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THE MESSAGE OF DON MIGUEL DE UNAMUNO

by JOHNSTONE G. PATRICK

IT is a long time since Dr. Patrick last made a contribution to our pages, but we heartily welcome this one. It reached us in October last with a covering letter dated September 29, 1964—the hundredth anniversary of Unamuno's birth. "During the past few weeks", wrote Dr. Patrick, "I have been reading all he wrote, and much that has been written about him. . . . It has proved to be to me a most profitable reading exercise." He has made it profitable for us too by condensing his studies and his reflections in this article.

UNAMUNO the family man, Unamuno and the queer kind of vests he preferred to wear, Unamuno in his clerical-looking clothes, Unamuno and his childhood sweetheart whom he married and mated ideally, and Unamuno and his children, may be met in the biographies by Arturo Barea and Margaret Thomas Rudd.¹ But while the domestic side of Unamuno undoubtedly has its place in any definitive and well-rounded biography of this extraordinary man, it did not in fact—as an authority on Spanish life and thought has pointed out—dominate his story. Nor is it his hat, his one-sided vests, his owl-like eyes, his habit of moulding bread crumbs, his rôle as a faithful husband and his relationship as an understanding father with his eight children, that brought about the translation of this brilliant Basque's books into French, Dutch, Danish, German, Italian, Czech and English. His whole history spoke for him, and Unamuno was a man with a message for his own time and clime and for all times and climes.

Let it be known by all, in order to keep the proportions in proper place and perspective, that Don Miguel de Unamuno y Jugo was a thinker who thought tremendously, a fighter who fought fearlessly, a religious poet and prose-writer who penned profound and paradoxical pieces, a crochety conversationalist sometimes and an argumentative genius at all times, a man of proud and proven courage whose tilt with a totalitarian Church and State was a life-long and agonizing struggle, a disturbing influence, and a philosopher *par excellence*. He represents a little and "elect" group of good and great people, in Spain and elsewhere, who have discovered the real significance of Jesus in the lives of men, who have

¹ Arturo Barea, *Unamuno* (Yale University Press, 1952); Margaret Thomas Rudd, *The Lone Heretic* (University of Texas Press, 1963).

discovered a unique revelation of God in the Scriptures and Christian records, and who have found faith, hope, and love, spiritual satisfaction and unceasing sustenance in historic Christianity.

Miguel de Unamuno had his moments of prickly pride and eccentric egotism, of course, but his sparkling sense of humour always saved him. Years before his exile, Salvador de Madariaga tells us, when King Alfonso was still a constitutional monarch, Unamuno had been granted an order reserved for rewarding intellectual merit. He was accordingly received in audience so that he could present his thanks to the King. "Sir," he began, "I am here to thank your Majesty for this order which I have fully deserved."

The King laughed outright. "How wonderful! They all come here telling me, 'Sir, I do not deserve it.'"

"And we all tell the truth," Unamuno almost shouted back.²

Don Miguel's message had in his own dislocated day, and still has in our touselled times, immense importance for a world immersed in materialism, a morally-maimed and spiritually-sick world, because it was the obvious outcome of his persistent pre-occupation, amounting at times to an obsession, with "above-tiles matters" (as Salvador de Madariaga and his fellow-Spaniards say, meaning matters above the roof, or heavenly). Miguel de Unamuno's massive mind moved among the stars all right, but his feet were firmly set down on this earth and the yellowish-brown soil of Spain will always retain the impression of the footprints he left behind. He did not allow the dust of Spain's city streets and country lanes to choke him, to stifle and still his strong style of speaking out against all forms of fakery, injustice, unrighteousness and intrigue. He was the lifelong foe of Roman clericalism and all political opportunism which exploited the persecution of the poor. He offered open opposition to all, in Spanish life, that made for spiritual death and militated against its people experiencing and enjoying eternal life in their everyday existence. He had a huge heart of feeling for his fellows, hurt and harrassed and held back from their God-given heritage of faith and freedom by all who held in their haughty hands the reins of rule, both ecclesiastical and civil, national and local. "He assailed unmercifully the ills which plagued the people. There was no corrupting cancer which he did not uncover, no popular idol which he did not smash, no

² "Unamuno: The Don Quixote of Salamanca" (*Atlantic Monthly*, January 1961, p. 97).

living problem which he did not deal with."³ He denounced dialectical materialism and hit hard at hedonism. He clearly saw that when people become indifferent to the passage of time and the claims of duty, uninspired by noble ideals, they quickly become the playthings of base appetites and empty excitement, twitter away their time on trivialities, and live solely for the low impulses of the passing hour. The Spanish attitude to life, at its most sordid level, has been held up to the ridicule of reason by Unamuno in the following words: "Bread and the bull-fight, and tomorrow will be another day. When we can, let's get the best out of a bad year. After that—well it doesn't matter."

In the university lecture-room, in public halls, and especially in the written page, for nearly forty years, the Basque professor-prophet thundered forth his message. Philosophical dissertations, novels, essays and poems, all warm with his own blood and as feeling as his own flesh, which was always quick and quivering with zeal and zest to affect and influence all life spiritually, poured forth from his prophetic pen. And when a man with a message and a mission in life, like Unamuno, a prophet, turns poet he reveals his spiritual lineage with the ancient seers. Such a man is more than a mere rhymester: he is an inspired witness to the ever-living and unchanging truth of God. He, upon whom the divine afflatus rests, becomes a source of inspiration to his own and subsequent generations.

An Anglophile of the first order, Unamuno, in early life was largely influenced by the work of Browning, Tennyson and Burns. He was, to be sure, one of the very few foreign writers who understood and appreciated the spiritual overtone and undertone in Browning's poetry. It was in his library at Salamanca, too, that he once explained to an Englishman the meaning of a particular Scotticism in Robert Burns. It was, however, his love for Biblical poetry that led him to long to live in his poems, to give one of the mediums of his message, his poetry, real life. "The greatest that there is among men," he wrote, in his essay entitled *Solitude*, "is a poet, a lyric poet, that is to say a real poet. A poet is a man who keeps no secrets from God in his heart, and who, in singing his griefs, his fears, his hopes and his memories, purifies and purges them from all falsehood. His songs are your songs, are my songs."⁴ And in pressing home to his hearers his appealing point about the poet's supreme greatness, this sage of Salamanca cites the *Psalms*

³ John A. Mackay, *The Other Spanish Christ*, p. 148.

⁴ Miguel de Unamuno, *Essays and Soliloquies*, p. 165.

of David. He himself had dug down into their divine depths and discovered their sentiments and cadences intertwined with the roots of his own spiritual consciousness. The Hebrew psalmists had indeed taught the great Spanish teacher of the loneliness of the human spirit which no earthly help by itself could ever hope to heal ; the solitude of mental and spiritual anguish ; the black hours of doubt and despair ; the tussle and the tragedy of life and the triumph of trust. He knew practically all the Hebrew psalms by heart, and he was proud to praise them for their deep and abiding influence in his experience of life. "Have you ever heard any deeper, any more intimate, any more enduring poetry than that of the Psalms ?" he asked his readers rhetorically. "And the Psalms are meant for singing alone. I know that they are sung in crowds assembled together under the same roof in religious services ; but in singing them the crowd ceases to be a crowd. In singing the Psalms each one withdraws into himself and the voices of the others echo in his ears simply as the consonance and reinforcement of his own voice. . . . And I observe the difference between a crowd assembled together to sing the Psalms and a crowd assembled to see a drama or to hear an orator : it is that the former is a real society, a company of living souls, in which each one exists and subsists by himself, while the other is a formless mass and each one of those who compose it no more than a mere fragment of the human herd."⁵

Don Miguel de Unamuno, with very good reason, has been described as "the most personal, most profound and greatest poet of the spiritual life of his time." In his poetry, no less than his prose, we find much of his message to mankind couched in rememberable and enduring words. His last, longest, liveliest and loveliest poem, *The Christ of Velázquez*, has a place of solitary splendour in the story of modern literature. Unamuno mused in reverential devotion upon Christ Crucified, to whom he addressed himself. Lovingly, as he looked long and lingeringly at the beautiful and pathetic painting by Velazquez in Prado, he soliloquized on the spiritual meaning of each feature of Him, especially on His head, hands, and heart. The Cross he beheld to be the sublimest of all symbols, "the symbol and cipher of the eternal," and a symbol of what all true human life should be, "agony" in its original New Testament Greek sense of "wrestling", "struggling". But the Cross, he became convinced, was much more than a mere symbol : it

⁵ *Essays and Soliloquies*, pp. 165 and 166.

was the instrument and the pledge of perennial victory. Don Miguel gazed upon Christ Crucified and prayed :

. . . Thou art the Christ,
 the only Man who did willingly die,
 the conqueror over death, that to life
 through Thee was elevated. And since then
 through Thee that death of Thine gives to us life,
 through Thee death has been made for us a mother,
 through Thee death is welcome, the kindly aid
 that sweetens the bitterness of our life. . . .

Through Christ Crucified, the poet Unamuno proclaimed, we receive not only endless life but new life. "Death made Thee King of Life. . . . Thou art the Eternal Man who makest us new men." Christ's death was a creative death, for it was no mere man who died but God in human nature.

In Part Two of his poetic *pièce de résistance*, Unamuno exclaims eagerly, exquisitely, and evangelistically :

"It is finished!" Thou didst cry like the roar
 of a thousand cataracts, voice of thunder,
 like the thunder of an army in combat
 —Thou, fighting death to death—; and Thine outcry
 overthrew the walls of the new proud Jericho
 of the pagans. . . .

The poetry of Unamuno, bearing his message to men, is sprinkled with paradoxes, profound passages, and innumerable personal prayers. In *A Christmas Canticle*, for example, we find him praying the kind of prayer we all do well to pray during the sacred, songful season of the Christian year :

Thanks be to Thee, my God!
 Thou with Thy death
 dost give us life that never ends,
 the life of life.
 Thou, Lord, didst make us conquerors of life
 taking our flesh,
 and conquerors of death when on the Cross
 Thou didst cast death away in pain.
 Thanks be to Thee. . . .

And in *Psalms III*, he prays with all the passion of his spent being :

My thirst for nothing but the truth is
 ardent and unquenchable ;
 grant me to drink at the spring, oh Lord,
 spring of Thine eternity.
 Set me, heavenly Father, in Thine heart's
 mysterious home,
 I shall sleep there, since from life's hard struggle
 I come all undone.

The Cross of Calvary, according to Unamuno, did not put an end to the *agonia* of Christ. He agonizes still in the lives of His fickle, fitful, faltering followers. His belief is perfectly Pauline.

Indeed Unamuno described St. Paul as "the mystic discoverer of Jesus," who, living in "the fellowship of His sufferings", strove to "fill up what was lacking in them for His body's sake, the Church." In this connection Unamuno quotes Pascal, in whose company he will always be welcome, "Jesus will be in agony till the end of the world ; we must not sleep during the present time." The Christ of Calvary is the contemporary Christ who is suffering in the sufferings of men, the eternal Christ who redeems and from whom men receive eternal life.

Unamuno, who was all for struggling, would have none of the Jesuit's peace. "The Roman Church, let us say Jesuitism," he wrote in a book published in French during his exile, "preaches a peace that is the peace of conscience, implicit faith, passive submission. Leon Chestov, in *La Nuit de Gethsemani*, says very rightly, 'Let us remember that the terrestrial keys of the kingdom of heaven fell to Peter and his successors precisely because Peter could sleep and slept while God, come down among men, prepared Himself to die upon the Cross.'"⁶ He understood what Christ meant when He said, "I came to bring not peace but a sword." Men can only reach the Peace of Westphalia, as a modern lover of Luther has shrewdly said, by passing first through the Diet of Worms.

We ought to become familiar with the mind and message of Unamuno through his prose as well as his poetry. His *Perplexities and Paradoxes* is a collection of essays on every subject, from Politics to Lust, from his own religion to fanatical scepticism, from obscenity to naturalness, from the moral urge to truth and life, from the work of Ibsen and Kierkegaard to a young writer, from the mind of this most universally-minded man. Even in translation the sparkle of his style shows through. At his best Unamuno has no peer when armed with the scalpel of dialectic. More than this, he has a natural gift for phrase-making that would stab us wide awake even if it were not profound. Says he: "My intention is and will continue to be, that those who read my works shall think and meditate upon fundamental questions, and has never been to hand them completed thoughts. I have always sought to agitate and, even better, to stimulate, rather than to instruct. Neither do I sell bread, nor is it bread, but yeast or ferment."⁷

The major work of Unamuno, of course, is his *The Tragic Sense of Life in Men and in Peoples*, wherein he sets out to "distract us

⁶ Unamuno, *The Agony of Christianity*, pp. 96-97.

⁷ Unamuno, *Perplexities and Paradoxes*, p. 8.

from our distractions." His real function was to toss men into God's ocean of love, he tells us, so that they may learn to swim. He worked to awaken men to spiritual unrest, to think on the deepest things of life and destiny, and to abandon "the graveyard peace" in which their lives were being spent. "Sow yourself," said Unamuno in one of his immortal poems. "Sow the living part of you in the furrows of life; leave the dead part in yourself. You will recover yourself later in your works." All of which reminds us of Christ's ultimate word about losing our lives for His sake.

Though Unamuno himself would have been the first to satirize such a classification, it is illuminating to regard him and his message in the light of two of today's important philosophical tendencies. They are the tendency toward irrationalism and that toward existentialism. By definition these two trends defy docketing and systematization, but they represent two clear-cut approaches to philosophy.

Irrationalism emphasizes and underscores a wisdom deeper than reason which is inaccessible to the categories of the mind, a kind of will so allied with life that it preserves life from despair or the agnosticism toward which reason would lead it. To quote from *The Tragic Sense of Life*: "Faith is in its essence simply a matter of will, not of reason, that to believe is to wish to believe, and to believe in God is, before all and above all, to wish that there may be a God. In the same way, to believe in the immortality of the soul is to wish that the soul may be immortal, but to wish it with such force that this volition shall trample reason under foot and pass beyond it."⁸ There is a truth which lies, to so speak, beyond the logic of the mind but not beyond the reach of the loving heart. "The road that leads us to the living God, the God of the heart, and that leads us back to Him when we have left Him for the lifeless God of logic," argues Unamuno most convincingly, "is the road of faith."⁹ "For the Christian, to believe in the resurrection of Christ—that is to say, in tradition and in the Gospel, which assure him that Christ has arisen, both of them personal forces—is to believe that he himself will one day rise again by the grace of Christ. . . . To believe, I repeat, is to place confidence in someone, and it has reference to a person. . . . Faith is not the mere adherence of the intellect to an abstract principle; it is not the recognition of a theoretical truth, a process in which the will

⁸ Miguel de Unamuno, *The Tragic Sense of Life* (Dover Publications), p. 114.

⁹ *Ibid.*, p. 186.

merely sets in motion our faculty of comprehension; faith is an act of the will—it is a movement of the soul towards a practical truth, towards a person, towards something that makes us not merely comprehend life, but that makes us live.”¹⁰

The philosophers of existence, like Unamuno, dread the dangers of abstraction in philosophy, believing with Kierkegaard that too many philosophers have built for themselves beautiful castles of thought only to die beside them in a dog-house. The Existentialists, to use a phrase often put to use by Unamuno, begin with “the man of flesh and bone.” In his doughty defence of the heart against the intellect, of the man of “flesh and bone” against bloodless logic, he is the fervent follower of Blaise Pascal, blood-brother to Søren Kierkegaard and Karl Barth. Incidentally, Unamuno was the first major thinker to take Kierkegaard seriously, having learned Danish in order to study the works of the great Dane in the original. Moreover, Count Keyserling, whose estimate of Karl Barth has so often been cited to stimulate others to read and relish the now-famous Swiss theologian’s books, did not so much as know Barth’s name, until he met and talked with Don Miguel at Biarritz.

Existential thinkers, to be more precise, however, begin not with an epistemological argument, proceeding to an examination of the Reality as a *object of thought*, and dealing with relations which stand “outside” the thinking mind. They concern themselves first with the reality of immediate experience in actual living. Existential thinking, in short, starts not with philosophy but with the philosopher in the situation of his existence.

So to reflect upon the usual material of philosophy is to inject a subjective pathos into all our knowledge. It means to begin with the bewildering and terrifying implications of existence, with the dizzying fact of incommunicable individual consciousness. It is a reversal of René Descartes’ dictum, “I think, therefore I am.” As Unamuno puts it: “‘I think, therefore I am,’ can only mean ‘I think, therefore I am a thinker’; this being of the ‘I am’, which is deduced from ‘I think’, is merely a knowing; this being is knowledge, but not life. And the primary reality is not that I think, but that I live, for there are those who also live who do not think.”¹¹

Unamuno’s “existential” insight, then, cuts back across three centuries of barren rationalism and partakes of the genius of the fertile faith of Israel. It is within this thrilling religious tradition that the problem of personal existence is crucial, for here the “I

¹⁰ *Ibid.*, pp. 190, 191.

¹¹ *Ibid.*, p. 35.

am" which is affirmed cannot turn and flee from itself ; it is arrested by the confrontation of a divine and transcendent personality, the eternal "Thou", who puts, and refuses to withdraw the withering question : "Who are you ?" This faith is not fostered by the philosophical systems of golden-aged Greece, or fired by the religion of some of the early Christian Fathers, whose best spokesman was eventually Thomas Aquinas, which seeks to move cautiously on the pseudopodia of rational proof of God's existence. This is the religion of the relevant, the faith for the *existing* fellow, the individual caught in the arms of the ever-living, ever-loving God, whose consciousness reverberates with the loud affirmation : "I am that I am." This is not the religion of philosophical systems, but of persons, living personalities, souls. It is the faith that finally turns *the tragic sense of life*, the fight for goodness within and without against evil, the only great war in the world really worth waging, for every believer into an eternal triumph.

"Knowledge without love," wrote Don Miguel, "leads us away from God ; and love, even without knowledge, and better without it perhaps, leads us to God, and through God to wisdom. Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God !"¹² It is not to be wondered at, then, that this massive-minded and huge-hearted human being, "the Spaniard who glorified struggle and lived the purest moral life in the annals of Spanish letters," was able and willing to give his readers a glimpse into his inmost being. Unamuno was surely thinking of the "peace of the graveyard" and the "glory of life," the life eternal here as well as hereafter, when, in the very last sentence of his monumental masterpiece, *The Tragic Sense of Life*, he prayed for all his readers, "May God deny you peace, but give you glory !"¹³ For "the peace which passes all understanding", and all misunderstanding also, is the proven possession of any person who can say from the heart what this redoubtable wrestler with the Lord said : "I believe in God as I believe in my friends, because I feel the breath of His affection, feel His invisible and intangible hand, drawing me, leading me, grasping me ; because I possess an inner consciousness of a particular providence and of a universal mind that marks out for me the course of my own destiny. . . . Once and again in my life I have seen myself suspended in a trance over the abyss ; once and again I have found myself at the cross-roads . . . of life ; and once and again in such unique moments as these I have felt the impulse

¹² *Ibid.*, p. 194.

¹³ *Ibid.*, p. 330.

of a mighty power, conscious, sovereign, and loving. And then, before the feet of the wayfarer, opens out the way of the Lord."¹⁴

Missionaries of Christ's Cross here, there and everywhere, share, because of their loyalty and love, a crusading missionary comradeship. And Miguel de Unamuno, a missionary as well as a messenger among men, has described such a comradeship in the immortal prologue to his *Life of Don Quixote and Sancho*. A small company of crusaders meet. What binds them together is the common aim to rescue the tomb of Don Quixote from its unworthy guardians, that is, to resuscitate all that the noble-natured knight of the Mancha stood for in terms of his flesh and blood. They know not the way thither, but the moment they resolutely begin the march a star appears to guide their steps. On the road they are willing to endure all hardship and ridicule. The place of the tomb the crusaders know not, but where they lay down their lives, after crossing crag and torrent, there will it be found. All this is a parable proclaiming the truth that there are beliefs and convictions in life worth living for and dying for, that there is a supreme cause that cements the comradeship of Christians into a "goodly fellowship", so that the essence of life, in its evangelical enterprise, becomes a missionary crusade.

Don Miguel was on the side of all who were essaying to make Christ more real to harassed human beings, and to keep ever before them the reality of His redemptive and redeeming compassion. But to materialize in metals such as silver and gold, to beat into bronze and brass, to work in wood, however exquisitely well, the qualities of which Christ's heart of love is the seal and assurance, was, he believed, a sure way of making the historical Jesus, the eternal Christ, utterly unreal. A Christ confronting people on crucifixes, hung up in churches and by the waysides for all to see, he held, was a dead Christ, dead forever. "This Christ," he proclaimed in pensive mood, which angered his fellow-Romanists, "immortal as death, does not rise again. Why should He? He awaits nought but death. . . . For this Christ of my land"—poor, poor, poor Spain—"is earth. . . .

This Corpse Christ, which as such does not think, is free from pain, the pain of thought, free from the awful anguish which made the Other, weighted with grief in the olive-grove, ask the Father to spare Him the chalice of woe. . . .

This Christ is not the Word which became incarnate in livable flesh. This Christ is desire (*gana*), real desire which has become interned in earth, pure will which destroys itself by dying in matter.

This Spanish Christ who has never lived, black as the mantle of

¹⁴ *Ibid.*, pp. 194 f.

the earth, lies horizontal and stretched out like a plain, without soul and without hope, with closed eyes facing heaven. . . . The Christ of my land (*tierra*) is only earth (*tierra*), earth, earth, earth . . . flesh, which does not palpitate, earth, earth, earth, earth . . . clots of blood which does not flow, earth, earth, earth, earth. . . ."¹⁵

Unamuno breathes, at the end of these terrible words which form an unanswerable indictment of the Roman Catholic Church in Spain, a most poignant prayer. "*And Thou, Christ of Heaven, redeem us from the Christ of earth!*" What a piercing prophetic searchlight that supplication throws upon the darkened religious life of Unamuno's land! The Christ of his Church is the centre of a cult of death, not a religion of life, and the result is the quintessence of unrelieved tragedy.

In 1953 the celebration of the seventh centennial of the University of Salamanca resurrected, in a very vivid way, the memory of Don Miguel de Unamuno. He had used his God-given mind, had refused to allow others, even the hierarchy of the Roman Catholic Church, to do his thinking for him. In 1914 he was forced to relinquish his rectorship of the University of Salamanca, being subsequently excommunicated from his Church, and the Church of his fathers. The edict had gone forth that no Spaniard taking part in the anniversary services should mention the name of the man whom the Church considered to be "the greatest heretic and the greatest teacher of heresies." Under this ecclesiastical pressure, the University, which had been all set to honour its greatest son, went into a sudden panic. Unamuno's old home, in which he had died suddenly on the last day of December, 1936, was to have been opened as a museum, but the plan was hurriedly discarded. A scheme to promote pilgrimages to his simple grave was swiftly shelved. Invitations to his surviving relatives were revoked. Even mention of the name Unamuno—which means One World—in the official programme was prohibited. But when the visitors from abroad arrived, they would not be silenced or curbed. According to the report of an eyewitness, which the issue of *Time* magazine for October 26, 1953, carried, "they queued up hour after hour to visit his house, decked his bust with flowers, trudged through rain and mud to place wreaths on his tomb. Finally, they gathered in the great ceremonial hall, and as each one rose to congratulate the University the forbidden name seemed to pop up again and again. At the end of the ceremony, the Rector of the University of Madrid launched into an impassioned eulogy of 'one of the

¹⁵ John A. Mackay, *The Other Spanish Christ* (New York: Macmillan Company, 1933), pp. 97, 98. Quotations from "El Cristo Yacente de Santa Clara de Palencia," in *Andanzas y Visiones Españolas*.

Spanish masters who will live forever long after many generations had died.' The Bishop of Salamanca frowned and lowered his head, but the cheers burst out, and for long moments applause thundered through the hall. Don Miguel had had his day after all."

When Dr. John A. Mackay was with Unamuno at Hendaye, during his exile, in 1929, an incident occurred which lights up for us the true significance of this man's mission, the *motif* of his life and the meaning of his message. Dr. Mackay tells us that one day the sculptor friend who was making a bust of Unamuno contemplated his work with consternation. Early in the morning Unamuno had drawn with his forefinger the figure of a cross on the soft plaster over the spot that covered his heart. "A cross, not dangling loosely down the breast," concludes the great Scottish-American missionary-theologian, "but engraven across the living crusader's heart of Don Miguel de Unamuno, is the true symbol of his life and the faith of this prince of modern thinkers. It offers a stern challenge to Christianity in our time to rehabilitate the Cross in the place where it belongs, at the centre of all life and thought, and to discover the meaning of creative agony. . . ."

Many Romanists no doubt support the branding of Unamuno by Bishop Pildain of the Canary Islands as "the greatest heretic and the greatest teacher of heresies." But Professor Roland H. Bainton in his *Here I Stand*, perhaps the greatest *life* of Martin Luther ever written, links "Unamuno the Spaniard", in the story of man's struggle in the service of righteousness and truth, along with Luther the German, Paul the Jew, Augustine the Latin, Pascal the Frenchman, Kierkegaard the Dane, Bunyan the Englishman, Edwards the American, and others, all of whom he describes as "wrestlers with the Lord." And that for any heretic—even a Catholic heretic—is high and holy, great and good company, indeed, to keep!

Pittsburgh, Pa.