THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE GODS

A Study of the Religions of Patriotism

By IRWIN ST. JOHN TUCKER
Priest of the Protestant Episcopal Church, Diocese of New York; Bachelor in Divinity of the General Theological Seminary, 1912

To the Memory of
FRANKLIN SPENCER SPALDING
Late Bishop of Utah

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1451 UNITY BUILDING
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FOREWORD

At the fiery touch of the world-conflict, many ancient shams crumbled, and many truths stood forth to light. To nothing has the fiery test been more resultfully applied than to Christianity; indeed, to the very essence of religion itself. And nothing has struck the heart of the world with more force than the apparent inability of Christianity to deal convincingly with the underlying causes of the strife.

"Missionary work has enabled thousands of African savages to be educated so that they are able to fight in the British and French armies," Bishop A. T. Howard of Dayton, declared at the Christian Endeavor convention of the United Brethren church.

With every fresh appeal to his troops, the Kaiser bade his soldiers "Go forward with God," and made confident reference to "Our good old God up there." The same exhortation, though couched in less blunt and familiar terms, was heard on the other side.

Many have professed horror at this invoking to slaughter of the same deity by opposing sides, bent on mutual extermination. But a little consideration shows that it is not at all to the same God that these conflicting prayers are directed. While the names and the forms of religion are the same, the theologians of Germany and the theologians of Oxford and the Presbyterian elder who is the spokesman of America's conscience pray to totally different and widely conflicting divinities. For they invoke, under the names of God, of Democracy, of Kultur, of Civilization, of Salvation, and of Honor, and so forth ad libitum, the national pride of Germany, the national pride of England, the national pride of France and the national pride of the United States—all of them dignified by the name of God.

Which is indeed not a thing to be deplored, but rather to be rejoiced upon. After one has plowed through years of weary, meaningless wastes of sermons and exhortations and religious tinkerings with ecclesiastical machinery grinding out interminably to accomplish indefinite aims, for uncertain purposes, to uninterested peoples, a thrill of gratitude comes to the student of comparative religion, for something real at last.

Genuine religion is again seen among men. It is national religion, bumptious, jingoistic, blatant, and horribly out of tune, but for all that, it is real. Its immediate predecessor was not. H. G. Wells hailed the discovery of this religion in his "God the
Invisible King,” which, though a juvenile and undeveloped God, an insufficient, incomplete deity indeed, comes upon the minds of England with refreshing vigor. Surfeited even to nausea with the established respectability of the Middle-Class church and the outworn insincerity of traditional Dissent, England has been shown a spiritual conception which is real; and Wells is the prophet thereof.

When a Methodist conference in Chicago hooted, hissed and jeered one of its members for saying, “Our allegiance is to God first, and then to our country,” and passed resolutions denouncing him for unpatriotism, they gave expression in characteristic Methodist style to the great, fresh, original discovery of a new faith. We have discovered, with something of a start, that the actual religion of this present age is geographical, not revealed. Our theoretical beliefs have dissolved into a frenzy of emotional reaction to our genuine religion, which is patriotism. This is not so much a reversion to type as a confession of actualities. A person born on one stretch of real estate worships the God of the German label; one born in France worships the divinity La Patrie; one born in or naturalized into these United States must bow down in adoration before Uncle Sam, or suffer the tortures of the Inquisition for his heresy.

It is curious how the very terms and sanctions of pre-war religion are borrowed as a matter of course by our national cult. Men are accused and punished for committing “blasphemy” against the flag, and “sacrilege” against the constitution. “Great is Diana of the Ephesians” we have all with one voice, for the space of about two years, cried out; and the greater part of us know not wherefore we are called together.

Which is, indeed, not altogether an evil thing. Since what was preached as Christianity had ceased to mean much of anything to the mind of the world, such evidence that the national religions which have with such force sprung into being are indeed genuine religions is a thing to be welcomed. For where there is somewhat genuine, something higher may perhaps be built of it.

And something higher must be built of it. The world is too closely knit together to be long separated by jingo nationalism. It is true that empire is a matter of high roads; it is also true that historically empire and monotheism have always gone together. On the excellence of the Roman roads was built the supremacy of the Roman law. And when the world was one beneath the Roman law, the world’s soul demanded a unified expression, a world religion. Should it be Caesar or Christ that centered this spiritual world-unity? Should the World Incarnate, which Caesar was, be revered; the bond of unity as it actually was; the symbol of that force which held the ends of the earth together, under an iron oppression which crushed down all that opposed? Or should it be the Word Incarnate; the Reason of God; the bond of unity as it ought to be; the symbol of that hope which united the vast groaning multitudes out of their common misery into the bright expectation of a common triumph over their oppressors?
The world struggled long between Caesar and Christ, until the Papacy united them; and the world must reckon with the Papacy again.

By his persistent work for peace, Benedict XV has won for himself a place in the thought of the world greater than that of any pontiff since Hildebrand. As I write, three bishops of the American Episcopal Church are leaving to call on the pope in the interest of World Church Unity. But the question is, what is the value of a united Church which expels Christ from membership?

What shall become of the Church after the war? This is of much less importance than the question, what has become of religion during the war?

Although economic causes predominated in the long commercial rivalry which preceded and precipitated the Great War, such economic causes always wrap themselves in spiritual mantles, even as the body is animated by a soul.

In this great grappling of elemental forces, we must come to terms with ourselves. Old phrases have lost their meaning. The technical jargon of ordinary Christian argument—jargon, because no longer conveying a clear meaning—has given way to an outburst of genuine emotion. Max Eastman, in the last issue of The Masses, asked why so many Christian preachers give themselves over to such frenzies of hatred of the Germans; shrieking wilder imprecations than veterans of the firing line ever use for the extermination of the German people. Why, for instance, is Newell Dwight Hillis, a minister confronted with proof of financial crookedness, so bent on turning our attention to the atrocities of the Germans, with the avowed creed that "God's teaching of forgiveness has no reference to the German people?" Eastman answers his own query with the theory that this luxury of hatred for a distant foe whom it is safe to hate is the first genuine emotion that most modern preachers have ever felt.

This I believe to be true. A religion of this kind can be overcome only by a bigger one. National religion can—and should—be supplanted only by international religion.

But we discover this strange and terrible thing; that the most genuine international religion which now exists proudly proclaims itself to be Atheism; while that which calls itself Christianity, cloaks beneath that name an Atheism so monstrous that it persecutes even to the death those who dare attempt to practice the things which Jesus taught. Every nation has punished barbarously those who refused to kill; but none have been so barbarous as America.

The organized Christian Church declares war on the truths which Jesus died to uphold. Here and there a man arises who proclaims them; but it is at the risk, and often at the cost, of life-long imprisonment or even of sudden death, at the hands of professing Christians, with the benediction of the Church.
This is nothing new. It has been done many times before. But we can not again claim the immunity which Christ extended to his original murderers—"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Two thousand years have passed since then. It is incumbent upon us to know. To kill in ignorance, when we should have known, is murder.

IRWIN ST. JOHN TUCKER.
The Geography of the Gods

CHAPTER I. THE SPIRITUAL WARFARE.

It becomes increasingly clear that this was a war of national gods. Soldiers and statesmen on both sides cried "National morale will determine the end of the war." "Morale" is not morals; it means devotion. And devotion means religion.

In Prof. J. A. Cramb's wonderful book, "Germany and England", published a few months before the outbreak of the war, he analyzes thus the religion of an Englishman:

"To give to all men within its bounds an English mind; to give all who come within its sway the power to look at the things of a man's life, at the past, at the future, from the standpoint of an Englishman; to diffuse within its bounds that high tolerance in religion which marked this empire from its foundation; that reverence yet boldness before the mysteriousness of life and death, characteristic of our great poets and thinkers; that love of free institutions, that pursuit of an ever higher justice and larger freedom which, rightly or wrongly, we associate with the temper and character of our race, wherever it is dominant and secure—that is the conception of Empire and of England which persists through the changing fortunes of parties and the rise and fall of cabinets.

"Like an immortal energy it links age to age. This undying spirit is the true England, the true Britain, for which men strive and suffer in every zone and in every age, which silently controls their actions and shapes their character like an inward fate—'England'. It is neither for government nor for minister that the soldier falls. Lying there in agony, sinking into darkness, he has in himself the consciousness of this far greater thing; this mysterious, deathless, onward-striving force; call it God, call it Destiny—but name it England; for England it is!" This is on page 141.

Now the curious thing about this religion of God named England set forth by Prof. Cramb is that he evokes it in order to answer the challenge of Germany's national religion as set forth by Treitschke. To be quite fair, he gives Treitschke's criticism of the English religion on a preceding page, 104. This gives an illuminating view of this religion of England, seen from the other side; which will help one to view Germany's religion from within, as this is viewed from without.

"That which Treitschke hates in England is what Napoleon hated in England—a pretentiousness, an overweening middle-class self-satisfaction which is not patriotism, but an insular narrow conceit; in fact, the emotion enshrined in that most vulgar of all national hymns, 'Rule Britannia.' Consider the world-picture which that upcalls; a single island usurping the glory of freedom, surrounded by a world groaning beneath tyrants, whilst she sits in lonely grandeur!"
This is Cramb's own version of what Treitschke thinks. The same author writes concerning that "high tolerance of religion which has marked this empire from its foundation" as it appears from the standpoint of devotees of the rival cult of Germany:

"You govern millions who read their sacred books in Sanscrit and Arabic characters; but the fairest specimens of these types are still cast in German fonts. A German taught you the meaning of the religion of that province which you regard as the brightest jewel in the English crown; and to German scholarship you owe the initiatory impulse to study each of the four great world religions of your empire—Mohammedanism, Zoroastrianism, Buddhism and Brahminism."

From an alien standpoint, therefore, this "high tolerance in religion" is pure indolence. But even from within, the religion "Call it God—its name is England" suffers from severe criticism. H. N. Brailsford, one of the ablest political writers of the empire, in "The War of Steel and Gold"; which, though written like the other just prior to the war, has been republished with notes bringing its startlingly accurate prophecies down to date, says:

"If we are to continue in the twentieth century to inflate our patriotic rhetoric with sounding phrases about the balance of power, let us be clear at least about its modern meaning. * * * Shall the Germans dig for iron ore on the slopes of the Atlas, and carry it in the form of steel rails to Bagdad? That is the typical question of modern diplomacy. * * * To settle this question, and similar questions of the same order, the young men of Europe are drilled, the battleships are built and the taxes squandered. * * *

"'But do you,' the reader may ask with indignation and surprise. 'Do you really dismiss the tremendous Anglo-German rivalry of recent years, with all its war scares and its dreadnaughts, as a dispute which turned on nothing larger than the mines of Morocco and the railways of Mesopotamia? This is to trifle with patriotism and ignore national ambitions.'"

But after a careful analysis, the author concludes:

"Once more it appears that the questions which divide rival powers, and mobilize them in hostile camps against each other, turn on no European controversies, and affect no questions of honor, liberty or nationality that touch our own homes. They are all incidents of modern finance to find openings in distant regions, to lay its rails in Mesopotamia, or to exploit the tropical produce of Angola."

Yet again:

"The difficulty between Britain and Germany was not so much Bagdad or even Morocco, as the general sense that a powerful diplomatic combination and naval preponderance were being used to frustrate German purposes, and to exclude her from 'places in the sun.' The moment that suspicion dawns, the origins of the rivalry are forgotten. It becomes a general engagement, and all the channels of human folly pour into it their reserves."

And, in striking commentary on the heroic picture by Cramb of the soldier sinking into the darkness sustained by the thought of the greatness of England, Brailsford traces the origin of the recent wars and shows how, all too frequently, they arose from nothing so tangible even as economic advantage, but from personal pride and pique. The memoirs of Lord Aberdeen show that the Crimean War glorified by Tennyson in his immortal and prideful ballad, "The Charge of the Light Brigade", arose thus:

"War was declared, and the armies of three nations starved and froze and bled before Sevastopol for the pride of Louis Napoleon and the dishonesty of a British ambassador. No veneration for the inner ruling caste,
which has made the wars of Europe, could survive a study of the memoirs
which deal with the life of Bismarck."

"What then," asks Brailsford, "is the economic meaning of Imperialism?
Regarded as a national undertaking, Imperialism does not pay. Regarded
as the means of assuring unearned incomes to the governing class, it emphat-
ically does pay. It is not true that trade follows the flag. It is true that the
flag follows investments. * * * The Universal Nightmare amid which we
are 'rattling into barbarism'—all this is seen to be a characteristic product of
modern finance and modern capitalism. * * *"

And, referring to that immortal energy which links age to
age in Prof. Cramb's glowing picture, he says:

"The doctrine of 'continuity' means that foreign affairs have in effect
been removed from the sphere of party government, and are now influenced
only by the opinions of the governing class, of those, that is to say, who
move at court and in society, who regard the army and the civil service as
careers reserved for their families, and survey the world beyond these islands
mainly as a field for the investment of their surplus wealth."

Now I have been at such pains to quote from both sides of
this religion of English nationalism, in order that the quotations
which I am about to make of the German religion may be viewed
fairly in that perspective. It is not as an apologist of the Ger-
man religion nor as a foe of the English religion that I write;
rather for the sake of scientific study to put them in the same
class, removing from the British ego-dolatry that aura of pink
sentiment which suffuses it in the minds of American newspaper
writers of the present day. It is hard to make a god of John
Bull; but the task must be accomplished in order to provide an
offset for the deity of the Hohenzollerns.

Against this religion, then, of "Call it God, call it Destiny,
its name is England", of Cramb, let us set the religion of modern
Germany, the Religion of Valor.

"What," says Treitschke, "is that highest ideal? It is world-dominion;
it is world-empire; it is the hegemony of a planet. It assigns to Germany in
the future a role like that which Rome or Hellas or Judea or Islam have
played in the past. That is Germany's hero-ideal."

"It is at least," comments the Englishman, enviously, "great-
ly conceived."

"Just as the greatness of Germany is to be found in the governance of
Germany by Prussia, so is the greatness and goodness of the world to be
found in the predominance there of German culture, of the German mind—
in a word, of the German character!"

The two cults make identical claims. The struggle is be-
tween the English mind and the German mind for the domination
of the world. And the student of recent history cries, "God help
the world!"

"For observe," Treitschke continues, "this world dominion of which
Germany dreams is not simply a material dominion. Germany is not blind
to the lessons inculcated by the Napoleonic tyranny. Force alone, violence
or brute strength, by its mere silent presence or by its loud manifestations in
war, may be necessary to establish this dominion; but its ends are spiritual.
The triumph of the Empire will be a triumph of German culture, of the Ger-
man world-vision in all the phases and departments of human life and
energy, in religion, poetry, science, art, politics and social endeavor."

Observe again how close a parallel. Only when the English
race is "dominant and secure" does its apostle claim for it that
ever higher justice and love of free institutions which are its distinguishing characteristics. Certainly Ireland has never felt, nor Egypt, nor Persia, nor, save to a very privileged class, India, those high claims. In this Germany and England are alike in their national religions.

"The characteristics of the German world-vision, the benefits which its predominance is likely to confer upon the human mind, are, a German would allege, truth instead of falsehood in the deepest and gravest preoccupations of the human mind; German sincerity instead of British hypocrisy; Faust instead of Tartuffe."

But these can be conferred only after Germany's dominion is secure. The mailed fist in Belgium, in France, in Poland; air raids over London; the use of all the arts of science for the purpose of destruction of human life are justified by the high benefits which are to be conferred by ultimate triumph of the German world-kultur!

"It is reserved for us," the proud claim goes on, "to resume in thought that creative role in religion which the whole Teutonic race abandoned fourteen centuries ago. Judea and Galilee cast their dreary spell over Greece and Rome, when Greece and Rome were already sinking into decrepitude, and the creative power in them was exhausted; when weariness and bitterness wakened with their greatest spirits at day and sank to sleep with them at night. But Judea and Galilee struck Germany in the splendor and heroism of her prime.

"Germany and the whole Teutonic people in the fifth century made the great error. They conquered Rome, but, dazzled by Rome's authority, they adopted the religion and the culture of the vanquished. Germany's own deep religious instinct, her native genius for religion, manifested in her creative success, was arrested, stunted, thwarted.

"Now, while preparing to found a world-empire, Germany is also preparing to create a world-religion. No cultured European nation since the French revolution has made any experiment in creative religion." (And how dull, one might interrupt, was that experiment!) "The experiment which England, with her dull imagination, has declined she will essay.

"And what is the religion which is the religion of the earnest and passionate minds of New Germany? The governing idea of the centuries from the fourteenth to the nineteenth is the wrestle of the German intellect not only against Rome, but against Christianism itself. Must Germany submit to this alien creed, derived from an alien clime? Must she forever confront the ages, the borrower of her religion, her own genius for religion numbed and paralyzed? No! She will create her own.

"This religion is the Religion of Valor."

But England no longer declines the experiment. Her dull imagination has been fired; and in H. G. Wells she has produced a prophet. He is, it is true, still in the ecstatic stages of the first flush of his discovery. But such emotions of rapture give the whole subsequent color to his faith.

Mr. Wells boldly claims that his religion is a political religion. "Its implicit command to all its adherents is to make plain the way for the world theocracy. * * * We of the new faith are the militant followers and participators in a militant God. * * * I take sides against all those temporal kings, emperors, princes and landlords and owners who set themselves up against God's rule and worship (i. e., the Kaiser). * * * Kings, owners and all who claim rule and decisions in the world's affairs, must either show themselves clearly the fellow-servants of the believer or else become the objects of his steadfast antag-
Since all state affairs are to become the affairs of God’s kingdom it is of primary importance that they should come into the hands of God’s servants. It is scarcely less necessary to a believing man with administrative gifts that he should be in the public administration than he should breathe and eat!”

This is Hildebrand, with a vengeance! The temporal power of the Papacy was based on exactly this claim; and it gave rise, through the Jesuits, to exactly such reasoning as the following:

“And whatever oath or the like to usurper church or usurper king has been set up to bar access to service, is an oath imposed under duress. If it cannot be avoided it must be taken, rather than that a man should become unserviceable.”

This reminds one very forcibly of the reputed council of the Pilgrim Fathers, who fell “first upon their knees and then upon the aborigines,” and who decided:

“Resolved, That the earth belongs to the saints of God.
Resolved Further, That we are the saints of God!”

Wells’ position is quite plain. He and his co-believers are entitled to all administrative offices. If they cannot get them honestly, they must get them anyhow. But no such reasoning as this can be extended to justify the priest or pledged minister of religion. The first act of faith of all such converts is a complete cessation of services and renunciation of all his temporalities. It becomes impossible for him ever to repeat his creed again—i.e., the Nicene or Trinitarian creed, to which Wells has a decided aversion. He growls and snaps at it on every second page.

Now these are fascinating phenomena. Wells and Treitschke are apostles of two new rival religions; the religion of England and the religion of Germany. It is Kultur versus Culture for the world. They are militant faiths. Both involve a protection of their own people; the abolition of slums, of poverty, of unsightly things at home—which Germany had done long before England even considered it; and demand all administrative offices for their adherents, even to the domination of the world.

Both of these religions are reactions against the utter deadness of the official consciences of Germany and England. The Lutheran Church and the Anglican Church are alike tamed to the hand of the preceding generation. The fierce anger roused in the breasts of Treitschke and Wells against the Christian creed means, of course, the Christian creed as interpreted by the prevailing ecclesiastical bodies of their acquaintance.

I should like to give one further quotation, this time from a neutral, in regard to Victorian Culture. For it is the class described below which dominates the Church of England today. The characterization is from the pen of L. Simons, best known of Dutch literateurs, the editor of the “Wereld-Bibliotheek,” which answers somewhat to the Encyclopaedia Britannica.

“The picture which Victorian Culture showed us in England under the Victorian and Edwardian eras was even less hopeful,” says Mr. Simons in an article entitled “Neutral Europe and the War” in The Atlantic Monthly for
November, 1916. "The great men and women it had brought forth, to whose voices many a man and woman outside England was listening with eagerness, were largely left by middle-class England for export. The immense fortunes it had lent all over the world threw into the mother-country their yearly increasing rentals and dividends, and the same period that found Germany busy overtaxing its energies saw the increase in England of the stagnant pool of middle-class people with independent incomes, passion for sport, deep respect for 'good form' and the outward decencies of life, an extremely weak desire for the exercise of mental, artistic or moral powers, and the well-developed craving for speculation as a stimulant.

"It was especially in the South of England, drawing the line a little north of Bristol and Bath, that saw the agglomeration of this herd of shareholders and sleeping partners in the nation's prosperity, who, far from contributing anything to it, only hampered it by the attraction of its society prerogatives, by its withholding from agriculture large immense plots of land merely to satisfy the lust for hunting, and by the support it gave to all and every one who promised to uphold its class advantages and prejudices against new ideas, new methods, against democracy and modernism.

"Never before had so much superficiality, so much silliness, and lack of brain power—results of the merest smattering of education—tried to rule an entire country by the dead weight of its money. * * *

"Like the Pan-Germanists, they looked upon the world as being especially in need of their national institutions and guidance, and they could not help thinking that this world would be all the better under the British flag. And as such extension of the rule of the mother country brought with it sound promises of more profits to the British capitalists, the entire shareholders group would naturally stand by them."

And Mr. Simons concludes:

"I would define Kultur as the methodical nurture of forces to a definite aim; Culture as the result of a long growth of welfare and civilization. The former, Kultur, is an attempt to shape the future; the latter, Culture, is a desire to enjoy the fruits of the past."

Both are intolerant; both militant; both demand exclusively the control of state affairs in the name of their god. It is the case of Jehu against the priests of Baal over again.

In the United States we are hardly a whit behind. Our prophet, it is true, occupies a more dignified and important post than either Wells or Treitschke; but Woodrow Wilson exhibits the same characteristics as his fellow-rivals. With a power of rhetoric unsurpassed in history he holds aloft a shining ideal, beneath whose cloak the most extraordinary things are done by his immediate satellites, all in the name of that ideal. Atrocities without number and beyond description are perpetrated upon American soil, against Americans; wholesale murders, assassinations, deportations; suppression of criticism, suppression of press, suppression of public assemblage, ranging from meetings called to criticize the administration all the way to meetings called to endorse it by unauthorized persons. All of these are done in the name of making the world safe for democracy. Democracy then is seen to be the august name under which the cult of Uncle Sam is now to be revered. Under cover of that religion, it is accounted a treasonable thing to call attention to the fact that the lords of our industrial life are filling their pockets with overflowing millions from the necessities of the people. Burning in its full strength, this religion is more intolerant than even Germany or England are for dissenters, or even for heretics, not yielding their full quota of devotion in the "sacrifice of the intellect."
But what after the war? If these national passions continue in their present strength they will burn up the world. They must be transmuted, transformed into a higher passion. "The world must be our country, and to do good our religion," is a trite and insufficient saying. For our country, since the days of the evolutionary hypothesis, is the starry universe itself; and the illimitable reaches of time and space are our Fatherland.

Such must our religion be, else the structure of our civilization must again, and speedily, fall into a bloodier ruin.

But why formulate a new religion? comes the horrified question from many pious throats. The answer is quite plain; the old one has disappeared. Christianity, as it was understood and preached, has not simply failed; it has vanished. Which leaves the way clear, perhaps, for a new dawning upon the world of what Christ meant when he uttered those tremendous simplicities on which our mid-Victorian culture has so greatly improved.

In this country, for example, the challenge of the people to the church is not that they do not believe that what the church teaches is true. Were that all the problem would be simple. Honest doubt respects, even while it hates, honest belief. The cause of the hostile indifference amounting to contempt of the man in the street to the man in the pulpit was not that he did not believe what the other man said was true. The man in the street was convinced that the man in the pulpit did not believe that what he himself said was true.

I have for many years shared that conviction. Over and over I have been told by estimable clergy, "I cannot afford to preach these doctrines of yours. My people would not stand it." Yet a prominent and wealthy layman in a Western parish said to me, after I had preached one of the hottest of my Socialistic sermons, "That's the stuff. We fellows in the pews get tired of having paper wads fired at us. Shoot bullets. I don't believe what you said, but I was tickled to death to catch the ring of something real, coming from the pulpit."

There has been a sort of tacit understanding between the pulpit and the pews. "Don't you call my bluff, and I won't call yours." To such a pulpit, hatred of the Germans came as an emotional Godsend. With that luxurious discharge goes a fierce fellow-hatred of the "pacifists" under which convenient name is grouped every sort of person who refuses to make the "sacrifice of the intellect" to our current national pontiff. To discuss the aims of the war, or the terms of peace; the manner in which Liberty loans are raised or squandered; to offer suggestions for strengthening the morale of our men in the army by offering some slight pretext for the belief that our country is sincere—all of these crimes are grouped under the name of "pacifism"; and Theodore Roosevelt recently assured a vast assemblage that "The pacifist has not one single quality that would entitle him to the respect of one honest man." And twelve thousand voices roared acclaim.
Well, but why not? The zest has all gone out of the old creeds, the old pursuits, the old philosophies, in this strong new wine of the national religion. An Oxford professor, still teaching in the midst of the war's alarm, writes pathetically that Kant's views on the ultimate make-up of the conscience, once the joy of his existence, now drag and pall upon him in the echoing emptiness of the famed Quadrangle.

The quest is not for something New, for national religions are the oldest things in the world. It is for something Real. And the realest thing in the world for these past four years has been the bloody loyalty of the Germans to their own government; and steadily overtaking that in reality, the settled determination of the rest of the world to exhibit a more resolute and a bloodier loyalty.

It is from this standpoint,—the terrible, glorious reality of the National Religions that now confront one another upon the spiritual battlefield of the world, that I ask you to study the whole field of the science of religion, and to take guidance for what shall come—after the war. The reason why Germany's national religion seems to the rest of the world a horrible thing, but to them a truth of surpassing glory, is this: that when one takes as the supreme passion a thing less than the greatest, that passion becomes an inflammation, and that thing, its object, a cancer. To the Germans, Germany is all; to the English, England is all; to the rest of us—those of us, that is, who are still sane—Germany is still but an important part of the human race, and England likewise. Some would deny this; but they are as crazy as the Germans.

We must live together, after the war. But that living will be intolerable unless we can fuse these flames into a common altar fire before the spirit of the whole human race. The religion of the future will be—must be—the true self-expression of the soul of all mankind toward the Truth behind the seeming; the fullness of God revealed to, and incarnated in, the Flesh of Man, the Son.

Take then this book as an attempt at a new study of religion from the standpoint of the tremendous things through which we are passing. New, not that any of the things advanced here have never seen the light before; but because, so far as I know, they have never been grouped for this same purpose. Nothing is new in any body, but the spirit thereof; nothing, it may be, is new in this book but its intention; which is, to kindle the flame of religious devotion before the Tabernacle of the Future, wherein reposes for our adoration the Perfect Body of God made Flesh in the person of all mankind.
CHAPTER II. THE LAND AND THE GODS.

"Their god is a god of the hills; therefore, they were stronger than we," said the servants of the King of Syria, after Ben-Hadad's armies had been thrown back in defeat before the walls of Samaria. And from the plains of Chaldaea the captive Israelites cried with groanings of spirit, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, whence cometh my help."

Every people's creed is colored by their geography. For the hills and plains, the marshes and the sea that surround men from childhood enter into the texture of their minds. Their language is the fruit of their experience; and if their experience be of the mountains, then will their speech be tinged with the rugged strength and snowy summits of their birthplace, when their tongues give vent to the deep places of their souls.

"Who hath desired the Sea? The immense and contemptuous surges—So and no otherwise, so and no otherwise, hillmen desire their hills."

Religion which is genuine expresses itself in language which is genuine, which wells forth from the profoundest deeps of one's life. This book is in the main a study of the way in which the configuration of that portion of the earth's surface familiar to any race has colored their thoughts of God.

New sciences require new words. Out of the budding discipline of Sociology came the expression Economic Determinism; a phrase not only ugly, but inconclusive. Yet it voices one of the profoundest of truths.

As stated by Friedrich Engels, this key to the world's history holds that "the mode of production and exchange of the means of subsistence and the social structure consequent thereupon, has in every epoch fundamentally determined a nation's law, philosophies, art and religion."

So stated, this seems a cold repellant belief. But only until it is analyzed. For all art, philosophy, literature and religion are expressions of life. Laws, to regulate life; philosophy, to explain it; politics, to shape its development; art, to beautify and religion, to inspire it—all these varied forms of expression derive their whole value from the closeness of their relation to life.

We are too fond of pallid abstractions; "Life" means living people. Religion and art must be related to Smith and Brown, to Schmidt, Strogoff, Polignac and Perelli; to Caius and Caia, Cleon and Eunice, Jehochanan and Judith. Unless these profound terms really sway the lives and affect the daily deportment of such men, women and children as we know, and with whom we daily mingle, they are nothing but fog.

Well, but human beings, in order to live, must have food, clothing and shelter, and some form of diversion. They must
have means of getting dinner, of making or buying clothes, of protecting themselves from extremes of weather and from foes. If these cannot be obtained in one way, they will in another. Religion, art, literature and philosophy are of value as they relate to the fundamental need of life for obtaining the means of living. “Man doth not live by bread alone;—but if a son ask his father for bread, will he give him a stone? Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his justice; and all these things,—food, clothing and shelter—shall be added unto you.”

The sublimest mysteries of the Christian religion are closely related to food and drink. For it is the living, the living that shall praise God; and life must concern itself with getting the means of living. There is nothing meaner in the apron of the grocer’s clerk than there is about the eucharistic chasuble; it is a matter of degree, not of kind. He is the acolyte at the shrine of the Holy Family—that is, of your family and mine. It is he who deals out the stuff that nourishes brain and brawn. He is the attendant at the communion table of the family dining room. The bread and meat, milk, preserves, potatoes and fruit which shall later be transubstantiated into the body and blood of the sons of God are dealt out by his careful hands.

Food varies with geography. Chile con carne for the Mexican; blubber and oil for the Eskimo; rice for China; roast beef for England; for the Italian, macaroni and cheese. And the kind of food that prevails in every place depends very largely upon the landscape of that place. One cannot have fresh figs in Canada, nor fresh fish in the Sahara. It is not the food we eat, but the manner of our obtaining the food we eat, which shapes our lives. The plainsman of Wyoming thinks in terms different from those natural to the fisherman of Labrador; not because they eat different things, but because they pursue their living amid different surroundings.

For men’s ideas are of necessity acquired through their environment. There is a trinity of Time, as there is a trinity of Space, that bears upon each of us. Heredity is the past as it affects us; Environment is the present as it relates to you and me; Ideal is the future, as we relate ourselves to it. Out of Heredity comes the stuff of life which is shaped by the constant pressure of Environment, and which we may modify by the stern purpose of an Ideal. Heredity gives us that upon which we work; Environment gives us the conditions under which we must work; Ideal alone enables us to control to some extent the operations of both; yet it proceeds from the other persons of this indivisible Trinity.

So far from Trinitarianism being a confused jumble of metaphysical unrealities, it is the sole possible method of thought. We are conditioned by space and time. Yet space consists of three dimensions, length, breadth and thickness, “incon-fusable, indivisible, actual and perfect”, in the very words of the Chalcedonian decree. One cannot imagine one without the others, except by an abstraction so violent that is possible only
temporarily. Nor can we imagine a fourth or fifth dimension, except as an intellectual exercise unrelated to the facts. The same is true of Time; we cannot have past without present and future; nor present without past and future; nor future without a present and a past; nor can we say that the past is any greater than the present. Shall one allege that the past is of greater duration than the present? But—how long does the Present endure? Is it not the present out of which the Past has been manufactured?

Every artist, every writer, every poet, leaves the mark of his personality upon all that he makes. Lovers of painting can identify a master by his brush-strokes, by his technique, by his "atmosphere." Experts in handwriting can fathom not only individuality but character out of the irregular tracings of a pen and ink. None of us can make anything as our own handiwork without leaving stamped upon every part thereof the impress of our character.

Is it otherwise with God? And is there not stamped upon every atom of creation this signature of trinity in unity? And is it possible even to think without acknowledging the truth of this eternal perception—Mr. Wells to the contrary notwithstanding?

Our Environment is mainly composed of the surroundings of our search for subsistence. A clerk associates with clerks, and his metaphors are clerkly. A miner thinks the thoughts of a miner; and the visions of an engineer are couched in terms of the leaping lever and the shining steel track.

Very largely are the philosophies of an individual determined by his method of the production and exchange of the means of life. Much more so that of a nation. An individual's thoughts are counter-balanced by those of other occupations around him—unless indeed he happens to have been for many years the secretary of his union, in which case he lives, breathes and thinks only for his trade. For his only associates, then, are those of like condition to his own. Such men develop a fixed habit of thought, certain ways of speech and social expression, which to them seem perfectly inevitable.

That condition which most shapes the lives of permanent and settled groups of men is, of course, the geography of their habitation. A man may change his occupation, while remaining in his home town, and the weather may alter many times a day. But the mountains remain fixed in their relation to one another and to the sea.

"The mountains look on Marathon, And Marathon looks on the sea."

Underlying Economics is Geography. Underlying Environment is the Earth. Underlying Religion is the Universe.

"And of Joseph said Moses: Blessed of Yahweh be his land, For the precious things of heaven, for the dew, And for the Deep that coucheth beneath; And for the precious things of the fruits of the sun."
Religion that is genuine must express itself in language that is genuinely the outcome of experience. If the largest part of experience be environment, and if the major part of environment be Geography, then it will be seen that Geography is the main element in shaping every genuine religion, so long as it remains local.

And even an international religion, one which covers every locality of plain and sea, will bear the impress of its origin—if it be real. A metaphysical philosophy is of the air, and rules in the cold sphere of the severely mental. But a religion which holds real humans to its heart must be the product of the lives of human beings.

No religion bears so plainly stamped upon it both the geography and the economics of its origin as does Christianity. “The hills stand around about Jerusalem; so standeth the Lord around them that love Him;” “Way over Jordan, Lord!” “I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from thence cometh my help;” “He giveth the former rain and the latter rain”—all these phrases are familiar in the liturgies of all the people of the Book. Likewise are the main business pursuits of Palestine, sheep-grazing and vine-culture, prominent in our worship and our hymns. Whenever we “err and stray like lost sheep” or sing to the “Good Shepherd”; or refer to the Vine and the Branches, then we are expressing the thoughts of a modern faith in the language of Palestinian economics. This is a guarantee that our faith is, in its origin at least, bona fide. But it has strange sounds sometimes, to those of other methods of sustenance.

Dr. Wilfred Grenfell tells a story of a missionary to the Eskimos who translated for them the Gospels, under difficulties. When he came to the expression, “lamb of God”, for instance, he could find no word which meant “lamb”, inasmuch as sheep cannot feed upon the snowy plains of Greenland. Wherefore, he came as near as he could, and spake reverently of the “little seal of God.”

But when the missionary came home to report upon the progress of his work, and told this story, a good Presbyterian lady was greatly shocked that the poor benighted Eskimos should not have the Word of God in all its fullness. So she had a lamb killed and stuffed, and sent it to Greenland, that they might understand the true significance of “Behold the Lamb of God.”

This sounds odd, to us. But were we to take the trouble to analyze the impressions left in our own minds by certain economic and geographical phrases used in Holy Writ we would find the deposit not far removed from this in absurdity. For lacking the geography of the Holy Land, we miss the soul of its metaphors. Our American religion has had perforce to fight a series of metaphors drawn from a vicious and demoralizing cen-
transculturalization of its national thought in New York; but the psalms of our life which ring deep and true are not the Broadway ballads, but the song of Suwanee River, the Kentucky Hills, the Sky-Blue Water, and in time to come the sanctity of the Rockies, the Lakes and the long blue swell of the Pacific Coast will have found expression in our national devotion.

For Geography colors all our sincerest thoughts through and through. To one bred by the sea, the green surge and thunder of that companion of his childhood throbs deeply through all of his life. One who has dwelt among the snow-capped Rockies, or upon the bare and treeless plains of Wyoming, or among the pleasant moss-hung oaks of Carolina, is powerfully moved even to the depths of his being when in a far-off, indifferent land, the memory of these old things strikes home. There is no sound like the hymn of the pines, nor like the sound of the sea, to one lulled in childhood by their low thunder. The sharp cold breath of white-capped hills or the sweet elixir of sage-brush or of balsam pine is the very breath of immortality to a far-wandering mountaineer, or to one whose homeland is the plain.

"How shall we sing the Lord's song—in a strange land?" mourned the exiled psalmists beside the Chebar. "Are Dover Cliffs still white?" wistfully demands Kipling's exile. No literature is even intelligible apart from its geography. The border ballads of the Scots could not possibly have been written by a Dutchman. Norse gods mean little to an Italian.

George Adam Smith, in his wonderful book on the early literature of Israel, says:

"The difference between the clear, sharp, black-and-white silhouette of the desert landscape differs no more from the gray driving mists of the Hebrides Isles than does the terse, clear definiteness of Arab and Hebrew poetry differ from the mystic obscurity of the songs of the wind-driven Celt."

Kipling's songs of India could not have been written in Chicago. Not otherwise is it in religion; for unless literature is religious, it dies in the birth. Unless the same deep passion and thrill be in the soul of the singer as in the soul of the worshiper, his words are dead ere they are uttered.

Under the form, then, which the natural religion of every race has assumed, lies the Geography of its Fatherland, conditioning and shaping its deepest reaches. There are those who will find such a statement blasphemous. But such as these are not true believers in the God who created heaven and earth, and made man of the dust of the earth that he might breathe into him a living soul. If his body moulded from the clay which he treads be the temple of the Holy Spirit, should not his mind glorify still farther the Creator in terms of the high splendor of his own Creation?
CHAPTER III. THE NATURE OF RELIGION.

All religions whose evolution we are able to trace follow more or less the same course of development to some certain point, when circumstances force the change that makes them ultimately different.

They all begin with the fetish stage, go beyond that to the totem stage; then on through monolatry, polytheism, syncretism, and ultimately to monotheism. The stage which any one religion has reached depends upon the form of the social organization; for religion is social in its form and force. And as the vestiges of former stages in biological evolution persist in us, and as we each go through the "recapitulation" of the physical history of our race, so does each one of us go through the spiritual stages of evolution. In our social structure of today, beneath the theoretical religion to which we have en masse attained, there lie the actual religions to which separately we give our allegiance; often far distant, in force and meaning, from our professional creed. One may be a Unitarian and revere a fetish. Many highly educated families are ancestor-worshipers. The totem is in a process of wide revival amongst us even today.

Many students of religious phenomena fall into the error of thinking religion to be an intellectual expression. But this is theology, not religion. The theologies of a race are not its religion; they are but the garments of its faith; and a true religion will change its vesture many times in the course of centuries. Disaster comes when the robes of the forefathers are mistaken for the faith of the true church; an error prevalent today in a large section of that communion of which I am an unworthy ministrant.

I remember in my first year at the Seminary, a group of us, somewhat angered by the persistent stress on the proper garb for men of God, issued a hand-written religious journal entitled "The Ecclesiastical Delineator; devoted to the Catholicity of Clothes." The motto of this journal was "Enlarge thy phylacteries, and make broad the borders of thy garments; for of these things cometh salvation." We were severely rebuked for sacrilege. But I still cherish the memory of that impudent sheet.

Religion is not bound up in either the bodily or the intellectual garments of the elders; the Holy Ghost may not be sewn into a bit of cloth, nor cramped into a definition. Religion is Life itself, seeking Life in fellowship; striving to come into unity with the life of men and the life of God. Religion is the bond which unites individual lives into a higher unity. It is a function of that mysterious quality of Being itself.

It is a pet foolishness of scrap-book philosophers to cut out fashion-plates and caricatures, and think that they are men and women. Much of our religious philosophy is accomplished by
thinking with scissors and paste. But pictures of Maori and Malay at their magic, or of medieval bishops collecting tithes with rack and thumb-screw, are not religion. They are merely snapshots of how it affects some people.

Religion is the bond between an individual and his dominant group. If the dominant group be the Family, then the religion will be a family religion. If the dominant group be the clan or tribe, then the religion will be tribal. If the dominant group be a nation, then the religion will be a national religion—our present stage. If the dominant group be an empire, amalgamating many nations with different religions, then there will be either Syncretism, a synod of gods—or persecutions to enforce conformity with the imperial type. Heretics are a natural result of imperial expansion. They are “scabs” against an international religious union.

It needs no argument to prove that social life is higher than individual life. The wildest of our current anarchistic-individualists would perish if left upon a desert isle. The object of their rebellion is a higher form of society, not the destruction of society. Nor is it open to argument that all life seeks to be social. A stone or a grain of sand, being inorganic, can remain indefinitely solitary. But a cell, being alive, seeks to combine with other cells to produce a higher form of life. Organic life is social life, whenever and wherever it appears. Social life, whether in plants, animals, or men, depends absolutely on the strength of the social bond. The power which unites the individual life to the social group-life must dominate the individual in the interest of the group, or the group perishes. A rebel can only be forgiven if he seeks the filiation of a higher and better group.

Greatest of all marvels in the wide range of scientific miracle is the directive power of this “social bond.” A number of single cells, exactly alike to every test, become respectively a lily, an elephant, a fish, and the heir to the throne of Prussia. Why is not the child of a rose sometimes a rabbit? What causes a wasp who has never seen its mother to behave exactly like its mother even to the ultimate degree of resemblance, in responding to similar circumstances with an uncanny exactitude of reaction? Henri Fabre’s “Life of the Wasp” shows better than any other published book, the marvel of this force of heredity, which William Norman Guthrie defines as “There is that knows.” Force of heredity, we call it, which simply means that we do not know what it is.

The wasp-type is finished, complete. Therefore, the highest religion of a wasp is just to imitate its foremothers exactly. But the man-type is not yet perfected. To say “Be a man” is to urge to something higher, not yet apprehended.

“When I awake up after thy likeness, I shall be satisfied with it,” said the Psalmist. “We shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is,” wrote the Apostle. As the members of a perfect type are exactly, marvellously, incredibly like to their arche-
type, so to speak, the members of an incomplete type strive to approach their “ideal.” “It doth not yet appear what we shall be.” In the whole stretch of social fellowship, this striving is the essence of good. Each member must be a worthy member; must, by virtue of his loyalty to his dominant group, reproduce in himself that perfect type, as near as may be. It is life itself which impels him with the impulsion which is religion.

As we go higher in the scale of biological evolution, the social bond between individual and group must become higher also, and less rigid. A higher group demands a higher obedience, a higher membership. The cells of the eye owe their obedience to the eye, but also to the body. Growth of the eye and its performance of its functions, is dependent upon the subordination of the eye to the welfare of the whole body. Likewise, loyalty to one’s club is necessary to keep the club alive; but if the club becomes obnoxious to the city, then city loyalty must dominate club loyalty; or we have a tumor, a Tammany, in the body politic. The whole drift of municipal politics within the past twenty years has been to convince members of political clubs that they are parts of a higher group, the city, and that their loyalty to the club, their club-religion, must be subordinated to their city-religion, otherwise the club becomes an evil and their city is smitten of a sore disease. Then again, it is well to be loyal to the city. City-religion is a neglected necessity of our American life. But the nation is greater than the city—hard as this is for a New Yorker to realize; and the American religion must claim precedence over that of Manhattan, as the religion of Manhattan must, for its soul’s sake, claim the dominance over that of Tammany Hall. And now in these troublous times we are beginning to believe once more that the dominant group is not even America, but humanity itself.

“Who” demanded Theodore Roosevelt with indignation after one of Woodrow Wilson’s pre-war utterances “who elected him President of Humanity?” Surely, one might reply, at least a candidacy for that high post might be allowed—Lenine being a rival candidate. The patriotism of the human race must be kindled into a flame that shall swallow into itself all these lesser flames; or we shall all be consumed in the contending conflagrations.

Essential in any man’s loyalty to his group is the religious element. Each man has graded religions of many kinds. His family, his business, his union, his club, his city, his state, his nation, the human race—all of these claim his attachment. According to the strength of his devotion will be the prosperity of each group; and his life is set and determined by his supreme devotion, his loyalty to the group which he recognizes as dominant.

Just as the “force of heredity” functions to shape the descendants of a wasp, never having seen or heard or been instructed in the traditions of wasp-dom, to be wasps; and conforms the members of the dog family to the prehistoric tradi-
tions of their wild ancestors, of whom they have never heard; just so does the force of tradition shape the new members of a club, or a city, or a race, to be partakers in its being, and to exemplify, by following its customs, the strength of that partaking. "Morals"—"ethics"—both words mean "customary." A thing is right when the group finds it necessary to its self-preservation. Conflicts between customs, ethics and morals occur when rival groups impose rival claims to obedience because they are rivals for existence.

William I. Thomas, in his "Sex and Society," and Hobhouse, in his "Morals in Evolution," give fascinating pictures of the widely different standards of morals prevailing in different groups. One that used to shock me was the custom of an Arab tribe, which taught that the mother of a babe whose father was unknown was a benefactor, not an adulteress. The children, according to their customs, belong to the father's tribe; and there is a competition for children. Consequently, a child born "out of wedlock", as we would say, is a clear gain to the mother's tribe. But England saw something very much like this when the cry "Breed before you die" was sounded in the ears of her young soldiers before they went to the Great War. And, indeed, war itself gives a perfect illustration of the complete reversal of all ethics, all morals, when group-preservation enters into the lists.

Nothing more splendid could happen to the American religion than the adoption of the plan to make the Fourth of July, our national birthday, an Americanization day, when both newly naturalized immigrants and young men and women just coming to voting age might be initiated into the meaning of patriotism. The evil thing attending this proposal was that the men and women who proposed it were those very ones who have done more to destroy all that American ideals stand for than any enemy within or without our gates. This phenomenon is one of continual recurrence in the evolution of religion; and Frank P. Walsh's letter to the Americanization Day committee is a close parallel to the prophecy of Amos.

Conversion, Baptism, Confirmation—all of these mean initiation into, or coming of age, in the Tradition of Mankind Redeemed. For its life's sake, every community must inspire its members with the spirit which gives it life. Any group which cannot fill its members with the Ideal to which it is devoted—be that ideal the cleaning up of slums; cheap milk for the poor; the collection of stamps; raising the standards of labor, or the redemption of the world—cannot survive as a living thing. They must be assimilated by the life which calls the body together, or the body dies.

This is the test of Life; that it can, out of inert material around it, create for itself a body which is expressive of its life. Out of one square yard of earth, exactly the same throughout in composition, varying seeds bring into being a poppy, a radish, grass, roses, thistles and belladonna. Life is that which creates for itself a body; and each life creates a distinctive body. So is a living group one which can fire with its own purpose outside
individuals and bring them into the life of the group, their purposes and their wills dominated and inspired by the group-purpose.

Every union, every club, every nation, has and must have a purpose and a tradition. These constitute its creed and its soul. It has customs, which are its ritual, viewed socially, and its ethics, viewed individually. Every member who is imbued with the Creed-Soul has a religious bond with the group. And every man’s religion is his bond to his dominant group. This is not necessarily the largest group to which he belongs. He may think more of his family than his city, or his union; on the other hand, he may think more of his club than he does of his family. He may think more of his nation than he does of humanity, in which case his religion is national, not Christian. Many Germans have been converted from Christianity into Emperor-worshipers by the force of a national fervor, and many professing Christian ministers are sacrificing incense to the icon of Uncle Sam.

Group-life is the greatest thing about mankind. For our kind began with the emergence of group-life. The highest reach of individual excellence had been attained, let us say, with the Sabre-toothed Tiger, which was able alone and singly to overcome in combat any individual that tried strength with him. Mankind overcame the tiger by combining against him. Other species combined; but they combined not to resist, but to flee.

The very life of the man-group then was dependent upon the strength of the “social bond,” the loyalty of every member to the group. Let one of them fail, and they were all doomed. Each member must be willing to give his life, if need be, to save the life of his group. In that fierce struggle of the emergence of our species, a group which could not command the loyalty even to the death of all its members was dead already.

Here religion emerged. “Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friends.” “God is love.” In the misty far-off beginnings of things, men did not reason about nor explain nor embody nor personify their religion. They simply felt it.

Self-preservation demands that each man keep himself in the full tensity of all his powers. But group-preservation demands that he yield his life, if need be, to save the life of his group. This balance between individual perfection and social salvation is the battle-ground of all religious and civil development. Aristocracy, democracy, Protestantism, Catholicity, Puritans, Reformers, Traditionalists, all find their issues and raise their battle-cry in the dispute as to the respective claims of the group and the individual, the One and the Many. In our own day, Protestants emphasize more exclusively personal religion, Catholicism group-religion. Carried to extremes, both claims make nonsense. The hope of the future lies in a Protestant-Catholicity; in the loyalty of free souls to the City of God.

Religion, this Social Bond, is a quality of life itself, without which life would everywhere be impossible. But as soon as men reach the rationalizing stage and begin to express to themselves
that which they feel, theologies begin. Every society expresses its religion to its members in a theology built up of the best language and the most comprehensive similes which they can understand. It takes the terms of the best science of its day, and talks in them. If the science, the knowledge, be crude, the theology will be as crude, even though the morals be as high as humanity can reach. This so-called warfare between science and religion is a war between earlier and later stages of science. A religion may have outgrown its old theology as a child outgrows his clothes, and yet be the same religion.

For it is the Spirit of the Group with which the individual seeks affiliation through his religion; and which as constantly seeks him. "The Father seeketh such to worship Him." A true convert to any religion seeks to be moulded into the likeness of its inmost life. A good union man is one in whom the spirit of unionism dominates his thought. A group God is a personification of the group life. We must personify our gods, else they are unintelligible to us. To speak of God as a Being "infinite (without bounds), without body, parts or passions, eternal (without end), unchangeable"--is to deprive ourselves of ideas entirely. We accept the definition; but we call it "Father" and we think of it in the likeness of Jesus of Nazareth, who was willing to give up his life for his friends.

Further, each religion has a ritual. Masonic badges, signs, and grips; the union button; committee badges at a lodge function; the Order of Business, the election of officers—all of these are highly religious in their nature. A flag is a deeply religious symbol; and can be hypocritically blasphemed by the uses to which it is put. All of these are from the same root as the crosses, the liturgies, the sacerdotal garments, the hierarchies of the religions of the world. They express a social necessity.

We can act socially only through symbols. A button worn in the lapel may be a symbol dynamic with tremendous meaning, which is understood only by members of the same order. I have often thought of writing a "Philosophy of Buttons", but have been deterred by the reflection that I do not know enough. It is easy to write reflections on Egyptian mysteries, for no one is specially interested if I make a trifling error. "One cannot think blasphemously about Thor", as Chesterton reminds us. But to make an error concerning the elk-tooth of the B. P. O. E., or the Blue-Lodge! the thought fills me with terror.

So that a social life may express itself at all, it must have orderly procedure, marks of identification, "diversities of administration—but above all, the same spirit." To become a member of such a life, one must be baptized by that same spirit into one body. How awkward a geologist feels in a society of dancing-masters! Yet both deal with subjects that are, or have been, the essence of devotion.

Thus will be generated creed and canon law. Such a life will establish its own apostolic succession, ordain its own sacraments, visualize its own heaven, construct its own hell. All of
these, however, so far from being superstitious impositions, are an absolute and fundamental necessity of social organization.

Difficulties arise when the symbols obscure, instead of indicating, the things signified; when the hierarchy thinks that the organization exists to sustain it, instead of its existing to serve the organization. When that occurs, there is either a Reformation or death. Louis XV referred to one of his foremost nobles as “prop of my throne.” Louis XIV said, “The state, it is I.” Then came the Revolution.

Organized religion has once more reached this point, not for the first time, nor for the last. Therefore, the discussion, so prevalent, as to what religion really is, and why; that, understanding its nature, we may use it aright, and may have life in its name.
CHAPTER IV. THE SUBSTANCE OF THE GODS.

And now a question arises, insistent and imperative, which will not down. Is there any reality in these divinities, these life-forces of the group? Or are they but "social myths" useful and necessary, but pure inventions?

Here we will run amuck with all pre-war philosophy. "National gods real? An existence actually imagined possible of Wotan and Freia? Jove and Pluto and Pan—real beings? The man is mad."

Yet of all things that the war has rendered certain, it is most sure that pre-war philosophy is dead. None who has seen, or heard, or read, during these four frightful years, can deny that there is a realness, a sameness, a vitality in the national lives which are battling for predominance which is closely akin to the realness of a man's life. If the life of a man is real, with a realness which enables it to transubstantiate meat and butter and eggs and cheese and milk into body and blood, brains and hair and eyes; so that over and above the arms and legs and the mechanical responses to mechanical stimuli there is a something which can say "I"; then what shall we think of a national existence so real that it can transform men, formerly sane, formerly dull and commonplace, into demons and heroes? That national life which lays hold on masses of men and makes of them one vast organism, working with a will and to a purpose which is not the will and purpose of any of them, but of something greater than they?

Mr. H. G. Wells insists with a fierceness that is akin to fanaticism on the reality, the personality, the knowability and lovability of his God. It is a junior God of whom he speaks, an evolving God, "the undying human memory, the increasing human will. * * * Somewhere in the dawning of mankind he had an awakening, a beginning, and as mankind grows, he grows. * * * As a man is made up of a great multitude of cells, each equivalent to a unicellular organism. * * * Not one of those cells is he, nor is he just simply the addition of all of them. He is more than all of them. * * *

Race-consciousness is a comparatively late evolution. Prior to its birth there was national consciousness. If the life of a man growing out of a combination of lives, yet more than all of them, is real, then the life of a nation is real, and the life of the human race is real. As real as a personal ego, is the life of a real nation, a genuine god.

What, indeed, do we mean by reality?

Why, what is life? We know nothing of it, other than it is that force which embodies itself, incarnates itself, in a self-perpetuating form.

Prof. Max Verworn, Professor of Physiology at Bonn University, writes, "There is no elementary difference between or-
ganic and inorganic nature." As one should say, there is no elementary difference between clay in the ground and bricks built into a house. The element of design is not an "elementary difference." Yet he goes on to admit (in the article "Physiology" in the Encyclopaedia Brittanica) that "there are many different compounds in organic nature found nowhere in inorganic nature." The question must then arise, did the compounds cause the life, or did life cause the compounds? Prof. Verworn, a materialist of the deepest dye, gives his cause away when he says:

"Life depends on an initial tendency to be constantly undergoing spontaneous decomposition and regeneration, gained by successive biogens from those already existing, in accord with some self-regulating principle!"

Life, in other words, depends on life. We knew that before. These definitions are a very skillful way of saying in many words, nothing at all. They are like the skillful passes of a parlor magician who attracts attention away from what he is doing, because the hand is quicker than the eye. The mystery of life could all be explained, if we could only tell what the "self-regulating principle" is, of which life consists!

Prof. Verworn further says: "The ultimate object of all physiology is to discover what this vital process is—that is to say, what is the exact cause of all these manifold vital phenomena; a goal from which it is at present still very remote."

Materialism as a theory hangs for its very being on an idea of what matter is. Lester F. Ward remarks, "Matter is what it appears to be." But the discovery of the "specific energy of sense-substances" discloses that whatever matter is, it is not what it appears to be. For the same stimulus produces different results, according to which of the nerves it stimulates; and different stimuli produce the same results when acting on the same specific energy of sense-substances. For example, mechanical, electric or photic stimuli, applied to the optic nerve, all produce the sensation of light. Whether, that is, a brick strikes the eye, or electricity shocks it, or light illuminates it, in any case we have the sensation of light; we "see stars." What we perceive depends on which sense-organ is touched; it does not depend on what touches it.

Thus, says Verworn, "Things of the outer world are in no way discernible by us, in themselves." We are ignorant of the real constitution of matter. There is no way to come at it save through our sense-substances, and a very little experience will show how unreliable these are. Yet Verworn, undeterred by these astounding admissions, goes on to say:

"The discoveries of Mayer, of Helmholtz, of Dulong, etc., have shown that manifestations of energy by the organism are simply the result of the quantity of potential energy received into the body by means of food."

Did Mayer, Helmholtz and Dulong ever try feeding a corpse? How about feeding a block of stone? Will those bodies manifest energy in accordance with the amount of food received?
Again Verworn says, "It is self-evident that only such laws as govern the material world will be found governing material vital phenomena. The explanatory principles of vital phenomena must, therefore, be identical with those of inorganic nature; that is, with the principles of mechanics."

If there is anything in heaven or earth that is self-evident, it is that this is a colossal absurdity. It is true that science can only deal with mechanical phenomena; but that the laws governing bricks and stones are the sole laws which govern nerves and brain Verworn has just denied, when he talks of the "self-regulating principle" which governs biogenesis.

Hans Driesch, a German materialistic biologist, says:

"We must be cautious in admitting that any organic feature has been explained, even in the most general way, by the action of physical forces. What seems at first to be the result of mechanical pressure, may afterwards be found to be an active principle of growth.

"The effect of use on non-vital matter is to wear it away, as the continual dropping of water wears away a stone. But the effect of use on vital matter is to stimulate its growth—a totally opposite effect."

What then is life? It is perceptible only by its effects on matter, which it takes up and transforms, binding loose, scattered and diverse matter into a new corporate whole, animated by a central intelligence. No one doubts the reality of an individual life. But is an individual life really a separate thing, or is it a manifestation of the life-force? Is it a severed bubble, floating in the air? Or is it a knot upon an infinite skein, a vortex whirling for an instant in a vast ocean of vitality?

Haeckel writes in his "Evolution of Man":

"The opponents of the doctrine of evolution are very fond of branding the monistic philosophy grounded upon it as 'materialism' by confusing philosophical materialism with the wholly different and censurable moral materialism. Strictly, however, our monism might as accurately, or as inaccurately, be called spiritualism as materialism. The real materialistic philosophy asserts that the vital phenomena of motion, like all other phenomena of motion, are effects or products of matter. The other, opposite extreme, spiritualistic philosophy, asserts on the contrary that matter is the product of motive force, and that all material forms are produced by free forces entirely independent of matter itself. Thus, according to the materialistic conception of the universe, matter, or substance, precedes motion or active force. According to the spiritualistic conception of the universe, on the contrary, active force precedes matter.

"Both views are dualistic, and we hold both of them to be equally false. A contrast to both views is presented in the monistic philosophy, which can as little believe in force without matter as in matter without force."

Both matter and force, that is to say, are the manifestations of a deeper lying Energy, out of which both come.
My argument here is concerned with defending myself against the charge of materialism, in saying that the gods of the nations are simply their “rocks and rills, their woods and templed hills”; even though these are the guise under which they are recognized and named. It is concerned also with this proposition; if one man’s life is recognizable only as it creates itself a body out of dissimilar matter; and if that life is a spark from the universal fire or tide of life, then a group-life which can create itself a body out of individual men is also an incarnation, an embodiment, of the Life-Force, and is as real as is an individual man.

But—how real is an individual man?

Not every group-life reaches the stage of “personality.” Only those which can dominate and mould the lives of individual men forming of them a self-conscious group, reach up beyond the shadowy stage of amöeboid gods into the status of divinities. But that these exist, anyone who will admit that an individual man lives will be hard put to it to deny. Both are sparks, or flames, out of the great sea of vital fire, swirling into a vortex sufficiently self-centered and self-conscious to become a “self.”

Why should we assume that in the great Wheel of Life, extending from the smallest unicellular “biogen” up to man, there is then a gap between man and the “Veiled Being”—the Supreme God? Has not that vast emptiness been in fact peopled by many lives, growing out of the lives of men and yet also giving life to men? Strongest of all group-lives are the national lives, the race-consciousnesses. These are known by their worshipers in strange forms, strange shapes, strange visions. Always these flame-vortexes grow and expand, seeking to become one with the Great Mystery. Every religion strives to become Monotheism; for the group-soul aspires to communion with God.

Strange, mysterious indeed, is the field into which this inquiry brings us; an inquiry into the lives of the gods, and their relation with the Life of God. There are those who would have scoffed at it, before the war. Since the war has shown us how real, how horrible, or how splendid, a national passion and a national soul can be, these scoffers are decreased in number.
CHAPTER V. FETISH AND TOTEM.

First of all the stages of religious evolution, for purposes of study at least, is fetishism, the religious expression of savagery. In that low state, each man roams the wilderness for himself. His prosperity is dependent on his own bodily skill and strength, his clearness of vision, swiftness of limb, coolness of head, quickness of invention. Therefore, each man has his own god, which links him, separately and individually, to the dim powers that govern. He discovers this god for himself, and he alone is the high-priest of it. It may be a stone, or a root, or a rabbit's foot, a bear's claw, or some sacred amulet. Amulets, indeed, are the sanctification of fetishism by a social religion. Jevon, in "The Idea of God," says that the savage's frame of mind in stumbling, perhaps in the dark, upon his fetish, is something like "Ha! Art thou there?" And he picks up the pebble, or bone, or whatever it may be, and enshrines it around his neck. It is his god, to which he trusts to bring him luck.

It is evident that the relative prominence given to fetish and tribal god will be due to the relative reliance placed upon individual prowess and tribal support. Even today, those who rely on skill or luck of their own have fetishes. Every gambler carries a personal charm, the shred of a hangman's rope for choice. All of us—or most of us—have luck-pieces, watch-charms, elk-teeth, lucky pennies, or household gods of some sort, to which in moments of reversion to type we fervently pray for good luck. Anyone who will look into a small boy's pocket knows what strange things may do duty for luck-pieces. All of the little strictly personal fragments each of us may cherish, which to be touched by a stranger hand is profanation—all of these are fetishes, expressions of that primeval savagery, each for himself and the devil take the hindmost, in which the emphasis was so strongly thrown on "personal religion" that all the ages of social evolution have not uprooted its traces.

American Indians have not only their own gods, medicine bags, and charms, but their own personal creeds and rituals. Arthur Farwell, who spent years among them to study their music, tells how each brave creates a life-song, which is his soul's self set to music. This song is sacred to himself, so much so that if another steals his song, he has stolen his personality, his life. For this song comes to him at the moment when Wakonda, the Great Mystery, has spoken to him.

Every Indian, on coming of age, goes into a three-day fast, during which time the Great Spirit reveals himself. The form of that revelation gives the Indian his sacred name. Old Chief Rain-in-the-Race, for example, felt the Holy Spirit touch him with the falling of holy water from the rain-clouds. Eagle Feather received a message from the Most High in the falling
to earth of a fragment of the plumage from a kingly bird. Farwell's cycle of Indian songs, and some of those written by Cadman, set into pale-face melodies the life-songs of American Indians, woven by them out of their glimpses of the Eternal. "Inketunga's Thunder-Song" is a classic example of this.

"Wakonda! Deep rolls thy thunder!
O Friend, they speak to me,
The Weeping Ones! Hark!
Deep-voiced, in thunder rolling!"

Closely parallel is this to the Thunder-Psalms, save that in our parrot-translations we miss the strong sense of mystery and patriotic exultation in the heart of the Hebrew warrior who saw his Lord in the thunder-cloud.

"The Voice of Yahweh is upon the Deep; the God of Glory thundereth; Yahweh prevaileth above Tehom Rabbah!
The Voice of Yahweh is in power;
The Voice of Yahweh is in majesty;
The Voice of Yahweh breaketh the cedars; yea, the Voice of Yahweh shattereth the cedars of Lebanon!"

Next after the fetish stage comes that of the totem. This is the tribal stage; the totem is the tribal fetish. The life of the tribe is symbolized in the form of a common divinity, who is believed to be the source of the tribe's life. A fox, or a beaver, or a thistle, or an eagle, is holy to the community, and may not be injured by any member of it, nor eaten save at communion feasts. Perhaps the totem is the fetish of the ancestor from whose veins the blood of the tribe flows.

Westermarck, Oesterley, Hobhouse, W. Robertson Smith and many others have in their researches into the origin of morals and customs laid bare the evolution of the totem. One need, however, only glance at the lapel-buttons worn by the men whom he meets, to see the survival of that ancient faith. The elk, the moose, the eagle, the beaver, are the totems of great secret orders which are religious to all intents and purposes among those who hold to them; religions often far more real to them than the nominal Christianity which most of them profess. The lion of England, the American eagle, the double-headed eagle of Austria and Russia, are national totems. In a smaller way the Wolverine of Minnesota, the Badger of Wisconsin, the Gopher of Michigan, the Sand-piper of Florida, the Pelican of Louisiana, and the California Bear; the Princeton Tiger—and for that matter the Tammany Tiger—are religious totems. Every mascot is a totem; and no baseball team can hope for victory unless its mascot-totem is offered a sacrifice of flowers. Sailors of a battleship are fiercely loyal to the goat, the cat, or the peculiarly marked dog, which for the time being is the incarnation of the clan-loyalty of the men aboard ship, bound to each other in a close tie of comradeship during long periods of voyaging. Nor need any one who understands the strong hold of mascot-worship among such groups of men cavil or wonder at the gods of Egypt, of which we shall deal in the following chapter.
Ancestor-worship has its root in the fact that the origin of all human society lies in the blood-bond. The fellowship of the family is the strongest and most natural of ties. The ancestor is the origin of the family's life; from him their common existence flowed. Loyalty to the tribe is, therefore, conceived under the form of loyalty to the spirit of the ancestor.

"I am the god of your fathers, the god of Abraham, and of Isaac, and of Jacob," is a universal formula, voiced out of the Bush to Moses. It is the call of Tradition, which is the Heredity of social organism. Frequently in the Bible there is a confusion between Jacob, the ancestor of Israel, and Yahwèh, the god of Israel.

"This is the generation of them that seek thee; Even of them that seek thy face, O Jacob;" cries one of the sublimest Psalms.

Every social organism, whatever its nature, which has any hold upon its own life, expresses thus its reverence for its founders. For this is the supreme means of keeping the life of the society true to itself. Americans revere the memory of Washington, Socialists that of Karl Marx, for precisely the same reason that every family which has a strong community life honors its grandfather, and the Orientals sacrifice to the shades of the dead. It is their way of expressing their loyalty to the organization of which these men were the founders, and whose spiritual blood runs in their veins. Every college which has Founders' Day celebrations is sacrificing to the shades of the ancestors, striving to keep alive in the souls of the sons the Communion of Saints. The chief factor in our American government, the Supreme Court, is a hierarchy of ancestor worshipers sacrificing to the shades of the long-dead Fathers of the Constitution with a fidelity that would excite the approval of an ancient Chinaman.

All of these factors are constant in all religions, because they are inevitable expressions of social life. Sacraments derive their mystical power not by virtue of their separateness, but of their universality. All religions have sacraments, by means of which the souls of many are knit into one, that the Body may be one. Memorial feasts and relics of the saints, holidays and celebrations of the great deeds of the past, all are methods adopted by the Group to infuse its Spirit into its members, that they may be made into the likeness of their divinity.

The difference between Christianity and the rest of religions is not of kind, nor of degree, nor of extent, but of quality. Here is an international religion which recognizes no territorial fatherland but the universe itself; no tribal community less than the whole fellowship of created things, visible and invisible, dead, living and unborn; no deity less than the whole sum of Being, Creative, Evolving and Inspirational. Frankly evolutionary, it takes perfected mankind as its standard, and by it proposes to judge both the living and the dead.
CHAPTER VI. THE CRUCIBLE OF GOD.

But what has all this talk of Fetish and Totem to do with the Lord God and with the Christian Religion? To prove my point it is necessary to show the steps by which the conception of God has changed within historic times in our historic religions.

And here I must repeat a paragraph or so from another book, "The Martyr Peoples", which those who have read may skip.

To most of us, "religion" means the Bible. Nor is there in existence a book which so perfectly illustrates all the stages of religion, from the lowest to the highest. One question which much perplexes the student of religious history is this: Why is the religion of the Hebrews the dominant one in the world today? Christianity, Islam and Mohammedanism—all of these revere the Old Testament as the origin and foundation of their faiths, and the narrow ground of Palestine as their Holy Land. But why should the religions of Persia, India, Greece, the Teutons, have given way to this dominant strain—the religion of the Jew?

Every race of people who ever had any religion at all have always regarded themselves as the chosen and beloved nation of their god, selected by him to carry his laws and customs to the rest of the world. Not one of them but believed that "out of Zion shall go forth the law, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem." Most barbarous of all barbarous tribes habitually refer to themselves as "the people", and to the rest of mankind as "barbarians" or "those others." But why, out of all the claimants for this title of the Chosen People, have the Hebrews so long been allowed to arrogate to themselves so great a spiritual victory?

This question remains a riddle, or an irresponsible whim of an inscrutable Deity, until the geography of the Holy Land is given its due weight.

Look, then, at the theater of the rise and fall of the empires of the ancient world. The valley of the Nile, the valley of the Euphrates, the valleys of the Indus and the Ganges, and the Isles of Greece, the Peninsula of Rome—here was the seat of empire and the spotlight of history during all the long centuries that our religion was in the making. It was between the land of the Pharaohs, the land of Babylon, Chaldaea, and Assyria, the land of the Greeks and of the Romans, of the Persians and of the many-peopled Hindus, that the course of the race was run.

Earliest of all known seats of civilization were Egypt and Mesopotamia. Midway between them lies Palestine.

Great highways traversed the deserts and the plains between Egypt and Mesopotamia, from the very dawn of history. These passed through Palestine. Caravans laden with the goods of the
Egyptian valley and the goods of the merchants of the Tigris and the Euphrates plodded down the Way of the Sea, and up across the passes of the Lebanon, long before recorded history began. Down as far as India the caravans went, and far up to the sources of the Nile. All of them passed through Palestine.

Canaan's plains were debatable land. First the cohorts of Thothmes swept over them, driving back the legions of Hittite and Hyksos. Then the legions of Assyria and Babylon, adding fresh ruins to those piled in the long centuries of tribal warfare before them. Alexander's phalanxes marched to the gates of Jerusalem, and Aristotle met the Pharisees at Joppa, believing them to be Brahmins. Roman armies tramped across its soil. Napoleon's soldiers followed the Crusaders, and now the British and French bombard the Austrian, the German and the Turk, upon the plains of Esdraelon and the slopes of Golgotha.

Palestine felt the heel of whatever government strove for the mastery of the world. Back and forth over it swept the wash and backwash of every eddy of civilization, each one leaving its deposit. Whatever systems of laws sought headship, tried to establish dominion in Palestine; not because of the value of the land, but because it commanded the highways of international trade.

Being in the midst of all these tides of life, Palestine is yet cut sharply off from them. To the south lies the desert. To the east lies the valley of the Jordan, deepest in the world, terminating in the Dead Sea; and beyond the Jordan again lies the desert. To the north are the snowy ranges of the White Mountains, the chains of Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon. And to the westward lies the Great Sea.

In the midst of the world, yet cut off from the world, was the Crucible of God. And, furthermore, no rivers water the plains of Palestine. The "ancient river, the river Kishon," is but a brook, which dries up in the summer, when it is most needed. Palestine depends on the rain. Its face is forever turned upward to the sky for its daily sustenance. If God giveth not the early and the latter rain, then indeed his wrath lights upon it, and there is a year of famine.

In the midst of the world, cut off from the world, and with its face turned ever to the skies, was Palestine. Into this land, old with the relics of many civilizations, was projected a fierce desert race, out of the rocky triangle of Arabia.

Between the two river-valleys where empire began lies this vast triangle, which never has been and never will be civilized. It was the cradle of the Semites, of the race whence came the three religions which have dominated the West. An arid, rocky wilderness, mountainous and forsaken, it has been inhabited since the dawn of time only by loosely confederated tribes, roaming in search of pasturage. Because the demand for subsistence was so much greater than the supply, they were continually at war with one another. Clan loyalty was always at white heat among them; the only bond they knew.
They are the great religious geniuses of history, for earth holds little to charm them, and their gaze is forever fixed upon the solemn desert stars. Between sand and sky their choice is cast, and their thought dwells upon the sky. Subsisting upon their flocks and herds, they have no set abiding place, but drift hither and yon across the desert, seeking pasturage in the infrequent cases. Hence they have no earthly patriotism to chain them to one spot. Freedom is theirs, not only from kings but even from a fatherland. No artificial government sways them. The father is king; "patriarchal"—the rule of the ancestor—is their system of life.

At a crucial moment in the history of the world, this wild race from the desert was injected into the highly-civilized country of Canaan. There, under historical observation, their evolution from the lowest to the highest possible stages of religious belief went on. Every stage is recorded in the pages of the Bible. As a deep shaft may pierce through strata showing every epoch embedded in the hard rock, so the books of the Bible show us the customs and the beliefs of each stage in religious evolution, preserved forever in the Canon of Holy Writ.

Nothing similar to this exists in any other sacred writing. The Koran was the work of one man. It might be compared to one of the prophetic writings, say the book of Ezekiel. Likewise, the Analects of Confucius, the poems of Homer, the Zend Avesta, the Nibelungen Lied. The Upanishads are entirely unhistorical; the Bhagavad Gita is the philosophy of a single writer. Nowhere else was a book like the Bible produced. Nowhere else have the geographical and the historical conditions been anything like those of the Palestinian land. From just such a spot must indeed have come that concentrated essence of the world’s hopes and fears that should be fused, under terrific pressure, to form the world-religion.

Such was the land. But the people also are unlike any other. The Hebrews were a race impossible to assimilate. Egypt cast them out, Assyria could not swallow them nor Babylon fuse them into her own blood; Greek culture, with the extremest cruelties, could not exterminate them, nor could the iron heel of Rome stamp them out. Medieval persecutions strengthened their bond one with another, and their unlikeness to the rest of the world was but deepened.

Through all the clashing centuries they preserved their individuality; and yet their strange genius took from every race with which they associated living pictures of the best things in outside religions, and grafted them indivisibly upon their own original conceptions. They met the Egyptians and the Chaldaeans, and took from them a deep tinge and color. From Persia they took Satan and the Angels, from the Greeks the Logos, or the Wisdom; from Rome they took the idea of a Canon. Mixing with all, yet distinct from all, they have preserved to this day the ever growing deposit of the struggles of mankind to search out God.
CHAPTER VII. SONGS OF THE WILDERNESS.

Pictures of the wild race of Bedouins who inhabited the great desert of Arabia, during the rise and fall of the splendid empires which surrounded them, may be gleaned from their descendants of today. Little change occurs in the thought and in the customs of a people reduced so completely to the simplest possible forms of life as are the dwellers of the desert. A great reservoir of primeval life, preserved fresh and unchangeable out in the wilderness, to be poured at successive intervals into the seething Caldron, is formed by the Garden of Allah, which lies so close to, but so immeasurably far away from, the very center of history.

"Upon Arabia," says George Adam Smith in one of his lesser known works, the "Early Literature of Israel," "Nature has bestowed few gifts but that of breeding men. A ribbon of fertility around the coast line, broadening on the Indian Ocean, encloses a high broken plateau of absolutely barren rock and shifting sand." Embedded in the Bible, as its lowest substratum, is a collection of the folk-songs of these wandering tribes, which give us a glimpse of their thoughts on men and God.

Of all the experiences and phenomena of the Desert, the Thunderstorm is the most thrilling. There is small change in seasons, there is no sea to enchant with its ever varying moods; nothing but the changeless sand and the impassive skies. To the awe-inspiring spectacle of the storm-clouds and the wind, there was added to the Hebrew nomads the belief that Yahweh, their god, dwelt in the thunder-cloud, and was personally present when the storm came. Israel had met its god in the thunder-cloud at Sinai, and Israel hailed its god in every storm thereafter. All of the great victories were won in connection with some great cataclysm. Deborah and Barak routed the hosts of Sisera because of a storm which flooded the valley of the Kishon. Joshua routed Midian in a thunderstorm; and David's men waited until they heard the "sound of a going in the tops of the mulberry trees"—the whistling of the wind prior to a storm. In Genesis, the voice of Yahweh is heard walking in the garden in the wind of the evening.

One of the earliest of the Psalms in date is the eighteenth, which is among the few that are considered by scholars to be from the mouth of the warrior-king himself. It is one of the sublimest of the thunder-songs of history. It is repeated verbatim in 2 Samuel 22, as David's song of triumph after he had been delivered out of the hand of all his enemies, and of Saul.

``In my distress I called upon Yahweh, and cried unto my God. Then the earth shook and trembled; the foundations of the hills also moved and were shaken, because he was wroth.''

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There went up a smoke by his nostrils, and fire out of his mouth devoured; coals were kindled at it.
He bowed the heavens also and came down; and darkness was under his feet. And he rode upon a cherub and did fly; yea, he did fly upon the wings of the wind.
He made darkness his secret place; his pavilion round about him was of dark waters and thick clouds of the skies.
At the brightness that was before him his thick clouds passed; hail-stones and coals of fire.

Yahweh also thundered in the heavens, and the Highest gave his voice; Hailstones and coals of fire!
Yea, he sent out his arrows, and scattered them; and he shot out lightnings, and consumed them.

Then the channels of waters were seen, and the foundations of the world were uncovered at thy rebuke, O Yahweh; at the blast of the breath of thy nostrils. He sent from above, he took me, he drew me out of Tehom Rabbah."

This sublime passage is echoed in Psalms 94, 97, 99, 29, and many others. President Lincoln's famous second inaugural address quotes from the desert poet thus:

"If it be his will that this strife shall continue until every drop drawn with the lash shall have been requited with one drawn by the sword, still must it be said by us as by the prophet of old: 'Clouds and darkness are round about him; righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his seat.'"

Many are the little war-choruses embedded in the structure of the books. One is that fragment in Exodus 17, telling of the conflict with Amalek in the desert.

Then Moses built a cairn of remembrance, and called it Yahweh-Nissi; and Moses said:

"'A hand is lift up
To the banner of God;
Yahweh at war
With Amalek forever!'"

The ferocity of these desert conflicts is well shown in a song attributed to the "Moshelim" or makers of sarcastic choruses, in Numbers 17:15:

"Come, let Heshbon be rebuilt!
And restored the town of Sihon!
For fire came forth from Heshbon,
Flames from the town of Sihon;
It devoured Ar of Moab,
The lords of the high places of Arnon.

Woe to thee, O Moab!
Thou art undone, O people of Chemosh!
He hath given his sons to flight,
And his daughters to exile.
Their children are perished
From Heshbon to Dibon;
Their women are mangled
From the slopes to the desert!"

Chemosh, god of Moab, was as real as was Yahweh, god of Israel. At times Chemosh was acknowledged as the superior. There is a story in the book of Kings about the triple expedition
of the kings of Judah, Israel and Edom against Moab. They had penned the king of Moab in the walls of his city, and he essayed in vain to cut his way out with 700 men to the king of Edom.

“Then the king took his eldest son, who should have reigned in his stead, and offered him for a burnt offering upon the wall. And there came great indignation against Israel; and they departed from him, and returned to their own land.”

Chemosh, roused by this supreme sacrifice, as heroic as anything in history, rallied to the combat and overcame Israel’s god.

One song is of supreme importance; in it lies the germ of the future greatness of Israel’s God. It is the “Song of the Well,” in Numbers 21:16:

>“Spring up, O Well!  
>Sing ye to her.  
The well which the princes digged,  
>Which the folk-nobles delved,  
>With their batons, with their staves,  
>From the Desert a Gift.”

No words can picture the wonder of a well to the wanderer of the sands. Coming out of the arid, barren sterility of the desert where the hot glare of the sun upon rocks and drifting sand is reflected back from the blinding sky, to an oasis where waters bubble up cool from the ground, and where palm trees grow with the breezes whispering through their feathery leaves, and where grass carpets the earth, the heart of the wanderer swells with the very presence of divinity itself. All such places are to such wanderers holy. I have felt this thrill of wonder on the western plains, coming to a water course where thick trees and grass took the place of sagebush and glistening rock. Even where there is no water course, one knows that close beneath the surface the life-giving stream seeps its way when one sees the “trees shake their dusty heads in the breeze.” W. Robertson Smith suggests that the origin of the Totem-worship lies in the haunting of the thickets near desert springs by desert animals, which the reverence of the thirsty wanderer accepts as the deities of the place. Certainly the Bedouin nations named all their chiefs after such totem-gods; Nahash, king of the Ammonites, is named after the snake which wriggles down between the roots of the thickets beside the desert pool. Oreb and Zeeb, kings of Midian, are named from the Raven and the Wolf which range the wastes looking for their prey.

Water itself is instinct with divinity, to them to whom it is life itself. To every early people living water is holy; and who shall say that they are wrong? For if life is holy, water without which life cannot endure is holy, too. The instinct which led to the demand of the early Christians for living water for baptism; and which lies at the root of the sprinkling of the people with holy water before every high mass, is a true one, springing from a necessity of life brought into sharp relief by the stern rigors of the desert.

Oh, the miracle of water! Next to that of procreation there is none more marvelous. We who dwell in cities, away from the
plain and the forest, having only to turn a tap to get all the water we can use, have forgotten that mystery. But our religion is water-born. For as the supremacy of Marduk over the gods of the cities of Babylon was largely due to the development of water-borne commerce; as the legend of his triumph over Tiamat was a reflection of the extension of ship traffic; as the god Osiris was the deification of the life-giving current of Father Nile; as Yahweh gave life to Israel through the rain; as the Baal of the land-religions was the life-spirit of water; as the thunder-cloud was the habitation of God to the Jews; so the linking of these tremendous dramas into one supreme conception gave us our Water of Life, flowing from the Throne of God, clear as crystal, whereof the “Spirit and the Bride say Come; and let him that is athirst come; and whosoever will, let him take of the WATER OF LIFE freely.”

But of the acts in that tremendous spiritual drama we must speak yet at length.
CHAPTER VIII. THE SUN OF THE HUNDRED HANDS.

Earliest of all known civilizations is that of the Nile. Recorded history lifts the veil of darkness from the land of Egypt fifty-five centuries before Christ, when, under the reign of Manes, the kingdoms of Upper and Lower Egypt were united, and the crown of the First Dynasty joined together the tiara of the north and the diadem of the south. Egypt was already very old. Upper Egypt was an ancient empire, and Lower Egypt also, with long histories of wars behind them. Each was composed of a score of petty states; twenty in Upper, twenty-two in Lower Egypt. Egyptian Kings are reckoned not by names, but by Dynasties—families of kings—and there are thirty of these.

Consider English history in this light. There would be the Saxon dynasty, the Norman dynasty, Plantagenets, Lancastrians, Tudors, Stewarts, and the German line which now occupies it—seven in more than one thousand years. Egypt had thirty dynasties, and the reigns were generally longer than those in England.

Somewhat later than the time of Manes—twenty centuries, to be exact—we get the first glimpse of events in the valley of the Euphrates. About the year 3600 B.C. the curtain first rises on the strife between Sumerians and Akkadians. Ur of the Chaldees, where the waters of the Rivers empty into the Persian Gulf, was the seat of the mixing of those nationalities from which sprang the race of Chaldaeans. Ur was a melting pot somewhat like New York today, and for the same reason; it was a seaport leading to a rich interior.

The difference between the religious evolution of Egypt and that of Chaldaea hangs largely upon the difference in history. Both in the course of centuries sought monotheism, and both failed; the Egyptians were sidetracked by the land-hunger of the priests of Amon, and the Chaldaeans because Cyrus the Median cut short their slow evolution with the sudden interposition of a new faith, and one far higher, that of the wild-tongued Zarathustra.

Each of the forty-two nomes, or principalities, making up the United States of Egypt, was the original home of a nation. Each nation, or tribe, had its own totem. There was Horus, the Falcon; Wepwawet, the Wolf; Thoth, the Ibis; Khnum, the Ram—and a host of others. Each tribe kept its totem, or the fetish which was its symbol, in a sacred hut in times of peace, and in time of war bore it forth upon a standard to bring victory; as the Israelites carried the Ark, and our regiments their banners. Each totem was in its own territory sacred, and was treated with greater reverence than that paid to kindred men. We are digging up in Egypt today vast cemeteries of mummified cats, lizards, crocodiles, and even snakes, all of them totems of some ancient tribe; deified mascots, laid to rest in sanctity.
One of the strangest of these totems, which is immoderately popular among would-be mystics of the present, is the scarab. The scarab is our familiar tumble-bug, which most of us have seen in country roads, working by pairs on a ball of manure, which they roll away to their holes for a shelter for their eggs. The scarab owes its wide popularity in the first place to the Egyptian belief that the sun is rolled across the heavens each day by a pair of just such tumble-bugs, which were consequently revered as divine. In the second place, of course, it is the easiest of all the gods to manufacture out of a small, smooth stone.

The Egyptian word for “goddess” is represented in hieroglyphs by the symbol of a snake. Back of this lies a universal reason. The snake is the living creature most closely connected with the earth. In most primitive religions the earth is recognized as the female principle of the universe, the wife of the sun, the mother of all living. In widely scattered nationalities the python, the cobra, the asp, have been in their turn sacred to the Mother-goddess—Isis, or Cybele, or Ishtar, as the case might be; for closest of all her children remained the snake to the breast of the Earth-Mother. Among the Egyptians the Uraeus, or winged snake, formed the headdress of the queens of the Pharaohs, and sometimes of the august Pharaoh himself.

Nature furnishes the earliest gods, everywhere. Yet, as Breasted remarks in “The Development of Religion and Thought in Ancient Egypt”,—“The National State makes early impression on religion. Its forms pass over into the world of the gods. Their origin and function in nature retire into the background. * * * The Empire (the International State) and political universalism so impress religion that the world idea emerges, and monotheism results.”

When the United States of Egypt was formed under the first of the Pharaohs, the forty-two totems were gathered into a national pantheon, each member of which was to some extent holy throughout Egypt, but specially holy in his own territory. In such a gathering there had to be some sort of organization. Thoth, the Ibis, was made secretary of the gods—perhaps because the ibis lives among the papyrus reeds; and the totem of the predominant Nome was, of course, the president pro tempore.

But a greater unity was soon to be brought about. Egypt’s unity was the work of the Nile. Empire is always a question of transportation. In Egypt Rome’s problem of the roads was solved by the gods. All the year the river Nile runs north with a steady current, and all the year the wind blows south with a gentle breath. Hence, it is possible to run down the river at any time of the year by trusting to current and oars, or up the river at any time by oars and sail. From the river one can almost toss a scarab across the whole habitable area of Egypt on either side, which nowhere exceeds a width of 9 miles in the 1,500 miles of the country’s length.

Hence, fleets and troopships could reach any part of the land at any time with the minimum of uncertainty and the maximum of speed. Here lay the secret of the early rise and the vast
duration of the empire of the Pharaohs. There was almost no chance for successful rebellion against any power able to command troops. The land was made one by the river, and the river was held under one power.

By the yearly overflow of Father Nile, the lands were covered with a rich deposit, and crops made easy. For the mastery of this land, there were prizes incalculable. Easy transportation and great plunder made tyranny inevitable.

Nothing is more absurd than Buckle's theory that rich and easy food makes people naturally slaves. It produces rich prizes for the tyrant to desire; and if coupled with natural wealth there is easy transportation, oppression is inevitable. It is not the "cold breath of the mountains" which makes the mountain dwellers of Switzerland and Scotland free, but the difficulty of building roads through the hills, and the lack of anything valuable as booty when the difficulty has been overcome. The difference between Scotch and Irish history is the difference between impassable barren highlands and fertile, quick-traversed plains.

That loyalty which had in tribal days been paid to the tribal deity must now be paid to the empire. Of this empire the most obvious symbol was the Nile, and the next was Pharaoh. These two became to some extent identified; Pharaoh as the symbol of political unity and Osiris, the Nile, as the factor of natural unity. As Father Nile held Egypt together by his life-giving stream, so Pharaoh held it together under his all-powerful scepter. At times an attempt was made to transfer Osirian worship to the Pharaoh; not always with results beneficial to the Pharaoh.

For the king, as incarnation of the power of the north and the south and the forty-two Nomes, claimed to be a god. He became so holy that none might look on him and live. Churches were built to him, and he was worshiped in them while he lived, as already divine; and the necessary provisions for propitiating his mighty shade impoverished the land after he was dead. Pharaoh, living, claimed credit for good crops and beneficent seasons, like the Republican Party under Taft; with the natural result that when a succession of bad crops and disastrous seasons occurred, the people rose in revolt, killed the Pharaoh, and installed a new and more successful weather-prophet. Politics change little.

Pharaoh-worship was the political religion. It was the patriotism of the aristocrats, of those who profited by the established order. To the proletarians, upon whose shoulders the gilded fabric of empire rested, Osiris, Father Nile, the Life-Giver, was the imperial religion. Pharaohs came and went, but the Nile flowed on. Consequently the patriotism of the proletarians united on the Nile, with the inseparable trinity of Isis, the land, the Earth-Mother, and Horus, the Falcon-Sun, as the expression of their group-loyalty.

This great Trinity, to which H. G. Wells alludes in such scathing terms, was the source of Egypt's life. The annual rise and overflow of the Nile, and its broad embrace of the land of Egypt, was the source of all their sustenance.
Outside of the sacred Valley, the sun shone indeed, and the winds blew, but no life could exist save where the Father of Egypt embraced the land with his annual conjugal impregnation. Hence of the triad of River, Land and Sun, the River was deemed to be the elder and the chief, because he could give life, while the Sun could give only dead warmth and unfruitful light.

All through the legends of the Egyptian Trinity, the annual overflow of the Nile is pictured as a resurrection of dead Osiris, brought back to life by Horus, the Sun. There is a connection here with the annual return of the Sun to the north from the regions of the south, and the melting of the snow upon the mountains of the Moon in which the Nile takes its rise by the directer impact of the vertical rays of the returning orb.

This natural phenomenon was represented and glorified in the great Mysteries of the temples. Mainly the story of the resurrection of Osiris followed the general trend of Nature-myths the world over. Far back in the dim past, the good king Osiris was slain by his brother Seth, at a banquet. Seth with his seventy-two conspirators placed Osiris’ body in a casket and cast it into the Nile. Isis sought and reclaimed the body of her lord. Seth wrested it from her and cut the body into fourteen pieces (possibly representing lunar months), which he scattered over the land. Isis after a long search found all these fourteen pieces and built a temple over each of them. When the boy Horus grew up he warred with his wicked uncle and overthrew him, losing an eye in the contest.

With his lost eye, Horus restored his father to life. Osiris then embraced Isis, and life began again on earth.

Most frequent of all Egyptian relics, the Horus-eye and the ankh, or “looped cross”, are found everywhere. The “Horus-eye”, an elliptical stone roughly carved with iris and pupil, gives its name to a sacrificial gift of any kind. It symbolizes the gift of life by the Sun to the Nile, and through him to all living. The Ankh is a frank, but conventionalized, representation of conjugal union, symbolizing the embrace of Isis by Osiris in the overflow of the Nile.

Breasted, in his commentary on the Pyramid text, says: “Isis was the noblest embodiment of wifely fidelity and maternal solicitude, while the highest ideals of filial devotion found expression in the story of Horus. About this group of father, mother and son, the affectionate fancy of the common folk wove a fair fabric of family ideals which rose high above such conceptions elsewhere. In the Osiris myth the institution of the family found its earliest and most exalted expression in religion, a glorified reflection of earthly ties among the gods.”

Persistent attempts by the imperial party to identify the Pharaoh with Osiris met with but superficial success. Always the heart of the common people turned back to Father Nile and Mother Isis and the young hero, Horus, who gave the Nile back to the sorrowing land of Egypt. Since the resurrection of the Nile which gave renewed life to the land, was the main topic of temporal conversation, Osiris, life-giver, was made the judge of
souls in the other world. Before him passed every mortal soul, and judgment was pronounced by Osiris and his twenty-two fellow judges. In these we see the ultimate destiny of the forty-two tribal totems, swallowed up by his overshadowing divinity when the states of Egypt united. Having been powerful so long, having been the gods of the fathers, these could not be dismissed or forgotten; but followed their ancient worshipers to the land of the dead. In one of the very numerous papyri containing formulas with which the judgment could be successfully sustained, the soul is taught how to address each of these forty-two gods so as to gain their favor, with such names as these:


No fact strikes the observer of Egyptian life and literature more strongly than the extraordinary predominance given to thoughts of the other world. The dead seem more in the minds of the people than the living. Again the geographical background of their thought must be sought for an explanation. For the tombs of Egypt were cut in the rocky cliffs that flank the narrow valley on either side. Everywhere the rocky sepulchres of the dead towered as the limit of one's field of vision. In town and in field, in the palace and upon the river, the cliff-cemeteries confronted one beyond escaping. Everywhere one looked were the still armies of the dead.

Sharply in contrast with this is the religion of the desert-dwellers. When they die, they are buried in the sand, and there they are left, while the tribe moves on. With no constant memorial of the dead before them, the thought of the life after death slips away from their minds. Babies are born and old men die, but the clan lives on immortal. Desert-dwellers teach the immortality of the clan, of the tribe; the dwellers between the rocky walls of Egypt thought more of the individual's eternal destiny than of the future of the nation.

For uncounted centuries Egypt lived thus in self-satisfied absorption. Then came the incursion of the Hyksos, or Shepherd Kings. Apparently these were a race of Bedouins from the rocky table-land of Arabia, who swept in upon Egypt's luxurious plenty out of the barren starvation of their own land. For three centuries they ruled Egypt from their capital, built in the marshes; a time galling to the memory of patriots forever after. Yet that foreign insurrection was the occasion of Egypt's rise to her real greatness. For eventually an insurrection against the hated Hyksos began, far up in the Theban region. It made headway, and finally the patriots drove the invaders beyond the deserts into Canaan. Pharaoh Ahmosis I followed them with a vast army. His successor, Thutmosis III, in twenty years of campaigning in Asia, extended the boundaries of Egyptian su-
premacy as far as the Euphrates to the east, and up the coastline to Asia-Minor in the north.

"With this expansion of the Egyptian kingdom into a world-empire," says Breasted, "it was inevitable that the domain of the gods should likewise expand. As the kingdom had long since found expression in religion, so now the empire was a powerful influence upon religious thought. Monotheism is imperialism in religion."

Thutmosis III was the first world-hero. Egypt was forced out of the immemorial isolation of her narrow valley, and was made to take into consideration the fact that there was a world beyond her borders concerning which her theology had nothing to say. The limits of the territory of the Egyptian gods were naturally fixed at the outer fringes of the Nile Valley, for they had no meaning beyond the overflow of the Nile. Yet there were natural forces to be explained beyond the valley.

"Many a merchant," says Breasted, "had seen a stone fall in distant Babylon and in Thebes alike, but it had not occurred to him, or to any man in that far-off age, that the same natural forces reigned in these widely separated countries. The world was far indeed from the lad lying beneath the apple-tree, who discovered a universal force in the fall of the apple. Many a merchant of that day, too, had seen the sun rise behind the Babylonian ziggurats as it did among the clustered obelisks of Thebes, but the thought of the age had not yet come to terms with such far-reaching facts as these. It was universalism expressed in terms of imperial power which first caught the imagination of the thinking men of the empire, and disclosed to them the universal sweep of the Sun-god's dominion as a physical fact. Monotheism is but imperialism in religion."

Father Nile, that is, could not have given Thutmosis and his cohorts victory over Babylon, because he knew nothing and evidently could know nothing of what happened so far across the burning sands. But Horus was present in Babylon as in Egypt. Hence it must be the Sun who was really supreme in the council of the universal gods.

There had always been several priesthoods of the Sun, those of Amon, Ra and IIorus, with a conflict between them as to which held the true apostolic succession. Amon, the old obscure local god of Thebes, had gained the predominant place in the Pantheon because the head of the successful rebels was the ruler of the nome of Thebes. Priests of Amon had accompanied Ahmosis and Thutmosis on their career of world-conquest. Thutmosis merged all the temples of the land into one great sacerdotal organization at the head of which he placed the high priest of Amon's temple at Thebes, Hapuseneb, as the Pontifex Maximus. All the other gods held their place under the dominant Amon.

A further great step toward Monotheism was soon to be essayed. About the year 1375 B. C., Amenhotep ascended the throne of Egypt. This extraordinary young ruler had drunk deep of the new philosophy of imperial Egypt. He was impatient of the old divinities, and intolerant of the mummeries and magic of their religions. His grandfather had made Amon head
of the gods; but this was a political step. He, like the Persian sun-worshippers after him, claimed Truth as his god, with the sun as the embodiment thereof.

He desired to supplement the political revolution with a thorough-going reformation of ethics and belief alike. Bred up in the conviction of the omnipotence of Pharaoh, he conceived the determination of bringing about this revolution single-handed. He saw no reason for awaiting the slow process of evolution. He desired that all old things be made new at once. And he issued orders that all the old religions were to be abandoned, the old mythologies forgotten, and that Aton, the mystical Sun, should alone be worshipped throughout Egypt. He alone girded the world with his beams; he alone was the life-giver. Not the old sun-gods, entangled with mythologies and rituals alien to the new faith, but the new Aton, the essence of truth and light, was to be the God of Truth. The Sun of Righteousness, winged, and with healing in his wings, was to be the sole worship of the Nile-dwellers.

That he might be free from entangling alliances with the old gods and the other worships, Amenhotep forsook the ancient capital of his fathers at Thebes and built a new city in the desert sands, some 200 miles north of Memphis, at a place now called Amarna. This city he called “Khitaton,” or “Akhetaton,” meaning “City of Aton,” the mystical Sun. His own name he changed from Amenhotep to Akhenaton, or Ikhnaton, meaning “Servant of Aton.”

He was a thorough-going reformer. On all of the ancient monuments he could reach he chiselled out the names of all the ancient gods, and put in place thereof the name and the symbol of Aton. Everywhere throughout his new city and on all public buildings he placed the new symbol—the most revolutionary of religious symbols—the Sun of the Hundred Hands. A large disk with rays stretching downward, each of them terminating in a hand, and each of the hands grasping some symbol of the ancient divinities—this was his way of showing to the graphic-minded Egyptians his faith that Aton had all power in his own hands, and shared it with none other. The One God, whose expression was the Sun, had all the attributes of the old divinities. There was none to share his power.

An outburst of high poetry accompanied this great move. Even in translation the Hymns of Akhenaton are splendid. There is a new sense of human dignity and worth, a feeling of sturdy self-reliance, in the prayers and hymns and letters of the worshippers of Aton. The King was his prophet. The King seems to have been a man beloved by all who knew him.

“Ikhnaton,” says Breasted, “was a God-intoxicated man, whose mind responded with a marvelous sensitiveness and discernment to the visible evidences of God about him.” Few things in religious literature approach to the cleanness, the purity, the depth of his prophetic passion for the beauty of holiness.

“Until Ikhnaton,” says Breasted again, “the history of the world had been but the irresistible drift of tradition. Ikhnaton
was the first individual in history. Consciously and deliberately, by intellectual process, he gained his position, and then placed himself squarely in the face of tradition and swept it aside. He appeals to no myths, to no ancient and widely-accepted versions, to no customs sanctified by centuries; he appeals only to the present and visible evidences of his god’s dominion, evidences open to all. As for tradition, he endeavored to annihilate it.”

Such was the great Emperor prophet, thirteen centuries before Christ.

During his lifetime—such was his power—the Pharaoh was able to maintain his new religion. But never was there a revolution brought about by one man, unbacked by popular sympathy. The dead weight of popular tradition, and especially the active opposition of a deeply interested priesthood, killed his reform.

For the old religious forms had been deeply grafted into the consciousness of the people of Egypt. Mothers sang their babes to sleep with lullabies invoking the old gods. Many a tradesman earned his living by making little images of the exiled divinities—an interest which has many times swayed the course of religious reform, both before and after the days of Demetrius, the silversmith of Ephesus, and the monkish communities whose source of income would have been swept away had the second Council of Nicea decreed against the veneration of images. Funeral customs, deeply interwoven with the worship of Osiris and the forty-two assessors of the dead, were part of the texture of the people’s minds. Things one learned at school, the thousand little customs of daily life, were built upon the old religion. All of this, Akhenaton fancied he could uproot with a word of mandate. While he lived, the people endured in silence. But when he died, they rebelled.

Busily fomenting this rebellion was the sacerdotal caste, at the head of which stood the priesthood of Amon, whose high priest had so recently been named Pontifex Maximus by the all-conquering Thutmosis. Eighty thousand dependents gained their living from the cult of Amon alone, and other gods were served in like number. All of these servants of the temples obtained a living from the devotion of the people, which Pharaoh sought to destroy.

As soon as he was dead, the priesthoods from secret conspirators became open rebels. They seized the kingship, and the high-priest of Amon became Pharaoh. Khitaton became an accursed city; Amenhotep a heretic, and all who remembered him were accursed with him. None dare set foot within the city of Amarna. Swiftly the sands of the desert gathered above the stately palaces and the splendid temples of Aton. Buried beneath the desert, Amarna and all its treasures has remained untouched until the present day. Within the past fifteen years it has been revealed, and all the correspondence of the great king is even now being read.

So busy was Akhenaton with his religious revolution at home that he gave no heed to affairs of the empire. Canaan, con-
quered by Thothmes, was rent asunder by invasion. Letter after letter has been deciphered, written in Babylonian characters upon brick cylinders, by kings of tributary towns or governors of imperial provinces in Palestine, begging for succor. Many of them tell of the ravages of a savage desert tribe called the Habiri, who swept into the land of Canaan, taking cities and putting to the sword men, women and children.

Abd-Akhiba, governor of Jerusalem, writes piteously imploring speedy help:

"At the feet of my Lord the King, my sun and the light of my life; at the feet of my Lord the King, seven and seven times I fall. O King, the Habiri have taken the outlying cities. Except thou send troops, the city will be lost."

"To the king's scribe; bring this strongly to the king's notice; send troops, or all will be lost!"

Akhenaton's revolution at home gave to the Habiri, in whom we recognize with a shock of surprised acquaintance the Hebrew tribes, a chance to secure their foothold in Palestine. Pharaoh's horsemen and his chariots, who had pursued them to the Red Sea, let them alone in Canaan for many generations. Perhaps they had had enough of the Hebrews! As one side-result of the Reformation of Akhenaton and the Rebellion of the Priesthood of Amon, Joshua and the House of Joseph were enabled to plant themselves firmly upon the soil of the Crucible of God.

Doubtless Akhenaton turned with impatience from the story of the invasion of Canaan by these marauding tribes to the more important matter of establishing his religion firmly in Egypt. Yet subsequent history entirely forgot Akhenaton, while the minutest detail of the conquest of the Habiri has been a matter of intent interest for subsequent generations.

Under the Pharaoh High-priest, reaction set in with a strong tide. Heresy and rebellion were the same; as in the litany of the Anglican church:

"From all sedition, privy conspiracy and rebellion;
From all false doctrine, heresy and schism."

The two were parallel. Evolution had no more chance. Monotheism had been nearly attained, but at too great a price, and too far ahead of the national conscience to make it valid. From that time on truth was judged by the Vincentian rule: "Quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus creditum est"—what everywhere, always and by all had been believed—was necessarily true. What the fathers had believed the sons must necessarily believe. Egypt was content with its past, and Egypt's religion remained in statu quo. Its evolution was at an end.
CHAPTER IX. UR OF THE CHALDEES.

"Blessed be Yahweh, God of Israel; for he hath visited and redeemed his people. * * *

"In remembrance of His Holy Covenant, the Oath which he swear unto our forefather Abraham!"

Our Bible is made up of the Old Covenant and the New Covenant. Two-thirds of it is taken up with narrating the manifold events comprising the outworking of the Old Covenant, which was the Oath which God swore unto Abraham, a wealthy ranchman from Ur of the Chaldees. So deeply do we become involved in minor questions evolved from minute consideration of incidental tasks that it is well to remind ourselves occasionally of what the actual beginning of the Bible story is.

Terah, whom the Talmud calls an image-maker by trade, took "Abram his son, and Lot the son of Haran his son's son, and Sarai his daughter-in-law, his son Abram's wife; and they went forth with them from Ur of the Chaldees, to go into the land of Canaan; and they came unto Haran, and dwelt there."

Why this migration? Talmudic philosophers say that it was because of a boyish prank played by Abram. One day when his father Terah was at lunch, Abram went into the work-shed where the clay images of the gods were stacked to dry, and with a club pounded them all to pieces. Then he placed the club in the hands of the largest image. When Terah returned he found a month's work destroyed; and seeing Abram hiding behind the clay-vat, he dragged him forth and demanded, very like the father of George Washington, who had done this mischief. But Abram replied, "Father, the big god became very jealous of all the little gods, and while you were gone he picked up a club and beat them all to pieces. See, there is the club in his hand to prove it."

But Terah was very angry, and said, "Abram, you know that this big god is made of clay, and can not move hands nor feet, nor see, nor hear. Why you tell such a lie?"

And Abram replied, "Well, Father, if he can not see nor hear nor move hands or feet, what is the good of praying to him for help?"

This created such a scandal among the friends, neighbors and customers of Terah that he was compelled to leave town, for his trade in images was at an end. He moved to Haran, at the northern end of the Valley, and there set up in the same business, where he continued till he died. But Abram could not reconcile himself to his father's business, and when he was of age—seventy-five years of age, according to the record—he set up for himself, and with all that belonged to him traveled along the great Way of the Sea to the plains of Canaan. He accumulated a large stock of flocks and herds, according to Gen. 13:2, which
says: "And Abram was very rich in cattle, in silver and in gold." But he had no son.

Then comes the story of the Covenant, which is narrated in many fragmentary paragraphs. The substance of it is given in Chapter XV:

"After these things the word of Yahweh came to Abram in a vision, saying: 'Fear not, Abram, I am thy shield and thy exceeding great reward.' And Abram said, 'Yahweh, God, what will thou give me, seeing I go childless, and the steward of my house is this Eliezar of Damascus? * * * Behold, to me thou hast given no seed; and, lo, one born in mine house is mine heir.' "

"And, lo, the word of Yahweh came unto him, saying 'This shall not be thine heir; but he that shall come forth out of thine own bowels shall be thine heir.' "

"And he brought him forth abroad, and said: 'Look now toward heaven and count the stars, if thou be able to number them;' and he said unto him: 'So shall thy seed be.' "

And he believed Yahweh; and he counted it unto him for righteousness.

And he said unto him: "I am Yahweh, that brought thee out of Ur; Ur of the Chaldees, to give thee this land to inherit it."

And he said: "Yahweh, God, whereby shall I know that I shall inherit it?"

And he said unto him: "Take me an heifer of three years old, and a she goat of three years old, and a turtledove, and a young pigeon."

And he took him all these, and divided them in the midst, and laid each piece one against another; but the birds divided he not. And when the fowls came down upon the carcasses, Abram drove them away.

And when the sun was going down, lo, a deep sleep fell upon Abram; and lo, an horror of great darkness fell upon him. * * *

And behold, a smoking furnace, and a burning lamp, passed between those pieces.

In the same day Yahweh made a Covenant with Abram, saying: "Unto thy seed have I given this land from the river of Egypt unto this great river, the River Euphrates."

From this strange beginning has sprung the mightiest tree of faith that the world has ever beheld. For the smoking lamp, passing between the bloody fragments of the heaped carcasses of a calf and a goat, a dove and a pigeon, was the seal of the Covenant; which in its origin was a promise of a large tract of land to be held in perpetuity by the unborn children of a wealthy old childless ranchman, driven by a boyish prank out of his childhood home beside the sunny waters of the Persian gulf.

This was the Old Testament, of which so much is said and so little remembered.

Because this story of the Covenant with Abraham, the "Old Testament," occurs so near the beginning of the Bible, most of us have imbibed the idea that history began with Abraham. But researches of recent decades are filling in for us more and more the vast background of history which lies behind him. Abraham's day was about 1920 B. C.—exactly as long before Christ as we now are after Him. He was a contemporary of Hammurabi, King of Babylon, from 1958 to 1920 B. C.—the Amraphel, King of Shinar, of Genesis 14. Seven hundred years before Moses, Hammurabi promulgated a code of laws, written on tables of stone, comprising not ten commandments, but two hundred and eighty-two commandments. These formed the substratum of
organized life in all the countries affected by Babylonian culture during the next fifteen centuries. Hammurabi embodied in this code no new laws; he codified the decisions of the ancients and "established that which was from the beginning." Back, far back, of him, the Mesopotamian civilization stretches. Even when the curtain first lifts, about 3500 B. C., the Chaldaea plain is very old.

Ur of the Chaldees, the birthplace of Abraham, father of the Covenant, was one of the first great cities of the Sumerians. Situated at the mouth of the Euphrates river, where it empties into the Persian gulf, it was from the beginning of time a natural trading center. When it emerges into the dawn-light, it has as king an individual named Lugal-Kigub-Nidudu, and is already recognized as the seat of worship of the Moon-god Sin, or Nannar. Already at this time there is a struggle between the Sumerians, the original inhabitants, and the Akkadians, or Semitic invaders.

It appears that the reason for the especial worship of the Moon-god in Ur was that the tides on the Persian gulf are high and strong. Even in that day the influence of the moon upon the tides was well known, and since the state of the tides is a matter of vital importance and hourly interest in a sea-faring town, Father Nannar was the natural protective deity.

A discovery of one of the hymns addressed to the moon discloses something of the importance of its worship in that city. It seems that Babylonian astronomers never reached a very advanced stage of scientific knowledge. To the end of their day, the monthly disappearance of the moon was a matter of great anxiety, and his reappearance was watched for with deep concern. When the thin silver crescent of the new moon was first seen against the evening sky it was hailed with hand-clapping and cries of "Hilalu!" by the people who thronged the streets and the housetops to watch for it. "Hilalu" is the same word as our "Hello," deriving through the Hebrew "Hallelujah" and the Aryan "Hail!" At least, it is a pleasing thought that when we pick up the telephone and speak into it, we are repeating the ancient greeting of the Babylonians to the moon. Priests and temple-singers greeted the reappearance of the mysterious deity with blasts upon silver trumpets and with long chants of praise and joy. One of these chants, as given by Jastrow in his book "Religion of Babylon and Assyria," is as follows:

CHANT TO THE NEW MOON.

Self-created, glorious one, in the resplendent bark of heaven;
Father Nannar, Lord of E-Kishirgal,
Father Nannar, Lord of the New Moon,
Lord of Ur, first-born son of Enlil.
As thou sailest along, as thou sailest along,
Before thy father, before Enlil in thy sovereign glory,
Father Nannar, in thy passing on high, in thy sovereign glory.

O bark, sailing on high along the heaven in thy sovereign glory,
Father Nannar, as thou sailest along the resplendent road,
Father Nannar, when like a bark on the floods thou sailest along
Thou, when thou sailest along, when thou sailest along.
Father Nannar, when like a cow thou care'st for the calves (i.e., stars,)
Thy father looks on thee with a joyous eye, as thou takest care.
Come, glory to the King of splendor.
Glory to the King who comes forth.
Enlil has entrusted a scepter to thy hand for all times.
When over Ur in the resplendent bark thou mountest.

This sounds strangely like one of the settings of our modern
church music, with its constant repetitions of phrases which gain
a certain soporific impressiveness by frequent use. Festivals to
the new moon were universal in Asia. In Israel they were occa-
sions of great solemnity even down to the latest period. Isaiah
refers to them frequently, and one of the latest psalms calls the
worshippers to

"Blow up the trumpet in the New Moon, in the time appointed, upon the
solemn feast-day;
For this was made a statute in Israel, and a law of the God of Jacob."—
Psalm 81.

Both of the cities with which Abram is connected, Ur and
Haran, were the seats of great temples to the Moon, and centers
of his worship. Scholars have surmised that Abraham, whose
original name of Abram means "Father is High," is a personifica-
tion of the Moon-god. At any rate, the wonderful phenomena of
the Moon early impressed itself upon the imaginations of men.

"If I have beheld the Moon walking in brightness, and my mouth hath
kissed my hand,"—

Job cries, late in the day of Israel's evolution. The hymn
quoted above refers to the Moon as the Self-Created; making
itself anew every month by some superhuman power of resurrec-
tion.

Great as was the anxiety with which the reappearance of
the moon was watched, it was as nothing to the terrible fear with
which an occasional eclipse of the sun was viewed. And every
year the gradual decrease of the Sun's power with the oncom-
ing of winter, the shortening of the days and the lengthening of the
nights, was watched with tremblings of heart by those ancient
nations who feared that some time the Sun might keep on getting
weaker and weaker, the days shorter and shorter, the nights
longer and longer, until darkness and cold should cover the earth
forever. When the solstice was passed, and the days began to
lengthen again, wild exultations greeted the renewal of life for
another year.

Roman Saturnalia, Greek orgies, Persian, Egyptian and
Chaldean mysteries were celebrated in this season. Before it was
invariably kept a season of propitiation and sacrifice, designed
to strengthen the Sun so that he would come back from the
Darkness.

This was the origin of New Year festivals, and also of the
almost universal days of penitence which mark the approach of
the shortest day in the year. A curious survival of this is in the
Christian feast of St. Thomas, the apostle of Doubt, kept on
December 21, the shortest day of the year, and just prior to De-
December 25, which we now celebrate as Christmas day, the birthday of the Sun of Righteousness, but which ever since the dawn of time has been celebrated as the Rebirth of the Sun, whose return from the southern hemisphere with the consequent pledge of longer days and another Spring and Summer of life and warmth is then a certainty.

Mesopotamia was a land of cities, not, as Egypt, a land of nomes. Primarily a country of merchants, its cities strove one with another for mastery. There was no sudden solidification of the empire, such as we saw in Egypt. Each of the cities had its tutelary deity, much as every city in Italy has its patron saint. The relative position of each god in the pantheon was determined by the relative political and commercial importance of the city in the empire.

Thus, when Hammurabi, whose tribal god was Marduk, became king of Babylon and brought all the other cities under his sway, Marduk became Bel or the chief god of the land. All the other deities were in process of investing him with their attributes, just as the other cities were compelled to yield their special prerogatives to Babylon. This was a result of the curious business-like religious methods of the Babylonians, in accordance with which every happening on earth was the result of a similar happening in heaven just previous. If Marduk's city rose in importance, it was because Marduk had secured the pre-eminence among the other gods just before. Civil and business alliances among the cities were the result of marriages among the divinities.

It was economic determinism which brought about the gradual drift toward monotheism among the Babylonians. But long before this the Nature-gods had held their sway. Oldest among the chief cities were Uruk, Nippur and Eridu. Their gods held the background of all religious thought, because of the great antiquity of their cities. Anu of Uruk, originally a sun-god, became the god of the heavens above; Enlil of Nippur originally a storm-god, became the god of the mountain tops and of the earth beneath; and Ea, the sea-god, became recognized as the god of the waters under the earth. It is to them that the Second Commandment refers when it forbids the making of graven images to “Anything that is in the Heavens above, or the Earth beneath, or the Waters under the Earth.”

Oesterley, in a fascinating book on “The Evolution of the Messianic Ideal” pictures the origin of the stories of the conflict between Marduk and Tiamat, the Monster of Chaos, out of which our Creation story was apparently modeled. All through the Bible, from the first chapter to the last, rings echo of the terrific conflict between Marduk, God of Light and Order, and Tiamat, the Great Deep. The Psalms resound with the memory of that ancient conflict, in phrases taken from the Babylonian hymns and transferred directly to Yahweh, God of Israel.

Originally the story went thus: All of the gods held a council in which it was decided that Tiamat, the Monster of the Deep,
must be subdued. Marduk volunteered for the task, and proceeded to the combat. His weapon was the wind, with which he smote into the open jaws of Tiamat and so distended her body that she could not move. Then he cleft her asunder, half her body becoming the earth and the upper half the firmament.

In the first verse of the first chapter of Genesis, it is written

"And darkness was upon the face of Tehom (the Deep); and the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters."

According to Oesterley, this is a fragment of the Conflict-myth of Marduk with Tehom, and it should read, like the Babylonian original:

"Darkness covered the face of Tehom; and the Wind of God smote into the mouth of Tehom."

Underlying this primeval conception was the awe inspired by the spectacle of the conflict of the storm-clouds with the Sea. With the ancient people, the sequence of events was reversed from that which seems natural to us. We naturally think of the waves as whipped up into being by the wind; but with them, the Storm-cloud was the chariot of vengeful deity sent to subdue the Sea when it began to shout and clamor and rear its arms menacingly toward the heavens. Every storm was to them a heavenly rebellion. Gods of light and order, dwelling securely in the blue firmament, were hated by the restless, unruly sea, which as often as it dared rose against them. They reasoned that waves cannot be produced by the wind, since even on a calm day the great swells roll across the surface of the sea. This was the normal breathing of Tehom, the Sea-dragon. But when the swells began cresting higher and higher, seeming to touch the sky—and when one is tossed upon the heave of the great sixty and seventy-foot storm-swells in a frail craft such as the Babylonians used for their sea-voyages, the waves seemed indeed to put out the stars—then the war was on again, and the sky-gods came riding swiftly with their thunder and their arrows of lightning to subdue the rebellion.

At the city of Eridu, near the mouth of the Two-Rivers on the Persian Gulf, the sea-god Ea originally held sway. Hammurabi was born in Eridu, but on attaining the imperial crown transferred his capital to Babylon; and with him brought Marduk, "son of Ea." Though the youngest of the Babylonian deities, Marduk, as stated, became the chief of them all, through the commercial predominance of Babylon. This eminence was largely based upon the sea-borne traffic; the network of canals covering the level plain, whose vast extent we are only now beginning to understand, was evidence of the subdual of the water-monster by Marduk. When Babylonian ships began to venture in merchant fleets across the Persian gulf and to return in safety, laden with the produce of India and Africa, then additional renown came to Marduk as the conqueror of the great Sea-dragon. He who brought his ships in safety through the perils
of the Great Deep must, of course, have established his supremacy firmly above the monster inhabiting it.

This conception was common both to the Babylonian merchant-sailors and to the Phœnicians. Echoes of the terrific combat between Marduk and Tiamat ring all through our Bible, from the opening chapter to the last. Nor is it possible to comprehend the development of monotheism in Israel without understanding the deep impression made upon them by this universal belief. The Psalms resound with that ancient battle of the Light-God with the monster of the deep. Isaiah exultantly recalls it; Ezekiel, by the river Chebar, refers to it.

Jacob's blessing upon Joseph calls upon "Tehom that croucheth beneath" for blessings upon him that was crowned among his brethren. Psalm 104, the Creation-Psalms that mingles so wonderfully the poetry of Akhenaton to the rising Sun with the epic of Marduk, in praise of Yahweh, attributes the victory over Tehom to the god of Israel:

"Tehom covered the earth as a garment; the waters stood above the hills! At thy rebuke they fled; at the voice of Thy Thunder they are afraid! They fled up into the mountains; they go down through the valleys to the place which thou hast appointed for them Thou hast set a bound that they may not pass over; lest they turn again to cover the earth!"

Psalm 74 has an even more specific description of the great combat;

"Thou didst break the sea with thy strength; Thou brakest the heads of the Dragons in the Waters! Thou brakest the heads of Leviathan in pieces; and gavest him to be food to the people that dwell in the wilderness! Thou didst cleave the Fountains and the Floods; thou driedst up mighty rivers!"

The Psalm of Creation shows, however, that Tehom has become degraded and tamed from its primeval strength in the mind of the poet;

"So is the great and wide Sea also, wherein are things creeping innumerable; both small and great beasts. There go the ships, and there is that Leviathan, whom thou hast made to take his pleasure therein!"

Isaiah in the twenty-seventh chapter refers the victory to the future;

"In that day Yahweh with his sore and great and strong sword shall punish Leviathan the swift serpent, Leviathan the crooked serpent; and he shall slay the Dragon that is in the Sea!"

And the second Isaiah, in one of the most wonderful and significant passages in history, links together the triumph of Marduk over Tehom and the passing of the Red Sea with the prophecies of the first Isaiah, in a great discovery;

"Awake, awake, Arm of Yahweh! Awake, put on strength, As in the ancient days, as in the generations of old. Was it not THOU that hast cut Rahab, and wounded the Dragon?"
Was it not THOU that hast dried the Sea, the Waters of Tēhom Rabba
That hast made the depths of the Sea a way for the redeemed to pass over?"

Earlier in the course of evolution Amos had ascribed to Yahweh power to command the Serpent, as in Amos 9:3:

"Though they be hid from my sight in the bottom of the Sea,
Thence will I command the Serpent, and he shall bite them."

The Sea was a metaphor for distress and unrest, as in Psalms and Prophets alike;

"If Yahweh had not been on our side, now may Israel say;
The proud waters had gone over our soul."

"Deep calleth unto deep by reason of thy water-spouts;
All thy waves and thy billows have gone over me."

Job is full of the great myth of conflict;

"He hath compassed the Waters with bounds, until Day and Night come to an end;
He divideth the Sea with his power; and by his understanding he smiteth through the proud;
By his spirit he hath garnished the heavens; his hand hath formed the crooked Serpent."

Kings of Israel and of Babylon alike beheld the resemblance between the perpetual unrest of the sea and the danger of revolution. One of the Kingly psalms links together the God which "subdueth my people that is under me" with the coming of the thunder-cloud to subdue the sea.

"Thou rulest the raging of the sea; when the waves thereof arise thou stillest them.
Thou hast broken Rahab in pieces, as one that is slain."

"By terrible things in thy righteousness wilt thou answer us
Oh God of our Victory;
Which stilllest the noise of the seas, the noise of their waves, and the tumult of the people!"

But the Israelitish sentiment was more true; and the unrest of the sea is more often identified with the oppression of the tyrant "The deep waters of the proud" than with the fear of revolution.

One might go on almost indefinitely to multiply pictures of the primeval conflict between Marduk and Tiamat, transferred to Yahweh and the Sea. The most striking instance of all is in the Book of Revelation, when the triumph of God over the forces of evil is symbolized in the sentence;

"And there shall be no more sea,"

and in that other vision, of the Sea of Glass, like unto Crystal, before the throne of God; the sea immovable, unable to "rear and roar, but mingled with fire"; and the sound of voices was like the sound of "many waters," where even Tēhom itself sings the praise of God.

Doubtless it will seem profane to intimate that these tremendous visions have an intimate connection with the develop-
ment of sea-borne traffic which made Babylon great. Yet consider the proof. Rudyard Kipling is the prophet of an empire that is founded upon the sea. If there were "no more sea," the British empire would be no more. Whereupon Kipling in one of his most musical and sonorous and highly poetical utterances, reversed this decree of the ancient Hebrew seer for the abolition of the Sea. This poem is worth comparing with the Babylonian myth, and indeed with the Psalms and the Apocalypse, because it shows how prophecy is affected by commerce:

"Thus spake the Lord, from the Vault above the Cherubim
    Calling to the angels and the souls in their degree;
    Lo, earth hath passed away
    On the smoke of judgment day;
    That our word may be established, shall we gather up the Sea?"

Then all the "jolly, jolly mariners" appeal from the decision and verdict of the Book of Revelation; and at the end:

"Then stooped the Lord, and he called the good Sea up to Him,
    And 'stablished his boundaries to all eternity;
    And them that have no pleasure
    To serve the Lord by measure
    May enter into galleons and serve him on the sea.

Sun, wind and rain shall fail not from the face of it,
    Stinging, ringing spindrift and the fulmar flying free;
    And the ships shall go abroad
    To the glory of the Lord,
    Who heard the silly sailor-folk, and gave them back their Sea!"

Now, surely it is evident that no man could have written this to whom the Sea was not the very source of his living. And such it is with Kipling and the Empire which he celebrates. But the Jews hated the sea. They distrusted and feared it, as was natural with a race born in the desert and bred in the hills.

But to return to Marduk, and the network of canals which made Babylon great, and which eventually gave into his hand the proud office of subduing Tiamat at the request of the other gods, because of the superior trading fleets which the merchants of Babylon sent out upon the high seas. Out of the "lady of kingdoms" and her sumptuous temple-schools came many of the visions of eternal truths which we regard as inspired, but of whose original meaning we are profoundly unconscious.

King Hammurabi, in order to emphasize the supremacy of his divinity Marduk, built in the temple of Marduk at Babylon little temples for each of the other gods of the chief cities of the empire. Around the courts of Marduk's imposing fane there were shrines of Shamash, Nebo, Era, Enlil, Ishtar, and all the rest of them. Marduk's name became obscured by his title of "Bel," or lord, denoting the chief rank.

On New Year's Day all of the images were brought on wheeled carts from their own homes and placed in a semi-circle around the great figure of young Bel-Marduk. Then the priests locked the doors of the temple upon the solemn conclave, and the gods were left alone for eleven days, during which time they were supposed to discuss and settle the fate of every person in
the Empire during the coming year. Nebo, permanent secretary of the convention, wrote down in the "Book of Life" the decision in each case, from which there was no appeal.

"The Moving Finger writes; and having writ
Moves on; nor all your piety nor wit
Can lure it back to cancel half a line
Nor all your tears wash out a word of it."

Then the divinities were wheeled back to their own homes. It is a curious survival of this ancient Babylonian ceremony that orthodox Jews of this day relate how during the eleven days between Yom Kippur and Rosh ha-Shonah, God and his angels sit in council to write down in the Book of Life the destiny of each Jew. It is not impossible that there is a reflection of this ancient Babylonian custom in the Book of Revelation's reference to "Those who are written in the Lamb's Book of Life," where the Lamb seems to be, like Nebo, the scribe of the heavenly convocation. Even today the Jewish New Year salutation is "L-shonah tebah t'kthobu," "May you be written for a good New Year."

Nebo's relation to Marduk is the result of the commercial development of the left bank of the Euphrates over the right bank. Borsippa, the city of Nebo, was older than Babylon, but Hammurabi chose the younger city for his residence and capital. Babylon grew greater than Borsippa; hence, Marduk was greater than Nebo. Yet Borsippa as a suburb of Babylon, though actually older, became dependent on Babylon for its life. Hence, they reasoned, Nebo must actually be the son of Marduk.

When Nebuchadnezzar (named after the deity of Borsippa) came to the throne he built a magnificent causeway between Babylon and Borsippa, a high brick-walled viaduct lined with gigantic clay figures of lions in high relief and painted in rich colors that were baked into the glazed tiles. Fac similes of these magnificent lions are now in the Metropolitan Museum of New York. On solemn days the gods were carried in procession to visit one another. Especially when grave danger threatened the city, the two gigantic images of Nebo and Bel-Marduk were wheeled around the walls, that the gods might see for themselves what dangers were afoot. It is to the solemn procession of these two images that Isaiah of Babylon scornfully alludes, when he shouts "Bel stumbles; Nebo totters!" Isaiah 46:1. The gods could not hold even themselves erect; how then could they avert the threatened siege and capture by Cyrus theMedian?

I have seen a moving-picture of the lava torrents from Mount Vesuvius flooding upon a town along the slopes, with the frightened peasants kneeling and saying their beads as long as they dared in front of it, and bringing forth statues of St. Ann and the Virgin to plant in the path of the fiery torrent. I especially remember the figure of a young ashen-faced priest, clad in a long black cape, with a monstrance containing the Sacrament in his hand, which he placed in the track of the molten rock until the lava was all but upon it, when he snatched it up and ran a distance back, to repeat the same effort. It is easy, of course, for Protestants to scoff and Catholics to wax indifferent.
over the suggestion of a parallel. But the faith in both cases was the same.

Most Christian Churches, of the older generation at least, had steeple. Architectural historians tell us that the Goths copied the steeple, unknown to Romans and Greeks, from the Mohammedan minarets, which they had seen during the Crusades, and that these were copied from the Chaldaean ziggurats which are lineal descendants of the Tower of Babel. The skyscrapers of New York and Chicago are imitating for utilitarian purposes what the medieval master builders did for religious purposes.

Certain archaeologists contend that the original of the steeple was the asherah, or phallic emblem of the Canaanites. Certain others maintain that the ziggurats are descendants of the great mountains of brick piled up to accommodate the mountain-loving gods brought down to the plains. Most probably, they are a combination; but I do not think that any one line of descent is necessary for such an architectural fashion. We instinctively feel that a towering steeple brings us nearer the skies, nearer the stars, nearer the gods. The divine ones are they who can look before and after farther than we; and it is from a mountain top that even men can see furthest. On the high places men have always built temples to the gods.

Originally the settlers of the Chaldaean plains came from the mountains. While the mud-flats of Mesopotamia were easier to till, they lacked the religious thrill of the mountain tops. So these settlers set to work to build them towers to "reach into the sky," on top of which they placed the shrines of their ancient mountain gods. So says Jastrow. It may be surmised that there was a lurking desire also actually to try and get up into the firmament, so close above their heads, so as to be safe in case of an overflow.

In Babylon, each of the temples had a tower attached to it, on the very summit of which was the holy of holies. Vast schools existed in connection with the temples, in which favored students were taught the intricate art of making cuneiform writings on clay slabs or cylinders. These, when baked, were rolled in fresh clay, which was also baked, and formed an envelope. Thousands of these, written in the style of Babylon and in the arrow-head language, are being deciphered now out of the correspondence files of Amenhotep of Egypt. When Nehemiah writes that Sanballat sent to him a messenger with an "open letter in his hand" accusing him of planning rebellion against the Persian King, the reference probably is, according to Dr. Batten, to the haste with which the clay cylinder was sent. Sanballat was in such hurry that he could not take the time to bake an envelope over the letter—a process which must have consumed at least a day and possibly two.

In order to support the temple schools, farms of great extent were given to the temples by the kings, and they also drove a thriving business in loaning money at usurious rates, some bank books—or rather, bank bricks—showing interest of fifty per cent.
The temples of Chaldaea were, according to Jastrow, the first national banks. Added to their legal powers they had all the sanction of religion; a perpetual union, as it were, of Wall Street and Trinity Church. But they had a further sanction. In general, the Kings lived in the temples in the capital city. A great part of the inscriptions of the Babylonian and Assyrian temple builders consists of boasts of the fiendish tortures to which they subjected the captives out of whom they wrung the money with which they had built a temple to the Lord. Assyrian kings were far worse in this peculiar fruit of culture than the gentler Babylonians. One’s blood runs cold to read the horrible records of what the rulers of Nineveh did to their captives, as told in the temple archives. It is as though the blood of Homestead and Ludlow and of all their fellows were boastfully written into the cornerstone of every Carnegie library, or Rockefeller college.

Among the Babylonians originated the method of telling fortunes by means of the liver of a consecrated animal. From them it was borrowed by the Greeks and the Romans, whose “haruspex” tribe is so sarcastically dealt with by Juvenal.

It seems inconceivable to us that for so many thousand years the most cultivated and intelligent peoples of the earth should have believed that the surest means of discovering the will of the gods was to examine the entrails of a fowl or a sheep. Shakespeare caricatures the belief in “Julius Caesar”:

"Plucking the entrails of an offering forth
They could not find a heart within the beast.”

Caesar. "The gods do this in scorn of cowardice.
Caesar would be a beast without a heart
Should he refuse to venture forth today."

The theory was this: when a sacred animal was consecrated to a god, the god identified himself, for the time, with the prof- fered gift. In accepting the animal he identified himself with it and the two lives became attuned to one another, so that the animal became the very incarnation and vesture of the god. Through the soul of the animal, attuned to the soul of the deity, a visible means was obtained for studying the god’s will. Mortals could peer by means of this rent in the veil, into the very councils of the divine, surprising the holy ones at work planning future events on earth. This is an extension of the totem theory. Only an animal sacred to a god could originally be used to discover his will. In course of time any one of a certain class of sacrificial animals might be used as offerings to any one of a group of gods.

The phrase “Lamb of God” is so sacred to us that we shudder to admit the connection with this ancient custom. But the connection is there. Here also is the origin of the figure of a lamb stamped upon the Sacrificial Host.

But why was the liver so specially regarded as a certain index of the future? The reason lies in the fact that blood was naturally and by all peoples identified with life itself.

"The life thereof, which is the blood thereof, shall ye not eat” is the substance of the Covenant with Noah, sealed by the rainbow. The liver is a noticeably bloody organ, containing about
one-sixth of all the blood in the body—and in the case of some animals, even more than one-sixth. Hence the markings and configurations and peculiarities of the liver, catalogued and defined and combined and separated through many centuries of fortune-telling, were used as indices to the immediate future of whomsoever asked for knowledge as to the state of mind of the almighty ones; because the blood of the animal had, by the consecration, become the blood of the god.

In the Psalms, the word "liver" is used where we would use the word "heart," and for the same reason. In many of the Psalms the text should be changed from "kabod" "glory," to "kabed"—"liver"—both words being exactly the same in the unpunctuated writing. So that Psalm 16, verse 10, should read: "Wherefore my heart was glad and my liver rejoiced," and Psalm 57, verse 9: "Awake up, my liver; awake lute and harp!"

A fragment of a litany used by a Chaldaean town in danger of capture is strangely like the “Form of Intercession with Almighty God for His Majesty’s Military and Naval Forces Now Engaged in War,” set forth by the Archbishop of Canterbury at the outbreak of the European Conflict. It runs thus:

O honored one
    Return, look on thy city.
O exalted and honored one
    Return, look on thy city.
O lord of lands
    Return, look on thy city.
O shepherd of the dark-headed people
    Return, look on thy city.
O strong one in directing mankind
    Return, look on thy city.

Litanies have a powerful appeal; witness the act of the House of Bishops of the Episcopal church during the General Convention in Boston at the time of the Chicago fire, which when it heard the news, said the Litany; although this modern instance has not the point of the ancient one, for the Litany prays for everything on earth except the Chicago Fire.

In like manner the Penitential Psalms of the Babylonians are full of deep fervor, very like the Psalms of David.

—"Many are the sins which I have committed;
    May I escape this misfortune; may I be relieved from distress.
    My eye is filled with tears; on my couch I lie at night full of sighs:
    Tears and sighing have bowed me down."

It is true that the sins of which the Babylonian penitent complains are political and ceremonial ones, and that the main purpose of many of the prayers seems to be to discover in what way the penitent has offended any of the gods, so that he may propitiate him and "escape this misfortune." But the same is true of many of the Psalms of David. The fifty-first Psalm ends its heart-breaking penitence with an offer of purely ceremonial reparation:

"Then shalt thou be pleased with the Right-Sacrifice, with the burnt-offerings and oblations;
Then shall they offer young bullocks upon thy altar."
Religious evolution in Chaldaea, governed largely by political influences, had reached the stage of budding monotheism. Triumphant Babylon claimed for its god Marduk—transferred to Babylon by the omnipotent Hammurabi—all the qualities of the other gods, even as Amenhotep had claimed the qualities of the Egyptian totems for the mystical Aton. Year by year the claims of Marduk grew brighter and the philosophers and writers of hymns demanded more and more reverence for him, and allowed less and less for the older divinities. This was an inevitable consequence of the growth of Babylon in prestige and wealth, under their theory that competition between the gods determined the relative importance of any city. A curious modern illustration of this occurs in a commentary of an Italian citizen of Amalfi, (where St. Andrew is said to be buried, and which has adopted him as its patron saint) on the miracle of St. Januarius at Naples. Every year the miracle of the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius is performed with much pomp and ceremony, while Amalfi has no similar miracle of which to boast. The citizen of Amalfi laid this fact to the genial modesty of St. Andrew, who desired a younger and more enterprising saint to have a chance to show what he could do without impossible competition. This story is related in the “St. Andrew’s Cross,” the official magazine of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew.

But at any rate, the spiritual forces which produced the search for monotheism were at work in Babylon’s empire. When men beheld the same phenomena in widely scattered lands, they conceived the necessity of a universal god. “Monotheism in religion follows political imperialism,” as Breasted remarks.

As Akhenaton had placed the symbols of the gods of the forty-two nomes in the hands of Aton, so the successful king of Babylon brought the images of the gods of all the cities of the Mesopotamian plain into the temple of Marduk, to prove that they were vassal gods. When Nebuchadnezzar conquered Jerusalem, he brought the treasures of the house of Yahweh, “and the pots, and the shovels, and the snuffers, and the spoons, and the firepans, and the basins,” and took them to Babylon, where they were laid up in the Temple of Marduk-Bel in lieu of images of Yahweh, to prove that he was subject to Marduk. At the feast of Belshazzar all of the golden and silver vessels which were taken out of the Temple were brought in to the ribald merriment; and when Cyrus sent the Jews back to their own land, he “brought forth the vessels of the House of Yahweh, which Nebuchadnezzar had brought forth out of Jerusalem, and had put in the house of his gods; and he numbered them into the hand of Sheshbazzar, prince of Judah.” What Sheshbazzar did with them remains a matter of conjecture, for they were never seen again.

Here the evolution of monotheism was cut short. Cyrus restored their gods to each of the nations which Assyria had captured. Persia was Aryan, not Semitic, and her stock of beliefs would not mingle with the ancient strain of Chaldaean faith.
On every page of the Old Testament, the imprint of the Chaldaean religion is stamped, and still more deeply, the imprint of Chaldaean laws. As Hammurabi's laws form a background for the legislative development of Israel, so do the epics and the lyrics, the psalms and the proverbs of the sages of the "Dark-haired people" lie back of the psalms and canticles of the Jews. Down into the roots of the earliest dawn of human thought and feeling go some of the most casual phrases and least-appreciated words of the Old and New Testaments. Chaldaea furnishes by for the greatest share of that vast background of human life and philosophy and thought out of which our structure of faith has been reared. Without some knowledge of the political background of Chaldaea's pantheon, and the still more obscure commercial and economical, and above all geographical, causes underlying this vast religious drama, our grasp on the origin of Biblical teachings is weak indeed. Palestine leached out of the vast bulk of crude ore furnished by the ancient empires between which it was perched, much of the pure metal; but much remained behind, unassimilated by the Jews. The Crucible of God did not smelt all the gold out of the Faith of Mesopotamia.

By one of the most remarkable transformations in history, the development of monotheism, cut short in Babylon, was taken up by Isaiah of the Exile, and carried over by him triumphantly to ultimate victory. The god Yahweh who had not even an image which Cyrus could send home in triumph, but was represented only by basins of silver and gold, and by "pots, and shovels, and snuffers, and firepans," received the inheritance of the long evolution of Chaldaea. One must contemplate the fate of Amenhotep's Aton and of Hammurabi's Marduk, before he can realize the tremendous nature of the moral victory won by the line of prophets who lifted the cult of Yahweh from the Thunder-god of an obscure tribe to the Father of Heaven and Earth whom Islam, Judaism and Christianity worship.
CHAPTER X. THE FIRST INTERNATIONALISTS.

And now the ground is laid and the stage set for that most tremendous drama of all the ages, that spiritual drama in which Yahweh Sabaoth overcame Asshur and Bel, Osiris and Zeus, by being defeated by them. This drama is made known to us in the writings of a very few men—the outside estimate is sixteen; the inside six—who had the vision to behold the Class Struggle as a greater thing than the conflict of nationalities. For this is the secret of the Inspiration of the Prophets.

Up to the time of the Prophets, it was an accepted and fundamental principle in all religions that if one nation conquered another nation the god of the victorious nation had conquered the god of the vanquished. We might possibly except Buddhism from this principle. But Buddhism's original foundation was that there are no gods. If, for example, Sargon conquered Pharaoh, that proved positively that Asshur was more powerful than Osiris. If Assyria stamped out a small nation, the gods of those small nations died. The same theory that had led to the respective predominance of the Chaldaean deities, in accordance with the respective commercial prowess of their respective cities, worked out to a general acceptance of the dictum that to the victor belonged the gods.

Rabshakeh, beneath the walls of Jerusalem uttered a familiar taunt when he cried out "in the Hebrew tongue":

"Hath any of the gods of the nations delivered his land out of the hand of the King of Asshur? Where are the gods of Hamath and Arpad? Where are the gods of Sepharvaim? Have they delivered Samaria out of my hand? Who are they among all the gods of those lands, that have delivered their land out of my hand, That Yahweh should deliver Jerusalem out of my hand?"

This taunt is first written in Isaiah 36:18. It is repeated in the next chapter, Isaiah 37:12.

It is written also in 2 Kings, 18:34, in Chapter 19:13, and in II Chronicles, 32:13. It is referred to in the Psalms in several places:

"My tears have been my meat day and night, while they continually say unto me 'Where is now thy God?'"—(Psalm 42:3.)

This refrain occurs again in Psalm 79 and in Psalm 115; and the prophets over and over again give vent to the keen importance of the question. For, indeed, it marks a turning point in ethical history, in political history, and in fact of industrial history. It is of supreme importance to us the present moment, for once again the nations face a similar crisis.

All religions tend gradually toward monotheism. An enthusiastic Baptist missionary wrote from Russia, in the days...
before the Great War when some progress had been made toward establishing a Baptist school in one of the great cities:

"We can now confidently look forward to the day when all people—Catholics—Orthodox, Mohammedans and Jews—will all be of one faith—all Baptists!"

This is rooted in the natural confidence of every human being that his own opinions are right, and being right, must prevail. But this development is powerfully helped forward or hindered by political happenings, and by the power of those holding the strongest convictions.

Monotheism in Egypt and in Chaldaea was being gradually evolved from the uniting power of the Nile in one case and of the Rivers of Euphrates and Tigris in the other. But the political crash of the dynasties which upheld these monotheistic ideas broke short off the progress, in both cases. In Israel the great rolling clouds of international upheaval gathered and broke with the opposite effect. Under the awful confusion caused by the destruction, first of the northern kingdom and then of the southern kingdom of the Hebrews, their faith seemed about to go, abandoned as the cultus of a god unable to save himself.

But then appeared a race of men unequalled in the world's history. There may have been men greater, taken man for man, than Amos, Micah, Isaiah, Hosea, Jeremiah, and the Second Isaiah. Nowhere has there been a group like them. For they met this crisis, and passed it. They lifted over their idea of God, their conception of truth, on the crest of this tidal wave of destruction.

Up in the northwestern corner of the Mesopotamian valley the power of Nineveh waxed as the power of Babylon waned. A city of soldiers was the great city of Nineveh, the citadel of Asshur, god of the Assyrians. His power overleapt the Mesopotamian valley, and broke the power of Pharaoh; and in so doing it swept over and overwhelmed the nation of Israel. Jerusalem, high upon its rocky crags, saw the menacing fist of the invader shaken beneath her very walls. But a revolt at home stayed his hand, and the virgin daughter of Zion exulted over the destruction of Assyria's pride.

Across the medley of small nations which had grown up in the trough between the two high-cresting waves, so to speak, of Assyria and Egypt, the crushing power of Sargon's armies left a trail of devastation. Amos, the first of the Internationalists, spoke out of the heart of this medley of small warring kingdoms, always at feud, cherishing spite and hatred against one another from generation to generation. He saw the great storm-cloud rolling down on them from the north, the storm of Assyria's gathering night. And he hailed it as the punishment sent by Israel's God against the ruling class of God's own chosen nation to punish them for their crimes committed against the poor. In the destruction of nationality he saw the vindication of the doctrine of the class struggle.

There is no document in history that comprises so great a revolution within so brief a compass as the short little Book of
Amos. For the first time in history it was stated and accepted that the division between rich and poor among the Israelites was greater than the division between Israelite and Assyrian.

How great and terrible a statement this was to make may be seen when one ponders the cruelty of Assyria. Their “kultur” was of a savage ferocity the like of which no modern kingdom has rivalled—not even Germany.

Since the days of Ahab, the land of northern Israel had become rich and prosperous—on the surface. But wealth was unequally shared. At Bethel and Gilgal, the great shrines of northern Israel, the national sacrifices and kingly ritual were performed with elaborate splendor. The tribesmen from their farms and the nobles from their palaces attended these festivals; and by an ingenious system the banquets of the rich were provided for by the exaction of fines from the poor. Some small infraction of the ritual law could always be found by which the farmer with the best wine and the choicest lamb could be punished with confiscation and the ruling committee “drank the wine of such as have been mulcted,” in the house of their god.

To one of these high festivals at the royal sanctuary of Samaria came Amos, a herdsman of southern Judah, doubtless to sell cattle or produce. He looked upon the festivities with a savage eye, for he saw the robbery and the injustice that went on beneath the brave show.

It was what we would call a Fourth-of-July crowd, and the time was one of great patriotic fervor. Orators and singers everywhere gathered crowds around them while they rehearsed the great deeds of their forefathers and boasted of the continuance of Israel’s glory to the end of generations. Seized by the prophetic fervor, Amos, too, mounted a convenient stone and chanted his prophecy.

The Book of Amos is remarkable for its perfection of literary style. But it is far more remarkable for the way in which Amos approaches the supreme crisis:

"Thus saith Yahweh"; he cries; “For three transgressions of Damascus, yea for four, I will not turn aside the punishment thereof; because they have threshed Gilead with threshing instruments of iron.

“But I will send fire into the house of Hazael, and it shall devour the palaces of the Son of Hadad!”

“I will break also the bar of Damascus, and cut off the inhabitant from the Plain of Destruction, and him that holdeth the sceptre from the House of Eden; and the people of Syria shall go into captivity unto Kir, saith Yahweh!”

At this the people cheered madly, for Damascus was their hereditary foe. Amos went on:

“Thus saith Yahweh;

“For three transgressions of Gaza, yea for four, I will not turn aside the punishment thereof * * *”

“For three transgressions of Tyre * * * of Edom * * * of the children of Ammon * * * of Moab * * * I will not turn aside the punishment thereof!”

All of these nations were hereditary foes of the petty principedom of Israel. As the indignation of the speaker grew and
the punishments he pronounced upon these enemies increased in severity, the enthusiasm of the crowd grew wilder and wilder.

And then occurred the great moment:

"Thus saith Yahweh; For three transgressions of ISRAEL, yea for four, I will not turn aside the punishment thereof;
Because they have sold the righteous for silver,
And the needy for a pair shoes;
Because they grind the head of the poor into the dust of the earth,
and turn aside the way of the lowly!"

Astonishment gripped the crowd. This was treason! Some super-patriot ran to tell the bishop and the Council of National Defense who were gorging themselves upon the proceeds of their robbery of the poor. Amos went on:

"Publish in the palaces of Ashdod, and in the palaces of the land of Egypt, and say
"Assemble yourselves upon the mountains of Samaria, and behold the great tumults in the midst thereof, and the oppressions in the midst thereof;
"For they know not how to do right, saith the Lord, who store up violence and robbery in their palaces!"

This was carrying the insult further. It was like summoning the poor oppressed Russians of the Czar's day to gather in Chicago, or in Bisbee, Ariz., or in Ludlow, Colo., or in Pittsburgh, Pa., if they really wished to see what oppression and misery were like. But Amos was not content even with this.

"Therefore thus saith Yahweh your God:
"There shall be an Enemy round about your land; and he shall bring thy strength from thee, and thy palaces shall be spoiled!"

To the women of the upper class, the Four Hundred of his day, whose doings filled what answered then to our own Sunday fashion sections, he cried:

"Hear this word, ye kine of Bahan, that are in the mountain of Samaria;
"Which oppress the poor, which crush the needy, which say unto their lords, 'Bring, that we may drink'—
"Yahweh hath sworn by his holiness that the days shall come when he shall take you away with hooks, and your posterity with fishhooks;
"And ye shall go out at the broken walls, every one before her, and ye shall cast away the things of the palace!"

This was not only unpatriotic, it was indecent. But Amos was working up into a fury of denunciation. For the crimes of the judges and the oppressions of the nobles and the plunder amassed by the upper class at the expense of the poor, the nation of Israel was to be destroyed and to go into captivity "beyond Damascus."

Amaziah the high-priest, the Bishop of Bethel, sent an indignant remonstrance to Amos. "O, thou fortune-teller," he said, "go, flee away into the land of Judah, and there eat bread and prophesy; but prophesy not again any more at Bethel, for it is the king's sanctuary and it is the royal house." Meanwhile he sent a message to King Jeroboam II, telling him of this outbreak at the feast, and that Amos was a conspirator against the King. His position was the same as that of the Presiding Bishop
of the Protestant Episcopal Church scolding Bishop Jones of Utah for speaking out a conscientious conviction while public opinion was "in an unsettled state."

But Amos turned on the head of his church with a blast of withering invective.

"No prophet I, nor prophet's son," he cried. "A herdsman I, and dresser of sycamore trees; and Yahweh took me from following the flock, and Yahweh said unto me, 'Go, prophesy unto Israel.'"

"Now, therefore, hear the word of Yahweh; thou sayest, prophesy not against Israel, and drop not thy word against the house of Isaac; therefore, thus saith Yahweh: 'Thy wife shall be a harlot in the city, and thy land shall be divided by line; and thou thyself shalt die in a land that is unclean, and Israel shall surely be led away captive out of his land.'"

In order to make the case plain, let us see the evidence which Amos presents, the reason for which his nation is to be destroyed. He establishes a principle entirely new to the moral conscience of the world when he says:

"You only have I known of all the families of the earth; THEREFORE, I will punish you for all your iniquities!"

This judgment is pronounced against the "whole family which I brought up from the land of Egypt," on the specific ground that they who had been a nation of oppressed serfs, were established in order to give freedom to the workers; and they had oppressed their own poor worse than the Egyptians had oppressed Israel. This is the ground of the moral judgment. The evidence is reviewed:

"Ye who turn justice to wormwood, and leave off righteousness in the earth: * * *

"Forasmuch as your treading is upon the poor, and ye take from him burdens of wheat; ye have built houses of hewn stone, but ye shall not dwell in them; ye have planted pleasant vineyards, but ye shall not drink of them.

"For I know your manifold transgressions and your mighty sins; they afflict the just, they take a bride, and they turn aside the poor in the gate from their right. * * *

"Hear ye this, O ye that swallow up the needy, and cause the poor of the land to fail, saying,

"When will the new moon be gone that we may sell corn? and the Sabbath, that we may set forth wheat, making the ephah small, and the shekel great, and falsifying the balances by deceit? That we may buy the poor for silver, and the needy for a pair of shoes, yea, and sell the refuse of the wheat?"

For the sin of hoarding wheat, of speculating in food, of establishing a Food Trust whereby to sell the chaff at fancy prices to the poor, the nation is to be destroyed by its own God—and Assyria is the tool of punishment of the merchant class of Israel for oppressing their own people!

Is it a wonder that this doctrine struck strangely upon the ears of the Bishop of Bethel?

Hosea, after Amos, repeated the same warning, though in a widely different manner. He wept passionately over the
falsity of Israel to its God, as it had been a bride false to her husband. Hearken to his indictment:

"He is a trafficker, the balances of deceit are in his hand, he loveth to oppress. And Ephriam said, 'Surely I have become rich, I have found me wealth; in all my labors they shall find in me none iniquity that were sin'"—for all the world like a corporation lawyer who maintains that his crookedness is all strictly within the law.

Northern Israel perished at the hand of Assyria. In the kingdom of Judah leaped up a series of prophets who took up the same conception and used the fate of the sister kingdom to the north to prove their warnings. Micah, with Isaiah and Jeremiah after him, cried against all opposition that the Class Struggle is greater than the conflict of nations, and that Yahweh of Israel is a God of the poor; that he uses kings and kaisers as weapons to punish the ruling class of his chosen nation for their oppression of their own poor.

If ever there was a time when the cry of our own "patriot Socialists" should be heeded, that a time of national danger is no time to insist on internal reforms, it should certainly have been when cruel Assyria threatened the destruction of Jerusalem. Certainly the Charles Edward Russells and the A. M. Simons and W. R. Gaylords and J. G. Phelps Stokes of Jerusalem, like the Scheidemanns and the Hyndmans, cried out with horror at the unpatriotic policy of Isaiah and Micah. In fact, Micah was summoned to trial for his life before the great Sanhedrim, with Hezekiah presiding and the whole order of priests and prophets as his accusers, for lifting on the battlements of Moresheth the cry:

"Yahweh is a god of the poor; the King of Assyria is his weapon to punish our own judges and nobles, who have oppressed our poor!" Micah's defense remains one of the greatest pieces of literature in the world's revolutionary library. He and Isaiah organized a group of revolutionists in the heart of the Sanhedrim itself, and carried out a campaign which overthrew the last remnants of the Baal-system among them, even while Assyria's armies marched along the Way of the Sea.

But it is to Isaiah that we must go to find the doctrine of Internationalism set in its clearest, most unmistakable—even let us say most repulsive light, speaking from the standpoint of the ordinary "loyalist" patriot. Isaiah, a member of the Senate of Israel, a friend of the king, made this the burden of his prophecy:

"Ho, Assyrian, the rod of mine anger; the staff in the hand of mine indignation!
"I will send him against an hypocritical nation, and against the people of my wrath will I give him ancharge.
"To take the spoil, and to take the prey, and to tread them down like mire of the streets!
"Howbeit he meaneth not so; neither doth his heart think so * * *
"Shall the ax boast itself against him that shaketh it?
"Woe unto them that decree unrighteous decrees, and that write grievousness which they have prescribed;
"To turn aside the needy from judgment, and to take away the right from the poor of my people, 
That widows may be their prey, and that they may rob the fatherless: 
And what will ye do in the day of visitation, and the desolation that shall come from far?"

This constituted a welcome to the invader. It clearly would come under the head of "aid and comfort to the enemy" in view of our Department of Justice. Isaiah would be barred from the mails by W. H. Lamar without a second thought, even as the British courts have been sentencing to jail any one who would read the Sermon on the Mount in public.

And yet the world calls these men inspired. Micah's defense served as a test case for a hundred years, and Jeremiah was reprieved from the death sentence for uttering the same things; although Jeremiah spent much of time in the mud at the bottom of a well for being an Internationalist.

Jeremiah is so extremely gloomy that the cause of his indignation is overlooked in the tempest of his grief. But the reason he foretold destruction to his nation, and counselled them to submit to Chaldaea, was the same as that of the earlier prophets.

"If ye thoroughly amend your ways and your doings; if ye thoroughly execute justice between a man and his neighbor; 
If ye oppress not the stranger, neither the fatherless, and shed not innocent blood in this place * * *
Then will I cause you to dwell in this place * * * forever.
Is this house, which is called by my name, become a den of robbers in your eyes? * * * (Vii:5.)

From the least of them even unto the greatest, every one is given to covetousness, from the prophet to the priest every one of them dealeth falsely * * *
Thus saith Yahweh; Execute justice and righteousness, and deliver the spoiled out of the land of the oppressor; and do no wrong, do no violence to the stranger, the fatherless; nor the widow, neither shed innocent blood in this place * * *

Woe unto him that buildeth his house by unrighteousness, and his chambers by wrong; that useth his neighbors service without wages, and giveth him not for his work * * *
Thy father judged the cause of the poor and needy; then it was well with him; was not this to know me? saith Yahweh."

These men were the first of all internationalists. The Ideal of Thuthmosis and of Asshurbanipal was of a single nation dominant by the power of its might above all others. The patriot prophets of the poor conceived the ideal of a nation of the poor, opposed to the class of oppressors. Foreign tyrants were the weapons in the hand of their God, who was a god of the poor only, and not of the rich, and used these means to rid his nation—the poor—of their foes.

In these men—Amos, Hosea, Micah, Isaiah—the vision of Moses, of Samuel, of David and Elijah flowers into an ideal so high that it has overleaped the chasm of the ages, and spanned the valley of defeat with the rainbow of an eternal hope. Where the monotheistic revolution of Egypt and Chaldaea failed, and later imperialism of Rome collapsed, the evolution of Israel's god kept on and on; because here at last the only true, the only possible, permanent and continuous ideal foundation for an
eternal Faith has been set free into the light, where it gathers new strength after every storm.

No religion can be eternal save the religion of the poor. Every other nation changes and decays, and every other religion is in unstable equilibrium. But the ringing cry of Jesus, “The poor ye have always with you,” is the watchword of an abiding patriotism. The national religions of Egypt, of Assyria, of Rome, of England, of Germany, must flower and fade. But the religion of the nation of the poor—the fellowship and bond between all those who toil, united in the ideal and purpose of overthrowing iniquity, oppression and injustice can never be old. It can never be superseded, for there is nothing lower than the foundation where that is built straight into the bosom of the eternal Rock. For the workers of the world are the fellow countrymen of the Great Worker, the Eternal Creator, whose love fades not and whose years can not fail.

I cannot help thinking that the geography of Mount Carmel had much to do with keeping alive the hopes of the prophets and the exiles. For the Way of the Sea passes beneath its rocky headland, and it is visible from every point of Palestine; and as often as a caravan passed from Nile to Euphrates, or as often as a toiling Hebrew slave lifted up his eyes to the hills, he could see the shaggy peak whereon God sent down his lightning at Elijah’s call and set Israel free. * * *
CHAPTER XI. CYRUS, THE MESSIAH.

So familiar are we with the expression “Jesus Christ” that to use the name “Christ” of any other persons smacks of blasphemy. Yet the book of Isaiah persistently refers to Cyrus, King of Media, as the Christ of God, the Savior, the Anointed, the Chosen of the Almighty, the Messiah. In that wonderful second part of the great prophetic book, that part which begins with the thrilling cry of approaching redemption, “Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people, saith your God”—it is Cyrus, Xenophon’s model of princes, who is referred to as the Christ.

Read the Book, beginning with the fortieth chapter through the sixty-sixth, and note carefully to whom it cries. The prophetic voice proclaims:

“I have raised up one from the North, and he is come
From the rising of the sun one, and he calleth upon my name.
He shall come upon the rulers as upon mortar,
And as the potter treadeth clay.
Behold my Servant in whom I uphold,
My Chosen in whom my soul delighteth;
I have put my Spirit upon him;
He shall bring forth justice to the Gentiles!”

Cyrus descended upon Babylon from the North, and his kingdom lay to the East. Before him the kings of old time were overthrown like a row of chessmen. He was a king utterly different from the Semitic monarchs of the River Empires—he was an Aryan, an Iranian, and his religion was closely akin to that of the Hebrews, for Cyrus was a Zoroastrian.

Isaiah of Babylon goes on, in even more emphatic strain:

“Thus saith Yahweh our god; he that created the heavens and stretched them forth; he that spread abroad the earth and that which cometh out of it; he that giveth breath to the people upon it, and spirit to them that walk therein;
“I, Yahweh, have called thee in righteousness, and will hold thy hand, and will keep thee, and give thee for a covenant of the People, for a light of the Nations;
“To open the blind eyes, to bring out the prisoners from the dungeon, and them that sit in darkness from the prison-house *

“I am Yahweh, that maketh all things, that stretcheth forth the heavens alone *
“That saith to Tehom, the Deep, Be Dry, and I will dry up thy rivers;
“That saith of Cyrus, he is my Shepherd, and shall perform my pleasure;
“Even saying of Jerusalem, ‘She shall be built’; and of the Temple, ‘Thy foundations shall be laid!’ ”

It is impossible to minimize the significance of these exalted words. But they become ever more unmistakable—even, to some
unaccustomed minds, they approach the borders of blasphemy. For the prophetic voice cries:

"Thus saith Yahweh to his Christ, to Cyrus, whose right hand have I holden, to subdue nations before him; and I will loose the loins of kings to open the doors before him, and the gates shall not be shut:

"I will go before thee, and will make the rough places smooth;
I will break in pieces the doors of brass, and cut in sunder the bars of iron;
And I will give thee the treasures of darkness,
And the hidden riches of secret places;
That thou mayest know that it is I, Yahweh, who call thee by name,
Even the God of Israel!"

Yahweh to his Christ—to Cyrus! How comes it that a Persian monarch is hailed with praises so identical with those which Christianity has ever since lavished upon Jesus alone?

And here we draw upon the concluding act of that great spiritual drama which established Yahweh upon the throne of the universe. All that has gone before is a prelude to the great supreme recognition which takes place in these words. Let us first "set the stage" and see what the geographic surroundings were of the exiled Hebrews who lifted up their eyes to the hills of the North, and beheld thence the hosts of Cyrus the Median pour down to deliver them.

With their blinded, helpless king, the Jewish captives had been carried away into captivity from the rocky hills and plateaus of their own land to the dreary mud-flats of Babylonia. Twice over within ten years at least ten thousand Jews at the very least must have trodden the highway to the Euphrates, says George Adam Smith. Upon the hills that stand round about Jerusalem the neighboring tribes gathered to jeer and to mock at the "Day of Jerusalem"; and the departing captives turn in their agony to hurl at the children of Edom the curse of the dying; which is the substance of the prophecy of Obadiah.

"In the day that thou stoodest on the other side,
In the day that strangers carried away his substance, and foreigners entered into his gates and cast lots upon Jerusalem—
Thou wast one of them!"

Along the weary route for three months they toiled, along the Way of the Sea, across the Jordan, Galilee of the Gentiles, round Harmon, and past Damascus; between the two Lebanons, past Hamath and past Arpad, till they reached the great rolling River whose greatness had so often proved the fascination and the despair of a people of uncertain brooks and trickling aqueducts, depending upon the earlier and the latter rain for their sustenance. Crossing the Euphrates by one of its numerous passages, either at Carchemish, if they struck the river so high, or at Thapsacus, Tiphshah, "the passage" where Xenophon and his Ten Thousand Greeks crossed it—the caravans turned to the south. Through the picturesque country of Aram-Naharaim, ancient home of Terah and Abram and Laban, past Circesium and Rehoboth of the River, and many other ancient place men-
tioned in the story of the patriarchs, till through the dwindling
hills they reached the pass of His, and looked upon the plains
of Shinar.

Travelers praise the site of His as one of the great view-
points of the world. From its commanding locality the moun-
tain land of Iran looks down upon the mud-flats of Babylonia.
To the Hebrews it must have seemed the end of the world. For
Jerusalem is four thousand feet high, and in every direction the
rocky slope mounts up toward it. From its roofs the skyline is
mostly a line of hills. But the Babylonian plain is entirely an
alluvial monotonous level, broken by nothing save the glittering
silver of the canals. The soil is of great richness, but incessant
toil is needed to keep the waters within bounds. The increase of
both the Tigris and the Euphrates is naturally more violent and
more irregular than that of the Nile. Frequent risings of these
rivers spread desolation with inconceivable rapidity and they ebb
to leave pestilence behind them.

Mesopotamia is the scene of violent changes of atmosphere.
The languor of the flat country, the stagnancy and sultriness of
the air, of which not only foreigners but the natives themselves
complain, is suddenly invaded by southerly winds, of tremendous
force and laden with clouds of fine sand, which render the air so
dense as to be suffocating, and “produce a lurid red haze intoler-
able to the eyes.” Thunderstorms are frequent, and the winds
are tremendous.

All of this added to the horror of the Captivity. Taken from
their highland simplicity, the Hebrews were settled in the thick-
est and most populous parts of Babylon and employed in deep-
ening and regulating the canals. The labor was of terrible dif-
ficulty, and was of a sort repugnant to all the traditions of the
Jews.

Babylon was at that time the center of the world. She lay
midway between East and West, being practically a port on the
Persian Gulf, through the canals by which ships reached her
wharves direct from Arabia, India and Africa. Down the Tigris
and the Euphrates, rafts brought the produce of Armenia and
the Caucasus. But of greater importance than these were the
highroads which ran from Sardis to Shushan, traversed Media,
penetrated Bactria and India, and indeed connected India with
Greece, through the ports on the Aegean Sea at one end and
the Ganges on the other. These roads and rivers and canals all
crossed Chaldaea and met at Babylon. Together they poured
upon the Lady of Kingdoms the traffic of the ancient world.

Nebuchadnezzar, who transplanted the Jews, was the
“genius of Babylon incarnate” says Smith. Not only the chief
soldier of his generation, he was one of the greatest builders of
all time. But he fought as he built, in order that he might
traffic. He was a merchant first and foremost. His ambition
was to turn the traffic with India from the Red Sea to the
Persian Gulf. He sought to effect this by the destruction of
Tyre, by the transportation of Arabian and Nabataean mer-
chants to Babylon, and by the deepening and regulation of the canals and rivers between Babylon and the Sea.

The Trade of India—that golden rainbow that lures the world! Columbus sought it, and America was discovered. The Mohammedans interrupted it—and the Crusades were fought. France and England strove for it, and the French empire fell. Germany, by her Berlin to Bagdad railway, sought to undermine England’s rule of the waves which gave her the control of India’s traffic—and the Balkan Wars, the Armenian massacres, the Great War itself, were hurled upon the world. Around this quest for the Trade of India the wars of the world group themselves like the bloody settings of a glorious gem. In the struggle between Egypt and Babylon the Hebrew religion came to self-consciousness. In the struggle between Persia and Babylon, the religion of Yahweh became the claimant for the universal throne. And the particular turn of reasoning which led to the assertion of this claim hinges upon a threefold chain—the mountains, the rivers, and the books.

Babylon dominated the world—even as Egypt had done in the days of their imprisonment under Pharaoh. The Lady of Kingdoms, the glory of the Chaldees’ excellency, lifted herself to heaven all around them from broad wharves and ramparts, by wide flights of stairs and terraces, high walls and hanging gardens, pyramids and towers—colossal in her buildings, imperially lavish of space between. Amongst that vast, far-spreading architecture, amid the great squares and between the high portals guarded by giant bulls—no wonder that Jacob felt himself, as Isaiah expresses it, a poor worm.

Through the long seventy years of their harsh imprisonment among the slimy canals in the intense lowland heat, their eyes had turned longingly to the snowy crests of their native land. But Palestine lay across the desert. Jeremiah, Ezekiel and Daniel had taught them that Yahweh had forsaken Mount Zion, and had gone to dwell on a mountain in the North; as the Psalm says. “For judgment cometh neither from the east nor the west, nor yet from the south”—implying, of course, that it cometh from the North; and that the “cup whereof the wine is red,” whose “dregs all the ungodly of the world shall drink” is kept in the north.

How faint, how far off seemed Yahweh in the land of Marduk! How insignificant was Jerusalem in the presence of Babylon, and how trivial that “ancient river, the river Kishon” — a mere streamlet that dried up in hot weather—seemed to those who daily worked along the River Euphrates! But still in their oppression the captives cherished the memory of their prophets. Amos, Hosea, Micah, Isaiah, Jeremiah, had foretold the captivity, and it had come true. They had also foretold the return of the faithful remnant—would that come true also? They waited and hoped, their hopes kept alive by Jeremiah and then by Ezekiel. Ezekiel, it is true, complains that his compatriots regard him
more in the light of a vaudeville entertainment than a prophet:

"Lo thou, art unto them as a very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice, and can play well on an instrument; for they hear thy words, but they do them not."—Ezek. 33:32.

But still the hope burned high. They accepted the theory of the prophets that these punishments had been sent upon them for their sins, but they saw beyond the dark night of judgment the white gleam of pardon.

In the year 539 Cyrus, King of Media, moved for the second time against the Lady of Kingdoms. He had been repulsed in 546. He turned westward against Lydia, where he defeated Croesus, King of Lydia, with a vastly inferior force. With Lydia in his hands the rest of Asia Minor was subdued. But it took six years. Meanwhile the spread of his power caused rumors of his fame to penetrate thickly-settled Babylon, and among the exiled Jews his character and that of his strange new religion were well known.

His character was like that of their own David. Legend recounted how he was the son of a poor Mardian bandit, Atradares, who found favor with king Astyages; or how he had been exposed in the mountains, and suckled by a dog or by a shepherd's wife. His people were a mountain people; and their religion was a mountain religion. Herein lay the preliminary of the Recognition.

Cyrus is hailed by Xenophon and Herodotus as the very model and mirror of princes. He was of a totally different kind from the cruel, insolent, invisible despots of the Semitic empires. He was an Aryan, and Iranian, a Democrat. Kind, merciful, he "refrained from bruising a broken reed or quenching a smoking flax" sustaining the souls of captives with hope of release.

All of us remember the story of how Croesus, king of Lydia, whose name is a familiar proverb for unexampled richness, sent to all the oracles within reach to discover the mind of the gods in regard to the conflict between himself and Cyrus. He sent, says Herodotus, to the oracles of the Greeks at Miletus, Delphi, Abae; to that of Trophonius; to the sanctuary of Amphiaras at Thebes; to Dodona; and even to the far-off temple of Ammon, in Libya. The oracles of Delphi and Amphiaras alone sent an answer, which in the least suggested the truth.

"To the gods at Delphi and Amphiaras, Croesus, therefore, offered great sacrifices—three thousand victims of every kind; and on a great pile of wood be burned couches plated with gold and silver, golden goblets, purple robes and garments, in the hope that he would thereby gain the favor of the god yet more. * * * And as the sacrifice left behind an enormous mass of molten gold, Croesus caused bricks to be made, six palms in length, three and breadth and one in depth; in all there were 117 bricks. In addition there was a golden lion which weighed ten talents. When these were finished Croesus sent them to Delphi; and he added two very large mixing bowls, one of gold weighing eight talents and a half and twelve minae, and
one of silver; * * * four silver jars and two vessels for
holy water, one of gold, the other of silver; circular casts of sil-
ver, a golden statue of a woman three cubits high, and the neck-
lace and girdles of his queen.” But for all this, all the informa-
tion he got was that if he went against Cyrus he would destroy
a great empire. He forgot to ask whether it were his own or his
rival’s.

It is to this helplessness and confusion of the oracles in spite
of lavish gifts that II Isaiah refers in such scathing terms, when
he dares all the gods of the heathens to show where any one of
them has ever uttered an unmistakable prediction which has
come true, and triumphantly points to the prophecies of Yahweh
which are being fulfilled. Yahweh had promised to deliver the
people from Egypt and had kept his promise; he had foretold
the Captivity and had kept the promise; now his prophecy of
the overthrow of Babylon and the return of the exiles was
coming true.

Here was the second element in the identification. And the
third brings us back to the great epic of the conflict of Wind
and Water which rings all through the Old Testament.

In accomplishing the delivery from Egypt, Yahweh had sent
an east wind that dried up the Red Sea, and left a passageway
across. He was victor over the Great Deep, whom he could com-
pel by his might to serve his people. During the wandering in
the wilderness, he could bring forth springs in the desert; he
gave the stricken Body of Tehom, the Great Deep, to be the
“food of the people in the wilderness”—this was the way in
which their poets had phrased it. In the entry into Canaan,
he had dried up the Jordan by a heavy landslide further up
the river, which dammed the stream long enough to permit the
tribes to rush across. Sisera had been overwhelmed by a sudden
flood in the river Kishon. Thus all their great victories had been
accompanied by the drying up of a river bed, or its sudden
flooding again.

And the event which clinched the recognition of the God of
Cyrus as the same God of Israel who had done all these great
things, was the manner of the capture of Babylon, mistress of
the world, by Cyrus. He had once been repulsed by the impreg-
nable walls, defended by their great towers, Imgur-Bel and
Nimitti-Bel. Yahweh came to his aid; and Cyrus, by capturing
Nebuchadnezzar’s great flood-basin at Sepharvaim, had turned
the Euphrates into it; the stream dried up; and Cyrus’ soldiers,
wading down its bed beneath the walls, before the feasting
citizens noticed that the river was dwindling, surprised the gar-
rison at its revelries and made himself master of Babylon.

It was the hand of Yahweh! It was his ancient method of
victory—drying up the sea! To all the dwellers in Babylon, the
great river Euphrates, flowing through the middle of their capi-
tal city, uniting upper and lower Mesopotamia, and bearing on
its flood the rafts of Armenia and the ships of India and Arabia,
was the central fact in the structure of the world. He who could
overcome the River was the Master of the World.
Gazing upon the dwindling waters of the River, remembering the drying up of the Red Sea and the drying up of the Jordan, what wonder that the exultant shout of the imprisoned exiles rang to high heaven:

"The Arm of Yahweh is awaked!
As in the ancient days, as in the generations of old!
Was it not THOU that hath cut Rahab, and wounded the Dragon?
Was it not THOU that hast dried up the Sea, the waters of Tehom Rabbah,
That hast made the depths of the Sea a way for the redeemed to pass over?"

The event, then, which clinched the belief of the captive Jews that Cyrus was the chosen of their own. Yahweh was his conquest of Babylon by means of the drying river. It seems to me that this is proven by the words with which Isaiah makes the identification:

I am Yahweh, that maketh all things;
That turneth wise men backward, and maketh their knowledge foolish;
That saith of Jerusalem, "She shall be inhabited";
That saith to the Deep "Be dry"
—AND I WILL DRY UP THY RIVERS!
That saith of Cyrus, "He is my Shepherd!"—Isaiah 44:27.

All through the Second Isaiah's words, the parallel between the exodus out of Egypt across the desert of Arabia, and the coming exodus out of Babylon straight across the desert that lay between the Euphrates and the Great Sea Westward, is drawn. The refrain is marvelously repeated. Even at the risk of being wearisome, I will quote the ceaseless and repeated references to the water-problem in the desert which run all through the Great Recognition:

The voice of one that crieth "Prepare ye in the wilderness the Way of the Lord; make straight in the desert a highway for our God.—(40:3.)
Who hath measured the Waters in the hollow of his hand?—(40:12.)
The poor and needy seek water, and there is none, And their tongue faileth for thirst.
I, Yahweh, will answer them,
I, the God of Israel, will not forsake them.
I will open rivers on the bare heights, And fountains in the midst of the valleys.
I will make the wilderness a pool of water, And the dry land springs of water *
I will make the rivers islands, and will dry up their pools. I will bring the blind by a way that they know not, in paths that they know not I will lead them.
I will make darkness light before them, and crooked places straight.—(42:15.)
When thou passest through the Waters, I will be with thee; And through the Rivers, they shall not overflow thee.—(43:2)
Thus saith Yahweh, who maketh a Way in the Sea, And a path in the mighty waters (Tehom Rabbah);
Who bringeth forth the Chariot and the horse, the army and the mighty man—
They lie down together, they shall not rise;
They are extinct, they are quenched as a wick—
* * * I will even make a Way in the Wilderness, And rivers in the Desert.—(43:16.)
The beasts of the wilderness shall honor me, the jackals and ostriches; Because I give waters in the wilderness, and rivers in the desert, To give drink to my people, to my chosen, to the people which I
formed for myself, that they might set forth my praise. * * *

—(43:20.)

Fear not, O Jacob; for I will pour water upon him that is thirsty, and
streams upon the dry ground * * *

I will pour my spirit upon thy seed, and my blessing on thy offspring;
And they shall spring up among the grass, as willows by the watercourse.—

(44:3.)

O that thou hadst hearkened to my commandments!

Then had thy peace been as a river, and thy righteousness as the
waves of the sea * * * (48:18).

And they thirsted not when he led them through the deserts.
He caused the waters to flow out of the rock for them,
He clave the rock also, and the waters gushed out.—(48:21.)

They shall not hunger nor thirst, neither shall the heat nor the sun smite
them;
For he that hath mercy on them will lead them, even by springs of water
will he guide them * * * (49:10.)

Behold, at my rebuke I dry up the sea, I make the rivers a wilderness;
Their fish stink because there is no water and they die of thirst.—(50:2.)

For I am Yahweh, thy God, who stilleth the Sea, when the waves thereof
roar * * * (51:15.)

For this is as the waters of Noah unto me; for as I have sworn that the
waters of Noah shall no more go over the earth, so have I
sworn that I will no more be wroth with thee.—(54:9.)

Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no
money.—(55:1.)

He will come as a rushing stream, which the breath of Yahweh driveth.—

(59:19.)

The abundance of the sea shall be turned unto thee, the wealth of the na-
tions shall come unto thee.
The multitude of camel shall cover thee, and the dromedaries of Midian
and Ephah.—(59:5.)

Thus saith Yahweh; Behold, I will extend peace to her like a river,
And the glory of the nations like an overflowing stream.—(66:12.)

It is hard to resist the conclusion that the first part of Sec-
ond Isaiah is an ecstatic appeal to the captives of Israel to strike
straight across the desert to their native land, relying on the
goodness of Yahweh to furnish water in the desert, as he had
done in the exodus from Egypt. Perhaps this is what happened
to Sheshbazzar—he got lost in the desert. But in any event, the
panorama of River and Sea and Springs and Wind and Desert
lies beneath and runs through this whole great epic of the gods.

Marduk had conquered Tehom, because his ships could
safely traverse the Persian gulf. He had tamed the Great Deep,
because he could lead its waters through his canals to Babylon.
Yahweh had conquered Tehom, because he had led his hosts
across the Red Sea and across Jordan. The God of Cyrus had
overthrown Marduk because he had captured Babylon; and he
had done this in the characteristic style of Yahweh, by drying up
the bed of the River. He had also done this chiefly in order—as it
seemed to the Jews—to set the people of Yahweh free.

Therefore it was plain that Ahura-Mazda was but another
name for Yahweh; and that Cyrus was the Anointed of the
Lord.

This seems to me the explanation of that amazing change
which left the religion of the Jews after the Exile as much Per-
sian as Jewish. The promised Restoration did not at once
take place. Sheshbazzar, prince of Judah, with all the golden
candlesticks, snuffers and hasons, disappears as soon as he crosses the Great River on his way to re-establish Israel. Only when Nehemiah, a century later, undertakes the task does the uprooted Vine take root again in its own land. But the influence of Cyrus and his faith upon Israel was stamped deep, so deep that a century of disappointments and four centuries of bitter hardship and merciless cruelty could not efface the conviction that he had been indeed Israel's Messiah. And for the two hundred years that the Jews were members of the same empire with the Persians, the Persian religion interpenetrated and interfused with the Jewish religion, on the strength of this great conviction making it a thing other than that which it had been, and a thing far higher. The original stock of the desert-dwellers' faith took unto itself and engrafted upon its developing system large elements of the Aryan philosophy of the Median hills.

This ancient epic is reflected through and through the Book of the Revelation; in the River of Life, flowing through the midst of the City of God, even as the Euphrates flowed through Babylon; and in the invitation to all peoples, languages and tongues to come and drink freely of the Water of Life.

And this is the problem which lies behind the whole gigantic Epic of the Gods; Water is Life. Where there is no water, the people perish. Yet wind is also life, for without the breath of life a body is a corpse, not a living man. Yet the water of the Sea and the Wind of the Storm are always striving one with another.

It was evident, therefore, that the God of the Wind must have subdued the Water of the Sea, taken from him the bitterness of salt, and given him to be food to the people through the watersprings and wells. Hence says Jesus, "Ye must be born of Water and the Wind—of Water and the Spirit."

And as a matter of fact, it was out of the ceaseless striving of the wind with the waves upon the shores of primordial Seas that the whole great drama of Life upon Earth began.

It should perhaps be stated that while II. Isaiah accepts the god of Cyrus as Yahweh, he does not accept Angra Mainyu as the explanation of evil. His monotheism is absolute:

"I am Yahweh, and there is none else.
I form the light, and I create darkness;
I make peace, and create evil;
I am Yahweh, that doeth all these things."

The book of Tobit and the book of Daniel show how far the Persian ideas had progressed. Tobit is full of angels and demons; and the dog which accompanies Tobias as a companion signifies the acceptance of the Persian sacred animal, for among the Jews originally the dog was an accursed thing. In Daniel the exaltation of Yahweh to the universal throne has made it necessary to place Michael in the position of tribal god formerly occupied by Yahweh. Gabriel also appears there, and Raphael is known to us through Tobit.

It was the conquest of Persia by Alexander and the destruction of that great empire by the Greek which overthrew the
chances of Zoroastrianism for dominating the West. Greek culture spread as far west as India. In the struggle to uproot Jewish culture and supplant it by Hellenism through the persecutions of Antiochus Epiphanes, the story of which is told by the books of the Maccabees, Judaism threw a hard legal crust around itself which endures to this day. Zoroastrianism was the last photograph taken on the moving film, therefore, before the darkness of Ezra's legalism swept down upon it. Christianity fell heir to its function of uniting the faiths of all mankind around a central figure and an underlying cause, for the ultimate purpose of the redemption of the poor from their oppression and the establishment of a righteous order upon earth.
CHAPTER XII. THE WELL BESIDE THE HIGHROAD.

And now we come to that supreme figure from whom all history is dated since his day—Jesus of Nazareth. It seems to be assumed by many of those who discuss his life and teachings from both sides that he stood unrelated to the past and the immediate present, striking across the void like a meteor in blackness. His immediate chroniclers, even those who insist most firmly upon his divinity, do not so. The Fourth Gospel, in the midst of its assertion of the co-eternity of the Word with God, proclaims "That was the light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world." Early historians lay much stress on the Evangelical Preparation whereby the world was made ready for the spread of the Gospel.

In discussing religion from the standpoint of geography and sociology, it is of great interest to determine "Where was Nazareth?" Not merely from a geographical, but also from a sociological and economic point of view. And the one thing which seems to me to explain more than any other one the heart of the message of Jesus is that Nazareth stands beside the highroad which held the world together. The Way of the Sea ran just beyond the town in which Jesus spent his boyhood. Caravans from Egypt passed caravans from India there; Roman merchants, Syrian, Greek, Cyprian, even Scythian traffic, rolled in a ceaseless stream forward and back along the great highroad; and Jesus, the Boy, must often have carried water for the camels and helped to groom and curry the horses; must often have listened to the talk and chaffing beside the camp-fire at evening time; must have heard philosophers and sages as well as rough soldiers and shrewd merchantmen, discussing religion and politics and economics and the fate of the poor.

Nazareth was situated where the whole world poured through Israel.

Above all the talk and chaffing, the dread shadow of Rome never lifted. Roman publicans, accompanied by their lictors and escorts, extorted taxes unmercifully from villages all over Israel. Many a time Jesus saw whole families sold into slavery, a man's "wife and children and all that he had" to pay some debt; which is one reason why the horror of debt hangs over his parables, and why he incorporates into the Lord's Prayer, the great Charter of the new world-order, a daily petition for the abolition of the whole Debt system. He saw Syrian, Persian, Anatolian, Greek and Jew alike all reduced to misery under the iron heel of the great Collector; for Rome appeared to the subject provinces largely as a ceaseless Greed, demanding ever more and more of tribute. And he teaches, constantly, at all times, in every parable and sermon, the great truth which the Prophets had painfully forged in the white heat of their tribulation; that
God is a God of the poor, and until the poor, forgetting their national hatreds, unite in one universal Nation of the Poor, the empire of this world will continue. It was this truth which formed the essence of the Jewish religion; which still flamed beneath the cold gray ashes which filled the ancient furnace in which it had once burned so bright. Jesus was interested in the flame; the Pharisees, in the furnace.

Consequently the method of Jesus, of sending organizers through the land with the message of what we would now call proletarian unity, into which unity he welcomed Syrian, Roman, and any one else who would enter it, conflicted violently with the nationalist ideals of Jerusalem. For Jerusalem lived far up amongst its mountain crags. The Way of the Sea passed along the rim of the Mediterranean, and left the Scribes and Pharisees wrangling and disputing up in their barren plateau, far removed from the great human contact that flowed ceaselessly through Nazareth. Jesus did not write a book; he met people. The Scribes wrote books; Jesus talked in the open air. Jesus did not write the Bible. He organized the Church—with workingmen at the head of it. For the Greek word Church—ecclesia—meant very much what we mean by “union” or “association” now. When, for example, Jesus and the Twelve came down from the mountain and the Scriptures says they “went into a house,” the Greek idiom implies that they “formed an organization.”

Who should belong to this new organization? The opening sentence of the Sermon on the Mount gives the idea; although the idea is frightfully mistranslated.

“Blessed are the poor in spirit; for theirs is the Kingdom of God!”

The usual conception of this is that Jesus was praising the spiritless, the disheartened, the cowardly, the discouraged, the salt which had lost its savor. This would be as though he had begun a ringing proclamation to an army which was soon to conquer the world, with a philippic in favor of the coward; as though a trumpet, calling to battle, should begin with a long, low, minor strain, sending the creeps and the chills down the backs of men.

“Poor in spirit” does not, can not possibly, mean the bankrupt in courage, those beggared in self-respect. We have taken it to be so because we have persistently taken it to be metaphorical language. Poor in spirit—ptokhoi toi pneumatoi—does not mean timid; a somewhat similar word “ptokes” does mean this. But “ptokhoi” implies actual poverty; beggary; physical lack of food and clothing. The “poor in spirit” means those who are spiritually with the poor; who are so thoroughly identified with the poor that they cannot and will not be rich while poverty remains; who are, as we would phrase it, CLASS CONSCIOUS WITH THE POOR.

“It is only by means of your oneness, in spirit, in heart and in hand, with the cause of the poor, that the Kingdom of God shall come on earth,” he cries to the workers of all the world. “You must be so thoroughly one with the poor that their cause
shall be yours; that you shall not seek to rise above your brethren, climbing on their shoulders to some upper class; that, come what may, you will not betray or leave them for any offer of power, wealth or ease. Blessed are the class-conscious; for they shall bring to pass the Brotherhood of Man!"

In parable after parable, sermon after sermon, he teaches, and laments, that the heathen to whom this message is new hear it gladly, that the common people flock to its preaching, but that they who have the message in their keeping are "cast out into outer darkness."

The Elder Brother scorns the Prodigal; the son who said, "I go," went not; and the son who said, "I will not go," went and reaped the field. He told the Scribes and Pharisees, official keepers of the nation's conscience, that an enemy had sowed them in the garden of God; that they were tares, and not his true wheat. The Good Samaritan obeyed the command of God; the priest and the levite turned and went by on the other side.

The issue which was joined between Jesus and the Pharisees was between the roadside at Nazareth and the inaccessible mountain fastness; between the friendly conversation of the well and the bigoted exclusiveness of the Schools; and its essence was this:

"What is the religion of Yahweh?"

The Pharisees said that it consisted chiefly in keeping the Sabbath, eating only clean meats, in washing hands, vessels and implements according to the rules of the Torah, in circumcision, in the rules and precepts. Their idea of universalizing this religion was to compel all the world to observe the minute precepts of the Law. But Jesus maintained that the essence of the religion of Yahweh was the universal class-consciousness and union of the workers. "Come unto me, all ye that Labor, and I will give you rest!" he cries. "They shall come from the east and from the west and from the north and from the south, and shall sit down with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob in the Kingdom of God; and the children of the Kingdom shall be cast into outer darkness," he warns, again and again. But the climax came when he cast out from the Temple the money-changers, and called the Sadducees "vipers, generation of serpents." There is a Hebrew pun here; for the same word which means "serpents" means also "usurers"; and the Temple had become the great financial center of the Graeco-Roman world, with the poor worshippers of Israel furnishing the funds.

The Beatitudes are in effect the proclamation of a new social order; the Lord's Prayer outlines its fundamental principles; the parables and the sermons expand and amplify its general character. The essence of it was the same as that taught by the prophets of old, the same as that so vividly proclaimed by John the Baptist; a world-wide union of the People of Yahweh, the Nation of the Poor, through a triumph to be brought about by their increasing fellow-consciousness, to the overthrow and destruction of the kingdom of Mammon and that of War.
There is a host of meanings in that simple phrase of Christ's, "Blessed are the Peace-makers; for they shall be called the Children of God." It is in sharp antithesis with the proud boast of the Romans that they, the War-makers, were the children of Mars. Jesus quotes too frequently from Jeremiah to have ignored that warning of his against those who cry "Peace, peace, when there is no peace; who heal the shattered breach of the daughter of my people lightly"; perpetuating injustice while they cry for peace in which to enjoy the fruits of their toil. The prophecies of which his teachings were full of the coming triumph of the Meek, of them that Mourn, of them that hunger and thirst, were full of meaning to those who heard the ringing message.

But perhaps more clearly than anywhere else the attitude of Jesus toward his times is given in that famous conflict of his with the Scribes and Pharisees over the question of the tribute-money. From tim eimmemorial it has been taken as meaning that Caesar rules this world, and God the next. All through the long turbulence of the Middle Ages his saying was supposed to imply the joint rule of the Pope and the Emperor; the one over spiritual and the other over temporal affairs. "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's; and unto God the things that are God's." On this utterance the Holy Roman Empire based its claim to being ordained of God.

But no Jew who heard it could so misinterpret it. No one who has lived and breathed in the spirit of the Prophets could possibly take it as implying subjection to the great power of heathen Rome.

"Whose is THIS image and superscription?" asked Jesus, pointing to the bit of money they handed him. They answered, "Caesar's;" whereupon he tossed it back to them, saying "Render therefore unto Caesar the tidings which are Caesar's; but unto God the things which are God's."

They knew—and he knew they knew—that in the very first chapter of the Bible it is written that "MAN is made in the image of God;" and that through and through the prophets rings the claim that God's name is written upon his people. "By thy name we are called," Jeremiah pleads. The superscription of Caesar was on the coin; but the image and superscription of God were on Israel. Let Caesar have his money, but to render Israel subject to Caesar is apostasy. To render any Man subject to Caesar is apostasy to God. This is what he meant—and they understood it so. For when he was brought before Pilate, one of the charges against him was, "We found this man forbidding to give levies unto Caesar!" (Luke 23:2.)

The ordinary translation here makes the accusation nonsense. If Jesus had told them, in the very Temple itself, to pay tribute to Caesar, they could hardly have made the charge stand so short a time thereafter.

In the question (Matthew 22:15) the word "kensos" is used; implying the tax of money. But in the accusation of Luke, it is "phoros"—tribute of persons for enforced labor or military
service, which he is said to have forbidden. And the charge was true. Jesus had forbidden the rendering of human lives subject unto Caesar through the ownership of the coin. Caesar could have jurisdiction only over the things he had made. He had made this bit of metal, or at least had caused it to be made. He had rights over it. Even Caesar was entitled to the product of, in a manner of speaking, his toil. Christ conceded his right to it. But over man he had, and could have, no such power; because man bore the image, not of Caesar, but of God.

It would be strange indeed if Jesus had shown here that reverence for authority which is so completely absent elsewhere. He referred to his own king Herod as a "jackal"—the Greek word "alopex" which is translated "fox." The jackal was a scavenger of offal; and it was the deadliest insult known to a Hebrew to compare him to that beast. Samson turned jackals with firebrands to their tails in among the Philistine corn; which was so unbearable an insult that the Philistines came up and burned Samson's wife and father. When Sanballat and Tobiah jeered at Nehemiah that "a jackal would break down his wall if he went up on it" Nehemiah breaks out into passionate prayer for vengeance. (Neh. 4:3.) This was the word that Jesus applied to his king. At the Last Supper, at his dying feast, he ridiculed the pretensions of kings. He told his disciples in his farewell address, "The kings of the Gentiles lord it over them, and they which exercise constraint upon them are called Benefactors. But it shall not be so among you." (Luke 22:22). This word "Benefactor" was claimed by several of the most worthless of Oriental kings. Antiochus VII of Syria, Ptolemy III of Egypt, and at a later period Ptolemy VII called themselves "Euergetes"—Benefactors. This last monarch was known to his subjects as "Physon"—Big-Belly.

Jesus had no reverence for kings of any kind; especially none for Caesar.

From the point of view of the international proletariat, Rome was a hideously diseased octopus consisting of clutching fingers eternally endeavoring to fill a bottomless belly. Nothing satisfied her except the youngest, the strongest, the fairest; nor was there ever such a thing as satisfaction. No figures can cipher the extent of slavery in the days of Rome. As many as a hundred thousand slaves were sometimes sold on a single day; they were so plentiful that they were fed to the carp in the fishponds of Roman nobles. These were not black slaves, but white; Greek, Scythians, Gauls, Britons, Germans. The punishment of slave revolt was crucifixion; and the roads after such slave revolts were lined with crosses on which hung tens of thousands of crucified slaves.

How then was this monster Caesarism to be overthrown? By the sword? On the night of the Last Supper, the disciples said to Jesus, "Master, here are two swords;" and he answered, "It is enough." Enough for what? Enough to overthrow the armies of Rome? Greek scholars tell us that "Ikanos esti" is an idiom, which means here what Jesus so often told his disciples,
"How is it that you cannot understand me?" It implies that if they are so stupid as not to understand what he meant by "selling a cloak to buy a sword," there is no use in arguing further.

John the Baptist gives the clue. He testified that at the baptism of Jesus he saw the clouds open and a dove descending on him, while a Voice spoke. There is clearly a reminiscence here of the opening words of the Bible, where the Spirit of God broods above the abyss, as the rabbis said, "in the form of a dove," and brought order out of chaos. The meaning is plain; this is he who by the Spirit of God is to bring order out of chaos. And it was true.

Jesus sent out his disciples, teaching, healing, and organizing the multitudes. As soon as disciples were made they became apostles. Co-operative buying and selling was established; immediately after the death of Christ we find the board of seven deacons placed in charge of the "daily ministration" which had reached at that time so large proportions that it is evident it must have been organized before. In the epistles of John, James, and of Paul, it is evident that the co-operative feature of the Church, the holding all things in common, the establishment of "hospitals" wherein "hospitality" could be practised—namely, shelter for those out of work or in distress or passing through a strange city—were a very large part of its work. These things are taken as a matter of course; the emphasis is put upon the things wherein differences existed, namely in doctrinal points. Wherever the Jews were, they organized such institutions as these; and to the present day the Jewish charitable institutions in this and every other country form models of excellent administration—the outcome of centuries of experience.

But along with this sort of work there ran the ceaseless preaching of the Gospel of the universal citizenship; of the one human family with its One Father which is in Heaven, and to which family consequently all the treasures of the Father belonged equally; of the great Day of Redemption when the kingdoms of this world were to be made the kingdom of God and of his Christ. It was this hope which drew into one great fellowship all the slaves of Rome's vast empire into an organization so strong and so admirably honest and efficient in its administration that the Caesar took it over and made it the channel of Imperial power.

The Gospels and the Book of Acts derive the difference in their character largely from the audiences for which they were written. Marcus, the young Romanized Jew who was the amanuensis of Paul and later of Peter, wrote a brief, terse account of the deeds of Jesus for his Roman churches; a brevity epitomized in his account of the Inscription on the Cross. Matthew gives it, "This is the King of the Jews." Luke, more flowery in style, gives it at greater length, "This is Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews." Mark wrote it tersely, "King of Jews"; as it would be in the derisive Latin of Pilate's own hand, "REX JUDEAEORUM."

Matthew's Gospel was written largely for the Jewish mem-
bers. It abounds in prophetic references, "This was done that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the Prophet, saying, 'Out of Egypt have I called my son.'" It is mainly a gospel of Sayings.

But Luke, the Greek Historian, wrote his Gospel on a plan which was, apparently, never completed. The first portion of it, known to us as the Gospel according to St. Luke, gives an account of the things which Jesus "began both to do and to teach." The second part of it, known as the Acts of the Apostles, records the steps by which the capital city of the new religion was transferred from Jerusalem to Rome; that is to say, the steps by which it was transformed from a national cult to the International faith; for Rome was the capital of the world. But his narrative ends suddenly with the opposition of the Jews in Rome to the teaching of St. Paul. There must have been a third volume in contemplation in the mind of Luke, which would recount something of the work of Paul, of the persecutions under Nero, and of the spread of Christianity; but it was cut short, perhaps by the execution of Luke.

In any event, the Bible was written as the archives of a tremendous, flourishing, world-wide Association. It was the record of what had been done, embodying letters called forth by disputes and discussions of various sorts. The men who wrote it were first of all organizers, bent on organizing a world-union of the workers in every city of the world.

"We have a city which hath foundations whose builder and maker is God," was their boast. As often as a Roman dated a letter, he recalled the foundation of Rome; for their time was counted "Anno Urbe Condita"—from the year of the founding of the City, besides the Tiber by Romulus.

But now, having said so much, I shall doubtless be charged with being an atheist because I seem to be denying the inspiration of the Bible and the divinity of Christ. On the contrary, I affirm the inspiration of the Bible, as I proclaim the divinity of Christ. Every letter and history and parable which goes to make it up was forged in the terrific heat of the conflict between the powers of evil and the powers of good; between the forces of Moloch, Mammon and Mars on the one hand, and the power of God on the other. It is because I believe in the extremely human character of the men who wrote it and of the perfectly understandable motives which animated them that I believe in its divinity. For the essence of the Gospel of Jesus is that when we are most human, then we are most divine.

The great conflict in ideas between Greek and Hebrew came on the issue of the Gentleman God versus the Worker God. Greeks felt keenly that no man could be a gentleman who worked. Greece was divided between Helot and Demos; the slave and the voter. And it was impossible for a member of the Demos, all of whose work was done by slaves, to worship a God who was actually accused of having created the world, and whose people actually boasted of having once been slaves. Every Hebrew lad
must learn a trade. Jesus was a carpenter by profession. When Pilate accused him of being a king, he disclaimed it; "Thou sayest it" is his reply. So the gentlemanly Greeks sought to refine away this crude conception, and to interpose between the Demiurge, the World-Maker, and the Sovereign God, a long chain of lesser divinities. They had something of the Persian idea of a monarch, that he must be separate, apart from and invisible to all mere human beings. Their idea of divinity was illimitable immorality and loafing; and Aristotle aptly puts it in his foundation of Ethics; that we cannot maintain that the supreme good is anything useful or moral, because the gods are both idle and immoral.

That which led the slaves of the Roman Empire to worship Christ as God; which made even the writers who had lived closest to him, and those who had seen, if not Christ himself, then those nearest and dearest to him, use such unmistakably theistic language concerning him, so that from the foundation of Christianity itself we confront, not a gradually developing cultus, but a full-fledged theological system which is much nearer the Trinitarianism of the creeds than the humanism of the Unitarian, was a very simple and universal conception which has largely disappeared from our own modern minds and which we can appreciate only with difficulty. It must be remembered that the primitive Christians lived before, not after, the Ecumenical Councils; they lived long before the Protestant Reformation; they were, thank God, completely untouched by Calvinist, Anglican, Romanist and Greek Orthodox formularies. Most of them had been raised as worshippers of some of the older half-human gods. Their idea of divinity was far more intimate, lovable, personal and sensible than the fearful abstractions on which our Catechisms are built. They did not define; they worshipped, because they felt. For to every nation of old time, its gods were the spirit of its national existence. Asshur was the soul of Assyria; Osiris and Isis of Egypt; Yahweh of Israel; Vesta, Roma Dea, Apollo, of Rome. The homeless, transplanted slaves of the whole world; the oppressed, browbeaten and discouraged workingmen in every city of the Empire, robbed of their pride of nationality, discovered that they were invited to become members of a new Nation which traced its descent not from some physical ancestor or circumscribed province, but which included all who labored and were heavy laden throughout the world; told them that they were all sons of one Father; and that Jesus was their common brother; that they were the Body of Jesus; that his Spirit united them all into one body—Greek, Jew, Roman, Scythian, bond and free; and that they should inherit the world.

Geographical boundaries had been broken down by Rome. Greek language had united all the dialects of the world into one "koine" or common tongue. And the old national religions were fused into the Christian fellowship with a great sighing of relief. Fresh, young, strong in the impulse of its new vigor, the new religion swept its way northward from Jerusalem to Antioch, across to Cyprus, along Asia Minor to Greece, to Illyria, to
Rome; westward to Spain and Gaul; even into Britain. The regular pulsations of the Hebrew nation from its heart at Jerusalem to the ends of the world carried it on the steady tide of its life. Northward and eastward it flowed, along the great Way of the Sea into Mesopotamia; into Persia, into India, into Western China. Southward into Egypt, Libya, Cyrenaica, to the Pillars of Hercules; all these tremendous vibrations carrying with them the news of a new fellowship which should take the place of the imperial yoke that weighed so heavily upon the necks of the whole world, with a yoke that was easy and a burden that was light, in which the world and all its riches should be the possession, not of the “Amici Caesaris”—the pampered young Roman nobles who as friends of Caesar gambled for the world on the gilded tables of the wine-shops of Herculaneum and Pompeii; but of the Friends of Christ, who had given his life for his friends.

“I have called you not servants; I have called you Friends—All things that the Father hath are mine—Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I have commanded you—A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another as I have loved you—Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friends.”

And they bowed the head, and worshiped.
Beyond the borders of the Roman Empire in every direction strange faiths stretched, which were drawn into the consciousness of men and wrought into the structure of the great Synthesis called the Christian Religion. It is impossible to understand the development of Christianity from the time of Constantine to the time of Luther without understanding four great religions which pressed on it from beyond—Buddhism, which came over the highroad to India; the faith of the Druids in far-away Britain and nearer Gaul; the stalwart religion of Wotan and Thor, held by the fair-haired savages who poured in their millions from the German forests; and Islam, that sent its dark-skinned armies against the furthest limits of the Empire—conquering Syria in the East, Spain in the West, and all of Africa to the South. All of these religions live and move in the shining fabric we call our own. Sometimes by adoption, sometimes by reaction, sometimes in silent but persistent inheritance, Buddha and Baldur, the oak-and-mistletoe of the Druids, the Christmas tree of the Wotan-worshippers, the imageless fatalism of the sons of the desert, all of them mean, sometimes, as much to modern Christians as the New Testament itself.

And first, the great figure of the Light of Asia must be considered. Of all the figures in comparative Religion, Buddha is the most often compared to Christ. The Gospel which he preached is in some trivial respects like that preached by Jesus; but fundamentally the two are further asunder than the poles—farther than Zenith from Nadir. Yet the influence of the one upon the other was mighty.

In the sixth century before Christ, Hinduism had long laid its palsyng hand upon India. Its bulwark is the caste system. The Hindu name for caste “Varuna” means “color.” Ethnologists surmise from this that caste originated in the successive conquests of the aboriginal Dravidians of India by the fairer Aryan races who poured through the Khyber pass. Finding themselves different in color, these primitive conquerors kept themselves apart from the conquered. As they eventually intermarried with the Dravidians, this color line grew less and less. Every successive wave of conquest repeated the process, so that there were many grades of “varuna”—color—in the land, and each was a caste. The latest comers were always the lighter-colored, and of course always the conquerors. Thus originated the four great castes—Brahman, or priestly; Kshatriya, or warrior and kingly; Vaisya, or trader, and Sudra, or menial. The Pariahs, or outcastes, are lower still. At the top of all now stand the latest invaders, the last of the Aryans of the West, the British governors of India.

Below this caste system lies the geographic contrast between the rich, boundless fertility of the Hindu plain and the barren
snowy uplands of Central Asia. After generations spent in the lazy, productive atmosphere of the Plains, the original energy of the Central Asian plateau gave way to an indolence which rendered another conquest inevitable.

Each of the four great Castes is divided and subdivided into innumerable petty castes. Members of differing castes may not eat together, work together, marry together, or even touch one another. A Brahman is polluted by a Kshatriya 16 feet away, by an artisan 24 feet away, by a cultivator 48 feet away, and by a Pariah 64 feet away. If one of these proscribed castes comes nearer than the allotted distance, the Brahman must take a bath. Even if the shadow of a lower caste falls upon a Brahman, he must wash himself. Sympathy and kindness may not be shown to any one outside of one's own caste. Frequently it happens that a sick person is allowed to die in the streets of a neighboring town, because no one of his own caste happens to pass that way.

Rules governing eating, governing trade, governing every tiny incident of life, are very stringent, and so minute that an outsider cannot remember a tenth of them. To live at all is, for one of the unfortunate lower castes, a great burden. Yet the lower castes defend the system with the same ferocity as the Brahmans do.

Many are the strange castes. There are even castes who regard it as honorable to steal and beg, but who would regard it as a lasting disgrace to earn an honest living by the sweat of the brow. Would that this caste were confined to India! There are five and a half million able-bodied beggars who infest the land, for the begging castes, who scorn to do anything else but beg, are large. They are more in evidence than similar castes in Western lands, for the ingenious devices of stocks, bonds, inherited fortunes and lucky investments, by which the Beggar Caste of capitalist lands is enabled to live off their unwitting benefactors, have not yet lightened from the Beggar caste of India the stern duty of appearing in person to ask for each donation.

One must follow his father's trade. A silk weaver must remain a silk weaver, and may not intermarry into a cotton weaver's family; nor must he ever change the tools his father used.

Caste is the mechanical bond that holds the nations of India together. The Mohammedan, Buddhist and Hindu religions contest for supremacy within this bond. Christianity has so far made a very superficial impress upon the vastness of India.

Within Hindu thought there are three main philosophies; the Sankya, Yoga, and Vedanta. Sankya is a materialistic dualism with elaborate rituals prescribed as the way of salvation. Vedanta is highly spiritual and pantheistic, calling God All, and matter Maya, or Illusion; prescribing Science, or Knowledge, as the means of salvation, very much as Christian Science does in Western lands. The way of the Yoga prescribes renunciation, self-effacement, as the way to perfect bliss.

These three philosophies unite in a conception of time and
of life which is appalling. We are now living, says Hindu chronology, at the close of the first five thousand years of a Kali Yuga, or Iron Age. This Iron Age has still 427,000 years to run. Before it arrived there were three other ages, Golden Age, or Krittha Yuga; Silver Age, or Tretha Yuga; Bronze Age, or Dwapara Yuga. The four epochs together constitute a total of 4,320,000 human years. This is called a Maha-Yuga, or Great Age.

But this is merely the beginning of times. Seventy-one of these Maha-Yugas make one Manvantara, or the period of one Manu; what we would call one Adam, since Manu is the father of all human beings. Fourteen Manvantaras comprise a Karpa—one day in the life of Brahma.

After so long a day, Brahma naturally sleeps; and in his sleep everything falls into lifeless darkness. The worlds are abolished until Brahma wakes again.

This endless recurrence of years, yugas, maha-yugas, manvantaras, and karpas, goes on until Brahma shall have completed one hundred years. Then he too will die, and there will be nothing left.

There is, however, a poem called the Vishnu Purana, which asserts that Brahma's whole life comprises one day in the life of Vishnu. In order to figure the extent of Vishnu's life, in case he, too, were to live one hundred years, it would be necessary to invent new mathematical terms. But what would be the use?

Along with these paralyzing figures, goes the doctrine of reincarnation. Every soul must be born, and re-born, and born again, all through the long succession of dreary years and yugas and manvantaras, born now as a toad, now as a worm, now as a bird, now as a man again.

Behind this philosophy lies the inexhaustible fertility of the land of India. Life pours forth from the earth, in innumerable forms. From the tiniest gnat to the huge elephant, the air and the jungles teem with life; the verdure of the plains and the hot lowlands is appalling in its abundance.

In this tumult of life, man sits and meditates. There is little for the teaching classes to do but sit and dream. By the division of castes, the social system is made up, complete. Whenever an old village becomes overcrowded, a new one can be formed by a very simple process. All the required trades are to be found among the castes. It is merely necessary to break off a fragment from one village and move a little further along—like the mythical "glass snakes" which are said to be so constituted that if one breaks them into fragments, each fragment becomes immediately a full sized and fully-equipped snake in its own right.

The productivity of human toil is not high, but the land furnishes more than enough for everyone. Tastes are simple, and needs are few. Caste makes for rigidity. What is, has been forever. It is easy to multiply years into yugas, in such an atmosphere. Busy men whose life changes with every hour place a
high value on time. But with the Hindu sages, all time is alike; why not heave in a few more billion years to make the story interesting?

It was against the background of such a philosophy as this that Buddha taught his gospel. Until one gets the full flavor of the background, embellished with all the ghastly and horrible divinities of which Hindu imagination was so prolific, it is hard to understand how primitive Buddhism could be regarded as a gospel at all.

"Buddha" is a title, meaning "Enlightened," very much like the title Christ, which means "Anointed." His family name was Gautama, his personal name Siddhartha. The date of his birth is about five centuries before Christ—the year is given variously as 568 B.C. and 623 B.C. As he lived to be eighty years old, the date of his death therefore is either 488 B.C. or 542 B.C. His life occurred somewhere during the period between the destruction of Jerusalem and the return of the Jews from the Babylonian exile.

The story of his life is as follows: Suddhodhana, chief of the clan of Sakya, had two wives who were sisters, but both were childless. In the forty-fifth year of her age Maha Maya, the elder, became pregnant; later legends told of the miraculous nature of this conception. She started from Kapilavastu, her husband's home, for Koli, her father's home. The child, the future Buddha, was born at a station on the way named Lumbini. Here, in after times, a great monument to that event was erected by Asoka, the "Constantine of Buddhism," who converted most of India to that faith.

When the boy Siddhartha was nineteen years old he was betrothed to his cousin Yasodhara, and with her gave himself up to a life of luxury. For ten years he lived with all the pleasures and vices of an Oriental court.

When his twenty-ninth year was attained, Siddhartha, who up to that time had lived in ignorance of the sorrows of the world, spending all his time in the pleasure palace built for him by his adoring father, received the shock that was to turn him from his course. Driving to his pleasure grounds, he saw a man utterly broken down by age; then, a man suffering from a loathsome disease; then a decomposing corpse. Each time he asked his charioteer, Channa, what these horrible things were, and received the answer, "Such is the fate of all human beings." The last vision accomplished the change. Siddhartha bathed in his garden pool, mounted his chariot, and returned. On the way he was told that Yasodhara had borne him a son, his only child.

"This," said Siddhartha, "is a new and strong tie I shall have to break."

The people of Kapilavastu were delighted at the birth of the heir to the throne. The prince's return became an ovation. A great festival was held. Dancing girls thronged the palace, and shouts of revelry resounded. But the vision of the horrors he had seen would not be stilled. The loathsome end of all mortal flesh could not be so easily forgotten.
At midnight Siddhartha rose without waking his wife, who lay with her hand on the head of her child, and without yielding to the longing to touch the child, left the house, resolved never to return until he came as a savior from their sorrows. Throwing off his princely robe, he cut off his long hair, and, sending them both back to the palace, adopted the robe of a wanderer.

For six years he lived in the severest asceticism, subjecting himself to daily self-torture. With five disciples, who like himself were seeking the light, he lived in the jungle of Uruvela, in the northern reaches of a rugged mountain chain. His fame as an ascetic spread throughout all the country round.

But he failed to find peace. There was no answer, in these self-tortures, to the questing of his soul. And in the sixth year he abandoned these ascetic practices as useless. His disciples promptly left him as a renegade.

One day, near the banks of the Neranjara river, Siddhartha sat down under a fig tree to eat the meal which had been given him by Sujata, daughter of a farmer. Here the vision met him. Under the fig tree he remained motionless all day and all night. By Orthodox Buddhists he is said to have remained there seven days and seven nights.

At the end of that time he arose, the Buddha, the Enlightened. Forever after that tree has been known as the Boh tree, the Tree of Knowledge. He understood the problem of Life, and had grasped the solution. Thereafter for forty-four years he traveled through India, preaching the gospel of Enlightenment. He organized an order of monks to aid him in the propagation of his doctrines.

What were these doctrines?

Summed up in brief, they are this: that there is no God; and that eternal death is possible for the true believer. Release from the Wheel of Life, which carried the hapless soul through myriads of rebirths, in all manner of loathly forms—relief from the curse of continued living—this is the happiness held out by Buddha. The soul which accomplishes this blessed suicide is absorbed into Nirvana, which can best be defined as conscious non-existence; a dreamless eternal sleep; a perfect nothingness.

The vast multitude of gods which the Hindus feared he waved aside. We carry our own fate with us, he said. From life to life Karma accompanies us—Karma, the sum of all our deeds, the distilled essence of good and evil. If we do evil, we are condemned to yet more births and suffering. If we do well, we shall attain a death which is eternal.

There seems to be a great difference between the Hina-Yana, or Primitive Faith, preached by Buddha himself, and the Mahayana, or Great Faith, preached since the time of Asvagosha. This great saint is often called the St. Paul of Buddhism. He lived about the year 99 A.D., and seems to be the author of the doctrine of the Amitabha, which is simply the Logos doctrine of St. John translated into Buddhist terms. According to this, the "True Model" of Brahma, an emanation from the divinity, was incarnated in Buddha. He made Buddhism Theistic. Originally,
its greatest hold on the faith of its converts might be called its "blessed atheism."

Buddha’s reported First Sermon—which, to continue the comparison with Christian events, might be called his Sermon on the Mount—was preached to his five former disciples, whom he sought shortly after his own enlightenment. That sermon gives the essentials of his new philosophy.

“There are two extremes, O Monks, from which he who leads the religious life must abstain,” he said. “One is a life of pleasure, devoted to desire and enjoyment; that is base, un-spiritual and ideal.

“The other is a life of mortification, or asceticism, which is painful, ignoble, unprofitable.

“There is a middle path which the Perfect One takes; the Middle Way, which enlightens the mind, which leads to rest, to knowledge, to enlightenment, to Nirvana. Verily, it is this noble Eightfold Path; that is to say, Right Views, Right Aspirations, Right Speech, Right Conduct, Right Living, Right Effort, Right Thought, and Right Rapture.

“Now this is the noble truth as to suffering. Birth is attended with pain; decay is painful, disease is painful, death is painful. Union with the unpleasant is painful; also is separation from the pleasant. Any craving unsatisfied, that too is painful. In brief, the five aggregates of clinging (that is, of determination, that which makes an individual) are painful.

“Now this is the Noble truth as to the origin of suffering. It is the craving thirst which causes the renewal of beings; that is accompanied by sensual delights, and seeks satisfaction now here, now there—that is to say, the cravings for the gratification of the senses; the craving for a future life, or the craving for prosperity.

“Now this is the Noble Truth as to the passing away of pain. It is the passing away of desire, so that no passion remains; the giving up, the getting rid of, the being emancipated from, the harboring no longer, of this craving thirst.”

And this the sum of the matter. Desire means suffering; therefore to attain peace, extinguish desire. As long as this craving desire persists, there will be rebirths. When desire, which is life, is dead, one will die forever, and live no more.

It is sometimes said that Buddha taught the suppression only of all evil ideas; not of good ones. This is true. But Buddha regarded as evil all desires that make an individual—all desires except that for eternal peace.

Sometimes also it is said that the end and aim of his way is absorption of the Individual Soul into the Eternal Soul. But Buddha denied the existence of either the individual or universal souls, in any sense in which we can understand such souls. “The disciple,” he says, “whatever he does, whether going forth or coming back, standing or walking, speaking or silent, is to keep clearly in mind that there is, behind the act, no eternally persistent unity.”

How, if there is no soul, does existence pass from one state
of life to another? That is nowhere explained. There is no memory going from one dying body to the body just beginning to live. There is no soul; there is nothing but the craving thirst embodying the Karma, the sum of good and evil acts. "The first delusion that must be broken," says Buddha, "is the delusion concerning the soul."

"There is no one to whom you can lift your hands," says Buddha. "Within yourself the answer lies."

This doctrine of the extinction of desire in order to extinguish pain, and with it also life itself, spread all over India. Concerning its effect on the life of China and especially of Japan much might be said, particularly of the latter; for Japan found its art when it found its religion. But the particular interest for us lies in its effect on the West.

Babylon rose to its summit of power when Nebuchadnezzar, greatest of merchant princes, drew through Babylon's canals the trade between India and Egypt. Buddha seems to have lived at the same epoch. Doubtless the progress of the new faith was slow at first. But certain it is that in the constant traffic between India and the Mediterranean, Buddhist Gurus passed through the Mesopotamia and into Egypt, and left the impress of their doctrines on many a thoughtful mind.

One of the most interesting orders in the Roman Catholic Church today is that of the Carmelites, who claim that Elijah was a member of a secret order which later included John Baptist and Jesus and even the Virgin Mary among its members. The sect of the Essenes had much more in common with Buddhism than with Judaism. John Baptist seems to have spent much of his time in the wilderness in the company of these Essenes.

It was not, however, until the time of Constantine that the Buddhistic flavor showed itself strongly in the Christian faith. When the Church and the System (wrongly translated the World) made terms, and the worldly, idle, luxurious and pleasure-seeking began to crowd into the holy places, many thousands of devout spirits fled out into the deserts to escape temptation. The Hermits, or Desert-dwellers, of the Desert of Thebes, became famous for their acts of self-torture and self-denial. St. Simon Stylites—"Holy Simon-On-a-Pole" would be a literal translation—captured the imagination of thousands by his life on the summit of one of the stone pillars left from the heathen temples. Chrysostom became such a mountain-dwelling hermit. All over Syria and Armenia and Egypt the solitaries found their caves or built their huts to dwell in, alone from temptation, for the extinguishing of desire.

In the great growth of these anchorites was either a menace or a promise. In Egypt, St. Pachomius promulgated a rule; in Greece, St. Basil laid the foundations of Greek monasticism, which remains the basis of the monasteries of the Orthodox church even today. In the West of Europe, climatic conditions were utterly different from those of Egypt and Syria. A great man arose here, Benedict of Nurscia, who organized these soli-
tary dwellers into coenobitic communities—societies of the common life. Some of them were missionary orders; some, contemplative; some, teaching.

But always the Buddhist flavor crept up in their teachings. And that book which, next to the Bible itself, seems to have become the chief devotional book of all classes and grades and divisions of the Christian Church, Protestant as well as Catholic—namely the Imitation of Christ, by Thomas à Kempis—is almost purely Buddhist in its philosophy. Absorption into God, the extinction of any individual life, is the burden of its longing.

While there were ascetics in India before the time of Buddha, there was not, so far as I know, any organized monastic system, sent out for propaganda purposes. This was the invention of Buddha. Time and again in its history the Western Church has relied upon this invention of monkish orders for its salvation at crucial moments. Changed in its methods and organization in accordance with the needs of changing geography and climate, the line of connection between the monasteries of Europe, through the Hermits of Egypt, the Essenic and ascetic communities of Syria, and the Buddhist order in India, is clear.
CHAPTER XIV. THE TWILIGHT OF THE GODS.

And now we are brought to face that most stupendous of the mysteries which this wonder-story holds—the story of the destruction of the Empire by the Gothic invasion; the abandonment by the conquerors of their own faith, and the adoption of the religion of the conquered; the rebuilding of a new civilization, unique and wonderful, inspired by a religion which, produced by Buddhist-Persian-Greek-Roman elements, fused with Gothic faith through the fierce welding of the old Druids, dominated the thoughts of men for ten centuries. We face the story of the struggle of the North with the South; of the rebirth of the old gods from their barren citadel in Iceland, as Christianity, defeated and downcast, has spread over the world from the smiling Island of the Blessed. We face the giant struggle now being waged between the teachings of Christ and the faith of Thor, each wearing the name of the other; of many masqueradings and deceits; of Atheism cloaked as Orthodoxy, and of keen burning Faith loudly shouting that it is Atheism.

Wagner's music-dramas mark an epoch; the rebirth of the old gods into popular consciousness. Thomas Carlyle, in Heroes and Hero-Worship, summoned the thoughts of English-speaking folk sharply back to their ancient faith. Longfellow, in the Saga of King Olaf, showed Americans how closely akin we are to our Norse ancestors; the discoverer, Leif Ericson, the builders of the Round Tower, the christeners of Vinland, all are familiar to school-children of today.

But until the Great War broke out we had not, perhaps, realized how profoundly the hold of Odin and Thor on ancestral imagination could shake and stir us. Let us see what was this ancient faith so widely modernized.

Rasmus B. Andersen, for many years professor of the Scandinavian languages in the University of Wisconsin, and formerly United States Minister to Denmark, in a remarkable book called "Norse Mythology", set forth for the first time a complete exposition of the religion of those wild tribesmen who overwhelmed Rome and the ancient world in the great Folk wandering.

"As we would be led to suppose," says he, "from a study of the physical and climatical peculiarities of Greece and of Norse-land, we find that the Greek mythology forms an epic poem, and that the Norse is a tragedy. Not only the mythology considered as a whole, but even the character of its speech, and of its very words and phrases, must necessarily be suggested and modified by the external features of the country. Thus in Greece, where the sun's rays never scorch, and where the northern winds never pierce, we naturally find in the speech of the people brilliancy rather than gloom, and life rather than decay, and constant renovation rather than prolonged lethargy. But in the frozen-
bound regions of the North, where the long arms of the glaciers clutch the valleys in their cold embrace, and the death portending avalanches cut their way down the mountain-sides, the tongues of the people would, with a peculiar intensity of feeling, dwell upon the tragedy of nature."

Where, therefore, Andersen maintains, the Greek mythology is frivolous, the Norse mythology is profound. "And this is the peculiar characteristic of the North, that our ancestors were powerfully impressed with the uncertainty of life. "The Norseman," says he, "willingly yields the prize to the Greek, when the question is of precision in details and external adornment of the figures; but when we speak of deep significance and intrinsic power, the Norseman points quietly at Ragnarok, the Twilight of the Gods, and the Greek is silent."

"Norway is dark, cloudy, severe, majestic. No one can long more deeply for the light of summer, with its mild and gentle breezes from the south, than the Norseman. When he has pondered on his own thoughts during the long winter, when the sun entirely or nearly disappeared from above the horizon, and nothing but Northern Lights flickered and painted the colors of the rainbow over his head, he welcomes the spring sun with enthusiastic delight. It was this deep longing for Baldur which drove swarms of Norsemen on viking expeditions to France, Spain and England; through the pillars of Hercules to Italy, Greece, Constantinople, and Palestine, and over the surging main to Iceland, Greenland, and Vinland. * * * It is this deep longing for Baldur which has brought so many hundreds of thousands of Norsemen to alight upon these shores, and scatter themselves to their numberless settlements in these United States. And still every Norse immigrant, if he has aught in him worthy of his race, thinks that he shall see once more those weird, gigantic snow-capped mountains that stretched their tall heads far above the clouds, and seemed to look half anxiously, half angrily after him as his bark was floating across the deep sea."

There is something in the natural scenery of Norway—a blending of the grand, the picturesque, the gigantic, the bewildering, the majestic—that leaves one in amazement, wondering "Was it a dream?" Norway is, in fact, one huge imposing rock, and its valleys are but great clefts in it. Through these clefts the rivers, fed by vast glaciers upon the mountains, find their way to the sea. They come from the distance, now musically and chatteringly meandering their way beneath the willows, now tumbling down the slopes, reeking and distorted by the rocks that oppose them, until they reach some awful precipice, and tumble down some eight hundred to a thousand feet in a single leap into the depths below, where no human being ever yet set his foot. One cannot get to the foot of such falls as the Voring Force or the Rjukan Force, but one may look over the precipice from above and see the waters pouring like fine and fleecy wool into the seething caldron, where one may discern through the vapory mists shoots of foam at the bottom like rockets of water,
radiating in every direction. One hears a low rumbling sound beneath, and the very rock vibrates beneath the feet. * * *

Make a journey by steamer on some of those noble and magnificent fjords on the west coast of Norway. The whole scenery is a moving panorama. The dark mountains rise almost perpendicularly from the water's edge to an enormous height; their summits, crowned with ice and snow, stand out sharp and clear against the bright blue sky; and the ravines on the mountain tops are filled with huge glaciers that clasp their frosty arms around the valley, and send down like streams of tears along the weather-beaten cheeks of the mountains, numerous waterfalls and cascades, falling in an endless variety of graceful shapes from various altitudes in the fjord below. Sometimes a solitary peak lifts a lordly head a thousand feet clear above the surrounding mountains, and towering like a monarch over all, it defiantly refuses to hold communion with any living thing save the eagle. Here and there a force appears, like a strip of silvery cloud, suspended from the brow of the mountain, and dashing down more than two thousand feet in one leap; and all this marvellously grand scenery, from base to peak, stands reflected as deep as it is lofty, in the calm, clear, sea-green water on the fjord, perfect as in a mirror.

There is no storm; the deep water of the fjord is silent and at rest. Not even the flight of a single bird ruffles its glassy surface. As the steamer glides gently along between its rocky walls, you hear no sound save the monotonous throbbing of the screw and the consequent splashing of the water. All else is still as death. The falls hang in silence all around, occasionally overarched by rainbows suspended in the rising mist. The naked mountains have a sombre look, that would make you melancholy were it not for the overpowering grandeur. Sunshine reaches the water only when the sun's rays fall nearly vertically, in consequence of the immense height of the mountain's sides, whose enormous shadows almost perpetually overshadow the narrow fjord. The noonday sun paints a streak of delicate palish green on one side, forming a striking contrast to the other dark overshadowed side of the profound fjord. It is awe-inspiring. It is stupendous. It is solemnly grand.

Words can paint no adequate picture of the stupendousness, majesty and grandeur of Norse scenery; would one not look for a great mythological system from the poetic and imaginative childhood of a nation which inhabits this land?

"Knock and it shall be opened unto you!" says Andersen. "And entering the solemn halls and palaces of the gods, where all is cordiality and purity, you will find there perfectly reflected the wild and tumultuous conflict of the elements, strong and rustic pictures, full of earnest and deep thought, awe-inspiring, wonderful. You will find that simple and martial religion which inspired the early Norsemen and developed them like a tree full of vigor, extending long branches over Europe. You will find that simple and martial religion which gave the Norsemen that restless, unconquerable spirit, apt to take fire at the
very mention of subjection and constraint; that religion which
forged the instruments that broke the fetters manufactured by
the Roman emperor, destroyed tyrants and slaves, and taught
men that nature having made all free and equal, no other reason
but their mutual happiness could be assigned for making them
dependent."

A splendid tribute; somewhat marred by the fact that these
democratic Norsemen immediately adopted the religion and the
empire of their foes and threw away their own. Why, then, was
it that they did this? Why, as Bryce says, did the Gothic con-
quers everywhere enroll themselves as liegemen of conquered
Rome?

Let us read a little further. Andersen says again:

"That the Odinic mythology exercised a mighty influence in
forming the national character of the Norsemen becomes evident
when we compare the doctrines of their faith with the popular
life as portrayed in the Sagas. Still we must bear in mind that
this national spirit was not created by this faith. The harsh cli-
mate of the North modified not only the Norse mythology, but
also moulded indefinitely the national character, and then the
two, the mythology and the national character, acted and re-
acted upon each other. Thus bred up to fight with nature in a
constant battle for existence, and witnessing the same struggle
in the life of his gods, the Norseman became fearless, honest and
truthful, ready to smite and ready to forgive, shrinking not from
pain himself, and careless about inflicting it upon others. Be-
holding in external nature and in his own mythology the strug-
gle of conflicting forces, he naturally looked on life as a field for
warfare. The ice-bound fjords and desolate fells, the mournful
wail of the waving pine branches, the stern strife of frost and
fire, the annual death of the short-lived summer, made the Norse-
man sombre, if not gloomy, in his thoughts, and inured him to
the rugged independence of the country. The sternness of the
land, in which he lived, was reflected in his character; the latter
was in turn reflected in the tales which he told of his gods and
heroes, and thus Norseman and his mythology mutually modified
each other."

What then, was this mythology, and how has it happened
that only with the past fifty years has it been reconstructed out
of the deeps of the past? How was it preserved—this stalwart
faith of the Norsemen who overwhelmed Rome's material pow-
ers, yet bowed to the antique spell of her laws and customs and
the more enduring charm of her religion?

The story is a wonderful one. First let us picture how the
sons of the Northern Night envisaged the world and the mean-
ing thereof.

"In the beginning," said the Norsemen, "many ages before
the earth was made, there existed two worlds. Far to the North
was Niflheim, the nebulous world, and far to the South was
Muspelheim, the Fire-World. Between them was Ginungagap,
the Yawning Void.
In the middle of Niflheim lay the spring called Hvergelmer (The Old Kettle), from which flowed twelve ice-cold streams, the rivers Elivagar, the Ice-Waves, which were poisonous to life. Over these rivers in course of time an icy-crust of the poison with which their waters were laden formed; and from this icy crust vapors arose, which congealed in many layers.

“When the heat from Muspelheim met the frozen vapor, it melted into drops, and by the might of Him-who-sent-the-heat, the great God whom no Norse poet dared to name, these drops were quickened into the Giant Ymer. Out of these melted drops were formed also the Cow Audhumbla, on whose milk Ymer lived. The Cow licked the salt frost-stones; and the first day that she licked came forth at evening the hair of a man. On the second day a man’s head, and on the third day the whole man lay revealed. The name of this ‘man’ was Bure. He begat a son by name Bor. Bor took for his wife a woman whose name was Bestla, a daughter of the giant Bolthorn, and they had three sons, Odin, Vile and Ve, the rulers of heaven and earth; and Odin, the Younger Edda adds, is the greatest of all the gods. Vile and Ve are never mentioned again, but Odin is referred to as ‘The Triune One.’

“Whence came the wives of Bure and Bor? Out of the armpit of Ymer were begotten a boy and a girl, and from his feet were begotten a six-headed son. From these came the race of the giants.

“The sons of Bor, Odin and Vile and Ve slew the giant Ymer; but when he died there ran so much blood out of his wounds that all the race of the frost-giants was drowned save one, Bergelmer, who escaped with his wife to found a new race of frost-giants. Odin and his brothers dragged the body of Ymer into the midst of Ginungagap, the yawning void; and of it they made the earth.

“From Ymer’s blood they made the seas and waters; from his flesh the land; from his bones, the mountains; from his hair, the forests; and from his teeth and jaws and bits of broken bones, they made the stones and pebbles.

“Then they took his skull and formed thereof the vaulted heavens; which they placed over the earth, and set a dwarf at each of the four corners. Flying sparks from Muspelheim were made into the sun and stars. Of the brains of Ymer the clouds were made; and of his eyebrows they built the walls of Midgard, the citadel against turbulent giants.

“Whence came men and women? One day, as Odin, Hoener and Loder, his brothers, were walking along the seashore, they found two trees, Ash and Elm, and of them they created man and woman; of the Elm they made woman, and of the Ash they made Man. Midgard was given them for their abode.”

Thus the Norse story of creation. Of the gods there are twelve, known as the Aesir, and their dwelling is in the city of Asgard, which lies in the plain of Ida. Odin from his high seat Hlidskjalf looks out upon all the worlds. Beside him are Thor, the Thunderer; Baldur, the Summer, whom every creature loves;
Tyr, the god of courage; Brage, the Giver of Poetry; Heimdal, the World-Watcher, whose seat is the Rainbow; Hoder (Darkness), blind brother of Baldur, who unwittingly slew him; Vidar, Vale, Uller, Forsete, sons of Odin; and Loke, who became the deceitful Fire. Of the goddesses there are twenty-six, and their hall is Vingolf.

Odin’s hall is Valhalla, or Hall of the Dead. Spears supports its ceilings, which is composed of shields, and coats of mail adorn its benches. Valkyries, or Choosers of the Slain, his war-maidens, summon to Valhall all the heroes who die in the war, to be his host at the time of Ragnarok, or Gotterdammerung, the Twilight of the Gods.

Richard Wagner, with his cycle of the Nibelung Ring; Thomas Carlyle, with his panegyric on the Norse religion in Heroes and Hero-Worship; H. W. Longfellow, with his Saga of King Olaf, have within the past fifty years recovered for us this huge and shaggy mythology from the depths of the forgotten. And yet the religion of Odin lives and moves beneath the shining fabric of Christianity. To most of us, indeed, our Christianity is more Gothic than Christian. For Christmas and Easter, the “two great festivals” of the Christian year, are strongly tinctured with the flavor of the North. “Easter” is the name of a Gothic goddess of spring. The Christmas tree is the tree Yggdrasil, that central myth and monumental inspiration of the Skalds, which is brought forth for us every year and decked with candles and gifts as a perpetual memorial—not of the birth of Jesus at Bethlehem in Judea, but of that dread time when Odin hung for nine days and nights over the vast abyss and learned the Runes to be graven on his spear, and on the hoofs of his horses—Runes, by which the world is governed.

Yggdrasil means “Wisdom-Bearer.” To obtain this wisdom, Odin wounded himself with his spear “sacrificing myself to myself,” as he sings in the Edda; and also he must leave his eye with Mimer, whose fountain springing at the root of the tree contains all knowledge. The deepest of all the secrets which Odin learned in that time of learning was the secret which he whispered into the ear of Baldur when his body was laid upon the funeral pyre. What was it—this profoundest of all the secrets known to the Gods? Ah—therein lies the story of the conquest of the gods by Christ. For the Baldur-myth was dearest of all the Norse myths; and it is based on the most wonderful of all the climatic peculiarities of the land of the North. And that is—the Arctic Night. Baldur, the God of Summer, comes for but a brief season. Then the darkness—old blind Hodur, brother of the Light—slays the Summer Gladness, but knows not what he does. The treacherous Northern Lights, mocking the death of Summer, rejoice when all things else weep. Loke alone of all things living hates Baldur. He it is who guides the hand of Hodur to hurl at him the mistletoe, which grows neither on land nor sea, nor yet flies in the air, nor on the crags of the rock has its habitation. He alone of all things living will not weep for Baldur when pale Hel, goddess of death and cold, holds
him in her realm of silence. Rocks and trees and the sea and all animals grieve for Baldur, but can not bring him back, because Loke laughs and weeps tears of fire.

Odin is the Wind: he it is who rides at the head of the Asgard-hunt, the storm-wind in which the souls of the dead ride galloping across the heavens. He is the Wanderer, the Many-shaped, the All-Knowing; his eyes are the sun and the moon—the moon dim and constantly going out because he sold it to Mimer for a drink of the fountain of knowledge which lies at the foot of the tree Yggdrasil. And he it is who knows that Baldur must return after the old gods are dead, and reign in righteousness forever.

The myth of Ragnarok, or Twilight-of-the-Gods, wherein Odin and all the gods fall in fierce combat with the Fire Giants from Muspelheim, sums up the sublime epic of Northern mythology with a climax found nowhere else. The Norsemen, unlike the Greeks, saw so plainly that everything must perish, when each recurring winter brought death upon the world. And this is the secret why Ragnarok was a joyous thing, instead of a tragedy. For it meant the death of Death; the old gods must die that the new era under Baldur might come, when instead of Odin's fierce storm-wind, the rule of conflict and treachery, of strategem and stealing and constant war, the Summer should rule forever and all things be blessed by Baldur. In all earthly things they found strife and warfare. When the storms bent the pine trees on the mountain tops, and when the foaming waves rolled in gigantic fury against the rocky cliffs, the Norsemen saw strife. When the growl of the bear and the howl of the wolf blended with the moaning of the winds and the roaring of the waters, he heard strife. In unceasing conflict with the harsh and stubborn breast of the northern earth, in warring with beasts and with men for the scanty products of their toil, he saw war—constant war. In the heavens light struggled with darkness and was defeated. In the breasts of men was war. What wonder then that he looked forward to the Great War in which War should be overthrown, and Peace and Light should rule forever and ever?

In that fearful strife, says the Elder Edda:

"Brothers slay brothers,
Children of sisters
Shed each other's blood.
Hard is the world;
Huge groweth sin.
Then come Sword-ages, ax-ages;
Shields are cleft in twain.
Storm-ages, murder-ages;
Till the world fails dead.
And men no long spare,
Nor pity one another."

Then the Fenris-wolf devours the sun, and Moongarm the moon. The stars shall be hurled from the heavens, and the earth shaken with great quakes. The Midgard-serpent writhes in giant rage, and the sea rushes over the earth; the heavens are rent in twain, and the sons of Muspelheim come riding to con-
quer the gods. Heimdal, the rainbow-guardian, the Earth-Watcher, summons the gods to the conflict. Gladly they come, knowing that death awaits them. Yggdrasil is burnt, earth is consumed; but from the ashes arises a new heaven and a new earth. A man and a woman, Lif and Lifthraser, lie concealed from the conflagration, and by them the earth is repeopled with a race which shall live in eternal happiness.

This story of Ragnarok contains the secret of the Christianization of Europe; it contains the secret of the Christological controversies which rent the Church in twain; and of the marvel of the Regeneration, when the Church, conquered and despoiled by the giants of the North, became their own religion to such an extent that they completely forgot their old faith.

Two islands tell the story of this great Epic—the two islands of Ireland and Iceland, so strangely alike in size and shape, so completely different in destiny. For one lies in the warm waters of the Gulf Stream and is bathed in a summer that never ends; and the other is surrounded by the icy waters of the Arctic current, and knows summer as a wondrous but fleeting visitor.

For when the Norsemen saw the great structure of the Roman Empire to the South of them, they sought the dwelling place of Baldur there. Farther and farther south, they swept, through Gaul and Galicia, into Italy, into Africa, all over Spain. There they took possession of the land; and there they found a religion which taught that the old gods were dead and that Christ reigned in eternal justice.

"Why, surely!" they said. "This Christ is our Baldur!"

When they came to the gates of Rome, time after time the Goths turned aside from the holy city and spared to sack or burn it. Alaric, Attila, Athaulf, Genseric—all turned aside from the sanctity of Rome, and took but "mementoes" as we would say, of all that it held. And why?—because they fancied that it might be Asgard or at least the city of Baldur. It was not the Christian religion of the conquered Romans, but the Baldur-religion of the conquering Goths which saved Rome from the destruction which overtook so many cities of her empire.

And this is also the secret of the Arian controversy, which vexed the Church so long. Arius of Alexandria doubtless knew nothing of the Goths when he began to teach; they knew nothing of him; but their conception of Christ was simply that he was the son of the old god who was now dead; and the Greek-Roman, or rather the Augustinian doctrine of the Trinity did not interest them. It has often been remarked that the division between heretic and orthodox was frequently racial and political rather than based upon philosophical conviction. But I do not know who has pointed out the cause why the Goths were so unanimously Arian. The Arian creed was simply that Christ, or the Word, or the Son, was begotten of his father during time; was younger than the Creator, and was a subordinate deity. "How," they would ask on the streets of Alexandria, "can a son be of the same age as his father?" The Athanasian reply was, of
course, that the generation was eternal; as the sun generates light, and cannot exist without generating light, so the Father begets the Son eternally as a part of his nature. But this was too far-fetched for the Goths. Baldur was the son of Odin; Baldur had been slain and come to life again; Christ had been slain and come to life again; evidently Christ was another name for Baldur—so why discuss Trinities?

Augustine from his second-rate bishopric of Hippo saw the Northern hordes sweep down upon Rome and surround the eternal city. From the depths of his despair he wrote “The City of God”, which is the first philosophy of history worthy of the name. Because he stood at the juncture of two epochs, the period of Rome and the period of the Goths, he has profoundly influenced the whole period of modern times. But the Goths have influenced us even more so.

Christmas is a Gothic festival. The Latin countries make little of it. St. Nicholas, or Santa Claus, is a German saint. Hanging up stockings is a Northern custom. White-winged angels are Gothic Valkyries; the Greeks gave their angels gold or purple wings.

There is a gulf which severs the Church of the Persecutions and the Church of Constantine from the Church of the Middle Ages; a gulf so wide that we can hardly bridge it by our imagination. The Church of the Empire was a city church. Our very word “pagan” means a countryman; the “metropolitan,” or big-city man, is the archbishop. But the Church of the Middle Ages was a church of the country, not of the city. Gothic Architecture differs from Roman or Greek by a period measured not by years, but by epochs.

How was this great gulf bridged? The story is the story of Iceland; but first we must speak of Iceland.

Christianity spread up through Germany, through Norway and Sweden, all over the Hebrides, through Scotland, England, Ireland. In all of these places it made a clean sweep. But Iceland was otherwise. Of this strange place, Carlyle speaks thus:

“In that strange island—Iceland—burst up, the geologists say, by fire, from the bottom of the sea; a wild land of barrenness and lava; swallowed, many months of the year, in black tempests, yet with a wild gleaming beauty in summer-time; towering up there, stern and grim, in the North Ocean; with its snow-jokuls, roaring geysers, sulphur pools and horrid volcanic chasms like the waste chaotic battlefield of frost and fire—where of all places we least looked for literature or written memorials; the record of these things was written down.

“On the seashore of this wild land is a rim of grassy country, where cattle can subsist, and men, by means of them and what the sea yields; and it seems they were poetic men, these men—who had deep thoughts in them, and uttered musically their thoughts. Much would be lost had not Iceland been burst up from the sea—not been discovered by the Northmen. The old Norse poets were many of them natives of Iceland.
“Saemund, one of the early Christian priests there, who perhaps had a lingering fondness for paganism, collected certain of their old pagan songs, just about becoming obsolete then—poems or chants; of a mythic, prophetic, mostly all of a religious character; this is what Norse critics call the Elder or Poetic Edda. Edda is a word of uncertain etymology, thought to signify Ancestress. Snorre Sturleson, an Iceland gentleman, an extremely notable personage, educated by this Saemund’s grandson, took in hand next, nearly a century afterwards, to put together, among several other books he wrote, a kind of prose synopsis of the whole mythology, elucidated by new fragments of traditionary verse; a work constructed really with great ingenuity, native talent, what one might call unconscious art; altogether a perspicuous, clear work—pleasant reading still. This is the Younger or Prose Edda. By these and the numerous other Sagas, mostly Icelandic, with the commentaries, Icelandic or not, which go on zealously in the North to this day, it is possible to gain some direct insight even yet, and see that old system of belief as it were face to face. Let us forget that it is erroneous religion; let us look at it as old thought, and try if we cannot sympathize with it somewhat.

“The primary characteristics of this old Northland mythology I find to be an impersonation of the visible workings of nature—earnest, simple recognition of the workings of physical nature, as a thing wholly miraculous, stupendous and divine. What we now lecture of as Science, they wondered and fell down in awe before, as religion. The dark, hostile powers of nature they figured to themselves as Jotuns—giants, huge shaggy beings, of a demoniac character. Frost, Fire, Sea, Tempest, these are Jotuns. The friendly powers, again, as Summer-heat, the Sun, are gods. The Empire of the Universe is divided between these two; they dwell apart in perennial internecine feud. The gods dwell above in Asgard, the garden of the Asas, or divinities; Jotunheim, a distant, dark, chaotic land, is the home of the Jotuns.”

“To me,” says Carlyle further, “there is in the Norse system something very genuine, very great and manlike. A broad simplicity, rusticity, so very different from the light gracefulness of the old Greek paganism, distinguishes this Norse system. It is thought, the genuine thought of deep, rude, earnest minds, fairly opened to the things about them, a face-to-face and heart-to-heart inspection of things—the first characteristic of good thought in all times. Not graceful lightness, half sport, as in the Greek paganism; a certain homely truthfulness and rustic strength, a great rude sincerity discloses itself here.”

“And, therefore,” says Carlyle, “I think Scandinavian Paganism to us here is more interesting than any other. It is for one thing the latest; it continued in these regions of Europe until the eleventh century; eight hundred years ago the Norwegians were still worshipers of Odin. It is interesting also as the creed of our fathers; the men whose blood still runs in our veins, whom doubtless we still resemble in so many ways. Strange; they did
believe that, while we believe so differently. * * * Unconsciously, and combined with higher things, it is in us yet, that old faith withal. To know it consciously brings us into closer and clearer relations with the past—with our own possessions in the past. For the whole past is the possession of the present.”

Now there are two stages in the great epic struggle of the Faith of Europe which strike us with awe. One is the preservation of the Christian faith through the Gothic invasion, and the other is the preservation of the Gothic faith through the Christian ascendency. The one is the work of Ireland, and the other of Iceland. But there is another stage, which is even now upon us. That is the fierce struggle of the religion of the North to recover itself, and reassert its ancient power.

Richard Wagner and Thomas Carlyle, Bismarck and Longfellow, Treitschke and Wilhelm II, all were deeply concerned in this revival of the Soul of the North. The religion of Valor, of conflict, of soul-victory won through sword-strife, is the core of it. It is not Germany alone which is concerned in this revival. Theodore Roosevelt was a pagan Odin-worshiper, a skald of the old sort, whipping his hearers into Berserker rage with the tremendous energy of his mouth. From chaplains and recruiters there has come the assertion lately that any soldier who falls in battle is sure of heaven—a statement which the congress of evangelists at Lake Geneva found it necessary to deny in August, 1918, as being un-Christian. It certainly is—un-Christian is a mild word; the proclamation is frankly pagan. But it is being made from many a so-called Christian pulpit. The Chaplain of the Senate recently prayed, “Good Lord, deliver us from pacifists”; and The Christian Herald, organ of a large section of denominational activity, reproached chaplains and Y. M. C. A. secretaries and pastors at home lately for being slackers because they did not boldly preach that a Christian’s only duty now is to kill Germans.

Baldur is dead; Thor reigns! Are we standing at a second Ragnarok—the Twilight of the Christ? * * *
CHAPTER XV. PIRATE AND PURITAN.

And now we must span a gap of many centuries. From the day when Christianity was triumphant in Rome to the day when Columbus discovered America, a single idea dominated the religious world, the idea that there is a unity of the human race and that the Pope and the Emperor are the heads of it. In other volumes I have recounted the story of the conflict of the Eastern with the Western Church, and of the sudden rise and lightning-like spread of Mohammed's religion, while the dark head of the Prophet of Mecca looked across from his deserts, challenging the bright tiaras of the Pope of Rome and the Patriarch of Constantinople. But now we come to a later day, and much must be taken for granted in the interim.

Mohammed gave the impulse which turned the world around. Because his savage tribesmen barred the caravan route and interfered with the traffic of the Western World, the Crusaders hurled themselves against the steel wall of Islam's scimitars and shields, and the returning Crusaders brought back to the cold and dismal northern castles memories of a vivid and glowing luxury previously undreamed of by them. Because the Crusaders were headed by Belgians, and because the Latin Empire at Constantinople was headed by a Belgian Caesar—Baldwin of Flanders—the rich trade which sprang up with the East seemed to center in the Belgian towns, Bruges, Ghent, Brussels. Because the Spaniards fought the Moors for eight centuries the military character stamped upon the Spaniards was reflected in their great military-religious order, the Jesuits, who have come to dominate the Roman Church. Because the Crusaders were eventually hurled back from the strongholds in the East, and because Spain had championed the successful opposition to the Moors in the West, Spain led the attempt to discover the Western route to India, and when America was discovered, Spain fell heir to the vast wealth of Mexico and Peru.

The shadow of Mohammed hangs also over our religious controversies. Christianity, coming into contact with a vast faith which despised images and image-users, divided into a great discussion on the use of images. The Orthodox Church of the East held with the Mohammedans that images should not be revered, and hence statues of the saints are banned; but in order to differentiate herself from Mohammedanism, she maintained the use of ikons, or colored pictures in high relief. Unless the period of chivalry and crusades is seen against the background of Mohammed's desert faith, they are empty and meaningless gestures as of men that beat the air. Likewise, the exploits of Columbus and Cabot and Magellan and Vasco de Gama are foolish bravado, unless it is understood that the shining scimitars of the hosts of Islam barred the natural and easy route to the car-
pets and spices of Persia and India, and the silks and tea of Japan and China.

Columbus tried to persuade Henry VII of England to back him in the attempt to discover a new route to trade with India, but that monarch was too thrifty. Queen Isabella listened more willingly; and when her messenger galloped after Columbus with the information that the queen was willing to pawn the crown jewels to raise money to equip a fleet for him, then the old world spun around upon its axis with a new zest.

Charles V, a Belgian by birth, had been elected Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire while yet a child. By right of descent he inherited the Netherland crown. On the death of Ferdinand and Isabella, Charles became the king of Spain as well as emperor. And the nobles and adventurers of the Castilian court made full use of their proximity to the King-Emperor when Columbus, returning from the Indies of the West, laid the crown of a new Empire at the feet of the master of half the world.

During the eight centuries of warfare with the Moors for the possession of Granda, Spain had become stamped with a stern and savage character; and she also saw her noble families go down to ruin in the unending expenses of savage warfare. Columbus found silver mines in Porto Rico whose possibilities of wealth were exhausted only with the lives of the enslaved natives whom he compelled to dig in them for his profit. And after Columbus, Pizzaro and Cortez found in Mexico and in Peru gold and silver and jewels enough to fill up the famished treasures of Spain with overflowing bounty. And not only this, but the merchants and traders found a rich profit in disposing of their merchandise to the guileless Indians.

In the other countries of Europe there was wild excitement. All desired to share in the riches of the New World. But Spain and Portugal were the favored children of the Empire and, therefore, of the Church. Pope Alexander VI, most vicious and corrupt of all the successors of Saint Peter, drew a line north and south dividing the New World in twain. All to East of that he gave to Portugal, all to West of it to Spain. And consequently any nation seeking to intrude upon that franchise must encounter the ban of the church and the police powers of the Empire.

England was a leader in the war against pretensions of Church and Empire. King Henry VIII, the same who challenged the supremacy of the Pope in matters of marriage and annulment, was also the King who laid the foundations of England's navy—the two facts are akin. He sent his privateers to interfere with Spain's commerce abroad while overthrowing the yoke of the Spanish-ruled Church at home. In Germany Martin Luther, by his challenge of the Pope's decision in regard to indulgence, opened the way to a repudiation of the Church's decree in regard to the wrongfulness of usury; and Calvin, having overthrown the doctrine of the divine right of Bishops, proceeded to establish the divine right of ten per cent return upon invested capital.
In both these Reformation movements the people were grievously betrayed. They had risen in rebellion many a time against the abuses of the church. These abuses were many. Always hitherto they had been checked by a reformation within. This time the thing at stake was the essence of the old civilization. And the Reformation destroyed the Church and the people as well under cover of a moral cleansing.

More than any other one thing, the Reformation struck at the strength of the trade unions. These Craft Guilds were part and parcel of the structure of the Church. Corpus Christi festival was the annual Labor Holiday. But every craft guild had its patron saint, and a blow at the privileges of the union was ordinarily regarded as a blow at the prerogative of the saint. And hence the whole structure of the doctrine of the Communion of Saints had to be destroyed, in order that the industrial democracy, the strength of the craft guilds, might be destroyed. One is astonished at the great bitterness displayed by the reformers against the reverence paid to the Host, processions of the Sacrament, and such observances, until one discovers the connection between that reverence and Corpus Christi day, the Great Labor Day of the Industrial Democracy which formed the substance of the Medieval Church.

Thus Puritans at home supplemented the work of the pirates and privateers abroad. But the Spaniards who desired to hold on to their privileges of exclusive trade were not idle. The Jesuit order was formed to put down the Reformation, and in the Netherlands and in England, bitterest opponents of the sea rule of Spain, they strove busily to restore the land to its ancient unity. In the Netherlands the Duke of Alva and his Tribunal of Blood worked hard with stake and gibbet and sword to bring the burghers to reason, and to meek acceptance of the supremacy of the Pope of Rome and the Board of Trade of Seville, but without effect. England was cowering beneath the threat of the Great Armada, when a great storm wiped out the fleet that was to wipe out England.

It is pleasant to read in old English chronicles the equally naive enthusiasm with which the exploits of the pirates against the Spanish Empire and the prowess of the Puritans against the Roman church are told. There is a relation. Let us consider first the case of the German Reformer.

There is a close connection between Pirate and Puritan, as close as between the Empire and the Church; for the Pirate defied the Empire as the Puritan defied the Church. Where imperialist monopoly takes the sanction of religion to shield itself in its privilege, religion has only itself to blame when the foes of that privilege cloak themselves in the name of the foes of religion.

Papal Rome had learned a lesson from Imperial Rome, and had become a leech upon the world. Tribute, fees, annates, first-fruits, appeals, legacies, endowments—by all these various means the Holy See drew millions into its coffers from the lands.
that acknowledged its sway. Rome was a sink of simony. Everything was for sale.

Rising capitalism found the prohibition against usury a yoke upon its development. And besides, ever since the days of Charlemagne, the Emperor had been a German, the Pope an Italian, and the two headed monster of world organization was always quarreling with itself. Teutons ruled the world civilly, Italians religiously, and they did not agree well together. While both were feudal, this did not matter so much. But when the North of Europe became so largely a manufacturing district, while the South remained agricultural, the break had to come. Martin Luther was the occasion, not the cause.

There were two sets of laws, the canon law and the civil law. Monasteries owned from one-third to two-thirds of the land, and were exempt from taxation. This threw all the burden of taxation on the secular.

By reason of the serf law, whereby peasants born on an estate were forbidden to move from it, the lands were terribly overcrowded. Work as they would, the land was insufficient to support those who must live on it; and taxation was heavy in the extreme. Time and again the peasants had revolted, always to be crushed. Their signal of rebellion was an old shoe hung on a pole; and the land riots were therefrom called the “Bundschuh” or Shoe-Alliance riots. When Luther appeared the peasants thought they had found their champion. But Luther betrayed them—doubtless unwittingly, for to the end of his days he never understood the play in which he had been chief actor.

Martin Luther's father was a small metal-worker, who owned several forges at the mines of the Count of Mansfield. Thus Martin's preconceptions were capitalistic from the beginning. He was educated for the law; but being frightened by a thunderstorm, in which he vowed to become a monk if spared, he entered an Augustinian monastery. In course of time he became professor of theology in the new University of Wittenberg, a pet project of Frederick, Elector of Saxony.

Pope Leo X, desirous of adding to his own glory, authorized the sale of indulgences to raise money for the rebuilding of St. Peter's, and for a new Crusade. The Archbishop of Mainz secured the concession for the sale of these indulgences in Germany, and Tetzel, a Dominican monk, was named as the seller of them. Tetzel made extravagant promises. Any sin could be forgiven the purchaser of an indulgence, even “si Matrem Dei violavisset.” The souls flew out of purgatory as the money chinked in the box. The Elector of Saxony kept Tetzel out of his own dominions, but the people flocked over the border to get these indulgences.

On All Saints' Day, 1517, Luther nailed on the door of the church at Wittenberg 95 theses concerned with disputing the definition of indulgences given by the Pope. There was nothing particularly remarkable about this act; all college bulletins and challenges were nailed on the chapel door. Books for sale or exchange, old gowns, rooms to rent, places to board, challenges
to wrestle, challenges to debate—all these things were nailed on the chapel door by the students. Luther's propositions were mainly theological questions, such as the school men always had debated. But it was at a psychological moment; and he challenged the Pope's authority on a point concerning which the Pope had spoken, and especially on a point out of which the Pope was making money. People would not pay for a Papal indulgence if the professor of theology pronounced it invalid. Free discussion had always been the rule and the decisions of theological professors sometimes made headway against Papal acts.

The Princes of Germany promptly hailed the opportunity. Albert of Prussia, until that time a vassal of the Pope, proclaimed himself a Lutheran, renounced the authority of Rome, and turned into his own treasury all the money which had formerly gone to the Tiber. Frederick of Saxony did likewise. Seeing the princes thus freed from the yoke, the people thought that they too had found a deliverer. The Peasants' War was at this time in one of its fiercest outbreaks. They sent him a petition for his support, citing the twelve articles of their contention, all of which called for the abolition of some manifest injustice. Luther's answer to the peasants' petition shows why Capitalism has ever since hailed him as its patron saint.

"If the government is bad and intolerable, that is no excuse for riot and insurrection, for to punish evil belongs not to every one, but to the civil authority which bears the sword.

"Suffering tyranny is a cross given by God.

"Even if the twelve articles were all just, the peasants would have no right to put them through by force. The demand to elect pastors is right. The second demand, that the tithes be divided between the priests and the poor, IS SIMPLY ROBBERY: FOR THE TITHES BELONG TO THE GOVERNMENT. The third, for the abolition of serfdom on the ground that Christ has freed all, makes Christian freedom a carnal thing, and is therefore unjustified.

"The other eight articles are referred to the lawyers."

The "other eight articles" named demand freedom to hunt, fish, and cut wood in the forests; less forced labor; reopening of the common lands, appropriated by the princes, to the public; substitution of the old German law for the new Roman law; and the abolition of the heriot tax (a levy of kind or equipment paid to the feudal lord).

These articles were drawn up in February, 1525, by Sebastian Lotzer, and adopted as the official program.

Having rejected the plea of the peasants, he writes to the Lords that the peasants are "enemies of God, criminals, robbers, murderers, faithless, perjured peasants. They deserve death for three reasons: 1. They have broken their oath of fealty. 2. They have been guilty of rioting and plundering. 3. They have covered these terrible sins with the name of the Gospel."

Having read the Bible, the peasants exercised their liberty of conscience to put into practice the great revolutionary truths
which they found there. Whereupon they are guilty of blaspHEME for having found different conclusions therein from those discovered by Luther. But Luther goes on, in this letter:

“Wherefore, my lords, free, save, help and pity the poor people; STAB, SMITE AND SLAY ALL THAT YE CAN. If ye die in battle, ye could never have a more blessed end, for ye die obedient to God’s word, in Romans 13, and in the service of love to free your neighbor from the hands of hell and the devil. * * * Let none think this is too hard, who considers how intolerable is rebellion.”

And after this he writes to Nicholas Amsdorf that he is called the toady of princes. To this same man he writes, under date of May 30, 1525, from Wittenberg:

“My opinion is that it is better that ALL THE PEASANTS BE KILLED THAN THAT THE PRINCES AND MAGISTRATES PERISH, because the rustics took the sword without divine authority. The only possible consequences of their Satanic wickedness would be the diabolic devastation of the Kingdom of God. Even if the princes abuse their power, yet they have it of God, and under their rule the Kingdom of God at least has a chance to exist. Wherefore no pity, no tolerance should be shown to the peasants, but the fury and wrath of God should be visited upon them, these men who did not heed warning, nor yield when just terms were offered them, but continued with Satanic fury to confound everything. To justify, pity, or favor them, is to deny, blaspheme, and to try to pull God from heaven.”

One would think Luther was an American editor speaking about the Bolsheviki. Luther lived under the protection and by the bounty of these princes; and under their protection the “Kingdom of God”—i. e., Luther’s propaganda—had a chance to exist. One of the men who helped put down the peasant’s rebellion, with the utmost cruelty, was Philip, Landgrave of Hesse, whom Luther allowed to take a second wife while his first wife was living, on condition that it be kept a secret; for such acts were permitted only to the princes, not to the common people.

Here lay the root of the difference between Luther and Ulrich Zwingli. Luther had but little faith in the common man, while Zwingli was a democrat. Zwingli’s friends and followers had helped to organize the Peasants’ War, and to link the social revolution with the religious awakening. Luther fought against this combination.

But the final count in the indictment against Martin of Wittenberg is his enmity toward religious freedom. No man but himself, he held, had a right to think for himself. The “sacrifice of reason” was most acceptable of all sacrifices to God. His words to the students of Wittenberg show how much of a friend he was to religious liberty:

“Satan has been busy in my absence, and has sent you some of his prophets. He knows whom to send; but you ought to know, too, that I am the only person you should listen to. Martin Luther is the first man of the Reformation. Others came
after him. He, therefore, should command, and you should obey. It is your lot. I AM THE MAN TO WHOM GOD HAS REVEALED HIS WORD. I know Satan, and am not afraid of him."

Papal infallibility at least links the person of whom it is declared with the former Popes and with the cardinals who elected him, and with the millions of whom he is the mouth-piece. But Luther's infallibility died with him.

The origin of the name Protestant has even less to do with freedom of conscience. In 1526 an imperial edict sanctioned the use of church revenues for Lutheran churches. In 1529 an edict was issued forbidding this, as the Catholics were in the majority. The minority protested and demanded their revenues. Hence, historically, arose the term Protestant.

Whatever may be claimed for the Protestant Reformation in England in the way of its having brought sweetness and light into the individual conscience, its economic effects were black and disastrous. Since man is a unit, no religious movement ever has taken place, or can, without its economic effect; or, more likely, an economic cause. Judged by this standard, the English Reformation was the incoming of the abomination of desolation.

When Henry made his first move against the domination of the Pope it was with the fierce and eager connivance of the Lords; for the Lords were then as now land-hungry; and the Church owned much of the fairest land of England. Spoliation of the Church meant enrichment of the Lords; and this in turn meant the destruction of the poor. Let us trace the line of cause and effect.

Serfdom practically disappeared in the latter part of the 14th century, shortly after the Peasants' Revolt of 1381, when the martyr, John Ball, paid the penalty of his championship of the poor. During the 15th century the mass of the population consisted of yeomen farmers. Feudal production is characterized by division of the soil among the greatest possible number of sub-feudatories, since the strength of a feudal lord was measured by the armed retainers he could throw into the field.

Royal supremacy, forcing the dissolution of the feudal armies, hurled the old armed retainers into the labor market. The feudal nobility, moreover, was largely destroyed by the feudal wars. The new nobility lacked the bond of patriarchal sympathy with its land-holders, and when the rise of the Flemish manufacturers created a great demand for wool, they began the enclosure of arable land for sheep-walks, which drove the poor off the land into the labor market in greater numbers.

Prefixed to Hollinshead's Chronicle is a "Description of England" written by one Harrison, which tells how the peasantry were being ruined. "If the old records of euerie manor be sought, it will soon appear that in some manors seventeen, eighteen, or twenty houses be shrunk. England was never less furnished with people than at present. Of cities and townes either utterly
decayed or more than a quarter or a half diminished of townes pulled down for sheep-walkes, I could say somewhat.” In Sir Thomas More’s “Utopia”, he says that “In England your shepe that were wont to be so meke and tame and so smal eaters, now, as I hear say, be become so great devourers and so wylde that they eat up and swallow downe the very men themselfs.” This demand for land supplied the motive power for Henry’s lords.

The King, terrified by what appeared to be a judgment from Heaven against his mating with his brother’s wife, asked a dissolution of the marriage. The Pope, then in the pay of the nephew of the wife, refused. Here was the opportunity; if the hold of the Pope were broken, nothing would lie between the greed of the lords and the lands of the Church except the com plaisant favor of the King.

The church was despoiled. Its large estates were in large measure given away to the favorites of the Crown, or sold at purely nominal prices to speculators: like the lands of the French church in our own day. The legally guaranteed property of the poorer folk in the tithe was confiscated; since the tithe was divided between the church and the poor. Rents were raised, according to Bishop Latimer, 400 per cent for those who were allowed to remain in the old holdings.

No wonder that Elizabeth cried, “Pauper ubique jacet,” as she journeyed through her kingdom. It was in her time that the Poor Law was introduced; that law which called forth the furious denunciation of Charles Kingsley, as being an “ingenious means of keeping the poor man a slave without starving him into a revolution.”

The “spirit of Protestantism” receives an illustration in a protest from the South of England against even this measure of relief. A parish there proposed that a parish lock-up be built for all who were out of work, who should be kept until sold to a labor contractor. “If any of the poor perish under the contractor’s care, the sin will lie at his door, the parish will have done its duty by them,” said this Christian document.

This expropriation of the poor, as was said, threw them into the open market for labor. But there was not enough labor for them. Hence they were compelled to become beggars, robbers, and vagabonds, under stress of circumstances. Under Henry VIII, in 1530, ferocious legislation was enacted against vagabonds, who were to be tied to a cart and whipped until the blood ran; for a second offense they were to be mutilated; for a third offense executed. Edward VI enacted, 1547, a law which punished lack of work with perpetual slavery, branding, or death. Elizabeth re-enacted such barbarous laws as these with even sharper stings.

Even under the Tudors there were some men among the clergy. The Stewarts found also courage in the cloth. But under William all power was transferred to Parliament, which were elected by landholders or capitalists. The officers of the Church were the nominees of the Prime Minister, who was the
head of the dominant party. The Church was bound, gagged, tied hand and foot. As representatives of the moneyed classes, the bishops and clergy allowed to pass in silence the unbelievable horrors of the Industrial Revolution, when England was plunged into a reign of such incredible cruelty upon the hapless poor as can hardly be matched under the days of Roman slavery. The present prostituted condition of the Church of England, in which nominations to a living are held to be auctionable property; when the right to preferment is a matter for purchase; when a bishop must beggar himself by paying huge fees to civil officers, are the direct results of the Protestant Reformation. If it is considered a glorious heritage that a priest is a "vicar" of a layman who bought his rectorship at public auction, then let Anglicans boast about "Protestant descent." The condition of education, in which endowments given for the sons of the poor are so completely alienated that it is almost impossible for a poor man's son to get into the priesthood of the Church of England, is hardly a thing for pride. Back of the Oxford movement lay the endeavor to shake free the Church from its condition of purchased stupor. Popular education for the priesthood is being encouraged by the Kelham school, the Mirfield Community, and orders such as they. Bishop Gore quotes Bishop Latimer, one of the Oxford martyrs, as registering an emphatic protest against these conditions, which began in his day. "Charity is waxen cold," cries Latimer. "None helps the scholar nor yet the poor. In these days what did they when they helped the scholar? They maintained them when they were very Papists, and professed the Pope's doctrine; and now that the knowledge of God's word is brought to light and many earnestly labor and study to set it forth, now hardly any man helps to maintain them. If ye bring it to pass the yeomanry be not able to put their sons to school (as indeed universities do wonderful decay already), and that they be not able to marry their daughters to the avoiding of whoredom, I say you pluck salvation from the people and utterly destroy this realm. For by yeoman's sons the faith of Christ is and hath been maintained chiefly. * * * The Commons be utterly undone, whose cry ascendeth up to the ears of Sabaoth."

It is hard to speak in such unlovely terms about a movement which most of our histories unite in regarding as an outburst of sweetness and light. But it is even harder to discover them to be true. I was bred up in the shadow of an Episcopal Church, and went to the Seminary believing it the one true fold of Christ. But at the Seminary I began to read original documents. It is a sharp awakening—this reading of original documents.

The Anglican Church is even now attempting to unite with itself the divided members—Methodists in England, Congregationalists in this country, have reached a sort of tentative agreement by which Episcopal ordination shall be united with free worship. It is a sign of the times. Before the sharp challenge flung at the whole structure of Christendom by the great new movements, the old divisions begin to appear what they are,
ridiculous trifling. And yet in the day when they arose, they were issues of life and death.

Out of the English Reformation most of the sects which populate America took their rise. Now let us follow the stream of the kidnaped and the redemptioners and the paupers to these hallowed shores, and see what the Pilgrims stood for and why.
CHAPTER XVI. THE FAITH OF THE BACKWOODS.

Heretofore the religions we have been studying bore some sort of national significance. But the American continent was settled by a mixture of nationalities, and each of them bore with it some distinct variety of religion. As a result of this strange mixture, entirely unparalleled in history, religion of the orthodox variety has assumed a different place in American history from that assumed anywhere else. The “separation of Church and State,” which is a cardinal principle of our American political theory, was unthinkable until the peculiar situation arose, of a political self entirely divorced from any of the preceding spiritual selves which at some time or other embodied a political self.

Columbus was driven to the discovery of the western hemisphere by the rise of Islam and the closing of the gateway to India. Two hundred years of crusades having failed to break open the way, and having instead kindled a much greater demand for the silks and spices of the East, there was nothing left to do but discover America. It might be said, indeed, that Mohammed’s Fatihah in the crossroads at Mecca produced as an echo the Te Deum on San Salvador—so closely are religions blended with trade routes in the history of this queer world.

Seeking spices and silks, Columbus discovered gold, silver and emeralds. These were wrung from the hapless natives of the West Indies, Mexico and Peru by horrible tortures, the Spaniards bringing them in exchange the blessings of the Holy Faith of Spain. Pope Alexander VI awarded to Spain all of the New World west of the 180 meridian, and to Portugal all east of it—both these countries being Catholic. This shut out England and the Netherlands, and the Norsemen. Spain and Portugal flung their outposts all over South and Central America, all over Mexico, and all up the western rim of North America. Florida and the Gulf Coast also were seized and colonized by them, and their churches and the names of their cities, called after the saints, yet remain as marks of this occupation.

The French, shut out of the glories of discovery by internal wars, came in late. They took Canada, and sought wealth by fraternizing with the Indians instead of torturing them; piercing the wilds of Canada, the Mississippi Valley, and the great Northwest with hardy fur traders. The Jesuits of France were brothers of the Indian tribes. Pere Marquette, Pere Joliet, and the heroic breed of missionary priests, who went with and after them, left no such record of torture and blood as did their Capuchin brethren of New Spain. And again, the reason may be explained by the difference between methods of securing the gold and silver which the Spaniards sought and the furs which the Frenchmen desired. Slave labor was required to dig in the mines, but only free co-operation could produce the fur. The
Roman Catholicism of France still dominates the valley of the St. Lawrence, the Mississippi, and the New Orleans delta. Trade routes and the missionaries again went together, as is shown by the names of our roads. When the proposition was made to change the names of all the railroads, because of the government taking them over, it brought to our attention the interesting fact that three-fourths of our national railroad mileage is under the domination of some of the saints. Look them over: St. Paul is invoked in the names of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, the Minneapolis, St. Paul & Sault Ste. Marie; St. Louis of France is the patron of the St. Louis & San Francisco and the St. Louis & Southwestern, the New York, Chicago & St. Louis, the C. C. C. and St. L., the Chicago, Peoria & St. Louis; St. Mary is the patroness of the Saulte Sainte Marie; barbarously abbreviated to "Soo Line"; St. Francis is invoked in the name of the Frisco; San Antonio blesses several short lines; the Holy Faith of St. Francis gives its sign of the cross to the great system of the Santa Fe; that great explorer and Indian-lover, Pere Marquette, who is called Blessed, even if not canonized, has a great system named after him in the beautiful peninsula of Michigan which he loved.

This is the only great country which has any large proportion of its great cities named after saints. And the reason of this is that this is the only great country whose cities are younger than the Christian faith. London, Rome, Alexandria, Lyons, Barcelona, were all old before the birth of Christ. St. Louis, St. Paul, San Francisco, San Antonio, are younger. The older cities were named, many of them, after pagan gods; the younger cities after Christian saints.

While French and Spanish sought wealth in the mines and in the wilderness, the Dutch and Swedish and English adopted the slower method of colonizing. In New Amsterdam the Dutch Reformed Church was established and today it dominates the landscape of New Jersey and New York, surrounding the former New Amsterdam. Some of the old Dutch churches have changed their faith, notably St. Mark's in-the-Bouwerie, in whose walls Petrus Stuyvesant, last governor of the old Dutch city, lies buried. The Bouwerie, Stuyvesant's old garden walk, has become the Bowery, home of derelicts and "tough joints", and St. Mark's has become a Protestant Episcopal parish, devoted to the worship of the church of the hated English, who stole New Amsterdam from the Dutch by violating a treaty in time of peace.

There are a great number of Swedish churches in Delaware, which, like the Dutch parishes of New Amsterdam, went over to the English Church when the land was taken from Sweden by England. The Church of England was established in New York by grants of land to Trinity Corporation, which have ever since formed a source of contention between Trinity Corporation and the Diocese of New York; the corporation claiming that the donation was made to the parish, and the diocese claiming that it was made for missionary purposes for the benefit of the whole
church. Of all the dark chapters in missionary history there is none quite so discreditable as this use made by Trinity Corporation of the trust lands given it by the rulers of England.

In Virginia the Church was supported by the "glebe lands", or Church-taxed property, also granted by royalty. From the New York grant the "high Church" movement took its rise, while Virginia has always been the stronghold of the "Low Church" movement; each taking its elevation from the tone and tendency of the Church of England at the time the land grant which supported it was made.

Up in Connecticut the Pilgrims founded a church after their own devising, after fleeing from Archbishop Laud. Religious liberty was the last thing they sought or desired. Under the Commonwealth they hanged Quakers for dissent, and were only induced to desist by the restoration of Charles II. Their exodus from England was caused by failure to abolish liberty of conscience, not desire to establish it.

Rev. Lucius Waterman, D. D., in an interesting pamphlet called "Archbishop Laud", says:

"While Laud was the power behind the throne, not one of these chief and dread opponents was put to death. While the cause of 'Absolutism' had its three martyrs, King Charles, Laud and Strafford, the party of resistance to oppression had none. Not a man lost his life for his opinions, political or religious, during the time when Laud was the chief guide of England's statecraft; no, not even in New England, where under the Commonwealth they began to hang Quakers until they were frightened out of it by the restoration of King Charles II."

It was in Maryland only that religious toleration was established and that was because the Roman Catholics who founded the colony could only obtain religious liberty themselves by granting it to others. Thus Roman Catholicism had three centers; the French Colonies of the North and West, the Spanish Colonies of the South and West and the English Colony of Maryland.

William Penn and his followers settled Pennsylvania as a Quaker Colony. South Carolina was largely settled by Huguenots who fled from the Jesuits of France.

Thus the original religious complexion of the American Colonies was determined by the political complexion of those who settled them. Two of the faiths which have since dominated all others except that of Rome have not yet been mentioned, and are peculiarly the product of the backwoods. They are the Methodists and the Baptists.

During the early years of reformation the sect of Anabaptists arose in Germany, teaching that immersion and community of goods were marks of the true disciples of Jesus. The example of the Jerusalem saints, they said, laid an obligation on all Christians to go and do likewise. They were frankly anarchistic in the matter of civil government, holding that Christ's prohibition of violence included all civil government, which is based on force. They forbade the taking of oaths, and in con-
consistency forbade any Christian man to be a magistrate, or to seek protection or redress through law. Colonies were set up in various places in Germany, that at Munster having among its tenants community of wives as well as of goods. There were others at Nikelberg and Austerlitz.

The history of the Baptist movement in America begins with Roger Williams, a presbyter of the Church of England, who had taken a degree at Cambridge, and was chaplain to Sir William Nasham of Oates, in the Parish of High Laver, in Essex. From conscientious scruples he refused preferment in England and came to America. He was driven out of Salem, Mass., after asserting, among other things, that the civil power of a colony or state could have no jurisdiction over the consciences of men, that the king's patent conveyed no just title to the land of the colonists, which should be bought from its rightful owners, the Indians, and that a magistrate should not tender an oath to an unregenerate man, an oath being, in reality, a form of worship.

Williams moved to Rhode Island and found refuge at Providence, where he founded a settlement on the basis of religious tolerance. Here he was joined by a number of Anabaptists, who converted him to their views, and in 1639 he was immersed.

Tradition tells that Haskiel Holliman, who immersed Williams, had just previously been immersed by him. The two of them immersed ten others, and the twelve together formed the first Baptist Congregation in America.

Anabaptism, the original name, came from the insistence of the teachers that those who had only been sprinkled or poured upon at their baptism should be re-baptized by complete immersion. This ritual point was a correlative of complete renunciation of personal control of one's own goods, and of voluntary entrance into a new social order of what we know today as philosophic anarchy in which earthly governments, courts, and wealth, were to be utterly abolished.

Naturally such communities were persecuted. In this country, however, they seem to have speedily dropped the obnoxious political side of their belief and clung to an anarchy which is purely spiritual.

The background of Methodism was mainly a reaction against the utter stupor and deadness of a church which had become an appendage to a state run, officered and owned by landlords and capitalists. After the spoliation by the land hungry lords of Edward VI, a sturdy attempt to keep religion alive in the Church of England was made by a succession of archbishops and clergy of real spiritual power. But under Cromwell the bourgeoisie obtained control. With the coming of William and Mary, political favorites were made bishops as a price for support in the House of Lords, or as mere tidbits tossed to friends. Appointment was vested in the Prime Minister, who was the leader of the party successful for the time being in the House of Commons, which was composed of landlords and industrial capitalists.

Hence the church concerned itself only with those of well-to-do degree. The horrors of industrial concentration went on
unheeded by the “Conscience of England,” whose pastors remained in their dreamy countrysides, whence people had been driven, lamenting the decay of church-going among a people who had been driven off the land into the slums of Birmingham, Lancaster and London.

Wesley, when at Oxford, sought to revive the spiritual life of the Church of England by an excessive devotion to the forms of the ancient church, and hence derived the name of “Ritualist”, the real meaning of “Methodist”, by which his millions are known today. He volunteered for service in America, and was sent to Savannah. Here he attempted to force a rude, rough country population to observe the strictest forms of the Church of England. The psychology of the Book of Common Prayer had no appeal to the Georgia colonists, warring for their lives against an unconquered wilderness. But the opposition became active when Wesley excommunicated the girl of his choice, the “Miss Sophy” of his diary, because she refused him in favor of a Mr. Williamson. His repulsion of her from the communion table was followed by a violent uprising among the people. He was held under bond, but jumped his bail, and fled for his life by night, and escaped through the swamps, making his way to a ship bound for England.

Near Savannah was a colony of Moravians with whom Wesley had had some commerce. On the ship was another, Spangenberg, who impressed Wesley very much in their long conversations together under the starlit skies of the ocean night.

In 1738, at a Moravian meeting house in Fetter Lane, London, he heard Luther’s commentary on the Epistle to the Romans read with such emphasis that a new light entered into his soul, and he was, as he relates it, “converted” at that moment; a quarter past nine on April 19th. He went to Moravian headquarters at Herrnhut and lived with them for some time.

Returning, he began to preach in England to the neglected slum population. He had a message which the people could understand, and he delivered it with force and power. The ceremonies of the Church of England were meaningless to them; here was a man who explained what he meant, and who could be easily understood. Each person must at some time feel a strong new conviction, a breaking in of inward light, a definite spiritual occurrence, which would assure him definitely that he was “saved”, a child of God, a brother of Christ, and the temple of the Holy Spirit.

Men heard his message and felt the thrill. They communicated this to others, and his hearers grew by the multitude. Wesley organized his followers by classes and bands; appointed leaders and circuits; and his message spread.

The Book of Common Prayer was intended as a translation into English of the liturgy used by the ancient church. It was accompanied and interpreted in its original, by the ancient ceremonial, which had appealed for centuries to the eye and ear and heart of the world. There was in the Church of England’s dead
dry use of that day nothing to compensate for the lack of the splendor of vestments, incense, and gestures, for the glitter of candles and rhythmic tread of stately processions, all of which the Prayer Book presupposed. It was the skeleton of ritual, without its flesh and life. Hence it left the people cold. Methodism brought the psychological touch needed to reach the multitudes sunk in the sodden squalor of factory towns and mine villages. And there was another accompaniment of it.

When men were told that they were temples of the Holy Ghost, they began to respect themselves and to demand that they be treated as such. Laboring men began to combine, and were thrown in prison for their presumption. They were shipped abroad, to Australia and the colonies, in prison ships of torture.

Crossing to America, Methodism converted its thousands. It had but one serious rival, the Baptists. What happened to the other beliefs? Why did Reuben remain in his watercourses, to hear the bleating of the flocks? Why did Asher remain in his breaches, and among his sheepfold? Why, in other words, did the Episcopalians, Quakers, Roman Catholics, Dutch Reformed and Congregationalists lag behind, while these two conquering faiths swept close behind the pioneers?

Episcopalianism had two strongholds, Virginia and New York. In New York it was supported by the land grants given Trinity Corporation; in Virginia the glebe lands. The word "Episcopalian" implies government by bishops; and for two hundred years there were no American bishops. The English church simply would not send one: not being able to conceive of a bishop without a "coach and six." Clergy had to be sent to England, educated and ordained there, and sent back. While there, they lost the touch with the home land. There were no missionaries. But Episcopacy held its own along the coast, because the tradition of aristocracy survived, and the Church of England at that time was an appendage of commercial bourgeoisie.

The Dutch Reformed was the national church of a conquered nation. The Huguenots were French; the Swedes were aliens also. These did not spread. They maintained themselves along the Atlantic coast line, for that national consciousness persisted to some extent through the Colonial days, through the War of Independence, and even to the present—but the vast Scotch-Irish and English immigration of the early days stamped and sealed the national character of the new race.

It was not long before the tide of national life broke through the barrier of the Allegheny, and swarmed into the Mississippi Valley. Through the Cumberland Gap, the Delaware Gap, across the Wilderness Road into the rich fields of Tennessee, Kentucky, Western Pennsylvania, and all the vast territory to the westward, the colonists streamed. Life was rude and rough with them; education sparse, books almost none. Even along the coast lands this was true among the vast majority of the people.

Every family was then to a great extent isolated. Suspicion and jealousy of one another and of neighboring countries was
naturally bred by the environment of hostility. The geography of the country was such that it generated a spirit of fierce individualism. There were no social industries to bring people into close contact; there were few roads (and those very bad) to promote neighborly commerce. There were almost no schools.

Hence the religion of these people would be necessarily something fitted to the psychology bred by such environment. It must be very simple, easily demonstrated and grasped, and strongly individualistic.

Methodism and the Baptist faith supplied these levels of intelligence admirably. The Baptist religion was speedily stripped of all superficialities and reduced to this: Immersion is necessary; once saved, always saved. The Methodist teaching was reduced to this: Ye must be born of the spirit.

Now the tremendous strength of these two religions is due to this: a Methodist conversion is absolutely convincing to the converted; a Baptist immersion to the beholders also. No one can doubt that an immersion has taken place if they see the candidate ducked under the water. No one can doubt that he had felt the saving grace, if he has once experienced the shining light. No liturgies are needed, no church year, no hierarchy, no apologetics; above all, no education.

Religions making these two things their center were admirably adapted to frontier conditions. Both received the Bible as the palladium of their faith. Here again was something tangible, something oracular, something to rely upon when the waters of immersion have dried and the glow of conversion has grown dim. “The Bible from cover to cover” was the belief of the contending faiths that strove and shouted for the mastery all through the rough clearings of the wilderness. The Bible was to be interpreted by each man for himself; but all who differed from the preacher of the moment was in danger of damnation.

It was a religion of strong lights and shadows. Either heaven or hell yawned before the believer; one, it might be said, as terrifying as the other. Either an eternity of idleness with white robes, crowns and harps; or an eternity of sulphur and brimstone. Every word of the Bible was true, though not all were equally important; a book to question whose authority was to invite instant destruction.

Geographic conditions cut off the interior from the Atlantic seaboard for many generations. During this time the national religious consciousness of the interior developed itself under the two dominating religious conceptions, conversion and immersion.

Geographic conditions also underlay economic conditions. Vast territories sparsely filled up led to economic individualism. That responded to the religious appeal of religious anarchy as contained in the Baptist faith, or of a highly individualized democracy as among the Methodists.

With the incoming of better roads, more commercial contact, industrial concentration, and better schools, the old frontier type of religion is disappearing. It still persists among the
mountaineers of the Appalachian chain, especially in Kentucky and Tennessee.

Episcopalianism had a hard struggle in those early days. During the Revolution it almost vanished; for most of the clergy were Tories and fled with the declaration of war. But after American independence had been won, Samuel Seabury secured the Episcopate from Scotch nonjuring bishops (again a political background to a religious development), and the Episcopal church started on its way as a native instead of an exotic church.

The use of a Prayer Book and the rule of a Bishop demanded a social consciousness and a level of education quite unusual in the early days. But the beauties of the liturgy found their adherents here and there; and by the beginning of the 20th century the Episcopal church had attained a very high rate of increase, largely because of the reasonableness of its doctrines as opposed to the fierce Calvinism and intolerant individualism of its rivals. Its liturgy is practically winning its way, being adopted in modified form in most of the service-books of the various denominations. Plans for a Church Unity conference on Faith and Order, initiated by the Episcopal Church, are going forward rapidly as I write.

The Greek Orthodox Church has come to America with the "new immigration" from the old countries of Southeastern and Eastern Europe and is found chiefly in great industrial and mining centers. As the old immigrants work their way higher and higher in the social scale, newer reservoirs must be tapped. By the time transportation had made Eastern Europe accessible, labor was chiefly needed for the steel mills and coal mining industries of Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Illinois, and the far West. Again religious complexion follows industrial necessity, and this is conditioned by geographic disposition.

Mormonism, our great American heresy, was a protest against economic and spiritual individualism. In the days of Joseph Smith and Brigham Young, the Middle-West was a dreary, burnt-over ground of the fag-ends of all faiths. Families split on questions of utter unimportance. Co-operation was impossible, because the fanatic individualism of religion and the geographic individualism of the backwoods worked together to breed a natural attitude of suspicion and hate.

Joseph Smith found the Bible, as it was, hopeless to agree upon, since the individual conscience was its interpreter. Hence he supplemented the Bible with a personal revelation, and set out to establish a theocracy with a distinctly political and economic side. First at Nauvoo, Illinois, the Latter Day Saints made their halt. When they were driven from this place they uttered the curse of the gospel against Nauvoo; and even the location of the place has been forgotten. They traversed the plains, and on the shores of the Salt Lake of Utah founded their New Canaan.

It was a necessity of the country to increase the population rapidly. Hence Smith received revelations that implied polygamy. Only those souls who were embodied had a chance to
be saved. Hence the more babies there were born, the more souls were saved, and every mother of many was a saviour of the unborn. The population of Utah grew, and the state was strengthened against invaders.

Another necessity was strict co-operation and the control of funds for the common ends. Hence the hierarchical system, dethroning private judgment in the smallest matters. The word of the priesthood is law, both in religious matters and as relates to the building of fences and the drilling of wells. Converts were necessary, and there was no money to pay missionaries. Hence the habit of sending out disciples two by two at their own charges to bring in more workers for the true religion.

The industrial struggle gathered and grew beneath the eyes of all these churches, and yet most of them, sunk in their squabbles for points and converts, ignored it. Protestantism sunk to the lowest depth of depravity in the person of Billy Sunday. Town after town combined all its churches and urged this ex-baseball clown to preach to them; and it was considered a wonderful thing if, in a country professedly Christian after two thousand years of Christianity, two or three thousand persons shook the evangelist by the hand and promised to live better lives! When Sunday returned to his home town, Chicago, in the spring of 1918, he had been hailed as a conquering hero in Boston, New York, San Francisco, and all the cities in between. In Chicago he failed. I shall always recall with glee that the day Billy Sunday came to town I drove him off the front page of the afternoon papers; for they all announced in three-inch seven-column, headlines, "ST. JOHN TUCKER INDICTED BY U. S. JURY" relegating Billy to a subordinate position.

Billy failed. Protestantism has failed. But there are other religious forces which have not failed.
CHAPTER XVII. THE FAITH OF THE CLERK-WORLD.

The other great American-made faith, namely, Christian Science, is a factor of potency in the thought of the world. Christian Science sweeps our cities, erects therein shining marble temples of the Greek order, which are crowded twice weekly, and has introduced, in The Christian Science Monitor, a new and higher type of journalism; for which all clean-minded persons disgusted with Hearst and Northcliffe are profoundly grateful. Moreover, it is illuminating millions of individual lives with health and happiness. There is no greater religious phenomenon of the past hundred years. From Boston it leaped around the world, and has a large following in Germany, Australia, Russia and Japan.

Philosophically, it is not new. The Hindu sages long ago maintained the unreality of matter and the omnipresence of Spirit. But it remained for Mary Baker Glover Eddy to cast that ancient philosophy into a form so attractive to the needs of a great section of our modern world that it became in them a tremendous power.

Things do not happen unrelated and out of the void, in a closely knit universe composed mainly of cause and effect. Every great social phenomenon has a larger social basis upon which it arises. Mrs. Eddy’s sublime mishandling of philosophy and psychology, sweeping like a wild-fire around the globe, must have had the fuel prepared and laid ere it could catch with such a swift contagion the peoples living thereon, and produce such wonderful results. Since it appeals so wonderfully to so many diverse-dwelling persons, it is evident that forces which affect human lives in great numbers must have prepared its way.

Christian Science is the greatest religious system, calling itself by the name of religion, to spread itself since the beginning of our industrial era. For years I wondered at this phenomenon. And the conclusions to which I came do not affect the truth or falsity of Christian Science itself, any more than the study of Preparatio Evangelica, or in the way in which as the Schoolmen used to say, the world was made ready for the Gospel, affects the truth of Christianity.

Modern methods of the production and exchange of commodities have brought into existence a vast army of clerks, bookkeepers, accountants, and all the activities that are included in the words “office force.” Their only contact with the huge world of actual production is through the records which they make and keep of what other people are doing. Metal dug in Montana, smelted in Chicago and wrought in Pittsburgh, is sent to France, there to be assembled to make machinery for, let us say, Russia or Morocco. The wide-spreading ramifications of
our business processes make necessary almost as many hands to
steer and keep track of the product as are needed to fashion it.

Thus above the sweating, grimy, heaving, straining world of
production sits another world, white-sleeved, with eyes green-
shaded, making marks on paper as its sole contribution to the
world's welfare. It contributes "brains" as it fondly believes,
while the "World-Below" contributes merely brute muscle. They
are the "arm-chair majors" of the great struggle of production.

All the disasters which creep into this Clerk-World are men-
tal errors. Errors of addition, subtraction, multiplication; errors
of transcription; errors of judgment; errors of memory. They
know nothing of the great physical facts which constantly
thrust themselves upon the denizens of the Work-World; the
stress and strain of beams, floods and drouths, wrecks, explo-
sions, earthquakes. Their world is purely mental, and they have
an actual and pitiful contempt for the Work-World which lies
beneath them.

A whole literature has grown up around this Clerk-World,
shutting out of its horizon everything actual. People live, move,
and talk in a sphere where accounts, speculations, bookkeeping,
and expert salesmanship are the whole of production. When
Hamlin Garland, himself a railroad man, first began to write
about the actual experiences of the engineer and the fireman, his
stories were read with a strange, exhilarating sensation of ex-
ploring a new world. A serial recently ran in The Saturday
Evening Post under the title of "Discovering America," which
described the perilous adventures of a clerk who actually dis-
covered that there is a world in which people work—he had been
there himself!

Even housekeepers, in this machine age of ours, have little
to do but order from the milkman or the delicatessen store what
they desire for lunch. They do not, like their grandmothers,
superintend every step of the actual production of meat, cheese,
clothes, bread. They write or telephone their orders; and some-
where in the hidden world beneath the wheels revolve and what
they need is delivered to them. When a man disappears into that
awful gulf from the bookkeeper world, he is like one dead; his
reappearance is like a visitation from the tomb.

Every office-force partakes this feeling. No one who has
worked in an office, and made occasional visits to the factory
can have avoided feeling the profound difference—the gulf that
is fixed between them. The actual sweat and grime and thunder
and MAKING of the factory seem unreal. All that matters is
to add up the column and strike the balance correctly; to tran-
scribe the notes without a mistake; to keep the books neat; to
remember accurately. If anything goes wrong, it can be set
right by thinking back, or checking over, to discover the mental
error that left the work askew.

To a bookkeeper the row of figures is more real than the
actual bales or tons or dollars which the figures represent; and
this because he deals directly with the shadow, and never sees
the substance.

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The Clerk-World is socially self-conscious. Clerks are far more akin to other clerks of different shops than to the workmen of their own establishment. Indeed, they are aliens from the workers who receive pay from the same treasurer. They form a clan, a social stratum, a tribe, a nation all their own.

Now it is the clue to religious history that every great group-consciousness expresses itself in a religion. Tribal religions are the expression of tribal self-consciousness; national religions of national self-consciousness; and class-consciousness expresses itself likewise, in a class religion.

But the Clerk-World, being a new tribe, found no religion which suited its undefined and formless consciousness. The historic religions were all rooted in a system of production in which seed-time, harvest, rain and sunshine, spring and winter were matters of deep importance to every worshiper; if they were not gods, they were the chief work of the gods. But when Mrs. Eddy promulgated her doctrines, teaching that the Clerk-World is the only reality, and the great Work-World does not exist—then the clerks flocked to her by millions. And because this teaching so accurately reflects their inner convictions, miracles are worked by it; just as the grotto of Lourdes works miracles among the French peasantry, and the amulet or the rabbit's foot or the witches' charm works miracles among the social strata to which they appeal. "Thy faith hath made thee whole"—and that which evokes the faith differs with the person to be healed.

It may be—and doubtless is—that certain truths are only discovered by preparing a special class of discoverers. Certainly the sweetness and light brought into the world by Christian Science constitute a great gain. Milton's poetry is not injured by the fact that Milton was blind, and perhaps Shakespeare's poetry would only have lost in appeal if Shakespeare had not been a snob.

The absolute value of Christian Science in its relation to the world's experience is to be gauged only by the power with which it met and answered a certain need. Let us trace the analogy between the needs of the Clerk-World and the way in which Christian Science answered them.

The central conviction of every self-conscious group which historically expresses itself in a religion, is that this group, or people, or tribe, is a Chosen Nation, and that all others are—in comparative—error and darkness. All religions have this feeling of hostility toward the heretic, together with an impulse either to convert or abolish him. It is a natural reflex of their own desire to self-perpetuation.

Thus the central conviction of the Clerk-World is that it is the only real world, and that the world of creation and toil is merely an illusion. And this curious optical inversion, that the World of Creation is merely a distasteful appendage to the World of Bookkeeping, finds its self-expression whenever a social crisis impends. The clerks do not like the sweaty, brawny,
greasy workingmen. They are the first to enlist as strike-breakers; they resent being told that they belong to the “working class”; and this hatred is instinctive, because the very existence of a Work-World challenges the supremacy of their own. And their religion comforts them in this antagonism by preaching the blessed doctrine that this illusion of a Work-World will cease to exist if disregarded.

This religion functions in accordance with the degree of intensity with which it is felt “according to the proportion of faith.” Because Christian Science represents so accurately the central convictions of the Clerk-World, it is strongly embraced and by means of it many wonderful cures are performed. “Suggestion” that appeals by its powerful correspondence with daily life strikes off the shackles of nervous and functional diseases, strengthens the current of life—creates a new person.

The Clerk-World requires a certain amount of superficial intelligence to keep it running. When transportation and specialization reached so high a pitch that one factory become one knot on a world-enveloping web, correspondence multiplied manifold, credit intensified in importance and intricacy, and records increased in volume and complexity. The ends of the world must keep in instant communication with one another. This requisitioned a race of apparent thinkers. In reality the brain work of the Clerk-World is of a very low order, being mainly routine. But because it keeps far away from actual grips with fact, and deals with creation only at second or third hand, it preens itself with a high aloofness, and regards itself as superior to the real brains of the mechanic or the farmer. The brains required to dig coal or to string electric wires are far superior to the brains required in adding figures; but the bookkeeper cannot be convinced of that.

Christian Science is as superficial in its appearance of psychology and philosophy as are the brains of a bookkeeper. But it serves its purposes. The repeated reiteration of phrases which mean nothing in particular, but have a portentous sound, stuns the brain and produces a species of auto-hypnosis, with its accruing results, quite as well as the mesmerizer’s mirror swung before the eyes.

Just as Motherhood is the highest reach of the creative world, since nothing produced by man is so priceless as Life, Motherhood is the great hatred of Christian Science. The agony of birth is one pain which can not be ignored or “claimed” away. Mrs. Eddy hates the mention of motherhood; the time will come, she teaches, when there will be Spirit Generation, instead of the vulgar method of bodily generation.

Wherever the modern industrial system extends, the Clerk-World exists, and Christian Science likewise. And just as Greece, Egypt and Israel in their turn discovered great truths, being specialized, let us say, to that end, even so doubtless is this faith the Isaac Newton which shall contribute a great impact to the religion of the world.
There has been much discussion of late as to whether the Protestant Churches must adopt Christian Science. Insofar as they are made up out of the white-cuff world, they will do so, to a great extent. Insofar as they are made up of workingmen, they will remain sacramental.

For the central truth of the Work-World is Incarnation. Constantly the Work-World sees dull matter being shaped out of chaos into beauty, embodying some Logos, some Reason or Plan or Purpose which was in the Creator Spirit. It sees its own hopes and ideas and purposes more and more truly reflected into the stuff in which it works. And it finally understands—this Work-World—the kinship between the Creator and Creation whereby the Spirit of the Master-workman is breathed into his Creation, so that it becomes his First-born.

To the Clerk-World, toil and pain are evils to be exorcised, and matter a nightmare to be denied. To the Work-World, toil and pain are parts of the process of evolution whereby matter is made a Sacrament. “Passus est” precedes “venturus est cum gloria.”

The division is fundamental as it is old. Gnostics of the time of St. Paul, “science falsely so called” preached the same doctrine of the unreality of matter and of the body of Christ; nor can the division be ended until the Clerk-World becomes co-conscious with God, the Creative Power, and with His high priests and fellow-creators, the grimy, sweaty, hard-muscled workingmen.
CHAPTER XVIII. NATURAL RELIGIONS.

Much that has been said here will strike some readers as destructive of religious reverence. But this book’s object is to direct reverence rightly, not to destroy it.

Psychology of late has been teaching us that intelligence is secondary, not primary. Reason, which was to have destroyed religion, is a tool, not a self-created splendor. First comes desire, then the reason as means for satisfying desire.

Lester F. Ward, in “The Psychic Factors of Civilization,” remarks: “Desire, as a true natural force, impels the organism in a straight line toward attracting, or away from the impelling object. But obstacles intervene. At first, while activity is sluggish, the organism, like a material body when similarly acted upon, simply comes to a rest. * * * But later, when desire has grown stronger and activity more intense, while locomotion is checked by intervening obstacles, internal motion, or motility, continues, and the effort is unabated.” Eventually by the power of intuition, the organism perceives that the object can best be attained indirectly. The origin of the intellect lies in the perception of relations, for the satisfaction of desire. * * *

“The new intuition is a form of thought, is under subjection to the will; it is the product of ever-pressing and constantly unsatisfied desire, and, therefore, has its origin in the emotional sense. It is, in fact, the intellect itself in its fundamental form, is much older than the reason, and is the parent of all the later faculties of abstraction and reflection.”

We have been analyzing religious phenomena from the standpoint of reason. But reason is secondary; first of all comes life, then desire; then reason. We must consider religion from the great first standpoint, not from the comparatively trivial third stage. In this book we have been attempting to view the current of the World’s religion in its relation to life itself. We found, first, that the religious impulse is an expression of the primary impulse of life—namely, organization. It is the group-bond, the power which holds together the individuals composing any organism. It is the means whereby organisms of lesser strength are enabled to combine against those of higher individual strength and successfully to resist them. Mankind owes its survival—indeed, its origin—to this religious bond, which held the weak anthropoids together in a group that was stronger than any mammoth it attacked.

The religious impulse manifests itself in man wherever he groups himself. Every social organization owes its existence to the strength of the religious devotion it is able to inspire in its members. Every union, or club, or corporation, or association, or fraternal order, is religious in its nature. According to the strength of the “faith”—the suffusion of the soul of the indi-
individual with the spirit of the group—is the growth of the group. All religious bodies have a ritual and a hierarchy and a creed and a liturgy; each has symbols and vestments. These are natural, inevitable badges of its life. A Socialist May-Day parade is a highly religious affair; red banners, and sashes, and badges, hymns and creeds, pervade it; the hierarchy, although elected on the spur of the moment, is no less proud of itself.

In the great clash of the world-war it has been found that a nation's survival depends upon the depth of the devotion it can inspire in its soldiers and its citizens. "That nation will win which can command the readiest sacrifice," said one critic. For the time being, the international religion has been displaced by national religions. The gods and goddesses which are fighting are Britannia, Germania, La France, Italia, Russia. The official appeal is to the Christian God, but the impelling religion is the nation.

For many a decade Germany had been teaching its citizens that the fatherland is the Holy Land; that the Germans are the chosen people; that they are the salt of the earth; that they must convert the world to their Kultur and abolish all who will not serve them. They had taken over to themselves, actually and without reserve, the impassioned words of the Psalmist regarding Israel's King; and applied them to their Kaiser:

"His dominion shall be also from the one sea to the other, and from the flood unto the world's ends. They that dwell in the wilderness shall kneel before him; his enemies shall lick the dust. The kings of Tharsis and of the isles shall give presents; kings of Arabia and Saba shall bring gifts. All kings shall fall down before him, all nations shall do him service.

"Thou shalt bruise them with a rod of iron, and break them in pieces like a potter's vessel!"

So long as a nation was the highest form of organization possible, this might have been sublime. But now a higher possibility has appeared. The world is groping together; the dim shadows of a world-government including all the nations have been seen. Humanity has appeared in the distance as a unitary hope. The world can no more be crammed into the model of Germanism than it could into the narrow mould of Palestinian Judaism. And the attempt to make one national pattern the supreme world ideal is a throw-back to barbaric days.

And yet Germany exhibited a true religion. Her national passion was a great thing, a tremendous thing. It was a fire which could only be superseded by a greater fire. Only if we can suffuse mankind with a passion for humanity like that which Germans felt for the Fatherland—only so can the grievous cancer be prevented.

This great religion had begun to find its prophets. But the religion of humanity was preached as an anti-religion. Every great new religion must begin by throwing down the old gods. When the second Isaiah mocked at Bel and Nebo in Babylon, he was a blasphemer and an infidel and an atheist, so far as the wor-
shipers of Bel and Nebo were concerned. Humanity as a world-
group was proclaimed anew in these past fifty years by Social-
ists and were greeted by denunciations and jeers by those who
had long forgotten that Christianity originally meant Interna-
tionalism, and the time was not ripe.

The economic substratum for accomplishing this unification
of humanity has been built. Steamships, railroads and the tele-
graph now bind the nations with links of iron. Capitalism's
expansion has gone to its extreme, and in so doing has brought
the world together into one. Physically, mentally, mankind is
united. Shall it be spiritually one also?

There are but two universal organizations, self-conscious
and powerful. One is the Yellow International—the Church of
Rome. The other is the Red International, the Socialist move-
ment. Which shall supply the uniting bond that will dominate
the world-soul and make wars impossible?

The Roman Church has, since 1870, been a pyramid hanging
from its apex, or, if one prefers the figure, standing on its head.
On the other hand, the Socialist movement, broken up by
the war into little nationalist groups, is striving to regain its
unity. This will be a terrible task, an almost impossible task.
In any event the Socialist movement has hitherto relied upon the
appeal to intelligence, to reason, to statistics, to science, for its
propaganda. It has been convincingly shown by this war that
these things do not fundamentally move men. It is the group
passion which directs them, constrains them, compels them.

Can the Red International and the Yellow International
come to terms? Certainly not with both on their present foot-
ing. My impression is that both are changing. Certainly Ameri-
can Socialists are beginning to understand that intellect is sec-
ondary, and that the dry rationalism of their previous arguments
must be supplemented with the appeal to more human instincts.
Socialism must be preached as a religion. It must be preached
as was the religion of Christianity. It must be believed, passion-
ately, devotedly, supremely.

Protestant churches are catching up the fire. The Unitarian
reaction, which was purely intellectual, has spent itself. Men
are seeking back to the world-passion of Catholicity. Yet there
is danger as always of mistaking the forms for the substance of
that great hope.

What shall be the Catholicity of the future?

Catholicity means world-regarding—a judgment “according
to the whole.” It is the hardest of all attitudes to maintain, and
the last which can be reached. With all of us the family comes
first, then the school or city or store, then the nation. Catho-
licity of temper means that one habitually thinks of himself in
terms of his relation to the world at large, as a member of the
world-citizenship.

Thus “holding the Catholic Faith” should mean that the soul
of humanity suffuses the individual soul, and is his supreme
passion. Before all other loyalties he places his allegiance to
mankind. And this, not mankind as it is, but as it ought to be.
For instance, a college youth who goes forth to battle on the gridiron, and who dies contented in a football scrimmage if he has helped to score a point—is not thinking of the individual professors or classmates or lessons or classrooms, but of an ideal conception of Alma Mater. The soldier who charges to die for his country is not fighting for any particular parcel of ground or set of officers, but for an ideal of what his country can be. And when we speak of our devotion to humanity, we mean not the Chinaman, Japanese, African, German, Frenchman, or Englishman or American whom we know, but for the ideal Perfect Man as manhood can be; for the best qualities of manhood made perfect. It is devotion to True Man and True God combined in one person. This is the truth at the root of all the old Christological controversies—and it is a very real truth.

And again; “devotion” means not a periodical kiss, nor a regular tribute of flowers, candy, money, or prayer and praise, but a constant living thought. There is nothing more horrible than a periodical compliance with the forms of natural affection, if the spirit be lacking. A man who cheers for the flag on the Fourth of July and systematically violates the laws during the rest of the year is no worse as a patriot than the man who goes to church on Sunday and thinks only of profits the rest of the week. Both are hypocrites, “play-actors”, for they have the form but lack the life. There must be a real enthronement of the World-Idea in the chief places of one’s daily life, so that one’s business and politics and conversation and thinking ring true with it.

“Greater love hath no man than this, that he give up his life for his friends”; not necessarily by dying for them. One may live for his friends as well. The opportunity may never come to die for one’s country; one may be a hero for all that.

Now the question arises, “What of God? All this is the baldest humanitarianism. How about the Creeds, and the Sacraments? How about Immortality and Atonement and Purgatory and Heaven? How about Prayer and the Sacrifice of the Mass? Have you abolished them from your Catholicity?”

Just a moment. We have established, I think, that our religious ideas vary fundamentally with the Dominant Group. The idea of God held by a Roman Family differed from that held by a Hebrew Tribe; and that, from the idea of an Assyrian courtier or an Egyptian Pharaoh. It is incontestable that we can never know all about the Truth behind the Seeming. Our ideas of God grow in accordance with our experience. Hence, if our Dominant Group be the largest possible group—the human race as a whole—our religious ideas, being cast in that mould and viewed from that angle, will be the nearest possible to the truth. Our theology will grow in accordance with our science; and if the Religion be that of the Human Race in relation to the Universe, then the Theology, growing with our knowledge of science, will be on its way to ultimate perfection—that is, to the highest possible development open to our finite minds.
Now about Creeds. All of our science is based on our knowledge of the way in which the Creative Power works. A law of nature is simply an ascertained sequence of events. Our minds establish relation with phenomena—that is their whole function. Mind arose in that way. But our souls—our lives—establish relation with the Life that lies behind the Phenomena. We came out of that Life, and go back into that Life; hence we call it Father—the Creator, maker of Heaven and Earth and all things visible and invisible. This is Catholicity in respect to the universe—a judgment of the whole regarding the world. The Catholic faith means just this attitude—looking upon all created things as brethren and kin. Catholic worship implies employing all these means of adoration to express our kinship—color, light, sound, smell—beauty of every kind in the spirit of affection.

As regards mankind, then, the ultimate faith means baptism into the spirit that makes the race one; devotion to humanity idealized into perfection; humanity made the glorious dwelling place of God. This is what is signified by faith in the Son. The uniting bond between the Creation as a manifestation of the Father and Humanity as the Son is the Spirit of Fellowship, the Spirit of Love, by which we are baptized into its unity.

As monotheism is imperialism in religion, so Trinitarianism, or unity in diversity, is world-wide democracy in religion. And this will, as I believe, be the form of the religion of the world to be. Let us see what this implies; for the World-Faith has never been worked out in a World-Order. If the Conception of God theoretically held by Christianity were to become really the Soul of the World, as Yahweh was the Soul of the Hebrews, what manner of a world state would we have?

First among Christian beliefs is that God is the Creator. “In the beginning, God created the heavens and the earth. * * * My father worketh hitherto—and I work.” Not only did he make the world to begin with, but is still making it, said Jesus; as consequence of which—I work. It is of the essence of sonship that the child should resemble the parent—be of his nature. Hence, if the primal fact of God’s nature be that He Creates—ceaselessly, constantly, as naturally as we breathe, then in order to be true sons of His, we must be workers, too. All who work are sons of God. Those who merely consume without producing are destroyers, and by that fact enemies of Him.

If we were to accept our belief in God, the Creator, as a real vital force in our lives, as the dominant fact in our World-Order, then the object of all our civilization, with its elaborate discipline of Business, Politics, Law, and Art, would be to glorify the Worker. They who work—who produce to the beauty of the world and the service of man—should be the possessors of the world and all its riches; and for those who would not work would no place be found.

All workers would be brethren one of another, for we never quarrel about what is produced—only about what is consumed.
The corn grown on our neighbor's lot does not offend us—only that which is stolen from our own.

All the resources of our most exquisite art would be devoted to the glorification of the Temples of the Creative Power—the workshops. Today, the "factory district" of any city is an eyesore, an offense to the senses. Today, those who work are the pariahs of our caste-system. Today, the banks are our most glorious temples. But if we worshiped God, the factory would be a place of beauty. All art, all science, would with a true religious devotion make glorious the spot where Creation was furthered by the fellow workers of God, the supreme worker. And they who shared His toil would be reverenced, and would reverence themselves, for that kinship with Him.

But further; to work means more than merely to be busy. No man works harder than a burglar. Yet no one supposes that we should honor him. To work to any purpose, one must know what the general scheme of toil aims at producing, and so apply his effort as to further that with greatest effect. Otherwise we would become merely busy-bodies and nuisances. Each man to a task is the first rule of all production, and the first step out of chaos.

What is the supreme object of the Workman? What does God aim at producing? Why is the world?

This is the query which has perplexed philosophers and driven sages mad since time began. The last portion of our Bible to be written—as many suppose—contains the answer to it. "In the beginning was the Plan; and the Plan was with God—the Plan was God." The Greek word Logos means many things; it is untranslatable into English in its full force, simply because we have not the associated ideas that they had who first heard it. As St. John uses it, it mingles two streams of philosophic thought, the Greek aristocratic tradition of Aristotle and the Hebrew proletarian tradition of the Rabbins. But above all other meanings rises the meaning of a nature expressing itself in a work—a Life proceeding according to a Plan which is the very expression of itself. And St. John goes on "This plan dwelt among us, and we beheld His Glory, the glory as of the only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth." All the processes of evolution wrought up to this one supreme height; the production of Man which should be the perfect interpretation of God. And the core and essence of the Christian religion is the "extension of the Incarnation" by which we also who share the Will of Christ, His Mind, His Intention, also are members of Christ, members, indeed, of God, embodiments of divinity.

To work according to the Plan of God, then, is to work toward the Incarnation of God—all truth, all reality, all goodness and beauty—in human flesh. Whosoever works to that end—whether he calls himself Atheist or Puritan—works with God, and is a part of God. Who works against it, or for a lesser and irreconcilable end, works against him.

If we really took seriously our declaration, "I believe in One Lord, Jesus Christ," to mean what it does mean, that the guide
and rule of our life is this extension of the Incarnation of perfection in every human flesh, then we should apply to all our politics, business, religion, and law this test: "To what extent does this particular act or policy make for the embodiment of God Almighty into every child born into this world?"

By this test, the standard of Perfect God in Perfect Man, shall the living and the dead be judged. We say this, but we do not believe it. And yet it is the only possible basis for a world-civilization.

How then shall all this be brought about? How shall we persuade all men to work to this end?

The secret of Life, we have said, is Fellowship. The Lord and Giver of Life is that spirit which makes of many, One; which in the Biblical phrase "baptizes us all into one body" whether that body be a primeval protoplasm or a world-state. In the political phrase, "E pluribus Unum"—out of diversity unity.

Here is the Answer: the Lord and Giver of Life is the spirit of fellowship. We must each be suffused with the fervor of citizenship in a new world-order. We must be assimilated into the body of the Son of Man. The tongues of flame must sit upon our heads, and we must utter great thoughts in the languages of every nation.

"Class-consciousness" is the ugly phrase now in use to signalize this fellowship in the world-order of Creative Unity. "One Big Union," say the I. W. W. "We are of one blood, thou and I," says the red flag of the Socialists. "One is your father, all ye are brethren," said Jesus.
CHAPTER XIX. THE GOD OF THE PHILOSOPHERS.

In the October, 1915, number of The Open Court, a monthly magazine published in Chicago, Mr. Charles E. Hooper, for fifteen years secretary of the Rationalist Press Association of England, and for twenty years co-editor of The Literary Guide, an English Rationalist monthly, had an article entitled “The Religions of Comte and Spencer; a New Synthesis Suggested.” Mr. Hooper’s writings have been strongly anti-theological. In the article aforesaid, he takes the systems proposed by the founder of Positivism and the founder of Agnosticism, and seeks to unite them in a religious philosophy which shall satisfy the inquiring mind of a modern Rationalist. And the result is more than interesting; it is tremendous. For out of the welter of modern philosophy following upon the exaltation of the doctrine of Evolution, he reconstructs the Nicene Creed.

At the end of a lengthy discussion, Mr. Hooper writes: “I would, therefore, suggest that a reasonable religion for the avowed Rationalist is to venerate Nature, as the supreme but never wholly revealed Reality; to love Humanity as his own higher self and highest end; to reverence Reason as the essential means to the best that he can think or do, and in its collective exercise to the best conditions that humanity itself can achieve.”

By these terms of Nature, Humanity and Reason he seems to indicate almost precisely what the great Greek metaphysicians of the Fourth Century meant by their more familiar terms of Father, Son, and Holy Breath. But the world-wide difference of the approach to this definition imbues his proposal with a far profounder and more mystical meaning than for generations this all-too-familiar formula has contained.

Mr. Hooper approaches the subject—unlike Mr. H. G. Wells—with a somewhat apologetic air. “Some people might say Comte and Spencer had no religions,” he begins. “It is certain that they had no theologies.” And then, of course, he proceeds to demonstrate that their religions were all theology.

“They agree with one another and with John Stuart Mill,” he says, “in a determined effort to bring philosophy into line with Science, to found it anew on a strictly scientific data, to limit recognized knowledge to the relations of phenomena, and banish all speculation on the older metaphysical and theological lines.” So sweeping a challenge! And yet from this strictly scientific basis, after many years of elaborating and verifying, the Rationalist comes back to the position that faith in a threefold divinity of Being, under the forms of Nature, Humanity and Reason, a unity indivisible, inconfusible, true and perfect, is a “reasonable religion for a Rationalist.”

Let us see how, on this strictly scientific basis, the Rationalist becomes a Catholic. Mr. Hooper says:

“These two thinkers were alike engaged in creating the sci-
ence of Sociology, though they could not foresee as we cannot foresee its ultimate development.

"Spencer was a psychologist—a student of the changeful combinations of sensation, thought, emotion, and desire, as they appear in the diurnally renewed flow of conscious life. Comte eschewed psychology on principle, regarding knowledge as a subjective synthesis made from the point of view of humanity, rather than from that of the individual thinker. He accordingly started with logical discourse as the common instrument of all human inquiries, and with the 'positive' method of employing this instrument. Again, Spencer was a strong individualist in Sociology, while Comte was an ardent Collectivist. Lastly, Spencer was bent on applying a single mechanical law of evolution through the various spheres of natural knowledge; while Comte emphasized the unbridged, if not unbridgeable, differences between the points of view of the chief sciences."

It is evident, here, that these two philosophers started from viewpoints as nearly diametrically opposite as could well be taken; so that the parallax of their observations might be regarded as well based. Mr. Hooper proceeds:

"Let us now glance at Comte's religion. * * * It is clear that we have no positive knowledge of individual objects, higher in the scale of being than men and women. But human persons differ enormously in physique, in mental endowment, and in moral character, so that the highest individual object we can conceive of is not a human being, as such, what we take to be the best type of—the IDEAL—human being."

One is reminded here of the insistence of the old Christian philosophers that the Christ is to be worshiped not as a man, which would be idolatry, but as humanity; as "Son of Man," as the perfection of God made manifest in the flesh. Mr. Hooper means the same thing, although he does not start from Jesus of Nazareth as being the objective embodiment of his ideal.

"All men and women of historical eminence are moulded in mind and character (though not independently of their own conscious activity) by the social influence of their contemporaries; but they are also powerfully affected by that of their forerunners, through the standard literature and traditions, and the creations of art and industry, to which they have access. The really valuable and permanent elements of culture, which are passed on from century to century and extended from nation to nation, are a product not solely of the more celebrated individuals with whose names many of them are connected. They are also a result of the upward strivings of the great mass of human beings who think not only of what concerns themselves, but also of what is good for others, or for all men. Very many of these people contribute directly to the common stores of knowledge, art, and practical wisdom, without attaining notoriety; and all of them exercise a subtle influence in spurring the greater geniuses to achieve the best that is in them."

From these and like considerations Comte arrived at the conception of a Great Being, Humanity, which is not merely the
collective multitude of living human individuals, but the efficient unity of all men and women who have ever striven, however vaguely, for the common good. The dead still co-operate with the living in producing one great and growing historical fact; the collective life of the nations to whom the world belongs, headed by those powerful nations of the West who inherit the science and art of Greece, the legal and moral codes of Rome and Judea.

Humanity, then, taken in the above sense, is certainly the most directly beneficent thing of which we have any clear knowledge; for its far-reaching and persistent influence is compact of the varied achievements of all great personalities, as well as of the unobtrusive goodness of the multitude whose names are forgotten. Comte, therefore, sought to initiate a worship of this Humanity, which we know positively though imperfectly in place of the worship of a God whom, according to him, we do not know at all.

It is evident that Comte's idea differs not at all from the doctrine of the Universal Church, or the Communion of Saints, of Christian theology, save perhaps in the unimportant distinction of those whom Comte personally would place at the head of his "pan-andreion." Mr. Hooper meets the objection that while Humanity, taken in its essential solidarity, is morally the grandest thing we know, human vindictiveness and depravity are the worst things knowable—by this statement:

"Humanity, rather than the individual, with his quite probably prejudiced type of conscientiousness, is the arbiter, because it is the maker of morality. * * * It is the general consensus of enlightened opinion which causes certain conduct and certain motives to be recognized as good, and other conduct and motives as bad. However, there would be little inspiration for ethical religion if we could not feel that mankind is in fact progressing in the direction of true human betterment."

There are, however, even among Rationalists, objections to the sufficiency of this Positivist creed. Mr. Hooper says:

"Many, however, cannot accept the religion of Humanity at Comte's own valuation, because, while they are willing at times to stand beside him on the top rung of the scientific ladder, and view everything from the moral-sociological standpoint, they like also to view things from some of the lower rungs which, strange to say, give glimpses of a universe altogether greater than humanity; greater by the immensities of Time and Space; by endless process and limitless substance; by boundless potentialities of form and motion, life and consciousness. They discover that self-conscious humanity is the child of savage races; these the offspring of an animal ancestry; that, of more primitive types of life; also that all are children of Mother Earth, and earth dependent on the sovereign sun, and conditioned by the all-enfolding ether. Thus, while they may recognize that the slowly integrating being of Humanity, ever striving toward the Good, is the thing most worthy to be worshiped with love, they cannot
withhold all veneration from those mysterious sources of energy, life and organic progress which have undoubtedly been necessary, even if they have not alone sufficed, to make humanity all that it is, and all that it may become. To venerate them as though they were human and moral would be mere anthropomorphism; but not to venerate them at all seems to disclose a somewhat narrow attitude of self-satisfaction in human achievements.”

Comtism, therefore, leaves a Rationalist unsatisfied. Spencer reaches a different solution, which partially fills the void. Of Spencer the writer says:

“The pervading mystery of the universe which meant little to Comte's spirit, meant much to Spencer. He came to suppose that science and religion might be ultimately reconciled in the recognition of a great First Cause, or Inscrutable Absolute; a reality underlying at once the facts of consciousness, and the facts of matter in motion, but not to be identified with either, nor yet with both together, taken at their phenomenal value. * * * Where he erred was in objectifying the pervading mystery of Being under such titles as Cause, Power, and Absolute, and supposing that it contrasts radically with a sphere of phenomena which can be definitely known; whereas, the very fact of knowing, in the true or intellectual sense, involves a relation of subjective ideas and judgment to some object matter with which they are not commensurate. The mystery of being is seen to lurk in all those things that all called phenomena, and even in our simplest sensations.

“Had Spencer preached instead of the Inscrutable Absolute that Infinite Reality to which knowledge is ever more nearly approximating, but which thought can never fully represent, many who withhold assent from his doctrine as it stands would have freely gone along with him.”

This definition of God has the old orthodox ring. “Simplex, Immensus, Inconfusibilis, Ineffabilis, Infinis, Eternus”—simple, beyond measurement, not to be mingled, inexpressible, without end, without age—all of these seem to be wrapped up in Mr. Hooper’s definition of “that infinite reality to which knowledge is ever more nearly approximating, but which thought can never fully represent.”

Each of these sorts of natural religion, goes on the Rationalist, seems to be somewhat one-sided. Why, he asks, should not the Rationalist seek to unite the intimate worship of Humanity, as the most intensively beneficent reality known to him, with an imaginative veneration of that infinite Nature, in which the life of Humanity has not only its external setting, but its very being? * * * Man himself is after all a part of Nature, and the highest excellence of individual or social life can only be attained in and through nature. The superiority of man to his subhuman surroundings is not a superiority to that Reality which embraces the subhuman and human alike. Thus nature is not essentially, though it may be accidentally, inimical to human ideals.
“But there is a third object of possible natural religion to be considered; one which is identical neither with Nature nor with Humanity, but is instrumental to our knowledge of both. Whatever we realize either of humanity or of nature, over and above those inarticulate feelings for the good and beautiful which are best expressed by music and the fine arts, is realized in that form of connected and mutually supported thoughts which is fairly described by the familiar word Reason.

“This Reason is not simply reasoning, still less is it mere arguing; it is just the clearest understanding and the truest judgment of which we are personally capable. It is the circle of subjective ideas and opinions which at once link up with one another and reach out to an objective goal; be that some object of contemplation, or of passive feelings evoked by contemplation, or be it some practical achievement which the moral sense approves, and to which rational reflection points the way.

“Such thinking, or such exercise of Reason, necessarily mediates between self and humanity, self and nature, and even in some sense between Nature and Humanity themselves. Must we not, therefore, consider Reason as being closely linked with these, its greatest objects; a third term in the supreme natural trinity? Does not reason also in some sort deserve to be venerated? True, it does not possess the moral dignity, the social fullness, and the inspiring appeal of humanity; nor does it possess the infinite sublimity and manifold wonders and charms of nature; but what are humanity and nature to us without it? Simply nonentities.”

This doctrine of Reason is only advanced here, not at all developed. But it is clear that in the mind of the writer the Reason is a self-existent connecting link between Nature and Humanity. It corresponds closely to the ecumenical doctrine of the Spirit as proceeding from the Father and the Son.

“I would, therefore, suggest,” Mr. Hooper concludes, “that a reasonable religion for the Rationalist is to venerate Nature, as the supreme but never wholly revealed Reality; to love Humanity as his own higher self and highest end; to reverence Reason as the essential means to the best that he can either think or do, and, in its collective exercise, to the best conditions that humanity itself can achieve.”

The writer ends his proposal with a picture of the tribute which science lays before the altar of this threefold worship:

“We must really know something of the wonders of evolution, cosmic and biological, and of natural law, before the sublime mystery of nature can become an object of religious feeling. We must form some fairly distinct mental picture of the world-history * * * before the idealward striving Spirit of Humanity, which has moulded all that is worth living in our lives, can become a great and imperious Reality.

“It is, however, when we clearly perceive what an infinitely small distance can be travelled by personal knowledge toward conceiving the infinite reality of Nature, or measuring the essential goodness and greatness of Humanity, that natural religion
may well arise to supplement natural knowledge, without in any degree supplanting scientific investigation or the patient learning of its results."

Of such a country, then, and of such a tribe—the measureless stretches of the created Universe, and the whole of the Human Race with its uncounted kin—are we the clansmen. What shall our group-consciousness—our religion—be?
CHAPTER XX. THE CONCLUSION.

To this conclusion, then, have we been led. That which we now call Christianity is the product of the thought of all the races of men included within the historic current which, generated in the constant interchange between the Empires of the Nile and the Euphrates, spread westward and northward over Europe and America. Into its composition every race swept within that current has contributed the treasures of its soul. Persian, Chaldaean, Egyptian, Arabian, Greek, Roman, German, Celt—all have wrought into its structure the thoughts of their souls. In its greatest extent it was the soul of that great Body, the World-State of Europe. The national churches of Europe were the lesser souls of the nationalities into which the fabric of the Empire was broken.

Now has come upon us the impact of other world-souls. Out of India, out of China, out of Japan, new cultures are interpenetrating the self-satisfied sufficiency of the West. The philosophies of the yogis fascinate the souls of men used to the trivial littlenesses into which the Protestant-versus-Catholic war of words have led us. The delicate beauties of Japanese art at its highest, of Chinese thought in its most abstruse clarity, pulverize the pettiness of many of our “ideals.” Perhaps the greatest result of foreign missions has been to teach us of the West how little we understand our “own” religion.

But the fabric of modern civilization, of the restless thrust of our industrial system weaving together all the lands of the world into one community, knit by steam and electricity, bound together by wireless and the universal postal system, welded into one by inter-education, has forced upon us the necessity of a new group-consciousness. Augustus abolished the barriers between the nationalities fringing the Mediterranean. Caracalla established a universal citizenship; Christianity introduced a universal group-consciousness which welded that citizenry together. But Augustus brought peace upon Rome only after twenty years of warfare in which Octavianus and Antonius hurled the navies and the armies of the whole of the orbis terrarum upon one another in bloody strife.

Already, out of the deeps of this world-war, world-consciousness is forming. A new world-unity must be achieved, or the destruction of the world will follow. This fierce clash of nationalistic religions is burning at a white heat now; some whiter heat must be discovered to weld together all these glowing weapons of war into bonds of enduring peace.

The fever of patriotic frenzy did indeed fuse into one all the discordant elements in each of the nations of the world—except one. Germany, France, Britain, America, found one element impervious to this heat, unfusible by patriotic fervor because it had
already been melted with a yet whiter heat. In each of the war-
ring nations a group, however small, stood steadfast with a wider
patriotism than dividing boundaries could compass. I mean the
Socialists.

Now the fervor of devotion to the God of the Christians
manifests itself strangely enough on opposite sides of the battle
line. The Germans profess that God's real name is Germany.
The British are convinced that this is blasphemy, for God's right-
ful title is the British Empire. In France and in America the
same settled conviction is found ardently voiced by the spokes-
men of the Church. Cardinal von Hartmann and Cardinal
Mercier stand worlds apart on the question of the German in-
vasion of Belgium—even Rome is divided. But all parties with
an undivided voice curse the Socialists, who protest and condemn,
not any one isolated act of the war, or of this war, in particular,
but all the acts of war; the existence of war; the very possibility
of war; the certainty of war inherent in our existing method of
production—who with one voice and one unceasing cry proclaim
that the whole world-order was built upon death and we reap
the fruit of our sowing.

These men profess, not merely to be theoretical worshippers
of that great Trinity of Nature, Humanity and Reason, but to
have laid the foundations of a world-order built upon the wor-
ship of that supreme deity. The World-State, the Brotherhood
of Man, the Federation of the Nations, is the commonplace of
their talk; even like the New Jerusalem of the campmeeting is
the Universal Commonwealth of the Socialist.

A Socialist is not a mere humanitarian; nor a mere scientist;
nor a mere rationalist. Fanatical devotees of science they are; yet
they point to the undoubted fact that it is Science which has
placed in the hands of the war-demons those frightful engineries
of destruction which have transformed the earth into hell. Chlorine
gas; the submarine; the bombing-plane; the machine-
gun; the land battleship—all of these things are the work of
Science. Science evidently is but a tool; if one use it well, it is
a benediction. If one use it ill, it is a multiplication of curses.

Nor is it mere humanitarianism, this fanatical fire which
sweeps men into a wider unity than any empire or League of
Nations can attain. That vague sense of well-wishing is dis-
placed by a fierce sense of fellowship, not merely with all men
living, but with all who ever have been or ever will be born. The
tribe of the Socialist is the whole of the human race; with all
the animate creatures who have been created in the long sweep
of time; and with all the ultimate ages shall ever produce of
light-crowned beings inhabiting this or other spheres. His coun-
try is the illimitable universe. The bond of that unity is no mere
pallid dialectic, but an all-comprehending fellowship which, see-
ing the vast spaces of the stars and the ether permeated by some
sort of an order to which his mind corresponds, and responding
with a leap of exultation to that huge kindred, sees the barriers
of races and of nations disappear as insignificant things, indeed.
And this is the test of his religion; that he has set to work to devise a means whereby the imperative demands of this faith shall be obtained. "Mankind is my family, and to do good my religion," he says. Good: but how may I do good so that the family will benefit? And discovering that the family is accursed by a deformed thing, wrapping itself in the cloak of religion, which is in truth that very bondage to the world, the flesh and the devil which true religion bids us destroy, he sets to work to tear down that evil thing, that his family in all the peoples of the earth may be blessed.

The Fellowship Socialists have built is the greatest thing on earth today. The Church has forgotten its mission. It is encumbered by its machinery, and its heads have forgotten their task. All its roots are set in the past. But the Socialist faith is rooted in the future, and to the future it presses with an iconoclastic scorn of all that lets or hinders it.

The formulas worked out by the Church are splendid, but the Church does not believe them. The history of the Church is wonderful, but the Church is unworthy of its heroes. But Socialism glows with the fierce triumphant faith to which the future belongs.

These two great forces comprehend within themselves all of the past and all of the future. Yet the future has no meaning except in relation to the past out of which it must be built. And without the future there can never be a past. Here will the conflict rage. The conflict of the accumulated Past with the intolerant Future will not be a conflict of Science against Religion, but of a religion which is vital, living, convinced, against a darkened museum, impatient of the day.