

believe it was you at first; and then you called out my name, and I ran to you—and oh, thank God, you are not dead!"

How lucky once more that it was so early and the square so empty!

"Nettie," said Lamont, slowly, as all the past day or two began to struggle back into his memory, "look at me. Do I look in any way strange to you?"

"No, not strange, Arthur. You look worn and pale, but not strange. Oh, not strange. Not like yesterday!"

"Then I did look strange yesterday, Nettie—you are certain?"

"Oh yes, Arthur. I can't tell how or why, but you looked unlike yourself. You seemed like one enchanted."

"So I was enchanted, Nettie," Arthur said, with a sigh of profound relief. "The lines into which I had moulded my face in order to play that confounded part remained there, and my whole nature changed with the expression of my face! I had read of such things happening, but this was my first

experience, and, by Jove! it shall be my last."

"It must be that," Nettie exclaimed. "I knew it was not *my* Arthur Lamont, his real and very self, who was so strange and cruel to me yesterday. Oh, how miserable I was then, and how happy I am now!"

"Your coming here saved me," he said. "The shock of delight on waking and seeing you startled my unlucky features back into their original mould."

"Arthur dear," Nettie said, as they were leaving the square, "please don't mimic bad expressions of face any more."

"Never fear, Nettie; I have had quite enough of that, my love. If I want to imitate any expression that is not quite my own ever again, I'll look into your face and try to copy that expression if I can."

Which Nettie said was nonsense; and as they could not be found ranging the streets when the morning life of New York set in, they had to part presently, but went their several ways very happy.

THE REPUBLICAN MOVEMENT IN EUROPE.

By EMILIO CASTELAR.

[Fourteenth Paper.]

III.—THE GERMANIC PEOPLES.—(Continued.)

RELIGIOUS IDEAS.—VI.

IN face of the rationalist criticism the Protestant apology established itself. The entire school of apologists, composed of many writers, furiously attacked the school of the critics. At this time, as if the capital work of the eighteenth century were to sow an idea, leaving it to be fecundated by another age, Frederick II. died, and with him died toleration. His cousin Frederick William II. succeeded him. Narrowness succeeded to breadth of view; intolerance to the humanitarian spirit; routine to idea; a king of red tape to a king of the spirit; a bureaucrat to a hero; a Protestant who wished to carry Protestantism, through official means, to every conscience succeeded a philosopher who allowed ideas to spread, to mingle, to combat, and to form of themselves the great chemical combinations of the intellectual life, to have the same spontaneity which nature enjoys in its creative work.

The Protestant apologists, after all, could advise nothing more than the reading of the Bible. I can not comprehend how the Protestant peoples of Europe delay so in embracing the republic. Often in my reflections upon history I have maturely considered that vivacity with which the Latin peoples comprehend and the rapidity with which they realize the most advanced ideas, especially in the sphere of politics. Here all the elements are employed to keep the people in complete ignorance. In my travels

through Switzerland what most astonished me was the quantity of liberal ideas which there descend from the pulpits, mingled with the aroma of religious ideas and eternal hopes. When I heard in the Church of St. Peter, at Geneva, a sermon full of allusions to the spirit of the age, the genius of liberty, to the God of the Gospel, the Book and Code of democracies, involuntarily there passed through my memory the sermons I had listened to in my parish church, filled with threatenings, with terror, with pictures of hell, with all the rhetoric calculated to belittle the mind and cast it into dejection and despair, which can only end in the slavery of the conscience and the soul. If the Latin peoples could read, if they were obliged, at least every Sunday, to turn the pages of their Bibles instead of hearing the chants of their priests in a strange and unintelligible language, would they not have been two centuries ago republicans?—because the Bible is a book full, from the first page to the last, I will not say of republican ideas, but certainly of republican sentiments, and sentiments, with their poetry, have greater influence than ideas among the people.

The Nile, the river of mysteries, caressing the stones of sepulchres, bears on its warm waters, which wind through the desert, like the Milky Way through the sky, the osier cradle of the enemy of kings, the savior of peoples. One of the first and most beautiful songs of the Bible is devoted to cele-

brating that rout of Pharaoh and his horsemen, drowned in the waters of the Red Sea. As soon as the tribes established themselves in the promised land they founded a republic, ruled by magistrates called Judges, and whenever any tyrant arose the sentiments of liberty and the eloquent speech of tribunes were heard even in the hearts and on the lips of their women. Jael with her hammer drove the nail into the temple of the tyrant Sisera. Deborah sings beneath the palm-tree the victory of the humble over nine hundred war chariots mailed with iron, and all whelmed in the wave of the rushing Kishon. At the feet of Gideon fell the golden diadems and the purple mantles from the temples and the shoulders of the princes of Midian, and their soldiers fell in the field like the grain before the sickle of the reaper. Jephthah avenged himself upon his people, who had forsaken him for the son of the harlot, by saving them from conquerors and tyrants.

Demosthenes never spoke against the kings of Macedon as the last of the Judges speaks against the kings whom his misguided tribes demanded. Even yet when we wish to condemn the servile tendencies of the masses we must repeat that sublime language and announce the same punishments. The discourse of Samuel is reiterated from age to age as well in the imprecations of Daaton against the kings of France as in the songs of Schiller which paint the birth of the republic of Switzerland. Every tribune may say to every people the same. Do you seek a king? Your free tribes shall be slaves. Your sons shall be chained to the cars of the king like beasts. You shall be born with the mark of your ignominy, and from the womb of your mother to the womb of the sepulchre you shall be the property of another, like the clods of the field or the cattle of the pasture. You shall go, some before him like harnessed beasts, and some behind him like herds. He shall dispose of your horses and your riders for his pleasure and for his court, for his hatred and his wars. You shall moisten the earth with your sweat, and the fruit shall be his. You shall drench the fields of battle with your blood, and the victory shall be his. You shall sow, and he shall reap. You shall gather in the vintage, and he shall be drunken. You shall beget, and he shall dispose of your sons. No longer shall you call yourselves the elect of the God of Israel, but the eunuchs of the seraglio of the king. Your daughters shall anoint his body, and deliver themselves over to his lusts. You shall be parted, like a flock of sheep, among his courtiers. Your life and your pleasure shall only depend upon his caprice. You shall make soft the cushions upon which he reposes, you shall lick the feet with which he crushes your necks. Your blood, your hon-

or, your heritage, your daughters, and your wives, all shall be the property of the monarch, the lord of Israel, which shall be his domain. And when you ask for this you ask for a gag for your lips, a bridle for your mouths, a collar for your necks, handcuffs for your hands, manacles for your feet, night in your intelligence, death in your hearts, humiliation before God, and dishonor before the world.

These terrible prophecies are fulfilled. The history of the monarchy confirms, from its first to its last pages, all the warnings of the prophet. The king chosen by that people, oblivious of their religion and their republic, grew austere and full of pride as a rebellious angel. He made himself a god. Not contented with the simple political and civil magistracy, he aspired to the religious and sacerdotal magistracy, to oppress under its iron hands body and soul of his imbecile vassals. In vain do the greatest kings rise to that Oriental or pagan throne where God is absent. David alone shines for a moment, but he is a contradiction of the monarchical principles of hereditary transmission and Oriental caste. For David is a shepherd, whom not his birth, but his morality, has exalted. When the hereditary principle appears, there appears with it the crime which is innate in the monarchy, an institution radically contrary to justice. Solomon is the king par excellence. All the gifts of beauty have fallen upon his person, and all the fire and light of science upon his understanding. Distant peoples praise him. The wise men of the East seek him. The kings feel the need of him. Beneath his sceptre rises the Temple of the Living God, crowned by the woods of the cedars of Lebanon; formed of stones cut by the workmen of Tyre; adorned by the iron and bronze and silver and gold of Hiram; sanctified by the Ark of the Covenant; inaugurated by the holocaust of twenty-two thousand oxen and one hundred and twenty-two thousand sheep; enriched by presents brought in ships through the Red Sea from Ophir, in the Orient, from Tarsus, in the West; illuminated by the wisdom of its founder. But as there is nothing in the world so corrupting or so fatal as absolute power, this king, almost divine, corrupts his artist heart with the abominations of vice, weakens his warrior force with the enervation of idleness, stains his cultivated intelligence with the fables of magic, obscures his believing faith with the errors of idolatry, and furnishes another proof that the greatest among men can not be raised to the height of the throne and converted into a species of god without being changed, through this derogation from the laws of nature, into something brutish. And thus the monarchy, from failure to failure, from defeat to defeat, with the first representatives of the dynasty of David de-

stroys the unity of Israel, defeats and disperses the tribes united by the republic, and, with the last, delivers the kingdom to the foreigner, the race to captivity, the Holy City to destruction and sack, the Temple to the flames.

Read the prophets. Isaiah cries: Corrupt generation, ye have left the temple of Jehovah to seek the temple of idols. The head and the heart are sick, the feet are swollen, the members in pain. Children of Israel, ye are all one sore which no ointment can cure and no oil can heal. God desires no burnt-offering. Weary Him not with the smoke of your sacrifices. Jeremiah weeps in desolation: The populous city is solitary. The spouse of kings is a widow; the queen of the peoples is subject to tribute. The soldiers which should roar like lions to defend Zion run like deer. The virgins which praised her with their songs have gone, with shackled hands and feet, captives to the seraglios of the East. Ezekiel sings: Thou wert a vine planted by the waters. Thy leaves gave shade to peoples, and thy stalk was so strong that the kings took it for their sceptre. But the wind of summer has burned thee up as the fire consumes the dry grass. Daniel exclaims: Thy tyrant has raised his image in a golden statue seventy cubits high. The herald calls thee in a loud voice to fall down and worship it upon thy knees. Hosea hears the strident sounds of the trumpets of angels, and the earth moves as if it bore dead offspring in its womb. Joel looks forth and sees no fields. The caterpillar has destroyed the trees, and the locust the crops. The old men sleep no more except for drunkenness, and the women wake no more except for pleasure. The priests are clothed in sackcloth, and the prophets in mourning. The wrath of Heaven has consumed the red flowers of the pomegranate, the fig-tree with its ripe fruit, the vine loaded with grapes, the palm-tree of the desert and its dates of gold. Amos chides Israel because Jehovah had preferred it among all nations, and Israel had denied Jehovah among all gods. Jonas announces the fall of Nineveh after the fall of Jerusalem, and invites the mourners of the world to the burial of the proud cities and the haughty kings. Micah complains that where God placed his house of prayer the children of Jacob have made a house of debauch; where God placed the tables of the law, the children of Jacob the carved stone of Samaria. Nahum sees Jehovah passing with His army of angels. The mountains tremble, and the hills are leveled; at a word the sea is swollen with the tempest, and the rivers forsake their bed. Habakkuk cries, and God hears him not. He seeks God as vainly as incense the heavens. There is no pity for Israel. Zephaniah despairs in a night of thick darkness. The stars are

turned to ashes, and the sun to cinders. The clouds have wept fire. The earth, agitated like a reed, touches the deepest gulfs. Men die like fishes on dry land. Thy wrath, O Jehovah, has passed over Israel. Haggai sees the cars stumbling upon the stones of the highway. The riders lose their horses, and Israel is drowned, like Pharaoh, but in a sea of tears. Malachi curses the people because, after offering voluntary sacrifices to their idols, they wish to offer forced sacrifices to Jehovah. Zachariah sings the hope of Judah, and believes that from the loins of his tribe shall come a just man, and the Lord shall sit once more upon the mountain of Zion.

What becomes of all these prophets, with their souls full of wrath, their lips full of cursing, and their hands full of lightning? They are the defenders of the republican spirit against the tyranny of kings. The king wishes to unite by alliances his people with the idolaters, his God with the pagan deities, his life with that of aliens. But the prophets oppose this. They bear the divine spirit in their minds, they know the divine mission of Israel, destined to guard only one idea, the idea of the unity of God, against the snares of all idolatries, to serve as the root of the religion and the morality of the future world. Thus all their eloquence is employed in cursing the kings and the idols, which are the true gods of kings. Thus they flee to the deserts, they shut themselves up in caverns, communing there with infinity in nature, forging the sharp blade of their speech. They issue forth, clad in sackcloth, into the highways and cross-roads, protesting against the tyranny of kings, and causing the light of God to shine upon the peoples. The pages of the Bible have thus poured forth great republican inspirations. Not only has Michael Angelo drawn from them the sublimity of the figures in the Vatican, and Palestrina the cadences of his music; the republican poet Milton, the republican general Cromwell, the republican tribes which were formed in the great cities where the books of God were read, the bands of the Puritans, were indebted to these magnificent maledictions of the prophets, hurled against the kings and the people who worship the kings, for the greater part of their marvelous eloquence.

And thus I say, bringing all these reflections to bear upon my thesis, that the most orthodox schools of Germany, the most Protestant, those who confine themselves to the purest tradition and assume the most uncompromising character, could go no further than an earnest recommendation of the Bible. In the Bible they were recommending a book essentially religious, it is true, but also essentially republican. Besides, all those so-called pious circles, which promoted the religious reaction in

opposition to the criticism of the eighteenth century, were formed of thinkers who agitated the depths of the soul with their religious problems, and who surpassed the orthodox ideal with their hopes of progress. None of them wished to maintain an ignorant people at the foot of an immovable altar, whence the warmth and the light of life had departed. On the contrary, all strove to elevate the soul to the summit of the ideal, rosy and brilliant with a life which certainly did not come from the sun of the sanctuaries. To see this we have only to open any one of the books of the Protestants at this time, or any one of the histories based upon these books. The most recent, for example, is that of the learned Lichtenberg, who, with Reuss and others, has been an ornament to the faculty of theology at Strasburg. It will be seen that the most pious are not the most intolerant, nor those most wedded to the routine of a selfish dogmatism. Bengel ranges himself against tradition, and believes that the knowledge of history is not enough for Christian faith, which takes its nourishment from eternal realities. Oettinger is a mystic rapt in the contemplation of religious ideas. He deprecates the theory of original sin, and recognizes not pure reason, but common-sense, as an organ naturally possessed by man for the comprehension of the eternal and the divine. Common-sense has formed this amphitheatre of celestial ideas, which rise from the lowest to the sublimest things. Zinzendorf reforms the Moravian Brothers, and renews the theories of John Huss, the victim of the emperors and the popes. His adoration for the Second Person of the Trinity leads him almost to regard the human race as divine. Lavater, physician, philosopher, and poet, born and educated in Switzerland, glorifies in his religious effusions the human conscience, and raises liberty to the divine. Pontius Pilate is abominable in his eyes, because he represents qualified skepticism, and because he dares to ask, "What is truth?" But passing for a mystic in the eyes of the rationalists, Lavater turns angrily against miracles, and exalts the laws of nature. The republican poet has songs of democracy mingled, as in the stanzas of the Hebrew prophets, with his prayers to God. Amann was called the Wizard of the North on account of his obscurity. His life was devoted to reconciling the books of divine reason with the natural teachings of human reason; and in his eyes all beings, even those which escape the furthest reach of our telescopes, are, like Christ, at the same time human and divine—*omnia divina et humana omnia*. History is the realization of the eternal thought of God, and from this point of view there can be no people absolutely perverse, as an intolerant orthodoxy would contend. There can be no religion

absolutely erroneous, and no epoch absolutely reprobate. The Hebrew may see in the gods of Greece the courtiers of the king of hell; the Greek may see in the Jews a legion of obscure fanatics; in the eyes of the Roman patrician the Nazarene in the Catacombs may be a rebel deserving to be devoured by the beasts of the circus; in the eyes of the Nazarene all beliefs but the evangelical may be abominations of an understanding darkened by sin. The Catholic may see, from the altars of the Escorial and from the Basilica of St. Peter, in Luther a sensual and drunken monk; and a Protestant from the bare churches of Geneva and Berlin may regard the Pope as the apocalyptic Antichrist who is to destroy the world. Each religion may believe itself absolute truth, each sectarian a perfect man, and amidst all this intolerance, all these wars, all these irreconcilable contradictions, all the hostile schools, all the people in arms against each other, will contribute to realize the thought of God in history, as two armies in war may serve to enrich with their corpses the fields where they fell, because of all their hatreds and angers Mother Nature knows nothing.

Wizenmann goes further still, and renews the thought of Origen. His theology admits no eternal punishment. The spectacle of human suffering would serve to convert Satan. The angel of darkness would share our pains, would drink our tears, and partake of the thirst of the infinite and longing for heaven, and would stretch forth his hands to God, his eyes to the light from which he fell, his thought toward immensity, his heart toward the good, and the breath of the Divine pity would quench the fires of hell, and the angels of darkness would return, crowned with stars, into the ether of heaven. Claudius, the most original and poetic of all these writers, is also a partisan of human reason. He calls it a glow-worm which drags itself over the ground, but from which, sooner or later, will spring forth the angelic and mysterious wings by which it will fly to the infinite.

Compare these theories, full of humanitarian and progressive sentiment, with the theories of our neo-catholics. For these, absurdity and reason are one. The human race outside of the Church is more despicable than the beasts. The three last centuries have been nothing more than ages of ignorance and error. The revolution which promulgated the rights of man has done nothing but continue the works of Satan—pride and rebellion against God. Science, which has shed such light, has done nothing but fill the frail human heart with vanity. The Reformation has been a retrogression, the Renaissance the apotheosis of the sensuality of paganism, Raphael an idolater, civil monarchies the reactionary des-

potism of the East, and the democratic republics a demagogy without God and without restraint. There can be no salvation for the world except by returning to the Middle Ages, with their theocracies on the throne, their people in the dust, their cloisters full of penitents, their crusaders receiving from the Church their word of war and sword of battle, their popes raised to demiurgic gods, kings between heaven and earth.

VII.

The eighteenth century continues the work of the education of the human race, a work which must end, whether the reactionists like it or not, logically and naturally, in the universal republic. Two books fascinated this age—two books which may be belittled by modern criticism, but which can not be judged except in view of the moment in which they appeared, the situation of the world, and the state of the public mind. The philosopher Kant was a kind of mechanical man. Ideas had calcined his bones, and human passions had never penetrated his breast. He never knew any love. No woman with her tenderness ever illuminated this man, strong but cold as iron. Every day at the same hour he went for his walk with the regularity and precision of the automatic figures of a clock. Once during two or three days he did not leave his house. Was he ill? As passions never attacked his soul, sickness never attacked his body. He had a health which in view of its solidity might be called mineral. For two or three days he did not leave his house because he could not lay down a book then just published, the *Emile* of Rousseau.

The blind malice of party may say what it likes against the author, but it can not take away from him the unfading glory of having agitated with maternal sentiments the hardest hearts of his age. From the time of Plato no one had spoken so eloquently, so passionately, so luminously. His ideas took shape in that form of beauty which, according to the sublime founder of the Academy, is the eternal splendor of truth. The French language appeared under the pen of Rousseau like the marble of Paros under the chisel of Phidias. From that golden cup overflowed the intoxicating wine of great revolutionary sentiments. Humanity came together as in the first day of our religious redemption, as in the Christmas at Bethlehem, around the cradle of the Child, fragile, tender, and little, but carrying in his rosy hands the world of the future, and reflecting in his heavenly eyes the horizon of new and redeeming ideas. The mother, lost in social life, rejecting her maternal duties through a false idea of morals and of health, came with her full breast charged with natural nourishment to feed her children, and, with her heart all love,

all poetry, and all religion, to rear and educate them for the work of life and the priesthood of liberty. Regenerated nature rose from the tomb where theocracy had held it for dead, and in its resurrection, as beautiful as the resurrection of butterflies in spring, it declared that evil was merely an accident, and that it had the right to call itself the holy mother-soul, the supreme good, as God is the supreme justice. Above all this scale of ideas, the greatest, the most enduring, the most divine, rose the idea, almost denied in the different religious sects through the semi-fatalist principle of grace—the idea of moral liberty, which gave strength to man, hope to progress, life to science itself, the doctrine, the ideal, of the revolution and the republic. This marvelous book, with all its errors, defects, and imperfections, put before the world the humanitarian question of education.

The other book which powerfully impressed the eighteenth century is the book of Daniel De Foe, an unfortunate writer whom the intolerance of the times had even imprisoned for his writings, after having barbarously cut off his ears in the pillory. His book, *Robinson Crusoe*, has passed, like that of Cervantes, into the common thought of the human race, and the proverbial language of all peoples. It is the poem of nature conquered by the force of labor. In Robinson's struggle with the sea there is nothing of the epic legendary character of those combats described by Camoens in his *Lusiad*. It is a real struggle, coolly described, based upon calculation, proved by documents—the struggle of a prosaic English merchant who is merely seeking gold for himself, goods for his family, furniture for his house, support for his old age, in his conquest of the ocean. And one day the wind beats him, the sea seizes him, the tempest throws him upon a desert strand, and there he is, alone, abandoned, without any resource except the strength of his arms, without any hope except in the God of his Bible. He grapples with nature as he has always done. He tears up the trees, he polishes the stones, he weaves the filaments of plants, and moistens the ground with his sweat. He trains animals, and makes hostile forces useful. He opens channels, he carves boats, he chains wild beasts, he sows and reaps and grinds. He accumulates continually, never counting the difficulties, never yielding to perils, sure of his divine right over creation, and of the unquestionable force of his will. And thus this man, exploring the pathless woods, plowing the virgin seas, taming untamed animals, subjugating rebellious creation, shows the invincible force of individual liberty and the sacred legitimacy of his authority over the earth. De Foe's hero is no fantastic one. When we pause to contemplate that poor

Quaker, reared in the wilderness, born in a cabin, with no patrimony but his liberty, and no education but his Bible, the wood-chopper in the primitive forests of North America, the boatman on the waters of the Ohio and the Mississippi, who, through the force of his sovereign will and a miracle of his democratic republic, burst the fetters of circumstance, and rose through the obstructions of society to the summit of the modern world, the Capitol at Washington, to be there the Moses and redeemer of the negroes, to bury the last remains of a barbarous patriariate, and to break the last fetters of slavery, we can not but recognize that the hero of the novel of the eighteenth century, the solitary worker who creates an existence for himself by inner struggles, and who subjugates nature to his hand and law to his thought, is a living reality in the glorious history of our modern liberties. The book could not fail to impress its time and the generations which received, and devoured it, because its message was that there are no elements strong enough to resist the human will when it is employed with energy and educated with perseverance.

Education began to be at that time a great problem in Germany, and to assume an essentially republican character. The first name which is indissolubly connected with this new impulse of the modern spirit toward liberty is that of Basedow. Very different judgments have been written and entertained of this man. While Michelet calls him illustrious, Herder says that his whole secret consisted in saying that he could create in ten years forests which needed a hundred, and that for his part he would not give him men or oxen to educate. Goethe adds, "Basedow, who regards the whole world as ill-educated, is himself a man of the worst possible education." There were certainly great defects in his intelligence and vices in his life, but the pedagogue who began the revolutionary work of republican education had two merits: first, that of awakening in the soul the idea that it had within itself sufficient to enlighten and moralize it and lead it to good; and second, that of carefully preventing superstition from taking possession of the understanding and of perverting it in its earliest years, so that man should be compelled to pass half his life in destroying the work and the belief of the other half. Thus Basedow peremptorily prohibited the instruction of children in any revealed religion, limiting himself to awakening in them the moral conscience, and to strengthening their bodies by gymnastic exercises and their characters by liberal sentiments.

This impulse which modern education had received from the works of Daniel De Foe and of Jean Jacques Rousseau, and from the labors of Basedow, was fruitful in books,

in plans and projects, which all tended to the education of infancy, and to fixing in children the idea of liberty. Salzmann strove heroically for the new ideas. Although a priest, he thundered with great eloquence and justice against the narrow orthodox education which crushed the understanding of youth under the weight of tradition, loaded their memories with innumerable verses of the Bible, and perverted their character by religious observances of no importance to religion or life. Campe, the imitator of De Foe, freed education from the sentimentalism apparent in Salzmann. He turns against poetry, calling it a lantern lighted in the face of the sun, and desires that men should have the faith of Robinson Crusoe in his rights, in his strength, in his command over nature.

The man who personifies most justly this great pedagogic revolution is the immortal Pestalozzi. Fichte, in his address to the German nation, presented as the regenerated school of his race the system of this saint. And, in fact, no one has so distinguished the individual faculties which predominate at each age, nor has seen so clearly the shortest road to arrive at these faculties, to increase them in daily exercise, and enlighten them with the currents of science. If, when sentiment predominates in man, at the age when he is attached to nature and home, you educate the intelligence; if when, as in the youth, the fancy predominates, while the fervor of the blood and the restlessness of the spirit lead him to passion and combat, in opposition to every thing that surrounds him, from the necessity of creating a world of his own—if at this critical time you educate the reason, and when the age of reason arrives, and with it the often bitter fruits of life, when the flowers are dried and the butterflies have ceased to flutter around them, if you strive to educate the sentiments and the imagination, you will make of the man an artificial being without succeeding in subjugating the inaccessible, unteachable, mysterious nature. As fruits are first seed, germ, and flower, ideas must be sensations and notions before arriving at their absolute unconditionality. And if you educate in the child, the child and not the man, the faculties of the child by symbols within his reach, by narrations which please and refresh him, you plant in his individual soul with certainty the germs of the universal human soul.

Who is it that truly educates the child in humanity? Who possesses this divine ministry? The mother. She is the prophetess who foresees the future life, the sibyl who sounds the mysteries of the spirit, the Muse who brings to the heart human inspirations, the sorceress who fills with sweet and pious legends all our fancy, the priestess who

raises the conscience to the regions of infinity. From the moment when she feels her child beneath her heart it appears as if spirit and nature revealed themselves to her mind to assist her in her divine office, and thus she appropriates all ideas to the child, as the bird weaves all the rustic objects gathered in the fields to form the soft nest of her beloved offspring. The mother knows instinctively the laws of health by which to preserve her child from the inclemencies of the world, the medicine with which to treat its constant infirmities, the morality which is to sustain it in its future struggles, the literature which is to embellish its days, the religion which is to convert it into a being superior to all others of nature, and which is to bear it to the bosom of the Infinite. All the child needs in its early years the mother bears in her intelligence, as she bears in her breast its only nourishment. Let us make of the school a mother. This is the thought of Pestalozzi.

Such a man could not be born, nor live, nor be educated, except in a republic. The republican cities are those which have contributed most to the education of the human race. If we survey all the ages of history, we shall find that the human race has been formed by those cities. Every one of them brought its treasures to the common riches of humanity; Athens her statues, Rome her laws, Florence the arts of the Renaissance, Genoa the bill of exchange for commerce, Venice the compass, Palermo the telescope, Strasburg the printing-press—all of them the idea. Modern nations would never have arrived at their perfect development if Providence had not scattered, like grains of salt, these little republics among them. All the intellectual movement of France in the sixteenth century would have been lost had there not been a Geneva to receive Calvin. Perhaps England would have fallen into the hands of the Catholic reaction, as a fief of the Stuarts, had Holland not been there to produce the House of Orange. And in the intellectual life of Germany a powerful influence has been exerted by the republican cities of Switzerland, and especially Zurich. There Schelling and Fichte lived; there Klopstock and Gessner wrote; there Lavater formed a species of intellectual centre, the focus where many rays of light converged; there Pestalozzi was educated. But his first school was founded on the banks of the Lake of the Four Cantons. This beautiful object has that additional splendor in our eyes, and that additional sanctity in our memories. Once seen, it is never forgotten. At the extreme north Lucerne, with its Gothic towers, its pictured bridges, among which the Saar hurls its green and foaming waters; at one side Pilatus, severe, abrupt, seamed with chasms, as if its barrenness could only give

birth to storms; opposite Pilatus the Righi, peaceful, tranquil, covered with orchards and villas, like an Italian mountain sung by Horace or by Virgil; between these two peaks, like an amphitheatre of gigantic diamonds, the range of the Oberland, which reflects and repeats in the crystals of its eternal snows the light of day; and in the distance the lake, full of coves and ports and villages which lie scattered among green meadows and the woods of Alpine pine—a marvelous spectacle, indescribable, whose like does not exist upon the planet; for nowhere else are seen in so narrow space contrasts so great, and nowhere are the beautiful and the sublime brought so closely together. And when sailing upon the heavenly surface of its waters you hear the tinkling of the herds mingling with the song of the shepherds, the cry of the boatmen, and the echoes of the village bell, imagination transports you to the time when those peasants and those boatmen swore, as if inspired by all this grandeur, to establish independence, democracy, and the republic. And they founded them, directed by William Tell, more living still than all that life, grander than all these Alps, and more poetical than that incomparable lake, because his hand placed there above the miracles of nature the greater wonders of liberty.

Through these beautiful scenes passed the war of 1798, and left its desolation and its horrors. It was the month of September. The French wished to impose a unitary constitution, which these federal regions rejected. A powerful resistance was organized. The peasants went forth to defend their liberties and their rights, as the Alpine eagles defend their nests and their young; but the French were implacable. One-fourth of those who went out to bar their passage remained dead in the fields; the rest fled, and were scattered through the forests. Among the corpses were found two hundred women and twenty-five children. The church was violated; its altars were reddened with blood, its vault torn by discharges of musketry. Seventy-five of the faithful who had taken refuge there were barbarously slaughtered. The priest who said mass was laid by a shot at the foot of his altar and his chalice. The city was sacked, and five hundred and eighty houses in the suburbs reduced to ashes.

In the midst of this desolation, in the month of October, fifteen days after the catastrophe, Pestalozzi appeared among those smoking ruins. His heart was as full of sadness as the soil at his feet. And in truth the state of these regions could not be worse. Villages torn up by the roots, as if Attila had passed that way; forests of living trees transformed into forests of charred stems; farm-houses and workshops completely destroyed; herds of domestic animals con-

sumed or scattered; solitude every where, for the inhabitants had fled from that land of disaster; the church sacked and violated; unburied corpses rotting in the fields, attracting carrion birds. There, in one of these half-ruined buildings, blackened with smoke, without doors or windows, still stained with blood, Pestalozzi brought together the children, hungry, pale, sick, full of sores, trembling in their rags with cold and with fear. But this man was like Jesus, delighting in the company of children, in contemplating their clear eyes and drinking their innocent smile, divining the future man contained in their little bodies, and the future world which this man was to create, devoted with all the anxiety of a mother to infancy and innocence.

An Italian by race, his soul contained the contrasts of the Italian soil in the Alps, where the ferns of the North were mingled with the orange blossoms of the South. German in his language, in his intellectual culture, and in his German birth-place, Zurich; republican by birth and conviction, a revolutionist and a reformer, always at war with the privileges of the aristocracy, and always devotedly attached to the human principle of equality; reared by a loving mother, at whose side his infancy was passed, and who had infused in him a part of her delicate feminine soul; married in early life to an heiress whom he had ruined in works of charity and beneficence; sustained in his adversity by two old servants of his father's house who loved him like mothers—this redeemer went from town to town seeking out the ignorant and poor, educating and supporting them, adopting orphans, begging, if it were necessary, for means to feed the hungry: the philosopher of action, the poet of life, the tribune of infancy, the divine and immortal child of nature.

He was no student. His book was the universe. No printed letter could be compared with a golden star. No poem wrapped in the shroud of its paper leaves could be compared with the poem of the Alps when their silvery summits were gilded by the light of dawn or the rosy reflex of the evening twilight. No book was there so grand or so profound as the human conscience, no poetry so fine or so tender as that of the heart in its sympathy for the unfortunate. To unite them in one school, which should be as loving as a mother, as careful as Providence, as holy as the Church; to separate them, first, from every artificial revelation which should not proceed from the conscience and from the universe; to annihilate in them the sentiment of privilege and the ideas and traditions of caste; to open a wide field for every soul to realize its destiny, to oblige some to be the teachers of others, and all to communicate their ideas mutually, as the stars communicate their light through immensity; to

make them labor in spring and summer in the fields, to cultivate plants and flowers, and to harvest the fruits, and in winter to enter the workshops and practice manual arts by which they could learn all the difficulties and the satisfactions of labor; to teach them to sing in chorus hymns of gratitude to the Creator, and of devotion to liberty and to country; to lead them to form with the mould of the garden and with the bits of timber rejected from their work outlines, first of their school, then of the village, then the canton, the country, Europe, and the world; to give them ideas of number and denominations, first through symbols, until their minds were mature enough to define and classify ideas; to remind them that they lived in nature to make it beautiful, in society to be of service, and in the hand of God to imitate Him and repeat Him in His works: to attempt all this and to accomplish all this without any motive but good, without any end but justice, nor other hope than the satisfaction of the conscience, or perhaps a word in history: to transfigure in this way himself and all around him was to create with a word the germ of the new social world, and thus he well merits the eternal memory and the everlasting applause of grateful humanity.

Like all extraordinary men, he was also the victim of extraordinary misfortunes. The Catholics persecuted him from their cantons on account of his Protestant origin. The Protestants charged him with a neglect of religion. Illustrious men despised his simple science. His own disciples, like those of the Saviour, were ungrateful. The pietist reaction which began under the empire, and in the early years of this strange nineteenth century, surrounded, besieged, suffocated him. The great Michelet has related in his imitable style the last days of this genius. Unable to endure the tyrannies of the theocratic reaction and the enmity of hypocrites, he went from his last establishment, Iverdun, to the mountains of the Jura, to live alone with his conscience, with God, and with nature, that mysterious trinity to which he had offered the sacrifice of his life. One day, when he was more than eighty years old, he descended to the school founded according to his ideas and his method. The children of both sexes, who owed their new soul to the ideas of this man, went out to receive him, singing hymns and begging his holy benediction. One of them advanced to offer him a simple crown of oak. Not for him, he said: crown with it innocence, the only thing holy upon earth. No, this is not true. There is something holier than innocence, something grander than paradise here in this world. It is the man who has known all the seductions of life and has despised them to consecrate himself to the worship of humanity, who has

made of truth his religion, of charity his love, of justice his inseparable choice, and of the unfortunate and the oppressed the sole objects of his thought and his desires. This is what is holiest and divinest in history. The men whose conduct is like this may suffer in life and in death, but they suffer because Providence wills that they shall be like their brother geniuses in the succession of ages—martyrs and redeemers.

"ON THE CIRCUIT."

DÉSIRÉE pulled her hat down over her face—a fair round little face, with a delicate bloom upon it—and leaning farther over the low gate, looked in a troubled, pathetic sort of way up the white dusty road. It was a hot summer day, and so the road looked especially white and dusty. It was far too hot to be pleasant, Désirée thought. The roses in the garden seemed to burn upon the bushes; those climbing upon the arch over the gate actually flamed and panted when a faint breath of air touched them: at least this was Désirée's fancy about them; but then the truth was, Désirée was not quite herself this afternoon. She had been happy enough this morning when she had risen. Life had looked a different matter to her then. She had gone to her small window and thrown it open with an indrawn breath of delight. The roses had been heavy and wet with fragrant dew; the thick long grass had sparkled with it, the carnations and sweet old-fashioned clove-pinks had worn crowns of it, the bluebirds and swallows had seemed to shake it from their joyous wings. And Désirée, leaning from her bedroom window, and drawing in that ecstatic morning breath, had felt the fine, subtle influence of dew and sweet air, fragrance and song of bird, actually tingling in her young veins.

"I will finish my work early," she had said softly to herself. "I will have the churning over and the house tidy in good time, so that I can dress as soon as dinner is out of the way. And then," with a sigh of innocent anticipation, "I shall have all the rest of the day to myself if he comes; and he said he would. Besides, didn't Bart give it out in meeting?"

She had arranged her own room for the day before going down stairs; it was so early that she had time to do it. And after she had set every thing in order she had gone to her trunk and taken out the pink gingham to lay it ready upon the bed. Perhaps, too, she wanted to take a last look at it. It was so pretty, so fresh, and, in a way of its own, so suggestive of the day's coming happiness! She had never worn it before, and it was so nice to think of first wearing it on this particular day, when there would be somebody to see it who could appreciate its prettiness—some one who had said a few weeks ago,

"Désirée, you are like a blush-rose in its first bloom." She had thought of that speech when she chose the pink dress rather than a blue one. Would not a pink dress make her look more like a rose than ever? So there it lay upon the bed, and Désirée stood and regarded it with growing pleasure, feeling a little excited in prospective, her little brown head on one side, like a robin's, her brightest bloom upon her soft round cheeks.

But before half the morning had passed over every thing had changed. She had got the churning out of the way, and cleared the kitchen, and was just standing at the back-door feeding her pet brood of chickens—round, plump little downy things, a little like herself in type—when her grandmother came out on to the porch and spoke to her.

"Desire," she said, in her plaintive, melancholy tone (she never called the child by her pretty French name—the name her young mother had chosen out of one of her secretly read romances: Mrs. Reid was inclined to regard every thing French as dangerous and worldly)—"Desire," she said, "you are trying to tan yourself again."

"But I might try a long time without succeeding," answered Désirée, cheerfully, her happy mood defying even grandmother to disturb it. "You know I don't tan, granny."

Mrs. Reid regarded her discontentedly.

"Bart says—" she began.

Désirée's cheeks caught an extra glow of pink all at once. She did not want to hear about Bart.

"Bart is always saying something," she spoke up, a trifle pettishly.

"Desire," returned Mrs. Reid, in a monotonous sort of disapproval, "I am afraid you are growing very worldly and unbridled of speech. You were not always so uncharitably minded toward Bart. It is not becoming to you either. What he said was nothing concerning you; it was only about the young man from Hamlinford—that Mr. Ruysland."

Désirée bent lower over her chickens. She quite felt her heart beat in her throat. Oh dear, how sharp and bad-tempered she was, and what a mistake she had made! What might she not have missed hearing, all through her own evil tendencies! It would be a just punishment if granny kept the rest to herself. She felt almost tearful about it. She was such a sensitive, childish little creature that the tears were never very far from her dark soft eyes.

"Now, Blackwing, don't be greedy!" she faltered, faintly, to fill up the pause, as it were; "Brighteye and Speckle want some."

"Bart only said," ended Mrs. Reid, "that he had been called away."

Désirée forgot her chickens that instant. She stood up, with her eyes wide open, the picture of fear and wonder.

"Not yet." She shrank, abashed, from the proposition.

Frau Mittler, large-hearted, if cramped by worldly circumstance, did not fail distressed innocence, but welcomed Elsa to her domain, including shop, children, sour-kraut, and beer.

Christmas comes again in the guise of a royal bride, wearing robes of unsullied ermine and gems of icicles. The song birds have vanished; but for our Lohengrin the swan boat, dim, mysterious, an unseen presence, is drawing near. He has fought the battle, so poor in detail, so noble in aim, and laid aside his weapon. The studio is barren, his very couch a mean pallet; but there is a wedding-ring on Elsa's finger, and in

her heart she may wail, with that other Elsa, "*Mio sposo!*"

There is triumph in the fading eyes as he murmurs, "The money will take you to Leipsic. I always meant it for that."

Mr. Fitzroy Hammond has played his part in the tragedy by purchasing the picture "*Vergissmeinnicht*," without knowing the painter in the transaction. Frau Mittler stands by the door sobbing audibly.

"He needed bread more than once," says the photographer.

Nearer comes death over the swan path, and pauses at the threshold for the precious freight. Where shall we find our Lohengrin, except as a stainless soul that has gained immortality?

THE REPUBLICAN MOVEMENT IN EUROPE.

By EMILIO CASTELAR.

[Fifteenth Paper.]

III.—THE GERMANIC PEOPLES.—(Continued.) RELIGIOUS IDEAS.—VIII.

THE eighteenth century had completed its work in founding democratic education, which in subsequent times was to bring forth its necessary results. The beginning of the nineteenth century was marked by a shameful reaction. It is not in our power to change certain social laws, whose reason our intelligence does not comprehend, but whose fatal force we feel. The French revolution had had, like humanity, its paradise; 1789 will always be the date of this marvelous time. All hopes smiled upon it, all hearts saluted it, all thinkers saw infinite horizons filled with light. But progress does not pursue a straight line. Humanity does not advance regularly. Revolutions are succeeded by reactions, as if the world were a pendulum. There are in society forces which impel it forward, and others which pull it backward. There is steam and restraint, as in our locomotives. As a general rule, the philosophers are those who drive forward, without regarding obstacles, forever following an ideal plan. But statesmen are those who restrain, having to realize their plans, and needing for that purpose much time and space, because the world which we have to deal with is occupied by ancient institutions, often strong and deep rooted. New ideas have, therefore, their inconveniences, the new life its weakness, and it is with new institutions in society as with new beings in nature—they are liable to sudden death. Thus the French revolution brought with it the evil of demagoguery, that is to say, an excess of democracy. The kings, who hated equally democracy and demagoguery, sought in the errors of the latter the pretext to destroy the rights of the former. When war broke

out, democracy was forced to go to war. Going to war, it became military. Becoming military, it had to give itself a chief, and this chief restored the monarchy as a punishment of demagogic sins, and dethroned the kings to punish the sins of the monarchy. Germany was conquered. The kings had wished to keep their people slaves, and slaves have no sentiment of patriotism. The great revolution had only gilded with its rays the summits of intelligence. The philosophers, the kings of the understanding, comprehended that it was necessary to convert abstractions into social realities, to leaven with ideas the daily bread of the peoples. The hereditary kings understood also that to create soldiers it was necessary first to create citizens, and that the divine principle of liberty alone had creative force. Promises of reform fell from the throne during the war of independence, promises which were recalled or forgotten after victory. The tyrants broke the faith they had promised and sworn to the dead, to those who had fallen contented, not only for the political father-land, but also for the ideal father-land of right. The only result of the war of independence was the reign of the Holy Alliance, an ignominy as shameful as the conquest.

Then came a religious reaction. Many believe that these misfortunes were due to the neglect of the Protestant religion. Hence came a mysticism which took possession of all minds. From this came singular and incomprehensible results, like, for instance, the *Genius of Christianity*, a book of excellent literary style, and of no scientific value. But hands were raised to heaven imploring peace and pity for the world. A multitude of sophistries aided the political reaction. There are similar eras in history. When

the ancient civilization fell, more through its internal rottenness than through the assault of the barbarians, the priests all at once returned to the temples of the gods, opened them once more, showing the porches without offerings, the altars without victims and without fires, attributing to the decay of faith the decay of power and of victory. Thus the antique was again brought before the modern world. The power and the social forces of the ancient religions, with all their symbolism, were again brought forward. But others were not satisfied with this archaeological reaction in the mere sphere of science. They wished to bring reaction through science to life. There were those who held that souls might be separated from their bodies and live by themselves, returning when they chose to the earth; that the belief in ghosts was perfectly legitimate. Others still more demented tried to prove that phantoms were as numerous and as actual as human beings, and that one might distinguish the condemned souls from the beatified, because the former were green and the latter yellow. The nineteenth century began mournfully. From those lofty heights where the ideas of right and of justice shone, where the idea of humanity and the universal spirit had birth, it had fallen into the depths where the lepers of the Middle Ages grovelled with their nervous infirmities, their motiveless terrors, their senseless apparitions, their dreams of madness, contradicting nature, conspiring against progress, and insulting to God.

In this religious crisis there appeared two schools, which, outside of their theological character, were to have a powerful influence in the political movement. One of them was the school of Jena, and the other of Tübingen. Both wished to revive the religious spirit, and for that purpose wished to eliminate from religion all that could offend the universal character or belief of the nineteenth century. There is in religion an element which has always been necessary and indispensable, and which is yet the rock upon which all its apologists have come to wreck, the element of miracle. If you sustain it, it is impossible to come to an understanding with an age so advanced as this in physical and natural science, and if you eliminate it, it is impossible to sustain a religion born of miracle, promulgated and diffused by miracle. These difficulties presented themselves to the eyes of the thinkers of both these schools. Those of Jena contradicted or resolutely denied miracle, or explained it in such a manner by natural means that it vanished and disappeared. Those of Tübingen showed a more conciliatory spirit, comprehending that they would despoil religion of its essence in robbing it of miracle.

The first tendency, that which extirpates the miracle from nature and from religion, is called the rationalist tendency. The most warlike among the rationalist theologians is the celebrated John Frederic Röhr, who, from the end of the last century to the middle of this, fought with an energy which bordered upon rudeness all those who supported what he called the mythological part of Christianity. In the eyes of this severe writer the angels who surrounded the cradle of the Saviour and awoke the sleeping shepherds, the flight into Egypt through the grace and the special protection of Providence, the jars of Cana in which water was turned into wine, the miraculous multiplication of the loaves and fishes, the walking of Christ over the tempestuous waters of the sea, the stones which were rent with the agony of His hour of death, the women who had heard the story of His resurrection, the meeting with the disciples after He had burst his shroud, the apotheosis on Mount Tabor illuminated by a strange new light from heaven—all this miraculous part of Christianity is purely fantastical, created by the necessities of preaching, and believed by the superstition of the time. Reason, and reason alone, should be the criterion in religious as in scientific matters. All which is repugnant to reason as false should be rejected from theology as irreligious. Religion has for its sole ministry in history the establishment of morality in life. The substance of Christianity reduces itself to various essential dogmas—the existence of God and His attributes, the spirituality of the soul and its immortality. Christology, with all its miracles, is merely a legend full of beauties, but lacking in truth, fitted to diffuse a doctrine among youthful peoples of ardent blood and passionate heart and exalted fancy, for whom belief, like the universe, is full of marvels. But we children of reason, possessors of liberty, princes of science, for whom nature has gained in sublimity all that it has lost in fantastic marvels, and for whom history has gained in grandeur what it has lost in miraculous interventions—we do not require that Christ should bear above His brow the mystic aureole of the supernatural. It is enough for us to follow Him and believe Him; to imitate His spotless life, His heroic death, the stainless morality of His actions, the unshadowed purity of His principles, the poetry which falls from His lips upon the thirsting earth and the desolate conscience, and which raises, like vapors warmed by the sun, all souls desirous to know the truth and to lose themselves in the loving bosom of the Eternal.

The man who tried with most energy to explain rationally the pages of the Gospel was Dr. Paulus. His father was so given up to the exaggerations of mysticism that

he was regarded as mad by a great part of the world, and as a heretic by the Church itself. Paulus therefore decided, with a just repugnance to the education he had received, never to neglect reason and its inspirations either in philosophy or theology, or any other human science. Pure in life, severe in morals, of an ardent liberalism, a partisan of justice as much in religion as in politics, he followed out his ideas with singular constancy to the very hour of his death. He did more than Rôhr: he attempted to explain all miracles according to historical and natural laws. His principle of criticism is the following: Only that is certain in historical reality which is possible in speculative reason. Consequently every thing which can be admitted as a miracle must be explained as natural. According to the exegesis of Paulus, the angels of Bethlehem were phosphorescent apparitions like those which shine in the long nights of winter in pasture lands; the miraculous cures were the effect of medicines either unknown to or forgotten by the evangelists; the expulsion of devils was by natural remedies for insanity; the resurrection of the dead was the resuscitation of cataleptic or lethargic patients; the miracle of Cana an after-dinner jest of a merry wedding-day; the march of Jesus over the waves the faulty translation of the particle *ἐπι* in the Greek, which means "about" as well as "upon;" and the transfiguration of Christ on the mystic heights of Tabor was a series of magnetic nervous hallucinations, natural enough in Oriental climates and among fasting men.

The two thinkers whom we have mentioned personify the living ideas of the theological school of Jena. In the school of Tübingen, while the essence of rationalism is not lost, the principle of supernatural revelation is more carefully guarded. It is true that nothing contrary to reason is to be admitted, but it is also true that reason never would have arrived at its present maturity without the two revelations of the Bible and the Gospel, just as man does not arrive at his complete development without first being nourished in the womb of his mother and after birth fed at the maternal breast. Revelation, therefore, a supernatural revelation, is necessary for the light of the intelligence and the morality of life. Christ is man and God at once. His life is consequently human and divine, His teaching appropriate to all time and to the historic moment in which He appeared. His purpose was the perfecting of man; and perfection consists in receiving all His doctrines, and concentrating them as in a focus in our intelligence, in regarding and studying and meditating upon His actions, and reproducing them, as in a mirror, in our life.

The chief idea of the school appears nevertheless a little vague and lacking in color,

insisting as it does that the most essential thing in Christian doctrine is to believe that Christ is more than we, and that He is not we nor we He. Thus the school of Tübingen counsels religion without superstition, faith without mysticism, piety without exaggeration, and self-sacrifice without monastic penances, the worship of the past without the spirit of the reaction, hope in the future without demagogic Utopias, reason without rationalism, and religion without exclusive devotion to the supernatural and the theological.

This tendency would naturally engender a species of superior eclecticism and a close union between the extremes of the school of Jena and of Tübingen. As there are therefore many theologians who represent the school of Tübingen—and the one who most justly personifies its theory is the theologian Stendel—there are also many theologians of the compromise we have mentioned, and its fairest representative is the theologian Wethe. His first principle, by which all his doctrine is explained, consists in the recognition of another criterion in addition to the rational—a criterion which may be called that of the sentiment and of the heart, and which teaches us through a species of inexplicable magnetism which has something of the supernatural and the divine. His historical method is that which condemns and extirpates miracle. It is useless to discuss the books of the Old Testament, as there are no means of ascertaining either their authenticity or their date. The last books of the Pentateuch were written in the time of Josiah, and the author of the Chronicles recomposed and edited the Book of Kings and of Samuel for the benefit of theocracy. The Psalms of David are not all the work of the prophet-king, nor have they all the Messianic character which a narrow *a priori* criticism has attributed to them. He thus applies to the history of religion the same method which Niebuhr applied to the Roman history and Wolf to the history of Homer. You may imagine how much of reality would remain in this history of religion when examined in the spirit which sees in the early annals of the Eternal City mere fragments of a lost epic, and in its kings symbols of ideas and classes at war, and in that spirit which, taking account of the immense difference between the civilization of the *Iliad* and that of the *Odyssey*, effaces from reality the person of Homer, the poet of the people, blind as poesy, musical as inspiration, who goes from door to door and from town to town repeating to the sound of his harp, in melodious verse, the exploits of gods and men, creating the immortal soul of ancient Greece. Though it may be that in this compromise the dogmatic system and the divine character of Christ may be preserved, the historical and traditional por-

tion of Christianity must be immediately lost.

The chief of the religious compromise between the school of Jena and the school of Tübingen possessed, profoundly rooted in his conscience and heart, liberal ideas and sentiments. These were the melancholy years which followed the reaction of 1819, when the Holy Alliance of the kings and emperors of the North held its sinister dominion over the world. The Congress of Aix, the sequel of the Congress of Vienna, the forerunner of the Congress of Verona, the disastrous councils of dying tyranny, had buried all the hopes of Germany. As the kings had no longer need of the people to combat the genius of conquest and war, they fettered them anew at the foot of thrones and altars. This work of universal slavery and reaction was headed by the Czar of Russia, at one time the dreamer of liberal revolutions, at another the hard-hearted executioner of democracy and liberty. The youth of Germany, who, taught by their poets and philosophers, dreamed of social regeneration, raged furiously against the policy of kings, resolved to redeem the people from their yoke. Alexander had as his consul-general in Germany, richly salaried, continually consulted, Kotzebue, a German writer of indisputable merit, of remarkable fecundity, excelling in lyric poetry, notable in dramatic; of a bitter, dextrous, critical faculty; a veteran combatant in polemic warfare, but despicable in character; sold to the enemies of liberty and the country; fickle in ideas—liberal for a moment when the voice of God was heard in his conscience, absolutist when the gold of tyrants seduced his appetites; devoted in Germany to the injury of the nation, to libeling its most renowned sons, to calumniating the German youth, to sustaining that wretched policy filled with sensual mysticism and designed to imbrute the coming generation. The German youth had a greater abhorrence of this creature of kings, this German-born Russian, than for the kings themselves, or for the earthly god of kings, the Emperor of all the Russias. A young student became maddened with the gall of this national wrath. Young but studious, with ideas confused but liberal, with patriotic but exaggerated sentiments, having read and admired the severe type of Brutus in ancient history, he believed himself of his own right judge of tyrants and their accomplices, minister and executioner of the sentence pronounced against them by human and divine justice, and, invoking the name of the country, he resolved to die for it. With a resolution sharpened upon his cold and rigid will, he made ready a dagger and proceeded to Mannheim, where he entered the house of the apostate poet and stabbed him to death at his feet, believing himself more sacred from that moment, a worthier

member of humanity, a holier child of God. This crime struck the royalists with horror, and greatly injured the cause of the people. It can never be justified. It was a crime, and as a crime should be forever condemned by the human conscience and execrated in human history. But oppressed peoples' oppressed consciences are in the habit of appealing to crime to break their fetters, and at certain moments the most honorable hearts feel an inexplicable tenderness for these great criminals. It was so with Wethe. To console the mother of young Sand, who was executed on the gallows, he said to her that, though the act in its moral character was objectionable, considered in itself and achieved by a pure and pious youth, one of liberal convictions and of confidence in the future, it was a promise of better times for the country. This letter caused his dismissal from his professorship. The theologian continued to devote himself to the conciliation of reason with revelation, of faith with liberty, of democracy with the Gospel. In 1842 he died, without having interrupted for a single moment his sublime work. The following words of Wethe are worth remembering: "I have sowed the seed, but I know not when the grain will ripen. How rare is the faculty of comprehending and applying what we learn in life! I have lived in troubled times, which have seen the union of believers broken. I have mingled in the struggle and the contest in vain, for I could not bring it to an end. I have fought for justice and for liberty, and I shall still fight. For me this struggle was a necessity of the heart. I have suffered much, but I should still be glad to suffer more for justice and liberty."

IX.

The period which we are describing is undoubtedly one of the most fruitful in great teachings, in gigantic intellectual efforts, and in authors of the first consequence, as well for richness of ideas as for beauty of style. After having first attempted to harmonize reason and revelation, they afterward tried to harmonize the two churches which divided Protestantism. As Wethe headed the work of conciliation between the two schools of Jena and Tübingen, Schleiermacher led the work of harmonizing the two Protestant churches—a work known under the expressive name of the Evangelical Union. You can not open a book of Protestant theory or criticism without finding in it the highest praise of the orator, philosopher, and apologist of whom we are speaking. His passage over Germany left ineffaceable traces in the German conscience. The pious applaud his pure conceptions of religion, and the style, at once sober and eloquent, in which he expressed them. Philosophers praised the

pure independence of his thought and the candid ingenuity with which he formulated and diffused it. The men of letters admired that oratorical power which appeared to enjoy, like the Apostles at Pentecost, the gift of tongues. The historians paused before that crisis which he determined and signalized as one of the grandest and finest phases of the German spirit. He is one of those figures which are seen, like lofty mountains, from great distances and from many different points. The political movement itself is connected in various respects with his name and his influence, as he protested against the tyranny of the conquerors, and vindicated the liberty of the Germans, proposed the separation of church and state, contended that as the priests could not assume the crown of the kings, they should contend against the kings elevating their thrones above the altars of the priests, and never ceased to pay the most devoted worship, heart and conscience and life, to the fundamental idea of liberty.

Undoubtedly Germany has reason to be proud of his ideas and of his works. While the war of independence was going to wreck in the disruption of the German states and in irreconcilable hatreds among its chiefs; while the liberty promised as a great hope was vanishing like a vain dream; while Austria was doing the work of enslavement, and behind Austria rose like a phantasm the Czar of all the Russias, directing the kinglets of Germany as if they were his vicars in the church, his vassals on the throne, and his sergeants in the army—while all these ignominies surrounded her with grief and anxiety, the vernal flower of poetry, the elevation of music which united the voices of the spirit with those of nature like an echo of heaven, the speculations of her great thinkers who boldly sought the abyss of the spirit as if to compel the revelations of the infinite, the eloquence of her theologians who bore the soul upon the flashing wings of their speech to the summits of the moral world and the confines of the intelligence, where only a miraculous intuition could reach, the discoveries of innumerable savants, astronomers, mathematicians, who penetrated the universe as if to co-ordinate it with the marvelous series of their ideas, and to illuminate and vivify it with the fire of their science—all these intellectual prodigies announced that sooner or later such a mighty fecundity of thought must bring in a great political posterity, and that all these scattered systems must one day be crystallized into endless progressive institutions.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century there began in France, in Germany, in Italy, and even in Spain a religious reaction. In France Châteaubriand wrote the *Genius of Christianity*, and in Germany Fred-

erick Schlegel the *History of Literature*, in which he exalted above every thing else the religious and catholic criterion of taste. In France Lamennais wrote the essay on Religious Indifference, and in Germany Schleiermacher wrote his discourse on Religions. Gervinus, in the nineteenth volume of his great history, has made a comparison between these two renowned writers. In fact, both are priests, both theologians, both eloquent, both possessed of the spirit of their time, and devoted to the religious reaction, both surrounded by earnest disciples; but the Frenchman proceeds from faith to rationalism, and the German from rationalism to faith. The Frenchman begins by attacking the pantheistic schools, and afterward is whelmed in the ocean of pantheism. The German is educated in the pantheistic schools, confounds himself in nature, and thus sees God in the movement of his idea within his conscience, as in the movement of the bough agitated by the breeze. He does not distinguish between the dew of heaven silvered by the light of dawn and the dew of poesy illuminated by inspiration. A Spinozist at first, he afterward distinguishes and separates man from nature and nature from God, the creative personality of Christianity. The Frenchman execrates his age because it admits neither the moral direction nor the political presidency of the Pope, and passes rapidly from this theocratic outburst to pure democracy. The German, much severer, much more acquainted with society and history, never vacillates in these fundamental points, and always unites his reason and his faith, his worship of the living God with the worship of liberty. Lamennais had passed his youth on the coasts of Brittany, in view of the sea, secluded in the church, always on his knees before the altars, his flesh mortified by penance, and his understanding by discipline and scholasticism, far from the world and from men, in close communion with God; while Schleiermacher, during his youth, in spite of the care taken by his parents to guard him from the currents of the age, passed through an orgy of ideas, falling and rising a thousand times, but ready to enter all temples, to interrogate all priests, to know and critically dissect all idols, to attack with his appeals and clamors all mysteries, to wander from the pure orthodoxy of his education to the extreme piety of the Moravian Brothers, and then to the burlesque skepticism of the students of Halle, and from this skepticism to the serene and tranquil faith of the Hebrew families, and from this faith to the fables and fancies of the romanticists, and thence to the deep pantheism of Spinoza, where the two ideas of human liberty and the divine personality are fused and disappear, and thence to that religious orthodoxy which was to be the

support, the consolation, and the hope of innumerable pious souls.

Of devout education, feeble health, mystic tendencies, nervous temperament, great literary and scientific culture, inclined to the company and spiritual converse of women, it has been said that the Protestant theologian possessed a feminine genius. By the exquisite sensibility of his heart and beauty of his style he would merit this epithet, but he also deserves the name of a manly genius if we regard the valor and tenacity with which he defended his ideas. Surrounded on every hand by the inundation poured by the Napoleonic war all over Europe, lifted up as preacher and prophet in his professor's chair, which towered above this inundation like a rock above the sea, he protested energetically against the conquest, in the sphere of thought and with the arms of speech, declaring that the conqueror intended to destroy the rich variety of modern life, the rights of man, nationality among peoples, and Protestantism in the universal church. And to resist with more force this species of Roman or Carolingian empire, which was repressing the tumult of the modern spirit in Gothic forms, he aspired to unite the two Protestant churches which divided the reformed religion in Germany.

The purpose of the king lay also in this direction. He was a man of more learning than talent, more religious than political doctrine, a theological writer who delighted in publishing treatises on its gravest problems, and who, armed with his absolute authority, and desirous of using it as an instrument of traditional religion, labored constantly to unite the two Protestant churches. He despised as trifling the scruples of the clergy and the fidelity of the believers, composing helter-skelter bonds of union between the churches, and drawing up codes and liturgies, which he tried, by way of experiment, in the military churches, to extend them afterward to the highest spheres and widest spaces of the national church, but all without thought or gravity or judgment. The great theologian, for whom religion was a matter of conscience and not of state, a ministry belonging to thinkers and not to kings, seeing his Majesty of Prussia, superficial in all his purposes and pedantic in his shallow knowledge, entering the conscience as if it were his own domain, and fortifying himself there as if his haughty personality were an idea and a dogma to convert the Church of God into a bureau of the monarchy, turned angrily against the king, condemned his tendencies, spoke eloquently against these absurd aggressions, united the clergy in his turn, and with the dignified attitude of Ambrose of Milan against the arrogance of Theodosius of Rome, he forbade all the powers of earth to enter into the heaven guarded by God,

into the conscience and the spirit. It is true that he did not maintain this position firmly to the end, and that while he rejected the first royal liturgy, which greatly resembled the Catholic mass, he admitted the second one, drawn up in view of the discussion of the difficulties excited in the contest. So that at last the union was accomplished not through the artificial combinations of authority and of the state, but through the efforts of many illustrious thinkers, who desired to give to the people a spiritual common country before giving them a united father-land.

What gives to Schleiermacher his highest reputation is his dogmatic theology. We have said that his first great work consisted of two discourses on religion. He there maintained with great energy that neither miracles nor prophecies were essential to religion, that religion did not even require the idea of the personal God, that the secret of its existence consisted in that impulse of all created beings to seek instinctively a creator, in that attraction which the infinite exercises, and will always exercise, over every thing finite. Therefore the priesthood does not, in his view, consist in its ordination and its privileges; the priest exists in every man, clergy or lay, who seeks God to absorb Him in the conscience, who loves God to imitate Him in life. Every human being has within himself two opposite activities, which attract and complete each other like the two hostile electricities—the selfish activity, through which he tends to maintain himself in his own individuality, and another humanitarian activity, through which he tends to sympathize with the universe. As material nature is subject to the empire of contrary forces, so is the spirit. Through one of those forces he trusts and commits himself entirely to his own will, and thus assimilates every thing to himself; but he soon finds himself solitary in his grandeur, suffocated in his loneliness, and tends to unite himself with something greater than himself, and to identification with the infinite. There are those who despise all which is universal, losing themselves in a gross sensuality, as if the world were a seraglio; but there are others who forget themselves, their individuality, their liberty, and their conscience, and adhere to a superior authority and force, as if the world were a sepulchre. It is necessary to avoid both these extremes, and to condense these two activities, and penetrate the individual with the universal. There are privileged natures in whom the two activities are united. These are the true priests. But the world goes forward to destroy privileges in society as in nature, and when all are impressed with the necessity of concentrating in themselves the universal and the individual, all will be equally

priests, sons and disciples of God. Religion is therefore not science, nor thought, nor knowledge, nor even morality. It is the tendency of man to the infinite. In this way the German theologian approached Spinoza, through this diffusion of the infinite in the veins of humanity, and through this tendency of humanity to assimilation with the infinite; through this idea that knowledge is the existence of things in the understanding, and that things are the expansions of the understanding in space; and through these ideas that art is the human fancy in objects, giving them number and music and measure and color, and that objects are the radiations of fancy as the worlds and the suns of our own sentiments reflecting themselves in the cosmos; that the unity of reason and of nature is eternal; that every man should feel himself between the two infinities as the beginning and end of all things, as the alpha and omega of all sciences, and regard himself in the universe as in a mirror, and embrace the God of the universe, life and death, the "stupendous whole," in his conscience.

It has been said that religion began in terror; that the thunder and the lightning, the hurricane and the hail-storm, were the first revelations. If this were so, religion would diminish as science increases and nature is subjugated. But no; religion began where love begins and terror ends. Religion does not consist in the contemplation of the beauties of nature—the dawn and the twilight, the chorus of birds, and the shadows of the landscape; nor in the contemplation of the sublime—the height of the mountains contrasted with our stature, the hurricane and the tornado contrasted with our strength, the worlds and the suns which people infinity, and with which the seconds of our existence bear no comparison. That which is essentially religious in nature—the holy spirit which issues from its breast—is the regularity of its laws, innumerable and eternal, and the supreme intelligence which these laws proclaim.

To feel the universal life in one's own, to be religious, every man must tend to convert himself, through whatever means are within his reach, into a compendium of humanity, because the perfect man will never be found in the individual, but in the species. He will never be revealed in the brief period of personal existence, but in the immense life of humanity, which is like a consummate artist, creating and distributing new forms, always more perfect, evoking from the conscience ideas with their natural richness and their proper character, living and developing perpetually in history, in that struggle of contrary elements where at last progress conquers all resistance, life vanquishes death, civilization barbarism, liberty slavery, right tradition, that we may

arrive at a clear knowledge of ourselves, and warm our brief existence in the sun of the infinite, and contemplate in its essence the spirit and the thought which rule and regulate the universe.

Religion is not a science, and consequently it can not come into opposition with psychology, nor with physiology, nor any other science. Religion does not need that prophecies should be fulfilled, that miracles should be performed, that supernatural revelations should come, or that superhuman inspiration should fall from heaven on the brow of its teachers and masters. It is enough that its spirit should tend to communication with the Infinite, to free itself from bounds, and ascend to the illimitable and absolute; for human nature, determining to work with whatever it comprises of divine, and freeing itself from external and material nature, proves clearly that in every man there is a hidden priest of God, and that grace is in its final results nothing more than harmony between religious revelation and the interior inspiration. Schleiermacher therefore says that religion, not being a doctrine, can neither be taught nor learned, but solely evoked, awakened, in man. The only thing which he is inclined to preserve of ancient historical theology is the mission of Christ. But Christ does not redeem because He is the descendant of David and the child of Mary, the Word incarnate in our nature: He redeems through His knowledge of the divine, which raises Him above error and sin and all limitations, and makes Him the perfect and eternal type of humanity, which is in itself, and through its own will, incapable of good, and needs the Divine grace and effluence, its inspiration and its aid, to sustain and save it.

The Protestant theologian also advocated certain ideas in the sphere of politics. His detestation of religious intolerance, and the motto of each church that outside of its pale there is no salvation, are ideas and sentiments which should be counted among his services for liberty. In the problem of the union between the two Protestant sects, his ardor in combat, his eloquence and activity, were devoted to the complete separation of church and state and the denial of the authority of the monarchy over the eternal rights of conscience. Professor August, of Bonn, therefore demanded measures of coercion against the audacity which would not recognize in the King of Prussia the legitimate heir of the liturgic privileges of Constantine and Charlemagne, and Marheineke, the disciple of Hegel, denounced him as a seditious republican, while Superintendent Ammon requested assistance from the King of Saxony to bring the new Arian to terms. The great authority which the illustrious theologian gives to the conscience and its laws, the principle that every man has with-

in himself the source of religious ideas, the little value he allowed to tradition, and the great value he ascribed to the virtue of right, will always rank him among the defenders and propagators of liberty in the world.

Schleiermacher's works excited many noisy and grave discussions. He had not immediately broken with any of the tendencies of his age, neither with rationalism, which eliminated miracle, nor with Spinozism, which rejected the personality of God, nor with the romanticists, who abjured liberty, nor with the supernaturalists, who abjured reason. Thus the orthodox accused him of pantheistic tendencies, the liberals of supernaturalism, accommodated to the fatality of circumstances more than to the dictates of his conscience. The most impartial saw in him a mixture of faith and skepticism, which at one time drove him into the scrupulous piety of the Moravian Brothers, at another time launching him into the ironical doubts of the students of Jena. Philosophers themselves, whom he had served by proclaiming the independence of human thought, reviled him for the efforts he made to exclude philosophy from all theological jurisdiction, while the problems of the existence of God, of His nature, of His attributes, of His relations with the world, of the intervention of Providence in history, if they mean any thing, are problems essentially philosophical and scientific. Seeking to save the person and the work of Christ, he could not decide in favor of the school which sustained the authenticity or the legitimacy of the gospels, nor for the schools which criticised the narrations of the sacred books. He was also far from being clear as to the important problem whether the people should be intrusted with the treasure of all acquired truths, or kept in holy ignorance. The man who called upon all conscience to participate in the divine idea, and who saw in every being athirst for the infinite a priest of God, and in nature and in history equally sacred temples—this man fell from that speculative democracy into a practical oligarchy, maintaining that only a few privileged persons ought to know and guard the truth. But in spite of these vacillations and errors it can not be denied that he contributed powerfully to awaken the idea of the divine among men, and that he thus contributed to elevate the sentiment of right, which is the eternal foundation of democracy in the world.

X.

It was impossible that a writer of the merit and tendencies of Schleiermacher should not have many ardent disciples. First among them is the gentle Neander, the Melancthon of this Luther, who, through his poetry, his delicacy, his historical knowledge, was

destined to fill a great lack in the science of his illustrious predecessor. The son of a Jewish family, a Hebrew himself in religion, with all the solid Jewish faith, he was converted to Christianity and baptized. From that moment he devoted himself to a ministry for which his race appears to show little aptitude—that of the historian. The Jews find difficulty in comprehending ancient history, because they refer every thing to the exclusive privilege which, in their opinion, their theocratic race received directly from God; and they comprehend modern history still less because they do not reach the sentiment of the work of Christ through their lack of the faith of Christian peoples. But Neander freed himself from this egoism of race, and regarded history like a man of the world. One of his first publications was a curious monograph relating to the great reactionist of antiquity, the Emperor Julian. Few persons have left profounder traces than this extraordinary man. Though he died young, after a brief reign, his name shines with immortal splendor in history as having attempted a work superior to human power—a work of resurrection. A clear intelligence, a character hardy and tenacious, a heart panting for immortality and glory, a fancy open to all inspirations, a memory full of all ideas, a talent universal in its tendencies and flexible in its rich variety, a profound philosophy, an artist of the first order, an eloquent orator, a warrior worthy of the primitive days of Rome, a Greek in his cultivation of beauty and of art, a Christian in the purity of his life, a stoic in the austerity of his morals, his soul embraced the spirit of the civilization about to perish, and, seeing that this civilization had given birth to gods and heroes and philosophers and the greatest poets of the world, he desired at any cost to save it, and to resuscitate the great Pan, dead and buried through a blind mysticism, to restore to the waves of the Grecian sea its singing nereids, to the cape of Mycenæ and the isles of Parthenope their mysterious sibyls, to the Ionian Archipelago its marble temples, to the woods and forests the echoes and the prattle of their fauns, to the fountains the melody of their nymphs, to the wide universe the voices of its gods; and knowing that for this purpose there was no reliance upon the force of arms, nor the authority of the Cæsars, nor the blaze of fagots, nor the teeth and claws of the beasts of the circus—for though he sometimes persecuted, he never persecuted systematically nor with real savagery—he opposed the Nazarenes with an irony worthy of Lucian; he brought together all the ancient ideas, and especially that of Plato, with an eloquence worthy of Plotinus, to give to his gods the elixir of immortality. He consecrated himself completely to the restoration of paganism, and

failed; for there is no force so great, no genius so luminous, nor power so absolute, that it may check the current of ages, or delay the transfiguration of the conscience, or cheat the laws of history.

The most significant historical work of Neander is his sketch of St. Bernard, the ideal monk, as Luther calls him, whose very physiognomy is a portrait of the Middle Ages; who prefers the democratic theocracy to the feudal monarchy; who restrains in Abelard the first impatience of human reason to emancipate itself prematurely; who reorganizes the monastic orders to give them a more spiritual character; who awakes the lethargic peoples, petrified with penance, to launch them in the Crusades, and by this means to reveal, as if by miracle, the existence of liberty. Rich, powerful, possessed of wide domains, born in the fertile land of Brittany, he despised dignities, property, wealth, for the rude gown of the monk, for the wandering life of the apostle, for intellectual and religious converse with the poor and oppressed, for the pleasure of combating the pride of the strong and the powerful. Pale as death, emaciated as a skeleton, without any life but that which shone in his sparkling eyes; ecstatic to such a point that he sometimes lost the power of taking food, as if he only fed upon ideas and drank inspirations; so absent-minded that he would for entire days know nothing of the places he passed through or the persons he talked with. The people hung upon his speech, and kings upon his writings; the pope he protected was adored, the warrior he cursed was defeated; the town which he patronized was saluted by the world; the war he condemned was suspended, the peace he disapproved was disturbed; the man who listened to him followed him to the desert, to the valley of bitterness, to bury himself alive in the cloister, or to rush recklessly into battle. If he wished it, the armies of France went out of Champagne; King Louis repented his policy; the Emperor Conrad abandoned the affairs of his empire to go to the defense of the church; two hundred thousand men—shepherds, who left their flocks and came down from the mountains, peasants and serfs, who arose as if resurrected from their fields, great and rich men, who abandoned their palaces—all as if impelled by a certain madness of heroism and of martyrdom, leaving behind them wives and children and homes, went they knew not where nor why, not obeying the will of God, but the word of St. Bernard.

Neander is the author of other works not less worthy of mention—upon the Gnostic schools, those serpent tempters of Oriental naturalism who tried to seduce the regenerate Eve, the Christian Church; on Origen and Tertullian, the first sweet as the honey of Hybla which fed the Grecian poets, the

other impetuous and ardent as the simoom winds of the African desert; on the history of the church, a monumental work, interrupted by his death at the period of the Reformation, and which separates with careful criticism and profound piety all there is essential in religion from all that is accidental in the development of time. The object which most claimed the attention of Neander, and which in turn has drawn upon him the severest criticism, is the history of the so-called Apostolic Century—the first. And, in fact, the historian does not treat this century with sound criticism. He rejects the profound examination of texts, seems to care little for the authorities of his narrative, and follows the method which he calls the psychological, as if, instead of dealing with real beings, he were dealing with abstract ideas. In this way he takes away its real interest from the first century, which was occupied by the differences between the great founders of Christianity; between Peter, who was devoted to the pure Jewish sentiment, and comprised the church in the synagogue, and desired that Christianity should be the fulfillment of the Messianic hopes, and Paul, who, being a Greek, a Jew, and a Roman, and, before all, a man, opens the gates of the church every where to the ancient peoples; between St. James, also a careful defender of the first rudimentary theological sentiment, and John, who, being originally a Jew, saturated with the Apocalyptic theories which had their source under the lash of Nineveh and Babylon, opens his soul to the Greek speech, and conveys the Alexandrine word in luminous Platonic pages to the Christian Gospel. But all these efforts had for their object to unite all the disciples under the loving wings of one sole idea, that of Christ. The peevish critics, who rise up against all great men, have ridiculed the sentimentalism of Neander, calling his system "pectoral theology," because he thought that in the breast, in the heart, true faith and theological science had their origin. *Pectus est quod facit theologum.* Nevertheless his history, impregnated with the divine, his spiritualism, founded on reason, his disinterestedness and pure morality, his deep and vast knowledge, his spotless life, give to this virtuous man and gentle writer one of the truest and most glorious palms which have been gathered in the combats and victories of German thought.

In the school of Schleiermacher there were, as in that of Hegel, a Right, Centre, and Left. The first devoted itself completely to the doctrines of the master. The second created a more rationalist ideal, and the last entirely rejects the miracles and the supernatural. All these schools, nevertheless, were unable to escape from the capital points which had been formerly discussed, and which reduced themselves, first,

to the consideration of Christianity as a work of miracle, and of the direct and indirect intervention of God in history and in life; second, to consider Christianity, in opposition to the former point of view, which was that of supernaturalism, as a work of the general laws which govern history, as a teaching destined to separate itself in time from every thing which might be in it contrary to human reason, a purely rationalist thought; third, to consider Christianity as a mere moral law, with no other object than to discipline the will and reform the life, which is a purely philosophical view; fourth, to consider Christianity as a redeeming force which distributes the grace of God in the conscience of man, which is the idea of Luther; fifth, to consider Christianity as the union of man with God, as the unity of the divine and the human, as the glorification of created beings, in and through Christ, which is the point of view of Schleiermacher. In spite of the tendencies of this great theologian and his liberal spirit, his most illustrious disciples were not faithful to his teachings when the supreme political crisis arrived. Nitzsch joined the conservative party, and Ullman the reactionists.

XI.

The reaction found its ideal and its doctrine principally in the school called the New Orthodoxy, which wished at one blow to suppress the whole eighteenth century, modern philosophy, and historical criticism, and return to the conception of Christ and grace and sin and liberty held by the sixteenth century.

The tendencies of the school of Schleiermacher, and especially of his disciples of the Right, were to undue exaggeration, and consequently to the production of the religious reaction which servilely assisted the political. The nineteenth century, as if deserting the principles of the eighteenth, came to life among conspiracies and prayers. The war of independence in Spain, which had served as a rule and guide to all other peoples, superficially studied, appeared like a miracle of the ancient religious faith. The political casuists did not see that Napoleon was victorious when he fought with kings, and beaten when he encountered peoples in battle. The error of the most liberal Protestants, who had converted their doctrine into a patrimony of intelligent aristocracies, bore promptly its bitter fruit, and made it necessary to awaken the religious sentiment in a people stupefied with material dreams, just as it was necessary to arouse the early barbarian invader with materialist doctrines, supernatural miracles, and legendary books, and with every thing that indicates the infancy of civilization and poverty of conscience. And thus, as De Maistre employed all the forces of his

rude logic and all the weight of his severe style to return to the theocratic ideal of the Middle Ages, the orthodox Protestants employed all their energy to return to the pure ideal of the Renaissance and of Luther.

The kings favored not only graciously but heartily these abjurations of our century. The return to the temples of the past was like a return to the throne of the kings. The slaves of hereditary faith did not think, nor reason, nor protest, but bent their necks to the monarchical yoke more kindly after having resigned themselves to the religious yoke. Lawyers, poets, philosophers, journalists, liberally paid from the royal revenues, baptized the ancient revolutionists whether they would or no, as they say that Ximenes baptized the Moors in Granada, pouring the water on their heads, and causing them to put on Christian robes, without asking them what they did with their will or their conscience. Besides, as under the ashes and the cinders of Vesuvius the ancient cities were preserved because they were away from the air, the pietist schools had been preserved intact under the ashes of religious revolution, free from modern ideas, full of reactionary inspirations in every sphere, trembling beneath the idea of their guilt, enemies of all the modern poetry, disposed to excommunicate all modern science, condemning reason as error, the will as evil, and dragging themselves in fervid idolatry before the material sense of the Bible, refusing to see any thing which did not tend to the absurd restoration of the ancient kings upon their ruined thrones, and of the ancient priesthood over the emancipated conscience. Adorers of the Holy Alliance, pietists intolerant of Gutenberg and Basle, theologians salaried from Berlin and Dresden, old Lutherans who had closed their spirits to the air of modern life, emissaries of Metternich sent to subjugate souls as they had formerly subjugated bodies—all the birds of night came together to pervert the conscience of nations.

It appears impossible, but a man who was born with all qualities necessary to captivate the people, more of the tribune than the theologian, and a tribune of the club and the street—a rude peasant from the west of Holstein, son of a carpenter, and himself a mill hand, strong in character, energetic in will, humorous in his language, sometimes a poet who never lost the serenity of common-sense, a priest, a lawyer, a doctor, an apothecary, gifted with paradoxical genius, rich in brusque antithesis, placed himself at the head of the religious reaction. He called reason Antichrist, as the ancient Christians had called the Neros; he called the free conscience rebel and mutineer against God, and said that a pulpit raised by the old religion had no right to turn against it. He maintained that over

the bones of Luther there was to be consummated the adultery of the church with the spirit of the age, and rejected every natural explanation given to the Bible, saying that the literal word of God was alone worthy of faith. He considered every constitution as an insult to logic, and every intermediate power between the governor and the governed a disturbance of society, every popular republic as the most odious of institutions, and all popular deliberation and legislation the most arbitrary of tyrannies. The limit of human perfection was the Protestant religion and absolute monarchy. After this there is nothing extraordinary in our Catholic reaction and the return to the thirteenth century, in the apotheosis of the Pope, in the restoration of hell, in the brutal frankness in which the reaction among us invited the conscience to sleep in the ark where it had remained safe and immovable for the space of nineteen centuries. The religion of the Reformation, of the conscience, of liberty, of individual interpretation of the evangelical writings, had fallen into that abyss of slavery where the neo-Catholics had before tumbled. Hengstenberg supported the religious and political reaction with less enthusiasm, but with more knowledge and ability, than the impetuous Harms. The Bible is adored by him in the materialist sense of the ancient Jews, and with the savage intolerance of modern Catholic inquisitors. His vocation was journalism. Insulting, shameless, libelous, and brutal, he pursued all freethinkers into the retreats of private family life, dragged them forth to the pillory, relying upon the complicity of the political authorities, and there, holding them silent and defenseless, cursed, buffeted, and insulted them. If you imagine a Veuillot without his talent and his style, you will have a faithful image of this evangelical writer. He spat upon classic literature, full, as he said, of paganism; he confounded democracy with demagogy; he called modern France frivolous and trifling; he denied all authority to reason and all virtue to right; declared contemporary science more fatal than the cholera morbus; he called the theology of sentiment a rehabilitation of the flesh—and all under the banner of the strictest Lutheranism, and with the firmest intention to restore pure religion. And the religious reaction was not enough for him; he also sustained the political reaction in its most insensate form. The commandments committed an unpardonable neglect in ordering us to honor father and mother without adding equal respect to the king and the queen, because, in the opinion of this pious Christian, the king and the queen are our parents; they have given us their blood; they have nourished us at their breasts; they conduct us through life, and assure us eternal peace in death. He thought

it was insupportable tyranny to be obliged to pray for the Chambers, according to the precepts of the constitution and the orders of the king, and, above all, for the popular Chamber, born of free thought and political revolution, grudging their tributes to the monarchy and exciting passions among the people, full of reformers who are all crazy demagogues. The clergy ought only to pray for the Upper House, for the Lords, for those country gentlemen who preserve the sanctity of land, those feudal cavaliers who maintain the slavery of the soil, those romanticists who worship the Holy Alliance, those Lutherans who would set fire in all the universities to the images of the goddess Reason, and all those philosophers which are her false and corrupt priests. The separation of church and state is the worst of errors. The kings need the church as the heaven where the sceptre of their authority is shaped. The church needs the kings as the ministers who shall open for it with their staves and their sabres the road for the temporal dominion of the world. These insensates could give themselves up to these follies and deny the free conscience without understanding that they were denying God, could suppress free-will without seeing that they were suppressing man. Their rage, their madness, their denial of right, their struggles against progress, their barbarous conspiracy for oppression, showed with what reason, with what right and truth, the eighteenth century had uttered and sustained the saving principle of the absolute incompatibility between intolerant churches and modern liberties.

A GALA NIGHT IN RUSSIA.

By THOMAS W. KNOX.

IT was my fortune to be in St. Petersburg at the time of the marriage of the Grand Duke Vladimir, second son of the Emperor Alexander II., to the Grand Duchess Marie of Mecklenburg-Schwerin. The programme of a royal or imperial wedding is generally an extensive affair, and the higher the rank of the contracting parties the more imposing are the ceremonies. In the present instance the bridegroom went with an imperial train to the Russian frontier, and there met and welcomed the bride. He escorted her thence, not to St. Petersburg, but to Tsarskoe Selo, the palace which was the favorite resort of the Empress Catherine II., of illustrious and scandalous memory, and has ever since been maintained and occasionally inhabited by the imperial family. Here the fair Marie was welcomed by the emperor and empress, and several festivals were made in her honor. For nearly a fortnight she remained at Tsarskoe Selo, and in all this time was not permitted to see the great city, only a few miles distant, which was to be her future

THE REPUBLICAN MOVEMENT IN EUROPE.

By EMILIO CASTELAR.

[Sixteenth Paper.]

III.—THE GERMANIC PEOPLES.—(Continued.)
RELIGIOUS IDEAS.—XII.

THE exaggerations of the orthodox school brought with them necessarily a genuine impulse toward the philosophical school. The most important at that time was the school of Hegel. In his desire to constitute a synthesis within which all the manifestations of activity should be embraced, Hegel accepts religion as a necessary phase of the spirit, as an incident required in the total development of the idea. In this point of view his system was of use to the theologians; but religion, superior to art, in Hegel's theory, is inferior to philosophy, and in this point of view the Hegelian system was of very little service to Protestant theologians. It was not possible that pious souls should admit human science as a worthier, purer, and more luminous manifestation of faith than the traditional revelations of God. The excesses of the theological school had been such that the general thought, flying from this dreary dogmatism, took refuge in philosophy, where at least the air of liberty came to soothe and refresh the spirit. One of the most eminent theologians of this time and of this tendency was Daub. He delighted especially in the contemplation of the Kantist formulas, of his categorical imperative, dictated by conscience as the supreme law of duty, his pure subjectivity where the individual recovered for himself all inner liberties, his severe and austere morality, his God buried in the icy deserts of those eminences where pure reason isolates itself, and afterward resuscitated in the deep valleys of reality and practical reason. And from the critical philosophy he precipitates himself with a leap, as if seized with dizziness, in the immense ocean of objective idealism, in its intoxicating life, its exuberant nature, its mysterious magnetism, its electric currents, in its gigantic flora of ideas, in its supernatural intuition, its miracles, and its revelations. He goes next, as if weary of repose and abhorrent of constancy, toward Hegelianism, and its eternal voyages from primitive being to the idea, thence to the dialectic, and thence through nature to the state, where it is developed in a thousand forms, and lives through innumerable ages; to art, which places the material universe above the conscience in the East, which harmonizes spirit and matter in Greece, which raises the soul above nature in the modern world; to pass thence to religion, and thence to philosophy, always in accordance with the law of contradiction, which engen-

ders open oppositions and resolves them into sublime syntheses and trinities; to arrive at last to the full consciousness of self, and to be the idea, through superhuman efforts and successive developments, of an eternal and absolute God.

Marheineke is the great theologian of the Hegelian school. He struggles consequently against all the extremists, as well against those who give themselves up, retrograding to objective idealism, as against those who fall into the excesses and the violences of the extreme Hegelian Left. Science is the logical development of the idea in itself, and theology, consequently, the logical development of the idea as God. The idea of God is not a mere representation of God, not a mere mirror where God is reflected. It is God Himself, eternal in the thought of man. The idea of God has three forms, Scripture, faith, and science. The idea of God does not begin with knowledge of itself, but only when an object exterior to it strongly invites it to define and concrete itself, and this object is the gospel. Hence revelation, to which the new-born idea must submit itself blindly, as the child submits to its mother; and from revelation, regarded as supernatural, proceeds blind and obedient faith. But this primitive faith, this blind belief, is the first sketch of knowledge and the most elementary grade of the idea. There is no certainty except when the object of faith recognizes itself through philosophy as identical and one with the content of subjective conscience. Dogma is faith comprehending itself. Therefore, as the knowledge of God does not reveal itself in man except through thesis and antithesis, dogma does not present itself except in the form of contradiction; but as all contradictions are finally resolved into harmony, the discovery of these principles is destined to reconcile all the churches.

The division of the system is explained by these philosophical premises. In its logical development the divine idea, God, is conceived first as an absolute and consequently impersonal substance. Thus the being of God and His attributes constitute the first part of dogmatic theology. Distinguishing afterward from this absolute spirit, the spirit which thinks, which loves, which adores, the dogma in its second part treats of the God-man revealed in His Son. The divine idea in Christ breaks the subjective form, and rises, without ceasing to be individual, to the universal, as Christ, without ceasing to be man, becomes God,

until the spirit acquires full and divine knowledge of itself in the bosom of the church; and the science of the church forms the third section of dogma.

If man denies himself the possibility of comprehending God, he denies God at the same time, because the thought of man is no other than the creative thought. God is comprehensible. The knowledge of God is called religion. Religious history is the development of the labor employed to arrive at the idea of God, and the development of the labor employed through the idea of God to arrive in turn to a full consciousness of self. The Christian religion is the definitive religion, because in it the spirit arrives at the full evidence of its own absolute being. As the idea of God is God comprehending Himself, there could be no other proof of the existence of God except this. God is thought; and as thought is identical with being, God is being. His attributes relate to substantivity, the Father, to subjectivity, the Son, and to beatitude, the Holy Spirit.

Creation is eternal, incessant, without any kind of interruption or eclipse: necessary, because without it God would be no more than an abstraction. The object of nature is to reveal God to God Himself. Identical with the absolute as to its essence, diverse as to its individuality, the human soul is the image of God. The identity which fuses the finite spirit with the infinite, as the fetus is one with the womb of its mother, constitutes innocence or the unconscious state. The spirit is soon distinguished into subjective and objective, and consequently distinguished from God. The individual soon comes to egoism, and subjects the world to his pleasure. Hence the birth of evil. Sin has its root in the nature of man; sin is original, a vice inherent in our nature. Man can not exist without God, nor God without man, because the finite needs the infinite, and the infinite the finite. God is essentially God-man, and man essentially man-God, and religions have no other object than to make the man divine and God human. Christianity is the absolute synthesis of the finite and the infinite.

The work of Christ is the realization of the divine ideal of the human individuality; every thing for the world, nothing for Himself, is His motto. He thus dominates instinct, effaces every sin, subjects every passion, and is the luminous centre of history. Christ will always be called the Redeemer, because He has shown us with the example of His life and of His death that it is possible to attain holiness. His life is the realization of justice existing in human nature. God is decomposed into the Trinity and recomposed into Unity. The individual dies, but the personality is immortal, and from grade to grade of perfection rises to God.

XIII.

From the moment when reason appropriated to a philosophical school all religious dogmas, it was necessary, as an additional term in the logical series of the progressive development of the idea, that some one should come who should carry out this thought to its furthest result, and conclude by opposing Christianity. The school of Hegel had been divided since the death of the great master into Right, Centre, and Left. The Right formed a party in philosophy conservative of the pure idea of the master, and in politics conservative of the hereditary monarchy, of the death penalty, and especially of those theories of "representative men," as the illustrious Emerson calls them, of the men who represent ideas and ages, which Hegel extended to the kings of art, science, and industry, to the possessors of genius by divine grace and direction, to the kings of the spirit, but which the kings of the world limited to their traditional dynasties, as Napoleon the Third did in his celebrated history of the life of Cæsar. The Centre preserved the philosophical ideas of the master, but gave to his political ideas a more liberal and progressive sense. The extreme Left transformed every thing; it admitted the movement of the idea, the current of dialectics, but it eliminated in this movement and this current a most essential term and indispensable point, the generator of successive ideas in the Hegelian system. It eliminated religion, opposing it as contrary to science and progress, and admitted in politics the pure democracy, pure justice, the republic, presenting in its principles the ideal of the new society. But there is among these thinkers one man who, theologian by profession, and not philosopher, was to rouse either for or against him the enthusiasm of the whole world with a work of religious criticism, and who, admitting the philosophical sentiment of the extreme Hegelian Left with respect to religion, was to contest its entire political sentiment. These words will clearly indicate the most noisily famous writer of modern Germany, the one most attacked and criticised, Strauss, author of the *Life of Jesus*, the object of so many controversies, whose stormy life, whose numerous writings, and whose radical inconsistencies throw a great light upon the moral state of Germany, and have strongly influenced its political movement and its historical crises. The ancient Suabia is a most delightful region, varied in its landscapes, watered by clear rivulets and deep rivers, covered with cultivated fields and wild forests; with smiling hills and lofty mountains; rich in pastures where magnificent herds are fed, and in vineyards where delicious grapes are gathered; beautiful through the fecundity of its nature, still more through the virtue of labor. This

region has produced bands of poets whose glory has extended through all Germany. Here was born the great philosopher, Hegel, and his unfaithful disciple, Dr. Strauss. It is useless to recur to biographers to know the life of this man, the sentiments and the sensations of his early years, the parents who gave him being and who reared him, the masters who instructed him, the development of his intelligence, the life of his heart, because he himself has revealed all this to the world, and transmitted it to history in pages and fragments which are remarkable for their fluency of phrase and their purity of taste.

He has written, in pages full of a delicate poetry, of his mother repeating to her children, and offering them as an example to imitate, the life of their pious grandmother. You need not seek in these narratives the tragic art of Rousseau, who in his birth gave death to her who gave him life, and whose whole life was as troubled as if he ran above chasms opening into hell. The house where Strauss was born and grew up was full of that intimate poetry of the heart which does so much to vivify and maintain the sentiment of individuality among the German race. His mother was early left an orphan. Her maternal grandfather received and educated her in accordance with his humble means with the most tender affection and the deepest care. This grandfather had a business house, where he taught his grandchild some knowledge of affairs. He had a productive vineyard, where she acquired a love for the country and for nature. When the grapes began to ripen he did not permit her to gather them, but when the time of the vintage came she was free to eat all she chose. In that little village, which the writer blesses as the cradle of his happiness, his mother went to the simple school of the last century, where she learned to read in only one book—the Scriptures; to sing in chorus the hymns of the Bible; to cipher in addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division. She knew no French, nor even classic German. She spoke in the Suabian dialect, but she astonished every one by her solid information, common-sense, great memory, and knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, in which even her son never surpassed her, in spite of his long career as theologian. Her grandfather assisted in her education, and she always preserved for him a religious veneration. On one of her birthdays her husband hung upon the wall a common oil portrait of her grandfather, a copy of an older one, and when she came in and saw it she was profoundly moved by the delicate surprise, weeping at once with grief and joy.

In Stuttgart, where she was sent to learn to sew and to cook, she married the father of Strauss, who was also a merchant, al-

though he was dependent upon other associates, and therefore without any control of the business. In 1807 Strauss was born. A few years after his birth his father, in his forty-fifth year, became director of the house; but this position, which he had so desired, only served to ruin him. The war of independence and the financial measures of Napoleon destroyed his establishment and dissipated his dreams of fortune. The father of Strauss was learned in classic literature, an indefatigable reader of Horace and Virgil, whose writings he always carried under his arm, and an amateur of bees, those daughters of light and mothers of honey, who offer us in their products the blood and the soul of flowers, and delight us with the monotonous music of their vibrating wings. He should have been a man of letters or a philosopher, and not a merchant, for which business he had no talent or fitness. He would have become bankrupt if it had not been for the labor of his wife, her economy, her zeal, her knowledge of household affairs; she passed her life in suffering and in hiding her sufferings from the family. She had always desired to own a vineyard, as in her childhood, but never had been able to procure one. A relation ceded her a little piece of garden, and she there planted household vegetables, and with them roses and violets and other modest flowers, devoting herself thus to nature, and praising God in songs as spontaneous as those of birds. What a pain for this pious woman was the publication of the *Life of Jesus!* She did not share in her son's ideas; she had not forgotten the faith learned in her church and her Protestant school; but she would not admit that evil motives, offended pride, disappointed ambition, a desire of celebrity or glory, had guided his pen. Nevertheless, intolerant orthodoxy and savage pietism extended even to the mother the insults heaped upon the son, and imbittered the last days of this good woman, who had educated him in the severest virtue by her example, and in the divine language of mothers had inspired him with the Christian faith.

From the house of his father Strauss went to the monastery of Blaubeuren, founded by the Benedictines in the eleventh century as a religious house, transformed by the Reformation into a seminary of young ecclesiastics, presided over by a rector called an Ephor, seconded by various professors called Repetents, adorned with ogive windows of evident antiquity, broken by vaulted cloisters whose roofs were groined in oak, full of seminarists who had left the shelter of their families to fall under the severe discipline of conventual life and excessive labor, sometimes above their powers, unsuited to their age, and only interrupted by occasional walks in common and occasional loud prayers and choral songs.

His two principal masters there were Bauer and Kern, men of genuine learning; the first more thoughtful and more devoted to the diffusion of his thought; the second more scholarly, with great talent for assimilation, but undecided in his religious faith. The former, professor of the Latin and Greek prose writers, read delightedly with his pupils the dialogues of Plato. The other, professor of the Latin and Greek poets, read with equal enthusiasm the verses of Homer and Sophocles. The one more philosopher than philologist in his teachings; the other a consummate man of letters and artist—both excellent educated men. Nevertheless, both had grave defects for the secondary education. They passed the limits proper to their work. They took no account of the tender age and intelligence of their pupils. They went so high and so far that they lost themselves in the immense heaven of thought, forgetting the young in their mud nests, where their slender wings were as yet scarcely fledged to follow them—cir-

cumstances injurious to most, and only favorable to the strong precocious character of the young theologian, who gave promise even then of those tongues of fire which were one day to illuminate his brow.

Strauss has left us in the biography of his friend Marklin a description as well of the impression produced upon him by these masters as that produced by those scenes; the picturesque hills crowned with vineyards; the grim mountains covered with rocks and broken by perilous ravines; the smiling banks of the Neckar; the deep valleys opening between the narrow ranges; the vivifying air which was breathed on the lofty peaks; the recollections awakened by the ruined castles; the torrent of La Blau—which invited them to bathe in summer, but from which, though they entered white and rosy like good Germans, they would come out red and transformed into boiled lobsters—the lake which beyond the cloister mirrored the heaven on its tranquil surface like the lakes of Tyrol and Switzerland.

MISS ANGEL.

BY ANNE THACKERAY.

CHAPTER I.

A PRINT OF SIR JOSHUA'S.

YESTERDAY, lying on Mr. Colnaghi's table, I saw a print, the engraving of one of Sir Joshua's portraits. It was the picture of a lady some five or six and twenty years of age. The face is peculiar, sprightly, tender, a little obstinate. The eyes are very charming and intelligent. The features are broadly marked; there is something at once homely and dignified in their expression. The little head is charmingly set upon its frame. A few pearls are mixed with the heavy loops of hair; two great curls fall upon the sloping shoulders; the slim figure is draped in light folds fastened by jeweled bands, such as people then wore; a loose scarf is tied round the waist. Being cold, perhaps, sitting in Sir Joshua's great studio, the lady had partly wrapped herself in a great fur cloak. The whole effect is very good, nor is it an inconvenient dress to sit still and be painted in. How people lived habitually in such clothes I can not understand. But although garments may represent one phase after another of fashion, loop, writhe, sweep, flounce, wriggle themselves into strange forms, and into shapes prim or romantic, or practical, as the case may be, yet faces tell another story. They scarcely alter even in expression from one generation to another; the familiar looks come traveling down to us in all sorts of ways and vehicles; by paint, by marble, by words, by the music the musician left behind him, by in-

herited instincts. There is some secret understanding transmitted, I do believe, from one set of human beings to another, from year to year, from age to age, ever since Eve herself first opened her shining eyes upon the Garden of Innocence and flung the apple to her descendants.

This little head of which I am now writing has certainly a character of its own. Although it was great Sir Joshua himself who painted Miss Angel—so her friends called her—and set the stamp of his own genius upon the picture, although the engraver has again come between us to reproduce the great master's impression, beyond their art and unconscious influence, and across the century that separates the lady from the print lying on Mr. Colnaghi's table, some feeling of her identity seems to reach one as one stands there in the shop, after years of other things and people; an identity that seems to survive in that mysterious way in which people's secret intangible feelings do outlive the past, the future, and death, and failure, and even success itself. When I began to criticise the looks of my black-and-white heroine, and to ask myself if there was any thing wanting in her expression, any indescribable want of fine perceptive humor, the eyes seemed suddenly to look reproachfully and to refute my unspoken criticism.

Those outward signs that we call manners and customs and education have changed since that quick heart ceased to beat, since Miss Angel lived and ruled in her May-Fair kingdom; but the true things and significa-

A huge tin kitchen basks on the hearth, containing a giant turkey on the spit, well basted with sausages. From the Dutch oven, with its crown of fiery coals, emerge biscuit and johnny-cake. There is still flame enough to reveal the low rafters overhead, the blue paint of the doors, the knots in the pine floor, and to illumine Dorothy, in a gown of crimson Salisbury flannel.

"Surely he is late, Serena!" she says, anxiously.

The old woman is silent. Last night she saw a winding-sheet in the candle. The clock ticks slowly. Dorothy flutters from the fire-place to the little window. Her ear catches the trampling of hoofs. She must

be first at the door. At last! Light streams forth from the open portal, staining the snow deep red, and there stands the black horse, quivering in every limb, spent, unnerved, drooping, and dragging a senseless form.

In the best parlor, decked still with garlands of evergreen, the fire crumbles to ashes and darkness, as Dorothy, speechless and tearless, lays her head on an irresponsive breast, while her father stands with bowed head.

The night is very still, a snow-clad earth meeting the horizon line of cloudless heaven, and in the pure moonlight gleam the white tombstones of Judge Cotterell's once pale bride and only son.

THE REPUBLICAN MOVEMENT IN EUROPE.*

By EMILIO CASTELAR.

[Seventeenth Paper.]

III.—THE GERMANIC PEOPLES.—(Continued.) RELIGIOUS IDEAS.—XIII.

FROM the monastery of Blaubeuren, where Strauss passed through his second grade of instruction, he went to the University of Tübingen, where he was to conclude his course. The city is small, but beautiful and cultivated. The Neckar caresses its feet, and an old feudal castle crowned its brow. One of its lords, in extreme prodigality, gave it some liberties in return for having paid his royal debts. Time has divided it into the new and old city, and has impressed that character of youth and age which lends to cities such beauty. The mountains which surround it and the forests which cover them give a delightful amenity and purity to its atmosphere. When Strauss arrived at this university two tendencies were dominant. First, the spirit of conciliation which verged upon rationalism, and then a supernatural system which was not far from orthodoxy. By a felicitous concurrence of circumstances, the masters of the seminary were transferred to the university. The ancient orthodoxy was proscribed, and the new theology of Schleiermacher admitted. That profound worship of reason, that prudent neglect of miracles, the happy concordance between science and faith, the arms borrowed from dialectics, the pantheist spirit scattered through its dogmas—all the ideas of the master soon appeared to him as a wide and universal peace signed between revelation and reason. But he soon found that it was only a transitory truce. At this juncture, in this critical state of mind, there fell into his hands Hegel's book on phenomenology, his masterpiece, his treasure, the *résumé* of his doctrine, full of new ideas, of original points of view, of relations never

before noticed between the idea and being, between the laws of logic and those of the universe, between the philosophy where all thoughts have birth and history where thought becomes real, between the heart and religion, religion and science, phases of the spirit, points in the incalculable line of the idea, a philosophical series, a luminous ladder by which being may ascend from the bottomless abyss of its primal essence, close to nonentity, up to the plenitude of life, the consciousness of itself in the absolute.

And as the philosophical idea grew stronger, the theological grew weaker. It seemed to him that Protestantism was rapidly on the way to the denial of its fundamental and primary principle, that is, that the free and intimate conviction of the individual ought to accept beliefs without at any time yielding to outside suggestion, a principle which was giving way to an idolatrous adoration of the dead letter. Only one aristocracy of thought has preserved the reason sufficiently serene, the conscience sufficiently enlightened, the will sufficiently free, to not be petrified in tradition and to follow the open path of its inner calling, by those interior suggestions which Socrates called the voice of God in life. The national literature has preserved the German spirit from retrogression and decay, which might have gone even as far as the Catholic reaction. Fortunately a superior man brought about the Evangelical Union, depriving the dogmas and principles which separate the two communions of all their obligatory character and force, by which he gave a greater space to free thought than existed in the old orthodoxy. The load of dogmas and miracles and traditions which had caused the ship of the church to careen was thrown overboard, and she was given thus more

* Continued from the March number, page 425.

freely to the winds of the age. Christ Himself was not the second person of the Trinity, Son of God, leaving His divine mansion to take upon Himself our poor human nature, and after His terrestrial existence, broken by the Cross and the sleep of death in the grave, reunited by the resurrection, and ended by His ascension to heaven, after His earthly life mingled anew with the eternal; but He was a man, naturally perfect, though subject to the narrow conditions of individual and national life, needing to be aggrandized by the accretion of ideas, by the current of time, by the light of the human conscience in its progressive transfigurations.

But to this effusion of the spirit there had succeeded a narrow orthodoxy, the child of reaction. The torn banners of tradition had been dusted and thrown again to the breeze. The literary tribunals fell under the inspection of the ferule of the pietist aristocracy. The preparatory studies of philosophy and philology were abolished to avoid pagan temptations. The student of theology must not ask what ideas are true, but what ideas are edifying. The mania of sacerdotal supremacy became popular. The priests proposed to direct the will of the king rather than to enlighten the conscience of the people. Fanatical intolerance became the characteristic of selfish and ambitious natures. They were all poisoned by the dead body in their brain—their own murdered conscience. It is necessary to take counsel of one's self, to study reason, and not to fall, as in former ages, into the error that what is really within us exists outside of us and in distant heavens, and that the idea of our own making is a supernatural inspiration. Led by these sentiments, which were for him rules of conduct, Strauss proposed to study the truth independently of all tradition, to say what he believed to be true without regard for any sort of prejudice; and in this spirit he began his great work of the *Life of Jesus*.

We are not to believe, however, that he was always the rationalist which his writings reveal. Educated in religious tradition by his pious mother, grown up in the halls of the seminary, his first years are those of tranquil belief. But the century contained many temptations, and the serpent of doubt glided into the paradise of innocence. It was the day of mesmerism, when electricity shone like a new spirit diffused over the planet; when every sort of legend was accepted in regard to this universal agent; when people believed in the transparency of bodies, in the angelic transfiguration of creatures, the material view and the tangible experience of souls, the voyage to the moon, to Uranus, where Goethe, transmigrated there, received the newcomers; the close communion between all worlds; the effusive embrace of all beings

until they arrive at the fullness of life, eternity identified with God. It is therefore not surprising that from religious traditions and Christian piety Strauss passed first to the doctrine in which nature took on a magic aspect, to the doctrine of Jacob Boehm, and thence to another doctrine in which nature took on an idealist character—the doctrine of Schelling. It was a peculiarity of such spirits at that time to fix themselves to no idea; to knock at the door of every school in their search for truth; to crawl to the foot of every altar in search of consolation; to pass from system to system like butterflies from flower to flower, to drink their essence, to rise from nature to God, and to fall from the bosom of God into the void; to question the gods of all religions to see if they could give strength to the fainting will and conscience: a state like that of the Grecian school, a spirit of compromise like theirs, where antiquity united the Pythagorean numbers and the Homeric gods, the ideas of Plato to the experiments of Aristotle, the Verb of Plotinus to the universal spirit of the Stoics, believing that they were thus uniting their forces for the continuation of life, but in reality tracing their testament, the epilogue of their faith, for the impending hour of death.

The doctrine of Boehm had great temptation for men like Strauss; that relation of the spiritual with the physical world, of the morality of human actions with the development of cosmic life; that resurrection of the Pythagorean numbers, and of their combinations with ideas and things; the virtue of the Seven which extends from the spiritual works of God to the days of creation, to the primal qualities of being, to the branches of the apocalyptic candlestick. Because in nature every thing is the expressive symbol of some superior idea, every thing is thus animated in universal matter, as in universal movement, by the Divine breath and Divine speech which first created the Son, then the Holy Spirit. And as there are three persons in the Trinity, there are three worlds in the universe; two commanded by Michael and Ariel, where the good angels live, pure, beautiful, transparent, in scenes of light, seeing every day fresh miracles in the creation of suns and the flowering of beings in perpetual spring, listening to the uncommunicable music of Divine actions, a holiness which the third world can never possess, governed, as it is, by Lucifer, and inhabited by us, where the ambition of passing fixed limits and rising to higher spheres and more celestial life has given birth to evil, which disturbs and corrupts and ruins every thing; evil mingled, however, with good, because while among the good angels every thing is holy, and among the evil angels every thing is perverse and diabolical, among men every

thing is good and evil at once, like the light which vivifies and burns, like love which creates and wastes; from which sad combination we shall not escape, except on the day of the second coming of Christ, bringing redemption to Lucifer and to men, redemption of matter and of spirit, all transformed, blessed, and saved in the immensity of the primitive heavens, in the presence of the Eternal Father.

Two causes led the doctor to extraordinary and supernatural beliefs: first, his assiduous reading of the writings of Schelling, the magian of nature; and second, his intercourse with Kerner, the magnetizer, the poet, who pretended to cure the sick and drive out devils from the bodies of the possessed, and who cultivated a singular prophetic and somnambulist in Prevost, reduced by her infirmities to a sort of soul without body, or body without flesh and blood, composed entirely of nerves, which placed her in direct communication with the pure spirits exhaled like odors from the earth and other planets through the medium of death, and wandering in the infinite to return among us occasionally through the conjurations of magic and the effluvia of magnetism.

But all these fancies were mere pastimes of youth. The books of Hegel determined his vocation as a theological critic. The teachings of philology decided him to apply to the Bible the scalpel of his calm reason, tempered in his profound knowledge. A journey to Berlin fixed his tendency toward philosophy and religious criticism. From that time heresy entered into his mind and took complete possession of his understanding. He became suffragan vicar in a village of Suabia. There he passed some time trying to learn if there could be any compatibility between the religious ministry and the profession of his rationalist pantheism. In reality he was not born for a philosopher, and had not taken from his master, Hegel, any thing more than the dialectic method. But his learning was rich in itself and brilliant in its manifestations, and he soon came to be professor in that same university where he had been scholar. Clear in his study of the most difficult problems, precise and accurate in his expositions, brilliant in style, always perspicuous and serene, Strauss was above every thing else a consummate man of letters.

I believe that there can be no more critical and painful situation in the world for a man of clear intelligence and honest mind than that of exercising a ministry so elevated as the priesthood: of ardent faith in his motives and pure virtue in his measures, of abnegation and sacrifice in his ends, wholly devoted to giving faithful believers ideas of God and His providence, sustaining them in the combats of life and of passion, infusing

into their souls the hope of immortality—and suddenly finding that the foundation of this ministry, the belief in the religion of which he is the preacher and apostle, is slowly dying, drying away in the inmost recesses of his being. Under these circumstances the priest appears, therefore, to the eyes of the world, if he forsakes his ministry, a criminal apostate, and to his own eyes, if he remains in it, a mountebank and impostor.

Several Catholic poets have powerfully described the conflict of certain priests who, after being united to the Church, and having entered into their profession and made their eternal vows, binding them to chastity and renunciation of the pleasures of love and the joys of the family, meet in the world with a woman, perhaps destined by Providence to complete and beautify their life, and thus pass through all the circles of hell—hopeless love, unreasoning jealousy, a dropsical thirst of feeling without satisfaction, of infinite desires without alleviation on earth; torn by ardent passions, insufferable remorse; victims of the strife between the voice of the heart and that of the temple; excited by the very scenes to which they give consecration, the celebration of marriage between beings happier than themselves, the baptism of children born of sacred loves, the enchantments of the family in which the priests appear to bless the felicity which never can be theirs, until, in this tremendous conflict, they either fail and fall, forsaken of God, or die martyrs to their religion and their duty.

But there is another torment, greater still, of those who are born and brought up in pious families, with their eyes on the sacred books and their thoughts on the revealed faith; who grow up in the shelter of the seminary, where the faith inspired at home passes to be a conception broadened in the intelligence; who attain their maturity in learned universities, where these sentiments and conceptions become universal ideas, felt and believed by the whole being, sentiment as well as reason, and who eagerly embrace the priesthood in virtue of these convictions; and while they exercise it, doubt enters into the paradise of the soul, corrodes the mind, illuminates with its flashes the depths of the understanding, presents the sacred books as a history more or less human, hardly capable of resisting criticism, the dogmas, the material of their preaching, like symbols of dead ideas, the holy temple like a sepulchre of extinguished ages, all religion like a light which is passing to shadow; and in this situation fate compels them to the alternative either of deceiving the world in opposition to their consciences, or of destroying themselves forever in the face of the world if they are faithful to their duties and listen to the interior voice of the soul, which counsels them to pre-

fer to any thing in heaven or earth fidelity to what they think and believe to be true.

Strauss found himself in this situation, and also his school-mate, Dr. Marklin, of whom Strauss has written an interesting biography. His sufferings were even more intense than those of Strauss. The more he fought with himself, the less could he accustom himself to preach what he believed false. The idea that the divine had only been united with the human in one historic character, in Christ, and had been revealed solely to one distinct people, the Israelites, and in one historical moment, at the advent of Christianity—this idea tormented him indescribably. The immortality of the soul and its individuality, the basis not only of Christianity but of the whole spiritual doctrine which it takes from Socrates and Plato, was invincibly repugnant to him, and appeared to him a natural consequence of a low conception of life and the haughty selfishness of man. In vain he read and reread the celebrated discourse of Schleiermacher upon the Dead, and tried to imitate the art with which this learned preacher pointed his Spinozist ideas of life and death without appearing in open contradiction with the Christian symbolism and dogma. In his distress Marklin came to Strauss and confided to him, in the deepest confidence, all his sorrows and bitterness. The congregation to which he preached was a large and intelligent one, and soon began to see the conflict in the conscience of their favorite preacher.

Strauss was much more tranquil, though not less changed. He had shed, like trees in winter, the religious ideas of infancy and youth. The dreamy mysticism of Boehm and the mystic naturalism of Schelling had run the same course with the religious ideas; all were dried up. The electric spark does not pass through our nerves with such rapidity as those ideas had passed through the fibres of the quick intelligence of the young vicar. The thought of Hegel opened unknown vistas to his reason. The essence of religion and the essence of philosophy are the same, except that that which in philosophy presents itself as idea, in religion presents itself as image. From this belief the passage to another profound conviction was inevitable; that which converts religion into philosophy, accommodating as far as possible the ancient dogmas to the new principles. Thus his soul remained in complete serenity. He had abandoned faith, and did not think of abandoning the priesthood. He had entered into modern science, and did not trouble himself about the death of the old religion. He lived in a comfortable village, and his congregation gave him no care. He followed the external practice and the religious observances of the very faith he was undermining with his pen and

destroying with his books. This situation might appear to him a safe one, but it was not clear or moral. The vicar of error, the priest of a lie, the preacher of sophistry, he lived quietly and satisfied with himself, contented with his ministry and with his work. He therefore advised his scrupulous colleague not to torment himself like the personage of the ancient comedy. If the existence of the god of darkness was repugnant to him, being a relic of the Persian theogony and the Oriental dualism, he proposed to him to substitute for the classic word "devil" the vulgar word "evil." His conscience accepted these doctrines in the profound conviction that it was necessary to hold in reserve the highest ideas for the aristocracy of intelligence, and to leave only a part, and a small part, of the truth for the people. Such a theory is contrary to all science and all morality. Truth is eternal in all spheres, and should be the heritage of all intelligences. To give to some truth and to others error, to keep the former upon the eminences where the sun comes and the others in the valley of death and darkness, is to create castes; the one born to pleasure and the other to pain; the former called to the pure idea, the latter solely to sentiment, as in the nations governed by the ancient theocracies of the East. And this fundamental error can only lead, through successive applications, to the establishment of a religious theocracy permitted to think, and a populace permitted only to believe; an aristocracy destined to direct, and a populace destined to obey; an aristocracy to guard the sacred books, the hieratic language, and a populace guarding only its ignorance and its slavery; an aristocracy issuing from the head and the thought of Brahma for the holy religious ministry, and a populace issuing from his feet to live perpetually in the fields, with manual labor for their only occupation, and ignorance for the only horizon of their souls. Such theories were a horrible retrogression in science, and assisted a not less detestable reaction in politics. Nevertheless, the man who entertained them passed from his humble village vicarage to the place of professor of theology in Tübingen, a position also essentially religious. In Tübingen he wrote with the greatest care his most important work, which has given to his name imperishable fame, the *Life of Jesus*. When paganism was approaching its decadence, and the temples were being deserted, and faith was nearing extinction among the ancient peoples, and the humanitarian sentiment of the Stoics was making its way not only into the conscience but into the laws, and the Judæan and Alexandrine ideas of Christianity were breaking the barriers of faith as the Germanic people further on were to break down the barriers of the empire, there arose again into great vogue,

freezing the veins of the ancient believers and of those who still adored the Hellenic altars, the ideas of the Greek philosophy, long ago divulged, which interpreted dogmas materially, and regarded the gods as men, raised to apotheosis in the gratitude of ages, from Zeus, who presided over creation and swelled the clouds and brandished the lightning, to the humble Pan, dispersed in the life of the fields and forests. A terrible anguish was awakened by these interpretations among those who had intrusted their hopes, their lives and deaths, the inspirations of their hearts, the light of their science, the bones of their ancestors, the cradle and the education of their children, to the gods of paganism, to those who had triumphed with Themistocles and Scipio, those who had sung with Pindar and Virgil, had carved the marbles with the chisel of Phidias, who had spoken with the mouth of Demosthenes and Plato, and on whose lips, parted by the serene smile of immortality, had dwelt for ages the great inspirations which sustained life and thwarted death among the greatest and most glorious people of history.

Something like this happened when Strauss's book appeared. Devoured by some, read by a few, its circulation was impeded by the mass of theological and critical science which filled it, and the tiresome method in which it was composed, bringing forward the contradictions between the gospels in reference to the same narrative, especially when the subject was supernatural and miraculous, noticing the insufficiency of the rationalist explanation and the falsity of the orthodox explanation, and then proceeding to his own, which tended principally to show that the person of Christ and the life of Christ have arisen gradually in imaginations excited by the new faith, and extended among the Christian churches with all the literary accessories and artistic tints of the genuine legend. The common opinion at once inferred that Strauss denied the existence of Christ. No such audacity had been attempted in the eighteenth century. We can imagine, then, the painful impression produced, if not by the restricted reading, by the wide publicity of the book. He had suppressed Christ from history, the Redeemer of man who had broken the fetters of the slave, the Lord of Heaven who had illuminated the conscience of generations, the eternal and perfect Model of morality in life, the Crucified, who from His cross opens His arms as if to embrace the human race, and who is the line of separation between two ages—the old age of religious feudalism, of privilege, of policy, of the absolute empire, and this age of ours which through countless struggles and failures and continual reactions has realized the three great essential ideas, lib-

erty, equality, and fraternity, which have issued from the stream of blood poured from the veins of Christ upon the sublime altar of Calvary.

Strauss himself mentions the incidental causes which determined the publication of his book. At that time, in 1835, there were three explanations given of the gospels. Some believed all the miracles as certain and complete—a belief which his reason rejected. Others believed that every thing in the gospels had come to pass naturally, but that omissions of the apostles had given to the narrative a legendary and miraculous aspect—an interpretation which appeared to him forced. Others regarded all these narratives as mere phantasmagoria and imposture—a charge repugnant to his conscience. The method followed with the ancient dogmas appeared to him a useful one in the interpretation of the Christian ones. No one to-day believes that the pagan dogmas are strictly true, as Herodotus believed, nor that they have a natural and historical explanation, as Euhemerus believed, nor that they are due to the perversion and the inspiration of Satan, as the fathers of the church thought in their zeal. We all regard them as myths born of the pious faith of the people and the rich fancy of poets, who neither wished to deceive nor believed themselves deceived. Thus the candid, innocent faith of the early apostles and the early Christians originated the evangelical narratives, and are a sufficient explanation to-day of the ease with which they were believed and propagated through the world.

Strauss says that thirty years at least intervened between the death of Christ and the writing of the gospels. The one which might appear the most legitimate, the fourth, as dictated by a person who was an actual witness of the life of Christ, appeared uncertain and visionary in the opinion of Strauss, having some resemblance to the Alexandrian ideas, with a certain Gnostic character, giving him to suspect that it had been the work of a forger resolved to represent himself as the disciple whom Jesus loved, the apostle St. John. Christ at his first appearance was a disciple of the ascetic John the Baptist, becoming afterward the Messiah through the universal hope and the ingenuous faith of those times. But Christ raised the moral law above the Mosaic, as Socrates had raised the voice of the human conscience above the voice of the pagan gods. Christianity thus had its birth in the religious hope of the coming of the Messiah, and in the belief that this Messiah was Jesus. At a time when the Messianic hopes were at their height, the Messiah appeared naturally and logically.

But in truth none of these interpretations satisfactorily explain one most important

fact. Why did Christ and Christ alone appear as the Messiah? Why did those around Him see in Him and in no other this supernatural character? Why is this especial moment of history and no other the providential moment of redemption? Why did this Messianic hope, narrow and national, which had arisen among a privileged people, become the human hope common to all peoples? An ebullition of ideas served as the soul and motive power of the life of Jesus, according to Strauss; but the ideas would not have grown of themselves if they had not been personified in a man. Why was there no other? Why had this man not come before? Why did He not come later? Two great historical characters have been often compared, Socrates and Jesus; but what a difference! Socrates was a philosopher, and Christ a Redeemer. Socrates inhabited the region of ancient thought, Greece, and the wise, learned, and cultivated city of Athens. Christ dwelt in a region little known and esteemed, the ancient Judæa, and the conquered city Jerusalem. Socrates had for his pupils the most brilliant men of history—Xenophon, soldier and historian of the first rank, Plato, the most poetic of philosophers and most philosophical of poets; Christ, the obscurest disciples. Socrates and Christ both gave their lives for their idea. The first lived four centuries before the second, in an epoch of greater faith, and yet he left no trace in history, because while Socrates remains confined to the heights of science, as a single master who excites and originates a single movement in philosophy, Christ takes possession of Greeks, of Jews, and Romans. He descends to the slave gang and rises to the throne of the Cæsars. He unites the idea of Rome with that of Athens, the idea of Jerusalem with that of Alexandria. He transforms the ancient world and educates the new. He takes the systems of philosophers and popularizes them. He pauses before the barbarians, subjugates and transforms them, raising altars which last ages of ages, as well in Asia, home of all the gods, as in young America, where have sprung forth the most advanced institutions of the latest times; and no one can yet foresee the epoch in which His name shall cease to be the initial letter of the highest civilization on the planet.

The truth is that spirits which are closed to great historic inspirations can never comprehend this miracle. He alone reduced the most abstruse and divine ideas to the simple food of the people. He alone descended from the heights of metaphysics to the hovel of the slave to bring him the sentiment of his moral dignity and certainty of redemption. He alone preached the essentially democratic dogma of religious liberty. He alone could in His sermon on the mount

touch even the intelligence of the oppressed and the humble. He alone could fuse all castes together in humanity. He alone could bring together in the religious law all peoples, giving them as one Father, one King, and one Lord our God who is in heaven.

Strauss neglected in his work the point which should have been most essential—the origin of Christianity, the supreme and critical epoch in which the doctrine arose. Liberty and the republic had died in Rome. The philosophers of Greece had been converted, with the Stoics, into practical moralists. Jerusalem, which always endeavored to preserve its God apart from the world, experienced the desire of the Sadducees to give Him in communion to all nations and make Him known to all the world. The deserts were filled with saints, with ascetics and hermits, who clamorously demanded the dew of Heaven for their desolate, thirsting souls. In Egypt, wherever there passed a conqueror, a tribune, or a poet, the people asked if this was he they hoped for. Alexandria brought together the ideas of the East and West, as if to form a new dogma. The Ebionites and Essenes were scattered about Jerusalem, making public profession of poverty, with the presentiment of the rich renovation of the spirit. The Gnostics brought in vague echoes of the Oriental religions, reflections of the early twilight of the religious conscience. And all this crisis was collected and personified in a youth of the most benighted region, the most oppressed people, the divine Youth who annihilated religious caste and gave His life for the two grandest ideas of future civilization, for the moral liberty of our souls and religious equality before God for all men.

Beside this work of redemption, of what importance are historical accidents? Strauss had written his book for theologians and not for the laity; but the laity read it as well as theologians, professors and the profane, and it produced a great scandal. His chair at Tübingen was violently taken from him, in contempt of that liberty of thought to which the Germans have always been so devoted. Thousands of pamphlets and books were written to refute him, to abuse and execrate him. The most furious demanded that he should be expelled from Germany. The most moderate reproached him, as my friend Mr. Cherbuliez gracefully mentions, with not having written in Latin. The party of Zurich wished to make him some compensation for all these annoyances by offering him a professorship in that city, which had always been an open school to the Germans. A petition, signed by more than forty thousand of the inhabitants, prevented the theologian from accepting this tranquil retirement, and overturned the government which had offered it to him. The more violent grew the vehemence of the

opposition, the sturdier grew Strauss in his assertions. In the first edition of the *Life of Jesus* he says nothing clearly as to his ideas in regard to the legitimacy of the fourth gospel, in the second he throws doubt upon this legitimacy, and in the third he resolutely refutes it. At first he showed a certain serenity and self-possession. Afterward he gave himself up to all the wrath of those times of the Reformation when Henry the Eighth, in his peculiar Latin, in a certain noisy controversy, called Luther *Cacatus*.

The truth is that Germany in respect to this book contradicted its proverbial liberty of thought. In the course of the contest Strauss completely deserted his religious faith, and renounced historical Christianity. In his work on dogmatism this transformation is most clearly seen. He studies in it the fundamental dogmas and beliefs which have sprung from the Bible and gospels, as they have been developed in the fathers of the church, transformed in modern philosophy, converted into rationalist ideas and universal laws, drawing from all the conclusion that one sole personality, no matter how superior it may appear, could never unite the attributes given by the church to Christ, and that only the human race in its totality could unite and concentrate them; that the individual sins, and that humanity is immaculate; the individual errs, and humanity is infallible; the individual withers, decays, and humanity is progressive; the individual dies, humanity is immortal; the individual succumbs often in his contest with error, and humanity accomplishes the miracle of subjugating contrary forces in history; the individual is limited, and humanity is the daughter of the invisible Father, God, and the invisible mother, nature. It is the reunion, like the Word, of the finite with the infinite, of the accidental with the eternal; it descends to the abyss and is transfigured to the heavens, like the Christ of tradition, because body and spirit, organism and ideas, rise above nations, above races, continents, and seas; above the world, above the planets even, to be identified with the eternal, through means of its luminous and absolute ideas.

"NOBODY BUT JANE ROSSITUR."

TO be, as he was, more than half in love with Marjorie was only to share the condition of a dozen other young gentlemen of his own age and tastes. The only wonder was that he was not wholly in love with her, the young men who were wholly in love with her being so greatly in the majority. It was so natural—indeed, so unavoidable—that Marjorie should win love and admiration, that swains without number should sigh

at her little feet, that she should be praised for almost every thing she did or said, that even women should like her, though she was such a formidable rival. General adoration was the gift her fairy godmother had certainly bestowed upon her in her baptism, wherein she had been made the prettiest, the most charming, the most fortunate, of young maidens. As to her being fortunate, she had always been favored by fortune. Her life had scarcely known a cloud. She had been born a beauty; she had been born an heiress—a sort of princess, indeed; she had been an only child, with no younger or older sisters or brothers to divide her triumphs or the affections showered upon her. Then, again, she had inherited a grandmother, a positive fairy of a grandmother, rich, generous, affectionate—a grandmother who had been a beauty herself, and who adored the girl for reproducing her own charms, springing from the ashes of her own lost youth, a consoling, graceful young phenix. Grandamma Marchmont had, in fact, taken possession of Marjorie from her earliest years. She had controlled her education, chosen her companions, selected her dresses and finery—indeed, had made her her chief object in life. When she had not been with the child at her parents' home, she had been enjoying her at her own delightful house. The one establishment had been as much home to Marjorie as the other.

So it was quite to be expected that, having regulated all else appertaining to her, she should make up her mind to regulate the most important event of her existence. It was nothing more than natural that she should look round among the lovers, and, after mature deliberation, decide that though all were well enough in their way, the prince for her princess was not among them.

"When Marjorie is married," she said to herself, with dignity, "she must be not only married, but mated. There must be no inequalities."

But she was far too gracious and lofty an old lady to be at all in a hurry about the matter. There was not an atom of vulgar haste about her. She let the lovers come and go, and gave both herself and Marjorie time. She looked about gravely still, and even while weighing each suitor in the balance and finding many wanting, would rather have perished in unimpaired stateiness than have slighted the least among them.

It was not until Marjorie Marchmont was twenty that Tyrrel appeared—Mr. Steven Tyrrel—who up to that time had been improving his opportunities upon his father's fabulous estate upon one of the most fabulously wealthy and beautiful of the West India Islands. I use the term "fabulous" because the usual description of both estate and island sounded more like a bit of tropical romance than any thing quite real and