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## THE OMNIPOTENCE OF GOOD.

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MAN'S conceptions of the World-Spirit have varied with the stage of his progress. They are almost as numerous, and quite as diverse, as the individuals that hold them; yet there is a strong family-likeness between them all.

In the infancy of the race, the controlling forces of the world about him were conceived of as numerous and purely local demons or sprites.

So limited are they that they are conceived of primarily, as actually inhabiting and inspiring certain objects or animals about him. The black, sullen snag that breaks the meshes of his rude fishing-net, the tree that falls crashing across his mud-but, the tiger that pounces upon his flocks, the breeze that frightens away the buffalo which he is stalking,—these are each and all supernatural beings that may be propitiated by sacrifice and pleased by worship. They are nearly all, oddly enough as it would appear at first glance, more or less malevolent, or at least mischievous, in disposition, and the earliest worship and ritual aims purely to secure a policy of non-interference on the part of the divinities, by flattering and coaxing, or even by frightening them. A moment's reflexion, however, will show us that this curious tendency is merely the result of the much more vivid impression produced upon our senses by pain and ill-fortune, than by their opposites. The latter we take as a matter of course, a necessary reward of our merits, no amount of them disturbs our equanimity; the former excites our liveliest interest and resentment, and compels our respect and attention. "Good luck" may be left to take care of itself; no need to worry ourselves about it; "bad luck" demands our immediate personal attention and promptest and most vigorous action to prevent its recurrence. Consequently the dominant idea in the savage conception of nature is a distinctly unfriendly, if not actually spiteful, one. As Sir John Lubbock declares, "It is not too much to say that the horrible dread of unknown evil hangs like a thick cloud over savage life, and embitters every pleasure." If there be any other powers at work, they may be neglected with safety, especially as the evil ones are so much more powerful and active.

The nixies, kelpies, and Loreleis, which lurk for their prey at the bottom of rivers and pools, the witches of the Brocken, the grisly "Wild Huntsman" who sweeps through the forest on the wings of the midnight storm, the gnomes, bogies, and fetches that hide in the mountain-glens, the ghouls of the lonely churchyard, the banshee and "will-o'-the-wisp" of the mists and marshes, and the cluricans of the black bog are the ghostly scattered survivors of the earliest deities of our ancestors. And to this day such influence as they are supposed to possess is almost universally dreaded, and their very apparition the foreboder of disaster or death.

As the family, tribe, and clan gradually organised themselves in slow succession, these explanatory conceptions got classified and simplified somewhat. Instead of each individual, family, or valley having its own particular "familiar spirit," as was still actually the case scarcely three generations ago with the "Bodach glas" of the McIvors and the "banshee" of the O'Donahues, some two or three are agreed upon as the gods of the tribe or country. And this increase of dominion and dignity on their part is accompanied by some improvement in disposition. Though, like their earthly prototype, the embryo Napoleon of the tribe, they may oppress and plunder their own people, they will at least protect them against their enemies and even administer a rude justice among them. This is the stage in which the Ark of the Covenant is carried into battle and the Philistines explain their defeat on the ground that the battle was fought among the hills, the "native heath" of Israel's gods, while "our gods are the gods of the plain." From this it is but a step to the conception of gods who, except when their vengeance is roused or cupidity excited, are comparatively indifferent to mankind, and whose attention should be consequently avoided as completely as possible. Prosperity, especially, provokes their jealousy, and it is still popularly regarded as "dangerous" to be too happy.

A little further we have the powerful group of deities, such as inhabited Olympus, who could be friendly or hostile, according as their interest or whim suggested, and whose general attitude was that of a feebly good-natured tolerance of mankind. The first

dawning of the idea of a general unity is here seen in the presence of a presiding deity in the person of Jove, who, though of distinctly doubtful moral character, on the whole checks the worst excesses of his subordinates and maintains a sort of rude justice among and between both mortals and immortals. But even Jove may be bullied by Juno, tempted by mortal women, and threatened by conspiracies of the lesser gods, while ever behind him, vague but terrible, is the huge black figure of resistless Fate, of *Moîpa*, which whirls him helplessly along.

So far malevolence and benevolence, good and evil, have been inextricably mixed together in every conception, the evil on the whole predominating; but now comes the noble step for which we are mainly indebted to the great Semitic family, of separating the evil and spiteful from the righteous and just, under the figure of the "Powers of Light" and the "Powers of Darkness." At first these powers are almost equally divided, waging an incessant conflict with varying chances, man's assistance being often sufficient to turn the scale. Traces of this last curious idea are to be found in both the Old and New Testament, in such expressions as "Coming up to the help of the Lord against the mighty. . . . The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force," and in the presence of the saints at the battle of Armageddon.

One of the simplest forms of this theogony is the religion of the early Persians, where the Powers of Light are marshalled under or personified by the great "Spirit of Good," Ormuzd (Ahura Mazda), while those of Darkness are similarly represented by the great "Spirit of Evil," Ahriman.

Both of these beings are regarded originally as divine, immortal, and entirely independent of each other, and are even represented as making agreements and treaties with each other, as in the first chapter of Job, or assisting one another, as when the "lying Spirit" is permitted to enter into the prophets of Ahab to lure him on to his death at Ramoth-Gilead. At first they are regarded as practically equal in power and authority, evil if anything, being the more active, and certainly much more to be dreaded of the two, but as the intellectual and ethical standing of the race improves, the latter gradually diminishes in power and importance until at last it owes its very existence to the sufferance of the good, and degenerates into a mere "Lord High Executioner," or "roaring lion," ready to pounce upon all offenders the moment that the favor of good power is withdrawn from them.

In the earlier stages, man prayed and sacrificed to or made his peace with the Power of Evil directly, a sin whose enormity and alarming frequency was inveighed against by every ecclesiastical tribunal up to

the eighteenth century, and whose possibility is still to this day admitted wherever the belief in witchcraft, or "selling oneself to the Devil," exists. In later stages he prays and sacrifices to the Powers of Good, that they may protect him against the Powers of Evil. There is, alas, too much of this motive, even in the worship of the nineteenth century, while to the mediæval Christian, the principal use of God would seem to have been to protect him from the Devil. Indeed, so much is the latter personage feared and dreaded in all ages, in spite of his fallen and degenerate condition, and so incessant and tremendous is the struggle to escape his clutches, that one can hardly help wondering whether he has not practically become the real object of worship to the shivering and self-tortured monk, the Jesuit with his torch and rack, the beauty-hating, witch-burning Puritan, or the modern camp-meeting exhorter with his hell-fire and brimstone. Judged by their frenzied excesses and their fruits, Satan, rather than Jehovah, is their god.

Both Christianity and Mohammedanism, while theoretically declaring that God is omnipotent, all-wise, all-loving, with the noblest of attributes and loftiest character, a being who compels our worship and admiration, yet find themselves practically very much concerned with a certain greatly inferior and defeated, but extremely active and malignant Evil Spirit, who, for some mysterious reason, though utterly base by nature and of wholly injurious influence, is permitted to exist, although a vague hope is held out of his ultimate extinction or disappearance.

This hope, Darwinism fulfils. The Fourth Gospel declares that the universe consists of an Eternal God *plus* an Immortal Devil. The "Gospel according to Darwin" rings out the trumpet-call, "There is no God but The Good." It bases this, its faith, upon no documents save the broad pages of the Book of Nature, with their hieroglyphics of green and gold: no miracles, save the ever-new ones, of the sunrise, the springing of the grass, the egg in the downy nest: no voice save that eternal choral in which the thunderous diapason of the surf upon the crags blends with the singing of the morning stars.

In the realm of the great physical forces, its supporting evidence amounts almost to a demonstration. Here are giants indeed, fierce, resistless, terrible. Which is the greatest, the most powerful? First of all, the eye picks out instinctively the dazzling helm of the messenger of Jove, the lightning with his glittering spear, and his black-browed brother, "Ba-im-Wa-Wa," the thunder, at the sound of whose awful voice "deep calleth unto deep." But there is a Mightier far than these. The glance is next caught by the towering, threatening, form of the Storm King in his mantle of black cloud, edged with snowy fringes

of sea-foam ; he bows the giant oak like a bulrush, and crushes the iron-clad leviathans of war-like eggshells, but there is one who feels him but as the draught of His fire-place. Scarce can we turn our heads ere we are met by the deadly tiger-like rush and swirl and sulky foam-crest of the flood-fiend with his familiars, the hissing, seething water-spout, and silent shroud of the snow in its soft but resistless and fatal folds.

Surely here is the "Prince of the Powers" chiselling out the canyons, levelling the hills, filling up the valleys, and building the continents out into the deeps of ocean, but in the eyes of the King he is but a mere gutter-flow. What then is the greatest among the physical forces, the Chief of the great blind Titans? Like the "still, small voice," it is neither in the sweep of the whirlwind, the throb of the earthquake, nor the glare of the lightning, but is gentler and greater far than any of these. More penetrating than the thunderbolt, stronger than the storm-wind, more irresistible than the floods of many waters, is the gentle, laughing, golden Sunshine, to which the flowers lift their faces, and little children stretch out their tiny hands. Here is the Greatest Thing in the physical world, and behold it is Good.

Let it withdraw itself, and the light of the world is gone. Let it appear, heat quickly follows, and with it life in all its forms. Without the vortex-rings born of its warmth, the winds could not stir, and the very air would rot in a stagnant pool thirty miles deep; without its ever-plunging force-pumps, no clouds could form to refresh the earth and grind down the mountains into meadows, not even the blue glitter of electricity would relieve the deadly gloom: in fact, all these tremendous forces are but puppets moved by the Sun-God's fingers. And yet they have been deified a hundred times as often as he has, and seriously regarded as not only independent, but even greater than he.

Man is inclined to worship only those things and influences which can make him uncomfortable,—for obvious reasons,—hence his idea of their relative importance. It may be only a curious coincidence, but the cynical suggestion makes itself, that the light and life giving Sun-God has mainly been worshipped in or upon the borders of the tropics, where droughts and sun-strokes were to be dreaded.

In the realm of animate existence, what is the greatest thing?

Watching the tiny shoots and delicate tendrils of spring life, trembling in the blast or bowing before the rainstorm, they seem the feeblest, frailest things in the world. In comparison with the birds and the animals, the robin scudding South before the breath of the Frost King, or the wolf crouching in his lair till

the storm has abated, they seem like pygmies in the grasp of Titans. By thousands they fall at our side and tens of thousands at our right hand, shrivelled in the glow of the forest-fire, flattened by the wind, buried by the floods, blighted by the frosts, withered by drought, every element seems their foe. Their destruction is by wholesale, their reproduction at retail. Surely they cannot long escape extinction! They seem to have done so, however, for some billions of years, and not only that, but have grown and increased in that time from a mere handful of tiny grey lichens, clinging to the inhospitable surface of the granite, into these myriads upon myriads of forms, ranging from the most delicate beauty to the most majestic grandeur, in the very teeth of just such hostile conditions.

They rise alike upon the ruins of the grandeur of empires, and upon the rotting fragments of the very rock ribs of Mother Earth. Yielding to everything, they conquer all things at last, even Time himself. They achieve eternal life. This generation withers and dies, but not before its life has fallen back into the soil to become the seed of the next. Mountains change their form, their granite crags crumble under the frost and melt beneath the torrent; the "white and wailing fringe of sea" is continually changing its sandy curves and steadily receding oceanward, but the carpet of living green which robes the one and borders the other smiles on forever, unchanged except by increase. It is not only as everlasting as they, but gains on them century after century. And strange as it may seem, the softer it is, the more intensely alive, and the more irresistible! The ivy will destroy the oak; the pine root cleaves the solid rock; the worm pierces everywhere.

In our own bodies, the hard and iron-like bone, and the flinty tooth, soften and melt before the advance of the soft, jelly-like "granulation tissue" of healing processes, or the attack of the polyp-like osteoclast, while the rigid skull is moulded upon and by the soft and delicate brain within. Here again "organised sunlight," which we call "life," is the greatest, the strongest, the most enduring thing in the world. And behold, it too is Good.

In the world of moral forces, which is the greatest?

Is it the great, positive, noble, sunshiny forces of Love, Truth, Honor, Courage, or the fierce, narrow, bitter, crouching impulses of Hatred, Falsehood, Dishonesty, Cowardice?

The question answers itself. With the exception of Hatred, all of the latter group are essentially negative, merely the absence of the virtue which is their opposite. Alone they would fall by their own weight, and can only exist or have influence at all as exceptions to a general rule. A man *must* tell the truth at

least ten times to be able to lie once to any advantage, and it is only those swindlers who have earned a high reputation for probity by years of honest living who can do any serious harm. No one would think of trusting an habitual liar or cheat. Even from a mere commercial standpoint, "honesty is the best policy." As to the relative strength of Love and Hatred, the general opinion would hesitate somewhat before deciding. But it would not be for long. In the average human mind, there is a dread of hatred, a fear of arousing enmity, which is positively superstitious in its intensity and out of all proportion to the real power of the passion. Very much for the same reason that our savage ancestors first worship the hostile influences of nature, because they make such vivid impressions. Probably the lyric Wizard of the North voices pretty nearly the popular sentiment upon this theme when he makes the fierce-eyed bard chant,

" Kindness fadeth away,  
But vengeance endureth forever."

Then again an enormously exaggerated importance is ascribed to hatred from another cause. It is so much more soothing to our self-respect to ascribe our misfortunes and failures to the malice and machinations of real or imaginary enemies, than it is to admit them to be due to any deficiencies in ourselves. The justly defeated candidate blames the spite of his opponents or treachery of jealous friends, not his own unfitness; and the moral transgressor ascribes his own sin to the malicious wiles of the Devil.

Indeed, in this respect the Evil Spirit is a great comfort. Fully a third of his "bad eminence" in the theology of the day is owing to it, and Darwinism has no substitute to offer for him, though heredity may be twisted to fill the gap by a little ecclesiastical treatment.

But these views of the power of hatred are mere optical illusions which vanish on careful inspection. Hatred is the leaping flame of the brush-wood campfire, capable of much damage at times, but fitful, short-lived, temporary. Love is the clear, steady glow under the boilers of the great engine, purposeful, constant, undying. Even that much-denounced passion, selfishness, the motive-power of civilisation and the ruling impulse of the great bulk of human action, is essentially, trite as it may sound, a form of it, viz., love of self and not hatred of others, as one would imagine from the vehemence with which it is preached against. It is a tremendous factor in progress, and within reasonable limits is not only legitimate, but highly commendable. Even the Golden Rule does not forbid it, but merely demands that "love of thy neighbor" shall equal it, because it is the highest and most reliable standard to be found. It is the love of freedom and of justice that makes nations great, the love

of country or devotion to gallant leaders which wins great battles, the love of truth that inspires a Galileo, a Newton, a Columbus; in short, love is the main-spring of every great achievement.

What trophies can Hatred show?

Even in battle the best soldier is not he who most bitterly hates the enemy, but he who most dearly loves his country. Hatred is not even the ruling spirit of warfare. Far from it. A dozen other impulses are more potent here, love of country and home, of glory, ambition, emulation, obedience, sympathy, comradeship, desire to succeed.

Love is far the Greatest Thing in the moral world, and that pretty nearly includes the universe.

Sweetness and Light are again triumphant, entirely on their own merits.

In fine, wherever the glance falls, whatever realm we scan, we find the Good, omnipotent and constant, positive—the Evil, feeble and cringing, negative. Evil is the black shadow cast by the sunlight of the Good; the exception to the rule of goodness, nay more, in most cases only a lower form of it. As Browning chants:

" The Evil is null, is nought,  
Is Silence implying sound;  
What was good, shall be good  
With, for evil, so much good more."

If this be the case, what need is there, then, of the conception of an Evil Spirit? Or what scope remains for the exercise of his powers?

It is curious to notice how the extent of his dominion has steadily shrunken with the progress of knowledge. In the earliest days, he was master of the greater part of the universe, for his sway was absolute during the hours of darkness: indeed, he is known as the "Prince of this World" to this day. He was a personification of that fear of the dark which even yet casts a gloom over the infant or ignorant mind. But darkness was soon found to be just as necessary to life, and almost as beneficial as light; and the night-demon is changed into an angel whose wings softly hover over the bosom of tired old Mother Earth. In a like manner, also, the storm, the lightning-bolt, the ocean-surge, the bitter tooth of the frost have had their devils cast out and sit, clothed in their right mind, at the feet of man, his best friends and most powerful servants. Driven from these domains, the evil spirits crave permission, as it were, "to enter into swine," and appear next in the human body. The pangs of hunger are attributed to them, and to this day the nineteenth century pagan of the Whitechapel slums will gravely assure you that she has a "tiger in her inside," to whose claws she lays the pangs of hunger and the gnawing pains of indigestion. Then disease becomes his special manifestation, and the "medicine-man" is summoned with drum and sweat-bath and

evil smells to drive him out of the sufferer's body. Traces of this belief are yet to be found in popular medicine. Finally in this stage, death becomes his peculiar triumph, and charms are worn, vows are paid, and pilgrimages undertaken in the hope of avoiding it as long as possible.

But now, in the clear, white light of even such knowledge as we have obtained, hunger is seen to be one of the greatest and most constant spurs to progress; disease but health-processes run riot, life out of place; and death but the kindly welcome return of our tired bodies to the warm crucible of Mother Earth, thence to emerge again in higher, lovelier forms. As the darkness clears away, the gruesome shapes that it has conjured up disappear with it.

Last of all, the Devil entereth into the hitherto undiscovered forces of nature, the realm of theology, and the regions of the future. He has been completely dislodged from the first stronghold, but only partially so from the second and third, which offer peculiar facilities for his occupancy, "being a thing ethereal, like himself." Everything that good Father Boniface couldn't understand was "of the Devil." Roger Bacon was in league with him when he produced those tremendous explosions in his cell, as was evidenced by the sulphurous smell which followed them, and many a noble discoverer was denounced as a wizard, or even burned at the stake, for availing himself of his aid. Had Edison lived but two centuries ago, he would surely have been stoned like the rest of the prophets. In fact, the whole realm of the mysterious was the peculiar domain of Satan, as our colloquialism, "the Devil is in it," still reminds us, and to a considerable degree it is so yet, but as fast as the mystery retreats, so does he.

In the theological world the Evil One still holds an important place, as the author and instigator of what is technically known as "Sin," but as some human individual is held to be fully responsible and is severely punished for every particular and specific item of this transgression, it is a little hard to see just exactly what part the agency of His Satanic Majesty plays in it. If sin is the work, not of man, but of an Evil Spirit, why punish the former for it? If, on the other hand (to which science cordially assents), every instance of wrong-doing is the voluntary act of some free human being, and further, in most cases, the effect of a primarily-beneficent impulse run wild, a superhuman "Father of Sin" becomes little more than a figure of speech. In fact, his principal remaining function even here is that of the phantom warder of a ghostly future, or under-world, in which congenial limbo we may leave him for the present.

To conclude, a being or influence absolutely and essentially evil is a thing of which the Darwinist can

find no proof or trace whatever. It would be incapable of continued existence, even if brought into being, is contrary to the whole tendency of the universe, and is absolutely unthinkable. This gives him the whole universe to love and to worship.

The Darwinist's God is neither a "jealous" God, nor a petty or revengeful one, for he worships the *Weltgeist*, that great calm, loving impulse which underlies all the forces and pulses of nature. Everything in nature to him is sacred, and any "place whereon he standeth is holy ground."

The forests are his temples, the mountains his altars, the birds his choristers, and the flowers his censers.

The Darwinist alone can truly cry:

"O world, as God has made it,  
All is beauty!  
And knowing this is Love—  
And Love is Duty!"

#### PROF. F. MAX MÜLLER'S REMINISCENCES OF J. BARTHELEMY SAINT-HILAIRE.

ONE of the happiest and brightest hours during the many bright and happy hours which I spent at Paris last month, on the occasion of the centenary of the Institut de France, was the hour I spent one morning with my old friend, Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire. He did not attend our meetings, and his presence was missed by many. I called on him at his house in the Rue Flandrin, beyond the Arc de Triomphe. It was not easy during that busy week to find time for personal visits, but I was determined to see the old sage once more, and I was rewarded. I went early, and found him as usual in his study, which was lighted up by lamps, as he was afraid of sunlight as injurious to his eyes, and for years had never worked by daylight. He stepped in as erect as ever, in his grey dressing gown, a small cap on his head, and gave me the warmest welcome. I looked at him for a minute or two, curious to see whether old age had worked any changes in his face and his frame. No, there he was, the same as ever, not bent in the least, not moving about slowly or timidly, his face, though pale, yet healthy and fresh, his eyes clear and steady, his voice even and sonorous, and the grasp of his hands as firm and as warm as when I met him first fifty years ago, when we were both attending Burnouf's lectures at the Collège de France. I should have called his features perfect and beautiful. There was no sign in them of the disfiguring ravages of old age, and when I watched him moving the chairs nearer to the fire, carrying about a heavy lamp from one table to another, fetching books from the shelves of his library, and plunging at once into the profoundest problems of ancient and modern philosophy. I wondered at the triumph of the spirit over the body, and I said to myself, "O Time, where is thy sting! Old Age, where is thy victory!"

On his writing-table I saw some volumes of Plato, and sheets of paper covered with his own beautiful handwriting.

"What are you working at now?" I said.

"I have completed my *Aristotle*," he replied, "and I have finished, as I told you I should, my *Life of Cousin*. I am now beginning the translation of Plato, or rather my revision of Cousin's translation." I looked incredulous, but I did not venture to say, "At ninety!" I remembered how the last time I had seen him he excused himself for not having yet written his *Life of Cousin*. I knew that he looked upon that work as a solemn duty, for Cousin had not only been his friend and patron through life, but had left him a considerable fortune, so as to render him perfectly inde-

pendent in his literary and political career. "I shall finish his Life," he said to me then, as if he had no misgivings, and he kept his promise. He fetched the three large volumes with a certain pride and gave them to me.

"Are you a bibliomane?" he asked; if so, I shall give you a copy on large paper."

"No," I said. "I am fond of books, but not of paper, least of all of waste paper in the form of large margins." He gave me the three volumes, and they are now lying before me, with the inscription in his clear manly hand, "À M. M., Membre de l'Institut de France, son dévoué confrère, B. Saint-Hilaire."

I gave him the first volume of the *Sacred Books of the Buddhists*, which I had just published, as I explained to him, with the generous assistance of the King of Siam, the last Buddhist sovereign. We began at once to speak about the late Parliament of Religions at Chicago, and about the idea of holding the second meeting at Paris in 1900. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire was full of sympathy and even reverence for all forms of religious faith. His own religion was philosophy, and to him that religion seemed to be the best which was most in harmony with the teachings of philosophy and the dictates of conscience. We agreed that much good might be done by bringing properly qualified representatives of the great religions of the world into closer contact, and by helping to spread a more accurate knowledge of their dogmas. For that purpose he allowed that meetings like that at Chicago in 1893 might be useful, though in the end each man, he thought, must work out his own religion, and if he wants to share it with large numbers of his fellow-men he must be prepared to make concessions and to submit to compromises.

How I wish I had written down as soon as I came home all that fell from his eloquent lips; but in the hurry of that memorable week this was impossible. Now I only remember the general impression left on my mind, and the delight of finding myself in such perfect accord with a man of his age and experience, with a man whom I had always looked up to with veneration and love. His mind seemed perfectly serene and unruffled by political events. Life seemed to have no riddles left for him, except those which the human mind does not attempt to solve, if it once knows that they are beyond its reach. The overpowering vastness of nature did not make him giddy, because he looked within and not without for the *ἴδος ἀσφαλές αἰεὶ* on which to take his stand and to wait.

I reminded him of the days when we were both attending Burnouf's lectures at the Collège de France. We agreed in our admiration, say our amazement, at the wonderful insight into the mysteries of the world displayed by some of the ancient Hindu philosophers, Buddha not excepted. He shared my indignation at the caricature of Buddhism and of Theosophy now hawked about in India and in Europe. The ancient religions of India and Persia seemed to him wonderful, and almost inexplicable, considering the times in which they arose. But to attempt to revive them, or for enlightened people even to retain them, in the face of such religions as Christianity or Islam, seemed to both of us unhistorical, if not perverse.

He then dwelt on the purely historical side of Christianity, on what it had inherited from Greek philosophy, which is so often forgotten, while its inheritance from the religion and morality of the Jews is constantly insisted on. The fundamental thought of the philosophy of Christianity, the idea of the Logos, is but seldom included in our catechisms, and some of our best divines endeavor to trace it back to the wisdom of Jewish preachers rather than to the schools of Greek philosophy. He granted that the Logos philosophy, if properly—that is, historically—understood, contained the quintessence of Greek philosophy, and that without it Christianity would sink down to the level of a mere moral and social reform. It was the Logos doctrine that imparted the highest glory to Christianity by raising the phenomenal world into the

manifestation of an eternal thought or of eternal thoughts. Any concession to the ancient atomic theories or to the more recent theory of self-development by means of environment, natural selection, and struggle for life was, to his mind, far more anti-Greek and anti-philosophical than anti-Christian. There is reason, there is *nous*, there is wisdom, there is a God in the world—that was the practical and the truly religious outcome of all Greek philosophy; and that was the talent entrusted to early Christianity, though for a long time wrapped up in a napkin. If we accept the Logos, we learn that what we call the real—that is, the visible—world is not the real world, but that the really real world is the invisible world of the ideas, of Plato's ideas. Everything in the world, or, as we call it, each species, is the manifestation of a thought, of a Logos, of an idea; and, if it is looked upon by men of science as the result of a long development, that development could do no more than develop what was from the beginning contained in the idea. This was the foundation of early Christian philosophy, the philosophy of St. Clement, the Alexandria philosophers—the only sound basis of all metaphysics. On all these points we were in full agreement, though he evidently thought that I had gone too far in my *Science of Thought* in representing all human knowledge as a knowledge of words, and words or Logoi as the only possible realisation of concepts—i. e. of thought.

We discussed the last volume of my *Gifford Lectures* on "Theosophy," in which the history of the Logos had been treated, and I ventured to ask him the question which I had to leave unanswered in my volume—namely, in what sense the Logos was said to have become incarnate in Christ. Was it meant that the Logos in all his fulness, what is called the Son, who from the beginning was with God, and by whom all things were made, had become flesh in Jesus? Or was it meant for no more than that the Logos dwelt in Christ, as he dwelt, according to Philo, in Abraham and other prophets? Or, lastly, was the Logos here meant for the highest of all the Logoi—viz. the Logos of manhood? And was this Logos believed to have been fully realised in Christ and in Christ alone—was Christ to be accepted as the perfect ideal of man as conceived by the Father before all the world? All these thoughts were perfectly familiar to him, for he had been, before all things, an historian of human thought from the beginning to the end of his literary career. But he seemed to think that the answer to this question was to be found not so much by historical research as by our own insight, our own enlightenment. I could not summon up courage to controvert this, or to enter more fully into the historical side of our problem. To listen to him was so much more delightful than to interrupt or to question him. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire possessed the art of conversation, and of thoughtful conversation, in the highest degree. Every sentence was a work of art, and he seemed to watch it while he was building it up stone upon stone. He possessed an extraordinary command of language—that is, of thought. I have listened to greater speakers, but the greatest speaker is not always a good conversationalist. With him all he said seemed instantaneous, and not as if it had been laid up ready for use. Thoughts and words were bubbling up at the slightest touch and flowed on straight and clear like a transparent spring. Frenchmen are proud of their language, and well they may be. They treat it with proper respect, and listening to Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire's outpourings was like listening to a sonata of Haydn's. It was tranquillising, exhilarating, and satisfying. It left a satisfaction such as only the highest art can give.

In politics Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire was a thorough Frenchman and Republican of the old school. He was a true statesman and diplomatist, for he respected all nations, and loved what was best in each. England had few more sincere admirers, but even Germany never lost his sympathy and admiration. His patriotism was untainted by Chauvinism, and he often spoke the truth, even

when he was Minister of Foreign Affairs, when truth was very unpalatable to his hearers.

When I had at last to say good-bye to him I felt refreshed and invigorated; *curichi, encouragé, rajéuni*, as I said to him at the door. I thought and hoped we should meet again. And today (November 26) the paper tells me that a temple has crumbled to pieces, a soul has slipped its shackles, and a spirit has taken flight to the world of spirits, to a higher realm, to a better world.—*London Times*.

### THE BLISS OF A NOBLE LIFE.

THE LIFE of a man who has proved himself unusually useful to his fellowmen is always a lesson that is worth pointing out. The *Transactions of the American Institute of Mining Engineers* contain a biographical notice of Mr. Eckley B. Coxe, one of its founders and early presidents, written by R. W. Raymond of New York City.

Mr. Coxe's family can boast of many noble-minded ancestors, who distinguished themselves in various ways. He himself, born June 4, 1839, was the eldest son of Brinton Coxe. Having received an excellent education, he studied in Paris at the *Ecole des Mines*, and in Freiberg, Saxony, at the *Bergakademie*.

"Here, as in Paris, he was a zealous student; and he became particularly intimate with Julius Weisbach, the famous professor of mechanics and engineering, whose original investigations and admirable text-book are still unsurpassed in that department. Professor Weisbach authorised him to translate the first part of this great treatise, namely, the volume on *Theoretical Mechanics*; and the ardent young disciple carried out this laborious undertaking, and published in 1870, after his return to the United States, an octavo volume of 1112 pages as the result.<sup>1</sup>

"He expended not only labor but money in his undertaking; and I doubt if it ever brought him pecuniary profit. But it speedily made him known among students of his profession, and prepared the way for the general recognition of the position which he afterwards held, as the foremost mining engineer of the United States."

"At his father's death he consolidated in his capacity as executor of his father's will the Tench Coxe estate (situated in the coal districts of New Jersey) under one management, which in later years and after successful enlargements was carried on under the name of The Cross Creek Coal Co."

The example set by Mr. Coxe in his business transactions is well pointed out in the biographical notice before us. Mr. Raymond says on page 10:

"The remarkable business achievement thus outlined may be considered the great work of Eckley B. Coxe's life; nor is its greatness determined by a sordid standard, as though it were merely the selfish consolidation of a vast private fortune. Both the methods and the motives of this achievement were pure and lofty. The methods were those of open and fair competition; of the honorable performance of contracts; of wise and liberal economy; and of scientific improvements, which reap profit from the resources of nature, not from the sufferings of fellow-men. The motives were higher than those of ordinary so-called philanthropy. The possessor of wealth may be a mere miser, or a mere spendthrift, or a mere annuitant, reaping what he does not sow, and as truly dependent as any pauper upon the bounty of others. Or he may deserve praise for generous gifts, which are to be administered by others. In many instances, no doubt, wealth thus given away

<sup>1</sup>*A Manual of the Mechanics of Engineering and of the Construction of Machines, with an Introduction to the Calculus.* Designed as a Text-Book for Technical Schools and Colleges, and for the Use of Engineers, Architects, etc. By Julius Weisbach, Ph. D., Oberbergrath and Professor, etc. In three vols. Vol. I., "Theoretical Mechanics." Translated from the Fourth Augmented and Improved Edition by Eckley B. Coxe, A. M., Mining Engineer. New York: D. Van Nostrand. 1870.

is wisely bestowed. But the act is a tacit confession that others can employ, more beneficently than the giver, the power thus resigned. In any case, the ethical merit of the act is measured by the degree in which the actor 'gives himself with his gift'; and the highest fulfilment of the New Testament conception of stewardship, as well as of the scientific conception of true philanthropy, is realised when the possessor of the power which wealth confers neither repudiates nor resigns its responsibility, but devotes his life to the administration of it, for the benefit of present and future generations. This is what Eckley B. Coxe did; and it seems to me that his example is well-nigh unique."

Mr. Coxe devoted much attention to the preparation and utilisation of coal. We read on page 13 of Mr. Raymond's sketch:

"Mr. Coxe's study of the subject had led him to select, as the most important of all the practicable measures of economy, the utilisation of the smallest sizes of coal, such as had been allowed for many years to be lost in the slaty waste. His improved machinery for preparation, described in his paper on 'The Iron Breaker at Drifton,' etc., and his improved apparatus for the combustion of small coals, described in his paper on 'A Furnace with Automatic Stoker,' etc., indicate the two lines of experiment in which he was ultimately absorbed; and his work in the latter direction is admirably summed up in the paper which he read at Providence, R. I., before the New England Cotton Manufacturers' Association, April 24, 1895, less than three weeks before his death. The possible distrust with which a consumer of coal might listen to the advice of a producer is humorously anticipated by the line from the *Æneid*, prefixed to this paper as a motto:

"Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes.

"But such a distrust must have been dispelled by the frankness of the opening sentences:

"It may seem curious that a person whose life has been spent in mining and marketing coal should appear before this Association to discuss the economical production of steam, involving, as it does, either the use of less fuel or fuel of less value. But I am convinced that the more valuable a ton of coal becomes to our customers, the more in the end will be our profit from it."

This characteristic utterance might serve as the motto of the life of Eckley B. Coxe—a life which solved the antagonism between altruism and egoism, not by sacrificing either, but by viewing both upon the higher plane where they are one. "Enlightened selfishness," if it be only sufficiently enlightened, and command a sufficiently wide horizon, is true benevolence. "There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth. The dividend of what we invest in mankind is greater than the principal of what we hoard. This sort of book-keeping also should be more generally understood."

Truly Gustav Freytag is right when he says:

"A noble human life does not end on earth with death. It continues in the minds and the deeds of friends, as well as in the thoughts and the activity of the nation."

P. C.

### BOOK NOTICES.

We are daily expecting from Japan a unique edition of Dr. Paul Carus's well-known tale, *Karma: A Story of Early Buddhism*. This little book was set up in Japan in English, is printed on the finest rice paper, tied in silk, and is quaintly illustrated by Japanese artists in their native style. Japan has made rapid strides in the development of its art, which seems to have been almost uninfluenced by European ideas, but nevertheless shows signs of high and original artistic potencies. The book will form a rare holiday or birthday gift, as nothing like it has been generally seen in this country. (The Open Court Publishing Co.: Chicago. Price, 75 cents.)

We have also prepared a holiday edition of the Rev. T. A. Goodwin's *Lovers Three Thousand Years Ago, As Indicated by the Song of Solomon*. The booklet is printed on heavy Enfield paper,

with gilt top, uncut edges, and stiff cream-colored cover. Our readers will remember the pleasant story of Mr. Goodwin, with its charming glimpses into the rustic and court life of ancient Israel. The whole text of the Song of Songs is printed in this little volume, but arranged in the dialogue form in which we now know it was spoken, and interspersed with critical and explanatory comments. The two introductory chapters of the book give the history and character of the poem, and depict the society and civilisation of the age of King Solomon, as far as they are known to us. (The Open Court Publishing Co.: Chicago. Price, 50 cents.)

The editor of *The Open Court* has made a metrical translation of the best known and most important of the Xenions of Goethe and Schiller. The book will be artistically printed in the shape of an album, containing on each page one Xenion with its German original. In an introductory chapter the author gives the history of the Xenions, which are satirical epigrams having the form of distichs of which the first line is a hexameter and the second a pentameter. He explains in this chapter by metrical and musical diagrams the peculiarity of this form of poetry, and portrays the salient features of the golden age of German literature in which Goethe and Schiller battled hard for the new conceptions and ideals which shape most of our thought and life to-day. "No poetry is quoted more frequently in Germany than these pithy aphorisms. They have become household words there, and deserve a place of honor in the literature of the world." This edition will be a very beautiful one, with the edges entirely in gold, and as the translation is accompanied by the original German text, the book will be useful both to students of German and to those who have already mastered the language. (The Open Court Publishing Co.: Chicago. Price, \$1.00.)

#### NOTES.

Prof. Ewald Hering has accepted a call to the University of Leipsic. He was formerly at Prague. Professor Hering is one of the foremost and soundest of modern physiologists and psychologists. Most of his works are of a highly special and scientific character, his best known and most popular work being perhaps his brief but famous paper on *Memory*.

*The Episcopal Recorder* says of Prof. Carl Heinrich Cornill's book on *The Prophets of Israel*: "An infidel publication by one of the advanced and so-called higher critics, based upon the studies of such scholars as Wellhausen." If Professor Cornill's sketches of the prophets are infidelity, make the most of it! Certainly that Christianity which regards Professor Cornill's book as an infidel publication is nothing more nor less than Christian paganism, and deserves to be the target of Ingersoll and his followers. Indeed, just such people are responsible for the existence of infidelity. For, so long as superstition, assuming the name of religion, decries science and scientific investigation, we need men who hold these fetich-worshippers of the letter of their traditions up to ridicule.

Hajee Abdullah Browne, editor of the *Egyptian Herald*, which advocates the administrative autonomy of Egypt and the interests of Islam throughout the world, formulates Mohammedanism in the following three statements: "(a) That this world has been created or formed by an intelligent, powerful being, whom we have called God; (b) that man is superior to all other created things in this world, he only possessing a soul; and (c) that the soul of man does not perish at the death of the body." This is in brief the gist of Islam as advocated by other Mohammedan organs that are published in the English language, among which we mention *The Moslem World*, published by Mahomed Alexander Russell Webb, New York, and *The Islamic World*, published in Liverpool, England.

## HOLIDAY BOOKS.

**KARMA.** A STORY OF EARLY BUDDHISM. By *Paul Carus*. New art edition. Printed and illustrated in Japan. Quaint and odd. Rice paper, tied in silk. Price, 75 cents. (This book has not yet arrived but is expected daily.)

**GOETHE AND SCHILLER'S XENIONS.** Selected and translated by *Paul Carus*. Printed in album shape on heavy paper; edges all gold. Pages 162. Price, \$1.00. (In the Press.)

**LOVERS THREE THOUSAND YEARS AGO.** As Indicated by the Song of Solomon. By the *Rev. T. A. Goodwin, D. D.* Printed on heavy Enfield paper, gilt top, uncut edges, and stiff, cream-colored covers. Pages, 41. Price, 50 cents. (Published this week.)

**THE PROPHETS OF ISRAEL.** Popular Sketches from Old Testament History. By *Prof. Carl Heinrich Cornill*. Frontispiece, Michael Angelo's Moses. Artistically bound in red, with the Hebrew title stamped on the cover in gold; laid paper, uncut edges. Pages, 210. Price, \$1.00.

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