullian calls the Devil the ape of God, and maintains that he imitates the Lord, and tries to copy him even in smaller matters. Whenever church institutions are found to agree with pagan modes of worship, Tertullian regards such coincidences as a work of the Devil.¹ This is a good instance of the Devil's extraordinary cunning. He must either have had daring spies in heaven or he himself must have anticipated the Lord's plans; for the most of the pagan institutions spoken of as Satanic imitations are older than Christianity.

¹ *Dei sacramenta Satanas affectat. De exh. cast.*, 13.

The Gnostics represent the demiurge, i. e. the architect of the world, whom they identify with the Jewish Yahveh, as the father of all evil. They describe him as irascible, jealous, and revengeful, and contrast him to the highest God who had nothing to do with the creation. As the demiurge created the world, he has a right to it, but he was beaten through the death of Jesus. The demiurge thought to conquer Jesus when he let him die on the cross, but his triumph was preposterous, for through the passion and death of the innocent Jesus the victory of God was won and the salvation of mankind became established.

One peculiarly interesting sect of the Gnostics is called the Ophites or serpent worshippers. The demiurge (so they hold), on recognising the danger that might result from the emancipation of man through gnosis (i. e., knowledge or enlightenment), forbade him to eat from the fruit of the tree of knowledge. But the God, the highest Lord, the all-good and all-wise, took compassion on man and sent the serpent to induce him to eat of the tree of knowledge so that he might escape the bondage of ignorance in which Yahveh, the demiurge, tried to hold him.

Irenæus, an adversary of the gnostic view, replaced the demiurge by the Devil, whom he regards as a rebel angel, having fallen by pride and arrogance, envying God's creation (*Adv. her.*, No. 40). He agrees, however, with the Gnostics, in that he maintains that the Devil had claims upon man because of man's sin. Jesus, however, having paid the debt of mankind, has the power to redeem the souls of men from the clutches of the Devil, who, by having treated a sinless man as a sinner, became himself a debtor of mankind.

This juridical theory of the death of Jesus and his relation to the Devil was further elaborated by Origen. According to Origen the sacrifice of Jesus is not rendered to make an atonement with God or satisfy his feeling of justice (which is the Protestant conception), but to pay off the Devil. Jesus is, as it were, a bait for the Devil. Satan imagines he must destroy Jesus, but having succeeded in killing him, finds out, to his unspeakable regret, that he has been outwitted by the good Lord. God had set a trap, and the Devil was foolish enough to allow himself to be caught.

The last attempt to represent evil as an independent power was made by the adherents of Manes, a man who had been educated in the Zoroastrian faith of the Persians, and endeavored to found a universal religion through the synthesis of all the religions he knew. His views are called Manicheism. Because Manicheism contains many Christian elements, it is commonly regarded as a Christian sect, but since Manes preserved the Persian dualism, his views were strongly denounced as heretical by St. Augustine who denied that the evil in the world had any independent

existence or a separate origin of its own. He explained the presence of evil in the world from the free will of God's creatures, and regarded it as a means in God's method of education. P. C.

NOTES.

A reader of *The Open Court* writes as follows: "Allow me to congratulate you on the publication of that great poem, 'The Usurper's Assassin,' by *Viroe*, in the latest *Open Court*." Far more daring than anything I know of in Swinburne, it yet has all Swinburne's grace and perfection of workmanship. The power of a master speaks in every line, and I am proud to pay to such a mind the tribute of prompt homage and recognition. As a force working for Truth and Freedom, I feel that this poem will do more to enlighten and uplift humanity than all the sermons that were ever preached in church or synagogue. It deserves to rank with Shelley's "Prometheus." Every lover of Truth who will read it until he knows it by heart and can recite it aloud, will find himself strengthened and uplifted."

"*Viroe*" and "*Hudor Genone*" are *noms de plume* of the same author.

The Union, a semi-monthly journal for English and Americans in Germany, is edited in Wiesbaden (Wilhelmstrasse 2) by an enterprising young Chicago woman, Miss Linda M. Prussing, daughter of one of the early settlers, whose memory is still preserved and respected among his many friends in the city of the World's Fair. The journal (now in its fourth month) is full of various topics of interest to English-speaking people in Europe. Some numbers contain well-executed illustrations, and the general management shows the spirit of Western enterprise. We hope that the undertaking will prove a success.

Virchand R. Gaudhi attended the Religious Parliament in Ajmere, India, and he writes to Mrs. Maude Howard of Chicago as follows: "I staid in Ajmere for a week. The religious conference held there on the 26th to 28th of September was a success. There were representatives of eighteen different faiths present, including Mohammedanism and Christianity. I represented Jainism. The President was Mr. Fateh Chand, a Jain, barrister of Ajmere, who is now a judge there. The proceedings were conducted with tolerance and in brotherly attitude."

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