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ARTICLE IV.

LITERATURE AND THE RELIGIOUS FEELING.

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NEAR the close of his introductory lecture on the "Nature and Elements of Poetry," Mr. E. C. Stedman, after contrasting the material spirit of an age of discovery and mechanical invention with the spirit and the feeling of the poet, applying the principle which he finds in the contrast, has this to say about Immortality and Poetry: "Theology teaching immortality now finds science deducing the progressive existence of the soul as an inference from the law of evolution. Poetry finds science offering it fresh discovery as the terrace from which to essay new flights. While realizing this aid a temporary disenchantment is observed. The public imagination is so intent upon the marvels of force, life, psychology, that it concerns itself less with the poet's ideals. Who cares for the ode pronounced at the entrance of this Exposition while impatient to reach the exhibits within the grounds? Besides, fields of industrial achievement are opened by each investigation, enhancing human welfare and absorbing our energies. The soldiers of this noble war do not meditate and idealize; their prayer and song are an impulse, not an occupation."

These words, together with the argument and plea of which they form a part, contain the essence of a contrast which is one of the most significant in the history and development of literature. They point out what is the exact nature of the *Zeit-geist*, and also what the idealizing arts and professions have to expect so long as it prevails. They are

a simple and truthful presentation of the eternal opposition of two abiding principles in life and civilization.

It is the function of literature to be perpetually the medium through which the ruling motives and impulses of mankind find their expression. It may take the highest or the lowest form, from the daily record of current events to the profoundest exposition of the most philosophic themes, it still derives its being from the intimacy of its matter with the facts and experiences of the common life. It is the attempt of the human mind and heart to perpetuate itself in visible symbols, and ally itself with the great world movements which make the sum of the human hope in all ages and places. How truly this function stands out as the real inner motive and power of literature can be seen in some of its broader relations as these have unfolded themselves in the development of both literature and history.

Literatures have always found their bloom periods when the tides of national feeling have been the highest. This rule is exactly the same, whether the literature be ancient, mediæval, or modern. Take, for example, the literature of the Hebrews. Note the so-called Mosaic books, which have been the spring of the legal line of human culture from time immemorial, and their production is found to spring from a period when the national feeling was at one of the high tides, and the productive capacity found aid in its work by the reaction of an impassioned and highly wrought feeling of national greatness and destiny. The prophecies of Isaiah and of Jeremiah, the Psalms and the book of Job, and also the prophecy of Ezekiel, are all similar evidences of the productive force of a national life moved upon by consciousness of crucial times.

The literature of Greece is equally illustrative; so also is that of Rome, of Germany, of England, and of America. The reason for the fact thus everywhere most manifest lies in the one already stated, that the impulse which makes

a literature is the one that makes a nation. It is the alliance of the highest and holiest aims of a communal life wrought into the expression of that life by means of language. Life and literature are thus seen really to be but different names for the same thing, with only this difference, that, while in the actual living beings the transitory elements must be taken into account and reckoned with, literature as a rule preserves only the high-water marks and gives the starting-point for the next advance. But this is not all. The national life thus seeking to be expressed is almost invariably represented in certain great and overshadowing figures who in themselves very often embody the elements to be preserved. Thus, again, in the earliest Hebrew period of history Moses stands forth with a distinctness that forces his contemporaries into well-nigh absolute obscurity; the later period has its Isaiah or its Jeremiah or its Ezekiel or its David. Lessing in his period, Goethe in his, and Shakespeare in his are also examples. This introduces the biographical element as an almost constant factor in literature. It may be in the form of narrative, or the figure himself may appear only through the mighty works which he produces; but there, behind the movement and within the work, is the man himself, and around him must the literary development in no inconsiderable measure revolve. Literature, then, is not only national feeling, but personal, individual feeling as well; and since the lesser minds of the generations but echo the feeling of the great few, there is thus established the personal bond which makes a truly national literature also a personal history.

One other point must here be made clear. Antagonistic to this expression of the higher life and impulses of the race or nation is the motive of material future or possession. There is no great production marking the advancing lines of human hope and appealing to the loftier sentiments that does not stand out against the dull, unappreciative environment

of contemporary thought always mistaken and usually unappreciated. The thinker—but, as Carlyle has it, how few think—and the poet, the one by exposition, and the other by imagination, leading out into the larger life and hope, have ever stood hermits among the dullards whom they sought to bestir with their own sublime aims. Here is the eternal contrast appearing in the battle of the material with the ideal, and the warfare which once begun has never found its end. 'Tis true, and pity 'tis, that none will read the ode, and those who do will hardly comprehend.

It is interesting, then, to find this fact given such clear and unmistakable statement by the writer of the "Nature and Elements of Poetry." Had we heard it from a theologian, we might have felt that he was wailing because he was left behind in the fallen ranks of discarded leaders. But such is not the case; and the principle which stands out first in the Master's teaching of the battle of the standpoints of life and its use is thus finally recognized and expressed in the teeth of a materializing century, which will have odes indeed, but will not read them, and cannot understand them anyway. This is the truth which theologians have for ages been battling to have recognized. They have been the messengers of the ideal, and have been ranked with the poets as impracticable dreamers, but they have won the struggle. The issue is at least clearly made.

The uses of the principle which is now set forth for the science of biblical literary criticism is one of commanding importance. It designates a difference between critics and critics. It clearly differentiates the idealistic from the materialistic critic, and thus creates the wide gulf between them in their relative influence and authority. Throughout the Scriptures there seems to be tacitly made precisely the plea which Mr. Stedman makes for poetry. Their purpose is larger than the present tense of the writer. The aim is not material and temporary. It is ideal and eternal. It is not

linked to interests which are rooted in the then existing conditions, but grounded in eternal principles of righteousness. It is, in a word, not Ptolemaic, but Copernican. It requires to be transcended, to be interpreted, and in the largest hope and the most expanded thought and imagination only will be discerned and comprehended. Criticism has from the Bible, thus, a perpetual challenge to nobility of purpose and moral purity as to method and spirit. If science comes to the aid of immortality as an inference from the law of evolution —a weak sort of aid in this case it must be confessed— nevertheless the doctrine will remain as it is, one without the narrow bounds of scientific certainty in the large realm of a truly divine and limitless obscurity. Immortality scientifically demonstrated, were such a thing possible, would be in the highest degree repugnant both to cultivated feeling and the religious sense. But there need be no fear; it never will be thus demonstrated. The ideal, so far as it is represented in the doctrine of immortality, must remain in the domain of the undemonstrable, and there give in the faith and refined imagination of the disciple its various content.

There is just one possible form of an objection that should be considered here. Has the realism of modern literature no modification for this conclusion? Absolutely none. As record, it is descriptive and real; as influence, if it be fortunate enough to have influence, it must assimilate itself to the ideal; in a power that is a dominant one in human life it cannot be realism to lose that power in the magnification of petty details. If it pass the bounds of the passing moment, and live in the memory, to be incorporated into the body of the substance and permanent thought of mankind, the realism is soon lost sight of in the rise of the principles involved. Literature to be enduring is ideal, and must represent the forms by which the mind and heart recognize the permanent types of their kind in all times. The Hebrew writers were realists to a degree almost unsurpassed

in the history of literature, but none the less so moved and directed by the mighty tide of moral feeling and endeavor, that their details, minute and wearisome often, have been swallowed up out of sight in the lofty religious imagination and their matchless consciousness of God in the world. The idealist has the key to life and is the master of its interpretation. He is the seer whose visions move the heart and sway the mind. He is the prophet who though the people stone him may be sure that he will have enduring monuments in the regenerate life and new religious instinct of the succeeding generations. He is the possessor of the future.

NATURALISTIC CRITICISM AND MATERIALISM.

The importance of the distinction which we have been making, for the criticism of the Bible, as indeed for all religious books, becomes even more manifest when we consider what is the trend of the critical spirit as applied to the documents constituting the Sacred Scriptures. The line of demarcation between those who have caught the true genius of the animating spiritual feeling and those who as aliens to their feeling undertake the work of interpretation, is here surprisingly brought to view. There cannot be the slightest objection to what is called pure naturalism in biblical criticism, so far as it confines its operations merely to the nature of the writings themselves; but, when the inner movement or the spiritual impulse is sought to be brought into the naturalistic mould, the difficulty at once makes itself felt. What we have already shown to be the function of literature is here given double emphasis in the obvious feeling of supernaturalism which everywhere pervades the biblical writings. It is not that they have not been generated by the most crude of natural processes, but the inner power, the spiritual dynamic, is something different from the mere language itself developed from roots and comparative linguistic growth. For giving permanent contributions to the spir-

itual enlightenment of the church and the world, the naturalistic mode of criticism lacks the most essential element for the best results. But there is another and graver observation to be made. It seems to be more than a coincidence, that the time when the material world is first in the thought of men, and the resources and products of mechanical invention hold the commanding place in the expenditure of human energies, should also be the time when naturalism should have its strongest hold. They seem rather to be the natural complements and concomitants of each other. The material world is for the practical demands of living; naturalism, or, if we may so speak, a spiritual materialism, is for the inner life, giving a kind of scientific correspondence which should satisfy the most ardent critical spirit. These two manifestations of the same thing, starting only from opposite poles, reveal how far from the inner motive the age has fallen, and how rarely we are in the atmosphere where we hear the true note of spiritual progress and feeling. The endeavor to confine the power and the dynamic strength of the Scriptures to a theory of development could be born and pursued in no other period than such as this is. Critics may continue to struggle about the probable meaning of odd words, and may battle eternally about the archæological evidences for this or that; but the real meaning and the spiritual message comes not by such a process.

There is here a plea for the use and culture of emotion as a faculty of criticism. The poets have always recognized it, and the preacher and the man of affairs have always reckoned with it. It is a necessary link to the chain of interpretation, whether it come through critical or uncritical hands. It is giving scientific valuation to that which passes among men by the name of simply experience. It is the mastery of the content of the inner personal life, and, by that mastery, the calling up of the old spirits to hear again their message and live their life once more. How powerful this element is in

the making of life and history, Lowell has finely expressed when he makes Cromwell say, in "A Glance Behind the Curtain,"—

> "I, perchance,
> Am one raised up by the Almighty arm
> To witness some great truth to all the world.
> Souls destined to o'erleap the vulgar lot,
> And mould the world unto the scheme of God,
> Have aforeconsciousness of their high doom,
> As men are known to shiver at the heart
> When the cold shadow of some coming ill
> Creeps slowly o'er their spirits unawares.
> Hath God less power of prophecy than Ill?"

This final question is exactly the one which we are raising here. Swayed as they were by great feelings, and moved thereby to the great deeds which have made history and life, are we to come speeding along, after centuries, and treat these mighty men, of deep and powerful emotion, as statues exhumed from the *débris*, without heart and beyond hopes and fears of common life? Not so. They too were men of feeling. And their life and their work were produced as these currents mounted and fell in their constant ebb and flow.

Great spiritual movements are created by great spiritual needs, and the forms in which they appear are determined by local considerations which are of little significance as illustrating the movements themselves. Take, for example, the remarkable revival of national feeling which had its birth during the Captivity, and look at the marvellous product which it has left us in the Hebrew literature. And yet, while this was at its height, the national life of the Jews was absolutely unable to assert itself in a single institution which has endured the tests of time. A fair argument would hold that this literature could not have been produced in the seventh century, since there are no collateral developments in institutions side by side with the literary bloom. But historical science proves otherwise. External

action denied, evidently increased the outflow of national emotion to a degree that simply overstepped the normal proportions of institutional life and literature. Wanting the former, they more than filled the loss by the larger growth of the latter. Here again is the illustration that the eternal contrast was making itself felt. The material side of Hebrew life was well-nigh suppressed. No majestic temple gave stimulus to the national pride, and chained the national thought and energy to its material resources. No magnificent and complex government made them a race of intriguers and petty politicians. Material life they had only as captives, and the glorious works which they helped to erect were only monuments of their humiliation and degradation. But how the fountain-springs of intense feeling sent out their streams, and how the impassioned prophets and poets seized and transformed the Messianic idea! How real now becomes the Suffering Servant of Jehovah, and how brightly is the doctrine of vicarious suffering brought to the foreground and made the promise and the pledge of new and brighter hope! It is at this period that we have the great doctrines of the New Testament most clearly shadowed forth in the Old, and the permanent elements of religion written in the forms in which Christ and the apostles spread them throughout the world. Feeling was the force that wrought this, and feeling alone can reproduce the impassioned spiritual delight which thus brought out the inner life and expressed it.

There is another element of the problem which the material criticism has apparently entirely overlooked. Pain is an element of life which has not a little to do with the production of the problem of the critic's labor. The question as to the existence and the meaning of pain is not a new one, howbeit more discussed in philosophical than in theological circles. And yet this is a matter for the literary critic and the theologian no less than for the philosophical inquirer.

Whether pessimism be a true solution or not, still there are in the content of life pathological elements which are as profoundly influential as the physiological and the normal. Thus, when Byron writes,—

> "My days are in the yellow leaf:
> The flowers and fruits of love are gone;
> The worm, the canker, and the grief
> Are mine alone,"

we are not in doubt as to what those thirty-six years have meant, and what their practice and occupation has been. Whether the case be well or ill chosen, it is yet true that, to criticise intelligently the work of Byron, the critic himself must needs know what the feeling of wild antinomianism is like, and what the pangs of remorse can produce of semi-savagery in the human heart. Criticism is intelligent judgment, but it is not this alone. It is feeling expressed in knowledge, and high aim, working together for a noble purpose. The travail out of which sublime productions come, must be felt, at least in a measure, by the critic too. The pains which were Schiller's constant companions stalk constantly through his works, and have given us some of the finest passages in "Wilhelm Tell." Everyone knows that Carlyle's digestion must be considered, in the effort to know what those multiplied capitals and fearful superlatives mean. Handel and Bach were frequently overcome by the mere feeling of their unborn oratorios, and Haydn must needs often tell his beads, to get new strength for his work. Will their interpreters forget or neglect the travail and think to know their masters?

Passion, when not merely vulgar sensualism, is in all probability the most powerful productive instrument in the world. But the naturalistic critic knows nothing of this, or, if he knows it, does as the public did with the ode pronounced at the opening of the Exposition. George Eliot, in "Romola," makes as the constant factor in the life of Tito

the fear of the vengeance of Baldassare, while the same vengeance is the latter's ruling motive too. The action and reaction thus shown are fairly representative of the interaction of feeling between the poet or prophet and his interpreter. Moses as a law-giver and civil leader is a theme for thought and criticism, to be sure, but the Moses who figures in the critical sympathetic insight is the high-minded, vigorous, impetuous, and daring leader of a half-civilized host emerging from bondage to freedom amid a wildly beating national enthusiasm to be directed and educated, while not to be repressed or smothered. Give us the facts, and stick to the science of the thing, cries the critic. True; but shall the imagination be banished, and the religious feeling be as nothing? Is it nothing to feel an anxious thrill, and breathe more quickly, and then wait in breathless suspense as the roll of Pharaoh's chariots draws nearer, and to shout aloud in triumph when the waves roll back and engulf the tyrant? Childhood knows better. It feels quickly, suffers with the oppressed innocent, and cries for joy when the oppressor is finally overcome. The dramatist who would follow the stupid canons of the material critics, would never see his play performed. Life, too, has its heavy villains and its subtle rascals. The great audience looks on and waits. It shouts when righteousness triumphs; it weeps, as the angels are said to do, when wrong gains a victory. But this is nothing to the material critic. Dates and iota subscripts are his food. The humanness of the thing is naught. But this is not true criticism; it is the mere playwork, as Lowell has it, that traces wisdom to the apple's fall, and not to the soul of Newton.

LITERATURE AND RELIGION.

Among the tribes that wandered in the Arabian deserts before the time of Mohammed, the Jews were usually referred to as "People of the Book," and their coherence and national characteristics and unity were so evident that the

"book" idea was, as it is said, thereby impressed upon Mohammed to make the Moslems also a "book" people. Whether this is the fact or not, more than any other religion, Judaism was linked to its written code in a way that made the religious life and the authority of the sacred books mutually dependent. In a lesser sense this is true, likewise, of the earlier of the Oriental religions, but in no case with the same distinctness and inseparableness as in the case of the Jews. This, as it seems now, looking backward over the history of religion, was not only a desirable and natural but a philosophical arrangement. It supplied the means of securing religious homogeneity and of orderly development. It gave true proportion to the various rites and ritual which it enjoined. It organized a priesthood, and suggested the direction of progress of the religious idea in the enlargement of the forms in which it might seek its expression. Moreover, it provided for regularity in exposition of the leading ideas, and thus erected a body of interpretation, and led to continuity in the way of systematic instruction. But it will at once be seen that it thus created a distinct body of literature, removed from the ordinary currents of thought, which received from its founders an effect which, begotten out of the occupation and the spiritual aim, nominal at least if not real, has ever since made the distinction between a so-called sacred and a profane literature. Nor is the distinction thus created wholly without justification. The theme called for singular consecration, when rightly pursued, and such holy setting apart for their tasks many of the writers undoubtedly did receive. It is not without reason that we look naturally for a theophany at the beginning of every sacred work. We should be surprised if it did not appear.

Hermann Grimm relates, in his first essay on Ralph Waldo Emerson, that one day he visited the house of a friend and picked up a volume of Emerson's Essays, and, though tolerably well acquainted with English, was aston-

ished to find that, after reading a page or two, he had understood absolutely nothing. The experience led to inquiry concerning the author and to further study, which resulted in a most enthusiastic discipleship for the American. This experience furnishes an example of the characteristic difference in the method of approach to the man with a spiritual message from that by which we come near to the ordinary expositor or teacher. It was Emerson, also, who, though using as few men did, with abundance, the facts of history to point a doctrine, said that history could only be studied by brute force. It is simply here a question of discipleship first, and intelligence afterward,—at least, so far as the critical sense is concerned. There is not required a surrender of the rational faculties indeed, but there does seem to be required that they shall be held in abeyance until the subtler elements of the spiritual and sympathetic insight shall have gathered together all the data for the judgment to work upon. The literary critics have again and again affirmed the same thing of Browning and Milton and Dante. If we have made the meaning here at all clear, the drift of the argument is now apparent. The literature of religion is even more imperative in its demand for discipleship, than that which borders on the religious, as much of Emerson's writing does. The German critic did exactly the right thing, according to our view, to take up the puzzle, and, though he floundered around in the midst of unconnected wisdom for a period, nevertheless caught the spirit of the man at length and loved him well. It was not a critical act at all. It had no logical justification. To be sure, he was told that this was the most gifted American writer of the period; but what of that? Many have thus held concerning many worthless writers. It is also worthy of remark, in passing, that the classification of opinion on the author in question is exactly along the lines of the course of procedure thus laid

down. The historian requires us to accept his facts and do with them as we will. The man with a message requires us, not only to master his message, but in a measure to know him too. Some one, speaking of the power of Goethe's works upon him, said: "He came upon me like '*an influence.*'" Vague as this is, it is exactly expressive of what happens when the master and the disciple really meet through the medium of literature. And it is significant, if we may mention it with reverence, that the work of the Holy Spirit has usually been expressed in *just* this term "influence." It is the inflow of spirit upon spirit, revealing, correcting, inspiring, and directing. It belongs in a lesser sense to all literature of power, and is pre-eminently the ruling quality of the literature of religion. This is why scholars who study exclusively the sacred books of India or China or Japan or of Egypt, lose apparently so often the sense of their nineteenth-century surroundings, in a one-sided and oft ridiculous admiration for these productions. But it is certainly a very natural process.

It must not be supposed, however, that here we are urging a kind of blind worship without the use of the intellectual faculties. We mean nothing of the sort. But serious students of the Scriptures are aware how often, even when the historical situation is thoroughly understood, and the textual difficulties are cleared away, there yet remains that peculiar denseness about even the most charming and picturesque passages which makes them utterly elude an interpretation commensurate with their environment and intellectual content. But, when the spiritual nature alert and quickened by devotion, and when the breadth of mind capable of a world-wide sweep of imagination, and an overflowing heart are brought to it, how radiant, and flashing with meaning and power, is the simplest word from the Book! It is the difference which we have noted. Every expositor knows it. Must not the critic know it too? Some one has

compared Michael Angelo to an entire continent surrounded by water, with its own vegetation and configuration, alone and incomparable. The same may be said of the Epistle to the Romans. But may it not be said likewise of the Fourth Gospel? And what shall we say of the Second Isaiah or the book of Job? Each indeed is in its sphere alone. Each is incomparable, but only because there is a spirit in each, that, flowing in upon the willing disciple, warms the heart to throbbing, and illuminates the mind with the visions of its own superb glory. This is the intellectual emotion, which is the quality which the sympathetic critic must have, to know his work and interpret it aright. Biblical critics of our generation, while often appreciative of its internal and literary excellencies, have too often been utterly oblivious to the spiritual preparation needful for the task which comes to the interpreter of the Bible.

It is just at this point that the well-known alienation of the church from the critical laborer has begun. She has invariably clung to her seers with their vague visions, rather than to her critics with their bare encyclopædias of collated facts. It is the spirit that quickeneth, said Jesus; and the letter kills no less from a modern critic with endless citation from manuscripts and monuments, than from pedantic Pharisees haggling over minor points of ecclesiastical observance. But his blunder has been no less a literary and critical blunder, than a spiritual one. He has not rendered the discipleship needful for the enthusiastic devotion that reads aright the message and paints a correct picture of the messenger. Moreover, the majestic abandon which has been an almost invariable quality of the leaders of religion in all the world can never be learned in the routine of academic discipline. So much at least must be yielded to the devotee in his cell of consecration. Edward Everett, in his Phi Beta Kappa oration of 1825, on "The Peculiar Motives to Intellectual Exertion in America," urged, as one of them, that literature

had bloomed chiefly under free institutions,—a statement which was justly criticised, with the remark that the Periclean period, which he cited, was not really a free period, since Athens had at the time four hundred thousand slaves, and twenty thousand freemen who had to be paid at the rate of three oboli each to perform their civic duties. The misconception lies deeper however. Freedom is not all that is required. It requires that kind of antinomianism which can loose itself from conventional forms, and plunge into the depth of feeling, and bring out the hidden heart of the matter from the incrustations which ages have heaped upon it. But this, again, is emotion, always necessary indeed, but especially necessary for the critic of the literature of religion, which by its tradition, as by its genesis, calls for the enthusiasm of the devotee. The endeavor to be just merely, and to write for the future, is fatal to the passionate discipleship which the discerning critic must have. It is the free play of feeling that thus loosens and enlightens. It feeds the fires of passion, and their heat and warmth brings forth things new and old. Law indeed we must have, and will have. But the prophet is above laws. The poet is. The orator is. And who would understand the prophet, the poet, or the orator must be in the same atmosphere with them and be swayed by the aspiration that moves them.

Thus it is in a measure made plain, that literature and religion are inseparably allied in the mode of the understanding of each. It is not a gift of the priest, or the possession of the devotee, but the privilege of the enlightened rational critic, to make the largest use of emotion as an instrument of intelligent criticism. It points out again, what Schleiermacher has so well said, that all religion is feeling in its broadest circle, and begins with the sum of human aspirations for the good, even in its least tangible forms. But when it has become sufficiently concrete to have a body and move in rank and file, then, even more, *esprit de corps* is an

essential to a faithful presentation. "I and the Father are one," was the consciousness that enabled the Master to proclaim with directness and explicitness the things of the kingdom. "I am crucified with Christ," was the same principle that gave Paul the unparalleled faith to cross the Alps even to Spain for the mission which he had to discharge. This self-identification is not rational. It is emotional. It is the spirit of the Master breathing upon his disciple and identifying them in a common hope and a common purpose. It is sanctified action, rightly moved upon, losing itself only to find itself in a nobler form and with a sublimer mission.

THE PSYCHOLOGICAL THEORY OF RELIGIOUS FEELING.

Charles Lamb, in the delightful essay on "Imperfect Sympathies," commenting on a text from the "Religio Medici," says: "I am, in plainer words, a bundle of prejudices—made up of likings and dislikings—the veriest thrall to sympathies, apathies, and antipathies." The phrase is happily chosen, and every man to a greater or less degree is, just as he, a thrall to sympathies, apathies, and antipathies. This is nothing derogatory to the man either. It is simply recognizing, in the light of scientific discovery, what a man actually consists of. So also John Mill ventures, at the close of a chapter on the Psychological Theory of the Mind, to say, "The theory, therefore, which resolves Mind into a series of feelings, with a background of possibilities of feeling, can effectually withstand the most invidious of the arguments directed against it." And, finally, this from Frederick Robertson: "Men have tried to demonstrate Eternal Life from an examination of the structure of the body. One fancies he has discovered the seat of life in the pineal gland—another in the convolution of a nerve—and thence each infers the continuance of the mystic principle supposed to be discovered there. But a third comes and sees in it all nothing really immaterial: organization, cerebration, but not Thought

or Mind separable from these; nothing that must necessarily subsist after the organism has been destroyed. . . . The vindication of his [Paul's] teaching was: These Revealed Truths cannot be seen by the eye, heard by the ear, nor guessed by the heart; they are visible, audible, imaginable only to the spirit." Here we have a threefold testimony concerning the object of our inquiry. And each witness, in his own way and for his own purpose, announces his version of the inner life as it appears to him.

The striking thing about them all—the poet (for Lamb was a poet), the psychologist, and the preacher—is that at the base they are at one, differing only in the terms they use and in the peculiar matter and particular question they may have in hand. But they are all in the region of the feeling; and, while the one describes it as the whole content of his life, and the other as the constitutive matter of the mind, the third describes it as the organ of spiritual insight and discernment. We are not unaware of the apparent incongruity of this testimony, and have purposely chosen it, so to speak, from the most casual of the utterances of each, in order that the contrast and the unity might together appear in clearest outline.

Nowhere has the battle between the idealist and the realist, or as we prefer to call him the materialist, been more persistently fought than in the domain of psychology, and the triumph of the physiological psychology has in it some curious manifestations of the grip of the conviction of the final sway of emotion on the most sceptical of the experiential philosophers, even with the idealistic consequences attached. The whole of the problem of life is unquestionably self-realization, and for this end the mastery of the self constitutes the primary problem to be solved. But what is the self? A bundle of prejudices, answers Lamb. But the psychologist, if he answer more learnedly, does not tell us much more than this. Thus, for example, Professor James, after

discussing the Self in its various aspects, as social, empirical, spiritual, together with the pure ego and the mutations of self, and the like, finally dismisses the question thus: "If the passing thought be the directly verifiable existent, which no school has hitherto doubted it to be, then that thought is itself the thinker, and psychology need not look beyond. The only pathway that I can discover for bringing in a more transcendental thinker would be to deny that we have any direct knowledge of the thought as such. The latter's existence would then be reduced to a postulate, an assertion that there must be a knower correlative to all this known; and the problem, who that knower is, would have become a metaphysical problem. With the question once stated in these terms, the spiritualist and the transcendentalist solutions must be considered as, *prima facie*, on a par with our own psychological one, and discussed impartially. But that carries us beyond the psychological or naturalistic point of view."[1]

But this leaves us no nearer the heart of our question than before. The spiritualist, using this term in its psychological, not its religious sense, has the immense weight of the practical judgment and experience of the world on his side. The verifiable character of the passing thought does not involve the conclusion which Professor James attaches to it, that it is therefore the thinker. We know that it is not, and the appeal to consciousness sustains us; and does not Professor James himself hold as possible a "back-door" theory which admits the possibility of a much larger content of consciousness than can be proved by physiological experiment, or indeed justified logically at all? He more readily than most workers in the field of psychology has recognized the existence of a great mass of unclassified facts which the ordinary canons of science do not account for. Why an exalted emotion with the proper physical organs

[1] Psychology, Vol. i. p. 401.

abnormally excited may not produce results which are real and valid, however unjustifiable in the court of the ordinary scientific formulas, is not clear from even the most scientific psychological standpoint. Professor James himself says on this very point: "But whether the other things establish themselves more and more, or grow less and less probable, the trances I speak of have broken down for my own mind the limits of the admitted order of nature. Science, so far as science denies such exceptional facts, lies prostrate in the dust for me; and the most urgent intellectual need which I feel at present is that science be built up again in a form in which such fact shall have a positive place. Science, like life, feeds on its own decay. New facts burst old rules; then newly divined conceptions bind old and new together into a reconciling law."[1]

Here, at least, we have the admission that a large circle of facts which confessedly have an important bearing upon the religious side of life must be considered in the future upbuilding of science. More we could not desire. In most marked contrast is the tone here, to that of the naturalistic critics of the Bible, who in a word dismiss the supernatural element as unworthy of discussion at all. To be sure, we are always in danger of being imposed upon, and losing the fine rational discrimination which detects errors and sifts out the truth from the mass of false material. But the sympathetic spirit which at the first follows, howbeit if only to investigate, is a *conditio sine qua non* of enlightened criticism. There is an established basis thus made for the emotional reactions as sound as psychological science can make it. Fearful of repetition, we again affirm, that, when emotion thus making valid phenomena in the remaining fields of psychical research is perceived to be making equally new phenomena in the religious domain, the same reasoning must hold the phenomena as valid there as else-

[1] The Forum, August, 1892, p. 738.

where. It must be subjected to the same scrutiny. It must be given the same obstinate, hard-headed tests. But when it passes the muster, and its results are established by competent authority, then the critic must as certainly use it as he does any other scientific conclusions.

The argument thus sustained in respect to the living experience of the church can very easily be extended to the facts as recorded in the historical books in the Old Testament. Thus the genuineness of a trance which breaks down the limits of the admitted order of nature in the mind of a keen scientific expert in the nineteenth century creates a very strong presumption for similar occurrences in the time of the kings and the prophets of the Old Testament. The evidence comes, of course, through slightly different channels; but the essential facts are alike, and the logic of the situation is identical. But there is this observation to be perpetually kept in mind, that the medium through which many of these things are discerned is in the enlightened, stimulated, and, as we say speaking religiously, the divinely directed feeling. The demand for scientific standing-ground is thus met. The clamor for analogy in modern life is also presented, and what makes it all the more remarkable is that the justification of our position comes from the antipodes, so to speak, from those least interested in the building of the kingdom of God as we should desire it. Verily, even science is learning that the mere name "scientific" does not carry with it the quality of infallibility.

Emotion as a creative and critical force is thus seen in alliance with its natural fellow the doctrine of the idealist. What the encyclopædists in France and England wrought in the eighteenth century in the gathering of facts and details was a noteworthy and a praiseworthy work. But the life-giving and the life-interpreting period was not theirs. The period of the Reformation was an idealistic period. On the one hand, we find the dull dragnets of cross-examina-

tion, represented in Hume and Hartley; in the other, the living, vigorous freshness of Luther and Erasmus. In the former, emotion was hardly, if at all, recognized, except as in the mass of physical sensations; by the latter, the very heart-strings were made to vibrate with the ring of the discussion on the great themes of life, liberty, and immortality. It was feeling enlightened, and free in its joyous fellowship with the newly awakened mind, that startled the nations and gave new birth to the world.

THE BIBLE THE STANDARD OF THE LITERATURE OF POWER.

It was De Quincey who gave us the very discriminating differentiation between the literature of knowledge and the literature of power, and cited, if we remember rightly, the Bible as the most conspicuous illustration of the latter. There is a sense, which we have already indicated, in which all literature which survives in the life and consciousness of men is literature of power. But there is also the special sense which De Quincey indicated and which is important and germane to our theme. To be worthy of this designation, the literature thus described must have certain signs or characteristics by which it can be discovered. The expression "of power" carries with it certain vague intimations of a strength and influence, together with an importance which it behooves us to understand. What is literature of power? Perhaps this question can best be answered by certain illustrations.

Prior to the year 1774, in Germany, though the spirit of free inquiry had received stimulus in the *Aufklärung* from various sources, and was in a fairly active condition, thought was, so far as the theological atmosphere was concerned, placid and contented. In that year, Lessing, then librarian at Wolfenbüttel, began the publication of the "Wolfenbüttel Fragments," which stirred up the theological world, and moved the moral and critical spirit of Germany,

as few works have done. In the controversy that followed, Lessing defended himself vigorously, and finally embodied his views in his well-known book on the "Education of the Human Race." Probably there has no work been published in Germany of its kind which has had the influence of this remarkable book. And it may fairly be said to have securely engrafted its ideas into the thinking of the German people. But the historian of the movements of life among the nations is bound, notwithstanding, in justice, to record that this cannot be classified with the literature of power. It doubtless awakened the minds of many. It clarified thought. It forced superstition and bigotry to hide their unworthy heads in shame, and may be said to have ushered in a reign of freer thought and toleration in Germany. But it was severely and only critical. It was the language of the head, and the head alone. It was a critical exposition,—and as such did its work,—but it was not of the literature of power.

About the same time appeared a work, in another field, which has had even more influence on the course of modern thought than Lessing's had. In 1781 Immanuel Kant published the "Critique of the Pure Reason." There is no way of measuring the revolution which this prince of modern philosophers wrought. All modern thinking in the philosophic line turns back to him as its starting-point. And the most modern are even more strenuous in the endeavor to do him honor than the earlier followers. The problem of philosophy in its entirety as Lotze has it, Kant divided into three questions, What can we know? What shall we do? and What may we hope? and with marvellous vigor and critical acumen he attacked his work, so that all the world since has looked on and wondered. Undoubtedly here there was a turning-point in the history of thought. Undoubtedly a new leaf was at that time turned in the method of philosophical inquiry and the canons of critical procedure. It was fraught with the deepest meaning for his generation, and for

the future as well. It did its work. It made its mark on the intellect of the world. It created a new literature. It founded a school of thought. It has disciples numberless as the sands of the sea. And yet this is not to be classified with the literature of power. It enchains the mind. It holds fast the logical faculties. But it is not of the literature of power.

One single further example. The almost universal dominance of the law of evolution is well recognized. The man who wrought it into the scientific and practical consciousness with the wisdom of a magician, and transformed our conception of the world, was Charles Darwin. By reason of his work we live in a different world. We do not see what we used to see! or feel what we used to feel, or at all recognize the pre-Darwinian world which our fathers knew and talked about! But this, too, cannot be classed with the literature of power. We must indeed know the "Origin of Species" as we know our readers and our spelling-books; but we know them just as we know the Origin. It is knowledge wondrous and fascinating. It is a description charming and picturesque. It is a panorama of a world so strangely beautiful that we are almost persuaded that it is a romance after all. What if it should prove romance in the end? But yet, with all this beauty and strange fascination, this is not the literature of power. This is not the source of the kind of inspiration which seeks and makes the highest and holiest within us move us to higher endeavors than we have hitherto known. No; Kant was nearer to us than Darwin, even though each in his sphere was incomparable.

But, by way of contrast, let us take some other contributions to literature, and place them side by side with those of which we have just spoken. There is in history no struggle for human progress that has a more fascinating interest than the history of the struggle for the abolition of human slavery. If ever there was a cause that enlisted all the no-

blest human faculties, and inspired them to their highest pitch of mighty strength, it was this. It called head and heart and spirit—all—into the battle. It interested the workshop, the counting-room, and the home. The public assembly paused in the rush for wealth to hear it discussed. High and low degree were equally moved by the appeal to the inner human sense, which said, All men are born free at least, if they are not born equal. A work which had much to do with this sublime uprising of humane feeling was the story of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." We can almost see the critics smile in lofty derision as the book is mentioned. But all the same, when learned pulpits were vainly endeavoring to justify, on biblical grounds, the monstrous practice, this New England matron, with her children clamoring about her for the maternal care and attention, worked out the tale which set the world on fire. Strong men wept with rage, and tender women felt moved to the most heroic self-sacrifice, by that pathetic narrative. Head and heart and the very being were inflamed for the holy struggle of freeing the black man. The moral life of America, to say the least, received a tonic which stimulated it to action in a way hard at this distance to comprehend. To this day one feels the whirring of the task-master's lash, and shudders at the barking of the blood-thirsty hounds in pursuit of their prey. This was literature of power. This, while it touched the head, moved the heart. It was not only a statement of facts, but an impulse to see them translated into the forms of justice by speedy and direct method. Freedom was the rallying cry, not on the ground of political expediency, nor yet on the sordid platform of financial gain, but on the righteousness of the act pure and simple, and the vindication of humanity because of its character, capacity, and destiny. Thousands will remember the impulse which they received in the reading of that book. And many thousands more will feel, without

knowing whence came, the power of that noble work of the humane New England heart.

Once more, by the side of our three masters, let us place another example of the literature of power. Whatever view one may hold concerning Mr. Gladstone as a politician, his long and eminent services to his country cannot be overlooked. He is an integral part of English history for the period which he has spent in public life. On April 26, 1883, Mr. Gladstone rose to speak in the House of Commons on the then pending discussion on "Parliamentary Oaths," with especial reference to the case of Mr. Bradlaugh. Mr. Morley is said to have pronounced this the most magnificent speech he had ever heard or was likely to hear. No man has, in his way and generation, stood for the principles of New Testament Christianity as has this remarkable man. Myriad-minded, he seems to have delved in almost every department of knowledge with the keen insight of a specialist, while all the while maintaining his practical connection with the most complex affairs of statesmanship and party politics. A theologian he must be allowed to be. And yet, notwithstanding the antipathy which we should expect him to have toward Mr. Bradlaugh, who had been assailed from one end of the United Kingdom to the other as a harborer of atheists and the advocate of atheism in government, Gladstone made this sublime speech, urging that justice be done, and that the requirements be modified so that a man duly elected by his constituency might take his seat in Parliament. The spectacle is itself inspiring. We must hear the closing words: "A seat in this House is to an ordinary Englishman in early life, or perhaps in middle or mature life, when he has reached a position of distinction in his career, the highest prize of ambition. If you place between him and that prize, not only the necessity of conforming to certain civil conditions, but the adoption of certain religious words; and if these words are not justly measured to the conditions of his

conscience and convictions, you give him an inducement, nay, I do not go too far when I say you offer him a bribe, to tamper with those convictions, to do violence to his conscience, in order that he may not be stigmatized by being shut out from what is held to be the noblest privilege of the English citizen, that of representing his fellow-citizens. . . . I have no fear of atheism in this House. Truth is the expression of the Divine Mind, and however little our feeble vision may be able to discern the means by which God may provide for its preservation, we may leave the matter in his hands, and we may be sure that a firm and courageous application of every principle of equity and justice is the best method we can adopt for the preservation and influence of truth. When they see the profession of religion and the interests of religion ostensibly associated with what they are deeply convinced is injustice, they are led to questions about religion itself which they see to be associated with injustice. Unbelief attracts a sympathy which it would not otherwise enjoy, and the upshot is to impair those convictions and that religious faith the loss of which I believe to be the most inexpressible calamity which can fall either upon a man or upon a nation."

One cannot imagine the electric power of such words as these sufficiently to give them critical analysis. One seems to see Justice marching through these sonorous sentences and demanding to be satisfied. Here, again, is the literature of power, manifesting itself in the masterful appeal to the whole of human nature. Especially is it so when the cultivated religious sentiment is forced to advocacy of what is naturally repugnant and from which it recoils in loathing. There is here the old prophetic spirit moving once more, and the new spiritual temper which Christianity brought into the world realizing its highest ideals in governmental halls. The address is open to criticism. It has the well-known Gladstonian defects. But it is power still.

One single illustration more. Germans always, and many others not Germans, when asked, Who is the master spirit of literature? will reply at once, Goethe. It is to Goethe that we turn for perhaps the sublimest illustration of the kind of literature which we have been considering outside of the Bible. The tragedy of "Faust" holds a unique place in the literature of the world. Coming as it did in the revolutionary period of the awakened German spirit, it caught all the elements of the new stirring passion, and in vigorous grasp enchained them for all posterity. The deep-moving convictions of life, the eternal struggle of the inner and the outer, and the never-ending, eternally changing, conflict in all its moods and phases, are here wonderfully depicted. No wonder Europe felt herself newly created, and Germany once more reared her head, as her long train of poets and philosophers came forth out of the revival of the national spirit and the national poetic genius. "Faust" is at the crest of this magnificent outburst of passion, and can be only comprehended as the endeavor to solve the problem of life through the instrument of passion. But it touches the whole life, and penetrates the very centre of the poetic insight, as well as of the practical life, when it recognizes the dominance of feeling in all. Nay; even God must be thus known, indeed he is, by the hot feeling which courses through the mind and heart, and gives life its color. Thus Goethe makes Faust reply to Margaret's question, "Then thou dost not believe [in God]? This sayest thou?"

> "Hang not the heavens their arch o'erhead?
> Lies not the earth beneath us firm?
> Gleam not with kindly glances
> Eternal stars on high?
> Looks not mine eye deep into thine?
> And do not all things
> Crowd on thy head and heart
> And round thee twine in mystery etern,
> Invisible yet visible?

> Fill then thy heart, however vast, with this,
> And when the feeling perfecteth thy bliss,
> O call it what thou wilt!
> Call it joy! heart! love! God!
> No name for it I know.
> 'Tis feeling all naught else;
> Name is but sound and smoke
> Obscuring heaven's bright glow."

This declaration is itself sufficient to show the temper, though all the world knows it well. The argument is clear. "Faust" belongs to the literature of power, as do the others we have named; for in them the content of a real breathing life is discoverable, with the intermingled passions, in their rise and ebb, marking the changeful mood of the life of power.

What, then, must we conclude the elements of the literature of power to be? And how is the Bible the standard of such literature? The answer to these questions is the same that we have before given. In all there is the awakened personality, not expressing itself in the formulas of the schools of logic, but in the common life and the common speech, embodying the whole of human nature in all its aspirations and in all its failures. The passions make the largest part of life. The feeling which at its height we call passion is the one constant factor with which we have to deal. In literature, as in life, this gives color and reality. It distinguishes the essential from the passing transient. It calls up the eternal and binds it in the heart of man. The Greeks used to think literature and religion to be identical. It was for this idea that Mr. Arnold so earnestly contended. The idea was a true one. The Bible, more than all the remaining literature, has the healthy, sane feeling about it which makes for action and moral force. It alone gives the moral life with all its colorings. It alone points out the need of the whole nature for the glory of God and the self-devel-

opment of man. This is the reason why it survives, the most powerful of the influences moving mankind in the world. And the mode by which it accomplishes this is in its alliance with the rational, enlightened feeling, sane and true to the ideal manhood, from which it has its source, always warm, always true, and always active. The Bible must then be always the model of the literature of power. It will be the critic's privilege to endeavor to catch its warmth while bringing to it the widest learning and the most astute discernment. The heart of mankind is its ruling part, and he who speaks most effectually to the heart rules most certainly in life. Thus the relations of literature and the religious feeling are seen, in the old Greek idea, to be substantially identical, only requiring the co-operation of the remaining faculties to become religion. Add to the Hellenistic conception of beauty of form and warmth of feeling the Hebraistic balance of unswerving righteousness, and the result is the literature of power and religion, a Bible, a living word from the Almighty.