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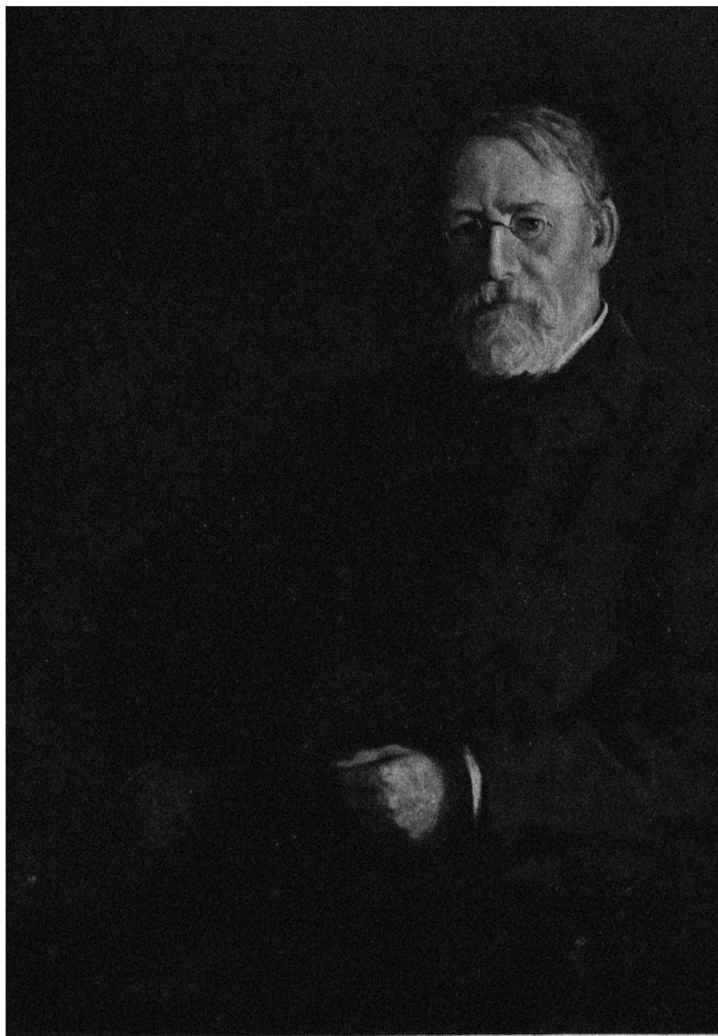
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GEORGE HOLMES HOWISON

*From the painting by Mary Curtis Richardson, in the possession of the
University of California.*

GEORGE HOLMES HOWISON
PHILOSOPHER AND TEACHER

*A selection from his writings with
a biographical sketch*



BY JOHN WRIGHT BUCKHAM AND
GEORGE MALCOLM STRATTON

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TO ALL
WHO FEEL A DEEP CONCERN
FOR THE DIGNITY OF
THE SOUL

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PREFACE

THE LIMITS OF EVOLUTION AND OTHER ESSAYS, in both its editions, has long been out of print, and copies of it are difficult to obtain. This want and Professor Howison's expressed hope of revising the whole for a third edition have led some of his friends to plan a book which should contain the more significant of the essays, with a few others of his writings which help importantly to make clear the outline of his philosophy. And it has been thought that a brief account of the man himself would enhance the book's value for those who knew him personally and for those who were not so privileged.

Many persons by their encouragement and practical help have brought this plan to reality. Professor John H. Muirhead, of the University of Birmingham, at the time Mills Lecturer in Philosophy in the University of California, was one of the first to advise—and with warmth—that the design be realized in the interest of philosophy generally. Dr. William W. Campbell, the President of the University, welcomed the proposal, and gave it his personal and official interest. It was approved also by Mrs. Howison, without whose generous support the publication would have been impossible.

The present work has been furthered also by several who have been professionally associated with Howison's teaching of philosophy. Professor Hocking, of Harvard University, an instructor in philosophy under Professor Howison at the University of California in the years 1904-1908, has given valuable advice in

regard to the papers to be included. Dr. Charles Henry Rieber, Professor of Philosophy and Dean of the Faculty of Letters and Science in the University of California at Los Angeles, who was a student under Professor Howison and later his colleague, has from the beginning whole-heartedly assisted the undertaking. Mr. James K. Moffitt, a Regent of the University of California, has been called upon frequently for counsel. Professor Bakewell, of Yale University, a student and colleague of Howison's, has given recollections and documentary material for the biographical sketch.

For the final form of the book, two intimate friends of Professor Howison have shared the responsibility. Dr. Buckham, of the Pacific School of Religion, for many years closely associated with Professor Howison, has given special care to selecting and arranging the philosophical papers here included, and has also compiled the list of publications which refer to Howison's philosophy. Dr. Stratton, a former pupil and long a younger colleague of Professor Howison's, has prepared the biographical sketch. The sources of this are in part the recollections of the writer and of others who have shared with him what they recall. There has been used, also, the collection of letters between Howison and his friends, in the University archives. And there exist, fortunately, several papers by Howison which give glimpses of important periods of his development. In "Academy and College in Early Ohio," published in 1910, he tells of his preparation to enter Marietta College, and of his life as a student there. His St. Louis experiences he recounted in an informal talk in 1916, called "St. Louis Reminiscences," of which there is a rough transcript, as by a stenographer, which seems never to have been revised or published. His life in the University of Berlin, before his appointment to California, is described in a

paper called "At a German University," published in 1887. These autobiographic fragments and other material among the Howison papers have been richly useful.

In connection with the republication of the philosophical essays here included the question will doubtless arise: What pertinence can discussions of this kind, first published more than thirty years ago, have for our day? This feeling, it may be expected, will disappear as the reader follows the author's vigorous and penetrative thought. For, while the patterns and phrases may have somewhat altered in more recent philosophical writing, the subjects here treated with an insight and vigor that give these essays enduring value are still such as are engaging the thought of our day and will engage that of the future. The particular essay entitled "The Limits of Evolution" may be regarded as perhaps the ablest utterance on this important subject.

The task of selecting the chapters of the original volume to be here included—or rather those to be excluded—has been a difficult one. The cogent and forceful summary of Professor Howison's Personal Idealism in the preface of the first edition has been given the leading place, followed by an elucidating statement appended to the second edition. The essays retained, besides the title essay, are: "Modern Science and Pantheism," "Human Immortality," "The Harmony of Determinism and Freedom," and "The Art-Principle as Represented in Poetry." The last-named essay especially should be read by those who desire a further knowledge of Professor Howison's mind; for it reveals the knowledge and appreciation which he had, not only of poetry, but also of art in other forms; it reveals, too, his earnest concern that the relation of art to truth and morality should not be lost. The chapters omitted, viz., "Later German Philosophy," and "The Right Relation of Reason to Religion," although they

are of interest and are omitted only for want of space, may be regarded as of less central importance. Indeed there has been a regretful decision to omit parts even of some of the papers here included.

The paper presented by Professor Howison at the Congress of Arts and Science of the St. Louis Exposition in 1904, and more exactly cited later, is, in the judgment of Professor Hocking and of those in immediate charge of the present volume, an important statement and carries Personal Idealism forward into an enlarged area.

The paper on Plato—the full title of which, as originally printed by the Philosophical Union, is “The Philosophical Principles, theoretical and practical, expressed and implied in Plato’s *Apology*”—the editors regard as a unique and valuable summary of Platonic principles. It reveals the degree of influence of Plato upon Howison’s Personal Idealism, an influence which appeared also in the last lecture which he gave before the Philosophical Union, on “Plato as a Permanent Critic of Life.” The original dedication of the *Limits of Evolution* has been retained for the present volume as expressing the central intent of his life as well as of his writings.

The two addresses which close the volume have been selected to represent Professor Howison’s convictions and ideals with respect to education and its relation to the State. Both are among his earlier utterances, but they express, in the judgment of the editors, his deep-seated and permanent views upon this important subject.

The editors wish to acknowledge their debt to The Macmillan Company for permission to reprint the large part of the *Limits of Evolution* included in the present volume. They are grateful also to the Houghton Mifflin Company for permission to reprint

a part of "Philosophy: Its Fundamental Conceptions and Its Methods," originally published in *Congress of Arts and Science, Universal Exposition, St. Louis, 1904*, Vol. I, and included in the present volume under the title "The One and the Many." Mr. Henry James the editor, and The Atlantic Monthly Press the publisher, of *The Letters of William James*, have courteously allowed several of the letters of James to Howison to be used here, which valuably supplement those by James among the Howison papers in the Library of the University of California. There is a deep obligation also, for indispensable aid, to the Archivist and Librarian Emeritus, Mr. J. C. Rowell, who has made available the rich collection of Howison manuscripts and publications in his charge; and to the Librarian, Mr. H. E. Leupp, and to Miss Helen F. Treat for the comprehensive list of Professor Howison's published writings.

The year 1934 witnesses the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Professor Howison, and the fiftieth anniversary of his coming to the University of California. It is hoped that the publication of the present volume at so appropriate a time may prolong and deepen the interest in his philosophical and ethical ideas and in the man himself whose influence has been so vitalizing to America's teaching and thought.

THE TEACHER

HOWISON, says the *Cambridge History of American Literature*, "proved one of the most successful and inspiring teachers of philosophy that America has yet produced."* And more than this, he was a memorably successful and inspiring teacher of much besides philosophy. He had power as a thinker, as a writer, as a maker of eminent friendships. Above all, he had the power to take young American heads, often willful and undisciplined and unserious, and compel them to look in an unaccustomed direction. Under him they suffered a kind of intellectual coercion, as though the mind itself had been laid hold of by him and twisted on its stubborn neck and held there until something overlooked was noticed and finally of itself fascinated the eye. Many of these youths held lifelong to the new interest he awakened in them; and, from his time on, they had to be students of philosophy. It is true, he taught through his writings; but one will not find in his writings, vigorous and original as they are, the full record and display of his power as a teacher. He had his greater effect through a more fully personal intercourse—with his students in class and when received singly and in small groups into his home, and with the wider community by direct address in public. We might first look rapidly at some of this teaching of his beyond the walls of the University.

I

LARGE GROUPS of persons more or less prepared for serious reflection were ready to listen to him with deep interest—teachers, ministers and the laity of religion, lawyers and merchants whose minds felt the intellectual currents of the time. In Boston he lectured under the auspices of the Lowell Institute. The Concord

* Vol. III, p. 247.

School of Philosophy on several occasions had him as a lecturer, of which more will be said in another place. In Oakland, California, he gave a course of public lectures on ethics, highly valued by many of the leading persons of the city. At San Jose, with his old friend William T. Harris, the United States Commissioner of Education, he addressed a large gathering of school men and school women from a major part of California. Howison was the principal speaker at more than one of the festivals of Charter Day, when the University of California annually celebrates its founding by the State. In San Francisco the University Club would welcome some distinguished visitor from a distance; or the Unitarian Club would have an evening of discussion, perhaps concerning the place of the university in religion; or the clergy of a special denomination would wish something to irritate and fortify them; and Howison might be the speaker of the occasion.

To him these occasions never meant mere entertainment. He was, in a good sense, an inveterate propagandist. It was perhaps part of the secret of his effect that he took any of these public occasions as an opportunity, not to be intellectually pleasant and decorative, but to be a public goad and instructor. He felt quite frankly, yet without offense to taste, that he had truth not possessed by many of his hearers, and that so far as possible he must impart it to them. Nor was he ponderous and pedantic in this. Here and there would come a gleam of humor, though he never studied this common way of winning or holding an American audience. There was never any elaborate pleasantry of introduction; he never began with an anecdote, nor later employed one to hold the attention of his hearers. No fripperies, then. Yet he was not solemn; he was serious. He was all for the bugle call and command, and cared little for the salute.

He would reconnoiter, sometimes almost lay siege, before charging upon his auditors. Thus he was, usually at first, leisurely, ready to take almost endless time. On one festal occasion of the University, before a large audience partly of students and faculty and partly of invited friends from beyond the walls, he deliberately read, as a preparation for his own thought, a very considerable part of one of Plato's chief dialogues. Those who could not understand him, long remembered the occasion with some depreciation. On all public occasions there was elegance in his mode of address, yet one never felt that he cared to be a stylist. The bone and muscle of what he said was his chief concern, and he clothed these hurriedly in what at the moment seemed most fitting. Describing to Howison a young man of distinction who was being considered for appointment to the faculty of the University of California, Thomas Davidson called the young man "a literary dude, caring more for form than for matter." Howison—though in some respects Boston had marked him—kept miles away from all this. At the forefront his hearers observed his array of uncommon considerations brought to bear on some possibly common but important interest; they noticed weighty evidence, and, with it all, a great under-force of intelligent conviction. John Bright must have impressed similarly those whom he addressed.

This moral weight of the person, present in Howison's public teaching, never fully passed over into his writing, nor into the verbatim record of what he said. He was first of all a speaker; he relied upon his audience to complete the circuit that set his intellect aglow. Only with his hearers assisting was he at his best. Thus his chief influence, for all the value of his publications, was upon those whom he taught in person, visibly and by living voice.

There was, however, ample reverberation in the local community beyond his immediate hearers. The newspapers with their keen scent for a fight, even if they had to make one, were always busy with his blunt and contentious public words. One could always at a pinch discover in what he said an enormous offense to some vested religious interest. Many a preacher caught by hearsay Howison's dangerous doctrines, and the air was soon ringing with attack and defense. Yet no one paid more continued and outspoken homage than he did to certain great invisible forms of spiritual effort. But of the spotted popular images of the invisible, he would knock off a nose as zealously as any man in Cromwell's army.

II

HOWISON was at his best, however, with his college students. He gave to them something far more than he gave to the auditors of his occasional addresses. And, if one may say a word first about the externals of his teaching,—externals that were not insignificant, in his judgment,—he arranged, on beginning his work at the University of California, to have for his exclusive use a lecture room refurnished to give it a dignity and taste befitting the important subject of his instruction. The quietly tinted walls, the carpet as in a dwelling, the open fireplace, the heavy oak chairs, the railed-off dais with desk and bookcases, were all in striking contrast to the other classrooms on the campus. This unusual dignity for the setting of his instruction was again found in the furnishings of the entire building later erected for his department. He gave care also to his own appearance before his students; he came to class with the dress and manner of a gentleman.

When he spoke he used successfully a method now under suspicion in this country. He was, above all, a *lecturer*. Too often, it is true, lecturing means turning hearers into listless takers of notes. Howison's students, however, were quickened into independent thought. The particular manner of teaching, it would appear, is of minor importance; the person who does the teaching is everything.

He made earnest attempts to draw his students into a free expression of their own thought. In principle he approved of discussion by the living voice. In practice, however, in any smaller company—aside from the Philosophical Union, where, as we shall see, special devices were instituted by him successfully to circumvent this—he was the autocrat of the intellectual breakfast table. This may have been due in a large measure to his deafness, but was due largely also to his flood of ideas and to his powerful impulse to have them prevail at once by sheer force of demonstration. He never lost faith that this was possible; so he had little stomach for easy or tolerant exchange of ideas. He had only the short patience of the lion preparing to spring upon its prey. At the earliest possible moment he was up and had pounced upon the opposition.

His way of choosing the student who should bear the brunt of his onslaught was perhaps unique. In the classroom of his earlier years at California, there stood at his elbow, on a lower level of his lecture desk, a simple vase of graceful outline, in which were small marbles of the sort boys play with, and on these severally were pasted the names, in fine type, of the members of the class. From this urn, of an ominous hue not far from dragon's blood, he drew the lot and held it to the light while he scanned it narrowly through his gold-rimmed spectacles—perhaps two pairs of spectacles at once for the purpose—while the class sat tense

to hear which of their number was fated for the slaughter. Under the professor's piercing eye and question, it was not easy for the undergraduate to utter some dubious thought in the loud voice needed for the master to hear it, and probably thereupon to be required to repeat it in a still louder tone after one had lost the last shred of hope that it might be right. Professor Howison never followed this path beyond the opening of the hour; the answer given by the first student usually called forth enough to outlast the time. Usually he began with cold scrutiny, if not with utter rejection, of the timid offering; but at times it was with approval and then with long elaboration. He had occasionally a way of discovering, in some student's vain groping, a depth of significance quite undreamt of by its author. The harassed soul then breathed relief and glowed with an unwarranted sense of penetration into the arcana of philosophy.

III

BUT HOWISON took no main pleasure in approving what others might offer. He was all for an initial skepticism in each of his students, compelling them to face the inadequacy of their thinking hitherto, as the only way to a wholly rational conviction. He would sting his sluggish hearers into intellectual response, into some degree of intellectual self-activity. Skepticism, however, was never the lasting state desired; he himself felt that one could attain truth, absolute truth, and he was dissatisfied with anything short of this for his students. Men and women might leave his lecture room at whatever time he dismissed them, but they were unable to escape the restless motion to which he had stirred their minds. He fulfilled for them the office which Socrates described as his own—that of a gadfly. His arguments were re-argued and counter-argued as his auditors walked away in small

groups, and the discussion was renewed at dining table or in study room, only to break out afresh next day as the class waited on the college building's steps, or on some near-by grass slope for the lecturer to appear.

At the University of California in those days the students were accustomed to grant their instructors five minutes' grace beyond the time set for the opening, and not a second more. Then, should the instructor not have arrived, the class scattered with joy. But for Howison his classes waited—until he came. And he might arrive in fifteen or twenty minutes or in half an hour, to find them still there; such was their honor of the man and their desire to hear him; and such was his own lovable neglect of earthly trifles like those of time and place.

Nor did he at once plunge into the class work, as a penitent might, trying now to make up for lost time. No; he did a score of trivial things before the real work on hand. A student of his has described her strange turns of feeling on seeing all this for the first time. She was from a lesser town in an interior valley of California where, as she felt, she had never met a great man; yet there she had heard of the fame of Howison and was all excitement over the prospect of hearing him. She came at last to Berkeley; and as she went to his lecture room in old North Hall, she scarcely dared breathe, so impressed was she by his renown. After the almost interminable wait before he arrived, in he came and, trotting behind him, a shaggy little dog, later to be identified as "Socrates" or "Aristotle." It was January, and he carefully put his hat and umbrella in their places, removed his overshoes and, getting out of his overcoat, laid it folded thick on a ledge, to serve the little dog for a long nap. He then went to his writing desk, perhaps "set" the adjustable calendar there, opened and read the letters awaiting him; and consumed per-

haps all of ten minutes in this way. By this time all her awe and expectancy had oozed away, and instead there was sharp disappointment—until he began to speak. As the lecture went on, the interest and the awe returned; she had at last found her great man.

His rich stores and his desire to share them never seemed to run low. His class was often the latest in the afternoon, and, as the thread of the argument wove in and out, the daylight faded and only the flame and glowing coals in the generous fireplace offered their uncertain light. One of his students said: "In class there would be wide stretches of his lecture when he seemed to lose sight of us and of the place and the occasion. Then he would speak with passion, with the eloquence of one possessed by his ideas, almost as a poet; his deepest affections being revealed in what he said."

The living audience stimulated him so that he would break through all self-conscious troubling about diction. He now seemed intent wholly on the thought, and the words were taking care of themselves. One who was a student in the University of California when Professor Howison first came to it, has described the impression made by the extraordinary gifts of the man—by his penetrating thought, his wide acquaintance with scholarly work in his subject, by his sympathetic attention to history and social life and letters, that made his lectures move constantly around and over our deepest interests. "And he made the greater impression upon his classes," this witness has added, "because of the sheer precision and elegance with which he presented his thought. Never has the University had his equal for expressing, hot upon the instant, a learned and intricate argument in sentences of rare color and rhythm, yet with a fiery conviction like that of some prophet of old."

To this day it remains a mystery what brought any lecture of his to a close. Occasionally "Socrates," the little dog, might lend a hand to this end, by awakening and sharply barking his impatience. The students, certainly, did not terminate the hour by restless demonstration and leaving the room. If one of them could not remain until the close, he would go; and would employ an early opportunity to explain his action. Nor did Professor Howison, though accustomed to no disregard of decorum by his students, act the bear toward excusable departures. A young woman, an advanced student, married and with a nursing baby at home, felt she must leave his lectures before they had ended, perhaps on toward six or seven o'clock, and long after dark. She finally screwed up courage to the point of telling him frankly the reason. "Why, of course, my daughter," was his answer, "that is more important than listening to an old man like me." Earlier, before her baby was born, when a lecture was over she had to walk some distance to her home up a steep path through a wood. Night after night he would walk all the way with her, to talk with her of philosophy and to see her safely home.

Thus his interest in the persons he taught, and his zeal for the work, and the zeal he awakened in them, made it impossible for him to meet his students only at lectures and in formal classes. For those who were more advanced in their studies and desirous of regular instruction not provided in the courses offered, he repeatedly arranged special work. He would take endless pains to write to some student at a distance. In answer to an inquiry from one such student concerning Kant's *thing-in-itself*, Howison wrote ten compact pages; and followed this on the next day with a further letter of exposition. Or he would meet a student perhaps every week to discuss some systematic reading—in Aristotle, perhaps, or Leibnitz, or Hegel. Sometimes at the con-

ference the professor would stick to the special work in hand. Often, however, this would soon be quite forgotten and there would be an extended discourse on a distant and general problem of philosophy.

Besides this personal instruction in some quiet room of his on the campus, often by an open fire, there were numberless conferences also in his home, where his students were welcome, singly, to speak with him of their intellectual difficulties; or in small groups they were invited to come of an evening to consider some special topic or to read and discuss an important book. One such group, of which Bakewell and Beard and Cook were members, used to meet at his home on Sunday evenings to discuss problems on the borderland between philosophy and religion, and these were always delightful occasions. "I think we got more stimulus and inspiration from these small intimate gatherings than from the class room," Bakewell has said; and, continuing, "Those meetings were the real origin of the Philosophical Union, which was established the next year."

IV

THIS LIVING INTERCOURSE with such a man had its inevitable effect. Many who never chose to commit themselves to the study of philosophy professionally found that their inner lives were lastingly impressed: here a man who later became a professor of mathematics; there another, in the field of English literature; or again, a woman who led the more serious minds of her community in their reading or their outlook on international affairs. Franklin K. Lane, for a while in journalism and later to be Secretary of the Interior, was ready to express his veneration and his lasting debt to Professor Howison as his teacher. James K. Moffitt, once his student and now a leader in the banking and

commerce of San Francisco, has been for life devotedly attached to him personally. Others who were never in any formal way his students acquired something of the student's regard for him. So Buckham in religion, Moore in education, Noble and Haskell in mathematics, Hocking and Montague in philosophy, Wells in literature—to speak of those only who knew him in California—these, so far as I know, were not in his classes; yet, as young men, they came into his circle and could thereafter never quite free themselves from the intellectual and moral strands he had thrown around them.

But his power as a teacher, some will feel, was most clearly shown in the young men whom he compelled to begin a lifelong study of philosophy. They went from his undergraduate classes into graduate work, often with other teachers of his own recommendation, especially with the Harvard group of philosophers—James, Palmer, and Royce—or with some scholar in Europe, and themselves became in due time notable teachers of philosophy in this country: Mezes at Texas and the City of New York; McGilvary at California, Cornell, and Wisconsin; Rieber at Stanford and California; Stuart at Iowa, Lake Forest, and Stanford; Henderson at Adelphi; Lovejoy at Stanford, Washington University, and Johns Hopkins; Bakewell at Bryn Mawr, Harvard, and Yale. The quality of these men indicates something of the teacher's power to direct the attention of young men so that thereafter they never lost sight of the goal which he had set before them.

Yet he founded no school of thought; in a sense he made no disciple. This clearly disappointed him; but not as it might a small and vain person who wanted mere personal following: it was rather because of his jealous espousal of the truth. He unceasingly urged his men to see with their own eyes. Yet, when

they did so, he could never be quite glad of it for what followed. He had involuntarily expected them to see independently the great issues of life as he saw them, yet one by one they came to see them somewhat differently, while still at one with him in the steadfastness of their look and in their loyalty to what they saw.

For he was never your detached lecturer who offered his wares without caring whether they were taken or left. He believed that his hearers should take only what they themselves examined and found reasonable. Yet, as one must who is prophet as well as critic, he believed also in the truth of what he announced to them: he believed it to be truth, truth of greatest import, able to bring one, through reason, to a higher level of life. So he always felt surprise when an able student failed to see what he himself saw so clearly. And he was the more surprised when any who had been persuaded of some central doctrine of his could later lose his hold. Nearly if not quite all his ablest students had been at some early time his disciples in the usual sense. And he had rejoiced; for would not the doctrine be more widely taught by them? As they matured, there was for him perhaps no greater regret than over their gradual departure from his precise convictions. The young men whom he most influenced, as they studied elsewhere and as later they became teachers of philosophy, still carried with them his marks—a deepening of their critical power, of their love for learning, and of their fidelity to truth. But the truth took on for them another outline than for him; and for these digressions, especially as they appeared in their published writings, he had a lynx's eye. He might tell his disappointment with a show of play, but the humor was on the surface. There was, beneath it, something like the feeling of a father who sees not one but all his sons going the way of the prodigal. It is related that Stanley Hall, when visiting him in Berkeley,

congratulated him on his success, that so many of his former students occupied distinguished chairs of philosophy in American colleges. Howison replied grimly: "Yes, but not one of them teaches the truth."

v

ONE ONLY NEED ADD a word concerning the artist's skill; for he was an artist. Whatever the subject he taught in the many places of his teaching, the testimony is always clear that he had power not merely to interest youth, but to quicken their deeper purposes. He impelled them to a more intelligent and tenacious moral effort. The secret was not in the specialty he taught, but in the man teaching it. Philosophy was perhaps his best medium; which for him was not just its technicalities and erudite details, but something fit to serve as the pilot of life. But, had there been the need, he could have reached somewhat the same result by teaching Choctaw. He helped boys and girls, he helped young men and women, toward character. He possessed this prime art of the teacher.

He was, as we know, a veritable person, endowed and disciplined, and his secret lay there. But he had a conscious aim in his work. And his insistent speaking of this aim made him a nuisance and firebrand in his Faculty; and his practice of it, backed by his learning and personality, set his students aflame. Hocking, of Harvard, who as a young man came into Howison's department at California, said that "Howison comes as near to Elijah the prophet, and in some ways to old Simon Peter, as any human being I expect to meet in my time."

He set for himself the purpose not merely to make his subject interesting, nor merely to train his students to be diligent, clear, precise, and all the scholarly so-ons—to the full long list of virtues held up by your believer in the discipline of intellectual

powers; these are all good, but not enough, he felt; your student may have them all and be a Philistine. No; the student must be set free, not by crying hands off, but by laying hands on—gentle yet heavy hands; by bringing him into a view and love of the truth; by compelling him to enter into that great world which alone can set him free. The youth became a free man, for Howison, not by mere unimpeded will, not by mere riddance of inhibition, but by gradual initiation into a great community until he himself should recognize its worth and heartily set his own strength and skill to the creative work of increasing its bounds and dignity.

Howison had a sane and practicable and large view of what youths need. He would not save their souls by any particular studies, fond as he was of Greek and mathematics and philosophy and music and English literature. Past, present, future, and more even than all these, were to be spread before the student's eyes. The youth was to come into his own, into the wisdom of the past, which was his inheritance. But all this was to prepare him for his freedom, for his spontaneity. He must first see the direction of humanity's movement, how far it has already come and where is the polar constellation to guide it onward. Howison's task, as he saw it, was to bring youths to see humanity's accomplishment thus far, and the ideal before it; to bring youths to recognize and respect the world visible and invisible, and to make over the world of fact into the form of the ideal. This was for him the business in hand. Did it involve self-assertion? Yes. Announcement perpetually of one's own crudities? No. Believer as he was in the person and in freedom, Howison would have nothing of the irritable self-insistence that was then, and that still is so much in vogue. The person must be brought into a vital spiritual union with all others, and encouraged to assert himself

within the limits of this spiritual union and with the enlarged power and opportunity which this union gives him.

So he had in mind, as he taught, an ambitious project, in which the individual had his own place, but in which there was a place too for the community, the nation, humanity, and all the full divine order; in which the past had its place, but only along with the present and the future; in which science and observed fact had their place, but as a stage and theater for man's free action, guided by the ideal. For Howison, life was no acceptance of the scientist's report of facts, to let the facts rule one. Fact finding, for him, was a summons to reshape the facts by an intelligent spiritual power in and beyond man.

So he saw young men and women as in need of becoming, first of all—not economic factors given to producing, distributing, and consuming marketable things; nor as learners of some liberal profession—but of becoming, or of being transformed into, something more humane. And, in doing this, Howison felt he must deal with the *whole* person before him; with his intellect and far more: with his power to discern and to do what has grace in it; with his power to act morally by treating himself and all his fellows as of eternal worth. Thus he strove to bring each youth to a living intercourse with a perfect order of existence. He saw himself as a teacher of persons possessed of power to observe, to think, to enjoy beauty, to devote themselves to the great community of persons, of which the greatest of all is God,—God who compels no man, who is neither creator nor despot, but whose kind of life is the infinite goal toward which our own lives are free to move. Meeting his students in such a spirit, with his learning and ardor supporting so great a design, it is not strange that he won through to a place of great power in their lives.

THE MAN

GREAT TEACHING comes of no mere plan of teaching, nor from some particular talent, nor is it a skill imposed on a special endowment. It comes from the man entire—from his veracity, his insight, his confidence of outlook, his respect for the central potency in persons. So of Howison one would wish to see, as far as can be, the man more nearly complete, facing situations that show his ways of conduct and their inner prompting.

I

AND FIRST, of his use of power, and especially his treatment of men younger than himself and dependent on him.

The young instructors in his department tapped in Howison a deep reservoir of friendly interest, of good will. He sought their welfare by allowing them to do more than the mere drudgery of instruction; he had them teach important courses; he protected them from excess of teaching; he urged the President to recognize their ability and to promote them at the earliest suitable moment; he sought openings for their appointment in other universities. He saw to it that these young men had opportunities for study, and more than once he persuaded the University to send a young man to Europe for advanced work. He was solicitous for their personal living and comfort. Once at least he proposed that he build, for rent, houses planned and suited to his married instructors' needs. He invited more than one of the bachelor instructors into his own home to live. When one of the young instructors in his department was studying in Europe, Howison offered to lend money—for a while without interest, and thereafter on most liberal and unbanklike terms—to enable

the young man and his wife to continue work in Europe after having already completed two years of study there.

His affectionate interest in his young colleagues, however, never prevented his customary directness of speech to them, whenever they did not measure up to his standard of thinking or of conduct. They had to take an occasional dressing-down. But he was not above expressing regret when he came to see the pain caused by perhaps excessive bluntness.

Such outbursts were impulsive and momentary and were reserved for no one kind of person. They were usually assaults upon false doctrine, in which he did not always carefully distinguish between the felon and the crime. Underneath, and by habit and conviction, he was all kindness. His gusty temper might storm for a moment; but year after year he had these youngsters on his mind, with all the care of a father. Should sickness come to the household of one of these scapegraces, there was nothing Howison could not think of and do for the man's relief. The wife of one of them was taken sick, there were little children also to be cared for with an instructor's meager pay; and Howison at his own expense at once put a nurse into the house and sent suitable supplies.

There was no need that trouble should come, though, to call out his interest in their family affairs. "*Can* you realize," he puts into a letter's hurried postscript, "that our good N. is actually now a sobered married man? Alas! Gone is that gay youthful freedom! I'm pretty sure he's got a wife that'll be his master! The 'cut of her jib' is that of a masterful woman. But '*mum's the word!*' I hope, and indeed expect, we shall all love them both equally." He knew what would soon be coming out of the warm depths of his own nature. He was always sending affectionate

messages through his young colleagues to their wives, with especially happy words and a gift when a baby came.

He rejoiced in the fine qualities he discovered in these young colleagues of his, he rejoiced in their progress, and was cast down by losing them from his department. "Besides illness," he writes to his friend Thomas Davidson, "the last year has brought me severe blows in the loss of Bakewell, and now of McGilvary, my two most gifted pupils and valued colleagues. McG. has just been appointed Sage Professor of Moral Philosophy at Cornell, to succeed James Seth. He will prove a telling success there, I am sure. But I don't know where to look for his successor."

For another of them, then recently married and away for a summer at Harvard before going on to Europe, Howison writes to James so warmly that James instantly invites the newly married couple to James's home to stay; and Howison gives them letters of introduction to a host of intimates in Boston, Cambridge, and thereabouts, and in New York. And when, at the summer's end, they sail for Europe, there is added to all the long letters from Howison one to wish them *bon voyage* and "Be sure to keep me constantly informed of your whereabouts, doings, work, health, and indeed all your concerns, when in Europe." This he closed "with sincere love," as indeed so many of his letters he closed with words of friendship and affection. He gives the young instructor capital advice about the relative worth of men in Germany under whom he may wish to work; he sends him published material bearing on his studies there; he jeers at the youth's crabbed and toplofty criticism of things German, the like of which he had just had from another of his young men. So he sends words with salt and pepper in them about such *Jammer*. "I don't know what's the real matter with you young fellows," he writes, "unless it be too great a development of self-

esteem! It seems almost comic, to say the least, to see you young chirpers perking up, on your twig-branch, and passing judgment on the moral and mental status of the nation that history has given the first rank in the world, and on the *Gelehrtheit* of men who have made a world-wide fame." But he closes this joyous drubbing, lest it cut, with "Don't take this sarcastic joke too seriously though, my boy!"

And when one of these young colleagues had done a scholarly job to Howison's liking, the elder writes; "I fear I have not said enough in expression of my deep and kindling, yes, stinging satisfaction at your European performance. But take it for granted, if unexpressed. Your friends here are all proud of you. Boy, if you do your duty, your academic fortune is made!" So he could feel, such enthusiastic appreciation he could show! No wonder that these young colleagues could take a browbeating from him, even in public, when once in a while he lost patience with their stark heresy, nor that they still hold him in deepest affection. A youth would work his intellectual flesh off for such a man.

II

HIS FRIENDLY INTEREST was not restricted, however, to those in his own department. He saw the fine texture of plain men and women, and knew how to express some of the value he set upon them. Thus each year as the holidays approached he regularly provided some additional cheer for the janitor of the building which housed the Department of Philosophy—the janitor, an old soldier of the Civil War, called by the students "Bayonet Bill," who served the department as loyally as he had his country. Howison's unusual and characteristically careful way was to go himself to market and buy the materials for a good dinner for

the man and his wife—turkey and all. I remember the glow with which the old janitor told me of this regular expression of the professor's good will. And Dr. Wall, the physician and intimate friend of Professor Howison, remarked the great interest he showed in some Italian laborers laying a water main in a Berkeley street. Howison said to Dr. Wall that in talking with them he found evidence of marked intelligence of a type not found in his students, and ideas of great interest to him in his study of the mind. His further action reveals a thread of the man's own fabric—he offered to pay the water company for the time he had taken in talking with the men.

He was tender, too, feeling deeply any blow that cut across health or life. A family, the Whitings, had left Berkeley for Cambridge, Massachusetts, taking ship to go by way of Panama. To a friend Howison wrote of the "frightful news": "the ship foundered off Manzanillo," he said, "and the whole family, with the children's nurse are lost—father, young mother, four darling bairns, and the 'goodie'; seven hapless lives! It seems as if Berkeley would see many a long day ere it can smile again."

And from Italy Howison writes to Davidson: "We all fell in love with our faithful old gondolier, Giuseppe—a remnant of the 'good old times,' I am afraid he is. He was gentle and of delicate sensibility to beautiful things, and was continually showing us dainty little scraps of landscape and ruin and sculpture decoration. One day he took me up into a shabby old ruin of a palace, now used for some coarse warehousing or other, in order to show me the traces of its former splendid cortile, and to point out with a child's delight the exquisite cutting on the capitals of the arcade. They were all black and almost invisible, and no one but a real lover of the real thing would have ever seen them."

All this was practice in keeping with his principle. For he believed in persons; he believed in personality, he respected it. He liked to call his form of idealism, as we know, Personal Idealism, because in it persons were the great realities.

III

HE WAS GIVEN to a hearty enjoyment not only of the persons he knew, but also of natural beauty and romance and history and art. He enjoyed music; he entered into Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, and later we shall discover him writing about it; he attended the grand mass at St. Peter's on Easter Sunday, "certainly the most imposing human show I ever witnessed," he wrote, "tremendous music, that took you off your feet and shook the heart out of you." The journey down into Italy from Munich, though he had taken it before and was now in his seventy-sixth year, he found to be one of his greatest and most inspiring of experiences, such was his responsiveness even to matters remote from his professional care. There was no mere guidebook noting of fact and history; there was a lover's enthusiasm. The Achensee for him was glorious; he exclaimed over the blue and the transparency of its water, the terrible prongs of the Benedictinerwand that held it, the pure brilliance of the autumn atmosphere. Innsbruck he found an overwhelming little city, amazingly rich in its memorials; and not far away was the vast old Burg he visited, where Philippine Welser and her noble husband, the Grand Duke Ferdinand, passed, as he says, "so much of their idyllic life of mutual affection." Then on to Meran where he and Mrs. Howison, to use his words, had "an exceedingly happy two weeks and a half, and then had not been to half of its romantic surroundings. It is a tiny city, with the greatest union of sublime and lovely landscape that one can imagine, great mountains ris-

ing into the sharpest peaks, all snow-covered, with their great sides richly shaggy with deep forest growths, which the enormous dimensions and distance reduce to the appearance of deep mosses covering the huge rocks; the autumn colors were out in their richest, and were as varied and as luxuriant as anything of the kind we ever see in America, so signalized for this trait of scenery. Then the history & romance all about—from antiquity down through the middle-ages; every lesser height crowned with some huge old *Schloss* or *Burg*, scene of all sorts of history, but largely tragic, with courage, devotion, battle, victory, or downfall. . . .

“Well, we bade it all farewell at length, and came first to Verona, meaning to stop only over night. But we found that our impressions of the place, got thirty years ago in haste, were all wrong. In the perfect autumn weather it proved charming; and we stayed there three days and more, unwilling to leave even then. Oh, its swift-rushing, clear, glorious Adige, bending about in it everyway, crossed by so many grand bridges! Its old council hall, in the Piazza d’Ebbe, is one of the loveliest pieces of the finest delicate Renaissance to be seen anywhere.”

A chapter could be filled with the rush and enjoyment of his travel. His was no desiccated mind, no mere pedagogue’s.

IV

BUT TO RETURN to persons and his working days. Howison had no patience with all the surface details of the individual. He always forgot in public or in private to minister to the small self-appreciation of others; but he no less forgot his own small self-interests. He was never given to talking about himself, about his own qualities and character, though he might talk freely about external events and about persons close to his own private life.

He was wholly without outward sign of vanity or posing or self-importance. He did nothing for "effect." At heart he had something like a Quaker's directness of approach, honestly keeping to the front always, so far as in him lay, the doctrine, the all important doctrine. He never expressed self-depreciation, however; that would have been to parade the personal element and would have been not only unsuited to public use, but would have been insincere; for he recognized his own ability, though not always his own large accomplishment.

There was a side of him ready honestly to laugh at an attempt by others to set forth what he had done and to lose sight of the great truths yet unrealized for which he stood. There had been arranged in the University of California, late in his years there, a series of meetings, at one of which there were brief addresses by younger colleagues and friends, to describe his field of study, his pioneering effort to stimulate research—all very appreciative, and rightly so, of his contribution to the growth of postgraduate investigations. When at length he himself was called upon to speak, he showed a puzzled annoyance. Why all this fuss and feather over things that didn't matter! His philosophy, the content of his philosophy, was what should count with serious men and women in a meeting such as this. Why hadn't they come together to discuss with him the truth of his ideas? "That," he said, "would have been a *sensible* thing for them to do!"

v

NOR WOULD HE LEAVE VAGUE what he meant to be the center of personality. It was the person's reason, which brought to the person freedom and responsibility. I must refer to a central doctrine or two of his, though I purpose to avoid to the utmost any exposition of his philosophy—for this is done in his own writings,

and needs no repetition. But some of his doctrines had a way of running over into his character, or his character ran over into his doctrines; so they cannot well be separated even here. Religion with him was not only religious doctrine, it was religious life. Now the pivot of all Howison's later thinking, at least, was the moral responsibility of the human person. This with him was a philosophical principle, a criterion of other ideas, the measure of their adequacy. Any doctrine incompatible with the freedom of the individual was for him intellectually intolerable.

At a meeting of the Philosophical Union, William James was the principal speaker. After he had presented his thoughts, there was, according to custom, a discussion of them, into which Howison entered with his usual ardor. The contrast of the two men in appearance and manner was as striking as in their ideas. James, incisive, fidgety, careless of the requirement to make ideas fit into any describable mould; Howison, at home on the field of battle, intent on its larger strategy, confident—one might feel—that the Lord would deliver the adversary into his hand. He finally would have posed James by pointing out that James's doctrine meant that a person's conduct was actuated by some power outside himself. James's answer must have seemed to Howison an incredible way of escape. For in substance it was this, that James did not care a fig who or what ran his life, if only it was run aright. In Howison's theory, at least, it would seem hardly to matter a fig whether his life was run right or wrong, unless he himself ran it.

He believed the person to be not only free, but also imperishable; for what seems death is but an occurrence within experience and does not affect the eternal aspects of life. Discussing immortality one day after dinner at his home, he remarked: "The other day a person said to me, 'Where do you think you

and I will be twenty years from now?—on Mars, or some other planet?’ And I replied, ‘That’s a foolish question. It shows you have no philosophy. Where shall we be? We shall not be anywhere in space. Space is in us!’ ”

He was a humanist in accepting the highest human standards as valid standards, but not a humanist of the kind that leaves God out. God moved in his theory and in his affections. His religion, he felt, was Christianity, and he called himself a Christian. He rejected small miracles. He would have denied hotly that he believed in miracles at all; for he held to an orderly Nature, to an orderly activity of persons. Of a current writer he said, “I never read a word of him, and, if he ends up in ‘supernaturalism’ and ‘revelation,’ I shall find it hard to take an interest in him.” Yet Nature, whether it was human nature or the course of earth and tide and star, was enveloped and permeated and sustained by spirit. In this sense he believed in the supernatural, or in what one might call the great miracle—the existence of a personal God and of human persons so conceived as to be individually free and immortal. In conversation with a friend in Berkeley, he expressed concern and grief because some of his former students had told him that they could no longer believe in a personal God. “How can it be?” he added; “has my teaching all been in vain?”

With all his smiting of the orthodox, hip and thigh, his sword struck only at what he took to be their unessentials. He was never a sneerer wholesale at the traits of orthodoxy. Like Darwin, he could say a word in defense even of the missionaries. When he was asked whether he would justify foreign missions, he answered, “If I feel my religion is *right*, I am bound to go and teach it.” He took to his heart men of character whose faith was formed in a mould much simpler than his own.

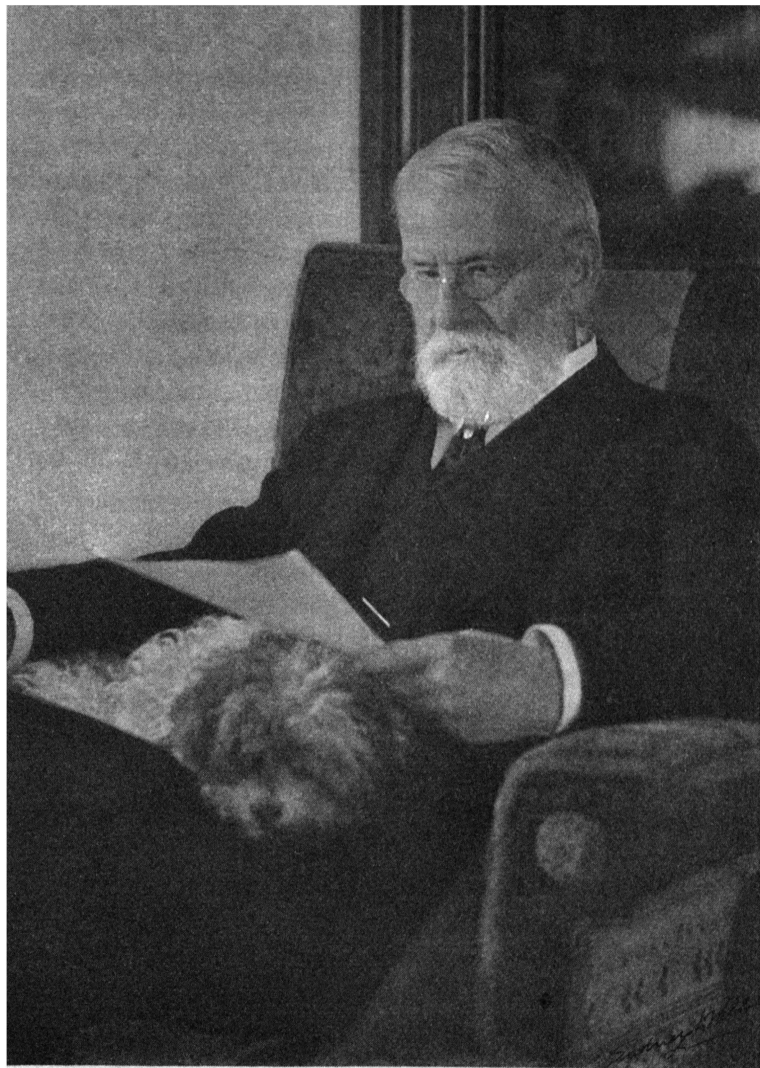
VI

HE WAS your typical absent-minded professor. Mrs. Howison would speak of this side of him with comical despair. "He talks so learnedly of time and space," she would exclaim; "he knows nothing about them!" One day the home dinner waited for him a half-hour beyond the usual time; an hour. Nine o'clock and no George Howison. At ten Mrs. Howison began to be alarmed, and by eleven she was inquiring by telephone at all his favorite haunts. None of his friends, who in their turn grew alarmed, could give her a clue to his whereabouts. At one o'clock in the morning, in he sauntered, quite unconscious of the hour and of Mrs. Howison's anxiety. It appeared that he had crossed the Bay to San Francisco, had there met a friend, and the two had for all these hours been lost to the world in their discussion of high philosophy.

He became lost to the world also in matters other than high philosophy. Indeed, whatever he attended to, his mind bored into, and would no more hold to several unrelated things at once than would an auger making its one hole at a time. When it came to having his house erected in Berkeley, he built first a tiny cottage, called "the barn," where he and Bakewell lived—Mrs. Howison for the while had fled the turmoil—and where he might watch the workmen as they labored on the house. Every nail must be driven the right way into every board and joist and rafter. It is related—perhaps unreliably—that he carried on his examination of the workmen's labors, after dark, by the light of a lantern.

VII

BUT IF HE WAS unpunctual and absent-minded, he was not negligent of all externals. Upon some of them he was punctilious. He observed the amenities of personal intercourse—of costume, of



PROFESSOR HOWISON IN HIS HOME

order at his dinners, of salutation. Without being at all Olympian, he was unfailingly dignified in dress and bearing and speech. By day he always wore in public a dark double-breasted coat, often a "Prince Albert"; and for evening he was not averse to full dress, top hat and all, even in a Western community that still retained, as from mining days, a mild distrust of such things. With him the Virginian traditions respecting the importance of all this seemed to have gone into his marrow, and one might as well have expected Mount Vernon to forget the proprieties.

Dignity interested him and drew him toward it. He observed it in Emerson and Alcott and in the older New Yorkers—in their dress, their bearing, their mode of speech, their way of intercourse with one another. A fine impression had been made upon him when he went into a New York office—it may have been that of D. O. Mills—and there found the man in plain citizen's clothes, but bearing himself in the dignified way of the older tradition. He admired this, but did not aim to copy it. "The veneer," he said when speaking of these men, "I confess is very fine; I should like to have been able to do that myself, but it is against the genius of our later intercourse. The attempt to act in that way would seem like affectation; we would have to put it on."

Especially was he careful, however, of niceties of language. He made much of Latin and Greek. All his habitual attention to words, however, never prevented his own free and forceful speaking, although it may have done something to impede his writing, especially for publication. "He always found it difficult to write for publication," says Bakewell, "because he was so solicitous to get just the right word to express his meaning with exactitude. He was particularly incensed when President Wheeler began the practice of requiring each member of the faculty to

send in every year a report of everything that he had published or was planning to publish—a damnable practice for which he held President Eliot responsible. . . . Howison always thought it was an impertinence to bring out anything that was not one's level best."

He never was stilted; he could be easy and jocose. The best of humor prevailed at the dinners he loved to give. He could be gay in a letter to some intimate. Thus to Thomas Davidson he writes:

Grantville, June 15, 1876.

DEAR TOM, Since my note of this morning, the domestic sky has fallen out, and smashed all our plans to powder.

Our Bridget, I find on returning home at 2:30, has "given notice"—and leaves forthwith—this very afternoon. *Hence we can't have you come tomorrow*, after all! Ye gods! but isn't that a cool impertinence? To ask you out—to *press* you to come, even—and then to cry out, stop!

But *Islam*: and "if it be fated that a man shall die in any land, in that land shall he surely die."

So forgive us, and hold yourself in readiness for another summons soon. Yours sincerely and regretfully,

G. H. HOWISON

He liked humor, but within the bounds of propriety. He was never heard, so far as I know, to exceed such bounds. He thought that Mark Twain and Artemus Ward and some of the slangy humorists gathered into the collection of poetry called *Parnassus*, by the man he knew and honored so highly, Emerson, went over the line. But not William James. "How different it is with William James," he once said, "who has the Irish-American sense of humor in a very high degree. He is perfectly willing to go as far as a gentleman safely can, up to the very edge of impropriety, but he never steps off. That's one of William James's great skills."

VIII

HE WAS PUGNACIOUS in his devotion to truth. He was a fighter. When an intellectual combat was on, he was not the man to stand by and hold the coats; his own was off and he in the thick of the fight. He doubtless was more or less dimly aware of this trait of his, and perhaps plumed himself on it. Some of his friends arranged to have his portrait painted for the University of California by Mary Curtis Richardson, a distinguished artist in San Francisco. As the portrait approached completion, Mr. Howison quite forcefully let the artist know his dissatisfaction with it. When one of his friends in Berkeley found, by questioning, what it was that displeased him, it proved to be the portrait's unmilitant air: "They are trying to make me look," he said, "like a Swedenborgian minister."

He might like to appear warlike; but he had no liking to be intolerant. With regret he recognized himself to be at times dangerously close to this. In expressing to his intimate friend Thomas Davidson his sorrow for having given offense by his way of criticizing Davidson's paper at a meeting of "the Club" in Boston, Howison spoke penitently of his own intolerance of opinions that traversed what he was deeply convinced was truth—"an intolerance that no amount of experience or honest desire to be considerate seems ever likely to rid me of." Again, on a later occasion, he spoke of it as a dreadful thing to get caught in an extreme, so that, from then on, you cannot possibly think there is any truth on the other side. "Almost all the mischief in the world," he added, "comes from that."

Thus he vibrated between attack and regret that he had made the attack. He puts into a letter to a young friend: "P.S.—Horrid 'row' last night at the Philos. Union, owing to my feeling it

necessary (foolishly, as I now believe) to give Putzker [a well-known professor in the University] & Miss Stevens [an elderly person with philosophic intentions] a 'setting down' for their crazy views about 'democracy' and 'woman suffrage,' & universal suffrage generally. Whole business spoilt what otherwise wd have been a capital meeting, when Prof. Jones read a truly philos^l paper on Theory of Rights & Gov't, & A. G. Eells made a good solid penetrating speech."

He stood, somewhat defiantly, for blunt personal veracity at any cost—occasionally, at the cost of the feelings of those with him. He often assumed an attitude of perhaps needless opposition, chiefly, I believe, to make sure he should not be found wanting in loyalty to the truth. Thus when he was invited to speak to an important group of Unitarians, with whose general attitude he probably had more in common than with that of any other body of religionists, he spent a large part of his time with them in explaining why he was *not* and could *never* be a Unitarian, since he differed from them in the very core of their doctrine. Yet he could do this without offense; the Unitarians then and always in California delighted in him. They respected, along with much else, his desire to win their assent, if at all, by no false pretense or softening of disagreement.

He lacked all art, or the will to cultivate the art, of flattering an audience, in order to establish *rapport* and prepare them to accept his thought. He was, rather, like that Paul of the common version—whatever may be the juster translation—who began his address to the Epicureans and Stoics on Mars Hill by telling them forthright that they were superstitious.

His pugnacity, it was clear, he never used for its own sake, but only as a rough bodyguard to his doctrine. His battling was from a love of the truth he was battling for—a complex affection for

it, which included a love of the search for truth, a love of the discovery and of the great things discovered, a love of sharing with others the great things found. No one who had in all solemnity vowed loyalty to a great enterprise could have been more completely bound to it, nor have been farther from shifty devices to enlarge its interests or from asking quarter from the foe. One could not think of him recanting a belief to save himself. He would have taken his stand with Luther or Bruno.

Yet, with his devotion, there was about him no air of the devotee, no mystic look. He was a rationalist. As one watched his conduct year by year, one found his eye single; there was the leading motive kept central. He was not insensitive to lesser things—books in good bindings, prints and paintings, good meals, personal recognition of himself. He would have liked to have more fame than came to him. But, so far as one can see who was close to him, these found a place as in the pauses of a great expedition, like the evening reverie or the recreation of a determined explorer of the unknown. No one of them meant consent to sacrifice a jot of truth or of strength to seek the truth and to send back untiring reports about it.

We can see in all this the sure foundations of his power to teach: he had truth to share with others, he had detailed scholarship, he had a large purpose in his teaching, he was a fighter with a fighting love of the truth which he would have others share with him, he thought persons the supreme and creative power in all the universe; human persons, he felt, were supremely worth teaching.

PREPARATION

THOSE WHO have come thus far will perhaps have seen, as in a troubled reflection, the large outline of the man. And this may be enough. But some may wish to be told the man's life, how he came and went, what were the circumstances that helped to form him. For any who have this further desire, the account which follows may be of interest.

I

SCOTLAND and the South were in Professor Howison's ancestry and tradition; the Middle West, New England, the Pacific Coast, and Europe were in his training. There were thus spread before him for his choice and taking, goods in plenty.

His mother, Eliza Holmes, was born in Maryland, of old Maryland families; his father, Robert Howison, was from Virginia, and was held by the Virginian stock to be the direct descendant of that Jock Howison of Braehead near Edinburgh who obtained the freehold of his estate from James V of Scotland, as related by Sir Walter Scott. Along with much else, there may have sprung from the parentage and family culture of the young Howison the later union in him of a Southern love of manners and hospitality and good living, with an intent Scottish look toward things of the spirit.

He himself, born in Montgomery County, Maryland, on November 29, 1834, was early associated with those who paid the price of having character. His parents, themselves slaveholders, could finally no longer tolerate "the institution"; they freed their slaves and shook from their own feet the very dust of slavery's dominion. In the summer of his fourth year, they moved across

the Alleghanies into Ohio, to the vicinity of Marietta—romantically named after Marie Antoinette—doubtless chosen by the Howisons for their new home not only because it was “free soil,” but also for what it offered in education. For there were here good schools—including an academy and college—a substantial library, and churches, the community being a fusion of excellences from Connecticut and Massachusetts and Maryland and Virginia. Howison, looking back on it many years later, thought of it as a new place conquered in the main by an older culture, the town of Marietta being more like a New England village of its time than like a place but recently won from the wilderness.

But the boy’s fancy was awake to the storied background of this frontier community, and to the echoes of recent savagery. One of his earliest Ohio memories was of a red man who lived in the village and peaceably went in and out of neighbors’ houses. Another of the citizens, a white, used to tell of his captivity among the Indians—his tale disappointingly free, however, of scalping, tomahawking, and torture at the stake. Only a few miles down the river, at the time of this captivity, as young Howison knew, the settlers of Belpré had been awakened with war whoop and blazing torch.

The present also held the boy’s mind in sympathy. There were in Marietta churches of many Christian denominations, Catholic and Protestant. All had a common interest in education. However they might differ about theology, ritual, or church government, all were sensible of a common Christian purpose, and were one in the conviction, he tells us, that, as a republic, “we must educate, we must educate, or we must perish!” These elements of quiet religious tolerance within the bounds of what was regarded as essential Christianity, within the

bounds, too, of obedience to law and political decorum, formed for him, he later felt, a veritable educational atmosphere whose influence no youth growing up in it could escape. It confirmed him in the conviction of its justice and its lasting worth; but with a dash in him also of criticism and opposition.

II

HE ATTENDED Marietta Academy, to which only boys were admitted, and where, as he tells us, the little fellows were allotted such work as the principal, in consultation with their parents, decided to be most suitable, while the older boys were granted an almost free election.

Here, in order to fill any interstices of lesson-getting in the usual studies of the day, the younger boys were made to read certain books of geography—commercial, political, and more;—one of these, *The Book of Commerce*, by L. G. Goodrich, at one time American minister to France, “took a real hold upon my child mind (I was in my tenth year when attending the Academy),” he tells us. “Together, these books enlarged my horizon, teaching me to what a great and rich world I really belonged, and breeding in me the wish and the hope that I might some day come to know it at first hand; a thing which has to a considerable extent actually happened; partly, I believe, because I was led to desire it so ardently.” This gives an index to his later mind with its imaginative breadth along with precision, its love of travel, its love of vital experience on the large scale.

But the lover of literature—of language and its use in art—was also appearing in this boy of ten in the Marietta Academy. There he had his first taste of literature—in Walter Scott, the writer, as he believed, “foremost of all for boys, sure to lead them into a taste for higher and greater things than he could do;

though what he did is great." Among the "pieces" in the McGuffey reader he used were two that fascinated him completely—the descriptions of the tournament in which Cœur de Lion (as Le Noir Faineant) plays the hero's part, and of the siege of Front-de-Bœuf's castle afterward. "Passionately I read them, over and over and over again," he says, "stealing time that I ought to have been getting my lessons in. I hoped, I longed, to find more of that sort somewhere; for the *Reader* gave no inkling as to which of Scott's novels they were taken from, and nobody that I asked could tell me where to look for the whole. Imagine, then, my joy, when, on going back to Maryland, on a visit some two years later, the kinswoman at whose home we stayed put *Ivanhoe* in my hands, and I presently discovered that I had the enchanting whole whose brief fragments had thrilled me so! In the little old library in that house I found other things of Scott's—*Waverley*, and *Quentin Durward*, and the *Ballads*." Spelling he learned by his free reading, and not by the attempt to teach it to him. English grammar he got by merely listening, captivated, to the recitations of the older boys.

In these studies of language, literature, and the world, the child was father to the man. But not so in mathematics. Mathematics, which took such firm hold of him afterward, began with no promise.

"In arithmetic, though later I developed a strong interest in higher mathematics, and some skill," he has told us, "I made no such progress as I ought to have done. I had entered the school well up in the elementary rules (though working under them always bored me), having been taught at home by my father, an expert practical mathematician and surveyor, and an experienced and skilful schoolmaster, who, to my lasting loss, died while I was at this school."

"My trouble," he continues, "appears to have been that I had in my mental make-up certain *platforms* of difficulty, on which I was inclined to lodge, and beyond which I could not move until I had somehow found my own way. At all events, I left the school unable to understand or apply the 'rule of three,' percentage, discount, or duodecimals; in the dark, and uncertain, about 'square-root'; and quite stupefied in the presence of 'cube-root.' I may add that, later, I was delivered through the study of algebra."

III

BUT, IN EDUCATION, the persons, the teachers, overtop all objects and methods. He lets us see the kind of men who got at his mind in these early years; their zest, their precision, their moral quality. He looks back on all this with another eye than do those who can see only stupid and tragic obliquity in all the men who took a hand in their education.

He remembered vividly in later years Horace Norton, a man of intense mental and nervous energy, of impassioned action, incisive in mind and character, especially interested in geography. By means of map drawing, in which he was a master, he gave edge and accuracy to the boy's interest in the figure of the earth—its continents, oceans, seas, mountain chains, lakes, rivers, and political divisions. It was the child's form of Howison's later zest for the proportions of a still larger world.

"But the time had now come," he says, "when I must take up a new school-connection, in which I was to meet a personality that left in me a trace still broader and deeper. Our home was not in Marietta proper, but in a smaller town, directly across the Muskingum River, which is now known as West Marietta, but was then a separate municipality, called at successive periods

Fort Harmar, Point Harmar, and, finally, simply Harmar, after the general who was in original command there and fortified the place." Harmar was about to open an academy under the principalship of Henry Bates, an Oberlin M.A., a Congregational minister by ordination, but who perhaps never held a pastorate. Bates, in Howison's memory, was a most real man indeed: "intense in conviction, quick in temper (occasionally violent), emphatic in utterance, a pronounced teetotaller, free-soiler, and abolitionist, advocate of universal suffrage without respect to color, race, or sex—in short, a salient sample of the Oberlin school at which he had been bred. But he had a weight of character and a personal force all his own, and it was with these and not with his particular opinions that he ruled and inspired the school."

"He was all *live*, and he kept a live school." In Howison's words: "He was not an exact or elegant classical scholar, as classical scholarship was then measured. . . . But he had a vital sense of the *meaning* of classical literature, especially its public and historical meaning; so he made us all feel it, and aroused us to some share in it. Latin and Greek works of talent and genius were never turned for us into mere parsing-blocks, nor was our time wasted in 'capping' lines from Vergil. We got, instead, some real sense of the *Aeneid* as a *poem*, as a stirring epic full of human interest, and also of lively and lovely landscape. To Cicero's eloquence we were made awake; we were brought to feel the historic reality of the *Orations*, their political environment, the structure and worth of their argumentation. As for Caesar's *Gallic War*, that was for us an exceedingly real book: its incidents, its localities, its characters, all seemed almost present to us, intensely individualized. What with our teacher's effect and that of editor Anthon, to whom he introduced us, our

imaginations were so quickened, by the diagrammed text and the illustrated notes, that in the periods of 'recess' and the longer 'noonings' we used to go down under the river-bluffs near the schoolroom and work out there, in the abounding sand, the plans of Caesar's camps and battles and sieges."

The love of the life and thought of Rome and Greece, so characteristic of the later Howison, is here seen forming; also his love of literature in general. It was Bates who quickened especially his sense of certain types of poetry—"naturally not those inspired with the highest forms of sentiment," says Howison, "but those in which spirited boys instinctively sympathize"—in "the romance of danger, of escape, of valor; the sense of patriotism and of devoted friendship; the feeling for the majestic, and for the sublime of space and time." Here also he was encouraged to that oral expression which later was so much his skilled instrument, an oral expression not histrionic, but forcible, natural, *simply* dramatic. And here he found more books and better books, well chosen for the use of the school and its families.

Bates led him on farther, also, in mathematics and physics and astronomy, with lectures, illustrated by apparatus and experiments. Lover of philosophy as Howison was later to become, he nevertheless had a feeling for the concrete and experimental.

IV

BY THE AUTUMN of 1848—young Howison was now fourteen years old—his class in Harmar Academy preparing for college was ready for admission, and most of its members entered Marietta College at the opening of the academic year in September. "But a friendly classmate and I," he says, "had rather more than the usual traditional horror of the freshman *status*, with its sub-

jection, ridicule, and hazing, and by importunity we at length induced Mr. Bates to agree to carry us through the work of the first college year.

"Accordingly, we began the freshman work with him, in Xenophon, Livy, and Horace, and in higher algebra. . . . We went on happily with Mr. Bates, chuckling over our escape from freshman humiliations, and confident in our teacher's capacity, till one day in December, when he suddenly informed us that he could not carry our load any longer, especially as new regular duties were to come on him with the term in January. With a manner which made us understand at once that there was no alternative, he said we must leave the school at term-end, and take up our work in the college across the river.

"We went out of his presence disturbed and, in fact, quaking; for there was the ordeal of the college examination to pass, not only for entrance, but also for advanced standing, and we were both in mortal fear of it." However, on a cold December afternoon, Howison and his classmate were received by the president, a large, courtly man with the grand manner, who was presently joined by the professor of mathematics, and these two examined the lads not only in Greek, Latin, and mathematics, but also in English grammar, rhetoric, and history.

"After the high authorities had informed us, to our great relief, that we were likely to be admitted," Howison narrates, "we were kindly sent up to the central college building, and handed over to the rather less tender mercies of the tutor (the chief freshman teacher) for that year—an imposing young figure, standing over six feet in his stockings, the impersonation of dignified decorum, who later in life became an Episcopalian bishop, and still later met with a tragic death. He probed us in Horace, and, easily exposing our meager equipment in Hora-

tian metrification, filled us with new alarms. But he was merciful, told us he *thought* he might probably venture to enroll us, placed our names in a big record-book, handed us the printed 'Laws of Marietta College,' and bade us good-by, a bit loftily, saying we might present ourselves in his classroom, 'second floor of the North Entry, Central Hall,' on the first Monday after New Year's, directly after morning prayers.

"And that year, morning prayers were still *early*, viz., at 5:30 A.M.; on the good old Puritan principle that a right Christian must 'work while it is called day,' that the day must begin early, and that prayers must open it, literally—preceding breakfast, which might well be further preceded by some work. So, on our first day of attendance, my classmate and I were at prayers in the chapel, with the rest, at half-past five in the morning and next were in the aforesaid classroom, 'second floor, North Entry, Central Hall,' some minutes before six, out of which, at seven, the majority of the class went to breakfast. This was in the beginning of the year of grace 1849, and of the life of the present writer the opening of the fifteenth. Mercifully for us, my companion and I had been given our breakfasts before leaving home in Harmar.

"But to think what that meant! My mother had risen, and had roused me, in time to have breakfast ready before half-past four; by 'early candle-light' indeed! Before five, my classmate came by, and we both started off, boy-like, ready and fearless because thoughtless, to make our way over the crunching snow, under the starlight, the gray dawn just beginning, across the frozen river on its solid ice-bridge, and up the snow-buried Marietta street, our feet and legs covered with long and heavy stockings of knit wool, drawn over our thick winter shoes, to protect us from the violence of the weather. It was a good half-hour's rapid

walk. This regimen we kept up all that first college year, fortunately more and more light coming to our help as the days wore on into summer. The next year, to our relief, and that of later students, milder views won in, and thenceforward prayers were not till seven o'clock, with recitation after; breakfast preceding both at half-past six, or, for some, at six."

He lived at home, knowing but little, and mostly at second hand, about the life of his fellow-students on the campus. But he doubted if he lost much of value by thus living outside. In those old days, hardly anything of a properly college sort went on within the campus except the work of study and recitations. If he was left out of student pranks, and what nowadays go by the name of "student activities," he felt that this was no real loss. And as for the serious college business aside from the regular weekly meetings of the students' literary and religious societies, there was only recitation and study—with hardly any lectures at all—almost wholly in the classics and in mathematics, physics (then called natural philosophy), astronomy, metaphysics and psychology of the old school, economics, and moral philosophy.

Here he began his study of German, and went on in literature mainly by free reading in the very good libraries of the college. He had also, in his senior year, his first taste of philosophy. "The president, Dr. Smith, lectured brilliantly in support of the Baconian method, which might have been called his hobby, and against German a-priorism and its results," Howison tells us. "The senior discussions of questions in the various branches of philosophy, held before the president and summed up by him, were a most important discipline." Thus he first knew of philosophy in a form which he later felt bound to reject.

In closing his account of this part of his education, he comes back to the qualities of the men—significant of his own later

interest, as a teacher, in moral character founded on reason—"to the intellectual and moral worth of the men," as he says, "who made up the faculty of my Alma Mater, in the years when I was in her care. Modern critical investigation and training have doubtless outgrown the theories in their various subjects which they held and expounded, but they all had the genuine spirit of scholarship, and were sound in what they knew. I owe them all a debt that, I rejoice to say, never can be cancelled. They were a small body, but they each and all left a deep impression of excellent knowledge, great skill in teaching, and greater distinction of character. Decision of character was the salient mark of every one of them. This came, in the last resort, from the strength of their convinced belief in fundamental truths. Belief with them was a genuine religion. They were what we call men of *principle*." And he tells them over, one by one, and turns them gratefully this way and that, to get the gleam of their inner light.

v

AFTER COLLEGE, there were years of groping before he found his way. He looked for a while toward the Christian ministry, toward the teaching of various kinds of knowledge, toward school administration, before philosophy finally claimed him and ended his wandering, though never his restless search.

He went to Cincinnati and studied divinity at Lane Seminary. Although as a student there he was in rather bad odor with respect to orthodoxy, he managed to graduate and to be licensed by the Presbytery of Cincinnati to preach as a probationer. He seems to have taken no pleasure in looking back on the years of this episode. There never came from him, so far as appears, any spontaneous talk about it. He probably never took a pastorate;

for, in the same year and probably in the same summer of his graduation from Lane, he has become a teacher and principal of a school in Marietta. And in teaching, the rest of his life is to be spent. To this extent, then, his choice of work is made. Whether he shall teach is, from now on, an answered question. For years it will remain undecided what he is to teach.

But already philosophy is beckoning him. In college we saw the president of Marietta College, Dr. Smith, teaching the lad the Baconian method. Now the German philosophy, of which at Marietta he had heard only by evil report, was to speak to him direct. At his divinity school all those who were intellectually ambitious were whetting their powers for Hegel, who was reputed to be the greatest figure, the hardest to understand, the greatest test of a man's intellectual ability. So this youngster not yet twenty-one was spurred to the trial. It was preparation for what he was to meet, about nine years later, when at St. Louis he fell in with the group of philosophers whose meat and drink were Hegel and Kant.

In the meanwhile he served with high commendation in school upon school, in city upon city—Marietta, Chillicothe, Portsmouth, and Harmar, in Ohio; and Salem in Massachusetts. There was a year during which he held no office, but was engaged in private studies, chiefly mathematical and classical. Mathematics, long of great interest to him and later to be the subject of university teaching and important publication, was at this time claiming more of his mind than was philosophy. At Salem this interest of his in mathematics comes forth in a way to cause a serious smile. Among the papers of this period is a printed program of the graduation exercises of the high school of which Howison was master. The little sheet sets forth the topics upon which each of the graduating scholars would speak.

And the master of the school, when the evening has at length come to waiting Salem, assured the company that the compositions had all been thought out and written by the pupils themselves, and were to illustrate the work of the school. One of these compositions, in particular, engages the eye. The pupil who had the distinction of exhibiting in mathematics, publicly addressed the assembled parents and friends of the class on the subject, "The method and uses of the square root in polynomials." At Marietta, it will be recalled, the ten-year-old George Howison bit the dust before square roots. The master now had seen to it that a brave stripling under his care should stand forth and sink a smooth stone from the brook into the forehead of the ancient enemy.

But Salem was of more importance than for mathematics. Among the assistants in the school was Lois Caswell, teacher of English, with a mind as keen as Howison's own, and with a buoyancy and brilliance to delight and sustain and urge him forward through all the later years. Lois Caswell, whom he married there, was the niece of President Caswell, of Brown University; was related to the Angells of presidential fame, and had in her veins the blood of Miles Standish and Peregrine White, celebrated in stories of colonial New England. Mrs. Howison's conversation and letters are still a delight in the memory of many. Thomas Davidson in later years humorously invited Howison to visit him on condition that he bring Mrs. Howison. "Give my love to Mrs. Howison," Davidson writes in still later years, "who always remains with me as one of the ideals." She never took possession of a company; she inquired, she drew out one's best thoughts, she laughed and sparkled and made some brief wise comment, full of kindness. Dr. Howison himself once said that to bring her to believe in his philosophy



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seemed to him more nearly a test of its truth than to convince any of his students, of whom several became distinguished; he held her to be intellectually above them all.

VI

AND NOW for the first time, he became—at the age of thirty, in Washington University, St. Louis—a professor in a college, instead of being an officer—a teacher, principal, master, or superintendent—in schools of a lower rank. In the schools he had won high praise for his accurate scholarship, his skill in imparting his knowledge, his power to stir the interest and the moral action of his pupils, the discipline he established, the ability he showed as an organizer and executive. President Andrews, of Marietta, who had Howison, the teacher, under his eye for three years, spoke of him, as did many another wise observer, with uncommon warmth. Let us have opinions from them all. “He will not attempt to teach that which he himself does not know,” it was said of him; “he is thorough and critical”; “he left the school in better working order than I had ever known it before”; his school has become “a place where *work is done*, and done thoroughly”; there was “never his equal in the school.” He served well in the humbler ranks, then, and was promoted.

The Howisons arrived in St. Louis in the last year of the Civil War, and the war was visible in state and city. Their residence was opposite a huge tobacco factory, several stories high, converted into a great federal prison and crowded from top to bottom with captured Southern soldiers. Having listened, day and night throughout the winter, to the curses of these men upon their Northern captors, the Howisons were glad to move, as soon as possible, to another part of the city. The distress of having to face for months these signs of war was probably not

lightened—even though Howison himself was of slave-liberating blood—by the fact that the prisoners were from the Howisons' ancestral South.

He had accepted the invitation to Washington University to become, as he thought, a professor of English literature, and had prepared himself to begin lectures on the Victorian period. But on his arrival in St. Louis he discovered, to his surprise, that the president had invited also an older man who had creditably held for some years the title which Howison had been led to expect would be his own. The president felt that the senior's dignity and standing therefore required that other work be found for the younger man; so the junior was requested to assist in mathematics. Howison seems not to have brought to bear upon the situation the full impact of the pugnacity that was so plentiful in him later. By the time he came to California it is hard to conceive his facing a like attempt without a battle royal. In truth he may have recognized at once that mathematics was more deeply congenial to his powers than was the exposition of literature. Anyway, he was glad—or later felt that he was glad—to accept the unexpected task.

But an appointment in mathematics, and later in political economy, did not mean what it would mean today. He had to teach whatever was in need of teaching—not only differential and integral calculus and analytical geometry, but also analytical mechanics, astronomy, and logic. In one of the years in which he held the professorship of political economy, he assisted in the department of mathematics, and as though these two were not enough, he filled the chair of Latin!

In spite of much distraction and what must have been an overburden of teaching, he found time for writing also on religion; for there now appeared in *The Radical*, of Boston, three

papers on this topic. Indeed, religion, which had led him into and out of the ministry, continued to be a chief concern throughout his life.

The hold which mathematics had upon him long before he came to St. Louis was greatly strengthened by the presence there of Chauvenet, an older man, distinguished in mathematics, formerly at the head of the department of mathematics of the United States Naval Academy. For Chauvenet's scholarship and personal qualities Howison always felt profound respect. A wonderful man he was—Howison felt—as a musical scholar and as a performer on the piano; and, as for his mathematics, the younger man in later life regarded him as second only to Peirce of Harvard, and in some respects superior even to Peirce. Chauvenet in turn took a marked interest in his assistant; and, as Howison phrased it—perhaps thinking particularly of his own progress in mathematics, although perhaps also of his more general scholarly discipline—“may be said to have been the making of me.” For, “if a man of his distinction and power,” Howison added, “had thought ill of me, I don't know what would have happened. But he happened to think well of me, bolstered me up, and showed me how.”

From this combined influence, of his preëxisting disposition (for during the year of private study, in the period before Salem, mathematics had been one of his two fields of work) along with the pressure from his new position in the department of mathematics, and, above all, from the force of Chauvenet's own scholarship and personal interest, Howison produced the first of his few books—let us have its full title—*A Treatise on Analytic Geometry, especially as applied to the Properties of Conics: including the Modern Methods of Abridged Notation*, which, characteristically, was not published until five years after his orig-

inal appointment in mathematics at Washington University, and fully two years after he had moved out of mathematics to become the Tileston Professor of Political Economy. The years of delay in publishing the book speak of the pains he took with it—with its form and with its substance. For he was a dogged and merciless critic of his own writing.

The *Analytic Geometry* at once took a high rank in the estimation of excellent judges. Not only did Chauvenet esteem it, declaring publicly his delight in its general thoroughness, clearness, and elegance, but he spoke also of its virtues in detail, holding that it must take its place at once as the standard treatise on this subject. Professor Evan Thomas, of the University of Vermont, has written of it quite recently that in his judgment "it is the best written book on the subject in this country," and "I don't think I would be giving way to unrestrained, possibly blind, enthusiasm, if I said in the English language. It is not suitable for a textbook in our American colleges today, being too advanced and elaborate for the undergraduate and too elementary for the graduate student." Professor Thomas then notes its special qualities. "Everywhere in the book," he writes, "the hand of the philosopher is plainly visible. The exposition of fundamental principles and the manipulation of formulae proceed *pari passu*. The thoughtful student cannot fail to sense a philosophic temper and continuity of conception running through the whole work, making it an organic structure rather than a compilation of judiciously chosen topics, in which the genetic connection of the parts is given subordinate consideration. The hand of the scholar is also in evidence. In addition to a competent textbook knowledge of the subject, he had made himself well acquainted with works of the great masters—Salmon, Steiner, Plücker, and others, and this was reflected most

advantageously in the treatment of the more elementary parts. The literary style, also, impresses me as being distinctly superior and suggestive of a man of fine general culture."

After saying that the *Analytic Geometry* was published in 1869 when the author was only thirty-five years of age, Dr. Thomas continues: "Two years later he published in *The Journal of Speculative Philosophy* an extended paper on 'The Departments of Mathematics and their Mutual Relations,' a masterly survey of the whole field of mathematics, possible only to an accomplished and encyclopedic mathematical scholar."

VII

MORE IMPORTANT for Howison's philosophical development, however, was the presence in St. Louis of a large number of German intellectuals; and he was soon in the midst of zealots, the very breath of whose nostrils was German speculative ideas. A larger body, called the St. Louis Philosophical Society, was composed of all sorts and conditions of persons who felt they had some power of religious or philosophic thought; this body met on Sunday evenings in the assembly room of the Mercantile Library Association, to discuss what was named philosophy but which was rather what would be expected of a theosophical group.

Within this larger body, however, was a company of the elect, called the Kant Club, of about twelve members, a club formed several years before Howison came; and at once he was taken into it. Its meetings, held on Sunday afternoons at the house of William T. Harris—who was later to be the leading American expositor of Hegel—were occupied with Hegel's *Phenomenology of Spirit*, in what was called an English translation

—by courtesy, Howison said; for it could not rightly be regarded as English. The attempt at translation was in manuscript, made by Brockmeyer, a member of the club; and the precious writing was kept under lock and key in a tin box which offered some protection against theft and fire. When the club had assembled, the manuscript was brought out from its place of safety, and one of the members read from it aloud, while the rest listened.

The club's tin box was important in another way. At one of the meetings, Harris said: "We are going to have a German philosophical magazine." Howison, surprised, asked who was to give the money for printing it. Harris replied: "We don't propose to print it. We are going to make the papers and read them here, and put them away in the tin box." Into the tin box, then, were poured not only Harris's first papers, later published as his *Contributions to Philosophy*, but also the papers by him and others which grew into the periodical, so honorable a pioneer in its field, *The Journal of Speculative Philosophy*.

As a whole, the membership even of this inner circle, the twelve, had a somewhat mottled complexion. Not all of them, we may gather from Howison's descriptions, had both sweetness and light. One of the members was a criminal lawyer with an unsavory reputation, who advised our newest member on the treatment of one's enemies. "Howison, never let your enemy up," he said. "If you get him down, keep him down; batter his face." Another member believed the world would be righted by eating vegetables only. Still another, an able professor, found his chief interest in seeking a metaphysics of physics, and believed he had found it. The company as a whole seemed to Howison queer but interesting; indeed he found that most of them had traits in which he rejoiced.

Variegated as the Kant Club thus was, there were three who, Howison felt, deserved honoring—Snider, Brockmeyer, and Harris; and of the three the leader clearly was Harris.

Snider—Denton J. Snider, whose *Psychology and the Psychosis: Intellect*, issued from an obscure "Sigma Publishing Co." of St. Louis, is before me—was a man of Roman Catholic training, wrote *Walks in Hellas*, and *Agamemnon's Daughter*, and, having lived for years in Greece, is said to have spoken fluently both the modern and the Attic Greek. He published his books at his own expense, getting a sort of intoxication, he said, from their production. Printing was his sole means of recovery from the debauch of writing them. "Thus I spend my time and money," he wrote to Howison, years later, "and am going through the world somewhat like a drunken man, who is having a good time all to himself, and don't care a d—— what the bystanders think of him—i.e., critics & public, not friends." Howison recognized in him a queerly narrowed being with an unmistakable gleam of genius.

Harris had left Yale, having been advised near the middle of the course to seek some other place. Wandering to St. Louis, he had taught shorthand, was now in one of the public grammar schools as assistant principal—a young, fair-haired man of delicate skin, talking philosophy in set phrases, almost if not quite unintelligible to others. And he was full to bursting with phrenology and agnosticism.

One evening as he was going home from a meeting in which he had aired his agnostic views, he was followed by Brockmeyer, a rough specimen of a German, who, as Harris mounted his doorstep, laid his hand on Harris's shoulder. Harris turned on him, taking him for a highwayman. He was met with the words: "Ah, don't be afraid; I am friendly. I've been to the meet-

ing tonight and I've heard your bad talk. You think you cannot know truth. I have come to convince you that you can, and to show you how to do it." The two did not part until nearly morning. By that time, Brockmeyer had shaken Harris's intellectual system, and had persuaded him to begin the study of German, and, through German, to come to an understanding of Kant. This was the Brockmeyer whose quasi-translation of the *Phenomenologie* we have seen feeding the dozen or more hungry souls, of a Sunday afternoon. His violence in the dark of night was the origin of the Kant Club, well established, as has been said, when Howison came. Brockmeyer, in spite of his roughness, was a man dominated at times by intellect; when speaking of philosophy, he became as one transformed, appearing as Howison imagined the poet Schiller must have seemed. Howison would gaze at Brockmeyer in these flights of his, and wonder how so coarse a man could possibly be thus changed!

Such, then, were the enthusiasts who received the young Howison, busied officially with mathematics and political economy, and gave him a fiery ordination in philosophy, which continued its course for life.

VIII

BUT EVEN in St. Louis and in philosophy, he was not left wholly to the mercy of these strange zealots. Alcott came there, and Emerson. These men, too, had their part in the profound effect on Howison at this period of his life—an inner effect at the time, but also of importance externally, since it made straight the way to situations which later gave space and opportunity to his growing powers. We must see the two men from Concord as they appeared to the eyes of the young teacher and student, still in his early thirties.

They had been coming to St. Louis to speak at large public meetings. But finally the society of which Howison and his friends were members saw its course clear to have Alcott come to *them*. Thus Howison became personally acquainted with him. "One day," Howison tells us, "I was surprised by Harris's coming to my house, and behind him at the door was a large majestic man who proved to be Alcott. To an obscure person like myself, it was almost overwhelming to have there a man so celebrated as Mr. Alcott was, for he had already attained—though largely through Emerson's influence—great renown." Alcott already was old when Howison met him, tall, large of frame, but without excess of weight, his muscles beautifully developed, appearing to the young beholder a model of form, "a very handsome man, indeed."

But naturally it was Emerson that made the deeper impression. During the five years of Howison's stay in St. Louis, Emerson came every winter to lecture there, and Howison heard him always with delight. Himself a lover of personal dignity, the young man saw in Emerson, along with much else, the aristocrat, the man of courtly manners, to be compared in demeanor with that other American aristocrat, the Washington of Howison's own ancestral Virginia.

In particular he recalled, years afterwards, the tall Emerson, long of neck, with narrow sloping shoulders, his voice magnificent, filling the largest hall without effort, his enunciation distinct to the last word, yet with a certain periodic hesitation, as of one speaking metrically. Emerson, on one of these occasions vividly recalled by Howison, read "The Touchstone," by Allingham—read the poem in perfection, all Emerson's own hesitancy now lost in the lyric movement in which the words came forth with power.

On one of these visits to St. Louis, Emerson—as Alcott had done—came specially to lecture to the Kant Club. On this occasion Emerson read, so Howison tells us, a paper written expressly for this company, the essay entitled “Inspiration”; for Emerson felt that a society such as theirs was at that time the only one to which he could read such a paper, although later he felt free to publish it.

An incident connected with the reading adds vividness to the picture, not only of Emerson, but also of Howison and the philosophic circle and its fringe of the unregenerate, in these early St. Louis days. The meeting at which the essay on “Inspiration” was read was held in a small hall of the Mercantile Library Building, a building in the Gothic style, the room itself having its dark recesses, almost hidden in one of which was a man with long gray hair and a black mantle. Emerson had consented to a discussion after the reading, but with the understanding that he would take no part beyond listening to it. The first to speak was the mantled form in the recess, a German named Hammer, a doctor, at the head of a materialistic group that had established in the town a special medical school. Emerson had used, rhetorically, the expression “the old man within us,” which Hammer fell upon with the question direct to Emerson, to explain where he got his “old man”? The challenge, point blank, upset Emerson; and, the onslaught persisting, made him quite unhappy for the remainder of the evening. “Some of the rest of us,” Howison reported, “had to get in and hammer Hammer down.” Emerson, when he later was in Ohio and there spoke with Goddard, a warm intimate of Howison’s, said, “Well, Mr. Goddard, the St. Louis philosophers rolled me in the mud. But Harris and your friend seemed to know what to do with those fellows.”

At St. Louis, Howison completed his intellectual *Wanderjahre*. The intelligence of the man was given goal and spur by Harris and Brockmeyer and Snider, by Emerson and Alcott present in the flesh, and by the reading and discussion of Kant and Hegel. From now on, the interest in philosophy is uppermost in his mind. He was in no position as yet, it is true, to surrender himself to this interest and know he would have his daily bread. But the bent had at last been given him, or disclosed, and henceforth he pressed hard against circumstance so that the bent might have its freer way.

VENTURE AND DISAPPOINTMENT

I

WHY SO SUCCESSFUL a teacher wished to leave St. Louis and the Washington University is not clear, though it need hold no mystery. The University felt his uncommon worth: students of its collegiate and scientific departments expressed to him by address and by gift their respect and gratitude; the Board of Directors accepted his resignation from his professorship, and Mrs. Howison's from her position as a teacher in the Mary Institute connected with the University, with regret that the Howisons found it necessary to leave, and with best wishes for their health and prosperity. There was good will and esteem in the parting.

But the fields in which the University would have him teach were not those of his chief interest, and together they composed a desperately varied landscape of learning that stretched from analytical mechanics, through logic and Latin, to political economy. Anyone with a scholarly conscience like Howison's would have girded at the iniquity of such a task. And by this time he must have wished to teach philosophy and to place himself in an intellectual neighborhood that would let him teach it.

As to the place of such an opportunity, a place too where in other respects life would be congenial, there could have been little doubt. The ties between him and New England had long been strengthening. In Marietta and Harmar, as we have seen, there was some of the substance of Yale and its wider surroundings. For two years he had lived in Salem, and while there he had married Lois Caswell, a joyous illustration of the New England spirit. Emerson and Alcott in their visits once a year to

St. Louis must have helped to make Missouri seem a wilderness, and Massachusetts a promised land.

Whatever were his reasons, his action was direct and clear. He sought a place in Boston and accepted finally and with hesitation, after a bitter and disappointing contest for the Head Mastership, a Mastership in the English High School there. If he was ready to leave St. Louis for almost any position in Boston, with the thought that he could "work up" into something opening into philosophy, he chose wisely. For there it was that he found the door.

But, before the door opened, there was to be delay and a wistful looking back toward what he had renounced at St. Louis. The first spring after the renunciation he wrote to Thomas Davidson:

150 Chandler St.,
Boston, April 24, 1870

MY DEAR TOM,—Where shall I begin? I've ached to write to you, and to hear from you, ever since I turned my back forever upon the Eden of St. Louis, but never have felt able to get down to the work until now. Alas! you little know into what a treadmill your irritable G.H. has got! Nevertheless, "fax is fax," and my days are just dragging away in a round of wasteful and wasting labor, upon perhaps the dullest and laziest set of boys it has ever been my lot to contend with. I leave my cheerful abode at 8 o'clock in the morning, and, as a rule, do not enter it again until six in the evening. Our session, to be sure, closes at 2 p.m., but what with accounts, delinquent pupils, afternoon conferences with "The Aggrieved Parents", and private sessions with the dull but anxious Pupil who comes for assistance, I am held to the mill till the late hour I have named.

Worse than all, as yet the "fine spirits" of Boston refuse to extend the welcoming hand. How we miss the genial evenings of the "S. L. Club," the re-unions at Mrs. Allen's, or Mrs. Stevens's, and the more solemn and holy associations of the Philosophical Society, assembled in esoteric conclave. . . .

Upon the whole, I've about concluded that the interest in me has about "dried up" this way. My school committee friends stick as fast as brothers thus far, however, and I've been duly confirmed in my three thousand a year and that unanimously. . . .

Tell all this to Harris, of course; as also that Cabot spoke of him and the "Journal" with great fervor, and used the latter frequently to quote from. If you think he can bear it, you may say that Cabot pronounced Mr. Harris a "wonderful man", etc. . . .

The only other matter of interest besides Cabot's lectures in which we have participated since coming here, has been Mr. Fechter's acting. His *Hamlet* we very much approve in a multitude of details; and it has this virtue, we think, as distinguished from Booth's—that it is throughout a *character*, self-consistent and tangible. It is mainly the Hamlet of the German critics as distinguished from that of Englishmen. . . . His *Ruy Blas* (which everybody says is his best performance) I didn't see; but his Claude Melnotte is hardly second-rate acting.

With love to all—Ever yours,

GEO. H.

He attended J. Elliot Cabot's lectures on Kant, at Harvard, upon which Henry James, the elder, also was a regular attendant, and "father Emerson," as Howison says, "was present one day. In the few words which we exchanged, Emerson expressed his sorrow that I had left the charmed circle at St. Louis, to which, he said, 'they' are looking for valuable results; and ventured to hope that perhaps Harris and his associates might find their way Eastward: 'There was great need of such a man in Boston, just now.'"

II

THE "FINE SPIRITS" before very long extended a welcoming hand in this way, that the Massachusetts Institute of Technology did a thing strange for a school interested above all in physical sciences as applied, say, to engineering—it made Howison its Pro-

fessor of Logic and the Philosophy of Science, and in this place he worked with a will, from 1872 to 1878, from the age of thirty-eight to that of forty-four. They were years when his work might have been his best, had he not been so late in finding it. It was, in fact, but the beginning, with circumstances favoring and not too favoring, with sharpest disappointment in store to spur him on, and with some satisfaction coming to him even before he at last found himself in place for using all his power.

At the Massachusetts Institute his courses were many, and especially detailed in their critical account of systems from Descartes to Hegel. In time he became interested particularly in a field where his originality and accuracy found play, in the logic underlying grammar. Of this and his other courses he published an elaborate account, with examples of the results he obtained from his students—an account which received favorable attention in this country and in philosophical journals of France, Germany, and England, and called forth an expression of surprise that so detailed and scholarly a work in philosophy should have found a place in America and particularly in a school of technology.

His appointment was a venture by the President and Corporation of the Institute; it was almost a luxury. When, after some years, the Institute came into financial straits, and expenses had to be cut away, it was decided to forego outright more than one professorship and a considerable number of other positions, and to make reductions among remaining salaries and other costs. Howison's place, it was now regretfully felt by President Rogers, could not be continued. The personal relation between Howison and the President seems to have been so cordial, and Howison's work so able—Howison having taken, as the President said, "a

wider and deeper range than has been usual in American schools of even the highest grade"—that the dismissal was a painful act for both the men.

Nor was President Rogers the only witness to the fruitfulness of Howison's work at the Institute. Students then and long afterward acknowledged their debt to him as their awakener. Elliot Cabot, who gave instruction at Harvard, judged Howison's work superior to what was then offered in the older seat and wished that Howison might be called thither. Howison had made available in a technical school work of an order that would have befitted a college of broadest educational aim.

III

THE LIST of his writings, published and unpublished, during these years spent in Boston, shows him still laboring in fields earlier cultivated by him, but with a changing place of ardor—lessening here and increasing there. Mathematics continued to hold his interest for many years, with papers on the calculus, on analytical geometry, and on the office of mathematics in education. He wrote on education in general, and on rights, including the right to vote. Language and logic, and particularly the logic underlying grammar—to these also he gave much thought. But soon after his appointment to the Institute of Technology, it is philosophy proper that claims more and more of his reflection. He now writes on the scope and value of philosophy, on ethics, on modern philosophy, on Mill's theism, on recent German philosophy, on Kant and Hegel, and on the connection of the one with the other. He is working his way into and around the specific form of idealism forced upon his attention when at Lane and still more at St. Louis, where Harris and Brockmeyer spoke fluently the dialect of Hegel. It is clear that he is not now, as he

never was later, fascinated by this one system of thinking, but must explore its antecedents from Descartes on, and look critically into its foundations. He shows the beginnings of an interest in Leibnitz, with features of whose philosophy he later found himself in such sympathy.

Besides writing, but close to his writing, he was lecturing to audiences outside the Institute of Technology. The Harvard Philosophical Club arranged a series of four lectures, and Howison was heard in the series along with Thomas Davidson, Charles Peirce, and John Fiske. He read by invitation at the Chestnut Street Club—earlier the Radical Club—in which there were present, with others, John G. Whittier, James Freeman Clark, T. W. Higginson, and C. C. Everett. One would like to know the thoughts of the Quaker poet on the paper the subject of which was “The Definition of Philosophy and the Successive Forms of Its Problem,” and on the later discussion which the Boston *Advertiser* tells us “was exceedingly cautious.” Howison’s paper was evidently well received by this distinguished company, for he later read another paper to them on philosophy. He prepared Lowell Lectures, also, in several years—a series on Logic, especially in its relation to English Grammar; on Modern Philosophy from Descartes to Hegel; and, still later, on the Logic underlying Grammar.

And when the blow fell and he found himself without his place in the Massachusetts Institute, he does not cease to lecture on philosophy. The Harvard Divinity School has him meet a temporary necessity of its own, by a year’s course of lectures on subjects in philosophy; and for the scholarship shown in these lectures Dean Everett expressed the highest admiration, while he spoke also of the stimulation which the teacher gave to the students’ thought, and of the strength which their minds and their

characters received from Howison's personal qualities. Howison offers courses of private lectures in Boston, in which emphasis is now laid not only on Hegel, but also on Fichte and on earlier philosophers, notably Spinoza and Leibnitz, and Hume and Kant. A course, he says, will be given if five will subscribe for it, each person's fee to be \$50 for the introductory course, and \$75 for the more advanced. Some years later, when he had returned from his travel and study in Europe, and had perhaps been impressed by the small charge for the courses in the University of Berlin, he allowed a friend to issue a circular to selected persons, inviting membership in a class of twenty, on the Philosophy of Science, the charge for the twenty lectures to be \$10. Even at this moderate price there were too few subscribers, and the plan seems to have been allowed to drop.

It illustrates another side of the man's interested ability that he still kept whetted his accurate knowledge of Latin. John D. Long, of Boston, had ready for publication, in 1879, his translation of Virgil's *Aeneid*. This he submitted to Howison for careful examination before it was published. What Howison did for the work was so highly valued by Long that he expressed to Howison his unqualified gratitude, and continued: "not only if my translation shall meet any favor, will it be largely due to your criticisms; but could I have been saturated with them from an earlier point, I could have made a better result."

IV

EMERSON AND ALCOTT, it will be recalled, he had known in St. Louis; they had doubtless added their moment to the forces which drew him back to New England. After the change was made, they appeared importantly in his life in the new surroundings. Emerson he soon met, as we have seen, at Elliot Cabot's

lectures at Harvard; and probably met him earlier, at the Parker House in Boston, and with surprise that Emerson recognized him and was ready to talk with him. Howison was impressed by Emerson's vigor, and by the disappearance of the man of letters now that he was off the platform and in his room at the hotel. The reserved, dignified manner, by which he kept persons at a distance, never disappeared. But, instead of the man of lofty style who talked of things in the Empyrean, you felt yourself, so Howison related, in the presence of a man who knew business, a man of decision, of a great certainty of decision.

Alcott also is in Howison's personal acquaintance. Alcott writes, asking Howison to "favor him with a day or more here in Concord," and "to compare notes again"; and other invitations follow. He later invites him and Mrs. Howison to meet with a few friends at Tremont Place in Boston, not to form a club forthwith, but—so runs the unprecipitate suggestion—"to consult on the possibility of forming a symposium or club for solid conversation on the choicest themes, and for the benefit of the younger members especially." This was in 1874, and Howison was not quite forty years old. He and Mrs. Howison doubtless were regarded as of these younger members to be benefited by intercourse with the elders of the club, among whom, it was hoped, would be Emerson.

If one may recount an incident that reveals not only Alcott in less formal attire, but also Howison's interest in some of the peripheral things of life, on one occasion Alcott, Harris, and Howison went out to James T. Field's; and Alcott, who had relaxed his vegetarian rule so far as to eat fish, was now observed by Howison to go a step farther. "We had a fine entertainment," says Howison. "Mr. Alcott ate chicken, I observed,—young chicken it was." It is by no accident that such minor things were recalled

by Howison decades afterward; and that both Alcott and Emerson when in Boston went to the Parker House, and nowhere else; "as Matthew Arnold says," notes Howison, "they were 'students of perfection.'" It is characteristic of Howison's interests that he also noted in Alcott, not only the charm of his conversation, "natural, easy, dignified and in every way delightful," but also some details of his manner of speech. "He had two queer pronunciations. He always said 'air' instead of 'are,' and 'wair' instead of 'were.' Where these came from, I don't know. I would not have expected them of a New Englander, but he had them."

Howison observed with interest the dignity of intercourse between Alcott and Emerson, and was amazed at the manner in which they greeted each other. The first time he witnessed their meeting on the street, "I was fairly taken off my feet," he says, "to see the cold reserve with which they approached each other and passed their greetings as one sovereign might to another, with no warmth in their manner whatever. Mr. Emerson rather enjoyed this all through his being, I think."

Alcott and Emerson were thus observed by Howison as persons of particular interest in his new surroundings. They came closer than that, however, and, as in St. Louis, affected the orbit of his professional work. Especially was this true of Alcott. During the trying years after the upheaval at the Massachusetts Institute, when Howison was without a professorship, it must have been gratifying to him, though probably of little or no monetary aid, to be invited into an enterprise which drew together some of the best minds of New England. In the spring of 1879—Howison was now forty-five years old—there was announced by A. Bronson Alcott, as Dean of the Faculty, "A Summer School for instruction by conference and conversation in literature and the higher philosophy" to be held "at the Orchard House of

Mr. Alcott," which "stands on the Lexington Road, east of Concord village, adjoining the Wayside estate, formerly the residence of Mr. Hawthorne." The regular professors, five in number, included Alcott and Harris, and among the four special lecturers with their subjects was "George H. Howison, of Boston, on 'Philosophy from Leibnitz to Hegel'." Thus Howison was in the initial "Faculty" of the famous Concord School of Philosophy, and in his own thinking he was giving an important place to Leibnitz. Later in the summer of this year, however, it was announced that "At Mr. Howison's request, in the course of the summer, his name was dropped from the list of special lecturers, and those of Mr. R. W. Emerson" and two others were added. Howison's name appeared among those who were to lecture in the School in 1880; but about this time, as we shall see, he was off to Europe; and on his return, fresh from his studies there, he gave lectures at the Concord School, on "Present Aspects of Philosophy in Germany"—"notable lectures" and "remarkable," said one of the Boston newspapers; "incisive and clear," said another, "and of a style not popularly supposed to exist at this Summer School. . . . Though the task before him was extremely difficult," this journal continues, "he performed it in a very admirable manner."

The next year, 1883, he again lectured there, giving four lectures, on "Hume and Kant." Two years later he took part in a symposium in answer to the question, "Is Pantheism the Legitimate Outcome of Modern Science?" In each of the two following years the program of the school announced lectures by Mr. Howison: in 1886, on "Plato and Modern Thought"; in 1887, on "Bacon and Aristotle." He may not have appeared in person at either of these latter two sessions of the School, but may have sent papers to be read in his name by others.

His connection with the Concord group, then, was important in the men with whom he became closely associated, in the number of years during which he was on its program, and in the serious papers the writing and discussion of which helped him to define his own attitude toward German philosophy.

v

THE LOSS of his academic position—for his year's course of lectures at Harvard, which had helped to stop the gap when the Institute of Technology abolished his chair, was now ended—had at least this favor in it, that he found freedom to travel. Through England, France, and Germany they went—for it was a party of four, including Mrs. Howison, a friend of hers, Miss Bynner, and a boy, a pupil of Professor Howison's. In England Howison had hoped to see Wallace, Stirling, Green, Robertson, Adamson, and Caird, but he had bad fortune, for most of them were away. Davidson had drawn his attention to Rosmini, but nothing important intellectually seems to have come of it. "When you grow old and feeble," Howison writes to "Dear Tom," "visit me in the almshouse, where I shall then in all likelihood be, and bless my declining years by converting *me* into a Rosminian; that is, if there *is* any real difference between him and the *real* Hegel—which I misdoubt as yet. Though heaven knows I don't know the first thing about Rosmini." The Howisons wintered in Dresden, and were in Italy in the early summer of the year following.

It was Germany that he found especially congenial, and "with a strange sense of long-cherished hopes at length fulfilled" he found himself in "the fatherland of Lessing and Goethe and Schiller, of Leibnitz and Kant and Fichte and Hegel." From Cologne and up the Rhine to Mainz and by many a place whose

historic associations he later loved to recall, he had come to Berlin and its University—"the most serious institution of a very serious nation," he called it, Germany's "intellectual center." On this first visit he failed to see Michelet and Zeller, although he was not to miss them later.

In the next fall he was again in Berlin and now enrolled as a student. The men he there heard lived so vividly for him years afterward, that we must have some of their outlines as he saw them, revealing as these do, not only the men's great features, but also Howison's own strength and nicety of perception as well as his attitude and sympathies. Let the quotations be without any marking of the places of omission.

There was Du Bois-Reymond—"the greatest of living physiologists, who, like many of his fellow-craftsmen, cannot let philosophy alone, but must once a week harangue the students of the philosophic faculty, though he belongs to the medical, on the agnostic implications which he finds in his science. We listen to the ironical voice, as it pours its eloquent sentences from the snarling mouth, eyes gleaming with a fierce light."

Of Ebbinghaus he says, his words "still ring in the ear, with their delightful accent and melodious *timbre*, their sharp-cut yet flowing emphasis, their lucid and exquisite style, making him, for all in all, the ideal university lecturer, so far as form is concerned." Howison sees him "young, lithe and vigorous, his animated yet forceful face marked with broadsword scars"; he notes "his swift extemporaneous utterance, with its sentences faultless for mould and for clearness, with its exposition so thorough and trustworthy, its criticism so searching and pertinent."

Paulsen he describes as a young man with a face one might take for Luther's mixed with Renan's; his manner utterly unassuming, half-bashful and shy; his tones low but distinct. He

begins in a style "simple and clear; presently as he rises to the interest of his subject, his sentences become epigrammatic and aphoristic. He speaks with a strangely fascinating fervor of sentiment though without demonstrative manner; he is intense not expansive."

In a like manner he depicts Gizycki, with pallid face and feeble voice; Lasson, talking rather to himself than to his auditors; and Zeller, "the greatest living master of Greek philosophy"—simple and unpretending: a slender, tall, and venerable figure, the face spare, the complexion parchment-like, the forehead high and full, the dome of the skull high-arched, and the crown completely bald, scattered gray locks curling about the sides and back of the head. Howison notes that his accent is Swabian, but distinct, commanding, and agreeable. He "sweeps straight on, borne by the strong current of his thoughts."

But it is Michelet in whom Howison finds his greatest delight. As the little old man comes cheerily into the dingy auditorium where, before him, Fichte and Hegel had lectured, every man rises and stands facing him as he moves to his seat, and all remain standing until his overcoat is removed and is taken from him and he is seated. With a smiling face and a beaming blue eye the bowed figure looks out upon his hearers, and, leaning over the desk, "talks straight *at* us," says Howison. "Thought, with him, is no cold contemplation of abstract and dead relations, merely logical; it is a vivid life, full of the organizing power of real existence, and inwrought into the very being of practical affairs. He addresses his hearers as if his message were of the utmost human concern; he feels it to be so, and imbues the auditors with the like serious conviction. Yet there is no sombreness in any of it; for him and his thinking, human life, as Matthew Arnold says, 'moves to joy and beauty.' His countenance is ir-

radiated with a renewed youth, hand and arm move in unison with the glowing thought; his hearers lean forward in the fervid interest which he stirs in them; nobody takes any notes; the impression is too vivid to permit that, or, indeed, to leave it necessary. His course is on 'The Career and Character of German Philosophy from and after Kant,' and he illuminates his subject with that all-embracing insight which surely must be accredited to the school of Hegel, and in like degree to no other. He has been known, to be sure, in his earlier teaching, as an adherent of the radical 'Left Wing' of that school, perhaps over-ardent; but years have sobered his thinking; they have taught him the larger meaning of his great master's own view; and he plants himself now on the reconciling and truly explanatory 'Centre,' expounding the 'Absolute Idea' as a Reason eternally personal, and the ground and source of the personality in man, instead of a mere bond of Logical Energy, coming first to consciousness in human nature."

The feeling for Germany's great thinkers, here expressed, he never lost, though he never became a disciple, strictly, of any of them.

VI

THE TWO YEARS in Europe were followed by two unsettled years in America. In Boston, the first year after his return, he gave private instruction. The following year, he went to the University of Michigan and lectured on philosophy, where his warm friendship with Professor Morris and President Angell did not prevent his finding a depressing atmosphere, and what he called, perhaps not without some shade of rhetoric, a constant conflict.

He could hardly have been without hope hitherto that Harvard University would invite him to be one of its own. For years he had been at its gates, and for a year within its walls. He had

been close to some of its men of influence—among others, to Everett, Elliot Cabot, Palmer, and William James. He knew that Cabot had wished him to be in Harvard.* James with some twinge of conscience or regret that no place had been found for Howison—commitments to young Royce from California stood in the way—thus writes to Davidson of Howison, who had now been back from Europe nearly a year and was tutoring: “Poor Howison who is applying the last coats of varnish to his pupil, seems without prospect of work for next year, and is, I fancy, justly enough dispirited in consequence.” Three months later, in August, 1883, he writes to Davidson of Royce—who had been doing, now James’s work and now Palmer’s, while these men were successively absent from the University—as having made a most marked success as a teacher, pleasing students, President, and outsiders alike: “He has unquestionably the inside track for any vacancy in the future. I think him a man of genius, sure to distinguish himself by original work.” And then James continues: “But when I see the disconsolate condition of poor Howison, looking for employment now, and when I recognize the extraordinary development of his intellect in the past 4 years, I feel almost guilty of having urged Royce’s call hither. I did it before Howison had returned, or at least before I had seen him, and with my *data*, I was certainly right. But H. seems now to me to be quite a different man, intellectually, from his former self; and being so much older, ought to have had a chance, which (notwithstanding the pittance of a salary), he would probably have taken, to get a foothold in the University. He takes his neglect rather hard. . . . He gave the best philosophic lecture, in point of form and impressiveness, I think I ever heard, the other night at the Concord school.”

* See p. 60 above, and p. 93 below.

This must have been nearly if not quite the darkest time of any length in Howison's life. He was passing from his forty-seventh to his forty-ninth year; he had chosen to devote himself as thinker and teacher to philosophy; upon the Eden of St. Louis, as he had called it—upon the friendly intellectual circle within and without the Philosophical Club, and upon his assured position in the Washington University—he had turned his back, and, after years of high-school work in Boston, he had finally come to a professorship in the very subject of his choice, only to see it taken from him in mid-life when his work had been worthy of distinguished recognition. For years now, while giving private instruction, his scholarship in philosophy had been deepened, particularly by his studies in Berlin; yet no one of the important universities found a lasting place for him. Harvard had him for a year; Michigan had him for a year; and nothing more came of either. He was aware of his power: at the Concord School of Philosophy after his return from Europe he had delivered lectures which were regarded as notable even among the notable lectures there. William James, as we have seen, came from one of Howison's lectures so impressed that, even after some days, he was ready to say it was the best philosophic lecture, in point of form and impressiveness, he believed he had ever heard.

Howison, well on toward fifty years of age, had prepared himself for his work, and had found only casual employment in it. One need not wonder that James found this man of extraordinary intellectual development dispirited.

APOSTOLIC OPPORTUNITY

I

JAMES WROTE of Howison to Davidson in 1883, "The California people have been nibbling about him, but it's a poor place even if they give him a call." Howison himself must have seen the remote chance in much the same light. The distance was and still is much farther from Boston to Berkeley than from Berkeley to Boston. Howison had once spoken of his journey from New England to Europe as "exile"; how, then, would he name a departure for life, perhaps, into the wilderness, far off to the very Pacific! He could not be eager, even with an assured position for continuing his work in philosophy, to sever the ties that bound him and Mrs. Howison to New England.

Nor at that time did a professorship in the University of California seem alluring. Since Gilman had left its presidency to begin what later became the distinguished tradition of Johns Hopkins, the University had been struggling, not too successfully, against a parochial spirit. Presidents contended for a while, and, in rapid succession, went out of office. There was the proud belief in the community, traces of which have not yet wholly disappeared, that whatever can be produced in California at all, can be produced better there than elsewhere on the earth. Applying this great faith to the University, why seek beyond the State for additions to its faculty? For nearly every vacant chair local candidates won an almost passionate support. Not until about the time of Howison's selection, and partly in his selection, was there a final success for the opposite policy—to seek the best man, regardless of geography. Howison, Cook, and Stringham—all within the very brief official lifetime of President Reid, whose

acts in this respect have never been suitably recognized—were called only after a wide search for scholarly merit; and this procedure has never since been in serious danger. But Howison could not know the future; and whatever he may have known of the past could only have added to his misgiving.

Further, the University had never hitherto formally recognized philosophy; the subject had been taught, but almost as by night to Nicodemus. Any new representative of it would have to win his way in an academic community that in this regard might have reminded Howison of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. There was, however, one difference: at California the Mills Chair of Mental and Moral Philosophy and Civil Polity stood on its own foundation and could not be overturned in some chance haste for economy.

When the invitation at last came, Howison—we cannot be surprised—was not ready to accept it. He was not without thought of being called to Johns Hopkins. He accordingly discussed terms with the Regents at California, until he drew from the Regents through their secretary, the redoubtable Dr. Bonté, the curt request to accept or decline the invitation as it stood, for there could be no bargaining.

II

THE RELUCTANT MOVE to the Pacific Coast when Howison had nearly completed his fiftieth year must have seemed to him like an acceptance of defeat. Yet the place, in due time, was to give play to his most important powers, proving especially congenial to his gift of teaching. The more is it to his credit that, for all his disappointment, he entered on his work in California with every sign of a careful will to do the best that lay in him. Nor even from the beginning could he have felt quite out of his element. In

that of language, the English language. He prepared an enlarged edition of Soule's *Dictionary of English Synonymes*, and served as an adviser on disputed spelling and pronunciation for the *Standard Dictionary*.

But it was philosophy that held all first, second, and third places in his attention; and in philosophy a new life came into his speech and writing. Gradually the regions beyond California deepened their appreciation of his scholarship and vigor in philosophy. The Universal Exposition at St. Louis was arranging a congress of representatives of the various sciences, and Howison was invited to be one of the two leading speakers for the whole province of philosophy. His address, which was read for him by a colleague at the Congress, is in part reproduced in the present volume. One can only wish that he had attended the meeting in person, and that he had given at home afterward his thoughts on revisiting the place where forty years earlier he had been the mathematician to produce the *Analytic Geometry* so respected by competent judges, and where philosophy had finally found him, through Harris and Brockmeyer and the annual coming of Alcott and Emerson.

During this period somewhat extended, several of the journals of philosophy and its neighboring studies sought his help, both as a contributor and as a sponsor and counsellor for the journals' policy. He had been close to the *Journal of Speculative Philosophy* as contributor to it and as friend to its founder. When the *Psychological Review* began its career, Howison was among its officials, as he was also for the *Kantstudien* in Germany, and for the *Hibbert Journal* in England. He served them in more ways than by allowing his name to be used for moral effect. He and Jacks of the *Hibbert* exchanged letter after letter, not only upon papers which Howison was invited to contribute, but also

on the journal's aim and standards and on Howison's duty as an American editorial representative. He was deputed to sift out for transmission to Jacks the best of the papers submitted to Howison from America. Howison rejected and chose, and the few he sent forward seem invariably to have been approved for publication by Jacks, who expressed high appreciation of the service thus rendered. Howison had the satisfaction of attending at Oxford one of the annual meetings of the editorial board of the *Hibbert Journal*.

IV

BUT ALL THESE THINGS, we must know, were matters aside; the real man was elsewhere. His teaching, his conferences with one or two students perhaps of an evening in his home, his classes, his speaking to teachers and the wider public—these, as we have seen, were the heart of his work. And in the present period, the Californian period, they came to a completer form than ever before. At the opening of this sketch, there was given some outline of the man at work as a teacher. Were one just to him, that outline should now reappear, to tell the truth of what he is doing and what befalls him. For his real life is not in the special events to be narrated, but in his untiring and fruitful labor of teaching. At last he has found a place for his work—work that is in his thought day and night; it is by this we must take the measure of what occurs at his new post. Unless our imagination restore to life the teacher, working on his students year after year, possessing their minds, giving them a new shape and a new aim—unless this be done, we shall miss his true proportion in these final thirty years of his life.

The years, though, were not quite uneventful. And some of the events were close to his teaching and must be added to the

earlier picture of him. For he now produced outright a special instrument which he had never attempted elsewhere; and it was of real effect. The Philosophical Union of the University of California was doubtless his best device for public teaching beyond the University, while it was also a means of continuing in a new way the philosophic thinking of those who had been in his classes. The organization was not confined to his students; he caused it to include many of the best minds in San Francisco and other cities about the Bay, who were never in his formal courses of instruction. For these and for his older students, the Union accomplished what seemed impracticable in his classes; it brought about veritable discussion. In his classes his deafness was an obstacle; but in the Union this was not allowed to shape the events. Further, the Union gave to his students and to the larger community an opportunity to hear, after studying their books, some of the most important philosophical writers of America and Great Britain—Watson, Ward, McTaggart, and Rashdall, with others soon to be named.

The Union was begun a few years after Howison came to the University of California. Its plan while he was at its head was to select for a full year's study an important aspect of philosophy represented by some current book; then to have monthly meetings, each with a carefully prepared paper followed by a discussion. The openers of the discussion had been appointed beforehand and sometimes had read the prepared paper. Thereupon came a general and freer criticism. At the year's close the author of the book came from afar to address the Union, and he too at times had had before his coming the principal papers of the year. Or at the closing meeting there might be publicly associated with the author and on the same platform others capable of viewing his topic ably from points differing from his own.

There seems to have been no parallel elsewhere—certainly no frequent parallel—to these annual meetings at their best: to the size and quality of audiences ready to listen attentively to the serious discussion of the most stubborn and ancient problems of human thought; and to the importance attached to these assemblies by leaders of the community, as shown by later discussion in private or in the press and pulpit. There was inquiry from a distance: How had it all been accomplished? William James, himself one of the attractions, gaily but without perfect aptness dubbed it “philosophy with a brass band.” For it was never merely, never chiefly, noise and sightseeing; there was always intellectual attention, for the time at least, to the concerns of the spirit. The result came from the power of the leader and from the readiness of response in the community—itsself intelligent and unjaded and eager, not hopeless or cynical toward such things as human destiny and responsibility and the evidence for a divine strand running through human lives.

These meetings that might be the culmination of the year’s work had more than a local meaning. It was at one of them that Palmer gave his notable *apologia* for New England Puritanism, as illustrated by his own early family life wherein the children were brought to a love not only of upright conduct but also of manners and letters and music. At one of these gatherings, too, there was what might be called the birth of pragmatism, in the reading of a paper of John Dewey’s, the significance of which James at once recognized.

There was one meeting, however, that in its dramatic features outranked any of these. By some who were present it has been called the “Great Philosophical Discussion.” Royce, LeConte, Mezes, and Howison took part in it—all on the one platform on the same night, with an audience that filled the largest hall of

the University, to hear of "The Conception of God." The ideas offered that night in the clash of discussion are formally set forth in a volume by that title, of which more will be said later. But one misses in the record the impression of the night itself, of the speakers as something more than intellectual systems, and of the large company intently following their varied elaboration of so great a theme. A philosophical expert then present and not given to effervescence said long afterward that it was easily the most notable discussion of its kind in the history of American philosophy. Mezes was the youngest of the speakers, college presidencies still before him, but tall and reliant and dignified; the others, seasoned veterans: Royce, with his short odd figure and his strange face of confident immaturity; LeConte, tall and thin and bent, with a head like the original of some old Flemish portrait; Howison, full bodied, gold spectacled, blue eyed, forceful deliberation in his look and every word. Those who were present retain vividly the scene, and their sense of its profound meaning. The New York *Tribune* spoke of it as "the most noteworthy philosophical discussion that for many a day has taken place in this country." The New York *Times* called it "the great debate," "a battle of the giants." And "when the battle was over," continues that journal lightly, "Prof. Royce explained how much better he should have fought if the joints of his armor had been a little closer and he had had a different weapon, and Prof. Howison told the story of the battle and what he thought of Prof. Royce's brilliant afterthought."

v

THE WORK of the Union did not end with the meetings. By pamphlet and journal and book the discussions were carried farther and with effect. A volume on *Christianity and Idealism*,

by Dr. John Watson, of Queen's College, Kingston, edited by Howison and published by a leading house in New York, was the outcome of one of the Union's programs of study for a year—of which a sentence or two in the editor's introductory "note" of twenty pages caused a small tempest, with the newspapers agog, a prominent colleague resigning from the Union, and some strain between author and editor. Another volume, published in the same way and about the same time, *The Conception of God*, was the record and continuation of the discussion in the Union, just described. Here, after an introduction by the editor, there is a statement of view by Royce, Mezes, LeConte, and Howison, each separately; and then Royce closes the discussion with a supplementary essay of more than two hundred pages, in which he addresses himself to his critics, of whom the chief was Howison. "I have at last got the 'Royce' book off my hands," writes Howison in 1897, "after the most annoying job of the kind I ever had." Doubtless, expert judgment—according to the leanings of the expert—will always vary as to the force and weight of the arguments there offered. Howison's own presentation certainly did not diminish his reputation as a thinker and controversialist. Especially was the clash between him and Royce sharp. Their views had much in common; but, as is frequent, they stressed their difference. Thomas Davidson, writing to Howison about a paper Howison had published shortly before the volume here described, says: "Well, your reply to Royce is splendid, and you ought to be severely punished for not giving to the world more of the same sort. I am afraid professional comfort is making you contented and lazy. Royce, from whom I received a copy of the pamphlet, seemed to feel that his position had been somewhat invalidated by your arguments; and Warren and I think it has been entirely demolished. Several other

persons of philosophical ability, whom I know, think the same thing." Later, Howison writes to Davidson, with reference to "The Real Issue," a contribution of Howison's to the *Philosophical Review*: "I have just had a rather galling letter from Royce about it, who sticks to it that my reviewers are right in ignoring my chief point, 'because,' as he says, 'one finds in all your pages nothing but *theses*—no argument or real attempt at any.' Ye Gods!"

VI

SO FAR AS HOWISON'S WRITING is concerned, his part in the book, *The Conception of God*, was a mere opening fusillade for a fuller publication of his way of thinking, in *The Limits of Evolution and Other Essays*. This chief printed expression of Howison's philosophy appeared in its first edition in 1901, when he was in his sixty-seventh year. A second edition came four years later. The book was long in the making. Several of its papers had been prepared years earlier, under the demand of some special occasion. By 1899 he was planning their revision for a book known informally as the "Essays." "I am expecting hourly the arrival of a great big writing desk that I have hired," he writes from Oxford. "When it comes, and my papers &c. are arranged in it, I shall go to work at once on the MS. of the volume of Essays. It is largely ready now, and I hope to turn it off in the course of a month." He was too sanguine. Months later he writes: "As for the 'Essays' they are stewing, but I can only say that one of them is really ready for the press. That is the most important one, and most difficult one, however—the one on 'Freedom & Determinism.' The revamping and complete 'organisation' of it have cost me no end of labor, and tho' I began with it soon after reaching here in early October [he is writing from Oxford in December], and have put all my leisure on it,

I only *finished* it this morning! It has now gone through *three editions* in my hands—four, in fact, if we count the one in California in 1898,—the first draft, read at the Theological Society's meeting. I have had to enlarge it a deal, but I think it is now entirely clear and coherent, and I hope may prove convincing to readers. The other essays, except perhaps one, will cost me little labor, & I shall certainly have the book ready by spring, if not sooner."

At Oxford he had gone over the main points of the paper on "Freedom and Determinism" with Stout and Schiller, and these men inclined, to a large extent, to agree with him. "They think it is quite new in its leading principles," he writes, "and give me hope that it may make some impression." "Stout," he continues, "was in again this forenoon, and we had more talk about the questions, and he said he thought his old teacher James Ward would probably agree with me almost entirely."

The "Essays"—that is, the volume entitled *The Limits of Evolution and Other Essays*—was conceived by him as preparatory to a more complete and organic account of his philosophy. This he never wrote, but he bore it in mind with dread: "Ye Gods!" he wrote in 1899, "Cold shivers run down my back every time I think about it!"

The *Limits* received marked attention, with cordial rejection of its philosophy, of course, from some quarters, but with much high praise also, both in Europe and in America. "The self-contradictions of all attempts to maintain an authority superior to reason have never been more clearly shown," said the *New York Times*, which continued: "Prof. Howison's book is, in its entirety, a very noble and impressive defense of the ideas of God, freedom, immortality." The essay on "Human Immortality" had placed that vexed question in a new and surprising light,

said one reviewer; while others spoke of the insight and grip, the virility, of the book; and declared that of the opponents of monism none was better equipped than Professor Howison. The *Westminster Review* spoke of the author's competency; the *Scotsman* described the book as "singularly instructive and impressive, and sustained at a high level from first to last." McTaggart, reviewing the volume in *Mind*, called it a "most remarkable work." David Starr Jordan, himself a distinguished contributor to science and to the understanding of that evolution which Howison would have known its bounds, confessed to a "most profound respect for the masterful conscientiousness of the author, and constant admiration for the keenness and subtlety" which the work displays.

VII

AFTER HE HAD BECOME a Californian, Howison went twice to Europe: he had gone once before, it will be remembered, when Boston was still his home. Each time, it was for an absence of a year or more. His lively interest in men and ways and scenes, we have already observed.

On the last of these journeys, he represented the University of California at the University of Leipzig when the latter celebrated the five-hundredth anniversary of its founding. This celebration he greatly enjoyed, finding it "immensely impressive and interesting and *fine*. I wouldn't have missed it for anything." There he met his friend Professor Gregory, of Leipzig, and there he met Wundt and, he says, "I saw him deliver his *Festrede*, not being able to detect even a sound, at the distance at which I stood. Leipzig evidently regards him as her foremost man, for the present." He enjoyed "the two great dinners, one in Leipzig, the other at the King's table in his royal castle of Albrechts-

burg in Meissen." And then at Dresden he was glad to get "a rest, after the really exhausting rush." In spite of all fatigue the whole celebration was for him "magnificent." He was appreciative of magnificence, especially when it was an outward sign of the inner historic veneration for such a seat of learning as Leipzig, in the Germany which he himself so deeply honored.

The universities of Michigan and California conferred on him their honorary degrees of doctor of laws. In 1906 Yale University invited him to give a course of lectures there in philosophy. And on the occasion of his seventieth birthday a number of his former pupils presented to him a volume of studies, written in his honor. This *Festschrift* appeared as the first of a considerable series of publications in philosophy by the department which he founded. Later there was endowed by his students and other friends a lectureship, known by his name, to present to the University, by those ablest to do so, an account of some aspect of the philosophy to which he was devoted.

VIII

DEATH CAME to him in Berkeley in the evening of the last day of 1916, when he was in his eighty-second year. Such was his vigor to the end that on the day before he died he spoke with a friend about an article he had just read—in the *Hibbert Journal*, I think—and was all alive with the thought of a paper to refute it.

He had lived with the University of California for nearly a third of a century, and he served it to the last. With full provision for Mrs. Howison during her life, he gave all his property to the University. He thus created several foundations; one, to bear the maiden name of Mrs. Howison, Lois Caswell, for women students of English, in recognition of her teaching and unflinching love of English literature; another, for scholarships in

English; still another, for a fellowship in philosophy; and finally a fund for the maintenance of beds in the University Infirmary. Mrs. Howison's separate property at her death likewise was given to the University, to supplement what her husband had already bestowed.

He moved to California at a period of his life when he might have thought, at most, of holding his own. Yet his best work, and for a term which was by far the major part of his working life, was still before him. By sheer conscience and intelligent vigor, he made this period the most fruitful of all. He had preferred another surrounding than California; at a sacrifice he had chosen to leave St. Louis for New England and Boston; but there he had taken no root. Whether it would have been well for him had he found in New England the place of his life work, it is impossible to say. It would certainly not have been well for California, nor perhaps for the larger interests of scholarship and character in the nation generally. He brought Californians nearer to the excellent things had at the older centers—nearer to the learning, the aims, the ideals of a richer civilization. And Californians were readier to restore his courage and to stir him to his stoutest strain. After his depressed years of attempt and waiting, following on his years of preparation, he needed the kind of response the new community gave him. He was of course never the one to look on his work and call it good. He was no more inclined to be satisfied with what he himself produced than with what his students produced. But he found a place where his powers and preparation were not frustrated: he had the gratification of work, and of friends, and the critical attention of colleagues near by and afar, and of fair vigor and a clear mind to the end.

FRIENDS

I

UNLIKE THE CARICATURE of Carlyle, who was pictured as loving all mankind but hating every man, Howison made persons the center and circle of his Idealism and then went on into a happy attachment to individuals. We have already caught him unaware in his home, with his friends at fireside and dinner. Students of his who soon were his friends came there singly or by twos and threes, and had good talk of philosophy, and before the night was spent they might be hard at politics, travel, music, or literature. Here grew the affection between him and those younger associates already named whom he influenced for life.

He liked clubs of a kind, his kind being of minds alive with heartiness and intelligent interests, with humor that knew the bounds, and a fair table. Perhaps best of all he liked a small club with a large paper after dinner, to be torn to shreds in discussion. At St. Louis, at Boston, at San Francisco, and at Berkeley, he had his clubs, large and small—the University Club in San Francisco, as an example of the large sort, and the Berkeley Club, of the small sort, with its fortnightly dinner and paper, giving him for years a memorable place of play for his powers both of friendship and of gay-searing criticism. He felt the value of men and women—probably more of men; nor did they have to be of the intellectuals. We have seen his deep interest in janitor, gondolier, and ditch digger, not merely as objects of bounty or of scalpel work for his curiosity, but as men of substance who could reveal to him their ideas and their fealties.

He thus had many kinds of friends, from which we may be reassured that this fighter was generous and well stocked with

sympathies. William Keith, of San Francisco and Berkeley, the painter of California landscape—which for his eye, he made us feel, had depth in it of more than one sort—hung around Howison's outskirts with a dour Scotch grumbling affection, dropping a word now and then out of his wealth of silence to let one know that Howison was for him the biggest man in the University and for some distance beyond, and sending him a painting as a difficult gesture of his honor for the man. There was Joseph Worcester, of the same blood as the Worcester in the "Emmanuel Movement" of Boston, himself a Swedenborgian minister whose taste in matters of art and architecture Howison felt to be nearly infallible. He loved real literature and religion, and human beings, young and old, above all. Worcester would—at his bachelor home on a rock declivity of the Russian Hill of old San Francisco, with the ocean, Tamalpais, Golden Gate, and the bay spread all before him—would have some friend—perhaps Dharmapala, from India, or Pritchett, from New York, or Taylor, the mayor and poet and rare mind, of San Francisco—would have perhaps one of these and Howison, to a lunch of tea, toast, unsalted butter, and marmalade, and the best of talk for hours. Then there was John Garber, lawyer and judge, of the Southern aristocracy by mind and doubtless by blood, inviting Howison and a few others to his home with its wide grounds planted with trees from every end of the earth—Garber, himself something of the intellectual slave-driver as he was, ready to lash Howison's mind, and Howison quite ready to reply in kind. Warring Wilkinson was another Berkeley friend, appearing at Judge Garber's and elsewhere in Howison's circle for many years, he too a dweller on spacious grounds, talking to deaf children, making blind children see through his eyes, all

the while eager and hearty, delighting in Howison, never having enough of him and all his other friends.

II

THESE AND MANY MORE were within sight and hearing, and were like wine to him. The circle was much larger, though, and held many whom he rarely saw. He and Judge Thomas M. Shackelford, a justice of the Supreme Court of Florida, by letter kept a friendship warm for years. With President J. B. Angell, of the University of Michigan, he was in correspondence during many years. Much of this writing was on academic business—about a permanent appointment for Howison at Michigan, or about positions elsewhere, or arrangements for conferring on Howison Michigan's honorary doctorate—but much of it, too, full of unutilitarian friendship triple distilled. When Howison had decided to go to California, Angell wrote:

MY DEAR HOWISON—

Ann Arbor, May 21st/84

I think you have decided wisely. Reid's* letter relieves the matter. I hope and believe you will find your life in many respects agreeable & fruitful out there. I know of no place (except Chicago) where a spiritual philosophy is more needed. You will find some wonderfully bright men. And as for climate—how we shall envy you in our dreary springs.

If we are at home when you and Lois move on in your emigrant wagon, why can't you hitch your train in our barn at least one night, and *kneipen* with us? Yours truly

JAMES B. ANGELL

And when *The Conception of God* had appeared in its earlier form, in 1895, Angell wrote that he thought Howison had the best of the discussion with Royce, and added:

* William T. Reid, President of the University of California. Howison had just been invited to the University as the Mills Professor of Philosophy.

If you feed your audiences out there on such solid food as that they must have good intellectual digestion. No audience that had not been trained by you could be robust enough for grasping such discourse. I congratulate you on such fruitage. . . . Greet the fair dame with a holy kiss from each of us. And believe me Yours very truly,

JAMES B. ANGELL

Stoddard, of the English Department, could not let the friendship begun at Berkeley wither and die merely because he and his work had been moved to New York, three thousand miles away. "I don't quite know here where to go for an idea," he wrote from his Babylon; "In Berkeley I could get a dozen any evening by calling on you, and could get them contradicted on the spot by your good wife. Here most of the men who have them sell them to the public prints at ten dollars the column. I feel as if I were taking the bread out of their mouths whenever I talk with them." His students in New York were keener than those he had had in California: "They ask amazingly apt questions, they are worse than Mrs. Howison." In the middle of one of his most brilliant lectures, he says, some miserable youngster poses him with a question how all this can be, in view of Job, Homer, and Beowulf. "Imagine a Berkeley boy asking such a question!" writes Stoddard; these New York lads "are city boys, —quick, idle, spasmodic, unequally but dangerously cultivated. It takes activity of mind to lead them." And he closes with: "Our Berkeley, stupid, honest boys did quite as good work, however."

And there was Levermore, specialist in history, for a time at Berkeley, then at the Massachusetts Institute, and in another place and another, and finally the winner of a large peace prize offered by Mr. Bok—Charles Levermore, one of the lightest hearted (with all his learning) of Howison's younger friends.

What salutations were in his letters to Howison!—"Dear Howison Family, *not* including Socrates,"* "My dear Philosopher," "My dear Senior Sapiens," "Dearly Beloved." And then the merriment would flow on. Howison was asked by some official in the University—it was after the days of President Reid—to lend a hand at seeing the University's annual register through the press, and he sent his tale of woe to Levermore. "Why in the name of Plato and sanity," fumed Levermore from Howison's old Massachusetts Institute of Technology, "don't you refuse to do anything with the Register? Was that in the bond? I don't see any connection between the Mills Professorship and proof-reading for the University. Those pecunious barkeeps and escaped slaveholders ought to leave you to grapple only with the problems of Being and Not-Being."

Levermore wrote from Brookline, toward the end of September: "MY DEAR ARCHIDIDASCULUS,—This letter existed in the idea at the beginning of the summer vacation and should have found embodiment then. . . . While you have been ducking the Hegelian philosophy in Lake Tahoe, I have been scratching at the book on New York politics which I have been writing for two years and which still looms up before me, an Alp of labor." And on Washington's birthday there came to Howison this cheery word:

"MY DEAR SAGE,—This is the day of George, Pater Patriae, and therefore a good day for a greeting to another Father George, among whose children I like to be counted."

Later, in 1913, from North Carolina, "down here among the Tar-heels," he reported the jubilation over the election of Woodrow Wilson, whom Levermore had known and liked at Johns

* The Howisons' pet terrier.

Hopkins University; and he forecast the union of progressives, Democrats, and Republicans, in support of Wilson in 1916—an event which, Levermore expected, would “side-track the megalomaniac Colonel.” From such letters it is to be seen that Howison’s friends did not have to walk before him on stilts, nor could they have his ear only for philosophy. Hardly anything humane was foreign to the man’s interests.

III

THERE WERE OTHER FRIENDS between whom and Howison a common devotion to philosophy played a large part. Temperament and character, zeal for education and literature, were active here, for Howison did not fall on the neck of any and all who merely loved philosophy. Howison was nice about character also, and was inclined to find a man’s character reflected in his philosophy. Howison made friendships most readily with the idealists, personal idealists, believers in the power and the glory of the personal spirit. He did not insist on complete agreement with himself; had he done so, he would have had no friends. No philosophers completely agree, and Howison’s philosophy even in its general outline was peculiarly the faith of a few. For so tenacious a believer, he was generous. His friendships among the living devotees of philosophy stretched all the way, in creed, from Rudolf Eucken to William James, and from James Ward to Thomas Davidson.

The friendship with Davidson has already appeared in things told. But it had such length and depth that much more must be said of it. It seems to have begun in the St. Louis days, and was continued in Boston and long into California. Davidson, the “Dear Tom” of many a letter, received nearly every paper and book that Howison printed; he sent to Howison nearly every-

thing of his own; and the mutual flaw-finding and admiration went on without end. There was one dark cloud when Howison gave offense by his manner of criticizing a paper that Davidson read at a small club they both belonged to, with William James and a few others, in or near Boston; for a few hours it looked as if their barque must founder; but Howison fully apologized and, it would seem, the sky was cleared for all the years to come. The salt flavor of their exchanges can be seen in this from Davidson, which begins about a meeting of the philosophy club:

Cambridge, Feb. 24, 1876.

DEAR GEORGE,—We missed you much last Sunday, and you missed something too, viz. a good boring. B—n came & nearly broke up the whole affair. Such an old rag store I never did know.

I am to read at Mrs. Sargent's [where the Chestnut Street Club met] next Monday forenoon. I don't want you to come there, because you would be sure to say something; but I want to inflict my paper upon you somewhere.

Don't stay away next time. We meet at Mr. James's. . . . How did Mrs. Howison like *The Wings of Courage*?

I am, Dear G., very truly yrs. T. D.

P.S. Cabot says he wants very much to have you in Harvard College. T. D.

But it was not all gaiety. When Davidson sends to both the Howisons—for he greatly valued also Mrs. Howison's judgment—a dramatic writing of his own, Howison answers him with this frank opinion:

Mass. Inst. of Technology
Boston Apr. 28th, 1877

DEAR TOM,—Mrs. H. and I have read the Drama, and wish that we could have time to do so again and again, in order to let it duly *settle in* to our minds. The rapid reading once is all insufficient. So

we have no *really* "candid" judgment about it. That it is good we feel almost sure; that it didn't lift us at once into the empyrean is also true; and while this, perhaps, shows that it is not a work of the *highest* order, it is probably a sign that it is a work of real depth and power—depth and power too great to be realized on a reading. It strikes me as in the main simple, grand, and clear: the situations truly tragic, the character-drawing thorough and distinct, and many of the utterances of remarkable force and originality. But there are a few passages that have a *false* tone, and some phraseology obscure and ambiguous; also, one or two that are bald and dull. I am glad you have written it; I should be proud to have written it, or to have been able to write it, and we advise you to keep it considerably longer before printing it, as by so doing you will doubtless rid it of any imperfections that mar it now. Yours most heartily,

G. H. HOWISON

Earlier, Howison had acknowledged the coming of Davidson's *Parmenides*, promising to write him a long letter about it. At the Howisons' Davidson read some of his translations from the Greek; and Mrs. Howison gives this delightful glimpse of the arrangements:

Grantville, May 23

DEAR T. D.—*Would* it vex your Hellenic soul if I should ask my parson and half a dozen others in to hear your translations, Thursday eve'ng?

G. H. wants to absorb them all himself—and has browbeaten me so that I am quite out of countenance, just because I said I wanted somebody to share the feast. G. H. is perhaps a good man in the main, but—

So then, would it annoy you if etc. etc.? Yours, L. HOWISON

Davidson later is in Rome, and tries to flash a new philosophic light into Howison's soul. "I go up to the Simplon Pass, or rather to Domo d'Ossola, a little place on the side of it, where I shall spend at least two months, studying the philosophy of Rosmini

with the learned fathers there. The place is splendid & easily reached. You could not do better than join me there. . . . I believe I have discovered the philosophy of the future, that of Rosmini, who wrote as much as Hegel and has a system equally profound and a great deal more rational. I am astonished that we have never heard of it before. We have had a German *Aufklärung*: we now need an Italian *Resorgimento*. Rosmini is *your* man above anything."

Howison, who seems to have visited Davidson at Domo d'Ossola while in Europe that summer, seems also to have come down from the Simplon with the mind he took there.

To dip into this intercourse again, more than eighteen years later:

Berkeley, Sept. 26, 1898

MY DEAR DAVIDSON, — . . . I have too long owed you a hearty acknowledgment of your most gracious sending of your valuable "Rousseau". . . . It is a very good piece of work indeed. If I have any reservation about it, it is upon three scores: you seem to deal somewhat *too* severely with Rousseau's personal weaknesses, so that I fear you may cause by this a reaction in favor of his shallower and falser teachings. Next, I think many of your various *obiter dicta*, about which most of us would gravely dissent from you, would better have been left out, for the interests of the work. Finally, I must dissent very decidedly indeed from your judgments about Kant and his mental relations to Rousseau's influence; but the main general purport of Kant's philosophy is to counteract, *diametrically*, the main bent of Rousseau's. But you have made, on the important whole, an excellent and useful book.

And now, as for my little document, I do *not* think I am "too pious toward Kant." I love him, and think his central thought (of the free self-activity of the human reason *a priori*) to be of ultimate value, and unperishable, but I feel that he needs to be judged, corrected, amended, extended. And I strongly hope I have learned the true way of doing all this.

As to God, I sincerely believe in Him, and in His necessary place in a free system of minds. I have written out . . . what seems to me the true proof of God's existence—the truest proof, for there are others. The old "Creator" theory must be abandoned and replaced by a relation of *Final Causality*. When I get it into type, I will send you a copy.

Will James has come and gone, and pleased everybody, of course. But most thought his assault on Kant futile and foolish. Yours faithfully,

G. H. HOWISON

Yes, certainly freedom involves immortality—what can I have said that implies it does not? . . .

IV

ANOTHER FREE LANCE in philosophy and a friend of Howison's was William T. Harris, whom we have already seen in St. Louis, leader of the Hegelians and Kantians. After Howison left him, he was superintendent of the city's public schools, and later, at Washington, the United States Commissioner of Education. Harris's communications to Howison when they no longer were neighbors consisted of scrawls in an immense hand on oddments of paper until, as an official of the government, he commanded a stenographer, typist, and heavy stationery, paid for by a high protective tariff. Even so, the intercourse could not be formal; nor was it confined to philosophy; it was often affectionate, happy, humorous, and casual. Harris is hungry for Howison's papers for his *Journal of Speculative Philosophy*, now often called familiarly "J. S. Ph." This publication runs up large bills, which Howison helps Harris to pay. Harris is doubly grateful for a copy, sent by Howison, of the *Analytic Geometry*, just published. He had seen the book, brand-new, at his book-sellers, he said, and had *almost* bought it, but he had just paid out \$400 on the *Journal*, and was feeling poor. The first edition

of the *Geometry* sold out! he exclaims to Howison; it serves Howison right; he ought to have begun with the second edition! He tells Howison the *Analytic Geometry* is, in his opinion, a famous thing: "Woodward of W. U.* told me that at first he did not appreciate it but that its greatness grew on him constantly as he used it. He admires it hugely now." There are plans afoot for "a conversation two evgs for Alcott, and ditto for Emerson." A MS just come from Howison is "a great article"; and Harris wants Howison to expand for the *Journal* a paper by Howison on the Fifth Symphony (mind you!) soon to be read by Dr. Greene at a 'musical' at Madame So-and-So's.

All this was in the early seventies, when Howison was teaching his stupid lazy boys of the High School in Boston. Later, when he was in the Institute of Technology, Harris tells him that Cabot writes in "warmest terms of commendation & expressed the idea that Harvard was far behind your work in philosophy" and later tells Howison that he hears from all hands of the favorable impression he makes as a philosopher wherever he speaks. Harris—now at Concord—writes to President Reid, of California, for Howison's candidacy, that he infuses "his own deep earnestness into his pupils," and that "he stands, in my opinion, first among all Americans for critical knowledge of the history of Modern Philosophy, German and other." When Howison is established at California, Harris, pressing him for a series of articles on Hume and Kant for the *Journal*, says, "I believe you to be the most competent man living to do this"; and later he reports his soliloquy on looking over Howison's plans for various courses of lectures which Harris calls *echt riesenhaft*: "I say, 'Yes, G.H.H. can do every one of those things: year after year he has conquered one by one those

*Washington University, at St. Louis.

provinces and can now do special and excellent work in each of the themes.' "You will make the Mills Professorship a great event in Philosophy." Howison's article, "At a German University," is the best of all the articles Harris has ever read on the subject, and Harris urges him to write out *all* the reminiscences of his life in Germany, all his conversations; especially does he want more like those on Michelet's lectures.

Years pass and Harris is no longer busied with the *Journal*, perhaps is no longer able to pay its bills, but now at Washington is deep in a thousand other things. His book on Hegel has recently appeared, and Howison, he says, is the only person who has seriously taken hold of its fundamental question. At Thanksgiving time he is grateful to the divine powers, he tells Howison, "that there is at least one solid philosopher in the United States who will not under any circumstances strike his flag & go over to the enemy." He and many others feel so deeply the value of Howison's work on "The Proofs of the Being of God" that he is lending, through the Bureau of Education, three copies, and has just ordered nine copies more. The "Limits of Evolution" is for him a great piece of thinking; Howison has struck a great principle by substituting final cause for efficient cause *in Deo*.

Besides philosophy, there was education to give to these two men a common point of attention: when Howison had published a critical discussion of the Report of the Committee of Fifteen, once famous in the educational circles of the nation, Harris says it has created "a profound impression" and is "by all odds the best discussion that the report has called out," "the most thoughtful analysis of the question that has been made"; he has ordered three thousand copies of it to be distributed by the Government. Invitations are pressed on Howison to educational

meetings—to lead a round-table discussion at the next gathering of the National Educational Association at Saratoga, to preside at a symposium, to be vice-president of the Educational Congress connected with the World's Fair at Chicago in 1893.

So the friendship went on, with long years and many-sided sympathies to bind the two men together. Harris came to California and to the Philosophical Union; he and Howison together addressed the State Teachers' Association; he invited Howison to Washington, where he was offered "the prophet's chamber" in Harris's house. Toward the end, in shattered health, Harris still struggles to write to Howison—a few sentences at a time, now in ink, now in pencil, with long intervals—a letter never completed, never signed.

It was a wide country the two men talked about. They had been strangely thrown together out on the intellectual frontier, both of them as unaccustomed as trappers to many of the ways of conformity. They spent their lives in devotion to a great cause.

v

TO THE LECTURES of J. Elliot Cabot, the friend of Emerson and the writer of a memoir of him, Howison had listened at Harvard, soon after leaving St. Louis for Boston; and we have heard, through Harris, Cabot's later praise of Howison's work at the Institute. In the friendship, actively expressed for more than a quarter of a century, Cabot is never playful as even Harris was—Harris himself seemingly the least playful of men; Cabot communicates to Howison with an Emersonian dignity, and yet with clear personal regard and a readiness to touch and handle practical interests. He has heard that Howison, now at the Institute of Technology, thinks of declining to serve on the Committee of Visitors at Cambridge for the coming year, and he urges

the value of Howison's continuing a member of the Committee. When Howison is at Michigan, Cabot is glad that the position there suits him so well; from which we may conclude that the year at Ann Arbor was not wholly the gall and wormwood which Howison in a later exasperated and rhetorical moment might lead us to believe. California now comes above the horizon, and as it seems to come no nearer, nor break out any signal of seeing poor Howison anxiously waiting on the strand, Cabot gives Howison the cold Bostonian comfort that some others had given: "I daresay it would not have proved satisfactory," he writes; "I have an unsettled feeling about California & should prefer Michigan." Yet when Howison is established in California, Cabot is greatly pleased "to find that your experiment looks on the whole so promising—that your colleagues & your students suit you so well." He makes—in contrast to Palmer, who, we shall see, predicted that the new and, it then seemed, almost terrifyingly wealthy foundation of Stanford University would ruin the State University at Berkeley—Cabot makes a hopeful and, as later events proved, a correct estimate of the new establishment. "How does the new University affect your prospects?" he inquires in 1891; "I should think it might be a useful factor." And throughout there endures—through all the personal reserve, appropriate to New England and to the Emersonian association so strong in Cabot—a perception, clearly expressed, of Howison's solid worth. In commenting on Harris's volume on Hegel, and on Howison's own "strictures" on Hegel, Cabot writes: "Hegel strikes me as a great subterranean force, of far-reaching effects, but not easily made definite & comprehensible. I wish you would try your hand at a regular exposition of him, for it seems to me your gifts as an expositor are extraordinary." And in 1897, as perhaps the latest in the record of this friendship

begun in 1870, Cabot writes: "I think often of your activity & influence there on the other side of the continent as a very important factor in its history—not at all calculable but certain to be far-reaching & in the highest matters as time goes on."

To a stranger on meeting him in his late years, Elliot Cabot appeared like Emerson. So, perhaps, to Howison, this long intercourse, reserved, yet warm and vital enough to stand the years, may have felt as though the man of Concord himself were continuing his interest with approval of the doughty champion who in St. Louis had stood forth in defense of Emerson and idealism against the ruthless Hammer of materialism, and who later had ventured to carry philosophy—so it seemed to some of the Bostonians—nearly to the antipodes.

VI

THE FRIENDSHIP with the men of the Harvard group of philosophers nearer to Howison's own age, to the border of which we are brought by Cabot, had more ring to it, more range of pitch.

With Royce we have already seen some of the marks of an intimacy that included momentary coolness and dispute if not contention. But their intercourse was not invariably gladiatorial. In a friendly voice Howison asked Royce to come to California; and Royce came, more than once, to address the Philosophical Union. The chief rôle in the great discussion there, as we saw, was assigned to Royce. And Royce was asked, at Howison's suggestion, to give lectures during the summer at the University. Each assigned no mean value to the other, though once at least there came a hard tone—when Royce took offense at some plan of debate, as he mistakenly thought, between himself and Howison for the summer session of the University, and spoke freezingly to Howison his flat veto. But Howison's explanation

thawed all this out at once, and their friendship went on with cordiality, even with tenderness in its depths, and not always concealed there. Letters ranged from things of routine connected with some publication of Royce's by Howison, and unroutine arrangements for Royce's entertainment on coming to Berkeley, to a discussion, with algebraic formulae by Royce, of the conservation of energy or of some point in theology. Royce urges Howison—this was before the *Limits* had appeared, and may have helped toward its writing and toward the thought of a still more organic account of Howison's philosophy, which Howison, as we have seen, contemplated with "cold shivers"—Royce urges Howison to put his philosophic system "into its final argumentative rights by a complete and technical statement. That," he continues, "would be one of the most fascinating books of the century, for us who love dialectics, as well as truth"; and he ends his letter "affectionately." Years later, Royce tells of his liking for Howison's "extremely judicial introduction" to the volume on the *Conception of God*. Many years later, Royce calls Howison his "honored colleague" and is deeply concerned in Howison's health: "We all need you to have full strength" Royce writes him—not in the glow of reaction from a quarrel, but years later in steady friendship; "we need to read what you yet have to say. We prize what you have done too much to believe that you will soon cease to be as powerful a teacher and as effective a producer as ever."

VII

GEORGE HERBERT PALMER, of Harvard, had been of weight—he probably had turned the scale—in favor of Howison's going to California; and he showed through the years later a regard for Howison's success that was almost paternal had it not so often

burst over into sheer gaiety. The acquaintance that grew into so warm a relation began early and extended through more than forty years. They whetted their minds on each other, and Palmer pushed at his friend to write, to write more, by expressing his faith in Howison's power, and by practical hints—which Palmer knew so well how to give—as to the weapons against the demon distaste of writing.

Let our first glimpse of this friendship, business-like and hardly warmed through as yet, be at the moment when Howison is becoming interested in the unfilled place at California. Palmer earlier had spoken of a possible rival for the position there, in Stanley Hall; of the salary; and of the advantage of going to an endowed chair. He writes with remarkable wealth of suggestion, a world's diameter away from a curt labeling of the place as good or bad:

Jenkintown, Pa.,

Jan. 6, 1884

DEAR HOWISON,— . . . I hope you will decide to accept. As I have told Pres. Reid in several letters, I do not believe there is a man in the country who can do for them the work that you can. There, ideas on education are just shaping themselves. The question whether life presents any other end comparable to the attainment of luxury or the competitions of business is beginning to be asked. In my opinion, no pure secularist on the one hand, nor an abstract idealist on the other, can contribute anything important to the answer. A man who w'd enlighten such a people must respect social forces—the powers that be—as ordained of God, & lead blind individuals through understanding themselves & their own world to understand a kingdom of heaven. Of course in my judgment this can be done only by one who has found in absolute idealism a completion & not a negation of partial philosophies. Such a leader as they need sh'd be lucid of speech, tactful, sympathetic, & free from conceits. You see therefore why I shall be much disappointed if you decline. Always y'rs,

G. H. PALMER

Hardly a fortnight passed, and Palmer, without impatience, is advising him further and suggesting other openings:

119 East 24th St.,
New York City, Jan. 18 [1884]

DEAR HOWISON—If you are hesitating so seriously as your letter implies, I think you ought to know of my having mentioned y'r name in two places here at the East—Williams College & Smith College. . . . Neither of these c'd compare in point of income with California. I do not believe they w'd compare favorably in opportunity for work. They are protected positions where you w'd be in peace & stagnation. California is a militant post where you will find plenty of hardship & apostolic opportunity. I should never hesitate when that choice came. But if you still feel that y'r roots are wrapped about the stones here in the East & wish me to do anything farther for you in either of these places I will write to either of these Presidents that the California post has been offered you & that . . . you incline to remain in the East. . . . I hope you will go to California, for you have a certain special fitness for that place. But I shall work for you here with as much interest as if I thought you wise in staying with us. Sincerely y'rs,

G. H. PALMER

In five days, off goes another letter to Howison in regard to California, for Howison is for running his head into no noose. Palmer believes all Howison's doubts are judicious; but he hardly thinks that Howison could be turned out of his chair, or have his salary cut down. He would conceal no unpleasant truths, though.

New York
Jan. 23 [1884]

DEAR HOWISON,— . . . The student-material Reid told me was greatly inferior to that at the East. Still, it once contained a Royce. As to possible overturns—nobody I suppose imagines the University to be in stable equilibrium. When Reid was appointed every news-

paper in the State I understand opposed him. Since then, many have seen his power; & that he does not intend to abandon his place until driven away I infer from this—the Headship of Exeter Academy was offered him last June & he declined it.

I have written Pres. Carter, & advise you to write him & Pres. I. C. Seelye, & if possible arrange an interview. Faithfully y'rs,

G. H. PALMER

The decision once made and the work well under way, their attention can now turn to other things. From now on they take counsel of each other on general questions of philosophy and, even more, of education.

Cambridge, Dec. 14 [1885?]

DEAR MR. HOWISON,—Of course I did not expect you to agree with my educational doctrines [Palmer writes]. We have talked together sufficiently to see that we have at once a fundamental accord in philosophic belief, & that this belief is sure to come forth in widely divergent practical ways. You are instinctively an aristocrat, I a democrat. We meet midway in that Hegelian doctrine which acknowledges both factors to be necessary; but still the contributions we make to the world receive the color of our widely different instincts.

For this reason, among others, I am glad you are to criticize me in the Andover Review. I believe the editors intend to have a considerable series of papers in exposition of my wickedness. I have asked them not to try to spare my feelings, as I haven't any. "It is the cause." . . . But will not Stanford's \$20,000,000 crush you? I don't see how there can be any life in the regions adjacent to that sum.

Give my warm regards to delightful Mrs. Howison, & believe me,
Sincerely yours,

G. H. PALMER

Cambridge

Jan. 13, 1886

MY DEAR HOWISON,—I have just read y'r paper on Pantheism, & have been greatly interested & instructed by it. Indeed I always am by all y'r papers. You see y'r subject steadily & see it whole. The dis-

crimination of pantheism from theism & fr. deism is admirable. You make it perfectly plain how large a stake man has in holding to theism as a completed statement. . . .

Y'r criticisms of my depraved notions of education are most welcome. I wish I had time to review them here & to point out how far you & I appear to me to be in accord & where our ways divide. Of this you may be sure, I haven't stopped growing yet. If there is in y'r doctrines truth more inclusive than in mine, I believe I shall get hold of it some day. . . . Sincerely y'rs,

G. H. PALMER

May 30 [1886]

MY DEAR HOWISON,—Y'r admirable paper has appeared & will I am sure prove a powerful disinfecting agent against my mephitic airs. In large part I agree with it. A pure individualism is as disgusting to me as to you; but I suppose you & I shall always approach the junction of the species and the individual from opposite points.

Through Howison, Palmer begins to recognize the magnitude of LeConte, and in 1887, long before the "battle of the giants," Palmer writes: "LeConte's paper is indeed remarkable,"—it has special value for Palmer himself,—and he adds: "I don't know the noble man enough to write him. But I wish you w'd thank him in my name." In the same year, Howison is restless under a new administration, and forth is stretched this smoothing hand of Palmer's:

Of course one w'd sacrifice no belief in order to win acceptability. But kind tact, & readiness to understand opponents & to give them their due, will ordinarily keep the peace. I know how deep & strong your influence in California is. I am sure they can get nobody to do such work as you can do. And I should be very sorry if through some failure in skill or in sense of proportion you did not bring acceptably before the people there the truth with which you are charged. Try for it. Their welfare & yours is largely staked on your success. Always faithfully yours,

G. H. PALMER

Later, in 1894, Palmer inquires whether Howison would wish to take Palmer's place in ethics at Harvard the next year: "You are one of the few in the country," he says, "to whom I should leave it with confidence."

In urging his friend to do more writing, Palmer reveals some of his own difficulty in an art in which he was distinguished; the year is doubtful in which he sends this:

I must still hope that you will give us a book. You have so very much to say, matter which when uttered in class has always proved life giving. Of course writing is repellent. I positively hate it. Though I have put out a dozen volumes, it has never become natural. I always feel myself walking on stilts & keep myself moving only by steady effort. It means nothing therefore that you always find yourself indisposed to write. So does everybody. Go ahead, regardless. If you sit long enough before the blank paper, it will fill.

Again Palmer urges Howison in the most friendly tone to publish more of his thinking; Howison has now retired from active teaching, and Palmer would have him seize his new opportunity to share with others the riches of his mind:

What I said about your writing I want to repeat. You have a great deal inside you which the world needs. But you haven't the habit of formulating your thought into papers & books. For you, as for me, lecturing is the natural mode of expression. I hardly wrote anything till I was 60. The acquiring of this largely novel habit should bring pleasure to your retirement & blessing to the rest of us. Do engage in it, severe as is the labor. Nothing is so repulsive to me as writing. But you succeed in it, & I hope will make it your chief occupation.

At the present day, when our universities' emphasis is, first of all if not only, on scholarship, it is well to see these two men agreeing on a practice opposed to this. Howison has asked Palmer to name someone for a vacant place in Howison's de-

partment, and Palmer says: "I think you are right in insisting on ability to teach as a first requisite in your candidate."

This friendship, however, as we have long seen, was not built on agreement—except as to the great ends and as to plain speaking to each other about them. Palmer liked Howison's frankness, and thus he welcomes a criticism he has just had from his friend:

Why won't other receivers of my book write as you do? probing it searchingly & telling me just where their assents & dissents lie? They are so apt to give general uninformative praise, of which one soon tires. You say something & help me to see how the subject might look to one of a different temperament. It is good to read such a letter.

Mrs. Howison's qualities strengthened the attachment of the men; Palmer speaks of having "the happiest memory of her sweet vivacity." And he invites the two to his country place at Boxford. So they went on, year after year, polar opposites, almost, in temperament, but loving much the same large things, and intent on a right use of the great instruments of severe thinking and education.

VIII

WITH WILLIAM JAMES, as with Palmer, Howison's relation seems never to have known anything but fair weather. As with Palmer, the friendship began early in New England and lasted for many years. They sandbagged and respected each other in an intercourse that was at once serious, penetrating, uproarious, and affectionate. "I have just taken [your letter] up," James writes him in 1881, "and reread it with roars of laughter of the most affectionate and appreciative kind." And again: "I've just reread (for the fourth time, I believe) your letter of 30th November [1884]. I need not say how tickled I am at your too generous words

about my Divinity school address on Determinism. Sweet are the praises of an enemy. There is, thank Heaven! a plane below all formulas and below enmities due to formulas, where men occasionally meet each other moving, and recognize each other as brothers inhabiting the *same depths*. Such is this depth of the *problem* of determinism—howe'er we solve it, we are brothers if we know it to be a *problem*." And then after page on page regarding determinism, James adds: "Your list of thirty lectures makes one bow down in reverence before you. I should be afraid you were overworking. Your Hume-Kant circular shall be diligently scanned when my Hume lectures come off, in about six weeks." Howison, it will be recalled, had just gone to his new appointment in California; and James closes the letter with "I do hope and trust there will be no 'Enttäuschung' about Berkeley, and that not only the work, but the place and the climate, may prove well adapted to both you and Mrs. Howison."

We have seen James in 1889 recommending Howison to the authorities at Toronto, where a professorship was vacant, though James had supposed Howison to be happy where he was and to be in a position really better than the one in Toronto. When James came to the work of condensing into the *Briefer Course* his two-volume *Principles of Psychology*, Howison expressed in a friendly way his hearty disapproval of James's irreverence toward Hegel, shown in the *Principles*, and hoped that all this stuff would be kept out of the smaller work. Who but James could thus have answered such a protest!

Cambridge, Jan. 20, 1891.

MY POOR DEAR DARLING HOWISON,—Your letter is received and wrings my heart with its friendliness and animosity combined. But don't think me more frivolous than I am. "Those bagatelle diatribes about Hegelism," etc., are not reprinted in this book, not a single syl-

lable of them! . . . I am not as low as I seem, and some day (D.v.) may get out another and a more "metaphysical" book, which will steal all your Hegelian thunder except the dialectical method, and show me to be a true child of the gospel. Heartily and everlastingly yours,

WM. JAMES

Howison later took exception to a remark of James's about pluralistic idealism—to which, needless to say, Howison was committed. James writes him:

Cambridge, July 17, 1895.

MY DEAR HOWISON,—How you *have* misunderstood the application of my word "trivial" as being discriminatively applied to your pluralistic idealism! Quite the reverse—if there be a philosophy that I believe in, it's that. The word came out of one who is unfit to be a philosopher because at bottom he hates philosophy, especially at the beginning of a vacation, with the fragrance of the spruces and sweet ferns all soaking him through with the conviction that it is better to *be* than to define your being. I am a victim of neurasthenia and of the sense of hollowness and unreality that goes with it. And philosophic literature *will* often seem to me the hollowest thing. My word trivial was a general reflection exhaling from this mood, vile indeed in a supposed professor. Where it will end with me, I do not know. I wish I could give it all up. But perhaps it is a grand climacteric and will pass away. At present I am philosophizing as little as possible, in order to do it the better next year, if I can do it at all. And I envy you your stalwart and steadfast enthusiasm and faith. Always devotedly yours,

WM. JAMES

Later came preparations for James's journey to California, where he gave, in Oakland, the substance of his book, *Talks to Teachers*, and at the Philosophical Union in Berkeley an address which began, I believe, his utterances on pragmatism.

Cambridge, July 24, 1898.

DEAR HOWISON,—Your kind letter greeted me on my arrival here three days ago—but I have waited to answer it in order to determine just what my lecture's title should be. I wanted to make something entirely popular, and as it were emotional, for technicality seems to me to spell "failure" in philosophy. But the subject in the margin of my consciousness failed to make connexion with the centre, and I have fallen back on something less vital, but still, I think, sufficiently popular and practical, which you can advertise under the rather ill-chosen title of "Philosophical Conceptions and Practical Results," if you wish. . . .

You ask me, like an angel, in what form I like to take my sociability. The spirit is willing to take it in any form, but the flesh is weak, and it runs to destruction of nerve-tissue and madness in me to go to big stand-up receptions where the people scream and breathe in each other's faces. But I know my duties; and one such reception I will gladly face. For the rest, I should infinitely prefer a chosen few at dinner. But this enterprise is going, my friend, to give you and Mrs. Howison a heap of trouble. . . . Yours ever truly,

WM. JAMES

Howison is next in Oxford; and James likewise is in England, in poorest health and unable to see his friends. Yet out comes this observation from the sick man in London.

I fancy that you feel in Oxford as I do in every foreign country, very shy of intruding upon the natives, shy both personally and nationally. But it doesn't do to carry this too far—on national grounds I should not like to think of Mrs. Howison not becoming widely known.

And he signs himself "Always affectionately yours, Wm. James."

In a later letter, dated Luzern, June 28, 1900, he having continued to suffer many things of many physicians, he breaks off with, "But d——n the doctors!" and closes with the words following, as the Howisons leave Europe:

I am extremely sorry that the Howisons & Jameses haven't met—especially the *Missuses*, but still more especially *Mr. James & Mrs. Howison*. Shall we ever meet again? I think, on the whole, that that California trip was the high water-mark of my existence. . . . Be sure and vote for Bryan. I should were I at home.

Finally, we have this brave sign between the two men.

Cambridge, Dec. 26, 1903.

DEAR HOWISON,—A Merry Christmas to you both, or as near an approach to merriment as 60 years of age comport. I have just read your tribute to President Kellogg [of the University of California], and it warms my heart towards you and towards Californian things. What a dignified figure and in what a high-toned style you handled him. In a new country like California, every shade of difference tells, & behold here Kellogg mortised and cemented into the foundations of the State—significant individually as he could never have been in an older civilization. When *your* day is over, Howison, you don't know what a historical personage you will have become!

How goes the health?

. . . The world wags & waxes bigger & bigger, and I feel as if I were too small.

Best of love to you both.

WM. JAMES

Such was the leafage and aroma from the intimacy of these men.

IX

THE EUROPEAN FRIENDS were many, and we can catch Howison in the very act of his associations there, particularly at Oxford and Cambridge. When in England in 1880, he had been disappointed in not finding the men he most wanted to meet. "My luck was bad," he wrote; "Prof. Caird was away in Russia, and both Green and Wallace were absent from Oxford at the time we were there. The same befell in regard to Croom Robertson

in London." In 1899 it went well with him. He writes as follows, quite informally to a young and intimate friend, showing the keen pleasure his own fresh mind takes in the men he is meeting at Oxford:*

We are seeing a good deal of Oxford company, and I a great deal,—it takes a lot of my time. Fine times, however!—dining with the Dons in Hall,—grand places, cozy withal, and *such* good dinners, well cooked and served, splendid silver, etc., and such better conversation, especially round the small tables before the great fires in the "Common Rooms," to which we repair, *napkins in hand*, after dinner is over. I am hugely delighted with the Oxford men—so learned yet so unpretending in manner, and many of them so unexpectedly young. Term ends this week, and I feel that it has been a rich one for me.

Here I have made the acquaintance (besides good & grand old Caird, who fights a little shy of me, however) of Rashdall (author of the big & excellent "Hist. of the European Universities in the Middle Ages"), whom we both like exceedingly—he is somewhat odd and rather shy, but is a trump both in mind & heart. Also Schiller (*Riddles of the Sphinx*), and Josephs, and Carman, and Fairbrother (Green's disciple), and Percy Gardner (*Exploratio Evangelica*), and the Provost of Oriel (Munro), and the President of Trinity (Pelham, the Camden professor of ancient history), a glorious hearty whole-souled fellow, tall as a sycamore, and Warde Fowler (the *Caesar* man), and the Rector of Lincoln (Dr. Merry, great English scholar), and Conybeare (Max Müller's son-in-law, the *Philo Judaeus* man), and Underhill & Sturt, the president and secretary of the Philol. Society, and Dr. Stout, editor of *Mind*, now Wilde reader on Mental Philos. in the *University*, and author as you know of the "Analytic Psychology," and, last, but by far not least, the Vice-Chancellor, Dr. Thos. Fowler, "our" Logic man. *He* is simply delightful,—one of the most attractive men I have anywhere met, at once dignified, imposing and gracious, yet very simple & unpretending withal, though he

* I shall not indicate all the places of omission.

† Mrs. Howison is with him.

has a very polished & elegant manner. He is president of Corpus Christi college, as well as Vice-Chancellor of the University—author of a great book on Bacon, besides one on Locke, one on Shaftesbury & Hutcheson, and two on Moral Philosophy. I was presented to Dr. Fowler at dinner in Corpus by Schiller; met him soon after at dinner in Lincoln; and then he had the kindness to invite me to dine in Corpus with him. He has travelled much, made a wide tour in the U.S. seventeen years ago, and was actually in Berkeley. He admires our country, & thought Berkeley a beautiful place.

There are two types of philosophy in evidence here—the Kant-Hegel sort, coming chiefly from Green, of which Caird (with more Hegel than Kant) is now the recognized leading representative, of great influence, rather dominant. And the Locke-Hume-Mill sort, of which Dr. Fowler is, I suppose, the coryphaeus, & in which Schiller & his young group train. The Philos. Society appears to be run by these young fellows. It has a rather light and trifling tone. At the first meeting, Dr. Caird read the paper, on James Ward's "Naturalism & Agnosticism," & the meeting was held in his great dining-room at Balliol, so everything was very dignified & consequently rather dull. The paper was very fine, but wound up with Monism. No discussion followed, except a few remarks by Mark Baldwin & Dr. Stout, neither of whom I could hear. At second meeting, there was a "Symposium" on question whether a metaphysical *System* is possible, by a Mr. Leigh (who read a flippant *anti* paper), Mr. Fairbrother (who read a somewhat wooden one in the affirm.), & our friend Schiller (who was brightly on the fence). Henry Sidgwick of Cambridge was there, and talked a good deal, but he kept up above the battle. Dr. Fairbairn, orthodox Congl College, "Mansfield Coll.," was also there, & talked, & was very hard upon the young men indeed. Last Sunday night (the meetings are always Sunday nights, beginning at 9), at the 3^d meeting, Prof. A. C. Armstrong, the translator of Falckenberg,—the young prof. of philos. at Middletown, Conn., Wesleyan Univ., read the paper,—on James's Faith Philosophy, of which he announced himself an adherent. Paper was good & interesting & very well read, & made out as good a case for such a "philosophy" as can be made in literal plainness. It needs James's

powerful rhetoric to make it plausible. A good deal of talk after, by Baldwin (who is here for the winter, getting his big *Dict. of Philos. & Psychol.* through the Clarendon Press, & who has been extremely kind to me,—as also Armstrong has), Schiller, Conybeare, Rashdall, Underhill, Sturt, & one other man whose name I didn't catch.

When you get away from Caird and his immediate set, everybody seems a good deal afloat here. Dr. Stout, I like as well as anybody I have met. He is a queer-looking little chap, but is evidently a gem in character, in openness of mind, & in ability. He has been very attentive to me, and says he likes the Univ. of Cal. philosophers, from Royce on (he has seen Bakewell, and read McGilvary), because they really seem to have some *convictions*, and feel as if they ought to get others to share them. He himself has got partly ensnared in Caird's monistic logic, & doesn't yet see his way to get out, though he says he would be glad if he could.

James has made an astonishing impression here in Oxford. Everybody is reading him, & admiration for him is expressed in the strongest way, & a considerable following of him is confessed. He is over here, but is in a deplorable state of health, & people are very anxious about him. He has had to postpone his Edinburgh Gifford Lectures indefinitely, and the Romanes Lecture here, which the Vice-Chancellor recently offered him, he felt obliged to decline. I haven't seen him—he asks everybody *not* to try to see him.

The Schiller whom Howison had seen at Oxford sitting brightly on the fence, exchanged in time many a happy letter with Howison. And, wit as he is, even in a dreadfully solemn periodical,* he begins his own paper discussing logic with the following anecdote of Howison which Schiller had received direct from James: "I hope it happened as related," Schiller writes privately to Howison;—"Professor Howison is said once to have remarked to William James, 'James, philosophers always say they want "recognition"; but what they really want is *praise*.'"

* *The Journal of Philosophy, Psychology and Scientific Methods*, Vol. IX (1912), p. 25.

James Ward, of Cambridge University—who must alone be added, under a niggardly restraint regarding Howison's English associations—had come to Berkeley by Howison's arrangement, to address the Philosophical Union and the University; and Ward wished Howison to come to Cambridge: "No one from your side the water," he said, "would be so welcome." Both of them being pluralists, there was of course a good solid basis for intellectual friction, by rubbing together their difference as to details. Ward's attitude toward Howison was at first, perhaps, a bit tart, but with the years it sensibly sweetened into a recognition of attachment and debt.

When the *Limits* first appeared, Ward told Howison, perhaps unsympathetically, that it was "original enough in all conscience: if only it were true, it would be grand!" He later said the book "rather took his breath away." But year after year came expressions less of his sheer surprise at its audacity, and more of his continued attention to the book and of its important influence on his own thought. Six years after his first acquaintance with the *Limits*, he has been appointed to give his course of Gifford Lectures on "The Realm of Ends," and he is prepared to begin the course with personal idealism; he has been working a good deal at pluralism, he tells Howison, and has had Howison's book frequently upon his desk; the next year he is again using it and now constantly; three years later in preparation for other lectures he says he has had Howison's book continually on his desk; that he owes a good deal to it; "it has encouraged me," he adds, "to attempt what I once thought hopeless—to approach theism through pluralism." Later he states to Howison the book's effect upon him in this form: "However pronounced my previous pluralism may have been, it is certainly true that it was your book that emboldened me to try to work out pluralism as fully as I

could, & to start from the Many & not from the One," until in a letter soon following, after still further reading of the volume, he says that his difficulties with it have been "much more those of a disciple than those of an opponent."

Here was a careful attention, year upon year, to a distant friend's writing on philosophy, the chill of its first impression gradually warming into an almost surprised consciousness that the thing has been pressing him forward into new ways.

X

LET US NOW HURRY across to the Continent and Germany. For it is clear that the man who had received so much from the great German philosophers, Leibnitz, Kant, and Hegel, and who held in such honor the country itself, could hardly fail to find living persons there close to his intellectual heart. He had studied at the University of Berlin, and among the men he eagerly listened to, we may remember, he listened most eagerly of all to Michelet, the venerable pupil and friend of Hegel. Michelet he sought out at his home in Berlin, and as soon as Howison's particular interest in Michelet's master was made known, Michelet's eyes were all alight with welcome: they talk, and on parting Michelet invites him to new visits, with the day and hour appointed—visits which offered more recollections of the man Hegel and more discussion of his philosophy. Letters also passed between Howison and Michelet, then and later. Michelet greets Howison as a companion in outlook who on returning overseas to America will there hold aloft the standard of the absolute Idea, as Michelet himself has done, in Europe for more than half a century—"not without manifold opposition from many sides."*

* The letters used here from Michelet, and those used a little farther on from Vaihinger and from Eucken, are in German, and the quotations from them are a translation from the originals.

After Howison has returned to Boston and has spoken at Concord on "The Present State and Prospect of Philosophy in Germany," Michelet writes him at length in hearty approval of what Howison has said. Howison has pictured accurately and in burning colors, Michelet says, the true state of things, in that the young Germany has abandoned the fruits of its own philosophic past and has rushed headlong into the evil philosophic ways of England. Howison has held up a mirror to the Germans, and Michelet, after indicating in particular the truth of what is there reflected, is not without hope that in Germany a juster view will prevail. The interest between these two men, beginning when Michelet was already very old, continued well on into the years of Howison's work in California.

With Vaihinger, of Halle, the friendship was based less on direct personal acquaintance and on sharing the live memories of Hegel than on a common honoring of Kant. Vaihinger was editor of the journal *Kantstudien*; and the active intercourse seems to have begun when Howison sent him a printed outline of his course of lectures on Hume and Kant, at whose richness of plan Vaihinger expressed astonishment, and invited Howison to send him more, "to delight, honor, and instruct" him. Later writings by Howison awakened Vaihinger to the strength of America's interest in philosophy, and to the energy of the attack upon its problems. And now and later Howison is pressed to send articles for Vaihinger's journal. The bond between the men is further strengthened when Howison enters with zeal upon the work of assisting Vaihinger's plan of raising money for a foundation in honor of Kant. Howison himself most generously contributed to this fund in recognition of the Kant Centenary, and collected contributions from others, until Vaihinger

in delighted appreciation was able to say that Howison had done more indeed than anyone else had done. Vaihinger, years later, when his eyes were failing and his active work of lecturing could no longer be done, wrote of his great pleasure in the acquaintance which had lasted so long.

XI

BUT IT WAS with Eucken, of Jena, that Howison had perhaps the fullest and heartiest of his German friendships. There was a rare intellectual agreement between the two men, and something less easily recognized—perhaps it was not far from the deep religion they had in common—which made the two critical thinkers uninterested for once in bristling forth their differences; so that they completely enjoyed each other's outlook and temper. Howison, when in Europe, had met Eucken in 1909, and both had prized the meeting: Eucken rejoiced to become acquainted, as he said later, with "so distinguished a leader in Idealism." After they parted they fell into a rich interchange of ideas by the sending of pamphlets, books, and letters. Eucken tells Howison—and what could have been philosophically more grateful?—that in his address on receiving the Nobel award he takes his stand wholly on the ground of a Personal Idealism, and emphatically combats Pantheism of every form, "because it consistently annuls every distinction in the realm of value, and leaves no place for ethics." He wonders that the Pragmatists look upon him as one of their own, for his way of thinking is utterly dissociated from theirs; in letter after letter he spews their doctrine out of his mouth. The friendship thus had a rich soil of common hostility and common loyalty. Eucken reports to Howison the progress of his own incessant work; and if he does not soon hear from

Howison, he writes again, ill at ease lest there may be some break in the health of his friend.

Besides all their interest in philosophic themes and personal activity, Eucken shares with Howison his own observations on religion in Germany which, he foresees, will have many a battle ere it wins the victory. Religion finds its worst opposition, he believes, not in the atheists and socialists, but in the learned *specialists*, in Germany.

As for the *Limits of Evolution*, he has read it entire, and is glad to express his complete approval, yes, his joyous honoring, of Howison's basic ideas. "I too," he says, "stand fully and without reserve on the platform of 'Personal Idealism'"; he is convinced there is no genuine and effective idealism that is not of this kind; only thus can the life of the spirit attain full independence and elevation. There is unflinching appreciation of Howison as a person and comrade in arms. "The spiritual freshness with which you wage the battle for the great ideals of human existence," Eucken tells his friend, "has something in it to give elation and courage to us all." He calls to mind, when his own work heaps up, Howison's example of marvellous vigor and effectiveness. He hopes there will never be a break in their "vital intercourse of spirit." "I simply wonder," he tells the Howison of seventy-six years, "at such power and elasticity of spirit." "You have such youthful freshness that we must continue to regard and prize you as a stalwart fellow-worker and leader."

So this mutual valuing by two noble minds had the warmth and color of friendship at its best. Well along in years when first they met, they found each other grateful, each stirring the other to an intenser passion for the great things of the spirit, and to a more valiant arming for the fight.

XII

THESE, THEN, WERE SOME of the friends he drew to himself and held. Their distinction, the long years of their attachment, their happy controversy and agreement with him in a realm of large interests, all make clearer the stuff of Howison, the deep veins of metal in him. The teacher and thinker was a person; and uncommon minds, happening to come close to him, found him not thin and vague, but solid and resistant and vital, until at last, after perhaps some curious puzzlement, they fell quite in love with the man.

All who thus knew him as a friend, or were acquainted with him directly but less intimately, will at once feel how unequal to the living man is a mere account of him. Some unmistakable flavor has been lost. Yet the attempt to describe him may awaken memories, and a more nearly complete picture may emerge to be enjoyed. Those who never knew him may at least dimly see, unless the account wholly fail, a man passionate for truth, calling forth the affection of those faithful to it, one who goaded others to think, who imparted not only some of his own learning, but gave also his own unresting desire to push on into further knowledge. He believed in knowledge by hard thinking, but he believed also in scientific experiment as a way to knowledge—believed in it so sincerely and unreluctantly that he established an experimental laboratory in his department when there were few of the kind anywhere. He was insatiable in his demands on his students; in a sense, none ever pleased him. But he accomplished a great work—he helped to create in many youths a love of things that ought to be loved and a hatred of things that ought to be hated. He made these young persons seek truth and honor. After many years he still stands forth as a man of rare personal distinction, and, not alone for his own students, as a great

teacher. His qualities are those, I feel sure, that must more and more be sought in our liberal schools. He begot men. The making of knowledge is excellent, is indispensable; without it men cannot be made. But the larger work is to make men. Howison gave himself for life to this humane purpose. And all our schools will in the end, one must hope, be judged, not by the number and queer variety of courses they offer, not by their thousands of students and their millions of endowment, nor even by their additions to the stores of science; not alone by these, but also by the power to attract into their places of teaching the kind of man that Howison was, that they may accomplish completely the education he illustrated.

PART TWO
SELECTED WRITINGS

PERSONAL IDEALISM

THE METAPHYSICAL THEORY which I hold, I venture to call Personal Idealism. Just what does it mean? I can best reply, I suspect, by anticipating another question, which can hardly fail to be asked: Why should the word "personal" come into the title of the theory at all? Is not idealism the doctrine that mind is the only primary or absolute reality?—and so is it not always the assertion that personality is the central source of things? Why, then, is not the prefix superfluous? The answer is, that the actual history of philosophic thought, even after philosophy attains to the view that rational consciousness is the First Principle, exhibits a singular arrest of the movement toward putting complete personality at the center of things. Historic idealism is, in fact, far from being personal; rather, it is well-nigh overwhelmingly impersonal.

Philosophy, it is often said, is the search after unity. As a statement of one philosophic aim, this is true enough; and certain it is that in this search after unity philosophy has almost always lost sight of its other interests, some of which are at least as great. The prevailing tendency in the history of thought, if we leave rigidly agnostic philosophers out of the account, has been to some form of monism; and idealistic philosophy, despite its diligent hostility to materialism, has usually been at one with its foe in absorption with the One-and-All. The only vital difference it introduces is to substitute for the one material Substance a single conscious Subject, or Universal Mind, through which, and in which, and for which, all things subsist—*all* things, including the so-called other minds. In the long history of idealistic thinking, even in the Western world from Plato to the present day,

there is but one very eminent mind, the justly celebrated Leibnitz, who distinctly and systematically breaks with the monistic tradition. In recent times, particularly, through the influence of Hegel and his later school, idealistic thought, under the usurped name of Absolute Idealism, has shared the field with its rival Evolutionism in advancing the doctrine of the One. The only important difference—no doubt a great one—is this: where evolutionism says the One Unknowable (if it refrains from saying Matter), this idealism says the One Mind, or the One Absolute Experience, all-embracing, all-sustaining, all-determining.

To the ordinary mind of our Occidental world, alive with the spirit of Western civilization, acting instinctively from the principle of individual responsibility, and of philosophy and its history as unexpert as Milton's Moloch was of wiles, it would doubtless come as a surprise to learn that the main drift of philosophic thought in the Western world for the past century had been increasingly toward the Oriental view of things, and that amid Western civilization individualism was not a philosophic matter-of-course. Yet such is the unmistakable fact. With this everyday Occidental's instinctive preference for personal initiative, responsibility, and credit, I confess myself in strong sympathy; and though from my acquaintance with the facts I cannot share in his surprise, I am glad of an opportunity to protest with him against this all-engulfing monism, fatal to our moral freedom even when taking on the plausible form of monistic idealism. Idealistic monism, though indeed a real philosophic advance as compared with other monism, is in the last resort irreconcilable with personality. By its unmitigated and immitigable determinism, with its one sole Real Agent, it directly annuls moral agency and personal freedom in all the conscious beings other than its so-called God. Accordingly, it leaves this professed God himself

without genuine personality; for his consciousness is void of that recognition and reverence of the personal initiative of other minds which is at once the sign and the test of the true person.

The aim of Personal Idealism, on the contrary, is to present, and, in one way or another enforce, an idealistic system that shall be thoroughly personal in the sense just implied. Instead of any monism, it puts forward a Pluralism, an eternal or metaphysical world of *many* minds, all alike possessing personal initiative, real self-direction, instead of an all-predestinating single Mind that alone has real free-agency. At the same time the aim is not at all to promote a certain other style of pluralism, which one might well enough call individualistic in the bad sense, whose dogmatic ideal is the dissolution of reality into a radically disjunct and wild "multiverse"—to borrow Professor James's expressive coinage—instead of the universe of final harmony which is the ideal of our reason.

The pluralism here set forth is far removed from the anarchic individualism that seems to be advocated by such thinkers as, for instance, Professor Lutoslawski;* nor is it to be confounded with that "pluralistic or individualistic philosophy" which Professor James himself, while brilliantly supporting it, defines† by saying: "According to that philosophy, the truth is too great for any one actual mind, even though that mind be dubbed 'the Absolute,' to know the whole of it. . . . There is no point of view absolutely public and universal." Rather, to the theory here set forth, the point of view of *every* actual mind, as that mind in its eternal wholeness *is*, is absolutely public and universal; and

* W. Lutoslawski, *Ueber die Grundvoraussetzungen und Consequenzen der individualistischen Weltanschauung* (Helsingfors, 1898).

† W. James, *Talks to Teachers on Psychology, etc.* (New York, Henry Holt & Co., 1900), Preface, p. v.

even in the mind's *temporal* aspect, the aspect of its struggle toward knowledge over the rugged road of experience, such a public and universal view must in every mind be potential. I confess, however, that I am almost ashamed to record, here and elsewhere in these pages, this dissent from Professor James—a writer for whose genius I feel so warm an admiration, and with whom, on the great main matter, pluralism, I am in such hearty accord. Only, I cannot consent to put our common metaphysics at such risk and disadvantage, in comparison with monism, as a confessed and despairing ultimate irrationalism involves.

Something of the same tenor I might say, too, of my relation to the views of Mr. F. C. S. Schiller, the versatile author of that striking book, *Riddles of the Sphinx*. But in his case, it is chiefly his finite and pathological "God" that I am unwilling to admit as an implication of pluralism, much as I delight in the point and force of what he advances in support of our common view.

To put the theory of Personal Idealism in a clearer light, its chief points had best be summarized one by one. They may be stated as follows:

I. All existence is either (1) the existence of *minds*, or (2) the existence of *the items and order of their experience*; all the existences known as "material" consisting in certain of these experiences, with an order organized by the self-active forms of consciousness that in their unity constitute the substantial being of a mind, in distinction from its phenomenal life.

II. Accordingly, Time and Space, and all that both "contain," owe their entire existence to the essential correlation and coexistence of minds. This coexistence is not to be thought of as either their simultaneity or their contiguity. It is not at all spatial, nor temporal, but must be regarded as simply *their logical implication of each other in the self-defining consciousness of each*.

And this recognition of each other as all alike self-determining, renders *their coexistence a moral order*.

III. These many minds, being in this mutual recognition of their moral reality the determining ground of all events and all mere "things," form the eternal (i.e., unconditionally real) world; and by a fitting metaphor, consecrated in the usage of ages, they may be said to constitute the "City of God." In this, all the members have the equality belonging to their common aim of fulfilling their one Rational Ideal; and God, the fulfilled Type of every mind, the living Bond of their union, reigns in it, not by the exercise of power, but solely by light; not by authority, but by reason; not by efficient, but by final causation—that is, simply by being the impersonated Ideal of every mind.

IV. The members of this Eternal Republic have no origin but their purely logical one of reference to each other, including thus their primary reference to God. That is, in the literal sense of the word, they have no origin at all—no source in *time* whatever. There is nothing at all, prior to them, out of which their being arises; they are not "things" in the chain of efficient causation. They simply *are*, and together constitute the eternal order.

V. Still, they exist only in and through their mutually thought correlation, their eternal "City," and out of it would be non-existent. But through their thought-reciprocity with each other, God being included in the circle, they are the ground of all literally originated, all temporal and spatial existences.

VI. Hence, relatively to the natural world, they are free, in the sense of being in control of it: so far from being bound *by* it and its laws, they are the very source of all the law there is or can be in it. Relatively to God also, and to each other, all minds other than God are free, in the still higher sense that nothing but their own light and conviction determines their actions to-

ward each other or toward God. This freedom belongs to every one of them in their total or eternal reality, be it burdened and obscured as it may in the world of their temporal experience; and its intrinsic tendency must be to fulfil itself in this external world also.

VII. This Pluralism held in union by reason, this World of Spirits, is thus the genuine *Unmoved One that moves all Things*.^{*} Not the solitary God, but the whole World of Spirits including God, and united through recognition of him, is the real "Prime Mover" of which since the culmination of Greek philosophy we have heard so much. Its oneness is not that of a single inflexible Unit, leaving no room for freedom in the many, for a many that is really many, but is the oneness of uniting harmony, of spontaneous coöperation, in which every member, from inner initiative, from native contemplation of the same Ideal, joins in moving all things changeable toward the common goal.

VIII. This movement of things changeable toward the goal of a common Ideal is what we have in these days learned to call the process of Evolution. The World of Spirits, as the ground of it, can therefore neither be the product of evolution nor in any way subject to evolution; except that in the case of minds other than God, who have their differentiation from him in a side of their being which is in one aspect contradictory of their Ideal, this sense-world of theirs is by its very nature, in its conjunction with their total nature, under the law of return toward the essential Ideal. In this world of sense, this essentially incomplete and tentative world of experience, evolution must therefore reign universally; but beyond this world of phenomena it

^{*} Aristotle's well-known definition of God, *Metaphysics*, xi, 7.

cannot go. Every mind has an eternal reality that did not arise out of change, and that cannot by change pass away.

IX. These several conceptions, founded in the idea of the World of Spirits as a circuit of moral relationship, carry with them a profound change in our habitual notions of the creative office of God. Creation, so far as it can be an office of God toward other spirits, is not an *event*—not an act causative and effective in *time*. It is not an *occurrence*, dated at some instant in the life of God, after the lapse of eons of His solitary being. God has no being subject to time, such as we have; nor is the fundamental relation which minds bear to him a temporal relation. So far as it concerns minds, then, *creation must simply mean the eternal fact that God is a complete moral agent*, that his essence is just a perfect *Conscience*—the immutable recognition of the world of spirits as having each a reality as inexpugnable as his own, as sacred as his own, with rights to be revered; supremely, the right of self-direction from personal conviction. This immutable perfection of the moral recognition by God, let it be repeated, is the living Bond in the whole world of spirits. Did it not exist, did God not exist, there would be, there could be, no such world; there could be no other spirit at all. *Real creation*, then, *means such an eternal dependence of other souls upon God that the non-existence of God would involve the non-existence of all souls, while his existence is the essential supplementing Reality that raises them to reality; without him, they would be but void names and bare possibilities*. Thus in the Divine office designated "Creation," exactly as in that denoted by "Redemption" or "Regeneration," the word is a metaphor; but in the one case as in the other, it symbolizes a reality eternal and essential, of a significance no less than stupendous.

X. The key to the whole view is found in its doctrine concerning the *system* of causation. It reduces Efficient Cause from that supreme place in philosophy which this has hitherto held, and gives the highest, the organizing place to Final Cause instead. Final Cause becomes now not merely the guiding and regulative, but actually the grounding and constitutive principle of real existence; all the other causes, Material, Formal, Efficient, become its *derivatives* as well as the objects of its systematizing control. A philosophy is thus presented in which the Ideal is indeed central and determining, and therefore real, and the measure of all other reality; a philosophy that, for the first time, might with accuracy be named Absolute Idealism, did not the title Personal express its nature still better.

For this metaphysical scheme I am not here arguing, of course. I am simply putting it forward in all its naked dogmatism, with no other object, just now, than to get its points apprehended. For this purpose it may be further helpful to point out its historical affiliations. A natural mistake would be to confound it with the theory of Berkeley; and certainly its first proposition substantially repeats Berkeley's main assertion, that nothing really exists but "spirits and their ideas"—taking Berkeley to mean by "ideas," in every spirit but God, conscious experiences, whether "inner" or "outer." But with this single proposition, the resemblance of the present theory to Berkeley's doctrine ends. Its kinship is rather with the system of Kant; and yet there would be a great misapprehension in identifying it with Kantianism. It certainly agrees with Kant, as it departs from Berkeley, in two chief matters: it maintains the *a priori* character of all the connecting and inference-supporting elements in human consciousness, and it consequently removes the center of the permanent order in Nature from the Divine mind to the human—under-

standing by the human the type of every mind other than God. It thus aims with Kant to avoid the merely theocentric or theological idealism of Berkeley, which rests on bare empiricism as an account of human knowledge; an idealism—or a sensationalism, rather—that at bottom is a mere assumption of a Divine Mind, as it permits to our intelligence no transcendental principle by which to reach the belief through a logical continuum.

Like Kant's, the present system finds the basis for its theory of knowledge in the native spontaneity of the human mind—of all minds not divine; and, again like Kant's, it provides for the “transcendental” efficacy of this spontaneous intelligence, for the power to go beyond past experience and judge of the future *in perpetuum* with unreserved universality, by the hypothesis that Nature is a system of experiences, the “matter” of which is sensation, while the “form” or fixed order of it is determined by the elements—Space, Time, Cause, and so forth—that the self-active consciousness supplies. But from this point onward its adherence to Kant ceases. It does not, like Kantian idealism, restrict the applicability of *a priori* principles to the world of sense, to mere phenomena, and thus confine knowledge to natural science; nor does it make of the distinction between our *a priori* scientific and our *a priori* ethical equipment a disjunct and impassable difference in *kind*. On the contrary, a leading aim with it is to break down the Kantian barrier between the “practical” and the “theoretical” consciousness, and to open a continuous *theoretical* highway for reason in both its scientific and its ethical uses. It seeks to raise our ethical intuition into the region of intelligence instead of feeling, and to do this by showing that the ethical first-principle is not only itself an act of knowledge, but is the principle of *all* knowledge, and of all real experience as distinguished from illusion.

In further consistency with this, in its philosophy of Nature it departs from Kant on the question of the origin of the "contents" in experience, the "matter" in natural objects. Whichever of the two views ascribed to Kant may really be his—whether this "matter" of sensation, which he says is strictly "*given*," be taken as given (1) in the sense of being *produced* in us by the agency of some other being, or (2) in the sense of simply being there inexplicably, as a dead *datum*, back of which we cannot get, and from which we must take our whole cognitive start—the theory here set forth accepts neither, but rather abandons both. It neither accepts sensation as an unfathomable *datum* merely, nor does it entertain the hypothesis that it is an effect produced in the mind by some foreign agent acting as an efficient cause. Its aim, so far as explanation through *efficient* causation is concerned, is to explain Nature wholly from the resources of the individual mind; and to explain it further, and in the full sense, by referring it beyond the individual to the whole world of minds in which every individual essentially belongs; but here the principle of explanation changes from efficient to *final* causation.

In detail, the explanation is this: Each mind other than God no doubt organizes its own sense-contents directly by its own *a priori* formative consciousness, for spontaneity is meaningless unless it is individual; and Nature is, to this extent, a product of the individual's efficient causality. But all this organizing of a sense-world, and the having of it, falls within the logical compass of each mind's central and eternal act of defining itself *as* individual; and this it does, this it *can* do, only in terms of the world of other minds—in the final resort, in terms of God, the Type of all intelligence. Thus the *primordial* self-consciousness of every mind with a sense-world, though receiving no contri-

bution from the *efficiency* of any other mind has, even with regard to Nature, a spontaneous and constant *reference* to every other, and so to the Divine Mind. In this way, the mutual recognition of all minds which is essential to the very existence of each as a conscious *individual*, and which is the cognition that constitutes them ethically rational, becomes also the constitutive principle in the world of Nature. In fact, its entrance as a principle into the natural order is precisely what raises Nature out of being a mere private show for each mind into a universal experience, with an aspect common to all minds alike. It is this that lifts it out of *resilient* manifoldness and mere disjunction, and carries it into unity—the unity of a *communal system of experience*, in which the dissents of individuals are reduced and harmonized by the deeper principle in their being, out of which their total nature flows by the self-defining act of each. Such an essential reference from each to other and to all, and from all to God, operates, however, and can operate, by no process of efficient causation. The whole operation is *ideal*; and what is called *final* causality, the influence of an ideal, which is now generally acknowledged to be the only causation in the *moral* world, is thus brought to be also the true primary causation in the world of Nature.

So much for the divergence from Kant. There is but one other modern philosophical theory with which readers would be likely to connect the present one—the system of Leibnitz. The scheme certainly does approach to the Leibnitzian monadology more closely than to any other form of idealism that has preceded it. But while it so generally agrees with Leibnitz, it also departs from him seriously—if indeed one can always be sure of what Leibnitz really means by his persistently metaphorical expressions.

Upon three very important counts, at any rate, the present scheme aims to avoid what seems to be the shortcoming of the monadology:

(1) It dislodges the self-enclosed isolation of the individual, and finds a *social* consciousness, a tacit reference to others and a more or less developed recognition of them, to be inwrought in the very self-defining thought whereby each exists; it accordingly replaces the theory of Preëstablished Harmony by that of Spontaneous Harmony, and moreover provides for a world of efficient-causal communication between the individuals other than God—the real world of physical science—by its further development of the Kantian doctrine of Space as contrasted with the nature of Time, pushing the distinction between these two Sense-Forms to its foundations in the double aspect of self-consciousness itself, and reaching the proof, missing in Kant's own research, that the Sense-Forms must be two, and only two.

(2) It thus parts company with that "gradation among the monads" which, as Leibnitz manages it,—with his conception of "body" as an assemblage of monads subject to a higher "regnant" monad, and of "God" as the Monad of monads, the Supreme Regnant under whom all these bodies are formed into a "System of Nature,"—amounts to a system of caste in the world of real individuals, annulling universal freedom, and therefore abrogating the asserted "System of Grace," by leaving to but one individual any being but process, and that a process directed exclusively by the so-called God, of whom all the other monads are but so many "fulgurations."

(3) It equally leaves aside that illusory character of extension and duration which Leibnitz so bluntly affirms, when he proposes to account for the apparent extending and lasting of sensible things by saying that these qualities are owing merely to

“confusion and obscurity of thought”: with thought distinct and clear, he holds, the *real* is seen as the monad, the bare “metaphysical point.” The theory offered in Personal Idealism, on the contrary, gives to natural objects, as items in the real experience of minds, a reality, secondary and derivative indeed, but still unquestionable, and associated *essentially* with the self-defining activity of every mind other than God, while it provides for the great and signal fact of evolution, which Leibnitz appears to have been aiming at in his doctrines of “gradation” and “aggrandizement,” by its view of the progressive character of the sense-world as a phase in the being of minds attracted by a divine Ideal.

These relations to Leibnitz, particularly when set in connection with the higher rating of individuality and of final cause that characterizes the theory now offered, suggest its close relationship with Aristotle, or even its direct derivation from him. Indeed, were it not for the profound ambiguity that marks Aristotle’s thought, its cloudy vacillation between pluralism and monism, one might well find in his repeated insistence on the dominantly individual character of Substance and on the distinctness of God from the entire world of sense and passivity, joined with his emphasis on final causation, the complete anticipation of the central features of the present view. But, taken on the whole, the main drift of Aristotle seems unmistakably to monism, after all, and his frequent elevation of final cause, *en passant*, to the apparently foremost place, is at last cancelled in the asserted efficient causality of God as the Prime Mover. Aristotle’s “real world,” combining ideal form with real matter, appears to be enclosed by him in the all-determining single-conscious compass of his Divine *θεωπία*, which he makes the synthetic “Entelechy” that unites in its action efficient and final

causation at once, and thus besets all individual existence both behind and before.

The character of the present theory, relatively to Aristotle, is to be found in its attempt to carry out the individualistic tendencies in Aristotelianism to a conclusion consistently coherent; just as it likewise attempts a consistent continuation and development of the pluralism begun by Leibnitz and carried forward by Kant to his unfortunate point of arrest. In short, the new attempt may be described as an effort to relieve the cardinal new insights of Aristotle, Leibnitz, and Kant, alike, of a common group of inherited inconsistencies, and to continue the pluralistic *aperçu*, which undergoes a growing clarification in the thinking of these great minds, onward toward its proper fulfillment.

To all the great systems thus far mentioned, I am of course in a debt that can never be cancelled. I am only too glad to acknowledge it, and my only hope is to have added to the borrowed capital, for the common use, some small increment that may render the whole more available for human demands. To the great representatives of monism, too, I feel a special indebtedness; for one owes a peculiar as well as great obligation to the thought from which he feels obliged to dissent. Particularly am I sensible of this in the case of Hegel, to whom I owe many years of light and guidance, and who must always remain for me one of the world's great minds. He has left us in his *Logic*, I am persuaded, a permanent inheritance, which, despite his metaphysical abuses of it, and despite its sundry slips and gaps, only awaits the labors of some sufficiently powerful successor to become a complete system of our experiential ascent out of inadequate to adequate categories.

PERSONAL IDEALISM AND MORAL AIMS

THE ETERNAL WORLD is a world of minds falling under the two heads of (1) God, and (2) non-divine consciousnesses who yet in their eternal aspect constitute with God and with one another an indivisibly harmonious whole. The characteristic difference between God and all the other minds, I find to lie in the possession by the latter, and by them only, of a sensuous consciousness, rising everlastingly, through a serial being in time and in space, toward a complete harmony with the eternal ideal that is the changeless central essence of each mind, and whose proper and only real object is God. In short, the new system refers the entire being and linkage of Nature to the minds other than God, so far as concerns its *efficient* causation. God is not the creator, in the sense of the literal producer, or First Cause, of any mind as such, nor even of that aspect in the conscious life of other minds which we know as their merely natural being, whether of psychic states or of physical processes. It is here that the system parts company with such an idealism as Berkeley's, and takes part with that of Kant, or, still more closely in some regards, with the earlier theory of Aristotle.

As Final Cause, however, or attracting Ideal, God has, according to this view, absolute and immutable living relations to the being of all other minds (as these also, reciprocally, have to God's own being), and likewise to the being even of Nature; so that Nature takes its supreme law, the law of Evolution, from God's existence as the eternally-realized Ideal of every mind. Hence, as Final Cause, God is at once (1) the Logical Ground apart from which, as Defining Standard, no consciousness can define itself as *I*, nor, consequently, can exist at all; and (2) the

Ideal Goal toward which each consciousness in its eternal freedom moves its merely natural and shifting being, in its effort after complete accord between the two phases of its nature, the eternal and the temporal, the rational and the sensuous.

Thus the system teaches that the two supreme Divine Offices celebrated in historic theology, Creation and Regeneration, have alike a most real meaning, though indeed not a literal but only a metaphorical one. It invites theology to realize the pressing need of now revising and correcting the conception of Creation, in a similar metaphorical sense to that in which the conception of Regeneration has now for some time been reformed; as the latter is now by leading theologians interpreted as the influence of a consciously apprehended ideal truth, the purely final causation by which the Holy Spirit gains its ends, so let the former be for the future read in the corresponding sense of a final causation alone. Between mind and mind, between God and all other minds, there is no causation but Final Cause; the sole realm of Efficient Cause is the realm of Nature, whether physical or psychic, objective or subjective; efficient causation operates from the non-divine minds to their natural (or phenomenal) and sensuous contents, or else, in a secondary manner, between the serial terms of these. Hence God is in no wise responsible for the evil, either natural or moral, that we find in the world of experience, but only for the good that gradually arises in it; and even for this good, only in chief, and not solely; for to every mind that promotes the good and helps to check the evil belongs indefeasibly the credit of his part in the increase of good and the decrease of evil. The evil in the world is the product of the non-divine minds themselves: the natural evil, of their very nature; the moral, the only *real* evil, of their failure to answer to their reason with their will.

This brief sketch must suffice as preparation for the main task which I here have in hand; namely, to exhibit, with some convincing detail, any advantages the system affords to the aims of moral life. To do this I must proceed from the foregoing outline in two directions: (1) I must clearly show the moral need for the system, by exposing the moral inadequacy of all the other current philosophical schemes, even of the many current idealisms, thus bringing out more exactly, on the way, the precise and pertinent points in which the system is new; and (2) I must then collect the several items in which the system displays its worth for those who care supremely for moral endeavor.

That the historic systems of philosophy, not only those which have been directly influenced by the historic systems of religion and theology but also those which have originated more or less in opposition to these, or in correction of them, are unequal to meeting the conditions essential to the existence of a moral order and to the possibility of a moral life in individuals, will appear plainly upon a brief analysis of their leading conceptions.

They are every one of them (with the single exception named below) colored through and through with creationism—at least tacit, and generally conscious and deliberate,—a term by which, taken literally, I conveniently designate the reference of all realities to a single First Cause, conceived as explaining existence by being their efficient, or originating, or producing Source. In other words, from the fourfold system of causes set forth by Aristotle—Material, Formal, Efficient, and Final—they all select Efficient Cause as the category which is to be primordial in their scheme of explanation; then they have this Efficient Cause produce the Material, and mould and change it by the Formal, in answer to the Final as its purpose. In proceeding so, they no doubt follow a universal historic impulse of the human mind,

unpurified by sufficient self-criticism; for this impulse displays itself in all the various systems of religion and their accordant theologies.

This theme of literal creation is so inwrought into the structure of historic thinking, that it will require a long struggle on the part of criticism to get rid of it. Through the influence of the Church and the philosophical schools, it may be said to have become in fact institutional, so that combating it is like fighting organized civilization itself. Yet one can make the truth clear, that only by the dislodgment of it is the success of the deeper principle possible which is the real soul of civilization—I mean the principle of moral life, the life of duty freely followed.

If we examine the great historic systems, we see that with reference to this creationism they may be thrown into the following four main groups:

First, those that are either (1) the direct theological expressions of the post-exilic Hebraism which, taking occasion from the Eternal Dualism of the Parsees, and correcting it by a modified recognition of the Supreme Being of the older Orientalisms, taught a dualism of a monarcho-theistic sort—of a Creator, and a creation summoned into existence by his sheer fiat (e.g., the systems of Augustine, Aquinas, and Scotus), or else are (2) philosophical enterprises undertaken in all rational good faith but silently engendered by the influence of this Hebraic doctrine even when they greatly modify it (e.g., the systems of Descartes, Leibnitz, Locke, Berkeley, the Deists, and, with all his protests, at the last pinch even Kant).

Second, those that for this dualistic and miraculous exercise of efficient causation, for creation *ex nihilo*, substitute the older but more rationally continuous view of the immanence of the creation in a monistic Creator or Eternal Source, and thus carry us

back into the current of pantheistic emanationism dating from primeval times, e.g., the systems of Erigena, Nicolas Cusanus, Malebranche, Spinoza, Fichte, Schelling, Hegel; with such later offshoots as in Spencer, Fiske, T. H. Green, the two Cairds, Bradley, and Royce—all tracing back, in the last resort, to the great Oriental philosophies of which the Vedanta is the type. Here, upon the whole, critical interpretation must place the general views of Plato and of Aristotle, the great fountain-heads of the manifold idealisms of the West. In this group belong, too, unless I quite misunderstand them, the systems of Dr. W. T. Harris, Professor Kedney, and Professor Macbride Sterrett.

Third, those that abandon every sort of consciousness as a First Principle, drop Final Cause from the list of causes, and so make Matter the producing source of every one of its forms, through the force supposed to be inherent in it or commanent with it. These are the manifold materialisms, atomic or other, from Democritus to Büchner, Vogt, or Dühring.

Fourth, those that repudiate the search into causes as baseless and futile. They demand that philosophy, to be sound, shall drop metaphysics as well as theology, and confine itself rigidly to observational and experimental science, merely describing with precision, though as comprehensively as possible, the facts of history and experience. This view is known as Positivism, and bears but one noted name, that of Comte, though all the strictly skeptical systems have contributed to it, from the Later Academy down to Hume. In its own way, it frees itself from creationism utterly. But this way is the way of confessed and open atheism.

Considering these four groups with reference to their bearing on the possibility of moral action, we at once throw out the third and the fourth, as systems of confessed necessarianism,

which do not even pretend to furnish any basis for individual freedom or for the pursuit of a rational aim (such as fullness of life in the whole spirit) from conviction and choice. On the ground either of Positivism or of materialism, ethics can never, properly speaking, be morals. If it escapes fatalism of the hardest sort, with all the consequent hopelessness for most, it cannot avoid hedonism, nor, in the logical end, an egoistic and utterly transient and trivial hedonism.

We have to confine ourselves, then, in any hope of finding conditions adequate for morality—conditions adequate that is, for the life of serious duty—to the first and second of our groups. But from the second—the systems of efficient causation construed in terms of monism and immanence—the self-determining individual is necessarily cancelled. All the particular beings involved in the being of the monistic Whole are but modes or expressions of the sole self-activity of the Whole; they have no activity really their own, but only a derivative *operation*, determined by the One. This is either openly confessed by the supporters of these systems, or, if they attempt to evade it, they are compelled to end in more or less concealed confessions of it, despite all their efforts. If anybody doubts this, let him attentively read Hegel on this question, or T. H. Green, the brothers Caird, and Professor Royce.*

The first group of systems, the dualistic (or literal) creationisms, have, to first impression, a certain appearance of providing for the possibility of freedom, and therefore of a genuine morality. For it seems nominally possible that a Creator by fiat might yet say: "Be, thou!—a nature with power to perceive and

* Let the interested reader consult, particularly, Professor Royce's "Supplementary Essay" in the volume entitled *The Conception of God* (New York, The Macmillan Co., 1897), in the chapter where he undertakes to deal with the question of the freedom of the individual.

to judge, and with will to choose, unpredestined; I create thee rational, and leave thee untrammelled." But not to mention the complete contradiction of this which the usual theologies and other schemes of predestination introduce, from the need of organizing the world-plan consistently with their monarchotheistic First Principle, it soon appears that creationism itself, even in this dualistic form (which does to some degree extricate, or appear to extricate, the creature from the embrace of the creator), must logically exclude the possibility of freedom. For the Creator cannot, of course, create except by exactly and precisely conceiving; otherwise his product would not differ from nonentity. The created nature must therefore inevitably register the will and the plan of the Creator; and there is really no more escaping this under the dualistic scheme than under the monistic, where the consequence has been fearlessly drawn for us all, for all time, in the classic illustration of Spinoza concerning the moving stone, flung from the sling and coming to consciousness after the impulse. Aware only of its unimpeded movement, and not at all of the impelling start, this would of course imagine itself self-moving and free. But those who see whence that unhindered movement really comes, know better. They know how utterly predetermined are both its direction and its rate, by the One who gave it to be.

So much for the problem of Freedom. There is another, the solution of which is also essential to the working fulfillment of a moral life—I mean the problem of Evil. This, our third and fourth groups are clearly unequal to coping with. They indeed have alike no conscious World-Author to blame for evil, but they alike reduce all evil to natural evil, since their necessarian systems provide no room for blamable wrong in men. Thus they furnish no field for the compensation of even natural evil (to say

nothing of moral) by voluntary good, and therefore they both force the unreserved acceptance of "things as they are."

Nor is this result escaped by a resort to the second group of our systems. Neither Spencerian Agnosticism nor the higher forms of evolutionary philosophy known as Cosmic Theism or Idealistic Monism can avoid making the One Ground of Things, whether conceived of as conscious or as unknowable, responsible for all that is in life, the evil as well as the good. And the utterly intimate intermingling of the First Cause with all its effects soever, which these monistic systems all imply, and which some of them frankly maintain, renders this responsibility so direct and complete as to shock all our ideal sensibilities and make reverence for such a Being, vast and mighty as the Being may be, quite impossible—even reverence, not to speak of adoring devotion. How can we revere that which consciously produces or permits uncontrolled evil, even on the pretense that it is done for eventual good? How worship that which sins in and with us, even if this sinning be for ultimate universal penitence and amendment? Or how can we commit our guidance, devoutly, to that of which we cannot say whether it is conscious or unconscious, and into whose counsels, or whose drift, if perchance it have any, we cannot possibly penetrate? It is condemnation, not recommendation of these systems, to any moral mind, when their advocates declare, as sometimes they do, that "the God of things as they are is the God of things as they ought to be." A mind heartily moral knows better, when the poet, however plausibly, declares that "whatever *is* is right." As moral beings, we *know* that much which is *wrong*, and is in no way palliable, or even to be tolerated, by a good being; yes, that our whole business with it is simply to get rid of it, and to bring on a state of the world in which it shall no longer have room to exist.

This same responsibility for evil, even for sin, is also carried back upon God by the systems in our first group. The predestinating Sovereign, the universal Maker, cannot escape the contagion of the evil and the wickedness that pervades the world which he creates and from moment to moment sustains. Even the natural evil in the world, however regarded as a means of greater good, is so extensively administered with a reckless hand, absolutely regardless of the suffering of conscious beings, as to revolt minds even as little developed in goodness as ours. How dare we say that such things are wrought even by the *consent* of divine Justice and Love? Still less, surely, dare we say that they are wrought by a God's predestinating *edict*.

Under such lights as these, which are shed from what the vast majority of thinking men agree is the profoundest and best that is in us, all such systems as we have described display their final moral incompetency. Let us turn now to the new view, the view that abandons both monism and monarcho-theism, that abandons creationism in both its forms, takes resort to Final Cause as the primary and only explanatory principle, and holds to an Eternal Pluralism of causal minds, each self-active, though all recognizant of all others, and thus all in their central essence possessed of moral autonomy, the very soul of all really moral being. How will this view adjust itself to the primary conditions of moral life? In answering this, I must avoid all practical detail, and confine myself to the universal conditions of moral activity.

(1) *The first of these conditions is the reality of moral freedom.* Upon this the new system is clear, absolutely clear, and alone is so. It alone founds the real and the phenomenal world in the unqualified reality of a world of individual minds, each of them individual in the only sufficing sense—the sense of self-active intelligence as well as of complete particular identity. It

establishes this as a fact in the only way in which such establishment is possible; that is, by proving for each mind a system of *a priori* cognition, here following and at the same time clarifying the argumentation of Kant, and taking care to note, and to refute, the counter-argumentation founded on the theory of natural evolution. It provides, too, for freedom in both senses: that of spontaneous decision and action, eternally and unchangeably adhering to the cause of Right alone; and that of choice in alternatives, as these continually present themselves in time—the ever recurring alternative between the one eternal choice of Right and the manifold and ever varying forms of temporal defect and wrong.

Not a single one of these causally real individuals is determined to his acts by any extraneous efficient causation, not even God's, but each is led wholly by ideal influences, by final causation purely, as these ideal influences are by each apprehended and interpreted. The responsibility of each goes back, in the last resort, to his responsibility for right knowledge and right judgment, the sources of which he possesses in his essence, as knowing *a priori*.

The complete reality of freedom is found, however, in the possibility of realizing a moral order in the world of experience. By this I do not mean the mere maybe-so of such an order, but the real power of bringing it about; and the new system provides for this, and alone provides for it, first, by the objective aspect of its theory of Freedom, and secondly, by its supplying a thorough proof for the doctrine of Immortality. But these two matters carry us into further conditions of the moral life, and require separate treatment.

(2) *The objective nature of the self-active consciousness—objective by virtue of its intrinsically social and federal character.*

Without this, the moral ideal would be nothing but an empty egoism, incapable of transcending solipsism, and leading only to a self-centered culture. Justice and benevolence would have no place in such a life, but only aesthetic self-refinement and self-poise—what the Greeks called *σωφροσύνη*, which we try quite in vain to translate by temperance, moderation, self-control, sobriety, modesty, and what not. But the new theory puts altruism into the very being of each spontaneous self, and lodges his necessary recognition of others in the very primal intelligent act whereby he defines himself and gives intelligible meaning to his saying *I*. The spontaneous logical form of this first certainty for each, is thus primordially social. By this the system reveals the fact that Kant's "categorical imperative," in its final and fully significant form, *So act as to regard humanity, whether thine own or that of another, as an End withal, and never merely as a means*, is in reality the very first principle of *knowledge*. Hence the moral principle gets the desired warrant from intelligence which past systems have all failed to give it. The interrupting Kantian gap between morality and intelligence is closed; morality itself becomes *intellectual*—at once itself objective, inclusive of others equally real with the self, and conferring objectivity, that is, universally intelligible value, upon the individual intelligence. The sources of *objective* moral judgment in the world of time and circumstance are also thus laid open to the experience of each mind, in the power to consult the public judgment and to verify or correct the private judgment by it.

(3) *Fulfilled freedom, however, as the experimental realization of a moral life, founded in autonomous judgment, depends upon the Immortality of the Individual, in the sense of the everlastingness of his process of experience.* On no other terms, as Kant has well shown, can the moral person fulfil his task to win

the realization of his divine ideal, the reduction of his transitional life under the dominance of his eternal choice of the image of God—the image of perfect Holiness, Justice, and Love. Now the new idealism, the organic Rational Pluralism, furnishes the only clear proofs of individual immortality, in the sense of an everlasting personal continuance in a world of perceptions organized by the presence of eternal ideals, supplying power for their eventual victory. But lack of space forbids me from here rehearsing these proofs. I must refer the interested reader to the form of them presented in my essay on Human Immortality.

(4) *The hope of the real and lasting improvement of this present world by our moral endeavor.* With lack of this, there would be moral discouragement, and the chief use of this life would be merely to find the means of departing out of it; righteousness could only be “in heaven”—in “the hereafter.” This added essential to moral effort Personal Idealism supplies, with assurance of hope, in its indivisible union of the eternal and the temporal worlds; a union in which the eternal is the unitary and governing whole, and the temporal the potentially governed part.

(5) *The validity of the belief in the solvability of the enigma of Evil.* We can have no hope in moral endeavor in a world whose Source and Controller we cannot clear of the suspicion of intending or causing evil, or of being in collusion with it, or even of conniving at it. We have seen, above, how all the systems that work from a single Efficient Cause hopelessly fail to attain this clearance of the Cause. I have already hinted at the contrasted success of the new Pluralism. Its God has no part whatever in the causation of evil, but the whole of evil, both natural and moral, falls into the causation, either natural or moral, that belongs to the minds other than God. They alone carry in their being the world of sense, wherein alone evil occurs or wrong-

doing can be made real. This evil pertaining to the non-divine is moreover capable of cure, through the immanence of each being's eternal principle of good and the presence to it of the divine Friend and Savior. So we pass to the concluding condition.

(6) *The validity of the belief in God.* That is, the belief in a real absolutely perfect Person, transcendent of every other, immanent in none, except by the presence eternally of his Image, or Ideal, before each mind; a real Being, not an Ideal simply; complete in Holiness, Justice, and Love, changelessly attentive to every other mind, rationally sympathetic with all its experiences, and bent on its spiritual success; its inexorable Judge, but also its eternal Inspirer, by his omnipresent reality and his ever present Image in the conscience.

The absence of objective reality from such an ideal Being, its reduction to a subjective ideal simply, as some modern philosophers caught in an agnostic snare have proposed, would strip moral life of the main support for its struggle against wrong. Amid the manifold disappointments and discouragements of the long battle with defect and wrong, the merely subjective ideal would tend to fade out, to decline both in vividness and in character, and so cease to attract and adequately guide effort. The only adequate support—and it *is* adequate—is the *reality* of God, the heavenly Judge, the unfailing Beholder and Sympathizer. To him, the one Absolute Conscience, in every moral disaster *our* conscience turns for assured refuge and certain renewal of moral courage and strength. That is the real act and infallible function of Prayer.

I think it may justly be said that the new Harmonic Pluralism furnishes the only valid proofs for the reality of such a Being. For one form they take, let me refer to the essay, "The Harmony of Determinism and Freedom," and also, in a somewhat sim-

pler expression, to "The Right Relation of Reason to Religion."* I would point out, however, the fact that all other systems professedly theistic either draw their intended proofs for the being of God from naturalistic considerations that must fall short of all attributes properly divine, while at the same time unavoidably staining the image of the Most High with direct or indirect responsibility for all evil; or they rest their case on that fallacious form of the Ontologic Proof which fails to carry us beyond subjective ideality; or else, as in the moral method of Kant, they lose all hold on *known* reality, and leave God's being, for its sole support, to our fealty toward our moral calling.

* *The Limits of Evolution*, Essay V.

THE LIMITS OF EVOLUTION*

IT HAS BECOME a commonplace that in the thinking of the nineteenth century the characteristic and epochal fact was the conception of Evolution. This conception has at length been carried out into every province of human experience and is now in some loose sense a general habit of thought. Its raptest devotees have for some years demanded that the mind of man itself, in which the conception had its very origin and basis, shall confess its own subjection to the universal law, shall henceforth acknowledge itself to be simply a result of development from what is not mind, and shall regard all that it has been accustomed to call its highest attributes—its ideality, its sense of duty, its religion—as tracing their origin back to the unideal, the conscienceless, the unreligious, and as thus in some sense depending for their being on what has well been termed “the physical basis of life.”

This doctrine of mental origins need not be taken, however, in the sense of materialism. Indeed, its able and exact advocates expressly repudiate the materialistic construction often put upon it; and to meet their views with precision and justice one ought carefully and persistently to discriminate their doctrine from materialism. To do this may cost much exercise of subtlety; but the distinction is real, be it as subtle as it may. Rather, the doctrine is in its exactest statement a mode of idealism; and this idealistic philosophy took two different forms.

In the hands of most of the evolutionists, the philosophy was agnosticism—idealism arrested at the line of mere subjectivity and skeptical negation. It demanded that the God of our familiar

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traditional religion, the omniscient Creator who sees in the beginning that consummate end when the children of his hand shall bear his perfect spiritual image, and who thus is eternally their Redeemer, shall abdicate in favor of the Unknowable—the omnipresent Power that doubtless is immanent in all things, and whose resistless infinity comes forth in the ever growing process of evolution, but whose nature and whose final goal are forever hidden from even possible knowledge; the Immutable Energy, of which we may declare neither that it is conscious nor unconscious, neither that it is material nor spiritual, but only that it is the Secret behind the Veil.

But in the hands of others the philosophy of evolution became an *affirmative* idealism: the theory of the Unknowable gave way to the theory of Cosmic Theism, the Persistent Force to the Omnipresent Mind. God was made immanent in Nature—as directly present throughout the immensity of the universe as each person's mind is to its own body. Every member in the vast whole, nay, every atom, was represented as instinct with God; yes, as *being* God in some limitation or other, and in some victorious expression or other, of his incessant energy. As declared in the threadbare lines of Pope,

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul.

All things are accordingly but aspects in the self-vision of the one and only eternal Consciousness, whose ceaseless rending of his successive disguises, that he may at length appear to himself in his proper image, unconfined and unobscured, is the explanatory cause of that ever changing, ever broadening, and ever deepening stream of existences which we have come to name the Drama of Evolution:

They change and perish all—but HE remains;

A moment guess'd—then back behind the fold
Immerst of darkness round the Drama roll'd

Which, for the pastime of eternity,
He doth Himself contrive, enact, behold.

Under a sheer evolutionary account of man, the world of real persons, the world of individual responsibility with its harmony of spontaneous dutifulness, disappears. With it disappears the genuine personality of God. An immanent Cosmic Consciousness is not a personal God. For the very quality of personality is, that a person is a being who recognizes others as having a reality as unquestionable as his own, and who thus sees himself as a member of a moral republic, standing to other persons in an immutable relationship of reciprocal duties and rights, himself endowed with dignity, and acknowledging the dignity of all the rest. The doctrine of a Cosmic Consciousness, on the contrary, reduces all created minds either to mere phenomena or, at best, to mere modes of the Sole Divine Life, and all their lives to mere *effects* of its solitary omnipresent causation:

When me they fly, I am the wings.

This discovery, that the leading conceptions of the evolutionary philosophy are opposed to the vital conceptions underlying the historical religion of our Western civilization, of course does not in the least settle the merits of the issue between these conceptions in the court of rational evidence. But the interests at stake touch everything that imparts to human life the highest worth, and all that our past culture has taught us most to value. These interests, it may well be contended, are so great as to justify us in challenging any theory that threatens them. Human nature is

not prepared to face despair, until it shall have been proved beyond all question, and after a search entirely exhaustive, that despair must indeed be faced.

Amid all the clamor of the times in extolling evolution, then, it is eminently seasonable to ask, *Just how much can the principle of evolution really do?* Is it of such reach and such profundity as actually to serve for the explanation of everything known? To state the question more exactly, How far over the fields of being does evolution really go, and with unbroken continuity? Let us try to discuss this question critically and definitively, and so let us ask:

(1) Whether evolution really has no limits at all?

(2) Whether it has not limits even within the universe of phenomena, and, if it has, what these limits are?

(3) If these limits, though recognizable, can still be passed, what is the only clue to the possibility of making evolution cosmically continuous?

But here many a reader will probably say, How can there be any serious question in this matter at all, at least for minds that have finally broken with external authority, and believe the human faculties, working upon the evidence of facts, to be the only judges of what is true? Has not science now spoken in this matter, and in words that cannot be reversed? To this I would reply, that on the question really started in the mind of our times, the question which I raise in this essay, science in its own proper function has absolutely nothing to say. The truth is, *science* never has said anything about it, and never will nor can say anything about it. Many scientific *experts* have no doubt had much to say in the matter, and oftenest in the interest of the evolutionary philosophy. But they ought to get aware, and everybody else ought

to keep aware, that when they talk of a *universal* principle of evolution, they have left the province of their sciences, and the very bounds of all science as such.

Of course, there is no longer any question at all as to the reality of evolution as a *fact*, within the specific region where it has been the subject of scientific inquiry. There is no question, either, of the use and importance of the hypothesis of evolution as a *method* of science, in that same definite and tested region. On this matter, it is the business of scientific experts alone to discover and to speak, and it is the privilege as well as the duty of philosophers, as of other people not experts in science, to listen to what the men of science report, and to accept it as soon as it comes with their settled consensus. But whatever some *men* of science may do in the way of philosophical speculation, *science* makes no claim whatever that evolution goes a hair's breadth farther than its scientific evidences carry it; and hitherto these evidences are strictly confined to the morphology and the physiology of *living* beings, and of living beings only—to the thread of descent by reproduction, convincingly traceable by observation and experiment from the lowest forms of plant life to the highest of animal.*

The extension of evolution from this limited and lowly scope in the region of life into a theory of cosmical reach, and, still farther, into a theory of the *origin* of life, and then of the origin of *mind*, is an act for which science furnishes no warrant whatever. The step into boundlessness is simply the work of philosophical speculation, as it always is. I do not mean to say that

* It is of course not ignored here that the entire series of physiological phenomena is everywhere accompanied by a "parallel" or concomitant series of psychic or "mental" *phenomena*, which coördinately undergoes an evolution of its own. In fact, one might say, with many of the biologists, that this psychic series is but a part of "physiology" totally conceived; though the thread of genetic connection is of course not at all the same as that in physiology proper. But this implication does not touch the question of the *essential* mind, the intelligent *principle*.

philosophical speculation is necessarily without warrant, or destitute of evidences of its own, more or less valid within its own field. But what I do wish to say is, that these evidences are not the evidences of science; that scientific evidences must by their nature stop short of such sweeping universals; and that when either scientific men or the general public assume that such speculative extensions of principles reached in some narrow field of science have the support and the prestige of science, they are deluded by a sophism—a sophism really so glaring that its common prevalence is matter for astonishment, and might beforehand well be incredible. The correctness of this statement will appear as we go on.

No, our question is not in the least a question of science. It is only when men of science, or other people fascinated by the powers of the scientific method, undertake to raise this into the universal method of philosophy that our question ever comes forward. Upon it science is reservedly silent. It is a question of philosophy alone; and philosophers, whether professedly such or not, who make this surprising claim for the method and evidences of science, must not expect to carry the day by mere proclamation. They must come to the bar of historic philosophy, and be judged by that Reason which is the source of philosophical and of scientific method both, and the sole authority to determine the limits of either.

I

DIRECTING OUR ATTENTION first to the agnostic form of the new philosophy, and taking up the first of our foregoing questions, we find at once a fact of the greatest significance. Yet in the popular apprehension of evolution this fact is continually so ignored or neglected that its statement will likely enough come to many

readers as a genuine surprise, and not improbably as a mystery hard to fathom. The fact is this: When the question is brought home whether evolution has no limits at all, the careful and really qualified advocates of the evolutionary philosophy are found to be the most stringent deniers of the limitless range of evolution. Its limits, they say, are rigid and absolute: it reigns only in the field of *phenomena*, including the "outer" or physical world of the external senses, and the "inner" or psychological world open to mental experience, otherwise called "inner sense."

The distinction here implied is so very important that I shall surely be pardoned for going far enough into the explanation of philosophical technicalities to make it clear. It is the distinction between (1) the facts of direct experience—the realities that present themselves to our sensible apprehension, "outer" or "inner" as the case may be, forming a series of innumerable items arranged either by contiguity in Space or by succession in Time—and (2) a higher or profounder kind of reality which reason requires us to assume as the indispensable and sufficient ground for the occurrence and the ceaseless changing of the former, and, above all, for those changeless connections of sequence and position which we observe among them, and which by common consent we designate as the laws of cause and effect, or of the uniformity of Nature. To mark the fact that the realities of the first sort are without other evidence than their presentation to our senses "outer" or "inner," it is agreed in philosophy to call them "phenomena," that is, simply appearances in consciousness. To mark the counter-fact that the underlying Reality, contrasted with appearances, and required as their explanation, is forever hidden from the senses, and is therefore without other evidence than that of pure reason, philosophical consensus names it a "noumenon," that is, a reality present simply to the reason.

Upon this distinction between the phenomenal and the noumenal the whole discussion hangs and turns. To the proposition maintained by evolutionist philosophy, that evolution has no application beyond phenomena and can have none, historic philosophy at once gives its assent and its authority.* The dispute begins, only when the school of evolution goes on to place the whole of human or other living nature in the realm of the phenomenal, denying to the living, even as a psychic being, any noumenal reality of its own, and treating even the human person as a mere form in which, as in all other phenomena, the supersensible Noumenon, one and sole, appears; or, in other words, as a mere manifestation or effect of the Noumenon, which is held by the school to be omnipresent, immutable, immanent in all phenomena, indivisible and all-embracing, solitary and universal.

Beyond this point of agreement among all evolutionists, agnostic and pantheistic alike, the dispute opens further, and within the evolutionist school itself, when those of the agnostic party go on to declare that the Reality beyond phenomena—which they insist exists as an “immutable datum of consciousness”—must be regarded as permanently the Unknowable. The dispute gets to its keenest when they base this agnostic dogma on the claim that nothing deserving the name of *knowledge* is attainable in any way except the method of natural science. To this extravagant estimate of scientific method, to the superficial philosophy of this method which it implies, and to the consequent construing of the Noumenon as unknowable, the pantheistic idealists demur, and go on to vindicate the complete knowableness of the Reality at the basis of experience by attempting to show Reason

* Just as, at the same time, it condemns and discredits Positivism for its attempt to ignore this fundamental distinction, essential to the being of philosophy and expressive of the very nature of reason.

itself to be that Reality, which as perfectly self-knowing must be perfectly knowable to reason in men. The issue thus becomes implacable between the agnostics and these affirmative idealists; and it is only just to say that in the demurrer to the overestimate of natural science and its method, in the criticism of the shallow analysis of the method, and in the protest against the finality of agnosticism, historic philosophy sides with these *quasi*-theists. The agnostic position, the largest historic view of philosophy would say, is an unwarrantable arrest of the philosophic movement of reason; and its unjustifiable character appears in the fact, which can clearly be shown, that it involves at once a *petitio* and a self-contradiction.

This largest philosophy would no doubt also convict pantheistic idealism of an undue arrest of reason; but its first concern is to approve the protest of this form of idealism against the assault on the power of reason to reach absolute reality. It approves, too, when this idealism criticizes the agnostic interpretation of the method of science, as a shallow analysis of what the method presupposes. Still, its condemnation of pantheism, even when pantheism is idealistic, is unyielding, and renders its discredit of the logic employed by agnosticism only the more inexorable. Its justification in both of these adverse judgments will be our main occupation for the rest of this essay, but our first attention must go to what it declares against agnostic evolutionism. And let us turn, first of all, to the proof that this agnosticism, as just alleged, involves a self-contradiction and a begging of the question.

If it were indubitable that we can only know what our inner and outer *senses* tell us—only the facts of present and past experience—then “it needs must follow as the night the day” that we can know only phenomena, and that the noumenal Reality

behind phenomena must remain forever unknowable. But to say, even with deep Tennyson (God save the mark!), that "we have but faith," that "we cannot know," that "knowledge is of things we see," is to dogmatize in the very premises of the debate, and to raid upon the central matter at issue. The question whether we have not some knowledge independent of any and all experience—whether there must not, unavoidably, be some knowledge *a priori*, some knowledge which we come at simply by virtue of our nature—is really the paramount question, around which the whole conflict in philosophy concentrates, and on the decision of which the settlement of every other question hangs. To cast the career of a philosophy upon a negative answer to it, as if this were a matter of course—which the English school from Hobbes onward has continually done—is to proceed not only upon a *petitio*, but upon a delusion regarding the security of the road.

This placid and complacent delusion might far more fitly be called an *ignoratio elenchi*—an "overlooking of the thumbscrew"—than the fallacy which actually has that name; for those who entertain it are blind to the snare laid for them in the very structure of that experience on which they build their doctrine, and risk unawares the thumbscrew prepared by Kant. *He* suggested that experience may be not at all simple, but always complex, so that the very possibility of the experience which seems to the empiricist the absolute foundation of knowledge may depend on the presence in it of a factor that will have to be acknowledged as *a priori*. This factor issues from the *nature* of the mind that has the experience, and introduces into experience all that distinguishableness, that arrangedness, and that describable form, without which it could not be conceived as apprehensible or intelligible, that is, as an experience at all.

The almost surprisingly happy thought of Mr. Spencer and his school at this juncture—to turn the flank of Kant and his “pure reason” by applying the conception of evolution to the origin of ideas, and thus explaining *a priori* knowing away—does not do the work it was contrived for. It is certainly adroit to say that cognitions which in us human beings are felt as irresistible, as if part of the nature of things and incapable of change or of alternative, are simply the result in us of transmitted inheritance; that our remote ancestral predecessors had these cognitions at most as associations only habitual, regarding which no incapability of exception was felt, and that *our* feeling them as necessities is merely the result of their coming to us through generation after generation of successive ancestors, handing on their accumulated associations in ever increasing mass and cohesion. But this clever stroke cannot get rid of Kant’s suggestion, that in order to the solidifying of associations in *any* consciousness there must be some *principle*—some *spring*—of association, of unification, of synthesis, in that consciousness itself. Nor can anybody merely by the suggestion of a counter-theory, however plausible, dispose of those profound and penetrating arguments of Kant’s by which the great Königsberger shows Time and Space, for instance, to be *a priori*, and exposes the fact that every attempt to explain them as generalizations from experience must tacitly assume them already operative in the very formation of the experiences from which the generalization is made. Without them, Kant’s point is, the thinker could not make use of the experiences to generalize to them; he must have had them, and *in forming experiences* employed them already, in order to his having *in* the experiences the requisite characters on which to rest and support the generalization.

The theory that the synthetic processes in our human consciousness are merely associations of habit, Hume, to be sure, construed as referring to each single mind only; and Kant's force in replying to him might at first seem owing to this neglect of the evolutionary series in which experiences really run. But adding the vast enginery of eonic evolution to Hume's views really does nothing toward removing that weighty and piercing objection of Kant's. For even supposing all other cases conceded, whatever seeming necessity of *other* ideas evolution and heredity might be assumed to explain, the attempt to explain by them the origin of our consciousness of Time must fall under the ban of Kant's saying. Time is presupposed in any association of sensible items at all; myriadfold is it presupposed in the ever accumulating, ever consolidating associations in the drift of evolution. It is the indispensable presupposition of our even figuring to ourselves the process of evolution, and it cannot have been transmitted to us except by having previously been acquired somewhere among our progenitors, more or less remote. *When did it enter the stream of evolution, and how?*

Strive as one may, there is no escape from Kant's implication that not even evolution* can produce Time in our consciousness—the perception of the *infinite* possibility of succession. For Time is the necessary presupposition without which evolving consciousness could not have the groupings of succession, hardening evermore, that are supposed to lead slowly on to the consciousness of Time as a necessary and immutable condition of experience. There is for the evolutionist no escape from Kant's

* Even the *cosmic* conception of evolution was perfectly familiar to Kant. In fact, Kant was the first to expound it in grand detail (in his *Universal History of Nature and Theory of the Heavens*), and he therefore cannot have failed to include it mentally in his sweeping assertion that there is a vicious circle in every attempt to found our consciousness of Time on generalization.

clutches, except he maintain either that succession can exist without Time, or else that Time is *per se* a *thing*, instead of a relating-principle for things. If he take the former alternative, he falls into Kant's *elench* more hopelessly than ever, for he will have to tell what, in that case, succession intelligibly is. If he take the latter, he will recede into antiquated metaphysics, which talks about existence *per se*, out of all relation to minds, and which, at any rate in respect to the nature of Time, received its quietus in Kant's *Transcendental Aesthetic*.

The cautious thinker, then, who would estimate the value of agnostic evolutionism in the light of the history of philosophical discussion, will join in the verdict that the current philosophy of evolution is guilty of the fallacy of *petitio* when it offers its argument for the Unknowable as if it were a proof conclusive. The argument rests on a *parti pris* in the fundamental dispute in philosophy, especially in modern philosophy, and so leaves in the air the whole system built upon it. A much more serious matter is, that by its neglect of Kant's profound and hitherto unrefuted considerations, and by disregarding the presumption thus established in favor of the opposing view, agnosticism draws upon itself the discredit of philosophizing somewhat in the dark, and not in the wide daylight of entire historic thought. Far from being the conclusive truth which its tone of so confident propagandism would imply, and which the throng of its generally intelligent but inexpert readers are prone to take for granted, the agnostic system appears to the critical student of philosophy as logically an open question at best.

The self-contradiction of agnosticism—to pass now to its second alleged defect—is a characteristic which it shares in common with other philosophies that fall short of a view completely comprehensive. The self-contradiction comes out in a peculiar

way, particularly interesting for the critical history of thought. It may be made apparent as follows. The system maintains at once the two propositions, (1) that all knowledge is founded wholly on sense-perception, physical or psychic, and is consequently restricted to the objects and items of experience, that is, to phenomena merely; and (2) that the Reality beyond phenomena is nevertheless an immutable datum of consciousness, that is, an unquestionable certainty, or, in equivalent words, a matter of unqualified knowledge. In short, it is maintained that we can only know by means of sense, and yet can really know that the supersensible exists; that our cognitive powers are confined to the field of phenomena, and yet that they somehow penetrate beyond that field sufficiently to *know* that a Noumenon is real. We are naturally led to ask, By what strange power is this feat accomplished?—by what criterion of truth is this certainty tested? Of course it cannot be by sense, for the object is supersensible; how, then, is it managed? We get this answer: We know the truth that the Unknowable exists, by the criterion of all truth, namely, the “inconceivability of the opposite.” But if this criterion really says anything in support of genuine certainty, it says that a pure conception of the mind, going quite beyond the literal testimony of sense, is objectively valid, in and of itself.

Manifestly, the only way of escape from this very awkward conclusion, so plainly contradictory to the prime thesis that our knowledge rests on sense alone and is confined to things of sense, is to say that inconceivability means nothing but the *incapacity* which limited experience begets in us—our impotence to think beyond the bounds built for us by the accumulated pressure of hereditary impressions. But here, if we would maintain the empiricist theory of knowledge in its consistent integrity, we are confronted with two difficulties: (1) How can impotence to pass

the limits of experience suddenly be transformed into power to pass them and pierce to a Noumenon, even as barely existent? (2) How can our incapability of conceiving the opposite of existence for the Noumenon mean anything more than that we are so hemmed in by the massed result of our sense-impressions as to be incapable of releasing our thoughts from their mould?—that we must think as sense compels us, and are unable to tell whether the thinking means anything more than its own occurrence, or not? Construed with rigorous consistency, then, the existence of a noumenal Unknowable as “an immutable datum of consciousness” turns out to mean nothing but this: our conceptions are built for us in such irresistible fashion that we cannot help *supposing* there is such a Noumenon; but whether a genuine Reality answers to this helpless thought, there is nothing to indicate.

There thus comes to light a more secret and more deeply constitutional contradiction in this agnostic scheme—the contradiction between the merely evolutionary origin of our power of thought and the reality of that Unknowable from which the system derives its main agnostic *motif*. Here we learn, if we attend to what the situation means, that we cannot affirm an absolute Reality and then stop short, with the result of leaving it entirely vacuous and blank. If we can trust our conceiving powers or our judgment in the transcendent act of asserting the *reality* of the Noumenon, why should we be smitten with sudden distrust of these supersensible powers when we come to the problem of knowing the nature of this transcendent Being? Surely there ought to be shown some justification for this arrest of the transcending cognition, this apparently arbitrary discrimination between one of its acts and other possible similar acts. It will not do to plead here that the Noumenon is *per se* supersensible, but

that the reach of our conceptive powers, on the contrary, is limited to the world of sense. If we assume that our cognizing the existence of the Noumenon is anything more than an illusion, we have already granted to one of our conceptions the privilege of overstepping this limit.

Thus at every turn the inherent inconsistency and inner contradiction lurking in the evolutionary explanation of mind, with its consequent doctrine of mental limitation, comes into light. The noumenal changeless Energy, incessant and ubiquitous, was rightly felt by Mr. Spencer and his school to be indispensable to the explanation—yes, to the very existence—of evolution. Without it no new form could arise among phenomena; nor could there be such a fact as variation of species in response to varying environment, or as natural selection resulting from a struggle for existence. In short, the Unseen Power must be a certainty, if evolution is to be, and is to work; yet when evolution exists, when it works with the unbounded sweep desired, and *mind* becomes its product, then mind can have no faculty by which to reach the certainty of an Unseen Power, since consciousness is then reduced to sense alone, to sense-perceptions and abstractions from them.

In this impotence of the principle of evolution to cross the break between the phenomenal and the noumenal, displayed, as it is, in such an apparel of contradictions and assumptions, the philosophic range of evolution finds its First Limit.

II

PASSING TO OUR SECOND QUESTION, we ask: Can evolution be made validly continuous throughout the world of *phenomena*? Here we speedily become aware that it cannot have even this compass, *except at the cost of undergoing a change of meaning in kind.*

The primary meaning of evolution is the meaning proper to the world of *living* beings, in which it had its first scientific suggestion, and where alone its scientific evidences are found. But biological evolution—the only evolution thus far *known* to science—means not only *logical* community, or resemblance for observation and thought, but also likeness due to descent and birth; due to a *physiological* community, through the process of reproduction. It is directly dependent on the generative function,* and its native meaning is lost when we pass the boundaries of the living world. What is it to mean when it has lost its first and literal sense? What is the continuous thread by which a unity of development is to hold, not only among living beings, but also among those without life, since it cannot any longer be physiological descent? How is this chasm, that now comes into view between the inorganic and the organic, to be bridged?

Empiricist principles would fain bridge it with some element of sensible experience, by some hypothesis made in terms of such experience alone. There is no hypothesis of this kind, however, but that of “spontaneous generation”—whatever this handy phrase may mean. This hypothesis historic philosophy and recent science alike correctly designate as a *generatio aequivoca*, and they show that all the indications of careful biology are steadily more and more against the assumption which it covers. The logical march of the notion Evolution here suffers a certain arrest; the thread of continuity disappears from the region recognized by agnosticism as verifiably known, and it seems to vanish into something unknowable. We instinctively ask, as we before asked about the unknowable Noumenon, Why should we believe that such a continuity exists at all? How can there

* Either sexual or asexual (by fissure, etc.), as the case may be.

be any evidence of its actuality, if there is no real evidence but the evidence of experience?

In this break between the inorganic and the organic, evolution, as a principle of such continuity as philosophic explanation requires, finds its Second Limit.

III

BUT, COMING NOW to our third question, continuity in some sense or other—a logical or intelligible resemblance, and a continued progression of resemblance, among all the parts of the inorganic world, and between the parts of the inorganic and those of the organic too—is to our mental nature indispensable. What is the true sense in which the reality of this continuous connection ought to be taken? Some explanation of it is for our intelligence imperative. It cannot mean literal descent by physiological generation; it cannot be by reproduction through sap or through blood. What, then, *can* it mean—what alone *must* it mean? Inexplicability by anything merely sensible—even psychic, when this is taken simply as the sensibly psychic—here shows up plainly. If the notion of continuous genesis is to be made apprehensible to our understanding, if it is not to vanish into something utterly obscure and meaningless, the meaning for it must be sought and found in some mode of mind—of *our* mind—quite other than the mode of sense. But such a mode the agnostic interpretation of evolution, and, reciprocally, the evolutionary interpretation of mind as originating out of non-mind, necessarily denies.

At this juncture, then, where a new break is discovered—the break between physiological and logical genesis—the philosophical reach of evolution betrays its Third Limit.

IV

THE PRECEDING RESULT is recognized—in fact, is proclaimed—by agnostic evolutionism itself, in its tenet of an Omnipresent Energy, whose existence it maintains as a certainty, but whose nature it declares inscrutable. This inference of some necessary noumenal Ground is the deep trait in Mr. Spencer's doctrine, answering to the true nature of the philosophic impulse, and constituting the profoundest claim of his scheme to the title of a philosophy. But the dogma that the nature of this Ground is past finding out really means that the universal resemblance among phenomena of every order—the mysterious kinship, not only of the inorganic and the organic, but of the entire physical and physiological world and the psychic world—must be accepted as a dead and voiceless fact, a "final inexplicability," as Stuart Mill used to say. But surely philosophy means explanation, else it is not philosophy; surely, too, a "final inexplicability" does not explain. While, then, historic philosophy, disallow as it may their theory of knowledge, goes heartily along with Mr. Spencer and his school in their metaphysics thus far, it declines to arrest its progress with them here, and pronounces that in the Something at the heart of universal phenomenal resemblance, still to be explained, but by *their* form of evolutionism confessedly inexplicable, evolution as an explanatory principle comes upon a fatal check.

In this self-confessed inability to supply any final explanation of the great fact upon which its own movement rests, evolution as a principle of philosophy, that is, of thorough explanation, exposes its Fourth Limit. There is a bottomless chasm between the Unknowable and the Explanatory.

v

WHEN THE PHILOSOPHIC PROGRESS has arrived at this point, however, its further pathway becomes evident, and consistent thought will discover what this limiting Something is. It may provisionally be called, correctly enough, the Omnipresent Energy; it might well enough be called by the apter and still less assumptive title of the Continuous Copula. We can now determine the real nature of this undefined Something; and I say its *nature* purposely, and with the intention of discriminating; for our immediate settlement will only be in regard to its *kind*, and not as to the specific being or beings, amid a possible world of noumena, in which that kind is presented. We cannot, by our next philosophic advance, determine forthwith whether the being having the nature referred to is the absolutely Ultimate Being of that kind; but the *kind* may be ultimate, even though the being be not so. It will be an important step, however, if we can show now what the nature of the yet undetermined Copula is. Moreover, it will at once appear in what being, known to us, the *proximate* seat of that nature is—the seat first at hand, relatively to the connection between the parts and species of Nature, and to the evolutionary character which that connection undeniably wears.

It is a common characteristic of most philosophies that they proceed somewhat precipitately with the act of noumenal or metaphysical inference, and, passing *human* nature forgetfully by, leap at once to the being of what they call the Absolute Reality, and to the determination of the nature belonging to that. This is like settling the nature and reality of the landscape while ignoring the nature and existence of the eye that sees it and in truth gives it being, or helps to give it being. Not the

Absolute Being, not the Absolute Mind, or God, which the reality of evolution may finally presuppose, but rather mind as a nature or kind, and, proximately, mind in man, as the immediate and direct expression of the Copula whose nature we seek to know, must be the first and unavoidable Reality reached by metaphysical cognition.

That this is the accurate truth will become apparent by analyzing the conception of evolution and noting in the result the conditions essential to the conception if it is to be taken as a real principle as wide as the universe of possible phenomena. It will readily become evident that the elements uniting in the notion Evolution are the following:

(1) *Time and Space*.—The conception of evolution is a serial conception, relating only to a world of items arranged in succession, or else in contiguity more or less close, or more or less remote. But Time and Space are the media without which this seriality essential to evolution could neither be perceived nor thought.

(2) *Change and Progression*.—Evolution is not a static but a dynamic aspect of phenomena. Under evolution, the items in the time-series and the space-series are viewed as undergoing perpetual change; and not simply change, but change that on the whole is marked by stages of increase in complexity and diversity of being, so that the world of phenomena, as a whole, is conceived as gradually attaining a greater and greater fullness and richness of life. The expert in biology would very rightly tell us that the "ascent of life" is extremely irregular; that there is decline and decadence as well as growth and aggrandizement. But even the biologist finds the persistent ascent in life when life is regarded in the large, in the range from the lowest plant to the highest animal, and through the series of the great genera

within these kingdoms. And when we take the still larger view of *cosmic* evolution, this element of progression or ascent becomes the central one in the conception.

(3) *Causation*.—This would be better described as natural causation or physical causation, in order to distinguish it, by an apt term, from another element which, we shall presently see, enters into evolution, and which we should correspondingly name metaphysical or supernatural* causation. The causation we are considering now is directly involved in evolution by the preceding elements—Change and Progression. We should mean by it the Mechanism, the Chemism, or the Association, involved in the changes of phenomena. The habit of popular speech and surface thought is to regard and describe causation as a process by which one phenomenon “produces” another. But an exacter thought states the two as simply in a certain relation, the relation of Cause and Effect. To such thought, causation holds both in physical and in psychical succession, and means a peculiar connection, or *nexus*, between phenomena.

The philosophy of evolution most current, based on the dogma of the sense-origin of all knowledge, and on the sole and final efficiency of the method of science, unanalyzed to its true presuppositions, consistently interprets this connection into the merely regular succession of the past—a sequence merely *de facto*; but if we thoroughly consider what is logically presupposed in scientific method as actually used by the competent, we shall readily see that it should be interpreted as *necessary and irreversible succession*, a sequence inevitable forever. For the vital process in scientific method is induction, or generalization;

* The reader is warned that in interpreting this word in the present volume, he must divest himself of all its magical and thaumaturgical associations. It means nothing but supersensible, rational, or ideal.

and the secret of it, as actually employed in scientific practice, lies in taking observed successions in phenomena, and when with the help of the various methods of precision—agreement, difference, joint agreement, concomitant variation—they are brought to represent exactly what occurs, then suddenly giving to these merely historical successions the value of universal laws, having a predictive authority over the future *in perpetuum*.

If in this process there is always a cautious reserve in the mind of the practiced and sedate man of science—as indeed there is—the reserve has no reference to the amazing final act of *generalization*: all the anxieties of the expert are about the precision of his *facts*. His instinctive assumption about the generalization is, that, when once the particulars are settled, this process takes place of itself, is matter-of-course, is resistless and flawless: if there is error anywhere in the scientific procedure, it is in the observations and experiments, or in the sifting and correcting of them by the methods of precision. The moment we are satisfied that our particulars are exactly settled, that moment the generalization becomes irresistible, and we declare that a law of Nature is disclosed.

But now the crucial question is on us: *What prompts and supports the generalization?* It cannot be just the facts; for, simply by themselves, they can mean nothing but themselves. What is it, then? The implication is not to be escaped: the ground of every generalization is *added in* to the facts by the generalizing *mind*, on the prompting of a conception organic in it. This organic conception is, that actual connections between phenomena, supposing them to be exactly ascertained, are not simply actual, but are necessary. The logic of induction thus rests at last on the mind's own declaration that between phenomena there are connections which are *real*, not merely apparent, not simply

phenomenal, but noumenal; that the reality of such connections lies in their necessity, and that the processes of Nature are accordingly unchangeable. But the implication most significant of all in this tacit logic is the indispensable postulate of the whole process, namely, that this necessity in the connection of phenomena *issues from the organic action of the mind itself*. The mind itself, then, if the processes of science are to be credited with the value of truth, is the proximate seat of that nature for which we are seeking as explanatory of what the Continuous Copula really is. At next hand to Nature, our mind itself—the mind of each of us—is that Copula. This truth will become clearer as we proceed with the analysis of evolution.

(4) *Logical Unity*.—It is of course obvious that evolution, like every other scheme of conception, must have its parts conformed to the laws of logical coherence, and that in this sense Logical Unity is a factor in the very notion of evolution. But we can now see that it is present there in a sense far profounder and more vital. In fact, according to the result of the preceding step in our analysis, Logical Unity is simply the direct and manifest version of causation in terms of mind, which we just now came upon as the authentic meaning of the causal Copula. As the logic of induction sends us directly to the organic or *a priori* activity of thought for a warrant of science, and thus indicates mind to be the real nature of the Omnipresent Energy, it now becomes evident that the vague thread of kinship running through all phenomena is the thread of *logic*, and that the suggested common parentage of all is just the parentage of thought. The unity of logic, the unity of congruous conceptions, is the only unity that joins by one unbroken tie the diverse forms of the inorganic, the organic, and the psychic, and thus spans all the breaks between mechanical, chemical, physiological, and psychic genesis, by a

continuous logical genesis, and at the same time closes the gap profound between the so-called Unknowable and explanation.

The bond of kindred uniting all these beings and orders of being, so contrasted and divergent, so incapable of any merely natural or physical generation one from the other, is the inner harmony between the lawful members in a single intelligible Plan, issuing from one and the same intelligent nature. In short, the only *cosmic* genesis, the only genesis that brings forth alike from cosmic vapor to star, from star to planetary system, from mineral to plant, from plant to animal, from the physiological to the psychic, is the genesis that constitutes the life of logic—the genesis of one conception from another conception by virtue of the membership of both in a system of conceptions organized by an all-embracing Idea. This all-determining Idea can be nothing other than the organic form intrinsic in the self-active mind, whose spontaneous life of consciousness creatively utters itself in a whole of conceptions, logically serial, forming a procession through gradations of approach, ever nearer and nearer, to the Idea that begets them each and all. By this it becomes plain that the theme of evolution, if it is to be indeed cosmic and reign in all phenomena, must have all its previous elements—succession, contiguity, causal connection, generation (mechanical, chemical, physiological, and psychic)—translated upward into this logical genesis. We have just seen that this has its source in the mind's organic Idea, or primal self-consciousness of its own intrinsic coherence, its own *variety in unity*.

(5) *Final Cause, or Ideality*.—This, the mind's consciousness of its own form of being as *self-conscious*—that is, spontaneously conscious and spontaneously or *originally* real—is the ultimate and authentic meaning of causality. In the cause as self-conscious Ideal, the consciousness of its own thinking nature as the

“measure of all things”—as “source, motive, path, original, and end”—we at length come to causation in the strictest sense, Kant’s *Causality with freedom*. It might happily be called, in contrast to natural causation, supernatural* causation; or, in contradistinction from physical, metaphysical causation. The causality of self-consciousness—the causality that creates and incessantly re-creates in the light of its own Idea, and by the attraction of it as an ideal originating in the self-consciousness purely—is the only complete causality, because it is the only form of being that is unqualifiedly free.

Here, in seeing that Final Cause—causation at the call of self-positing aim or end—is the only full and genuine cause, we further see that Nature, the cosmic aggregate of phenomena and the cosmic bond of their law which in the mood of vague and inaccurate abstraction we call Force, is after all only an effect. More exactly, it is only a cause in the sense in which every effect in its turn becomes a cause. Still more exactly, it is the proximate or primary effect of the creating mind; within and under which prime effect, and subject to its control as a sovereign conception in the logic of creation, every other effect—every phenomenon and every generic group of phenomena—must take its rise, and have its course and its exit. Throughout Nature, as distinguished from idealizing mind, there reigns, in fine, no causation but transmission. As every phenomenal cause is only a transmissive and therefore passive agent, so Nature itself, in its aggregate, is only a passive transmitter. But because of its origin in the Final Causation of intelligence, its whole must conform to the ideal that expresses the essential form of intelligent being, and all its parts must follow each other in a steadfast logical ascent toward that ideal as their goal. Thus Tele-

* Let me again caution against false associations with this word.

ology, or the Reign of Final Cause, the reign of ideality, is not only an element in the notion Evolution, but is the very vital cord in the notion. The conception of evolution is founded at last and essentially in the conception of Progress: but this conception has no meaning at all except in the light of a goal; there can be no goal unless there is a Beyond for everything actual; and there is no such Beyond except through a spontaneous ideal. The presupposition of Nature, as a system undergoing evolution, is therefore the causal activity of our Pure Ideals. These are our three organic and organizing conceptions called the True, the Beautiful, and the Good. They are the fountains, severally, of our metaphysical and scientific, our aesthetic, and our moral consciousness.* They are the indispensable presuppositions without which our judgment that there is progress would be impossible: this judgment once vacated, the reality and even the conception of evolution alike disappear. Yet there is no existence for them, and therefore no authority, except the spontaneous putting of them by and in our thought. Here we reach the demonstration that evolution not only is a fact, and a fact of cosmic extent, but is a necessary law *a priori* over Nature.† But we learn at the same time, and upon the same evidence, that it cannot in any wise affect the *a priori* self-consciousness, which is the essential being and true *person* of the mind; much less can it originate this. On the contrary, we have seen it is in this *a priori* consciousness that the law of evolution has its source and its warrant. Issuing from the noumenal being of mind, evolution has its field only in the world of the mind's experiences—"inner"

* It must not be supposed, however, that they do not themselves constitute a system, in which the Good is the organic principle, and this itself the first principle of *intelligence*.

† As is maintained also by Professor Joseph LeConte. See his *Evolution and Its Relation to Religious Thought* (New York, D. Appleton & Co., 1892), p. 65.

and "outer," physical and psychic; or, to speak summarily, only in the world of phenomena. But there, it is indeed universal and strictly necessary.

In the light of the foregoing analysis, a thorough philosophy would now move securely forward to the conclusion that the Continuous Copula required in evolution, the secret Active Nexus without which it would be inconceivable, is at nearest inference *the spiritual nature or organic personality of man himself*.^{*} Whether there is not also involved a profounder, an absolute Impersonation of that nature, to be called God, is a further and distinct question, legitimate no doubt, but not to be dealt with till the *immediate* requirements of the logic in the situation are met. These requirements point us, first and unavoidably, to the intelligence immanent in the field of evolution, the intelligence of man and his conscious companions on the great scene of Nature; and, at closest hand of all—first of all—to the typical intelligence of man simply. The whole question, so far as anything more than conjectural evidence is concerned, is man's question: he is the witness to himself for evolution; in *his* consciousness, directly, and only there, does the demand arise for an explanation of it; in himself he comes upon the nature of mind as directly causal of the form in Nature—of the ideally genetic connection holding from part to part in it—and of the reality of progress there as measured by his ideals of the True, the Beautiful, and the Good.

* The reader will notice that all the argumentation which follows really proceeds upon the tacit implication that this intelligent nature is not limited to man, but is, in whatever degree of phenomenal manifestation, common to all living beings. It is stated in terms of *human* nature, first, because, as brought out below, it is the human being who raises the question here argued, and argues it; and, secondly, because in man alone do we come by the path of experience upon its rounded Type.

Here, now, we arrive at the point where we naturally pass from the criticism of agnostic evolutionism to that of pantheistic idealism, or Cosmic Theism. We shall see that this world view gains much over the agnostic, and yet that it falls short of the explanatory ideal.

The commanding question, let us remember, is whether the mind in the world, and preëminently the mind of man, is only a phenomenon like the objects it perceives in Time and in Space, or is transcendently different from these, and noumenal. The favorable significance of Cosmic Theism for man and his supreme interests, and of every other species of affirmative idealism, lies in its passing beyond the agnostic arrest at the Omnipresent Energy, by its recognition that the logic of evolution, as depicted in such an analysis as we have just made, requires in the Noumenon a self-conscious nature. This is a step greatly human, because it opens somewhat more widely than agnosticism, and certainly more affirmatively, the chance for hope that the existence of no conscious beings may fail of everlasting continuance and fulfillment. Yet it has also an unfavorable bearing on the highest human aspirations, not only because it fails to reach immortality as an assured and necessary truth,* but for the far graver reason that it decidedly tends to leave all individual minds in the world of mere phenomena; or, if it permits them to be conceived of as sharing in absolute reality, by being parts or modes of the Sole Noumenon, deprives them by this very fact of that real freedom which is essential to personality and to the pursuit of a genuine moral ideal.† It is therefore all-

* See Professor Royce in *The Conception of God*, pp. 322-326.

† For the thorough, if unwitting and unwilling, acknowledgment of this by a leading representative of this philosophy, see Professor Royce's discussion of this question in *The Conception of God*, pp. 292 f., 305 f., 315 mid. (where the last sentence, if logically legitimate, would read, "The antinomy is [*not*] solved"), and 321, cf. the footnote.

important for true human interests that a reality unqualifiedly noumenal shall be vindicated not only to human *nature*, but to each particular human mind. If the reasoning about to be employed for this purpose should seem to the reader to carry its conclusions widely beyond man—as wide as all conscious life, of which human consciousness must now be regarded as only the completed Type—I know no reason why men should hesitate at this, or grudge to living beings whose phenomenal lives are at present less fulfilled than their own the chance for larger existence that immortality and freedom give. But let us come to the argument.

Reverting to our analysis, we may now clearly see that the elements essential to evolution are simply the elements organic in the human mind. Evolutional philosophy, of whatever form, teaches that these elements—Time, Space, Causation, Logical Unity, Ideality—are, in the human mind, the results of the process of evolution. The agnostic evolutionist holds that they are gradually deposited there through associations ever accumulating in the long experience of successive generations, until at length they become in us practically indissoluble, though theoretically not. The pantheistic idealist penetrates behind the associations, to explain their possibility and their origin by his doctrine that the rational elements have their seat, not directly in the mind of each man, but in the eternal and universal Mind to which he gives the name of God. In neither view is *a priori* consciousness admitted in the individual person *as* individual, nor in the human mind at all, as *specifically* human. In fact, by the associative agnostic method, which would build these elements up outright in the course of evolution from what seems to be their assumed non-existence, they are all put as if explicable by evolution. But as our analysis has shown, they are all, on the

contrary, prerequisites to the existence of evolution as well as to our conceiving of it. Legitimately, they are likewise inexplicable by the pantheistic method of seating them *a priori* in God, to be thence gradually imparted to minds as they are slowly created by the process of psychic evolution; for this ignores the fact that *a priori* cognition, by virtue of its pertinent proofs, is an act in the mind of each particular conscious being, be the development of the mere experience of such being as low as it may. The proper interpretation of *a priori* consciousness at the juncture where it is established is at most, and at next hand, as a human, not a divine, original consciousness, and indeed as a consciousness interior to the individual mind.

As for the proofs of *a priori* consciousness in us, these have perhaps been clearly enough given in the analysis by which it was shown that the several elements are prerequisite not only to the conception of evolution, but to our human experience, and to the system of Nature into which they organize that experience. This is the case, at any rate, with all the elements except Time and Space, and is emphatically so with the most important conditions of the notion Evolution, namely, the Pure Ideals; and, among these, preëminently with the Moral Ideal. But as a difficulty about the *a priori* or ideal character of Time and Space disturbs many minds, it may be necessary in part to restate what has already been said in proof of the ideality of Time, and to reinforce this by certain new points. I speak only of Time, because the same reasoning, obviously, must also apply to Space.

The necessarily *a priori* nature of Time can be shown, even should we grant for the sake of argument that the dispute over hereditary transmission of acquired characters, now going on in the school of evolution between the Spencerians and Weis-

mann, were decided in favor of the former, and that transmission were a fact. For transmission of acquired habit can never explain the infinity and necessity of Time. Nor can this infinity and necessity be explained away by the theory that it arises from a confusion of conceptions—of infinity with mere indefiniteness, and of necessity with mere subjective inability to get rid of a hardened habitual association. These properties of Time, taken, too, in their unrestricted meaning, are unreservedly true by Mr. Spencer's own criterion—the "inconceivability of the opposite."

Moreover, as pointed out near the beginning of the present essay, they are conditions precedent to forming any habitual association at all. It is just in thinking all these elements in an active *originating* Unit-thought, or an "I," that the essential and characteristic nature of man or any other real intelligence consists. Such an originating Unit-thinking, providing its own element-complex of primal thoughts that condition its experience, and that thus provide for that experience the form of a cosmic Evolutional Series, is precisely what an intelligent being is. Thus creatively to think and be a World is what it means to be a man. To think and enact such a world merely in the unity framed for it by natural causation, is what it means to be a "natural" man; to think and enact it in its higher unity, its unity as framed by the supernatural causation of the Pure Ideals, supremely by the Moral Ideal, is what it means to be a "spiritual" man, a moral and religious man; or, in the philosophical and true sense of the words, a supernatural being—a being transcending and yet including Nature, not excluding or annulling it.

Evolution itself, then, and not evolutionary philosophy merely, in finding in this rational nature of every mind its proximate source and footing, finds there its Final Limit.

VI

WE HAVE HERE REACHED the proof that what is most distinctively meant by Man is not, and cannot be, the result of evolution. Man the spirit, man the real mind, is not the offspring of Nature, but rather Nature is in a great sense the offspring of this true Human Nature. As we have seen, the only thing that can over-span all the breaks which evolution must pass if it is to be a cosmic principle, is idealizing thought—the human nature, in its highest, largest sense. It is this that adds in to the chaotic insignificance of the mere mass of things the lofty theme of ever ascending Progress. Apart from this ideality, there would be no cosmic order at all, no Manward Procession. Yet, that the whole of Nature cannot be referred to men alone, or to other conscious beings directly on the scene of Nature; that the existence of an absolutely universal form of their nature is required for her cosmic being—this will not be denied when our psychology is as exact and all-recognizing as it should be. Such a psychology will discover within the complex of experience, human or other, in addition to the system of *a priori* elements that constitutes the core of intelligence, another component. This other component, which Kant named “sensation,” to mark the fact that it expresses something insufficient in us, something which must be supplemented to us by reception* from what is not ourselves, is best interpreted as a limit which points to the coöperation of some other noumenal being with men and other conscious centers. But when once the conditioning relation is shown to exist from man toward Nature, as the scene of evolution, instead of

* The reader should beware not to interpret these terms “reception” and “co-operation” *literally*, that is, in the light of ordinary natural or efficient causation only, as it is our bad uncritical habit to do. Their genuine interpretation must be by means of *final* cause. But see the essay on “The Harmony of Determinism and Freedom.”

from Nature toward man; when once it is seen—as Huxley, the protagonist of evolution, at last came so clearly, if so unawares, to imply*—that in Conscience at least, the ideal of Righteousness, man has that which no cosmic process can possibly account for, but to which, rather, the cosmic process presents an aspect of unmistakable antagonism, then our way will come open to determine the coöperating Noumenon, the Supreme Reality, as also having this higher human nature, as having it in its ideal perfection, and we shall have found the entrance to the path toward the demonstration of God. For the survey and the tracing of that path, this is not the place.

VII

LET US TURN NOW to the question, Is evolution consistent with the Christian religion? It is a trite question now, perhaps overworn; and probably very many readers think that it is already settled in the affirmative. Yet it is a question of the utmost pertinence, and ought to be pushed to a decisive but discriminating answer. There are those who are only too ready with an answer decided enough, but unfortunately they are of two opposed extremes. Both parties are of one mind as to the incompatibility of Christianity and evolution; but while the one says that all evolution must therefore be anathema, the other jeeringly retorts, "So much the worse, then, for your religion!" And the loose verdict of the times is doubtless in favor of whatever can be made to appear as the cause of science. The trouble with such disputants is, that their assertions are far more decided than dis-

* See his Romanes Lecture on "Evolution and Ethics," in his *Collected Essays*, Vol. IX; especially pp. 79-84, and Note 20. In these pages and in this Note, their great author holds out for the inclusion of Conscience, in some vague way, in the evolutionary process as a whole; but he has demonstrated an antagonism that is fatal to the hypothesis.

criminating, and so are not in any final sense decisive. We may justly claim, however, that the outcome of our inquiry into limits enables us to answer this question with the definite discrimination required. This outcome shows us the narrow limits of evolution as a doctrine of unpretending science. Still more significantly, it brings out the unavoidable limits of evolution as a philosophy, as regards the origin of man and the nature of the eternal creative Power. In short, it teaches us that the answer to the question whether Christianity and evolution are compatible, turns wholly on the stretch that evolution has over existence, especially over human nature.

But it is time we all understood how finally at variance with the heart of Christian faith and hope is any doctrine of evolution that views the *whole* of human nature as the product of "continuous creation"—as merely the last term in a process of transmissive causation. The product of such a process could not be morally free, nor, consequently, morally responsible. It must needs be merely a mass of "inherited tendency"; and, howsoever fair its effect might appear, no life of genuine dutifulness, no life of goodness freely chosen, could enter into its being. As a speculative possibility there may be ways of conceiving man thus "continuously created" and yet in such relations to the Creator as would provide for his *immortality*, in the sense merely of his everlasting duration. It is doubtless with a view to such conceptions that ministers of religion nowadays so often say, "The evolution of man is well enough, if biologists will only leave us a Personal God at the beginning of the process." But that *if*, when conjoined with that consequent, is an *if* of tragic meaning: the Power behind evolution, were the whole of man evolved, could never be a *personal* God—in short, would not be a *God* at all. For it is the essence of a person to stand in a relation

with beings having an autonomy, in whom he recognizes rights, toward whom he acknowledges duties. No conception of a professed God that fails to give this moral quality, can by providing continuance of existence, however lasting, compensate for the loss; since it should never be forgotten, that, when moral freedom is cancelled, immortality can have no moral worth, no genuinely human dignity, and consequently cannot answer to what we mean by the hope of Eternal Life. But hope of immortality as Life Eternal and faith toward Duty—fealty to our human dignity as moral free-agents, quickened by fealty to God as the grounding Type of that freedom—are the very soul of Christian Faith. The impartial philosophical observer cannot but be filled with surprise, then, at seeing official teachers of the Christian Religion so strangely oblivious of real bearings as to accept—yes, sometimes proclaim—an evolution unlimited with respect to man as consistent with their faith. Plain in the doctrinal firmament of every Christian, clear like the sun in the sky, should shine the warning: *Unless there is a real man underived from Nature, unless there is a spiritual or rational man independent of the natural man and legislatively sovereign over entire Nature, then the Eternal is not a person, there is no God, and our faith is vain.*

Doubtless, as I have already said, planting the contrast between Christianity and evolutionary philosophy in this firm way in itself settles nothing as to which of the two is true. Indeed, responding to the impression so strongly made by later science, one might well say that the *onus probandi* had been shifted, and that the true form of the pressing question should be, Is Christianity consistent with evolution? But the truth can never be settled until issues are rigorously defined. And if our inquiry in this essay has a solid result, it establishes the fact that evolution

cannot have the universal sweep essential to a sufficient principle of philosophy. The professed Philosophy of Evolution is not an adult philosophy, but rather a philosophy that in the course of growth has suffered an arrest of development. The result of our inquiry here, in making this plain, goes far toward settling the issue between such philosophy and the Christian belief in personality. Does it not in fact settle it against evolutionism, and in favor of the older and higher view? Fulfilled philosophy vindicates our faith in the Personality of the Eternal Ideal, in the reality of God, by vindicating the reality of man the Mind, and exhibiting his legislative relation to Nature and thence to evolution. It thus secures a stable footing for freedom, and for immortality with worth, and thereby for the existence of the Living God who is Love indeed, because the Inspirer of an endless progress in moral freedom.

Let men of science keep the method of science within the limits of science; let their readers, at all events, beware to do so. Within these limits there is complete compatibility of science with religion, and forever will be. Let science say its untrammelled say upon man the physical, the physiological, or the experimentally psychological; upon man the body and man the sensory consciousness—these are all doubtless under the law of evolution issuing from man the Rational Soul. But let not science contrive its own destruction by venturing to lay profane hands, vain for explanation, on that sacred human nature which is its very spring and authorizing source. And let religion stay itself on the sovereignty of fulfilled philosophy, on man the Spirit, creative rather than created, who is himself the proximate source of evolution, the cooperating Cause and Lord of that world where evolution has its course.

MODERN SCIENCE AND PANTHEISM*

IS PANTHEISM the legitimate outcome of modern science? Turning over this question I have become more and more convinced that any satisfactory answer to it depends upon clearing up the meaning of its terms. What *is* pantheism? And what actual features in modern science can give color to the suspicion that pantheism is its proper result? Or if such a suspicion is well founded, what leads us to regard it with a certain aversion? If science establishes or clearly tends to establish the pantheistic view, why should this stir in us alarms? Is there some secret hostility to the interests of human nature in a pantheistic science? Can there be antagonism between the truth and the real interests of man?—is not truth our highest interest? Or, is truth of mere fact perchance *not* our highest interest?—is there perhaps such a thing as *gradation* in truths, and an inward truth that must be supreme for *us*, but which yet may be antagonized by the truths of Nature? And if *our* nature looks both to truths of fact and to truths of worth, is there some ghastly gulf in our being?—are we the victims of a tragic chasm between two indestructible wants of ours? Or if again not so, if deeper knowledge harmonizes these wants, what is this rational path to our peace?

* This essay was read at the Concord School of Philosophy, July, 1885. Under the title "Is Modern Science Pantheistic?" it was printed in the *Overland Monthly*, December, 1885, and reprinted, with some slight changes, in the *Journal of Speculative Philosophy*, Vol. XIX, no. 4, nominally for October, 1885, but not issued till the spring of 1886. It formed a member in a "symposium" to which the other contributors were Mr. John Fiske, Dr. F. E. Abbot, Dr. A. P. Peabody, Dr. Edmund Montgomery, and Dr. W. T. Harris. Mr. Fiske published his contribution in his well-known work, *The Idea of God as Affected by Modern Knowledge*; and Dr. Abbot his, in his volume called *Scientific Theism*.

I

OF ALL THESE QUESTIONS, perhaps none is surrounded with more vagueness than the first—What *is* pantheism? The recognized defenders of religion, the theologians who speak with the hoary authority and the presumptive weight that naturally belong to historic and instituted things, are indeed in the habit of drawing a sharp *verbal* distinction between theism and pantheism, as they also do between theism and deism; but when the unbiassed thinker, anxious for clearness and precision, inquires after the *real* distinction intended by these names, he hardly finds it in any sense at once intelligible and reasonable. We constantly hear that theism is contradicted by both deism and pantheism: by deism, through the assertion of God's distinctness at the expense of divine revelation and providence; by pantheism, through the assertion of the divine omnipresence at the expense of the distinctness of God from the world. We hear constantly, too, that theism, to be real, must teach that there is a being who is *truly* God: that the Principle of existence is a Holy Person, who has revealed his nature and his will to his intelligent creatures, and who superintends their lives with a providence which aims to secure their obedience to his will as the only sufficient condition of their blessedness. Yet all this is but an abstract and very vague formula, after all. *Of how* the contradiction whose extremes are represented by deism and pantheism is to be transcended and reconciled, it has nothing to say. *How* the divine personality is to be thought consistent with the divine omnipresence, or *how* the omnipresent providence of God is to be reconciled with his distinctness from the world, this merely general proclamation of orthodox theism does not show, and in itself has no power to show. When we pass from the general formula to the attempted supply of the desired details, we are too often made aware that

the doctrine professedly theistic is encumbered with a mass of particulars profoundly at variance with its own principle. We notice that confusion or contradiction reigns where consistent clearness ought to be; that faultily anthropomorphic or really mechanical conceptions usurp the place of the required divine and spiritual realities.

We too often discover, for instance, that every doctrine is construed as deism which refuses its assent to a discontinuous and special providence, or to an inconstant, localized, and miraculous revelation. On the other hand, we find every theory condemned as pantheism that denies the literal separation of God from the world and asserts instead his immanence in it.* We find that in the hands of such interpreters theism is identified with belief in artificial theories of the *quomodo* of atonement, or, as such writers are fond of calling it, "the plan of salvation"—theories which in some way or other rest on the merely legal conception of ethics, involving the *quid pro quo* of a substitutive responsibility.

Into the place of the all-pervading providence and all-transforming grace that make eternally for righteousness, are set hypothetical schemes of expiation by sacrifice, of appeal by the suffering of the innocent, of ransom by blood, of federal covenant and imputation, of salvation by faith alone. Theories of the divine nature and administration which omit these details, or refuse to take them literally, are stamped as deism or as pantheism, even though the omission or refusal be dictated by a

* This apparent assent, *en passant*, to the expression of theism in terms of immanence is liable to great misinterpretation; but I think it best to leave the statement standing as originally written and printed, and to guard the reader by a warning not to take the word "immanence" literally. Most theories of the divine immanence are unquestionably pantheistic, and all that is meant in the text above is to indicate that there may be a way of conceiving immanence which would not be so. But of this further, when we reach the point of settling the distinction between genuine theism and pantheism.

perception that the rejected schemes are incompatible with the fundamental principles of morals, and therefore with any *divine* revelation and government at all. Thus, by mere confusion of thought, or by inability to rise above conceptions couched in terms of space and time, the original theistic formula—which in its contrasting of theism against deism and pantheism is unobjectionable, and correct enough so far as it goes—is brought in the end to contradict its own essential idea.

Still it must never be forgotten that these ill-conceived efforts at the completer definition of theism are made in behalf of a real distinction. We shall find it true that there is a conception of the world, for which deism may be a very proper name; and another, for which pantheism is the only title really fitting. We shall see that they are both radically distinct from theism, which may be defined as the doctrine of a Personal God who reveals himself by such an immanence in the world as contributes to transform it into his own image *through the agencies of moral freedom*; a God indwelling, as the central guiding Light, in a realm of self-governing persons who immortally do his will in freely doing their own, and fulfill their own in doing his. Nor shall we fail to find that the doctrines named deism and pantheism are historic doctrines. They are not abstractions merely conceivable, but have been advocated by actual men of a very real persuasion and a very discernible influence. Neither can I doubt that these two doctrines, in their deviations from the theistic theory, will be recognized by our sound judgment as defective, and consequently be reckoned opinions injurious if taken as final.

But let us now ask in earnest what pantheism exactly is. In beginning our answer, we may avail ourselves of a useful clue in the structure of the name itself. The derivation of this from

the two Greek words $\pi\acute{\alpha}\nu$ (all) and $\Theta\acute{\epsilon}\omicron\varsigma$ (God) would seem to make it mean either (1) that the All is God, or else (2) that God is all—that God alone really and actively exists. The name, then, hints at two quite different doctrines. It may signify either (1) that the total of particular existences is God, in other words, that the universe, as we commonly understand it, is itself the only real being; or (2) that God, the absolute Being, is the only actively real being—all particular existences are merely his forms of appearance, and so, in truth, are either illusions or have an aspect of illusion haunting such partial reality as they possess. Of these diverse doctrines we might convey now the one and now the other by the name, according as we pronounced it *pantheism* or *pantheism*. In either way the word unavoidably covers an absolute identification of God and other being. In the first way, God is merged in the universe; in the second, the universe is merged in God.

As a matter of history, too, pantheism has actually presented itself in these two forms. The doctrine has come forward in a great variety of expressions or schemes of exposition, such as those of Heraclitus, Parmenides, and the Stoics, in ancient times—not to speak of the vast systems lying at the basis of the Hindu religions—or as those of Bruno and Vanini, Schelling, Oken, Schopenhauer, and Hartmann, in our modern era. But various as these schemes are, they may all be recognized as falling into one or other of the two forms suggested by the common name. The two forms, evidently, may be respectively styled the atheistic and the acosmic, as the one puts the sensible universe in the place of God, and thus cancels his being, while the other annuls the active reality of the cosmos, or world of existences other than God, by reducing these to modes of the one and only Universal Life.

Both forms are manifestly open to the criticism visited upon pantheism by the standard defenders of theism: they both contradict the essence of the divine nature by sacrificing the distinctness of the divine personality to a passion for the divine omnipresence. The sacrifice of the distinctness is obvious, at any rate, even if such a loss of distinct being is not so evidently incompatible with the true nature of godhead; though that this loss *is* incompatible with real deity will ere long appear.

Further, both forms are in the last analysis atheisms; the one openly, the other implicitly so. The one may be more exactly named a metaphysical or theoretical atheism, as it dispenses with the distinct existence of God in his office of Creator; the other may properly be called a moral or practical atheism, as in destroying the freedom and the moral immortality of the individual it cancels God in his greater office of Redeemer. Under either form the First Principle is emptied of attributes that are vital to deity. In the first, the *entire* distinct being of God disappears; in the second, all those attributes are lost that present God in his adorable characters of justice and love, and in the ultimate terms of his omniscience and omnipotence. For genuine omniscience and omnipotence are only to be realized in the control of *free* beings, and in inducing the divine image in them by *moral influences instead of metaphysical and physical agencies*: that is, *by final instead of efficient causation*.

II

IT WILL HELP US toward an exacter understanding of pantheism to appreciate its relations to other anti-theistic forms of philosophy, particularly to materialism, and also to objective and to subjective idealism. With this appreciation, it will become clear that

pantheism constitutes a synthesis of thought higher than either of these theories. The pantheistic conception of the world may indeed be read off in either materialistic or idealistic terms, but neither reading reaches its whole meaning. Besides, the two-fold reading holds good whether we take pantheism in its atheistic or its acosmic form. On a first inspection, to be sure, this double interpretability hardly seems to be the fact. On the contrary, one is at first inclined to identify atheistic pantheism with materialism outright, and to recognize in acosmic pantheism a species of mysticism or exaggerated spiritualism,* hence, to contrast the two forms as the materialistic and the idealistic. Nor does further reflection at once disabuse us of this mistake; for the seeming identity of atheistic pantheism with materialism is very decided, and the only correction in our first judgment that we next feel impelled to make, is to recognize the ambiguous character of acosmic pantheism. The Universal Substance, we then say, in order to include an exhaustive summary of all the phenomena of experience, must of course be taken as both extending and being conscious; but is this Substance an extended being that thinks, or is it a thinking being that apprehends itself under a peculiar mode of consciousness called extension? In other words, is the thinking of the Substance grounded in its extended being, or has its extension existence in and through its thinking only? Which attribute is primary and essential, and makes the other its derivative and function? Under the conception of the all-embracing existence of the Absolute, this question is inevitable, irresistible—will not down. According as we an-

* "*Der pantheistischen Mystik ist wirklich Gott Alles, dem gemeinen Pantheismus ist alles Gott*"—quotes Dr. Martineau from Rothe, very significantly, in the title page of his *Spinoza*.

swer it in the first or the second of the two suggested ways, we turn the pantheism into materialism or, as we shall see presently, into objective idealism.

It thus becomes plain that the acosmic form of pantheism may carry materialism as unquestionably as it carries idealism, though indeed not so naturally or coherently.* Still sharper inquiry at last makes it equally clear, too, that atheistic pantheism will carry idealism as consistently as it carries materialism, if doubtless less naturally. For although in the sum-total of the particular existences there must be recognized a gradation from such as are unconscious up to those that are completely conscious, and it would therefore be the more obvious step to read the series as a development upward from atoms to mind, still the mystery of the transit from the unconscious to the conscious cannot fail to suggest the counter-hypothesis, and the whole series may be conceived as originating *ideally*, in the perceptive constitution and experience of the *conscious* members of it. There is a marked distinction, however, between the idealism given by acosmic pantheism and the idealism given by the atheistic. The idealism of acosmic pantheism, grounded as it is in the consciousness of the Universal Substance, has naturally a universal and in so far an *objective* character. The idealism of atheistic pantheism, on

* There might be added here, in connection with acosmic pantheism, a *third* hypothesis—that, namely, of the simple “parallelism” or concomitance of the two attributes, extension and thought. This third hypothesis would land us either (1) in agnosticism, as with Spencer, or (2) in “absolute” idealism, as with Hegel—in the *Idee* as the transcending synthesis of objective and subjective idealism. We should thus get two additional species of non-atheistic pantheism. [The real effect of the preceding note is doubtless a criticism of the twofold division in the text. The fact is, this division is a relic of the Hegelian monism by which the original paper was in one side pervaded; but let it remain standing—in part as a peculiar memorial! The exclusion of “absolute” idealism from the list of pantheisms meant the tacit assumption that it had transcended pantheism.—G. H. H.]

the contrary, has no warrant except the thought in a particular consciousness, now this, now that, and no means of raising this warrant into a character even common to a class of conscious beings, much less into unrestricted universality; hence it is particular and *subjective*.

Pantheism, then, in both its forms, is not only a more comprehensive view of the world than either materialism or any one-sided idealism, inasmuch as it provides a chance for both of them, but it is also a deeper and more organic view, because it does bring in, at least in a symbolic fashion, the reality of a universal. This advantage, however, it does not secure with any fullness except in its acosmic form. Indeed, the atheistic form is so closely akin to the less organic theories of materialism and subjective idealism that we may almost say we do not come to pantheism proper until we pass out of the atheistic sort and get into the acosmic.

An additional gain afforded by pantheism, eminently by the acosmic sort, is the idea of an intimate union of the First Principle with the world of particular beings: the creative Cause is stated as spontaneously manifesting its own nature in its creation; it abides immanently in this, and is no longer conceived as separate and therefore itself limited in space and in time. This faulty conception of God as temporally and spatially conditioned, characteristic of the cruder dualistic view of things with which human efforts at theological theory begin, is overcome by pantheism, at least in part. But the pantheistic interpretation of immanence, as will appear farther on, is itself very gravely deficient: quite irreconcilable, in fact, with the conditions of a genuine theism, or with those of a genuine religion.

III

BUT THE EMINENT MERIT of pantheism as contrasted with deism, we have now reached the position to see. By the name "deism" it has been generally, if tacitly, agreed to designate that falling short of theism which stands at the opposite pole from pantheism. If pantheism is defective by confounding God and the world in an anti-moral identity, deism comes short by setting God in an isolated and impassable separation from the world. Deism thus falls partly under the same condemnation of materiality that a rational judgment pronounces upon sensuous theism, with its zoöomorphic* conceptions of a producing Creator, dwelling in his peculiar quarter of space called Heaven, and its mechanical theory of his communication with the world by way of "miracle" alone—by a way, that is, independent or even subversive of the process from means to end in Nature.†

But while thus marred by mechanical limitations, deism must be allowed its relative merit too. This lies in the judgment it passes upon the mechanical method of sensuous theism. If in

* Falsely called "anthropomorphic," since the properly human form of being is the rational, not the physiological, and the faulty "anthropomorphism" of which nowadays we hear so much complaint, consists exactly in construing the nature and action of God in terms of our *sensuous* life and its conditions.

† I must be understood here as reflecting only upon the popular thaumaturgical conceptions of the supernatural. The genuine doctrine of miracle has a speculative truth at its basis, profound and irrefragable: namely, that the causal organization of Nature—the system of evolution, ever ascending from cause to *differing* effect—can never be accounted for in terms of the sensible antecedents alone, but requires the omnipresent activity of a transcendently immanent personal cause; and that the system of Nature is therefore in this sense a Perpetual Miracle. But the natural order flowing from this Intelligible Miracle is immutable, and irreconcilable with "miracle" in the usual sense. [I would now add (1899) that this immanent personal cause is, at closest hand to Nature, *human* nature; or, more generally, the intelligences other than God, in coöperation with the remoter and quite indirect causality of God as their Type and Ideal. The operation of the non-divine causation in Nature is alone direct and *efficient*; the divine causation is indirect and *final* only. But see, for the fuller account of this, the essays on "The Limits of Evolution" and "The Harmony of Determinism and Freedom."]

the interest of distinguishing the Creator from the creation, God is to be thought as capable of existing without a world, and as literally *separated* from the world in time and space, then deism says it is purely arbitrary to declare the separation overcome by means of miracle. Consistency, and in so far rationality, would rather require that the separation be kept up; and the folly of the zoö-morphic dualism is made to display itself in the deistic inference, which such dualism cannot consistently refute, that divine revelation and providence, without which the practical religion indispensable to the reality of theism cannot have being, are by this literal separateness of the divine existence rendered impossible.

The comparative virtue of pantheism here, as against deism and sensuous theism alike, is that it transcends, in a certain sort at least, this mechanical rigidity in divine relations. However faulty its way of accomplishing this may be—and we shall presently see this is indeed faulty—it does us the service of directing attention to the religious need of cancelling this mechanical view; and it habituates our thoughts to an inseparable union and communion between God and the world. It teaches us the great and lasting lesson, that the relation between God and the world of souls is in no wise contingent or temporal, but is necessary, essential, eternal.

IV

NOW WE FACE THE QUESTION, Why then is pantheism regarded by so many with instinctive inhibition—as if indeed a doctrine to avert? In coming to this after what we have just discerned, we must not neglect the fact that pantheism plays an indispensable part in the forming of a genuine theistic theory. It is the transitional thought by which we ascend out of the idolatrous

anthropomorphism of sensuous theism into that rational and complete theism which has its central illumination in the comprehended truth of the Divine Omnipresence. In the morally interpreted immanence of God in the world, this completed theism finds the true basis, the pure rational theory, of the divine perpetual providence. In God's dwelling with the society of spirits, as "the Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world," it finds the rational basis for the universal and perpetual divine revelation. Even this higher, this ethically rational view of Divine Immanence, we must not forget, has come to us through the suggestion in the lower immanence taught in pantheism.

Indeed, in this suggested omnipresence of God—this indwelling of God in the world by the activity of his image in the soul—pantheism lays a foundation for the rational conception of a Perpetual Incarnation, the doctrine of a Divine Humanity. So when theology sets the doctrine of the Triune God at the center of practical religion, pantheism has prepared the way for vindicating it as in so far the genuine interpreter of rational theism. That the Eternal is eternally generated in our higher human nature; that this Son of Man is in practical truth the Son of God, and the Son only-begotten; that by the discipline of life in worlds of imperfection, men—and, following men, the whole world of conscious beings—ascend, through fealty to this Son, immortally toward the Father in the Holy Spirit—this, the epitome of Christian theism, first gets apprehended, or at least suggested, in the insight which pantheism brings, that God is not separate from the world, but effectually present in it, and that the distinction between the soul and the God who recognizes and redeems it can never be truly stated as a distinction in place and time, a separation in space and by a period, a contrast be-

tween efficient cause and produced effect. On the contrary, the distinction must be made in terms of pure *thought*, which is essentially timeless and spaceless, neither lasts nor extends, nor is dated nor placed, but simply *is*. It must be viewed as a contrast (and yet a relation) between different *centers* of consciousness, each thoroughly *self-active*; and further, as a distinction in the mode by which each conscious center defines its individual being in terms of its Ideal. In short, it must be thought in terms of *final* cause alone. *No* mind can have an *efficient* relation to another mind; efficiency is the attribute of *every* mind toward its own acts and life, or toward the world of mere "things" which forms the theater of its action; and the causal relation between *minds* must be that of ideality, simply and purely.

This is a religious truth so clearly fundamental that when once our attention is brought to it we cannot but give it assent. So far from denying it, we incline rather to say—and rightly—that we have in some wise always known it. Yet it is directly violated by our ordinary and sensuous theistic conceptions; and not until the pantheistic insight has been realized in our minds, whether by name or no it matters not—realized even if transcended, and, indeed, only to be transcended—do we clearly discover that this violation exists.*

v

BUT WHILE THIS PERMANENT INSIGHT of pantheism must be carried up into all genuine theistic thought, it is also true that in itself the insight falls fatally short of the conception demanded by the highest practical religion. For religion as a practical

* The preceding paragraphs have been much rewritten from the form in which they were (1885-1886) originally printed, in order to remove the risk of misinterpretation in regard to the doctrine of "immanence." See *The Conception of God*, pp. 97-100, 114-132, especially 131-132.

power in human experience—the very conception of theism as an operative life in the spirit—depends not merely on the omnipresent influence of God, but equally on the freedom and the immortality of the soul: on its freedom in the strictest sense; that is, its unqualified autonomy and self-activity. In fact, not only is it impossible for souls to *be* souls, apart from freedom, immortality, and God, but it is just as impossible for God to be God, apart from souls and their immortality and freedom. In other words, the self-existent perfection of deity itself freely demands for its own fulfillment the possession of a world that is in God's own image, and such a control of it as is alone consistent with its being so: a *divine* creation must completely reflect the divine nature, and must therefore be a world of moral freedom, autonomous, and, in the last resort, self-active or eternal.

But this requirement of genuine and fulfilled theism, pantheism cannot meet. Its theory, whether atheistic or acosmic or agnostic or absolute-idealistic, is the radical contradiction of real freedom and significant immortality.* Indeed we may say, summarily, that the distinction between theism and pantheism lies just in this—that theism, in asserting God, asserts the freedom and the moral immortality of the soul; but that pantheism, while apparently asserting God to the extreme, denies his moral essence by cancelling all real freedom and therefore all immortality of worth—all that “life eternal” which means imperishable and continual progress in fulfilling freedom by universal growth in the image of God. The conclusive proof of this is, that, even in its highest form, pantheism necessarily represents what it calls God as the sole *real* agent in existence. Every other being exists but as part or mode of the eternal One.

* For some detailed illustrations of this, especially with reference to “absolute” idealism and evolutional idealism, see *The Conception of God*, pp. 89–127.

VI

AT LENGTH WE SEE why pantheism is at war with the characteristic interests of human nature. Our abiding interests are wholly identified with the reality of freedom and immortal moral life; and this, not on the ground of any passion we may have for mere unconstraint or for permanence of mere existence—a ground of course not worthy of a rational being—but on the immovable foundation laid by reason as Conscience. For when this highest form of reason is thoroughly interpreted, we know that the value of freedom and immortality lies in their indispensableness to our discipline and growth in our ideal or divine life. To no theory of the world can man give a willing and cordial adhesion, then, if it strikes at the heart of his personal reality and contradicts those hopes of ceaseless moral growth that alone make life worth living. Not in its statement of God as the All-in-all, taken by itself, but in its consequent denial of the reality of man—his freedom and immortal growth in goodness—is it that pantheism betrays its insufficiency to meet the needs of the human spirit.

It is no doubt true that this opposition between the doctrine of a Sole Reality and our natural longings for permanence, our natural bias in favor of freedom and responsibility, in itself settles nothing as to the truth or falsity of the doctrine. It might be that the system of Nature, it might be that its Ground, is not in sympathy or accord with “the bliss for which we sigh.” But so long as human nature is what it is, so long as we are by essence prepossessed in favor of our freedom and yearn for a life that may put death itself beneath our feet, and with death imperfection and wrong, so long will our nature reluctant, so long will it even revolt, at the prospect of having to accept the doctrine of pantheism; so long shall we instinctively draw back from that vast and shadowy Being which, be it conscious or

unconscious or simply the Unknowable, must for us and our highest hopes be verily the Shadow of Death. Yes, we must go still farther, and say that even should the science of Nature prove pantheism true, this would only array the interests of science against the interests of man—the interests that man can never displace from their supreme seat in *his* world, except by abdicating his inmost nature and putting his conscience to an open shame. A pantheistic edict of science would only proclaim a deadlock in the system and substance of truth itself, and herald an implacable conflict between the law of Nature and the law written indelibly in the human spirit. The heart on which the vision of a possible moral perfection has once arisen, and in whose recesses the still and solemn voice of Duty has once resounded with its majestic sweetness, can never be reconciled to the decree, though this issue never so authentically from Nature, that bids it count responsible freedom an illusion and surrender existence on that mere threshold of moral development which the bound of our present life affords.

Such a defeat of its most sacred hopes the conscience can neither acquiesce in nor tolerate. Nor can it be appeased or deluded by the pretext that annihilation may be accepted devoutly, as self-sacrifice in behalf of an infinite "fullness of life" for the universe—a life in which the individual conscience is to have no continued living share. The defense of this pantheistic piety by quoting the patriarch of many tribulations, in his impassioned cry, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him!" is as vain as it is profane. This is only to repeat in a new form the fallacious paradox of those grim and obsolete sectarians who held that the test of a state of grace was "willingness to be damned for the glory of God." The spirit that truly desires righteousness longs with an unerring instinct for immortality as the indispensable

condition of entire righteousness, and when invited to approve its own immolation for the pretended furtherance of the Divine glory will always answer as a noble matron applying for admission to the church once answered the inquisitorial session of her Calvinistic society—"I certainly am *not* willing to be damned for the glory of God; were I so, I should not be *here!*"

VII

THIS SENSE OF OUR VOCATION to moral perfection, and of all it implies as to freedom and continuance, is what makes our main question of such thrilling concern. The question starts a ghostly fear, lest science may be the doom of our loftiest hopes. If so, it will quench the aspirations which have been the soul of man's grandest as well as sublimest endeavors; for the beliefs it will destroy are the real foundation of all that has given majesty and glory to history. To present universal Nature as the deep in which each soul with its moral hopes is to be engulfed, is to transform existence into a system of radical and irremediable *evil*, and thus to make genuine religion impossible; and not only religion, but also all cordial political union and order, for this gets and keeps a footing amid the shifting affairs of this sense-world, only because it is the outward image of the religious vision. Belief in the sovereign goodness of the universe and its grounding Light is the life alike of religious faith and of political fealty. It is impossible that either faith or fealty can long endure after we have come to the realizing conviction that the whole of which we form a part, and the central Principle of the whole, are hostile, or even indifferent, not simply to the permanent *existence* of the soul, but to its aspirations after completion in moral life. A nominal God, who either cannot or will not

eternity of God, and the immortality of individual souls, turn out to be but the obverse or reverse of the one and only necessary Fact, without both of which the reality of experience would be impossible. The passage from God to creation, or from the world of sensible reality to God, is possible only through the reality of individual persons. The eternal order, properly apprehended, is, as Leibnitz so well named it, a City of God, — a system of co-eternal persons, the Principles ^{of God} of whose eternal relationships, wholly inseparable, is what we mean by God, and whose imperishable nature is grounded in the grounding of their being in his being, as the eternal expression of his eternally creative nature.

Very truly Yours,

G. H. Howison

bring to fulfillment the longing after infinite moral growth that has once arisen in a spirit, is not, and cannot be, for such a spirit, true God at all:

The wish, that of the living whole
No life may fail beyond the grave,
Derives it not from what we have
The likest God within the soul?

. . . And he, shall he,

Man, the last work, who seemed so fair,
Such splendid purpose in his eyes,
Who rolled the psalm to wintry skies,
Who built him fanes of fruitless prayer,
Who trusted God was love indeed,
And love Creation's final law—
Though Nature, red in tooth and claw
With ravine, shrieked against his creed—
Who loved, who suffered countless ills,
Who battled for the True, the Just,
Be blown about the desert dust,
Or sealed within the iron hills?
No more?—A monster, then, a dream,
A discord! Dragons of the prime,
That tare each other in their slime,
Were mellow music, matched with him!

The profound feeling which Tennyson has here so memorably expressed, gives to the question of immortality a significance as wide as all mankind, as deep as man's unfathomable heart, and makes its interest surpass the interest of every other; for every other quickest question is involved in this. Let us not fail to realize that pantheism means, not simply the all-pervasive interblending and interpenetration of God and other life, but

the sole causality of God, and so the obliteration of freedom, of moral life, and of any immortality worth the having; in a word, of the true being of God himself.

VIII

IT IS URGENT TO ASK, then, whether there is anything in the nature of modern science that really gives color to a pantheistic philosophy. Obviously enough, there are not wanting philosophers, and schools of philosophy, who read pantheism in science, as science appears to them. But the question is, Is such a reading the authentic teaching of science itself? Here we must not mistake the utterances of *men* of science for the voice of science as such. For on this borderland of science and philosophy it need not be surprising if men only familiar with the method of investigation which science pursues, and not greatly at home in the varied and complex history of philosophical thought, should sometimes incline to a hasty inference when the borderland is reached, should overlook the fact that their science and its method have necessary limits, and in philosophy take the view which an illegitimate extension of their method would indicate. So, disregarding the opinions of certain cultivators of science, we are here to ask the more pertinent question, What is there—if indeed there be anything—in the nature of science itself, as science is now known, what is there in its results or in its method, that points to a pantheistic interpretation of the world?

To this question it must in all candor be answered, that both in the method of modern science, and in the two most commanding principles that have resulted from the method, there is that which unquestionably *suggests* the pantheistic view. Nothing less than the most cautious discrimination, founded on a precise knowledge of the history of philosophical inquiry, can de-

test the exact reach, the limits, and the real significance of this suggestion, or expose the illegitimacy of following it without reserve. The trait to which I am now referring in the *method* of science is its rigorously observational and experimental character; indeed, its strictly empirical or tentative character. The two commanding *results*, which now in turn play an organizing part in the subsidiary methods of all the sciences, are (1) the principle of the Conservation of Energy, and (2) the principle of Evolution, manifesting itself in the concomitant phenomenon of "natural selection"—the "struggle for existence" between each species or individual and its environment, and the "survival of the fittest." In these two principles, and also in the general method of science, there are certain implications that seem to point strongly in the pantheistic direction. These implications accordingly deserve, and must receive, our careful attention.

How, then, does the experimental—or, more accurately, the empirical—method of science suggest the doctrine of pantheism? I answer: by limiting our serious belief to the evidence of experience, and chiefly to the evidence of the senses. The method of science demands that nothing shall receive the high credence accorded to science unless it is attested by unquestionable presence in sensible experience. All the refinements of scientific method—the precautions of repeated observation, the probing subtleties of experiment, the niceties in the use of instruments of precision, the principle of reduction to mean or average, the allowing for the "personal equation," the final casting out of the largest mean of possible errors in experiment or observation, by such methods, for instance, as that of least squares—all these refinements are for the single purpose of making it certain that our basis of evidence shall be confined to what has actually been present in the world of sense. We are to know beyond question

that such and such conjunctions of events have *actually* been present to the senses, and precisely *what* it is that thus remains indisputable fact after all possible additions or misconstructions of our mere thought or fancy have been cancelled out. Such conjunctions in unquestionable experience, isolated and then purified from foreign admixture by carefully contrived experiment, we are finally to raise by generalization into a tentative expectation of their continued recurrence in the future; *tentative* expectation, we say, because the empirical method in its rigor warns us that the act of generalization is a step beyond the strict evidence, and must not be reckoned any part of science except as it continues to be verified in subsequent experience of the event under examination. Thus natural science climbs its slow and cautious way along the path of what it calls the laws of Nature; but it only gives this name in the sense that there has been a constancy in the conjunctions of past experience, a verification of the tentative generalization suggested by this, and a consequent continuance of the same tentative expectancy. This expectancy, however, waits for renewed verification, and refrains from committing itself unreservedly to the absolute invariability of the law to which it refers. Unconditional universality of its ascertained conjunctions, natural science, in its own sphere and function, neither claims nor admits; and *a fortiori* not their necessity.*

* The account here given of scientific method may appear to some readers different from that presented in the essay on "The Limits of Evolution." There is no real inconsistency between the two, however. Here, I am stating the method of science strictly as such—stating it as the scientific expert uses it and states it to himself. In the former place, I was stating the *philosophy* of the method—bringing out its *real* presuppositions. I was representing the method, not simply with reference to its practical objects, not purely as a means to a result in *science*, but as a step in the *theory of knowledge*, a link in the chain not of science but of philosophy. Nor does the above-mentioned holding-back of science from necessity in its judgments mean anything but its just recognition of the unavoidable insecurity of its basis of fact.

Now, to a science which accepts the testimony of experience with this undoubting and instinctive confidence that never stops to inquire what the real grounds of the possibility of experience itself may be, or whence experience can possibly derive this infallibility of evidence, but assumes, on the contrary, that the infallibility of the evidence, could this once be certainly got, is immediate and underived—to such a science it must seem that we can have no verifiable assurance of any existence but the Whole; that is, the aggregate of particulars hitherto actual or yet to become so. Thus the very method of natural science tends to obliterate the sense of the transcendent, of what lies beyond the bounds of possible experience, or at least to destroy its credit at the bar of disciplined judgment. In this way the method brings its too eager votaries to regard the Sum of Things as the only reality.

On this view, the outcome of the scientific method might seem to be restricted to that form of pantheism which I have named atheistic. Most obviously the inference would be directly to materialism, the lowest and most natural form of such pantheism; subtler reasoning, however, recognizing that in the last resort experience must be consciousness, sees a truer fulfillment of the empirical method in the subjective idealism which states the Sum of Things as the aggregate of the perceptions of its conscious members. But beyond even this juster idealistic construction of atheistic pantheism—beyond *either* form of atheistic pantheism, in fact—the method of natural science would appear to involve consequences which render the Absolute, whether interpreted as the Unknowable or as God, the sole causal reality. That is, scientific method would in this way bring us to acosmic pantheism. For the empirical method, so far from vindicating either the freedom of the personal will or the immortality of the

soul, withholds belief from both, as matters that can never come within the bounds of possible experience. The habit of regarding nothing but the empirically attested as part of science dismisses these two essential conditions of man's reality beyond the assumed pale of true knowledge into the discredited limbo of naked and unsupported possibilities.

But it is not till we pass from the method of natural science to its two chief modern results, and take in their revolutionary effect as subsidiaries of method in every field of natural inquiry—it is not till then that we feel the full force of the pantheistic strain which pulls with such tension in many modern minds. Only in the principle of the Conservation of Energy, and in that of Evolution, particularly as evolution is viewed in its aspect of natural selection, do we get the full force of the pantheistic drift. This drift, at the first encounter, seems almost irresistible. That all the changes in the universe of physical experience are resolvable into motions, either molar or molecular; that in spite of the incalculable variety of these motions, the sum-total of movement and the average direction of the motions is constant and unchangeable;* that an unvarying correlation of all the various modes of motion exists, so that each mode is convertible into its correlates at a constant numerical rate, and so that each, having passed the entire circuit of correlated forms, returns again into its own form undiminished in amount: all this seems to point unmistakably to a primal energy—a ground-form of moving activity—in itself one and unchangeable, immanent in its sum

* The principle of conservation is very commonly stated as the invariability of the sum-total of *vis viva* in the world, and is expressed in the formula $\frac{1}{2}mv^2 = \text{constant}$. But the statement in the text, which returns to the formula of Leibnitz, is more comprehensive as well as more philosophic, and is for these reasons preferred by some physicists.

of correlated forms, but not transcending them, while each instance of each form is only a transient and evanescent mode of this single Reality.

Nor is this inference weakened by the later scholium upon the principle of conservation, known as the principle of the Dissipation of Energy. On the contrary, the pantheistic significance of the principle of conservation seems to be greatly deepened by this. Instead of a constant whole of moving activity, exhibited in a system of correlated modes of motion, we now have a vaster correlation between the sum of *actual* energies and a vague but prodigious mass of *potential* energy—the “waste-heap,” as the physicist Balfour Stewart has well named it, of the power of the universe. Into this “waste-heap” all the active energies in the world of sense seem to be continually vanishing, and to be destined at last to vanish utterly. Under the light of this principle of dissipation, we shift from a primal energy immanent but not transcendent to one immanent in the sum of the correlated actual motions and also transcendent of them. Very impressive is the view that here arises of a dread Source of Being that engulfs all beings. It is Brahm again, issuing forth through its triad, Brahma, Vishnu, Siva—creation, preservation, annihilation—to return at last into its own void, gathering with it the sum of all its transitory modes. And let us not forget that the conceptions out of which this image of the One-and-All is spontaneously generated are the ascertained and settled results of the science of Nature in its exactest empirical form.

When to this powerful impression from the principle of conservation, as modified by that of dissipation, we now add the proper effect of the principle of evolution, the pantheistic inference appears to gather an overpowering weight, in no way to be evaded. As registered in terms of a rigorous empirical

method, evolution presents the picture of a cosmic Whole, constituted of varying members descended from its own primitive form by differentiations so slight and gradual as not to suggest difference of origin or distinction in kind, but, on the contrary, to indicate clearly their kinship and community of origin. Still, these differentiations among the members, and the consequent differences in their adaptation to the Whole, involve a difference in their power to persist amid the mutual competition which their common presence in the Whole implies. In this silent and unconscious competition of tendencies to persist, which is called, in a somewhat exaggerated metaphor, the "struggle for existence," the members of the least adaptation to the Whole must perish earliest, and only those of the highest adaptation will finally survive. Accordingly, by an exaggeration akin to that of the former metaphor, we may, in another, name the resulting persistence of the members most suited to the Whole the "survival of the fittest"; and as it is the Whole that determines the standard of adaptation, we may also, by figuratively personifying the Whole, call the process of antagonistic interaction through which the survivors persist, a process of "natural selection." Here, now, the points of determining import for inference are these: (1) That the "survival" is only of the *fittest to the Whole*; (2) that it is the Whole alone that "selects"; (3) that no "survival," as verifiable by the strictly empirical method, can be taken as permanent, but that even the latest must be reckoned as certified only to date, with a reservation, at best, of "tentative expectancy" for hope of continuance; (4) that "natural selection," *as empirically verified*, is a process of *cancellation*, in the end a selection only to death; and (5) that the Whole alone has the possibility of final survival. The "tentative expectation" founded on the entire sweep of the observed facts, and

not extended beyond it, would be that the latest observed survivor—man—is destined like his predecessors to pass away, supplanted by some new variation of the Whole, of a higher fitness to it. And so on, endlessly.

This clear pointing toward the One-and-All that devours all, seems but to gain still further clearness when the principles of conservation and of evolution are considered, as they must be, in their inseparable connection and interaction. They work in and through each other. Conservation and correlation of energy, and their "rider" of dissipation, are the secret of the mechanism in the process of natural selection, with its deaths and its survivals. Evolution is the field, and its resulting forms of existence more and more complex, are the outcome, of the operations of the correlated, conserved, and dissipated energies. Evolution, in its turn, by its principle of struggle and survival, works in the very process of the correlation, dissipation, and conservation of energy. It therefore seems but natural to identify the potential energy of correlation—the "waste-heap" of power—with the Whole of natural selection. And thus we appear to reach, by a cumulative argument, the One-and-All in which all must be absorbed.

If we now add to these several indications, given by the method and the two chief results of modern science, the discredit that the principles of conservation and evolution appear to cast directly upon the belief in freedom and immortality, the pantheistic note in modern science will sound out to the full. With reference to free-agency, this discredit comes (1) from the closer nexus that the correlation of forces seems plainly to establish between every possible conscious action and the antecedent or environing chain of events out of which the web of its motives must be woven, and (2) from the pitch and proclivity that,

according to the principle of evolution, must be transmitted by the heredity inseparable from the process of descent. With reference to immortality, the discredit comes first by way of the principle of evolution, through its indication of the transitoriness of all survivals, and its irremediable failure to supply any evidence of even a *possible* survival beyond the sensible world, with which empirical evolution has alone to do. But it comes also by way of the principle of the conservation and dissipation of energy, because of the doom that seems manifestly to await *all* forms of actual energy. Besides, both immortality and freedom must share in that general discredit of everything unattested by experience which the persistent and exclusive culture of empiricism begets.

In effect, while the empirical method ignores, and must ignore, any supersensible Principle of existence whatever, thus tending to a loose and careless identification of the Absolute with the Sum of Things, evolution and the principle of conservation have familiarized the modern mind with the continuity, the uniformity, and the unity of Nature in an overwhelming degree. In the absence of a conviction upon independent grounds that the Principle of existence is rational and personal, the sciences of Nature can hardly fail, even upon a somewhat considerate and scrutinizing view, to convey the impression that the Ground of Things is a vast and shadowy Whole, which moves toward some unknown destination; sweeping forward, as one of the leaders of modern science has said, "regardless of consequences," unconcerned as to the fate of man's world of effort and hope, which looks so circumscribed and insignificant when viewed from the outlook of sense only—from the vanishing shore of Time, giving upon the boundless expanses of Space.

IX

BUT NOW WE COME to the last and closest question: Is this impression of pantheism really warranted? And here we stand in need of sharp discrimination: there is a way of looking at the course of science, the way we have just been examining, that seems to find the warrant asked for; and there is an exacter way which will show that the supposed warrant is only an illusion. With the right discrimination, and using the exacter way, we shall find that the inference to pantheism from the method and principles of science, decided as it *seems* to be, is after all illegitimate.

Our first precaution in this home stretch of our inquiry must be to remember that it is not science—not exact and rigorous knowledge—in its entire compass that is involved in our question. It is only “modern science,” popularly so called; that is, science taken to mean only the science of Nature. Not only so, but science is in the new context further restricted to signify only what may rightly be described as the *natural* science of Nature—so much of the possible knowledge of Nature as can be reached through the channel of the senses critically used; so much, in short, as will yield itself to a method strictly empirical. Hence the real question is, Whether empirical science, confined to Nature as its proper object, can legitimately assert the theory of pantheism?

With regard now, first, to the argument drawn with such apparent force purely from the method of natural science, it will be plain to a more scrutinizing reflection, that shifting from the legitimate *disregard* of a supersensible Principle—a disregard in which the empirical method is entirely within its right—to the *denial* or the *doubt* of it because there is and can be no scientific evidence for it, is in fact an abuse of the scientific method,

an unwarrantable extension of it to decisions lying by its own terms beyond its reach. The shift is made upon the assumption that there can be no science—no exact and conclusive knowledge—founded on any but empirical evidence. Now, that there is no science deserving of the name except such as follows the empirical method of *natural* science is a claim which experts in natural science are rather prone to make; but the profoundest thinkers the world has known—such as Plato, Aristotle, Bacon, Descartes, Spinoza, Leibnitz, Kant, and Hegel—have certainly pronounced the claim unfounded; indeed, a sheer assumption, contradicted by evidence the clearest, if oftentimes abstruse. When instead of blindly following experience we raise the question of the nature and the sources of experience, and push it in earnest, it then appears that the experience which seems so rigorously to exclude supersensible principles, and particularly the personality of the First Principle, is itself dependent for its existence on a personal Principle and on supersensible principles; that, in fact, these enter into the very constitution of experience. But in any case this question of the nature of experience and the limits of knowledge—the question whether the limits of knowledge are identical with the limits of experience—is a question which if we take up, we abandon the field of natural science and enter instead the field of the theory of cognition. In this, the expert at natural science, as such, has not a word to say. Here his method is altogether unavailing. If the problem can be solved at all, the solution will be by methods that transcend the bounds of empirical evidence. The scientific expert may be competent to the solution in his capacity of *man*, but in his capacity of *man of science* he certainly is not.

So again, with regard to the inferences to pantheism from the conservation of energy and the principle of evolution. Strong as

the evidence seems, it arises from violating the strict principles of the scientific method. All inferences to a Whole of potential energy, or to a Whole determinant of the survivals in a struggle for existence, are *real* inferences—passing beyond the region of sensible and experimental *facts* into the empirically unknown, empirically unattested, empirically unwarranted region of supersensible *principles*. The exact *scientific* truth about all such inferences, and the supposed realities which they establish or displace, is simply that they are *not* warranted by natural science; and that this withholding of warrant is only the expression by natural science of its incompetency to enter upon such questions.

Natural science must therefore, in truth, be declared silent on this question of pantheism; as indeed it is, and from the nature of the case must be, upon all theories of the supersensible alike—theistic, deistic, atheistic, pantheistic. Natural science has no proper concern with such theories. Science may well enough be said to be *non*-pantheistic, but so also is it non-theistic, non-deistic, non-atheistic. Its position, however, is not for that reason *anti*-pantheistic, any more than it is anti-theistic, or anti-deistic, or anti-atheistic. Rather, it is merely *agnostic*; not in the sense of the dogmatic philosophies of agnosticism, but simply in the sense of declining to affect knowledge in the premises, seeing they are beyond its method and its province. In short, *its* agnosticism is simply its *neutrality*, and doesn't in the least imply that agnosticism is the final view of things. The investigation of the final view, the research concerning the First Principle, science leaves to methods quite other than its own of docile experience and patient reflection upon experience—methods that philosophy is now prepared to vindicate as higher and still more trustworthy. For the primacy of mind over Nature, the legislative relation of mind to the world, has been found to be the real presupposi-

tion of science itself, and the tacit recognition of this truth to be the clue to the first sudden advance of modern science, and to its unparalleled subsequent progress.*

Hence, when once the personality of the First Principle is reached in some other way—the way of philosophy as distinguished from that of science—science will then furnish the most abundant confirmations, the strongest corroborations; the more abundant and the stronger, in proportion as the first Principle reached by philosophy ascends continuously from materialism through deism and pantheism to personal theism. For the traits in Nature and in natural science that seem to point to a lower Principle, especially those that look so plausibly toward pantheism, are better explicable by the theistic Principle, when once true theism is reached; and science *accords* best with this purified theism, though in itself quite unable to attain to the view.

But the theism that science will corroborate, or that thorough philosophy can approve and establish, must be a theism that

* The epochal sentences of Kant, in his preface to the second edition of the *Critique of Pure Reason*, have been more than verified by the century of science and philosophy that has passed since they first saw the day: "When Gallilei made his balls roll down the inclined plane with a gravitation selected by himself, or Torricelli had the air support a weight which he had previously taken equal to a known column of water, or Stahl later converted metals into lime, and this into metal again, by withdrawing something and then putting it back, a light dawned on all investigators of Nature. They comprehended that Reason only sees into what she herself produces after her own design; that with her principles of judgment according to invariable laws, she must take the lead, and compel Nature to answer her questions, not let herself be merely *taught* by Nature to walk, as if in leading-strings; for otherwise she would be left to observations only casual, and these, made on no plan designed beforehand, do not at all connect in a necessary law, which yet is what Reason seeks and must have. With her principles in one hand, solely by accord with which can agreements among phenomena get the value of laws, and with experiment in the other, which she has devised according to them, Reason must approach Nature, to learn from her, indeed, but not in the quality of a *pupil*, who submits to be prompted as the teacher pleases; on the contrary, in the quality of an invested *judge*, who compels the witnesses to reply to questions which he puts to them himself."—*Critique of Pure Reason* (edition of 1787), pp. xii, xiii.

assumes into its conceptions of God and man all the irrefutable insights of materialism or of deism, and of pantheism most of all. These insights reached on the planes of lower philosophies have an unquestionable reality and pertinence, if also they are marked by undeniable insufficiency. Their insufficiency, when they are seen in the higher light of genuine theism, is indeed so great that they seem by themselves to have hardly any religious import at all. By themselves, they afford the soul neither outward hope nor inward peace. Still, the religious conviction that does make hope and peace secure is not to be attained without their aid. The mind that has never discerned the meaning in these lower levels of thought upon religious problems has not yet entered into the inner meaning of theism, nor seen it in the light where its proofs become transparent.

THE MANY AND THE ONE*

I

AS WE APPROACH the fundamental conceptions of philosophy, there comes into view the conceptual pair, Many and One. The history of philosophic thought proves that this antithesis is darkly obscure and deeply ambiguous; for about it has centered a large part of the conflicts of doctrine. This pair is of use, implicitly, in exhibiting the development of Cause and Effect; and in so using it we gain a partial clarification of it, and see one possible solution of its ambiguity. We see, namely, how our strong natural persuasion that philosophy guided by the fundamental concept, Cause, must become the search for the One amid the wilderness of the Many, and that this search cannot be satisfied and ended except in an all-inclusive Unit in which the Many is embraced as comprising the integral and originated parts, completely determined, subjected, and controlled—how this persuasion may give way to another and less oppressive conception of unity: a conception of it as the harmony among many free and independent primary realities, which is founded on their intelligent and reasonable mutual recognition.

This conception casts at least *some* clearing light upon the long and dreary disputes over the Many and the One; for it exposes, plainly, their main source. They have arisen out of two chief ambiguities—the ambiguity of the concept One, and the ambiguity of the concept Cause in its supreme meaning. The normal contrast between the One and the Many is a clear and simple contrast: the One is the single unit, and the Many is the

* From the address, "Philosophy: Its Fundamental Conceptions and Its Methods," given by Professor Howison at the Congress of Arts and Science of the Universal Exposition, St. Louis, 1904.

repetition of the unit, or is the collection of the several units. But if we go on to suppose that there is a collection or sum of all possible units, and call this the Whole, then, since there can be no second such, we call it also "one" (or the One, by way of preëminence), overlooking the fact that it differs from the simple one, or unit, in *genre*; that it is in fact not a unit at all, not an elementary member of a series, but the annulment of all series; that our name "one" has profoundly changed its meaning, and now stands for the Sole, the Only.

Thus, by our forgetfulness of differences, we fall into deep water, and, with the confused illusions of the drowning, dream of the One and All as the single *punctum originationis* of all things, the Source and Begetter of the very units of which it is in reality only the resultant and the derivative. Or, from another point of view, and in another mood, we rightly enough take the One to mean the coherent, the intelligible, the consistent, the harmonious; and putting the Many, on the misleading hint of its contrast to the unit, in antithesis to this One of harmony, we fall into the belief that the Many cannot be harmonious, but is intrinsically a cluster of repulsions or of collisions incapable of giving rise to accord; indeed, is essentially hostile to it. So, as accord is the aim and the essence of our reason, we are caught in the snare of monism, pluralism having apparently become the equivalent of chaos, and thus the *bête noire* of rational metaphysics. Nay, in the opposed camp itself, some of the most ardent adherents of pluralism, the liveliest of wit, the most exuberant in literary resources, are the abjectest believers in the hopeless disjunction and capriciousness of the plural, and hold there is a rift in the texture of reality that no intelligence, "even though you dub it 'the Absolute,'" can mend or reach across.

Yet surely there is nothing in the Many, as a sum of units, that is in the least at war with the One as a system of harmony. On the contrary, even in the pure form of the Number Series, the Many is impossible except on the principle of harmony—the units can be collected and summed (that is, constitute the Many), only if they cohere in a community of intrinsic kindred. Consequently the whole question of the chaotic or harmonic nature of a plural world turns on the nature of the genus which we find characteristic of the absolutely (i.e., the unreservedly) real, the genus which is to be taken as the common denomination enabling us to count them and to sum them. When minds are seen to be necessarily the primary realities, but also *necessarily federal* as well as individual, the illusion about the essential disjunction and non-coherence of the plurally real dissolves away, and a primordial world of manifold persons is seen to involve no fundamental or hopeless anarchy of individualism, irreducible in caprice, but an indwelling principle of harmony, rather, that from the springs of individual being intends the control and composure of all the disorders that mark the world of experiential appearance, and so must tend perpetually to effect this.

II

THE OTHER MAIN SOURCE of our confusions over the Many and the One is the variety of meaning hidden in the concept Cause, and our propensity to take its most obvious but least significant sense for its supreme intent. Closest at hand, in experience, is our productive causation of changes in our sense-world, and hence most obvious is that reading of Cause which takes it as the producer of changes and, with a deeper comprehension of it, of the unalterable linkage between changes, whereby one follows regularly and surely upon another. Thus what we have

in philosophy agreed to call Efficient Cause comes to be mistaken for the profoundest and the supreme form of cause, and all the other modes of cause, the Material (or Stuff), the Form (or Conception), and the End (or Purpose), its consequent and derivative auxiliaries. Under the influence of this strong impression, we either assume total reality to be One Whole, all-embracing and all-producing of its manifold modes, or else view it as a duality, consisting of One Creator and his manifold creatures. So it has come about that metaphysics has hitherto been chiefly a contention between pantheism and monotheism, or, as the latter should for greater accuracy be called, *monarcho-theism*; and, it must be acknowledged, this struggle has been attended by a continued (though not continual) decline of this later dualistic theory before the steadfast front and unyielding advance of the older monism. Thus persistent has been the assumption that harmony can only be assured by the unity given in some single productive causation: the only serious uncertainty has been about the most rational way of conceiving the operation of this Sole Cause; and this doubt has thus far, on the whole, declined in favor of the elder Oriental or monistic conception, as against the Hebraic conception of extraneous creation by fiat. The frankly confessed mystery of the latter, its open appeal to miracle, places it at a fatal disadvantage with the elder Orientalism, when the appeal is to reason and intelligibility. It is therefore no occasion for wonder that, especially since the rise of the scientific doctrine of Evolution, with its postulate of a universal unity, self-varying yet self-fulfilling, even the leaders of theology are more and more falling into the monistic line and swelling the ever-growing ranks of pantheism. If it be asked here, *And why not? Where is the harm of it? Is not the whole question simply of what is true?* the answer is, *The mortal harm of the destruc-*

tion of personality, which lives or dies with the preservation or destruction of individual responsibility; while the completed truth is, that there are other and profounder (or, if you please, higher) truths than this of explanation by Efficient Cause. In fact, there is a higher conception of Cause itself than this of production, or efficiency; for, of course, as we well might say, that alone can be the supreme conception of Cause which can subsist between absolute or unreserved realities, and such must exclude their production or their necessitating control by others. So that we ought long since to have realized that Final Cause, the recognized presence to each other of unconditioned realities, or Defining Auxiliaries and Ends, is the sole causal relation that can hold among primary realities; though among such it *can* hold, and in fact must.

For the absolute reality of personal intelligences, at once individual and universally recognizant of others, is called for by other conceptions fundamental to philosophy. These other fundamental concepts can no more be counted out or ignored than those we have hitherto considered; and when we take them up, we shall see how vastly more significant they are. They alone will prove supreme, truly organizing, normative; they alone can introduce gradation in truths, for they alone introduce the judgment of worth, of valuation; they alone can give us counsels of perfection, for they alone rise from those elements in our being which deal with ideals and with veritable Ideas. So let us proceed to them.

III

OUR PATH INTO THEIR PRESENCE, however, is through another pair, not so plainly antithetic as those we have thus far considered. This pair that I now mean is Time and Space, which, though

not obviously antinomic, yet owes its existence, as can now be shown, to that profoundest of concept-contrasts, Subject and Object, when the Object takes on its only adequate form of Other Subject. But in passing from the contrast One and Many toward its rational transformation into the moral society of Mind and Companion Minds, we break into this pair of Time and Space, and must make our way through it by taking in its full meaning.

Time and Space play an enormous part in all our empirical thinking, our actual use of thought in our sense-perceptive life. And no wonder; for, in coöperation, they form the postulate and condition of all our possible sensuous consciousness. Only on them as backgrounds can thought take on the peculiar clearness of an image or a picture; only on the screens which they supply can we literally depict an object. And this clarity of outline and boundary is so dear to our ordinary consciousness, that we are prone to say there is no sufficient, no real, clearness, unless we can clarify by the bounds either of place or of date, or of both. In this mood, we are led to deny the reality and validity of thought altogether, when it cannot be defined in the metes and bounds afforded by Time or by Space: that which has no date nor place, we say—no extent and no duration—cannot be real; it is but a pseudo-thought, a pretense and a delusion. Here is the extremely plausible foundation of the philosophy known as sensationism, the refined or second-thought form of materialism, in which it begins its euthanasia into idealism.

Without delaying here to criticize this, let us notice the part that Time and Space play in reference to the conceptual pair, the One and the Many; for not otherwise shall we find our way beyond them to the still more fundamental conceptions which we are now aiming to reach. Indeed, it is through our surface-

apprehension of the pair One and Many, as this illumines experience, that we most naturally come at the pair Time and Space; so that these are at first taken for mere generalizations and abstractions, the purely nominal representatives of the actual distinctions between the members of the Many by our sense-perception of this from that, of here from there, of now from then. It is not till our reflective attention is fixed on the fact that *there* and *here*, *now* and *then*, are *peculiar* distinctions, wholly different from other contrasts of this with that—which may be made in all sorts of ways, by difference of quality, or of quantity, or of relations quite other than place and date—it is not till we realize this *peculiar* character of the Time-contrast and the Space-contrast that we see that these singular differential *qualia* cannot be derived from others, not even from the contrast One and Many, but are independent, are themselves underived and spontaneous utterances of our intelligent, our percipient nature. But when Kant first helped mankind to the realization of this spontaneous (or *a priori*) character of this pair of perceptive conditions, or Sense-Forms, he fell into the persuasion, and led the philosophic world into it, that, though Time and Space are not derivatives of the One and the Many read as the numerical aspect of our perceptive experiences, yet there *is* between the two pairs a connection of dependence as intimate as that first supposed, but in exactly the opposite sense; namely, that the One and the Many are conditioned by Time and Space, or, when it comes to the last resort, are at any rate completely dependent upon Time.

By a series of units, this view means, we really understand a set of items discriminated and related either as points or as instants: in the last analysis, as instants: that is, it is impossible to apprehend a unit, or to count and sum units, unless the unit is

taken as an instant, and the units as so many instants. Numbers, Kant holds, are no doubt pure (or quite unsensuous) percepts—discerned particulars—therefore spontaneous products of the mind *a priori*, but made possible only by the primary pure percept Time, or, again, through the mediation of this, by the conjoined pure percept Space; so that the numbers, in their own pure character, are simply the instants in their series. As the instants, and therefore the numbers, are pure percepts—particulars discerned without the help of sense—so pure percepts, in a primal and comprehensive sense, argues Kant, must their conditioning postulates Time and Space be, to supply the “element,” or “medium,” that will render such pure percepts possible.

This doctrine of Kant's is certainly plausible; indeed, it is impressively so; and it has taken a vast hold in the world of science, and has reinforced the popular belief in the unreality of thought apart from Time and Space; an unreality which it is an essential part of Kant's system to establish critically. But as a graver result, it has certainly tended to discredit the belief in personal identity as an abiding and immutable reality, enthroned over the mutations of things in Time and Space; since all that is in these is numbered and is mutable, and is rather many than one, yet nothing is believed real except as it falls under them, at any rate under Time. And with this decline of the belief in a changeless self, has declined, almost as rapidly and extensively, the belief in immortality. Or, rather, the permanence and the identity of the person has faded into a question regarded as unanswerable; though none the less does this agnostic state of belief tend to take personality, in any responsible sense of the word, out of the region of practical concern. With what is unknowable, even if existing, we can have no active traffic; 'tis for our conduct, as if it were not.

IV

SO IT BEHOOVES US to search if this prevalent view about the relation of One and Many to Time and Space is trustworthy and exact. What place and function in philosophy must Space and Time be given?—for they certainly have a place and function; they certainly are among the inexpugnable conceptions with which thought has to concern itself when it undertakes to gain a view of the whole. But it may be easy to give them a larger place and function than belong to them by right. Is it true, then, that the One and the Many—that the system of Numbers, in short—are unthinkable except as in Space and Time, or, at any rate, in Time? Or, to put the question more exactly, as well as more gravely and more pertinently, Are Space and Time the true *principia individui*, and is Time preëminently the ultimate *principium individuationis*? Is there accordingly no individuality, and no society, no associative assemblage, except in the fleeting world of phenomena, dated and placed? Simply to ask the question, and thus bring out the full drift of this Kantian doctrine, is almost to expose the absurdity of it.

Such a doctrine, though it may be wisely refusing to confound personality, true individuality, with the mere logical singular; nay, worse, with a limited and special illustration of the singular, the one *here* or the one *there*, the one *now* or the one *then*; nevertheless, by confining numerability to things material and sensible, makes personal identity something unmeaning or impossible, and destroys part of the foundation for the relations of moral responsibility. Though the vital trait of the person, his genuine individuality, doubtless lies, not in his being exactly numerable, but in his being aboriginal and origivative; in a word, in his self-activity, in his being a center of autonomous social recognition; yet exactly numerable he indeed is, and must

be, not confusable with any other, else his professed autonomy, his claim of rights and his sense of duty, can have no significance, must vanish in the universal confusion belonging to the indefinite. Nor, on the other hand, is it at all true that a number has to be a point or an instant, nor that things when numbered and counted are implicitly pinned upon points or, at all events, upon instants. It may well enough be the fact that in our empirical use of number we have to employ Time, or even Space, but it is a gaping *non sequitur* to conclude that we therefore can count nothing but the placed and the dated. Certainly we count whenever we *distinguish*—by whatever means, on whatever ground. To think is, in general, at least to “distinguish the things that differ”; but this will not avail except we keep account of the differences; hence the One and the Many lie in the very bosom of intelligence, and this fundamental and spontaneous contrast can not only rive Time and Space into expressions of it, in instants and in points, but travels with thought from its start to its goal, and as organic factor in mathematical science does indeed, as Plato in the *Republic* said, deal with absolute being, if yet dreamwise; so that One and Many, and Many as the sum of the ones, makes part of the measure of that primarily real world which the world of minds alone can be.

If the contrast One and Many can pass the bounds of the merely phenomenal, by passing the temporal and the spatial; if it applies to universal being, to the noumenal as well as to the phenomenal; then the absolutely real world, so far as concerns this essential condition, can be a world of genuine individuals, identifiable, free, abiding, responsible, and there can be a real moral order; if not, then there can be no such moral world, and the deeper thought-conceptions to which we now approach must be regarded, at the best, as fair illusions, bare

ideals, which the serious devotee of truth must shun, except in such moments of vacancy and leisure as he may venture to surrender, at intervals, to purely hedonic uses. But if the One and the Many are not dependent on Time and Space, their universal validity is possible; and it has already been shown that they are not so dependent, are not thus restricted.

v

AND NOW IT REMAINS to show their actual universality, by exhibiting their place in the structure of the absolutely real; since nobody calls in question their pertinence to the world of phenomena. But their noumenal applicability follows from their essential implication with all and every difference: no difference, no distinction, that does not carry counting; and this is quite as true as that there can be no counting without difference. The One and the Many thus root in Identity and Difference, pass up into fuller expression in Universal and Particular, hold forward into Cause and Effect, attain their commanding presentation in the Reciprocity of First Causes, and so keep record of the contrast between Necessity and Contingency. In short, they are founded in, and in their turn help (indispensably) to express, *all the categories*—Quality, Quantity, Relation, Modality. Nor do they suffer arrest there; they hold in the ideals, the True, the Beautiful, the Good, and in the primary Ideas, the Self, the World, and God. For all of these differ, however close their logical linkage may be; and so far as they differ, each of them is a counted unit, and so they are many. And, most profoundly of all, One and Many take footing in absolute reality so soon as we realize that nothing short of intelligent being can be primordially real, underived, and truly causal, and that intelli-

gence is, by its idea, at once an *I*-thinking and a universal recognizing outlook upon others that think *I*.

VI

HENCE NUMBER, so far from being the derivative of Time and Space, founds at the bottom, in the self-definition and social recognition of intelligent beings, and so finds *a priori* a valid expression in Time and in Space, as well as in every other primitive and spontaneous form in which intelligence utters itself. The Pythagorean doctrine of the rank of Number in the scale of realities is only one remove from the truth: though the numbers are indeed not the Prime Beings, they do enter into the essential nature of the Prime Beings; are, so to speak, the organ of their definite reality and identity and for that reason go forward into the entire defining procedure by which these intelligences organize their world of experiences. And the popular impression that Time and Space are derivatives from Number, is in one aspect the truth, rather than the doctrine of Kant; for though they are not mere generalizations and abstractions from numbered dates and durations, places and extents, they do exist as relating-principles which minds simply *put*, as the conditions of *perceptive experiences*; which by the nature of intelligence they must number in order to have and to master; while Number itself, the contrast of One and Many, enters into the very being of minds, and therefore still holds in Time and in Space, which are the organs, or *media*, not of the whole being of the mind, but only of that region of it constituted by sensation—the material, the disjunct, the empirical.

Besides, the logical priority of Number is implied in the fact that minds in putting Time and Space *a priori* must count them as two, since they discriminate them with complete clearness, so

that it is impossible to work up Space out of Time (as Berkeley and Stuart Mill so adroitly, but so vainly, attempted to do), or Time out of Space (as Hegel, with so little adroitness and such patent failure, attempted to do). No; there Time and Space stand, fixed and inconfusable, incapable of mutual transmutation, and thus the ground of an abiding difference between the inner or psychic sense-world and the outer or physical, between the subjective and the (sensibly) objective. By means of them, the world of minds discerns and bounds securely between the privacy of each and the publicity, the life "out of doors," which is common to all; between the cohering isolation of the individual and the communicating action of society.

Indeed, as from this attained point of view we can now clearly see, the real ground of the difference between Time and Space, and hence between subjective perception and the objective existence of physical things, is in the fact that a mind, in *being* such—in its very act of self-definition—correlates itself with a *society* of minds, and so, to fulfil its nature, so far as this includes a world of experiences, must form its experience socially as well as privately, and hence will put forth a condition of sensuous communication, as well as a condition of inner sensation. Thus the dualization of the sense-world into inner and outer, psychic and physical, subjective and objective, rests at last on the intrinsically social nature of conscious being; rests on the twofold structure, logically dichotomous, of the self-defining act; and we get the explanation, from the nature of intelligence as such, why the Sense-Forms are necessarily two, and only two.

It is no accident that we experience all things sensible in Time or in Space, or in both together; it is the natural expression of our primally intelligent being, concerned as that is, directly and only, with our self and its logically necessary complement, the

other selves; and so the natural order, in its two discriminated but complemental portions, the inner and the outer, is founded in that moral order which is given in the fundamental act of our intelligence. It is this resting of Space upon our veritable Objects, the *Other Subjects*, that imparts to it its externalizing quality, so that things in it are referred to the testing of all minds, not to ours only, and are reckoned external because measured by that which is alone indeed other than we.

VII

IN THIS WAY we may burst the restricting limit which so much of philosophy, and so much more of ordinary opinion, has drawn about our mental powers in view of this contrast Time and Space, especially with reference to the One and the Many, and to the persuasion that plural distinctions, at any rate, cannot belong in the region of absolute reality. Ordinary opinion either inclines to support a philosophy that is skeptical of either Unity or Plurality being pertinent beyond Time and Space, and thus to hold by agnosticism, or, if it affects affirmative metaphysics, tends to prefer monism to pluralism, when the number-category is carried up into immutable regions: to represent the absolutely real as One, somehow seems less contradictory of the "fitness of things" than to represent it as Many; moreover, carrying the Many into that supreme region, by implying the belonging there of mortals such as we, seems shocking to customary piety, and full of extravagant presumption.

Still, nothing short of this can really satisfy our deep demand for a moral order, a personal responsibility, nay, an adequate logical fulfillment of our conception of a self as an *intelligence*; while the clarification which a rational pluralism supplies for

such ingrained puzzles in the theory of knowledge as that of the source and finality of the contrast Time and Space, to mention no others, should afford a strong corroborative evidence in its behalf.

HUMAN IMMORTALITY: ITS POSITIVE ARGUMENT

WITH REFERENCE TO THE INGERSOLL LECTURE
OF PROFESSOR JAMES

IN OFFERING SOME WORDS on the great question of human immortality, I enjoy the advantage of the interest awakened by the essay of my brilliant friend from Harvard, read a few months ago to this Club.* The memory of that noble evening lives with you, I doubt not, still undimmed, and long will live, as it lives and long will live with me. The thoughts then stirred within you, I can count upon as having waked many another of those questions which haunt us concerning the mystery of life; and I may feel assured of your sympathy when I now attempt to renew their current.

I may assume, I judge, that some of you not only felt regarding immortality the difficulties which our guest addressed himself to obviating, but were also conscious of a certain feeling of insufficiency left by the method he took to relieve them. Probably, too, many of you wished, as I did, that we might be supplied in some way with something more positive, something more satisfyingly affirmative, than the mere opening of a chance to pull ourselves together and seize upon immortal life by a *tour de force* of resolute belief. For this was all that our essayist could achieve by simply replying to objections, though it was no doubt all that he aimed at achieving.

Many others of you, I moreover suspect, wondered in particular if there might not be some course of thought in which that

* The present essay was read to the Berkeley Club in April, 1899. Professor James had read his Ingersoll Lecture to the same company in September, 1898.

idealistic theory of our existence, suggested by his transmission-view of the functional relation between our conscious experiences and the brain, would be carried up above the region of mere hypothesis into the world of real fact. I mean the theory, that, as Professor James himself expresses it, "the whole universe of material things—the furniture of earth and choir of heaven—should turn out to be a mere surface-veil of phenomena, hiding and keeping back the world of genuine realities; . . . the whole world of natural experience, as we get it, to be but a time-mask, shattering or refracting the one infinite Thought which is the sole reality of those millions of finite streams of consciousness known to us as our private selves."* This theory, Professor James in his argument presents as a possible supposition merely, and his logical aim is simply to show that the superficially alarming proclamation of physiological psychology, which declares all consciousness to be a function of the brain, cannot exclude the chance for this supposition, nor our rational right to make it if we will. He puts it, indeed, as an imaginative possibility rather than a scientific hypothesis, and gives it great poetic force as well as logical plausibility by his quotation of Shelley's lines:†

Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,
Stains the white radiance of eternity.

"Suppose," he adds, "that this were really so, and suppose, moreover, that the dome, opaque enough at all times to the full super-solar blaze, could at certain times and places grow less so, and let certain beams pierce through into this sublunary world. . . . Only at particular times and places would it seem that, as a

* William James, *Human Immortality* (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., (1898), p. 15 f.

† Shelley's *Adonais*, stanza lii.

matter of fact, the veil of Nature can grow thin and rupturable enough for such effects to occur. But in those places gleams, however finite and unsatisfying, of the absolute life of the universe, are from time to time vouchsafed. . . . Admit now that *our brains* are such thin and half-transparent places in the veil. What will happen? Why, as the white radiance comes through the dome with all sorts of staining and distortion imprinted on it by the glass, . . . even so the genuine matter of reality, the life of souls as it is in its fulness, will break through our several brains into this world in all sorts of restricted forms, and with all the imperfections and queernesses that characterize our finite individualities here below.”*

This ideal theory of the true and real being that hides behind phenomena, Professor James, I repeat, puts forward only as a possible hypothesis, to point and emphasize his contention that “when we think of the law that thought is a function of the brain, we are not required to think of productive function only; *we are entitled also to consider permissive or transmissive function.*”† For, on this hypothesis, “our soul’s life, as we here know it, would none the less in literal strictness be the function of the brain.”‡ And his object in this contention is to display the pertinent and pointed moral, that “dependence of this sort on the brain for this natural life would in no wise make immortal life impossible; it might be quite compatible with supernatural life behind the veil hereafter.”§ So that “in strict logic, then, the fangs of cerebralistic materialism are drawn”; . . . “the fatal consequence is not coercive, the conclusion which materialism

* *Human Immortality*, pp. 16, 17.

† *Ibid.*, p. 18.

‡ *Ibid.*, p. 15.

§ *Ibid.*, p. 18.

draws being due solely to its one-sided way of taking the word 'function'."* He points out that it assumes the functional relation of brain to consciousness to be always and solely *productive*, ignoring the fact that it may just as well be either (1) permissive, i.e., releasing, or (2) transmissive. "My words," he closes by saying, "ought consequently to exert a releasing function on your hopes. You *may* believe henceforward, whether you care to profit by the permission or not."†

Upon this merely permissive conclusion of his argument, this bare opening of room for belief—to take advantage of which we must summon the courage to risk the belief, and so leave it after all a matter of sheer resolution—I repeat I can hardly doubt that many of you wondered if this were all that philosophic thought can do for our heart's desire after light and foothold beyond the grave. You must have wondered if that region of "super-solar blaze" must always remain this blank Perhaps; if that "white radiance of eternity" always must be visible to the poet's eye alone; or if it might not, rather, by some better philosophic fortune be revealed to clear insight as a reality undeniable, and so our belief in it become the act of intelligence, solid and supported, instead of being an act of that desperate courage which risks all, because not to risk is to perish anyhow.

It is in a hope to meet this query—to show, if possible, the way of raising this ideal hypothesis into fact resting upon positive evidence—that I offer you what follows in this essay.

I

BEFORE ENTERING upon the affirmative argument for the imperishableness of the light that lighteth every man when he cometh

* *Human Immortality*, pp. 18, 19.

† *Ibid.*, p. 19.

into the world, and essaying to prove really *his* the white radiance of eternity, which by the dome of physical life, however many-colored, is only stained, let me point out clearly a certain oversight in the otherwise brilliant reasoning by which our guest and essayist would provide a justifiable chance for faith and courage to cast in for immortality—a chance to risk belief without the risk of demonstrable folly. For that, in brief, is what Professor James's general aim in the philosophic field may be said to be—to vindicate the exercise of moral and religious faith against the charge of ignorance, unreason, and folly; to make it plain that one is not a fool, even though he do believe out of sheer fealty and loyal will, when once a proved uncertainty leaves him an open chance; and to display this open chance in face of those "results of modern science" which are so often declared adverse to it.

What, then, is the exact "open chance" that Professor James leaves us, in this urgent question of immortality, by his transmission-theory of the function performed by the brain for consciousness? Does the transmission-theory, in strict logic, indeed draw the fangs of cerebralistic materialism?—does it take away the real sting of death? The answer to this question depends on the answer we shall have to give to another—whether the transmission-theory, as managed by Professor James, establishes any chance for the personal immortality of *each* of us. For the real sting of death is the apprehension in each of us that *he* may perish in dying; and no hope of the changeless persistence of any eternal "mother sea" of consciousness, Divine or other, can afford us any consolation if this dread of our personal extinction be not set at rest.

Professor James has himself partly realized this critical issue in the case. "Still you will ask," he says, "in what positive way

does this theory help us to realize our immortality in imagination?"* He alludes here to his previous statement, that the transmission-theory implies the "mother sea" of eternal consciousness, in accordance with which "the great orthodox philosophic tradition" treats the body as "an essential condition to the soul's life in this world of sense," but conceives that "after death the soul is set free and becomes a purely intellectual and non-appetitive being."† And he quotes corroboratively from Kant the sentiment that "the body would thus be, not the cause of our thinking, but merely a condition restrictive thereof, and, although essential to our sensuous and animal consciousness, . . . an impeder of our pure spiritual life."‡ Then, with great pertinence, he adds: "What we all wish to keep is just these individual restrictions, these self-same tendencies and peculiarities that define us to ourselves and others, and constitute our identity, so called. Our finiteness and limitations seem to be our personal essence; and when the finiting organ drops away, and our several spirits revert to their original source and resume their unrestricted condition, will they then be anything like those sweet streams of feeling which we know, and which even now our brains are sifting out from the great reservoir for our enjoyment here below?"§

This keen and indeed irrepressible demand for individual perpetuity of consciousness he still more thrillingly emphasizes when he comes to attempt the rebuttal of the second objection to immortal life—the strange objection drawn from the *ennui* at contemplating the incalculable thronging of the eternal world, involved in immortality. "Life," he rehearses, in behalf of the

* *Human Immortality*, p. 29.

† *Ibid.*, p. 28.

‡ *Ibid.*, pp. 28, 29.

§ *Ibid.*, pp. 29, 30.

objector, "is a good thing on a reasonably copious scale; but the very heavens themselves, and the cosmic times and spaces, would stand aghast, we think, at the notion of preserving eternally such an ever-swelling plethora and glut of it."* And to the objection his telling reply is in substance this: The inner significance of other lives exceeds all our powers of sympathy and insight. . . . Every one of these aliens, however grotesque or even repulsive to you or to me, is animated by an inner joy of living as hot or hotter than that which we feel beating in our private breasts. . . . Not a being of the countless throng is there whose continued life is not called for, and called for intensely, by the consciousness that animates the being's form. . . . Spiritual being, whenever it comes, affirms itself, expands, and craves continuance.†

The true and real point of this reply, you cannot fail to notice, turns entirely upon the assumption that nothing short of individual immortality can be the object of any serious question in this region. So now let us ask, with accuracy, what assurance—what leaving open of a consoling hope, even—of this personal preservation the transmission-theory of brain-function can afford. Professor James declares, and no one will deny, that the production-theory leaves no room for the hope of *any* kind of immortality, individual or generic: does his transmission-theory, then, really afford any hope of *individual* immortality? And let us remind ourselves, once more, that this is the only immortality in which we have any interested concern, or are capable of having any. We are not interested in the everlastingness of the eternal "mother sea," call it God or call it what we will, unless we include in it the sum of all our enduring distinct personalities. So the question is, Does even the theory that the brain

* *Human Immortality*, p. 36.

† *Ibid.*, pp. 39-41.

performs simply a transmissive function in our conscious life, instead of a producing one, really warrant even a *hope* of personal preservation forever, not to speak of an assurance of it?

Professor James's own management of this theory is singularly disappointing in this reference, and singularly short of his own pungent emphasis of the universal passion for personal continuance. The white radiance of eternity which he hints as shining through the many-colored dome of natural life—the pied translucence of the brain—is prevailingly conceived by him as in itself a continuous and undivided and undifferentiated Whole. Upon this our brains operate* as “organs for separating it into parts and giving them finite form.” Again,† he says: “The transmission-theory connects itself very naturally with the whole tendency of thought known as transcendentalism. Emerson, for example, writes: ‘We lie in the lap of immense intelligence, which makes us receivers of its truth and organs of its activity. When we discern justice, when we discern truth, we do nothing of ourselves, but allow a passage to its beams.’” All this is in even keeping with Professor James's other sentence,‡ that “we need only suppose the continuity of our consciousness with a mother sea, to allow for exceptional waves occasionally pouring over the dam,” and with the earlier one, already once quoted, that “as the white radiance comes through the dome, . . . even so the genuine matter of reality, the life of souls as it is in its fullness, will break through our several brains into this world in all sorts of restricted forms.”

Once, and but once only, does he approach the greater idealistic doctrine of an eternal Pluralism. Then he says, indeed, “But

* *Human Immortality*, note 3, p. 52.

† *Ibid.*, note 5, p. 58.

‡ *Ibid.*, p. 27.

it is not necessary to identify the consciousness postulated in the lecture, as preëxisting behind the scenes, with the Absolute Mind of transcendental idealism, although, indeed, the notion of it might lead in that direction. The Absolute Mind of transcendental idealism is one integral Unit, one single World-Mind. For the purposes of my lecture, however, there might be many minds behind the scenes as well as one.”* This is undoubtedly so: strictly, too, the rebuttal purposes of his lecture would be far better served by this pluralistic hypothesis than by that of a single, all-wide mother sea of Mind; rather, in fact, these purposes cannot be properly served by any hypothesis except the pluralistic. But unfortunately he goes on to say, “All that the transmission-theory absolutely requires is that they [the many minds behind the scenes] should transcend *our* minds, which thus come from *something* mental that preëxists, and is larger than themselves.”†

Thus he is confronted—and so are we in following him—with the awkward consequence that *our* minds, our *individual* personalities, only get their being by the fact of transmission through the brain. Existing only on condition that the brain allows us to be, as sifted, restricted, or colored phantoms of the infinite sea of light beyond, all that *we* in strictness are must fail of being, must go out extinguished, whenever the transmitting medium shall cease to exist. All that is *we*, all our individual identities, must vanish into nameless nothing when death arrives. That the vast Mind-Ocean supposed to be beating over the brain’s threshold, or the many minds, not *ours*, perchance supposable behind the scenes, abides or abide in the immutable eternity which is its home or theirs—this concerns us not, this con-

* *Human Immortality*, p. 58.

† *Ibid.*, p. 58, at bottom.

soles us not. What *we* are, on this transmission-theory of our selfhood, is members of the dead. We were only the phantasmal results of a contingent and passing condition to which the Eternal Reality, by some impenetrable mystery, submitted itself or was submitted. In death that condition has vanished, and so we too are gone. *We* are not sharers in the imperishableness of the eternal Consciousness, be it One or be it many. It (or perchance they) alone has (or maybe have) life in itself (or in themselves), alone is an End (or are ends). *We* are *not* ends, but are only means, and transient means at that. We are only stage supernumeraries—nay, worse, only stage properties—of the eternal drama, and not at all its proper personages. We are only here as appurtenances of the real *dramatis personae*—only as masks and false shows. We are made mere tools of a counsel in which we do not share; our personality is trod upon and put to shame, in behoof of the invisible and inapproachable Lord or lords of our life, in whose sight we are as nothing. It is just this that makes the sting of our fate, far more than the cessation of the joys belonging to sensuous perception.

For this defect in the argument of our essayist there is but one possible remedy—I am sure you will agree with me in this—and that is, to adopt the hypothesis, not simply that there are many minds behind the scenes, but that these minds are *our* minds—our veritable and genuine selves; and that the summaries of sense-colored experiences which Professor James, following the empiricist tradition of the English school of philosophy, especially as voiced by Hume and Hartley and Mill, is led to call the only verifiably real meaning of our self, or our mind, are but the more or less dimmed and darkened expressions of those our real spirits, inhabitants of eternity. Short of this identification, short of this close union of the soul and its experiences in a single

identity belonging to the eternal world, and inclosing the world of time, there can be no assurance of *our* continuing in spite of death. Short of showing that upon some admissible interpretation of the functional relation between the brain and phenomenal consciousness a chance remains for this identification, we cannot even keep open the chance that we *may* be immortal, and so cannot set the objection drawn from cerebralistic materialism finally aside.

II

BUT WHAT ADMISSIBLE INTERPRETATION *is* there of the relation between brain-function and conscious experience that will really dispose of the cerebral objection to immortality, and enable us to move onward, far beyond, to some positive *proof* of our individual permanence?

It certainly seems plain, not only that Professor James's method with the transmission-theory is unequal to this task, but that *no* form of transmissive relation between brain and experience is equal to it, or can be. For every form of the transmission-theory must regard the brain and its operations as a *prior* condition of such consciousness—as a fact not simply concomitant with the consciousness, but prerequisite to its existence. In every such theory the brain is supposed to exist, *somehow*, whether any consciousness that can be called *ours* exists or not. So it must either exist (1) as the creation of the assumed one Mind behind the scenes, and be the medium he uses to display himself in his perhaps endlessly shifting transient disguises; or (2) as the creation, similarly, of the many minds behind the scenes, used by each for the same object of transient disguise; or (3) as somehow self-existent, an unintelligible mystery in being, thwarting more or less the assumed eternity and infinity of the Absolute Mind or

the absolute minds. In either case, it acts as a limiting and suppressive condition upon *us*, reducing us to mere shadows of something else, converting us into instrumental effects merely, and only giving us being that is destitute of conclusive reality—being that is only derivative, dependent, contingent, and so possibly (or, rather, probably) transient.

This easily appears. If the brain, as in the third supposition, is an inexplicable self-existence, then, as transmitter upon which our individual existence is made to depend, it must in ceasing to exist deprive the eternal Mind or minds of the *conditio sine qua non* of our being, must thus display itself as in its very destruction victorious over intelligence, and *no* hope of our continuance remains. And even if the brain is, according to the first or the second supposition, the creation of the eternal Mind or the eternal intelligences not ourselves, and still is the means of *our* being, then our only hope would lie in the chance that God or the superior intelligences may have the power and the good will to create the brain anew, or to replace it by some better medium. But this hope seems quenched at once in our inability to conceive of an *identity* continuing when the continuity of the conditioning medium has been broken. Or if for argument's sake we waive this difficulty, who can assure us that the creative power is equal to renewal, since its creation has once perished? On the other hand, confidence in the good will of our eternal Source or sources has nothing to go upon but the limited allotment of good that the life actually experienced has afforded; and this, as all serious minds too sadly know, is little enough, when we consider only the actual good of the actual world here below. Judged by the light of this "vale of tears" alone, there is no evidence that good will toward *us* is the chief or the permanent aim of the eternal Lord or lords.

The transmissive interpretation of brain-function, then, must unavoidably fail to do the work we need to have done. *Is there perhaps some other way?* Is there some other mode of conceiving the correlation between brain-changes and psychic experience—some conception of their persistent correspondence that regards brain-function as neither productive nor releasing nor transmissive? I suppose there is; and that it is gained by taking two important steps characteristic of the exacter philosophy.

The first of these steps is, to read the doctrine of modern psychology with a still stricter interpretation than Professor James has read it with—to construe it rigidly as a case, to borrow his own words, *simply of concomitant variation*. When we say that *the mind is a function of the brain*, we are therefore to understand that in exact scientific truth we can mean nothing more than this: That physical and physiological changes go on, *seriatim*, side by side with changes in psychic experience; or *vice versa*, that psychic changes run parallel, *pari passu*, with physiological changes in the brain and the other neural tissues. We do not even mean that the brain is a *transmitter* of power behind it, any more than that psychic experience transmits to the brain some power behind the experience. Concomitance simply means, at last, that both series of changes are connected with some cause, distinct from either, which is the secret of both. To use a common phrase, it means that the two are “joint effects” of some single higher cause, for the time being undiscovered. It points our investigation at once to the problem of searching for and determining this unknown cause, of converting it from being unknown into being known.

The second step is, to connect these two streams of concomitant or joint effects with our own true primordial and actively conscious self as their real cause, though it is at first unrealized

and unknown as such. This step is doubtless impossible for a philosophy which halts, as Professor James's does, with a dogmatic disbelief in *a priori* knowing, or self-active consciousness, and which insists that no knowing is intelligibly real except the contingent and tentative knowing supplied to us "from elsewhere," and as if inch by inch, in sensible experience. But the clear and scientific connecting of the two "parallel" streams of effects, one physical, the other psychic, with the one organizing soul or mind, becomes possible enough, and indeed easy, when once we penetrate the too superficial theory of empirical philosophy, and settle upon the *a priori* or self-active character of knowledge as a fundamental fact; when once we pass beyond the external view of experience, which causes it to appear as if it were constituted out of sensation or impressions alone, and were not, as it really is, itself a complex, in which the utterly vague something we call "sensation" or "impression" is always organized and made to take form and descriptive definiteness, and thus clear reality, by *a priori* or self-active consciousness.

Our real experiences, day by day and moment by moment, are so intrinsically organized and definite, it does not at first occur to us that the principles which organize and define them, rendering them intelligible, and consciously apprehensible, are and must be the spontaneous products of the mind's own action. We do not at first see, as careful reflection later brings us to see, with Kant, that the mental elements without which the apprehensible presence of the items of experience would be inconceivable and in-existent cannot possibly be *derived* from these, and thence applied *to* the mind. But this later penetrating reflection convinces us that what our experienced objects must have in order to *be* objects—to *be perceived at all*—must be brought by the mind itself to the very act of experience. What *must* be

presupposed, if the objects are to be perceived at all, can by no conceivable means be explained as first coming to the mind *from* the objects, and must therefore, as the only alternative, be acknowledged to be contributions from the mind's pure self-activity.

But when we have reached this conclusive conviction that the roots of our experience and our experimental knowledge are parts of our own spontaneous life, we then readily come to see, further, that the system of our several elements of consciousness *a priori* is precisely what we must really understand by our unifying or enwholing self—is exactly what we try to express when we say we have a *soul*, and that this soul possesses real knowledge; that is, a hold upon eternal things. The realm of the eternal, in short, then becomes for us just the realm of our self-active intelligence; and this it is which, if we can show its reality in detail, will prove to be the clue to our immortal being. So the critical question is, How can the real existence of such *a priori* consciousness, such genuinely self-active intelligence, be conclusively made out? I have already in a few sentences indicated the general line of this proof, as we inherit it from Kant; but there is now required some fuller account of it, made intelligible and convincing by clear particulars.

Any comprehensive answer to our question would carry us much farther into the fields of critical speculation than I could possibly go in the brief time at our disposal, and certainly much farther than I could hope to have you willingly follow. But fortunately we can argue here *ex exemplo*. It will be sufficient for our purpose to establish the reality of a single thread of such *a priori* or self-active knowing. And this it is simplest to do in the case of such a constituent element in our experience as, for instance, Time or Space. For these elements, as we all know,

are the "containing" conditions of the whole of our sense-perceptive life; indeed, of the whole physical world, upon whose decay and destructibility all our fears of death, and of extinction through death, are founded. It will be most pertinent, moreover, to confine ourselves to the single element of Time alone, as it is in this that we find nearest at hand the medium of union between the physical and the psychic series in our experience, and thence the means for connecting both with the unity of our real self.

We return, then, to the strict concomitance of the two series, as all that can in exact science be meant by the functional relation between the brain and the sense-perceptive consciousness. And we ask, Must one stop with this mere parallelism of the physical and the psychic?—must we rest in it as an obstinate and impenetrable fact? That we must, is the ordinary dictum of the proclamatory "new" or "objective" or "physiological" psychology—the two "parallel" series are there, and nobody can get beyond the dead fact of their concomitancy! But *why not?* Surely the concomitance of the two is in Time, and conditioned by Time; that at least is indisputable, is involved in *calling* the relation concomitance. If it can be shown, now, that Time is no "thing-in-itself," no thing existing *of itself* independently of minds, but must be explained as a peculiar form of consciousness, in each of us, that cannot be conceived of as derived from any possible communication *ab extra*, and consequently must be acknowledged as the expression of our mental self-activity, we shall clearly have connected our empirical consciousness, our varying flood of serial experiences, our *states* of mind, with our active unit-being, and shall have lodged this our active identity in the eternal world, or order, in the only sense in which such an order of existence can be made intelligible.

I must not delay you with prolonged or intricate proofs that the real nature of Time is such as I have described, though such proofs are indeed numerous and prolific. It is enough for our purposes to direct attention, first, to the simple fact that we cannot rationally entertain the proposition that there is, or can be, no Time—which shows that the consciousness of Time is inseparable from our essential being; in other words, is intrinsic in it. Secondly, let us attend to the more significant fact, that we are conscious of Time as a unity at once absolutely complete and also infinite, and cannot be conscious of it except with these characters—which shows that it cannot have come to us by transfer or communication. For if it did come in this way, then, in the first place, it must have a history, and a limit of history to date, quite as all else that comes so has; and this would mean that it must be thought as finite in quantity, as well as an incomplete unity capable of increase. And, in the second place, its coming in this heroic fashion is itself unstable and unthinkable, except in terms of Time itself; and this shows that the pretended empirical explanation requires the preëmployment of the thing whose origin it would clear up—all the light the explanation gives, it borrows from the very thing it pretends to explain.

Time is therefore inevitably brought home to the *soul* as its real source, and our convinced judgment confesses the consciousness of Time to be a consciousness *a priori*; that is, an *act* of the soul, of the individual mind, in the spontaneous unity of its existence. It is seen to be a changeless *principle of relation*, by which the active-conscious self connects the items of experience into the serial order which we call sequence or succession, and blends the two concomitant series, physical and psychic, into the single whole that expresses the self's own unity.

So a sufficiently strict interpretation of the modern psychological doctrine, instead of merely making materialism give way, and yield place for a chance and hope that we *may* be immortal—instead of simply leaving room for the imperishable eternity of the universal *mother sea* of Mind—lays sure the foundations for a certainty that we *each* belong to the eternal world, not simply to the world of shifting and transient experience. It provides for *our* selves, for each of them individually, a place in the world not merely of consequences and mediated *effects*, but of primary and unmediated *causes*. Hence it gives us assurance that death no more than any other event in experience is our end and close, but that we survive it, ourselves the springs that organize experience. It shows us possessed, intrinsically, of the very roots and sources of perception, not merely of its experienced fact, and so presents us as possessed of power to rise beyond the grave—yes, in and through the very act of death—into new worlds of perception.

Accordingly, it matches the Christian improvement upon the older conception of the future existence—the ascent to the doctrine of “resurrection” or *ἀνάστασις*, the supplementing of immortality by the exaltation of the “body,” or sense-perceptive life. As ourselves the causal sources of the perceived world and its cosmic order, we are not destined to any colorless life of bare ideas, to “some spectral woof of impalpable abstractions or unearthly ballet of bloodless categories,” but are to go perceptively onward *in perpetuum*, exercising forever our inherent power of framing experience, of begetting worlds of sense-colored variety and definiteness, in their long career surely of higher and higher subtlety, refinement, beauty, and goodness.

III

BUT YOU MAY NOW not unreasonably ask for some clearer exhibit of the steps by which this conviction is reached. So far, our argument must be admitted to have achieved, explicitly, nothing more than this—to connect our experience, our psychic history of sensible states, with the active unity of our *own* minds, each for *iself*, in contrast to connecting our consciousness, as Professor James does, with the “mother sea,” the one and only Mind, or the eternal many minds not *ours*. As yet, then, we have done no more than shift the mere hope or chance for continuance from that diffused “white radiance of eternity” to these our own eternal centers of light. Two things it is therefore natural to ask:

(1) How do the results we have just established carry us beyond the mere possibility to the positive fact of human immortality?

(2) How does our connecting the two concomitant series of experiences with the individual being of each soul, lead to the knowledge that we are not only the lords over death, but are essentially imperishable against every other contingency?

I have just said that our argument has not yet answered these questions *explicitly*. But it is right I should add that it does answer both of them by implication. As for the first, let us now note that our discussion, in proving Time to be an expression of each mind’s spontaneous activity, proves the self-active existence of every mind as such, and so establishes the eternity of the individual spirit in the only ultimate meaning of eternity; since, as the ground and source of Time itself, the being of the soul must transcend Time, though including Time, and consequently, while involving everlastingness, must have its *full* meaning in just that spontaneous sourcefulness of self-consciousness from which everlastingness arises. In this established

certainty of our individual self-activity, supposing our previous reasoning about Time to be valid, we have therefore passed beyond the mere *open chance* of being the arbiters of the time-world and all its contingent events, and have entered upon a corresponding *certainty* of all the consequences that logically follow from our self-active legislation over the whole of possible experience. And as for the second question, these consequences of the ascertained sourceful and directive power of our individuality will now be shown in detail to involve, first, the essential supremacy of the soul over death, and then its intrinsic imperishableness from any cause.

Surely, if each soul, so far from being the result of temporal antecedents or being the simple aggregate of its various experiences, gives evidence of a self-activity that conditions not only all actual but also all possible experience, then each of us must possess an existence that subsists independently of any and every contingent event, including the event of death no less than the various events of life. For what, upon the now proved time-giving nature of our real self, *is* the great event called death? It may well be described, to borrow the language of the geometers, as a *singular point* on the curve of our experimental being, a point where a given stage or mode of our experience, or sensible consciousness, comes to its cessation and close. But not only is it no longer what the same geometers call a *point d'arrêt*, where the curve comes to a sudden end; it is, rather, from our now established coign of vantage, a *point of transition*, where the curve undergoes a change in the expression of that continuity which has its unchangeable form summed up in the equation stating its essential nature and law of being—the self-definition of the individual.

This result follows, clearly enough, from the single fact that our personality is the source of Time, and that Time is the all-inclusive condition of the occurrence of *any* event, including therefore even the event of death. But we can carry our legislative and directive relation to experience much farther if we will—as far, indeed, as the complete summary of the conditions prerequisite to the whole process of Nature, and thus discover our personal self to be the regulative source of *all* the laws under which natural or sensible existence must have its course, and so to be possessed of a being that by its essence transcends *all* the vicissitudes of the merely natural world, surviving all its possible catastrophes and supplying the ground for its continuance in new modes under new conditions. For, evidently, we can apply the same reasoning to Space and to Causation that we have applied to Time. By the same arguments from unity, infinity, and strict necessity, we must conclude to the *a priori* or spontaneous character of the forms of consciousness which we call Space and Cause. Thus we conclude to the dependence of Nature upon *us*, taken in our primary and active being, instead of our derivative dependence upon Nature. In the place, then, of death's ending *us*—death, but one item in the being of the natural world, the whole of which is conditioned upon our central self-consciousness—we arrive at the settled and logically immovable conception that we are ourselves the changeless ground of that transition in experience into which death thus gets interpreted.

We are not yet come, however, to the utmost goal of our desire: we are still short of the complete meaning of immortality, for that is the utter imperishableness of the soul. Our argument, so far, only goes expressly to the point that we survive *death*—

perhaps many deaths. But one can well ask, May we not be subject to *substantive* destruction, by some *other* cause, some other power?—to annihilation outright, in our eternal essence, and, if the reasoner please, mysteriously, inexplicably, whether by the power of God or otherwise? Yet to this more searching question too, our argument, once its subtlest implications are brought to light, yields an answer favorable to our most impassioned aspirations. For the ultimate and real meaning of the argument is, that a soul or mind or person, purely as such, is itself the fountain of its percipient experience, and so possesses what has been happily named “life in itself.” Proof of the presence in us of *a priori* or spontaneous cognition, then, is proof of just this self-causative life.

A world of such individual minds is by the final implications of this proof the world of primary causes, and every member of it, secure above the vicissitudes of Time and Space and Force, is possessed of a supertemporal or eternal reality, and is therefore not liable to any lethal influence from any other source. Itself a primary cause, it can neither destroy another primary cause nor be destroyed by any. The objector who would open the eternal permanence of the soul to doubt, then, must assail the proofs of *a priori* knowledge; for so long as these remain free from suspicion, there can be no real question as to what they finally imply. The concomitance of our two streams of experience, the timed stream and the spaced stream, raised from a merely historical into a necessary concomitance by the argument that refers it to the active unity of each soul as its ground, becomes the steadfast sign and visible pledge of the imperishable self-resource of the individual spirit.

IV

WE SOMETIMES HEAR IT objected to the foregoing line of proof, that it comes quite short of any immortality which a rational being can value. It can establish nothing, the objectors say, but the indestructible power of staying on, merely in a world of sense-perception.

The objection is pertinent, and would be serious were our *a priori* consciousness completely summed up in furnishing the conditions sufficient for a world of sense-perception only, and for self-preservative action in such a world. But the objection vanishes as soon as we realize that our argument, properly judged, rests upon the spontaneous character of the organizing cognition as a *source*, not upon what happen to be the contents to which, for brevity's sake, we have thus far confined our attention in making out the fact of this spontaneous mental life. The truth is, our *a priori* cognition is not confined to these conditions of mere perception; it goes, on the contrary, and with still clearer evidence, to the region of our guiding ideals—to the True, to the Beautiful, to the Good. These all-controlling ideals are not only the goal of the sense-perceptive or experiencing spirit, but are actively constituent in the soul's primary being. The same reasoning that leads us to conclude Time, Space, and Causation, the conditions of sense-perceptive life, to be structural in our active primal being, leads quite as unavoidably, and more directly, to the higher conclusion that the three ideals are also structural in it, and still more profoundly. By their very ideality they conclusively refer themselves to our spontaneous life: nothing ideal can be derived from experience, just as nothing experimental is ever ideal.

The worth-imparting ideals, then, are, by virtue of the active and indivisible unity of our person, in an elemental and inseparable union with the root-principles of our perceptive life. Proof of our indestructible sourcefulness for such percipient life is therefore *ipso facto* proof that these ideals will reign everlastingly in and over that life. Once let us settle that we are inherently capable of everlasting existence, we are then assured of the highest worth of our existence as measured by the ideals of Truth, of Beauty, and of Good, since these and their effectually directive operation in us are insured by their essential and constitutive place in our being.

'Tis but a surface-view of human nature which gives the impression that the argument to immortality from our *a priori* powers leads to nothing more than bare continuance. What it really leads to, is the continuance of a being whose most intimate nature is found, not in the capacity of sensory life, but in the power of setting and appreciating *values*, through its still higher power of determining its ideals. For such a nature to continue, is to continue in the gradual development of all that makes for worth.

Not only does this follow from the general fact that all conscious being—at any rate, all human conscious life—takes hold *a priori* upon worth of every sort, but it can be made still plainer by considering for a moment just what the *a priori* cognition of Worth is, when taken in its highest aspect—the aspect of good will, or morality. The consciousness of self is intrinsically *personal*—the consciousness of a *society*—of being in essential and inseparable relation with other selves. That a mind is conscious of itself as a *self*, means at the least that it discriminates itself *from* others, but therefore that it also refers its own defining conception *to* others—is in relation *with* them, as unquestionably as it is in the

relation of differing *from* them. It cannot even *think* itself, except in this relatedness to *them*; cannot at all *be*, except as a member of a reciprocal society. Thus the logical roots of each mind's very being are exactly this recognition of itself through its recognition of others, and the recognition of others in its very act of recognizing itself. Hence moral life is not only primordial in the nature of mind, but what we commonly call a *moral* consciousness, as if we would thereby divide it permanently from the rest of consciousness, and count this remainder mere knowledge or mere aesthetic discernment as the case may be, turns out to be in fact and in truth the primary logical spring of all other possible consciousness. So profoundly and so immovably is this deepest Fountain of value and worth inseeded in our being.

From this fact it follows, and still more clearly, as was just now said, that the barest proof of our simple continuance must in reality carry the proof of that form of life which we reckon the highest expression of worth. To prove continuance, it suffices to display the self as the spontaneous source of perceptions simply. But equally spontaneous is our positing of the Good, the spring of all excellence and worth, by our recognition of the *society* of minds in our primary act of being conscious of *ourselves*. Strange elemental paradox, self-affirmation by self-denial, self-denial in self-affirmation! *Ego per alteros!—he that findeth his life shall lose it; and he that loseth his life, the same shall find it!* And thus the easy argument of exhibiting the least conditions sufficient for experience, so like a simpleton in its seeming clutch at the thin surface of things, carries in its subtle heart the proof of an imperishable persistence in all that gives life meaning and value.

THE HARMONY OF DETERMINISM AND FREEDOM*

I

OF THE QUESTIONS whether Determinism and Freedom are by any method reconcilable, and what the steps in the method are, it seems plain that any settlement must proceed upon recognizing as true the points which follow:

(1) The desired harmony is impossible if determinism is taken to imply Predestination. That is, if it means a completely defined detail and order of existence *fixed from without the agent, and imposed upon him by edict and constraint*. In such a case there could be no freedom.

(2) On the other hand, no harmony can be reached by merely translating freedom into determinism and yet keeping up the name of freedom. This is usually done by raising the question whether freedom does not simply mean *spontaneity* in the agent, instead of alternative or choice, and answering it by cancelling choice in favor of spontaneity. But there can be no freedom that omits alternative and choice. It may be true enough that chance for alternative is not the bottom account of freedom, that the existence of alternative needs to be explained, as to both its meaning and its source, by the higher principle of spontaneity, or self-activity; but in no free system can alternative be omitted. In a *moral* order expressing itself in a time-world of events, it must always be possible to say of any act that it might have been otherwise—it need not have been. Instead, then, of asking whether freedom means choice *or* spontaneity, we should say that it

* This essay was read to the Theological Society of Pacific Theological Seminary (now the Pacific School of Religion), April 5, 1898.

means *both*, and explain how the fact of choice arises out of the determinism contained in *self*-determination, when this acts upon a world of experience which at the time of the choice answers imperfectly to the reason, or ideal-guided consciousness, which self-activity really is.

(3) Nor, again, is the harmony possible if freedom is taken to imply Caprice, or, in the technical sense, Chance. That is, if freedom means power to act without motive, without the influence of plan or purpose, whimsically, incalculably, in disconnection unforeseen and unpredictable. There is no possible reconciliation, that is to say, if will in the free-agent is conceived as simply self-will or mere *arbitrium*, a sheer "first cause" as mere power, not only underived, but unreasoning and unreasonable, inexplicable, and in fact meaningless. In such a case there could be nothing definite; things would be reduced to indeterminism and chaos, which would in truth be simply non-existence.

(4) So the conciliability of determinism and freedom depends on the fact, if this *be* a fact, that determinism simply means *definiteness* (instead of constraining foreordination), while freedom means (instead of unpredictable whim) *action spontaneously flowing from the definite guiding intelligence of the agent himself*. In short, the desired harmony will fail unless the determinism and the freedom are both alike defined in terms of *the one and identical definiteness of the rational nature*; but it will be secured if they can be and are so defined.

Let us proceed, then, to settle whether this simple definiteness may not be the sufficing sense of determinism, and whether action really free may not remain when the utter indeterminism of caprice or chance is taken away.

As for determinism, it is clear that one of its meanings *is* predestination—prescription from without, inevitable and fatal.

This is what we mean by the “uniformity of nature”—the “law of causality,” the “iron band of necessity,” in the physical world; there the things and the events are bound in a rigid order not originated by them, but coming upon them from some higher source, which they passively obey. Yet even this predestination is but a species of definiteness; and so, as definiteness may be predestined and constrained, it is of course a legitimate question whether there may not be definiteness when the factor of constraint and edict is taken away. Indeed, the imperative and constraining definiteness of physical fate implies somewhere an ultimate Defining Source, itself therefore free, from which the constraining edict issues; and this Source, as free and yet defining, must be self-defined, must be itself perfectly definite though unconstrained by anything else; for *the indeterminate could not possibly confer determinateness upon anything*. Thus there may be—rather, there must be—such a fact as *definiteness simply*; definiteness that is not predestination, but is the definiteness involved in *self-determination*.

On the other hand, as to freedom, we have just seen that in the last resort definiteness is free. It remains for us to discover, conversely, that freedom is definite, and essentially so; that freedom cannot mean indeterminism, and thence caprice or chance.* Our first step toward this is to realize that for freedom’s sake we may need to keep, as belonging to the free being when *all* the factors of its life are considered, *both* meanings of determinism

* In his brilliant and memorable essay on “The Dilemma of Determinism,” Professor James chooses to state the doctrine of freedom in terms of the word “chance.” To be sure, he warns his readers that he only intends by this to mark with emphasis the fact that the world where the agent acts leaves him a “chance” (i.e., an *opportunity*) to make himself effective in it, and to render its course different from what it would be without his voluntary acts. But the word seems time and again to ensnare him in its ambiguity, so that he often treats freedom as if it meant caprice or mere *Willkür*. See *The Will to Believe, and Other Essays* (New York and London, Longmans, Green & Co., 1897), pp. 145–183.

as these were just now found—the free definiteness and the determinateness that is constrained. For action, to be free, if concerned as our human action is with a world of sensible particulars, must have in that world a calculable order—unchangeably calculable. There antecedent must be followed by consequent with rigor incapable of variation. Otherwise, and just so far as uncertainty of the order exists, there is ignorance what to count upon, there is risk of frustration: the actor is disconcerted, perplexed, all at fault; in so far, enslaved.

On the other hand, in such a necessitated world the actor cannot be free unless he is in conscious possession of the law that rules it; and he cannot consciously possess the law, as a genuine *law*, mandatory upon his world, except independently of the world. The possession cannot be imparted to him from without; for then, at most, he could only know it as mere fact true to date, without any assured control over the future. That is, in the phrase which Kant's decisive discussion has made classic, to be free he must know the law *a priori*; know it by its issuing from the spontaneous activity of his own intelligence in defining himself, and by its legislating thence upon his world of things. He organizes his world of sense-presented experience as a complementary part of his whole self-organized life. Therefore, further, for a being who involves such a finite world, the condition of his freedom in it, the condition indispensable but at the same time sufficient, is that his world shall indeed be *his*; shall be *of* him, not independent of him; shall be embraced under his causal life, not added to it from elsewhere as a constricting condition; shall be, in fine, a world of *phenomena*—states of his own conscious being organized by his spontaneous mental life—and not a world of “things-in-themselves.”

From this result, now, we can pass on to the remaining sense of determinism, its meaning of simple definiteness without predestination, and can reach our goal regarding the nature of freedom. We discern, namely, that this free Definer, this legislator of predestination upon his world of mere things, is, in accordance with our initial reasoning, himself full of definiteness; he is not undefined, but is self-defining. This is his essence; and so, just because he is free, he is determined, though of course *self-determined*. He is not and cannot be capricious, formless, whisking *in infinitum*, self-shattered to chaotic dust and showered into the bottomless void, but is inherently self-planned, purposeful, continuous, coherent, calculable, and thus *knowable*. So the free being, as self-determined and taken in his whole contents, is definite in both senses of the word: he defines himself, and thus has the definiteness of unpredestination; he defines his empirically real world of things, and thus adds to himself a field of action having the definiteness of predestination—in a manner arms himself with it, inasmuch as he transcends and controls it.

Our result thus far is, that determinism and freedom, when justly thought out, are in idea entirely reconcilable. Determinism proves to need no fatalistic meaning, but to be, possibly enough, simply the definite order characteristic of intelligence; while so far from freedom's being indeterminism, chance, or caprice, these are seen to be incompatible with it, and freedom proves to be, like determinism, the spontaneous definiteness of active intelligence. And one thing, of the highest importance, we must not overlook—our discovery that no free being can be the product of processes in Nature, that on the other hand none can exert freedom in an unpredestined natural world, and that consequently every free being in relation with such a world must himself predestine it, must impart arrangement (or "form") to it from the

form of his own active intelligence. In fine, a condition of our making freedom possible in a world ordered by the rigor of natural law is that we accept an idealistic philosophy of Nature: the laws of Nature must issue from the free actor himself, and upon a world consisting of states in his own consciousness, a world in so far of his own making.

This principle of cosmic subjection has by theists always been realized with reference to God: the natural world, they are always telling us, however full of laws to which other conscious beings are subject, is completely subject to the mind and will of God, and its laws are imposed upon it from his mind in virtue of his creating it. What we now learn, and need to note, is that this is just as true of any other being who can be reckoned free. If men are free, then, they must be taken as being logically prior to Nature; as being its source rather than its outcome; as determining its order instead of being determined by this. Not God only, but also the entire world of free minds other than God, must condition Nature; and, as we shall learn later in our inquiry, they must condition it in a sense that God does not. *They*, we shall find, must be directly and productively causal of it, while God's conditioning of it can only be indirect and remote; namely, as we shall see, by the constant reference to Him, as their ruling Ideal, which these Nature-begetting minds spontaneously have. In short, in securing freedom we come to a pluralistic Idealism, instead of the idealistic monism that has so long dominated philosophical theism.

II

THIS EXALTATION OF MAN over the entire natural world, however, though easily shown to accord with the teaching of Jesus, and to be clearly prefigured in it, is nearly antipodal to ordinary

notions, to the current popular “philosophy” assumed to be founded on science, and to much of traditional theology. But by this fact we must not be disturbed, if we mean to be in earnest about human freedom and human capability of life really moral and religious. And the next step in our inquiry will reënforce this “divinizing of the human” very decidedly.

For we must now push the question of reconciling determinism and freedom beyond the region of their mere ideas, and face its greater difficulties when determinism means the definite order in the live Divine Mind, and freedom means the self-directing activity of men or other real spirits not divine. It might pertinently be said that determinism and freedom are of course compatible enough when they are merely viewed as the two reciprocal aspects of self-activity in a single mind, but that the real difficulty is to reconcile the self-determinisms in different free minds.

Paramount is this difficulty when one of the minds is the supreme God, creator (as he is held) and ruler of all existence. In this case, it becomes plain that the solution of any antagonism between determinism and freedom must depend on solving the conflict apparently latent in the contrasted freedoms of God and other beings. If the solution is possible, then, it will only be so by the fact that, on the one hand, perfect intelligence or reason is the essence of God—who therefore determines all things, not by compulsion, but only in his eternal thought, which views all real possibilities whatever; and that, on the other hand, the spirit other than God also has its freedom in self-active intelligence. This granted, the range of its possibilities is precisely the range of reason again, and so is to God perfectly knowable and known, since it harmonizes in its whole with the Eternal Thought that grasps all possibilities, though it is not at all predestined by this.

Thus the course of, say, human action, viewed in its totality, since it springs from self-active reason, must in its result, as in its source, freely harmonize with the Reason who is supreme.

Solution of this knot by any other conceptions of freedom and determinism than these, there plainly can be none. But the solution is secure *if God and other spirits are alike rational, simply by their inner and self-active nature; in other words, if the solution is by spontaneous harmony from within, and not by productive and executive domination from without.* If the Sovereign is perfectly rational, if the whole of his being is just perfect intelligence, and if the free subjects are also essentially rational, while this rationality defines the course of their being as a whole, then the perfect definiteness of his realm and the freedom of its members—his perfect possession of it by complete knowledge, and their complete possession of their own lives, rationally self-determined—will in the whole coincide, and the harmony is complete. Each spirit other than God, let us suppose, fulfils in its own way and from its own self-direction the one universal Type, or Ideal. Then each in doing its “own will,” that is, in defining and guiding its life by its own ideal, does the ultimate or inclusive will of all the rest; and men realize the “will of God,” that is, fulfil God’s ideal, by fulfilling each his own ideal, while God fulfils the “will of man” by freely fulfilling himself.

This explanation, however, in presenting a universal World of Spirits, every one of whom is free—that is, independently self-active, self-moved from within, and none operated either directly or indirectly from without by any other—brings us to a fresh and greater difficulty. For it requires us to suppose every spirit, the human, for instance, as well as the Divine, to have “life in itself”; that is, to be in a very profound sense underived, self-subsistent, or, in the technical language of the deeper philo-

sophical schools, *eternal*. But this coeternity of man with God appears to conflict directly with the two most essential attributes of God—Creation and Regeneration. To be sure, this self-activity of the human soul is prefigured in that highest symbol of the Christian Faith, the Fourth Gospel, where it is declared* that “as the Father hath life in himself, even so gave he to the Son also to have life in himself: and gave him authority to execute judgment, *because he is a son of man*,”—though how it can be *given* to have life in *oneself*, has hitherto been left aside as “the mystery of grace”; and so long as “giving” is taken to mean transfer or endowment, and so to imply *productive* action from God toward man, it must continue a perplexity—not to put the case too rudely—to confront at once Divine causative authorship and human spontaneous action. Yet without this last, let us repeat, there can be for man no divine living, his *own*, sincere and whole, coming from the springs of his inmost being and penetrating him throughout; he can have no “righteousness of God”—righteousness, that is, such as God has—but must remain in bondage to the false and external “righteousness of the law.”

Before it can be said, then, that human freedom and the absolute definiteness of God as Supreme Reason are really reconciled, we must have found some way of harmonizing the eternity of the human spirit with the creative and regenerative offices of God. The sense of their antagonism is nothing new. Confronted with the race-wide fact of human sin, the elder theology proclaimed this antagonism, and solved it by denying to man any but a temporal being; quite as the common sense of the everyday Philistine, absorbed in the limitations of the sensory life, proclaims the mere finitude of man, and is stolid to the ideal considerations that suggest immortality and moral free-

* John v, 26, 27, Revised Version.

dom, rating them as daydreams beneath sober notice, because the price of their being real is the attributing to man nothing short of infinity. "We are finite! merely finite!" is the steadfast cry of the old theology and of the plodding common realist alike; and, sad to say, of most of historic philosophy too. And the old theology, with more penetrating consistency than the realistic ordinary man of the ordinary philosophy, went on to complete its vindication of the Divine Sovereignty from all human encroachment by denying the freedom of man altogether.

Well, if we grant that finitude is the whole or the characteristic truth about man, then the old theology was wholly right. There is no escaping from the reasoning of an Augustine, a Calvin, an Edwards, except by removing its premise. That premise is the utter finitude of the "creature," resting upon the conception that the Divine functions of creation and regeneration, more especially creation, are operations by what is called "efficient" causation, that is, causation by direct productive energy, whose effects are of course as helpless before it as any motion is before the impact that starts it. Creation thus meant calling the creature into existence at a *date*, prior to which it had *no* existence. It was summoned into being by a simple *fiat*, out of fathomless nothing; and quite so, it was supposed, arose even the human soul, just as all other things arose. In exact keeping with this was the dogma of "irresistible grace": regeneration was the literal re-creation of the divine image, out of the absolute death which it had suffered in the supposed fall of man—re-creation by just such a miraculous productive efficiency as had originally called the soul out of the void. Human finitude as the summary of human powers, with its consequent complete subjection to Divine predestination, is inwraught in this conception of Divine causation as causation by efficiency; and there can be no way

of supplementing this finitude by the infinity (i.e., freedom) required by a moral order, except by dislodging this view of creation and regeneration.

III

IF WE ARE IN EARNEST, then, about human freedom—if there is to be any real freedom to reconcile with a real Divine definiteness that is unchangeable—we must face the problem of supplanting the older theological conception of the two Divine offices by a conception compatible with a freedom that is freedom indeed. Especially must we find a substitute for creation by fiat, or efficient causation. For no being that arises out of efficient causation can possibly be free. Let us clarify our minds of all traditional obfuscation about this, and see the case as it really is.

Not even by the theory, sometimes advanced, that God freely and “of his grace” *endows* the creature with an “inner” nature which “works out its own salvation,” does a being created by efficient causation become really free. Even then it is only apparently, not really, self-active. It merely obeys a preëstablished order—like a clock, for example, to which the maker’s transcendent skill should impart the power to run perpetually, from the original setting and winding of its mechanism. The plan, to be sure, would be free *relatively to the component parts*, and would control their movements; but the plan would not *itself* be free. It would be derived from the contriving thought of the maker, would be completely in subjection to that, must simply unfold and follow out the course implanted in it. The maker alone would be the source of its purposive action, the *intention* would be his alone, and he alone would therefore merit the fame or the shame of its performance.

Either, then, we must carry out our modern *moral* conception of God's nature and government into a conception of creation that matches it—a conception based on that eternity (or intrinsic supertemporal self-activity) of man which alone can mean moral freedom—or else, in all honesty and good logic, we ought to travel penitently back to a Calvinism, a Scotism, an Augustinianism, of the so-called “highest” type. Then we would view man as a “creature” indeed. We should have to accept him as a being belonging to time only, with a definite date of beginning, though lasting through unceasing ages, if that could indeed then be. We should have to surrender all freedom for him as a delusion. In effect, with this conception of creation, we must return to an unmitigated Predestinationism. Nor may this stop short of foreordination to Reprobation as well as to Election—a foreordination not simply “supralapsarian,” but precedent to creation itself. The separation of the Sheep from the Goats must be from “before the foundation of the world,” and the Elect must be *created* “unto life everlasting,” while the reprobate are *created* “unto shame and everlasting contempt.”

Thus we see that not even Divine agency can give rise to another self-active intelligence by any *productive* act. *Such* creation, by whomsoever it might be, could only apply to the existence of mere *things*, things lifeless and inorganic, and never to that which has “life in itself.” Much less could regeneration, the bringing-on of voluntary repentance and genuine reformation in the soul, be by any sort of efficient causality—a truth to which modern theology has evidently for some time been alive, as its forward movement is keyed upon the increasing recognition of the metaphor in the name. These thoughts, however incontrovertible they may be, are no doubt staggering thoughts, so much are we of old habituated to calling regeneration the “work” of

the Holy Spirit, and to naming man the "creature" of God, and God his "maker." Still, staggering though they be, they must be true if human freedom is to be a fact; and that human freedom *is* to be a fact, the modern conscience, quickened by the very experience of the Christian spirit itself, firmly declares, having now apprehended that otherwise there is no justice in human responsibility, and then no moral government, but only government edictive and compulsory; and then—no personal God, no true God, at all!

But if under the moral view of universal being creation by efficient causation is untenable, by what mode of causation can it come about? Or, if by no mode, then does not creation cease to be an attribute of Deity? Have we indeed, then, in the course of our religious consciousness, come to that point of complete reversion which shows us that henceforth God is to be worshiped as Redeemer alone, and no more as Creator? Was the Gnostic heresy, which brought to Christianity its first great inward schism—was Gnosticism right, then, after all?

Well, if so, if the "great category of Cause" is not to hold of Divine relations, how are we to gain any evidence that there *is* a God? Is not the creation the one witness to God?—and if God be left without a witness, what becomes of his reality as Redeemer, as Regenerator? Must we not, *somehow*, still affirm the judgment of the early churches against the Gnostic, and in the name of our faith once more declare the identity of the good God with the God of might, of the Redeemer with the Creator? But—again *how*? When efficient causation is excluded, has not causation, as a principle of inference, lost all its efficacy? Nay, when that effectuating Power is gone, is not the vital meaning gone out of causation altogether? All these difficulties we must somehow dispose of. Nor are these the worst; for if free-

dom requires the seating of man in eternity, companionship there a so-called God, what office has God as Regenerator?—must not the new conception of moral being place regeneration also within the scope of man's self-active freedom? Has not God, then, become superfluous and supernumerary every way, in this society of eternal free-agents?

We shall gain nothing by trying to evade the difficulties in such questions, which are real difficulties. We can easily imagine an Edwards rising from his grave to put these questions as with the voice of God himself—questions which beyond doubt still wake a large echo in the hearts of his softened successors even; so softened—so demoralized, *he* would say—that he must disown them unless they speedily returned to the high and stern doctrine of a Sovereign God who forms every creature to such destiny as He pleases. No, let us make no evasion; let us rather, at first, make the difficulty greater, by reiterating the insuppressible demand for justice and love, for justice and love universal, which generations of further communion with the spirit of Christ have at length awakened in us, and which reveals to us the truth that moral freedom is the soul of our soul, and the soul of Divine government, if Divine government indeed there is. Let the two apparently contradictory voices confront each other for a while—the voice that calls for proofs, for *inferential* justification, and the voice, still deeper, that calls for righteous warrant, for *moral* justification.

In the end our decision will be, that, while neither voice can be stilled, the moral voice has primacy, and the voice for inference must seek satisfaction more subtly than by searching in the harsh paths of merely natural or temporal power. Perchance the “great category of Cause” has resources that give to creation and to regeneration, both, a greater reality of meaning than efficient

causality can provide. Perchance, when this deeper and richer interpretation of cause comes to knowledge, the real witness of God will appear—the witness to the Spirit, to the Eternal Love, who thinks only in terms of spirit, has only free minds for his realm, and, himself free with perfect moral freedom, reigns there through the free processes of the living souls themselves.

Let us reiterate, therefore, that the demand for a moral world is a demand for a world of freedom—a world of genuine *persons*, beings who think their own thoughts, originate their own decisions, yet really do *think*, not ruminate merely, and so decide *rationally*—with judgment at once private and yet public; their *own*, yet all-embracing and benign. *Potency* for such judgment, whether yet actualized in time or not—power to make it real under whatever conditions, be they of time or of space, be the victorious realization never so delayed or so gradual—this is what moral freedom in reality means; as Edwards maintained, power to *do*, not alone to choose. For moral freedom, the spontaneous activity of reason, chooses its own ideal, not in time, but in eternity. Its own ideal nature is its only absolute or eternal choice; and its eternal choice is its nature. If it *has* a task in time—as indeed it has—it is there not to *choose* its aim again, but to make its eternal purpose, its chosen ideal, effectual; to make it so in the face of that opposing Check which, as we shall presently see,* it introduces into its being by its primal act of self-definition.

We are not to evade, then, the eternity of free beings that is implied in any serious demand for freedom. If the souls of men are really free, they coexist with God in the eternity which God inhabits, and in the governing total of their self-active being they are of the same nature as he—they too are self-put rational wholes

* Compare pp. 293–295 below.

of self-conscious life. As complete reason is *his* essence, so is reason *their* essence—their nature in the large—whatever may be the varying conditions under which their selfhood, the required *peculiarity* of each, may bring it to appear. Each of them has its own ideal of its own being, namely, its own way of fulfilling the character of God; and its self-determining life is just the free pursuit of this ideal, despite all the opposing conditions by which it in part defines its life. Moreover, since this ideal, seen eternally in God, is the chosen goal of every consciousness, it is the final—*not the efficient*—cause of the whole existing self. All the being of each self has thus the form of a self-supplying, self-operating life; or, in the phraseology of the Schoolmen and Spinoza, each is *causa sui*. This is what its “eternity” exactly means.

But at this point the counter-side of our religious difficulty presses the strongest. The religious life must indeed be free and individual, yet it must also be self-subordinating and universal; whereas the free system now appears to be an *uncompromising* Pluralism—an absolute democracy, which, read it as leveling down or as leveling up, as all man or as all god, comes ever to the same *dead* level, where any such superiority as real Deity is jealously excluded. Nay, the older theists of Lordship and Producing Cause will here surely tell us that this moral idealism has overreached itself, and become its own destruction. “This dead level of spiritual democracy,” they will say, “crushes the very spirit of freedom itself, for its exaggerated individualism erases *individuality*. It is one endless round of dull repetition, a lethal monotone. Universal exaltation to eternity, in destroying God and his differentiating supremacy, has destroyed the interest of existence, has cast a banal blight upon all originality, and so upon all the verve of life. Restore *difference*, by subordinating man!—or else confess that in a godless exaltation of freedom you have

made freedom the deadliest bondage, the bondage to the tame and the stale." Nor is it sufficient to reply to this, as no doubt one may, with a *tu quoque*; for though the old-fashioned subordination to the will of the sovereign God also comes to a monotone of death in life, this does not obviate the charge laid at the door of individualism. It simply shows that, to present appearance, neither view contains a solution of the moral-religious problem, and that our search must be pushed farther.

This possible self-contradiction—I do not say it is real; on the contrary, I hope presently to show it is illusory—is not the only difficulty with our moral idealism. In another aspect, the scheme may be charged with polytheism; or again, on other grounds, with atheism. *All* the members of this required moral system, men or other spirits as well as the supposed God, are unreservedly self-active; it would seem, then, that they are all alike underived and self-subsistent. So that, even in the best case, there is no monotheism, there is polytheism, or "every man his own god"; while, in the worst case, we pitch into the pit of atheism, since one may reasonably ask, Why call one of this circle of gods preëminently God? How strangely our religious consciousness seems here to contradict itself! Feeling itself threatened with the loss of God as eternal Justice and Love, because justice and love cannot subsist unless the agents held responsible are the free causes of their own conduct, it courageously sets up its spirits in eternity; but no sooner are these in their heaven than God seems lost again, vanishing in the universal dispersion of the divine essence.

IV

WERE THIS THE AUTHENTIC ACCOUNT of moral idealism and its religious resources, our case as religious beings would be bad indeed. For so fast as we supplied our spiritual needs at one pole

of our nature, we should destroy the power of supplying them at the other; and they must be satisfied at both. But it is certain that our moral-religious demands must be and ought to be satisfied: better the atheism of a lost First Cause, and a lost Sovereign Lord, than the atheism of deified Injustice, with its election and reprobation by sheer sovereign prerogative. And while it is certain, too, that the free-agency exacted by moral government can only be fulfilled by allotting self-activity to the spirit, and consequently seating it in eternity, companion there of God, yet in truth this has neither the polytheistic nor the atheistic implications that have been suggested. Least of all, when its true implications are understood, does this free eternity of each mind destroy the distinction between God and souls, between every soul and every other, and thus ruin the logical variety and the aesthetic interest of the universe. On the contrary, the system of free spirits, as already above depicted in its essential traits, far from being a deadly world of dull identity, is kindled throughout by an intense variety which is the very principle of its existence. It provides in its idea just the resources we need for solving the contradiction we are now so aware of—provides them as no possible scheme of monarchic and efficient-causative Divine agency can.

The fact is, the real difficulty comes from retaining this old efficient-causal notion of Divine being and function, after we have silently but really parted company with it in accepting a moral order as the touchstone for the character of souls and the nature of God. The tragic situation of the modern liberalized Christian mind is just that. Having accepted with fervor the moral ideal as the Divine ideal, it still remains in bondage to the old mechanical conception of the great Divine operations called Regeneration and Creation. These it still thinks, at bottom,

under the category of efficient causality. It takes their names literally, in accordance with the etymology, and thus the names themselves help the evil cause of prolonging conceptions that are hostile to the dearest insights of the moral spirit quickened in the school of Christ. Eminently is this true in the case of creation, into the current conception of which, so far as I can see, there as yet enters no gleam of the change that must be made if our relations to God in the basis of existence are to be stated consistently with the independence we must have of him in the moral world. This lack of a moral apprehension of creation is as characteristic, too, of historic philosophy as it is of historic theology, or even of ordinary opinion.

The moral postulate of human self-activity standing, then, and so the coexistence of all souls in eternity with God—if we may speak here of God, before his being has been made clear—our question is, How is the reality of God to be established, and how is his so-called creative office to be stated, now that it has become plain that a moral governor cannot create his free subjects by efficiency, nor, accordingly, his being be proved by reasoning from produced effect to producing cause?

In coming to grapple with this question, let us understand that the principle of efficient causality, as an expression of Divine relations, once it is settled that all Divine relations are moral, must be discarded *in every form*. Long ago the rising Christian consciousness abandoned the elder Oriental forms of it, as also the crude forms of Western paganism, accepting instead the doctrine of “creation out of nothing” by the fiat or “word” of God. For that consciousness, accordingly, the pantheistic interpretations of efficiency, such as production by emanation or by extrusion from the Eternal Substance, gave way to a conception certainly higher, in the sense that creation by fiat disenthralled

the creature from entanglement with the Creator, and gave him an existence in some sort distinct. A similar gain was made over the polytheistic notions of creation, under which neither gods, nor men their work, were delivered from the thralldom of eternal matter and omnipresent Fate.

Still, despite the gains, in abandoning pantheism and polytheism historic Christian thought did not clear itself of the category of efficiency. Its dualism between the Creator and the creation still held fast to the older doctrine of a unity by efficient causation and compulsive control. Instead of a unit-unity of self-operating Substance or all-dominating Fate, it merely substituted the harmonic-unity resulting from the action of a single intelligent agent upon all his works: the works recorded the plan; the result, up to the "last things"—*εἰς τὰ ἔσχατα*—registered the impress of "the counsels held in eternity" from "before the world was."

Philosophy in Christendom, as distinguished from dogmatic theology, so far as it has kept in sight of the main Christian theme of a personal God, has steadily tended to abandon this dualism and thus avoid the unintelligible dogma of fiat, and has of late replaced it by various forms of monism, of an idealistic type, aiming to give a philosophic vindication at once to Divine and human personality and to human immortality, by explaining all existence as the acts and inner modes of a single eternal Self-Consciousness.

These more or less thoroughgoing monisms, sometimes called Christian Pantheism, or the Higher Pantheism, have been set strongly in contrast with the monism of materialism or of agnosticism. But, on the main theme, they all really signalize a return to the elder views of the Orient. And they all still employ the category of causal efficiency to express the relation of the

Creator to the creature, representing this as the relation of the actively determining Whole to the receptively determined parts. Their advantage over the older dualism is the advantage of logical consistency: their application of efficient causation is universally continuous, and not interrupted by a break as the doctrine of fiat is—a break merely feigned to be closed by the conception of miracle. This advantage, however, they only gain by sacrificing the distinct freedom of the creature from the Creator, a price which the moral consciousness declares should not be paid.

So far, then, the choice seems to lie between an unphilosophized and somewhat irrational dualism, which nevertheless maintains the distinctness of God from his creation (though, by its way of doing this, it renders the proofs for him inconclusive), and a philosophized monism, continuously coherent, rendering clear proofs of its pantheistic Cause, but really incapable of providing any genuine freedom for the souls that are his parts. The failure of both for the wants of the moral consciousness makes a choice between them unavailing. With neither of them can the conscience rest. Their failure is owing, at bottom, to one and the same defect: they both interpret the causal relation of God to souls in terms of efficiency, of agent and recipient.

I have made this digression to enforce the position, before taken, that the solution of our perplexity requires the abandoning of this efficient notion of creation *in every form*, and to show, further, that the present marked tendency of the new philosophic theology to take refuge in some species or other of monism, can only end in disappointment and the wreck of that great moral interest from which the new movement takes its rise. Out of the digression let us return now to the main question: Since every form of applying efficient causality to state the

causal relations of God to minds is inconsistent with moral reality, is there *any* mode of causation consistent with this, and capable of distinguishing, in the moral world of eternal minds, between God and souls, between every soul and every other, and of stating, in a way suitable to the essential freedom of spirits, that great Divine function which we try dimly to symbolize by the word "creation"?

v

THE REQUIRED MODE of causation, if any such there be, must be one that operates in and through the spontaneous life of the free being himself. Is there a causality that does so operate?

Yes, unquestionably there *is*. Its nature was directly suggested in what I said when describing the active self-consciousness of any member of an eternal moral world. We then found every soul to be *causa sui*—at once its own cause and its own effect—in virtue of its acting from the contemplation of its own self-recognized Ideal. The action of such a *causa sui* is purposive, but its own self-consciousness provides the aim, and the aim is just its own complete being, as this really is; namely, as self-defined in the light of the Divine Perfection. Such purposive causation through an ideal is inherently *free* causation: the being that acts from it is always self-prompted and self-fulfilled and so is free. No other conceivable mode of causation *is* free. Since the time of Aristotle this operation of an ideal has gone by the name of "final" cause—the causality in a consciously put "end," or aim. Sometimes it is called by the more sounding title of "teleological" cause—the cause whose logic, or explanation, is in a *τέλος*, the Greek name for a goal; that is, again, an aim, an ideal, the highest term of a thinking agent's self-expression. To sum up its nature in a single phrase, let us call it simply the free attraction

of an intelligence by its own ideals, preëminently by its Ideal of ideals.

Final Cause, then, or the Ideality at the logical heart of conscious life—to that we are to look for release from the perplexity about the determinism in Divine supremacy and the self-determinism in human or other non-divine freedom. And in finding the release we must show that our means preserves in God the two great offices which our religious consciousness demands—demands with much vagueness of meaning, no doubt, but which it strives at least *somehow* to name in the words “regeneration” and “creation.” We are in sincerity bound, too, to show that our explanation by Final Cause, for the sake of saving undiminished freedom, is not at the expense of Christian monotheism. We must make it ingenuously clear that the world of free persons, subsistent in eternity, is not open to the charge of polytheism, and, still more, not to that of atheism.

These charges, it is worth while to observe, are not new. They have, to be sure, been recently pressed with much emphasis by Professor Royce in his “Supplementary Essay” in *The Conception of God*,* but they have been brought against pluralism, against the system of manifold free-agency, ever since the day when the great Leibnitz first sketched its outlines in his mid-summer-night’s dream of monads and the Monad of monads. He too was accused of rendering God superfluous; and the innuendo was not omitted, that he had annexed God to his system for diplomatic reasons—from motives of “economy.” Even his admiring American translator, the late honored Dr. Frederic Henry Hedge, pilloried the *Monadologie* in most dubious company, in his volume bearing the ominous title *Atheism in Phi-*

* See *The Conception of God*, pp. 275, 321.

losophy.* To be sure, monism was in a way Dr. Hedge's religion, and so pluralism was for him the unpardonable sin. But for *every* type of the genuinely religious mind, the omission of God must be unpardonable; and what we need in these perplexing discussions is some settlement of what is the central attribute of God, that shall impart to all the others legitimate meaning, and put an end to unmerited charges of atheism.

So that I am now called upon to show that the elevation of the human spirit to genuine freedom, with the consequent placing of the soul in the order of eternal being, so far from transforming men into gods or rendering God superfluous and non-existent, carries us, on the contrary, to just such a central attribute of genuine godhead. I am to show, too, that in the world of eternal free-agents, the Divine offices called creation and regeneration not only survive, but are transfigured; that in this transfiguration they are merged in one, so that regeneration is implicit in creation, and becomes the logical spring and aim of creation, while creation itself thus insures both generation and regeneration—the existence of the natural order within the spiritual or rational, and subject to this, and the consequent gradual transformation of the natural into the image of the spiritual: a process never to be interrupted, however devious, dark, or often retrograde its course may be. I am to show you all this by the light of Final Cause, which is to take the place of the less rational category of Efficient Causation, since—let it be repeated—this last cannot operate to sustain moral relationship, and since moral values, measured in real freedom, are for the conscience and the new theology the measure of all reality.

* F. H. Hedge, *Atheism in Philosophy, and Other Essays* (Boston, Roberts Bros., 1884).

VI

NOW, AFTER our long making ready, the sufficient exhibition of these conclusive truths may, fortunately, be comparatively brief. Let us begin by showing that our uncompromising Pluralism, our system of self-active or eternal persons, is not atheistic, but demands God; yes, reposes on God, and alone presents him as adorably divine.

Bear in mind, then, that by the terms of our problem we set out upon our present quest from a granted world of beings really free, and that this freedom means their subsistence by their *self-active thinking*. They are thus all eternal, in the highest and therefore sole entirely true meaning of the word; namely, they are all subsistent self-actively, by their own self-defining consciousness. But this does not merely mean that they are everlasting—existing, as the ancient and venerable saying is, “to all eternity.” This everlastingness, or indestructible pervadence of infinite futurity, as we shall in a moment see, is a real *aspect* in the being of one of the two great orders of free self-consciousness, but it is *only* an aspect, and only in that one order; while eternity, or free reality, means something quite transcending this. It means that each thoroughly real being is just self-defining, self-operative, is existent in a sense that excludes the alternative of its non-existence—in its central unifying essence is quite out of and independent of time, or is *necessary* (i.e., unavoidable and necessitating) instead of necessitated; and that, in fact, *time itself takes its rise entirely from this self-thinking which constitutes the free being as eternal and whole.**

* For Time, it would seem, is nothing but the mind’s consciousness of its own controlling unity—living on, notwithstanding the throng of differences from its defining Standard that are introduced into its life by its act of self-definition, and holding these differences all in its one embrace. It is, however, only the immediate or lowest form of this consciousness, and so gathers this miscellany of items

But now note—and this is the point of foremost importance—this eternal existence of the spirit is essentially *self-definition*, the putting of existence that is unambiguously *definite*, incapable of confusion with any other. The spirit is intrinsically *individual*: it is *itself*, and not any other; and it puts itself so, incontestably. But such a getting to exact identity can only be by means of *difference*; and difference, again, implies contrast, and so *reference to others*. Thus, in thinking itself as eternally real, each spirit inherently thinks the reality of all other spirits. In fine, its self-definition is at the same stroke in terms of its own peculiarity, its own inerasable and unrepeatable *particularity*, and of the supplemental individualities of a whole world of others—like it in this possession of indestructible difference, but also like it in self-supplementation by all the rest; and thus it intrinsically has *universality*.

In this fact we have reached the essential form of every spirit or person—the organic union of the particular with the universal, of its private self-activity in the recognition of itself with its public activity in the recognition of all others. That is, self-consciousness is in the last resort a *conscience*, or the union of each spirit's self-recognition with recognition of all. Its self-definition is therefore definite, in both senses of the word: it is at once integral in its thorough and inconfusable difference from every other, and yet it is integral in terms of the entire whole that includes it with all the rest. Thus in both of its aspects—and both are essential to it—in a commanding sense it excludes alternative, and there is universal determinism, that is, universal and stable *definiteness*, just because there is universal self-determination,

into no more than the loose union which we call sequence. It is supplemented by more significant and increasingly stricter expressions of the mind's unity, such as Space, Force, Syllogism, and so on, up to Truth, Beauty, and, finally, Good, i.e., benignant love.

or genuine freedom. But this universal self-defining implies and proclaims the universal reality, the living presence in all, of one unchangeable type of being—the self-conscious *intelligence*; and this, *presented in all really possible forms, or instances, of its one abiding nature.*

Well, then, how many are there of these possible forms, these possible instances? Plainly, as many as answer in full to the free self-defining in which all have their being. The number must be vast enough to provide for *all* individual differences compatible with the mutual reality of all. The world of spirits is thus “ten thousand times ten thousand, a great multitude which no man can number.” Yet it is not vaguely boundless; it is not “infinite” in the sense in which the imagination and the mathematicians take infinity. On the contrary, from the nature of the case, its number must be definite as well as vast, though we do not actually know it now. Still we do know certain things about the world of minds, which in the present context are of determining significance. Little as we may be able to tell its number, the series certainly must run through every *real* difference, from the lowest increment over non-existence to the absolute realization of the ideal Type.

Hence the world of minds must embrace, *first*, the Supreme Instance, in which the self-definer defines himself from every other by the peculiarity of perfect self-fulfillment *in eternity*, so that all ideal possibilities, all rational perfections, are in him eternally actualized, and there is an absolutely perfect mind, or God, whose very perfection lies in his giving complete recognition to all other spirits, as the complement in terms of which alone his own self-definition is to himself completely thinkable. But, *secondly*, the world of minds must embrace this complemental world, and every member of this complement, though indeed

defining himself against each of his fellows, must define himself primarily against the Supreme Instance, and so in terms of God. Thus each of them, in the very act of defining his own reality, defines and posits God as real—as the one Unchangeable Ideal who is the indispensable standard upon which the reality of each is measured. The price at which alone his reality as self-defining can be had is the self-defining reality of God. If *he* is real, then God is real; if God is not real, then neither can *he* be real.

In the system then, as it really is, God not only eternally defines himself, and so is self-existent eternally, but he is likewise freely defined as self-existent by every other self-defining being. He is thus, as the universally implicated Ideal, the rational Ground of all other possible self-definition, and “eternal creation” is a fact: all is real through Final Cause. *The created, as well as the Creator, creates.* Self-activity that recognizes and affirms self-activity in others, freedom that freely recognizes freedom, is universal: every part of this eternally real world is instinct with *life in itself*. Each lives in and by free ideality, the active contemplation of its own ideal; and this ideal embraces, as its essential, prime, and final factor, the one Supreme Ideal.

VII

HERE IT IS WORTH WHILE to digress once more, to take an exact account of the nature of this proof for the existence of God. Those at home in the history of philosophy will hardly fail to notice that it is simply what the ontological argument of Plato, Augustine, Anselm, and Descartes becomes when taken in the light of the system of coexistent free minds—the argument so seriously impugned by Kant, and so vainly striving after rehabilitation in the monism of Hegel and his school. For it is the proof of God directly from the *idea* of God as the freely posited

implicate without which no self-active or individual mind can define itself and posit itself as real. But this *logically* necessary connection (i.e., connection put by the pure spontaneity of each intelligence) between the idea of each mind and the idea of God, while leading to nothing if it stands by itself, leads inevitably to the reality of God as soon as the reality of any single mind is assured.

Now, the reality of each individual mind it is impossible to question, as Descartes has sufficiently shown; for every effort to question it presupposes its truth. Though I were to keep on saying forever that I doubted my own existence, yet every time I said it I must be a thinking life to make the statement possible. Underneath every doubt of thinking there lies, as a positive *fact*, the thinking that floats the doubt: so the more persistent the doubting, the stronger the proof of a real self-consciousness. The inevitable connection between the *idea* of any single consciousness and the *idea* of God being given, this dialectically demonstrable existence of the self brings with it the *actual* existence of God. Here we have the real analogue of Descartes' famous illustration of his form of the argument by the necessary connection between the idea of a mountain and the idea of a valley: if the mountain is shown actually to exist, it follows resistlessly that the valley exists too. Descartes, however, instead of connecting the idea of *God* with the idea of the *self*, made the slip of connecting the idea of *perfection* with the idea of *existence*, so that his argument runs down into the vapid truism: If perfection *exists*, then it exists; or (since perfection means God), if God exists, then he exists.

It is certainly the more curious—in fact, it is astonishing—that the great Frenchman should have tripped just here, as he was so securely in possession of the dialectic proof of his own real-

ity, and as, more than once in his *Meditations*, he also comes squarely upon the implication of the idea of God by the idea of the self. It was criticism exactly pertinent, when he pointed out that the defect in Anselm's form of the argument was its connecting only the *idea* of existence with the idea of perfection, without attaining to any *actual* existence at all, and that the argument needed supplementing in the light of the Cartesian "criterion"—the principle, namely, that a necessary connection between *ideas* carries with it a like connection of the corresponding *things*, so that when the existence of one is established, the existence of the other inevitably follows. But in selecting perfection and existence as the connected ideas, he overlooked the awkward fact, that, in the case in hand, the *existence* of the perfect was the very point to be proved.

The argument which we have succeeded in working out, on the contrary, clearly avoids this fallacy. It runs: The idea of every self and the idea of God are inseparably connected, so that if *any* self exists, then God also must exist; but any and every self demonstrably exists, for (as *apud Cartesium*) the very doubt of its existence implies its existence; and therefore God really exists. In parting with it, let us not omit to notice that the argument is nothing but the common one upon which we always proceed when we conclude there is *any* real mind other than our own—that we have fellow-spirits, like ourselves distinct from God. The validity of the process which in the case of our fellow-men we all so instinctively perform, and with such unhesitating conviction, rests in every case alike upon the same universal implication of each mind with a world of others. Our self-thought being is intrinsically a *social* being; the existence of each is reciprocal with the existence of the rest, and is not thinkable in any other way. We all put the fact so, each in the freedom of his own

self-defining consciousness. The circle of self-thinking spirits indeed has God for its central Light, the Cynosure of all their eyes: *he* is if *they* are, *they* are if *he* is; but the relation is freely mutual, and he only exists as *primus inter pares*, in a circle eternal and indissoluble.

VIII

TO RESUME NOW the main thread of our discussion: We have reached a proof of God from his very nature as central member in the world of freedom, and let us realize how genuinely divine his being is. He is verily a God unchangeably adorable, because he subsists in and through his free recognition of his complementary world of free associates, and only so subsists. In this free eternity, he is therefore in literal truth—

That God, which ever lives and *loves*,
 One God, one law, one element,
 And one far-off divine Event
 To which the whole creation moves.

For he alone *loves*, who, by his spontaneous ideal, has for his objects beings possessing the freedom which is his own bliss. He alone loves *divinely*, who accordingly subsists as the purely ideal Goal, the final cause or "divine Event" of their being; divine, because the Goal is left to be freely recognized, and put as ideal, by the self-defining act of each soul itself, and is not produced nor enacted upon it by any causation that constrains. God is in his proper Heaven, is no mere Maker, no player of the poor rôle of Omnipresent Meddler; and so each soul has all its life, at source and in settled destination, from love and in love—love that "casteth out fear," even the solemnizing fear which awe is, and that thrills only to the beauty and the joy in God's perfec-

tion of love.* Love, too, now has its adequate definition: it is the all-directing intelligence which includes in its recognition a world of beings accorded free and seen as sacred—the primary and supreme act of intelligence, which is the source of all other intelligence, and whose object is that universal circle of spirits which, since the time of the Stoics, has so pertinently been called the City of God. Its contemplation of this sole object proper to it was fitly named by Dante and the great scholastics the Vision Beatific.

But now to our next point. You will here be prone to say, If this is theism, it is surely—is it not?—a *universal* theism, not monotheism. Why isn't it simply polytheism on an infinite scale?—an infinitotheism, an “apeirotheism”?† And I shall have to reply, No, you are quite as wrong this time as you were when you called the free system atheism. The system of freedom is genuine monotheism, and the only genuine monotheism. All the members of the eternal world except God freely posit themselves as *not* God, in freely positing God; and God, in positing himself, likewise posits them as not himself. Moreover, this difference from Deity is thought by each spirit's purely thought-put—and therefore free—exclusion of any alternative, as a difference that is *defect*, the active maintenance or the passive acceptance of which would be sin.

* “The abasement of the individual before the Divine Being is really a sort of pantheism, so far that in the moral world God is everything and man nothing. But man thus abased before God is no proper or rational worshipper of him. There is a want of proportion in this sort of religion. God who is everything is not really so much as if he allowed the most exalted free agencies to exist side by side with him.”—Professor Jowett, commenting on the *De Imitatione Christi*, in his *Life* by Abbott and Campbell (London: Murray, 1897), Vol. II, p. 151.

† So the lamented Davidson called it, coining a name out of *ἄπειρον*, the Greek word for the numerical infinite—Dr. Thomas Davidson, of New York, a Scot by birth and training, but an American by choice and adoption, who passed untimely away in the autumn of 1900, leaving unfinished so much of needed work in classical and mediaeval philosophy.

For inasmuch as its characteristic difference is by each spirit thought against the Ideal who is absolute Perfection, the Unity of all possible perfections, all difference from this must include some degree of *imperfection*, self-positing in the very being of each self-definer. The active consciousness of each is therefore really answerable for the presence of this in his being, but also answerable, by the terms of its being and his, for the rational control of it: answerable, just because the free self-definer is himself the source of it, and yet by his *total* nature, which eternally contemplates and mirrors God, transcends it. On this ground, the absolutely singular and unrepeatable personality of each soul lies in the exactly identical manner, one and only, in which his thinking differentiates him (1) from the absolutely perfect self-thinking God, and (2) from every other soul, which, like himself, is differenced from God by a deficiency absolutely peculiar.*

In fact, the personality of every soul lies precisely in the relation—or *ratio*, if we please so to call it—between that genuine infinity (self-activity) which marks its organizing essence, and the finitude, the exactly singular degree of limitation and passivity, to which the infinity subjects itself in defining itself from God. Thus every soul, though indeed, in the unifying *whole* of its nature, of the divine *kind*, and of inextinguishable free-infinity, nevertheless carries in its being an aspect of negation to its divine nature, and simply by the operation of its self-thought idea must realize its eternal freedom in a way that differs from God's way in kind.

For the consequence of this individualizing self-definition by defect or negation is this: Embraced within the total being of

* Here we come again upon the vast and unknown number of souls not God: there must be a soul for every really possible degree of divergence from the Perfect Ideal, and there is no present knowledge of the number of these degrees.

the soul there must be a derivative life, which we call its experience, or sensory being, arising from the reaction of the primal freedom upon the negating limit, or Check. Accordingly the soul's existence, in this sensory aspect of it, has the form of an irrepressible conflict between the free reason, moving in response to its Ideal, and this actual antagonizing Check. In other words, within the rational (or spiritual) whole man, lives the natural and partial, which is the product of his formal and efficient causation as a self-active life, operating in the light of his Ideal upon the object-matter, or material cause, supplied in the Check. But this union of two antagonistic natures in one individual whole is absolutely foreign to God, the eternal Sum of all Perfections. It belongs, on the contrary, to that non-divine order of existence which, for lack of a better conception and name, our historical theologies have called the "creature," and it therefore forms an ineradicable distinction between the one member of the world of Spirits who realizes its Ideal *eternally*, and all the other possible members.

We may render this matter clearer by a brief reference to a most important step in the history of philosophic thought. It is a notable remark of Aristotle's when beginning the criticism of previous Greek philosophy, that, while all philosophy must be a research of causes, and preceding philosophy had answered in a general way to this requirement, the schools had yet not been aware of the whole *system* of causes. This system, he adds, ought to include (1) the *material* cause, the "raw stuff," so to speak, or "contents," out of which reality is formed; (2) the *formal* cause, the principle of discrimination and arrangement, by which the material is kept from being chaotic, and instead is rendered intelligible; (3) the kinetic, or changing, or *efficient* cause, by which form is applied to matter, and one form is

changed into another; and (4) most important of all, the *final* cause, the cause "wherefore"—the intelligible and recognized aim under which all the first three operate. Some schools, he continues, had used one, some another of the first three causes, some had used more than one, Plato had used all; but none had used all the four, none had hitherto employed the *final* cause.

True. But the great Stagirite might himself have gone a step farther: he might have stated the truth, for it is a truth, that the final cause is the originating and organizing member of the system, and that all the other three causes *arise* from it, as well as act by virtue of it. That is, instead of being simply the most important kind of cause, it is the Cause of causes, and the only kind of cause that applies to the existence of primary realities such as minds.

Now, what we were really seeing, a moment ago, was how all this is true in the case of the mind that is non-divine. The operation of final causation, as involved in each spirit's ideal of itself as a thoroughly individuated contrast to God, introduces into the spirit's native infinity the non-divine defining Check: here is the beginning, the *terminus a quo*, of efficiency; here also is the germ of the material cause, the "matter" upon which the further display of efficiency is to act. But by the final causation in the spirit's native contemplation of the Divine Ideal, the infinity or freedom reacts upon the Check: this reactive relation and its product constitute a matter or contents more or less *formed*, bearing always in some degree the impress of the original freedom that moves toward its ideal. Here, then, and in the henceforth endless recurrence of the action and the reaction, we have flowing from final cause—from the free attraction of the free ideal—(1) *material*, or object for the reaction of freedom; (2) the reactive *efficiency*, shown (3) in the appearance of *form*

in the material, the form exhibited by the interaction of the spiritual and the natural. And we now recover, in this new light, the doctrine set forth earlier in this essay, that the whole natural world, or world of sense, is embraced under the world of the self-active intelligence—the world, as Kant has taught us to call it, of the pure reason, or intelligence *a priori*. This natural world, by the account of it we now get, must, as noticed already, be a scene of ceaseless conflict between its immediate or present form and the eternal or ideal form of the spirit.*

Nature is not, indeed, in itself sin; there is no guilt in its mere existence. It is simply part and parcel of the self-definition of the soul, and it has an affirmative as well as a negative aspect, a possible movement upward, toward the free spirit's Ideal, as well as its primary tendency downward and away from this. But it carries with it the *risk* of sin; for in admitting the negative principle of defect into its being, the free consciousness opens the possibility that in the antagonism between the two tendencies in its nature it may side with the negative, and not keep alert to the affirmative and its ideal Spring. It may lose, for the time being, its response to the Divine Ideal, and, as Plato says, become ensnared in the natural. Hence, so far as concerned with its merely natural life, it is liable to become slothful, an *ignava ratio* in a real sense, to repose inert in the form that belongs to it at any given date, and to say, as Mephisto craftily hopes that Faust may be tempted to say of some passing temporal moment, and so be lost, *Verweile doch, du bist so schön!*—

* The foregoing account of what and whence Nature is, will of course suggest manifold difficulties to the critical mind, difficulties that particularly concern the usually assumed single-unit character of Nature, the possibility of a communal natural life for souls, and especially the possibility and the meaning of wedlock, birth, heredity, and social liability, or "imitation." To go here into these would lead us too far afield. I will merely say that they are no greater than those involved in any system of idealism, and that I hope to deal with them in another place.

Oh stay! thou art so fair.

Or passing to deeper decline, it may out of this sluggard self-love advance into aggressive struggle to maintain it, falling with hate upon the activities of others whom it finds, or assumes, to interfere with its ease.

This empirical volition seduced by the vision of the sense-world, be this sensual or malicious, or be it ever so much raised above the brutal—this willingness to stay where one temporally is, to accept the actual of experience for the ideal, the mere particular of sense for the universal of the spirit, the dead finite for the ever-living infinite, the world for God—this is exactly what sin is.* It may take either of two forms, according as the sinking into sense directly involves only the violation of the spirit's own self-reverence or the graver assault upon the sacredness of others. In either case it is dishonor of God. The *risk* of it lies in the nature of our being, goes back to the conditions of our existence, of our self-definition in freedom; is constituent in *our* freedom as this is defined against the freedom of God. This risk is therefore "original" in a sense even deeper than that in which traditional theology makes sin to be original—though we too have to say that sin is original, in the sense that it is a fact which comes about by reason of this trait in our self-origination. It is a fact, that is to say, directly connected with our self-differencing reality; it concerns the explanation of our very existence, roots in the origin of the natural man, and follows from that as surely as that is implied in the very nature of our free being.

* Some readers may feel that this account of sin is defective because it seems to them to omit the characteristic factor of *selfishness*. But it does not in fact do so. The statement that sin is the choice of the actual instead of the ideal, the world instead of God, is more comprehensive, but is, as *directly* made, merely formal. In the light of what has preceded, however, it is plain that the real *meaning*, contained *indirectly* in this formal contrast between God and the world, is that the ideal is universal love, and its neglect a violation of this.

Here at length we find what is meant by *the union of freedom with determinism in the life of every spirit*. The union consists in the fact that both determinism and freedom mean the self-determination of the conscious being in the light of his twofold ideal—his eternal apprehension of the Supreme Ideal in God, and his ideal of himself as a thoroughly individuated being, inherently self-differenced from the Divine Ideal, yet essentially self-related to it—in the great total of his existence moving in response to his contemplation of it, and therefore freely moving.

In our union of the actual and the ideal, we find, too, the explanation of that *consciousness of alternative* which prompts us to say of every event in our moral experience, especially of any event of wrongdoing, that it might have been otherwise—we might have done right instead of wrong. The question of our effectual freedom in the world of experience is simply the question whether we have not a living source of right within us, our own eternal choice, of fuller flood than the counter-current tending to arrest it. But, on the other hand, the presence in us of this essential counter-stream brings the constant risk that the movement in response to the absolute Ideal may in the time-world actually *suffer* arrest. Nevertheless, this arrest cannot annihilate the potential for goodness that lies in our eternal vision of the Supreme Ideal. That lives on; and our sin is, that we fail in our time-world to avail ourselves of it, because we temporarily lose experimental realization of it, and consequently become absorbed in that side of our life which arises directly from our principle of difference—our difference from God.

Our sense of alternative is the sense that the transcending view which connects us with our Divine Ideal, and which moves us evermore toward harmony with that, is really ever-living, and

so affords resources to reduce our defective difference and carry us beyond all temporal actualities. So that when we halt in any stage of these, and act as if our aim and object ended there, and we were there fulfilled, we know that this is false. We know that we have belied our real being, that in our true nature is a fountain out-measuring every possible actuality, that therefore we might have done differently, and that consequently we have contracted *guilt*—guilt, not simply before some external tribunal, be it even God's, but guilt before the more inexorable bar of our own soul.

Assuredly, then, we may dismiss the charge that the free system is a polytheism. Not a single member of it except God is identical with God, either in existence or in character. All but God provide in their own being the liability to sin, and when once, owing to their sins already, they present in their natural circumstances a character sufficiently defective, then the natural law of cause and effect operates, and they are *certain* then to sin yet more; though not even this certainty in the connection of their evil experiences is predestined upon them by any "decree" of God, or by any other efficient act of God, for God has no efficient relation to their being, nor they to his. The certainty issues from their own freedom, which is responsible not only for the causal connection between their antecedent and consequent states, but directly for the existence of the antecedent. It is therefore a certainty for which neither God nor any vague "nature of things" is responsible at all. The presence of it in their life, and still more the presence of the liability from which it springs, and of the primal self-defining Check upon perfection, out of which this liability arises, discriminates every soul from God, indelibly and forever. God is God alone, there is but one God, and the souls are at best but his prophets.

IX

BUT NOW WE COME UPON another objection, which I judge will be the last, i.e., that this world of freedom, self-equipped for sin, is indeed a world which "lieth in wickedness," that in truth there is no real hope of good in it: it is a world of inherent and inexpugnable wrong, and not only damnable, but in fact already damned. This leads to the "judgment of regret," as Professor James poetically calls the sweeping condemnation of the world. The judgment of regret, which arises out of the spiritual freedom of the soul, is in due course of that freedom attended or followed by the judgment of remorse, by the judgment of repentance, by the judgment of reform. These are all in the fountain of the spirit, and flow from the great deeps of the freedom whose shallower expanses make possible the sin. In their sum, they make up for the sinful world a judgment of atonement. The infinite of the soul is mightier than the finite in it. The free-infinite of the intelligence will go on in the conflict of transforming the finitude of the natural life; will go on to victory ever more and more. It may be, as was said before, by paths never so dark and devious, or now and again even retrograde; it may be by descent with the natural into the nether pit of sin and its self-operating punishment; but onward still the undying free spirit goes, and will go, secure in its own indestructible vision of its eternal Ideal, secure in the changeless light shed on it by the changeless God.

For it is assured of immortality—an immortality that some day, be the time here or be it in the hereafter, must attain to life eternal, to the *established* dominance of the spiritual over the natural. Nevertheless, the perfection of the "creature" lies just in this never-ending *process* of victory. Always it must preserve its own identity; must be everlastingly, as it is eternally, divided from identity with God by its own defining negative principle.

Thus its life shows its peculiar perfection by the mode in which—or, if you will, the rate at which—it surely, though slowly and with heavy toil, heals its own inherent wound. Two forms of self-active being there are—two only: that which is eternally without defect and invulnerable; and that which holds defect in its very nature, but moves toward making itself whole by its eternal power of “life in itself.” The one is God’s infinity; the other is the infinity of man—the infinity of the “creature,” the infinity that embosoms finitude and evermore raises this toward likeness with the eternal.

X

HERE OUR INQUIRY comes in sight of its close. While I hope that I have now shown how freedom and determinism, reconciled in the universal presence of rational activity, do surely lead toward universal recovery from moral evil, it would be no more than natural to ask, In just what does the reconciliation after all consist? In answer, I may sum up the whole matter in the following way.

Freedom and determinism are only the obverse and the reverse of the two-faced fact of rational self-activity. Freedom is the thought-action of the self, defining its specific identity, and determinism means nothing but the definite character which the rational nature of the action involves. Thus freedom, far from disjoining and isolating each self from other selves, especially the Supreme Self, or God, in fact defines the inner life of each, in its determining whole, in harmony with theirs, and so, instead of concealing, opens it to their knowledge—to God, with absolute completeness eternally, in virtue of his perfect vision into all possible emergencies, all possible alternatives; to the others, with an increasing fulness, more or less retarded, but advancing

toward completeness as the Rational Ideal guiding each advances in its work of bringing the phenomenal or natural life into accord with it. For our freedom, in its most significant aspect, means just our secure possession, each in virtue of his self-defining act, of this common Ideal, whose intimate nature it is to unite us, not to divide us; to unite us while it preserves us each in his own identity, harmonizing each with all by harmonizing all with God, but quenching none in any extinguishing Unit. Freedom, in short, means first our self-direction by this eternal Ideal and toward it, and then our power, from this eternal choice, to bring our temporal life into conformity with it, step by step, more and more.

And though in this real freedom which is inherently rational there is that determinism, that definiteness, which issues from guidance by the universal rational aim, this very determinism nevertheless, matched as it is against the counter-definiteness in the defective phenomenal side of our life, gives rise to that ever-recurring *Alternative*, that chance for the experience of choice, which is so often mistaken for the whole of freedom, but is only a derivative part of it. A greater part, even in this region of experience, is the power in our consciousness of the Ideal, the power of our *eternal* freedom, to decide the temporal choice in its own direction. Thus every sin is in its central nature a self-dishonor of our freedom, a self-degradation and self-enslavement. And still this freedom, as originative and whole, is immortal, is imperishable, and has abiding might to prevail and to rescue.

So much for a summary of the solution. You must not omit to notice, in parting, that it has not been effected by means of any sort of "soft" determinism—as, with a transfer of Professor James's stinging nickname, we may call the sentimental opti-

mism that ignores the world's wickedness and misery. On the contrary, the result has been reached by means of a determinism whose way is the rugged and even tragic path of bitter discipline, through sin and punishment and remorse, through repentance and victorious good works. Beyond sin and the possibility of sin, there lies in the system of free spirits, as the very key to their freedom, this eternal Atonement. It works by the ceaseless chastisement which is freedom's school for its own actualization in the world.

The Judgment of Regret should be supplemented by this Judgment of Atonement. For there is no "dilemma of determinism," if the determinism in the world of sense is itself a partial effect of the self-determination of the free beings acting in and on that world, and is subject to continual transformation and correction by the undying source of freedom in eternity. Professor James would have us believe that determinism hangs in a fatal balance between pessimism on the one hand and what he rightly calls by the stigmatizing name of "subjectivism" on the other—the revolting theory that the aim of life is, not doing good and avoiding wrong, but getting the deepest knowledge of the greatest sum of the most varied "experience," of base and of high alike and indifferently; is eating insatiably of "the tree of knowledge of good and evil," simply for the eating's sake. We must either maintain our judgments of regret, he says, and so pronounce the determinist world accursed to its core, or else quash our regrets and end in a fatuous optimism which confounds good and evil by reckoning evil really good—"whatever is, is right." The latter horn of the dilemma, he holds, can only be taken in earnest if "subjectivism" is true; and this, what unharmed conscience can endure?

But if determinism is but one phase of the free life of each spirit, laying down law upon the world which is the field of its possible higher activity, then the dilemma is dissolved. The pair of alternatives do not then exhaust the possibilities: there is at least one other supposition open. Not mere *knowledge* of good and evil, for its own shameless sake, but knowledge for the sake of *action*, and resulting now in penitent and now in benignant reform, is then the genuine alternative to pessimism; and this moral use of the evil that freedom causes is the atonement, the justifying atonement, with which the profounder freedom that wells from the eternal fountain of the spirit expiates the surface-freedom's sin. The atonement is in eternity and from eternity, quite as really as the provision of an apparatus for the sin. It passes thence upon the ceaseless process of the natural life. Thus in the course of ages here and hereafter it is sure to be effectual. But the way is hard, the road of discipline and penitence is long, is across deep and appalling abysses, with many a frightful fall to their bottom, and of this tragic side of our being it is strictly true that—

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

Here speaks the fact of Fate—the changeless bond among experiences, the “irrevocable fixity of the past” embosomed within our very freedom: we “sow in Atê's fields” and reap the fitting crop. But Fate is the indispensable means to freedom in a shifting world of experience, is therefore a consistent product of freedom, and the passing over of the “judgment of regret” into this judgment of remorse, stirred in us by the sense of Fate, is ex-

actly what makes in our time-world the signal of our eternal freedom, and points to the coming better judgment of repentance and reform. We cannot, indeed, recall the past that is behind any specific present; but it is only a past thus arbitrarily isolated that is fixed. The *real* past is a flowing whole, and we are forever pouring the future into the flood, through the gate of the present. Our past is really always *changing*, and it is we who initiate the change; and so the past, though no *part* of it can be recalled, is perpetually being re-created and transformed, now for the worse, now for the better, as its whole goes on unfolding. But the whole, it is within the compass of our freedom to bring into fuller and fuller harmony with our active vision of our Ideal, in which at source the freedom consists.

This is the life of the responsible universe, the World of Souls: its freedom is only existent in terms of God, who, despite the Inexorable Finger, hears in eternity the sigh of the penitent, and accords to him eternally an indwelling fountain of salvation, from "before the foundation of the world." Thus does He "still the cry of the afflicted"; thus age by age, to ages everlasting, "wipe away all tears," and grant to each sinning and sorrowing spirit the bliss of repentance consciously free, a redemption that arises out of the soul itself, the merit of virtue that is its own, and a peace that is indeed *within*.

THE PHILOSOPHICAL PRINCIPLES IN PLATO'S "APOLOGY"*

BY A THEORETICAL PRINCIPLE is to be understood a principle concerning what *is*; by a practical principle, one that concerns what *ought to be*. Or, in a more definite reference to man and his existence, theoretical principles are those which relate to the nature of man, and to the origin, nature, and laws of the external world as the theater of his existence and potential activity; while practical principles are such as relate to the government of his actual energies, which are to change the conditions of the world as they are given to him, and to raise them into a higher expression of his inmost nature.

Theoretical principles are thus *statements* of the real nature of man and the world; while practical principles are legislative *imperatives* that direct his conduct. The former are answers to the question, What is man, and what and whence is that manifold of objects called his world? The latter are answers to the question, What is man to *do*, that he may fulfil the idea of the theoretical compass of his being, and into what image is he to transform the natural world that confronts him? Practical principles are manifestly ideal; whether theoretical ones are also of that character, is the chief problem that agitates the world of philosophy, and that has diversified its history with the tenets of contending schools.

Plato stands in that history as the most illustrious exponent and, for the world of the Occident, the founder, of the doctrine that theoretical principles are all ideal too; that the world, and all

* A paper read to the Philosophical Union of the University of California, December 6, 1889.

within it, is a wondrous image in the soul of man, and that this soul, whose essence is thinking intelligence, has its being directly in the supreme Idea, or Complete and Perfect Thinking, that we call by the adoring name of God; so that the being of man actually has a direct *participation* in this all-involving Supreme Consciousness.

Thus, to Plato, all that is entirely real is *Idea*. That is, it is a nature completely realizing the traits that characterize a full and rounded act of knowledge in man; for in every such rounded and self-satisfying term of his intelligent activity, man shuts in and grasps together, in a thought-whole called their *idea*, or universal conception, the multitudinous particulars to which we give a common name. To Plato, the Supreme Being, or God, is in this way the one and sole all-encompassing Thinking-Act that grounds and embraces and harmonizes the manifold subordinate acts of unification which establish in the experience of man the units and the system discoverable there.

In Plato's various writings, this doctrine, which otherwise might readily be confounded with a dissolving of the vital reality of experience into the lifeless inanity of abstractions, is set forth with all the dramatic vividness of personal being, by representing it as the expression of the experience of Socrates. Plato's record of it, as expressing the personal life of a great actual thinker, takes moreover the dramatic form of the dialogue, rather than the narrative form of a continuous biography, because this process of thinking by ideas—by adequately comprehensive universals—involves the purgation of thought, and the expulsion of pretended ideas; and this cannot be effected except by what may well be called, in the happy phraseology of Darwin and his followers, a struggle for existence among conceptions;

a struggle that must continue until, by the corresponding natural selection, only the fittest for totality survive.

This conflict is actually elicited in everyday life by disputative conversation; usually with our fellow-men, though often also with ourselves, in self-communion. It was Socrates who gave the first systematic, and the most powerful illustrations of it, in his common intercourse with men. With respect to conceptions, however, the eliminative and selective process that concludes in the general idea, imposes no literal death upon the defeated contestants. Every conception still lives, only suffering the death of its unreal pretensions, and assumes a new and subordinated, but yet an imperishable life in the harmonious whole which the attained idea sets up. To this whole of conceptions thus systematized in the idea, and only attained through the ascending method of disputative dialogue, Plato now naturally and significantly gives the name of *dialectic*. The name primarily designates the character of the method; dialectic is the process of ascent to an idea, or adequate universal, through the mutual suppression and subordination of antithetic conceptions that are insufficient. But, by a metonymy natural and universally allowable, the same name designates the system that results from the method; and this is constituted not merely by one idea and its subordinate conceptions, but by the ideas themselves rising through the higher and higher harmonies of higher and higher ideas, till the Idea of all ideas is attained—the Unity of all unities, the Totality of totalities; the sum of all realities, the sum of all perfections, the Highest Good; that is, *God*.

Such, in the briefest outline, is the sum of Plato's philosophy, and the explanation of its most significant terms. As already suggested, the proper living representation of this dialectic process, ending in this dialectic system of Thinking Being, is the

dramatic dialogue. Here we have exhibited the secret cause of the form in which we find Plato's works. Whether he himself deliberately adopted this form from a conscious comprehension of its fitness and necessity, is a question quite distinct; but however we might have to answer this in the light of all the facts, and even though we were to find that he wrought in the form of dialogue merely as an artist, and by instinct alone, it is undeniable that we have reached here what must have been his instinctive motive for this form; or, what is of still greater import, we have here the intrinsic and objective reason for the form, founded in the nature of its contents. Moreover, on the question whether Plato's art was merely instinctive, it would hardly be credible that he who in this very *Apology* makes his great master complain of artists for having no real knowledge of their own astonishing skill, no mastery of the thought which by giving their works meaning gave them their only real value, should never himself have been conscious of the motives of his own art.

But whether Plato deliberated the dramatic form of his writings or not, it is abundantly evident that he meant *all* of them to convey a philosophical doctrine, and lodged in each a series of philosophical contents. The proof of this is the simple fact that we find such contents in every dialogue. What they are in the *Apology*, let us now endeavor to recapitulate, grouping them into the classes that were explained at the beginning. We may regard a principle as *expressed*, even when it is not stated in the direct and pure form of philosophical precision, but only in the mixed and roundabout manner employed when applying it to the intricate life of everyday experience. When it is not stated even in this indirect way, but is only present as a manifest presupposition, in the absence of which the actual statement in the dialogue would appear impossible, we must regard it as only *im-*

plied. The doctrines of the *Apology* may, accordingly, be stated as follows:

PRINCIPLES EXPRESSED, DIRECTLY OR INDIRECTLY

I. *Theoretical*.—Answering to the question, What is the nature of man and of the world of objects that confronts him, and what the scope and destination of both, we find:

1. *An unexamined life is not to be lived by a man*. That is to say, the essential nature of man, his determining and dignifying quality, is *knowledge*, or the comprehensive insight that comes only through critical and relentless personal inquisition, sifting all belief free from the chaff of mere opinion, tradition, and habit. [38 A.]*

2. *Philosophy, or life organized by knowledge, is therefore man's highest good*. In other words, this is the only proper expression of his nature, and this his proper goal. [38 A; 40 E; 41 A; 33 C; 30 A, B; 23 A, B; 20 D; 21 D, E.]

3. *The proximate form of philosophy, the first step in the realization of human nature, is the discovery, exposure, and recognition, or confession, of our actual ignorance*. That is, we doubtless begin our life of sensible experience on the basis of mere nature and inheritance, on tradition and opinion, on instinct and habit; but this is only to live as an animal, of the highest order though it be. We each begin to be a real person, a *man*, when first we begin to *think*. This we gather from the ironical talk which Socrates reports having had with one Callias, son of Hipponicus, who had "spent a world of money on the soph-

* These references to the authority in the text for the doctrines alleged, are to the pages of Stephens' edition (Paris, 1578), which are placed in the margin of all the recent standard editions and translations. The letters following the numerals refer to the nearly equal successive parts (A, B, C, D, and E) into which each page is divided.

ists," regarding the education of Callias' sons. They were, of course, to be trained on the same principle as young horses and young oxen; but where was the wonderful trainer to be found? Was there any such man? Yes, said Callias. And who? The sophist Evenus of Paros; he was the man, and his charge was five minae.* "Happy," quoth Socrates to himself, "happy is Evenus, if he really has this wisdom, and teaches at such a modest charge." We take here the hint in the ironical banter, and see that Plato's real meaning is this: Men are nowise like horses or oxen; the nature of *human* excellence is self-producing, self-active, and not a passive or given or inherited or imitative excellence like that of brutes. And hence philosophy, or human excellence (in a word, *virtue*), cannot be "taught"; cannot be imparted by dictation, rote, and mimetic practice. The philosopher does not profess to "teach" virtue; only the sophist is equal to that task.† [20 A, B, C.]

4. *Indeed, philosophy "teaches" and professes to "teach," nothing.* It dictates no doctrine whatever; lays down *ex cathedra* no code; makes an end of all external authority, and will not tolerate the Pythagorean cry of *ipse dixit*. Its business, on the contrary, is to quicken *thought*, by awakening *doubt*; to open the road to knowledge—personal certainty—by exposure and conviction of present ignorance. It knows that knowledge is always *personal*, and cannot just be imparted; it therefore promulgates

* About a hundred dollars, with a relative purchasing power, as compared with money now [1889], of nearly four hundred.

† We have here the solution of the "contradiction" in Plato's views on the teachableness of virtue, upon which commentators are usually so prone to insist. Virtue is not "teachable" at all, in the sense of being imparted by rote, because it never exists in a being that acts by rote. But as conduct proceeding from personal insight, from inward conviction and *knowledge*, in which alone it really consists, it is entirely teachable; for the secret of teaching it lies in arousing the power of thinking.

no rigid results, but seeks to institute the *method* of knowledge. It would have the method itself bring forth the results, for it knows that all others are spurious. Its aim is not dogma, but criticism, constructive criticism; the establishing of the habit and the skill of sleepless personal inquisition, the dialectic search of each other by all minds, as the sole criterion by which truth can be determined. Philosophy begets discovery, conviction, *real* moral action, and never dictates lessons or compels behavior; for truth cannot be learnt, nor duty driven in. [33 B; 20 B, C; 21 A, B, C; 23 A, B.]

5. *But philosophy is still a certain sort of wisdom, a certain kind of knowledge.* Such, namely, as is attainable by man; it is no "superhuman" wisdom. That is—to borrow at second hand a couple of phrases that a sagacious friend of mine is fond of quoting—philosophy doesn't "take all knowledge for its province," nor "affect omniscience." As already said, it only essays a *criticism*, which shall secure the genuine self-activity of reason. As for contents of knowledge, it awaits their *gradual* exhibition in the progressive life of reason itself. [20 D, E; 21; 22.]

6. *And yet philosophy is the highest wisdom (and in this important sense does "affect omniscience"), in that it has the key to exhaustless wisdom, because it has the initial critical method and temper that discerns between knowledge and opinion.* It knows how to expose the mere opinion that masks and poses for knowledge. [20 E; 21-22; 29 D, E; 30 A, B; 36 B, C.]

7. *Thus philosophy is higher than even right opinion, higher than the rapt instinct by which artists and natural statesmen are inspired.* For it possesses the secret of *self-active* thought; thought which is therefore at once self-mastered and all-mastering. [21 C; 22.]

8. *Moreover, philosophy, the wisdom man can compass, is an immeasurable and endless progression—toward a goal beyond, which forever moves in front of the mind that struggles toward it. This is the real meaning of the god at Delphi, when he declares by his oracle that Socrates, who only knows that he knows nothing, is the wisest of men. He means that all our attained knowledge is as nothing in comparison with the boundless contents of the Divine Thinking, which is at once its goal and its spring. [23 A, B.]*

9. *And the perpetual palingenesis, or resurrection from the dead, involved in the "examination" that grounds and moves philosophy, is proof of its divine origin and authority. The "examiner," the inquisitorial reason, is the never-dying gadfly given by the friendship of the Deity to rouse human nature from the grave of sloth, of inheritance, of habit; in short, from the death-in-life of merely animal or sensuous existence. [30 E; 20 E; 21 E; 22 E; 23 B; 28 E; 29 D; 30 A; 31 A, B.]*

10. *For philosophy believes in the Deity; and that, too, in a far higher sense than instinct, tradition or common opinion does or can. "I do believe that there are gods," protests Socrates, in his last sublimely pathetic sentence, before the judges take his case for decision: "I do believe, and in a far higher sense than any of my accusers do." His and Plato's ground for that belief lay in the very nature of knowledge.* Plato saw that knowledge, in order to exist at all, involves man's perpetually renewed self-criticism, and his ever-recurring self-conviction before a Perfect Idea that acts within him. From the recognition of this Ideal alone can the critical progression that constitutes knowledge arise; while only from the actual indwelling of the Ideal as a*

* With respect to Socrates, this ground was probably still in the elementary form of unanalyzed feeling.

self-active life in our life can such recognition be possible. Only by presupposing the self-existence of that Perfect Thinking can this ceaseless self-criticism and self-judgment, which is the characteristic and defining quality of a *man*, be explained; only from the actual being of *God* can it have origin or authority. [35 D; 26 C, D, E, esp. C; 27; 23 A, B; and the entire doctrine of the "daemon," or Indwelling Divine Influence; as in 27 C especially, and 31 D, 40 A, etc. Here we get the real bent and force of the saying, that he who believes in "sons of gods" necessarily believes in "gods"; he who apprehends Divine Influences, derivatives from God, believes *ipso facto* in God.]

11. *Thus the philosophic life, the examined life, as the life obedient to the highest command of the Deity, is the only pious life.* This is the direct summary of the divine authority of philosophy, and of the divine ground of its critical progress, as presented in 9 and 10 preceding. [30 A; 28 D, E; 29 A, B; 35 D; 37 E.]

12. *It is therefore impossible that the genuine philosopher should be guilty of impiety; and whoso charges him with it is guilty of a clear absurdity.* The charge here, since it assails the philosopher in his thinking, and because of it, is necessarily a charge of impious *doctrine*. To be valid, then, it must amount to the charge of unqualified atheism. But the utmost that can truly be said of the genuine philosopher,* in the matter of religious views, is that he holds and defends some doctrine about the Deity that differs from the traditional one. So that the accusation of impiety, as accusation of atheism, must be made and retracted in the same indictment. As long as belief in the Deity

* It must be borne in mind in this argument, as indeed in many another of Plato's, that he speaks here only of the *genuine* philosopher; of him, namely, who carries thought to its legitimate completion in an Eternal Mind. If this caution is observed, the reader will avoid those crisp and flippant charges of sophism against Plato to which some of his critics are too much given.

remains, so long must there remain some form of piety; and the philosophic view of religion must still be a religious view. The charge, then, that an unconventional or extra-traditional view of religion is impious, means at once that it is a belief in Deity and an utter disbelief in Deity. The admission, necessarily involved in the indictment, that it is a new view about God, declares it a *theism*; while the complaint of it as impious, necessarily makes it *atheism*. The charge is thus, from its very conditions, absurd; it contains an irreducible self-contradiction. [See the cross-examination of Meletus by Socrates: 26 c; d, e, and 27.]

13. *Yet the accusation of impiety is inevitable to the philosopher, since there lies between philosophy and tradition, between real knowledge and the ordinary opinion or common sense, an inner and unavoidable antagonism.* For the ceaseless inquisition that characterizes philosophy provokes, and must provoke, the enmity of common sense and of traditional opinion. There is an "irrepressible conflict" between the spiritual—the thinking—and the merely natural in man; between the sensuous, the inert, the otiose, and the intellectual, the active, the laborious for upward change. And the bitter tragedy of the conflict is, that in it conscience, devotion, religious feeling, take the side of mere history and mere sense quite as certainly as the side of thought and the soul. Hence it is that the *Zeitgeist*, voiced by the public rumor and the sympathy of gossip, by the popular poets and the thousand nameless channels of communication, is the calumniator that the philosopher is surest to have and weakest to repel. He laments this, and indeed fears it; but he none the less goes on in the vocation which the God of intellectual light, the Only True God, has appointed him. "Necessity is laid upon him—the word of God is to be considered first." [21 e; 18; 21-23.]

14. *Equally true is it, that the inherent antagonism of philosophy and tradition must bring upon the philosopher the charge of corrupting morals; especially of corrupting the young, who are naturally the openest to change, and naturally the chief objects of the reformer; and yet this charge is, if possible, a more glaring absurdity than that of impiety.* For this accusation must mean that the traditional and habitual, the view of the ordinary unthinking majority, is alone the preserver of morals, the sole cause of improving the young; that all the unthinking multitude improve youth, while only the few who think corrupt them. The absurdity of this lies in its ridiculous assumption that the power to train character is a matter of course, and comes by nature; instead of requiring, as it does, a special skill, possible only for those who make it their business to know what character or virtue really is, and what the one condition is on which alone it can exist.

Such skill is of necessity the possession of the few who have found the key to human excellence in its capacity for *knowledge*, and for conduct based upon that. All efforts to cultivate *men* on any other principle proceed in ignorance of what human nature is. They are therefore delusions, and worse than useless; they are positively injurious; and it is absurder to say that the thoughtless horde who follow use and wont can alone improve the young, while the few who possess in the philosophic principle the secret of what is truly human must only corrupt them, than to say that the skilled trainer who really knows the nature of horses will injure them, while the unskilled multitude will always do them good. [24 D, E; 25 A, B, C. Cf. 20-21, and 38 A.]

And this charge of corrupting the young, as made against the *philosopher*, contains the still grosser absurdity, that he who must most clearly know that the good alone can do him good,

while the bad can only harm him, will notwithstanding meditate and plan his own injury and destruction by corrupting those with whom he has to live; and that, intentionally. Whereas, it is impossible that any man should deliberately, and with full knowledge, contrive his own real and irremediable injury. The philosopher, above all—the man who sets the worth of human nature in the self-activity of intelligence—can by no possibility, in stimulating the organization of conduct by knowledge, be guilty of *intentionally* corrupting character; that would be an obvious contradiction. If he should actually make a character bad, it must be from some ignorance of his own, that escapes his self-criticism; some error in judgment as to what is true. At the worst, it is his fundamental *doctrine* that is wrong, if anything is. In such a case, he would at once abandon his course when the error was made clear to him. Admonition is what he needs, to awaken his self-knowledge; not punishment as an evil-doer. For him, malice is impossible. [25 D, E; 26 A.]

15. *The only real impiety, the only real atheism, is disobedience to the Deity, and desertion of the post where he has placed us to execute his chief command of searching and forming our lives in the light of their Idea.* The philosopher “might justly be arraigned in court for denying the existence of the gods,” if he disobeyed the oracle *Know Thyself* because he was afraid of death. And Socrates, deprecating the corrupting of justice by imploring the judges, says: “If, men of Athens, I could by force of persuasion or entreaty overpower your oaths, then I *should* be teaching you to believe there are no gods, and convict myself, in my own defense, of not believing in them.” [28 E; 29 A; 35 D.]

16. *Moreover, philosophy directly supports piety by delivering us from the fear of death.* For the fear of death is not wisdom, but the false pretense of wisdom; since fearing death presumes

it the greatest evil, whereas no one knows but it may be the greatest good. Even if it be the dreamless sleep of annihilation, it is a good;* and, if it prove, as is often said, a journey to another world, where the departed spirits of all the wise and just abide, it will be the greatest good. [29 A; 40.]

17. *And no evil can befall a good man, either in life or after death.* For he and what appertains to him are not disregarded by the gods. Far otherwise; since what appertains to him is *knowledge*—the everlasting Light in which the Immortals dwell. His essence and theirs are one. In their true being and blessedness, he shares. [41 D; cf. paragraphs 1, 2, and 11 above.]

18. *But to the wicked man doom is certain, for his doom is his wickedness itself, and it is swifter than death.* This alludes to the Platonic and Socratic doctrine that wickedness is the enacting of ignorance, the enacting of what is contrary to knowledge; conduct destitute of self-active or intelligent thought. And so it is a living burial of human nature, the suffocation of the spirit; while natural death is only the dissolution of the body. As the soul is in its proper nature swifter than the body; as, in truth, the thinking that lives in the Perfect Light of the Ideas causes and guides, and thus outruns, the mere life of the senses; so the doom that lies in wickedness, which overtakes and smites the life of thought, is swifter than that which only overtakes and supplants the sensible life. Yes, most assuredly; at once swifter and far more terrible; indeed, alone really appalling. [39 A, B; 30 D. Cf. the references under paragraphs 1 and 2 above; and the doctrines of the *Meno* and the *Protagoras* generally.]

* I presume the meaning here is, that, on the supposition of annihilation, life would be reduced to utter tragedy and disappointment, and so death would be a relief from useless toil and pain. "After *life's fitful fever*, he sleeps well." With this view, there is no contradiction between the doctrine here and the loftier one in the *Phaedo*.

19. *Philosophy, as life organized by knowledge, affords at once the cure for wickedness and the gift of every good; not only the highest and perfect good of virtue itself, but every form of real welfare, real happiness.* For since the essence of wickedness is living ignorance, its cure must lie in living knowledge; and the cure is certain. Accordingly, philosophy will give the *reality* of welfare, the very substance of happiness of every sort; whereas life based on mere opinion and habit can only give the false appearance and the shadow of it. For virtue does not come of wealth or any other form of welfare; but, on the contrary, wealth (and every other external good) comes from virtue, and from that alone: from virtue in the state, and among a man's fellow-citizens, at all events; even if, rich and fortunate for the time being, he have no virtue himself. [29 D, E; 30 A, B; 41 E.]

20. *And thus, finally, no bad man can really harm a better; but, even in apparently harming him, he only harms himself.* The good man carries in his own life the unfailing secret of his own true good. In his substantive being he is immortal and invulnerable. At the worst, he can only be deprived of temporal life or some other temporal advantage. The wicked may put him to death or drive him into exile or deprive him of his civil rights, and may imagine, as others also may, that in doing so they are doing him an irreparable harm. But the wise man cannot think so. All such injuries are trifling in comparison with that which their perpetrators bring upon their own inner nature by committing them. The former only touch the transient environment of the soul; the latter assails the soul itself. [30 C, D.]

II. *Practical.*—When we come to seek in the *Apology* for principles answering to the question, What *ought to be*, or what has man to *do*, we are at first surprised to find so few of them. They

can all, in fact, be summed up in three. But this is really quite in keeping with the legitimate function of philosophy with regard to rational imperatives. It is not directly concerned with the details of conduct—with the particulars of right behavior or the minor rules that are to govern them. Its business is to determine for each man the universal law of his life, and the most general maxims governing its chief departments. Thus the imperatives directly or indirectly expressed in the *Apology* are merely these:

1. *The life organized by knowledge, which is the true vocation of man, and the only real virtue, is to be sought as the supreme end, and must be pursued at every hazard to the merely natural life and all its relative goods, even to the braving of death itself.* The one sovereign command of the Deity, and the one constant exhortation of the philosopher as his interpreter, is this: "Take not thought for your persons or your property, but first and chiefly care about the greatest improvement of the soul; virtue is not given by money, but from virtue come money and every other good of man, public as well as private."

Sublimely impressive are those words as they fall from the lips of Socrates, on the verge of a martyr's death. They are the full prophecy, four centuries in advance, of the lesson taught by that still sublimer Martyr who said: "Take not thought for your life, what ye shall eat or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on; but seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you." The early utterance only differs from the later in attempting to teach definitely where the secret of attaining the divine kingdom and divine righteousness lies. And in placing this secret in knowledge—in finding in our human power of self-convincing reason

the only sufficient revelation of the Divine will—Plato utters, from the summit of Greek life, the doctrine of our Christian scriptures. For they too say, in the Old Testament: "Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore, get wisdom; yea, with all thy gains get understanding; the price of wisdom is above rubies, and all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared to her"; and in the New, in its loftiest Gospel: "Eternal life is this, that they should *know* thee, the Only True God, and Jesus Christ whom thou didst send." Or, even more plainly, it is taught in the same Gospel: "And ye shall *know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.*"

Still more profoundly is the rescue of our proper humanity rested on knowledge, in the foundation-doctrine of that Gospel, that "the Light which lighteth every man as he cometh into the world," was "in the beginning, was with God, aye, *was* God"; that "by this were all things made, and without this nothing hath been made"; that "whatever hath been made hath its *life* in this"; that "life itself consists in this Light of men." This Light indeed "shineth into darkness"; but "the darkness overcame it not." In Plato's view, as in that of the Bible, and as later in Spinoza's, man's glory and freedom, and thus his *duty*—his *moral* (or self-legislated) obligation, as distinguished from a compulsory or legal one—rests on this: that he can and ought to share unboundedly in that Light which, in its perfect fulness, constitutes the complete essence of God himself. [28 E; 29; 30 A, B; 33 C. Cf. Proverbs iv, 7; iii, 15; John xvii, 3; viii, 32; and, especially, Proverbs viii, 12-36, with John i, 1-18.]

And Plato in the *Apology* exalts the sacredness of duty, thus made intellectual, to the highest possible pitch of authority. Obedience to it, he holds, is to halt at nothing save the extinguishing or the darkness of the Light itself; it is to press on, if

the command be, even in the face of death. "Necessity was laid upon me," says Socrates, in the words already quoted in another connection; "necessity was laid upon me—the word of the Deity, I thought, ought to be considered first; though I was not unconscious of the enmity I provoked, and I lamented and feared this." And later on in his defense: "A man who is good for anything ought not to calculate the chance of living or dying; he ought only to consider whether, in doing anything, he is doing right or wrong—acting the part of a good man or of a bad. . . . For wherever a man's place is, whether the place which he has chosen or that in which he has been set by a commander, there he ought to remain in the hour of danger; he should not think of death, nor of anything but dishonor. . . . And therefore, if you let me go now, . . . if you say to me: Socrates, this time we will not mind Anytus, and will let you off, but upon one condition, that you are not to inquire and speculate in this way any more, and that if you are caught doing this again you shall die—if this were the condition on which you let me go, I should reply: Men of Athens, I honor and love you; but I shall obey the Deity rather than you, and while I have life and strength I shall never cease from the practice and teaching of philosophy. . . . Therefore, . . . do as Anytus bids or not as Anytus bids, and either acquit me or not; but whatever you do, understand that I shall never alter my ways, not even if I have to die many times." [29 C, D, E; 30 A, B; 21 E; 28 B, D.]

2. *And yet it is morally imperative that the good man shall still submit himself to the law; and, if its course goes against him, do the state homage by suffering penalty, even when he cannot comply with the tenor of the statute because of its violation of the Light.* "I must," says Socrates, "make my defense. . . . Let the event be as the Deity wills: in obedience to the law I make

my defense." And when the course of the trial renders it but too plain to him that the defense will fail, he will not stoop to turn the judges, by entreaties, or any other means subversive of the law, from their sworn duty as servants of the law. This would be to invite them to play traitor to the state, to violate justice, to judge otherwise than by the law, by which alone they have sworn to judge; and thus he would indeed be practicing impiety, would convict himself of really disbelieving in the gods, and be teaching others to disbelieve in them. [19 A; 35 C, D.]

The question to which this imperative gives answer is a most grave and piercing one for philosophy, and not to be evaded. He who would found life on personal conviction—on "private judgment," as we Protestants say—has an alarming problem on his hands: How can law be administered at all, on such a principle? What is to become of the state, of civil order, when the single citizen proceeds, as the philosophic life requires, to search for the law of God, the Light eternal, in the depths of his own thinking, and to pay there his supreme allegiance? Clearly, this looks directly toward the most brittle particularism; toward utter self-assertion; toward social dissolution and complete anarchy. There is plainly but one condition upon which the philosophic foundation of life—the Protestant foundation—can escape this catastrophe; personal conviction must somehow find the way of becoming public conviction.

Social combination, social coöperation, friendly intercourse, peaceable interchange of mind with mind, mutually convincing comparison of judgments—all this must go on, if the inviolability of private judgment and personal conviction is not to reduce itself to absurdity by utter self-isolation. Social order, and therefore the state, the political order, as the highest and only sufficient expression of social order, must be maintained, if for no

other reason than for this—that without it the private person, left solitary, must perish before the hostile powers of nature; perish, at first in all that distinguishes him as a man, and finally, in his merest animal existence, disappear from the face of the earth. The state is thus, in its very idea, the essential sphere and *nidus* of the rational being of every man; and outside of its enfolding, protecting, sustaining, and quickening embrace his divine vocation to walk in “the Light that lighteth him as he cometh into the world” would be impossible.

The state is the *institution* of reason—its habilitation and installation in nature; in and by it spiritual man becomes objective there; and over nature the personal reason of each citizen is by that institution, and not otherwise, made capable of winning a larger and larger control. The thinking citizen must no doubt transform the law, and the manners and customs; but the very tradition upon which he bends his inquisition and criticism, is itself the basis without which his thinking would be impossible; is itself an earlier and imperfect reason, that has become objective and a part of nature, after having dominated and transformed a cruder nature still.

Sacred, then, is the substance of the state, venerable the essence of the law. Upon the perpetuity of the state, upon the peaceful continuity of the course of law, hang all man’s aspiring hopes, for the realization of which the philosopher lives and endeavors. In all his efforts to change the form of the one or to transfigure the contents of the other, in all his own ascent above the traditional conceptions embodied in either, and in all his aim to rationalize himself and them, he must withhold his hand from the substance of the state, from the essence and the course of law. The hand that should rise against these would be the hand of sacrilege and of spiritual suicide; its act would be mortal sin

against the Divine ideal order, and against his own personal being. His duty is, as it is also his right, *either to convince his fellow-citizens, through the channels authorized (or at least recognized and allowed) by the laws, of the reasonableness of his view and practice, or to be convinced by them of his error; or else, failing of this, to submit himself obediently to the external consequences of his departure from the public scene.*

His personal conviction, if it remains unshaken, he cannot surrender, and must not; for that he owes in fealty to the Divine Light, and to the divine essence and ideal of the state itself. But if he has the light that he professes, he clearly sees that refusal to submit to the orderly decision and penal sentence made in the authorized course of law is itself a violation of a part of that light. For the dependence of the reasonableness and real value of personal conviction upon men's peacefully consulting with one another, to compare private judgment with private judgment, and with the transmitted public judgment embodied in law, is one of the elementary insights of reason; while it is manifest that the continued possibility of such consultation depends on the continuance of the state, and on obedience to its legal decisions.

It is very evident, as the case appears to me, that it was on grounds like these, lying in Plato's mind, and from his clear appreciation of the threat seemingly implied in the *Apology* against the substance of the state and the sovereignty of law, that he planned and wrote the *Crito*. It is here that these two dialogues connect, just as we shall presently see certain other implications of the *Apology* connect it with the *Phaedo*. For nothing short of our being overpowered by the tragic sublimity of Socrates' fate, and by our sympathy with his utter but solemn disregard of death itself in comparison with his divine vocation to live by thought, can hide from us the fact, that the very

principle of philosophic morality, as well as the particular application made of it by Socrates, has a real aspect of hostility to the state, and to all social combination and coöperation.

If—as philosophy declares; as our all-pervading modern public opinion declares; as the whole Protestant spirit declares; nay, as the root-thought of the Christian religion declares—if we cannot fulfil a *divine* righteousness, and therefore not a properly human life, except by conduct that proceeds from private judgment and personal conviction; if the personal insight of the agent is essential to knowledge of the truth, to the saving of the soul: then why is not the “Higher Law” subversive of all human law? Why is not the private spirit, in the last resort, absolved from the operation of the statute altogether? And what is then to stay mankind from dispersion into a chaos of mutually repellent personal atoms, each infallible to itself, proscriptive of all the rest, and to all the rest a practical nullity?

These questions, rightly but silently answered by Socrates in the *Apology*, by his uncomplaining acceptance of his sentence, must be answered explicitly by everyone who, in the spirit of philosophy, proclaims the right and duty of ceaseless reform—ceaseless personal criticism of traditional opinion and practice. In the *Crito*, Plato does answer them, and his answer is substantially that which I have outlined above; an answer which, like his doctrine of the life-source of human goodness, again anticipates the voice of the Christian canon. That too declares: “We ought to obey God rather than men; nevertheless, let every soul be subject to the powers that be; *for the powers that be are ordained of God.*” The process of reasonable life among men is the result of the ceaseless interaction of individuals, exercising private judgment under the guidance of a public judgment—of the laws and traditions, the manners and customs, that either

embody the past results of similar organic self-activity, or were at any rate tolerated by it, and so transmitted. This realm of organic mutual personality, this living whole constituted by the interaction of person and law, is what we mean by the state. And the manifest dependence of all genuine rational life upon it, is what establishes its inviolable sanctity.

3. *Still, the philosophical leader, the philosopher by preëminence, is not to take any official part in politics, nor to attempt determining the particulars of legislation or administration by any of the direct political channels.* The Divine Sign restrained Socrates from this; and in the experience of Socrates the philosophical leader may find the warning necessary to prevent him from compromising by political ambition his higher vocation toward the state. *His calling is, to stimulate the habit of thought and the mastery of ideas (i.e., of first principles) and thus prepare indirectly the living source from which all social and personal improvement must flow.* [31, D, E.]

For I am certain, men of Athens, that if I had engaged in politics, I should have perished long ago, and done no good either to you or to myself. And do not be offended at my telling you the truth: for the truth is, that no man who goes to war with you or any other multitude, honestly struggling against the commission of unrighteousness and wrong in the state, will save his life; he who will really fight for the right, if he would live even for a little while, must have a private station and not a public one.

The course of history shows that this is wise counsel. Yet we cannot but notice that Plato apparently abandons it in the most comprehensive and most celebrated of his works—the *Republic*. In his ideal polity there described, everything is made to bend to the single object of placing philosophers—who alone can be said actually to “participate in the Ideas”—in full control of affairs.

But this, Plato would probably explain as merely a far-off ideal toward which we ought to strive to bring the form of the state. As a matter of fact, there lies in the pathway of the actual development of polity the obstinate "irrepressible conflict" inherent between tradition and the thinker, between sense and reason. The wise man cannot do his highest duty to his fellow-citizens except he take account of this, and pay it the proper deference. Let him not risk his real end for the sake of endeavoring by ill-adapted means to hasten it.

PRINCIPLES MERELY IMPLIED

III. *Theoretical implications.*—Among the manifold presuppositions that underlie the *Apology*, as they underlie all Plato's writings and thinking, I shall here only specify those most essential and most plainly indicated. For example:

1. *The doctrine Homo Mensura, or man the measure of all things.* This is the key to the entire position of Socrates, as it is also to the whole Platonic philosophy. It is implied in all the theoretical doctrines brought out in subdivisions 1, 2, 5, 6, 8, 9, 10, and 11 of (I) above. It is more especially presupposed in the passages in which Socrates is represented as repudiating the charge, made commonly against philosophers, "about teaching things up in the clouds and down under the earth," "speculating about the heaven above and searching into the earth beneath," and, generally, as he says, "talking a deal of nonsense concerning matters of which I do not pretend to know much or little." Parallel to these, is the passage in which he disallows such doctrines concerning physical matters, and refers them to Anaxagoras. To Socrates, as to Plato after him, physical speculations, taken alone and by themselves, were baseless and indeterminable. Philosophy could make no headway in that region.

Her realm was man and the concerns of man. Within *him* must she seek all her certainties; and by means of these, if at all, go forth into the region of sensible facts to explain them.

This doctrine of the priority of the human soul to nature, and of its conditioning natural science, postponing all physical inquiries until those of ethics and psychology are settled, is a new and positive aspect of the *Homo Mensura* of the sophists. To them, the principle was merely negative and skeptical. Every judgment must originate in man, and indeed in a single person: how then could it pass the limits of human nature, or even the more restricted limits of the single individual? How could it contain *truth*, which must have a universal or cosmical reach? How could a man transcend himself, and go forth to an apprehension and knowledge of the universe beyond him?—to a knowledge of things in themselves, of things as they are? But to Socrates, and still more to Plato, the doctrine is the positive basis of knowledge, as knowledge really is. Man can at least know himself; indeed, the essence of his being is just this self-knowing. And here, in his capacity for general conceptions, for all-embracing *ideas*, lies his real pathway to the world of unconditional realities.

The test of knowledge is a conception that will bear universalization; the measure of objective thought consists in its being able to take the form of a universal definition. The true realities, then, are not the particular objects of the senses, but the universal ideas of the reason. These are the self-existent, self-active *grounds* of all being; and all else that presents itself in human experience is but appearance, but phenomenon to man, and images but imperfectly, illustrates but defectively, these pure and canonic ideas of thought.

The cause of this mysterious shortcoming in the sense-world remains to Plato unexplained. He refers it somehow, vaguely, to the senses: man finds himself within their limits, Plato knows not how; but he does know that man participates in the ideas, and that these constitute the true essence of his being. In this positive form, then, the doctrine *Homo Mensura* becomes the philosophy known as idealism. Man belongs to the ideal and eternal order, and all physical existences take the form of their being from him. They exhibit imperfection because in some mysterious way the pure soul, whose source and home is in the 'empyrean of perfect ideas, has fallen thence, and wanders an exile in this world of shadows that darken the Primordial Light. In Plato, lofty as this world-view is, it is still incomplete; for it leaves the origin of sense unexplained. This defect has the most serious consequences for the highest concerns of man; as may be seen by a thorough study and criticism of the *Republic* and the *Phaedo*, in their bearing on freedom and on immortality.

2. *Virtue is knowledge.* This implication runs everywhere through the entire theoretical and practical system of Plato, as it did through the daily conversation of Socrates, even as reported by Xenophon. It underlies, especially, the theme on which Socrates and his great disciple perpetually dwell—that in the ordinary sense they “know” nothing; that neither true knowledge nor true virtue can be “taught”; both have to be *produced* from within the thinking man and the virtuous agent. The philosophic trainer, the real teacher, the real physician of souls, can only elicit (i.e., *draw forth*) the treasure that the soul of each man carries within it, derived directly from its home in the Heaven of Ideas; he can only “*deliver*” the thinking, with which the mind is natively pregnant. Socrates is but the skilful heir

of his midwife mother, and all philosophy is but a *maieutic*, or spiritual obstetrics.

3. *Self-activity means infinity*; and, vice versa, *true infinity means self-activity*. This is directly involved in the doctrine that the freedom or personality essential to knowledge, conjoined with the other essential of universality or truth, confers upon human thinking an endless progression toward the Perfect Self-Thinking of God. If the infinity of the human soul has thus an aspect or side of quantity, the fact and its ground point clearly to an infinity of a deeper order, in its freedom or personal self-activity; while in the Divine Thinking, which is its goal, that infinity appears as self-activity purely. The passage which Plato thus makes from a quantitative to a qualitative conception of the true infinite, is one of his profoundest insights, revolutionary for philosophy, and one of his most priceless contributions to human culture. By means of it, the majority of the most perplexing problems of psychology and theology may be solved.

4. *The involuntariness of moral evil; or, the sinlessness of the essential root of the soul*. This is quite plainly implied in the second reply of Socrates to Meletus, on the charge of corrupting the young. [25, c, d, e; 26, a.] Our ordinary ethical consciousness receives this doctrine with a violent shock. Probably nothing else in all the Socratic and Platonic teaching meets with so little sympathy from the vast, the enormous majority of modern readers. It is, of course, most intimately intertwined with the preceding theorem, that virtue is knowledge; rather, it is merely the reverse of which that is the obverse. Both seem to invade the very substance of responsibility. But the real meaning of the doctrine is, that, on the one hand, responsibility has a far profounder basis than our common sense lays for it, and, on the other, that, awful though it is, its violation does not implicate the absolute and

eternal essence of the spirit. Mere common sense limits responsibility to *actual* knowledge; but the Platonic theory makes knowledge itself the very elemental object of responsibility, resting this in infinite *potential* knowledge. It thus sets the moral standard far higher; indeed, infinitely high. On the other hand, Plato sees in entirely deliberate wickedness the intentional self-annihilation of the soul—its direct and fully comprehended assault upon its own essence; and this, as implying that the Eternal Light can really turn against itself, can quench its own radiance, he refuses to believe, because he sees there an intolerable contradiction.

To speak in the language of the Christian canon, the Platonic doctrine apprehends the meaning of the "sin against the Holy Ghost," perceives that it would be literally "mortal," and for that reason declares it really impossible. In the inmost recesses of the soul there sounds a ceaseless warning, Divine indeed, but literally the soul's own too, and therefore incapable of being silenced or forever unheeded, except at the cost of utter annihilation. There is in the human spirit a nature that is immortal; nay, invulnerable, impeccable. *Another nature also lies there*, Plato knows not whence or how or why: but of its reality he is sure; and what it does, he likewise knows. It clouds and darkens the Eternal Light; it is this that makes temptation possible, and thus ensnares the soul. Here the Platonic philosophy comes into relation with the oldest and profoundest Christian doctrine of sin. Sin arises from the *double* nature of man; its roots are in his *origin*, his mysterious under-world; *sin is a nature, and that nature guilt*. Its cure, for which indelible responsibility rests upon the soul by virtue of having a higher and immortal nature, must come from the victory of that more essential nature over the lower and mortal. Thus does philosophy, as the constant

study and practice of that cure (for with this profound religiousness Plato conceives it), become a *ceaseless deliberation of death to sense*. It is in this context, partly, that the *Phaedo* becomes a necessary part of the dramatic scheme to which the *Apology* belongs; though, in part, its connection with the latter comes from another problem, to be mentioned presently.

5. *The gradation of goods*. This means that there is one, and only one, Unconditional Good or Best, one Perfect Idea or Highest Good; by their service to which, all things else have their relative good; that is, their value. When this service ceases, their value ceases; and this cessation must sooner or later take place, to make way for some better means of the Highest. This well-known doctrine of Plato glides by a clear but easily overlooked implication into the web of the *Apology*, in the passage, near the beginning, where Socrates takes up the burden of his defense: "I hope that I may succeed," he says, "and that my words may find favor with you, *if this be well for you and me.*" There is, it seems then, a higher good than success in defending one's life. And the same is implied in his sayings, that "no one knows whether death, which men in their fear apprehend to be the greatest evil, may not be the greatest good"; that he does know "that injustice, and disobedience to a better, whether god or man, is evil and dishonorable," and he "will never fear or avoid a possible good rather than a certain evil"; that the man who appears to him to have no virtue, he reproaches "with undervaluing the greater and overvaluing the less"; that he does nothing but "go about persuading all, young and old alike, not to take thought for person or property, but first and chiefly to care about the greatest improvement of the soul"; that "a man who is good for anything ought not to calculate the chance of living or dying—he ought only to consider whether in doing anything

he is doing right or wrong"; that "neither in war nor yet at law ought any man to use every way of escaping death."*

The reality of this gradation, the justification of this subordination of natural life itself to the ideal character of the soul, demands—in view of the fact that at death this character must always be still unrealized, and the soul's divine vocation still be unfulfilled—demands an existence that shall maintain itself through death—a life immortal and imperishable. On any other terms the dutiful life turns into a tragi-comedy, vanishes in a *reductio ad absurdum*: whence—*exit* Divine Philosophy amid a guffaw! Therefore she is beholden to make out, if she can, the fact of immortality; and the *Phaedo* takes its place in the philosophic drama in which the *Apology* is central.

If it be suggested here that, on this ground, the *Republic*, the *Timaeus*, and the *Meno*, and even the *Phaedrus* and the *Symposium*, might also be claimed to belong to the group, it seems a sufficient reply to say, that they all lack the requisite tragic connection with the sacrifice of Socrates. All the parts of the great tetralogy center around that, giving to the trial and defense of philosophy the sublime interest of personal character confronting martyrdom. It is the conjunction of the tragic unity with the philosophic, that determines membership in the group.

6. *The existence of the state is part of the Divine Order of the Worlds—part of the imperishable being of the Ideas.* The explanation and grounds of this have been sufficiently dwelt upon already, in illustrating the second of the expressed imperatives.

* This principle seems to me to dispose entirely of the charge, commonly made against Plato's theory of ethics, that his well-known doctrine of virtue's being a "calculus of happiness" contradicts his other and more urgent doctrine of its being knowledge or the pursuit of perfection. Virtue, as *perfect knowing*, includes both the Absolute Good and all relative goods. It is the latter that demand the "calculus," which derives its existence and its laws from the former.

[See II, 2, above.] Here it will be enough, merely to note that the present principle is directly implied in that, and accordingly forms the under-theme of the *Crito*. This under-theme rises now and then into the upper tones of that most noble dialogue; memorably in the majestic imaginary address of the Laws, when they remind Socrates that he is soon to appear before "*their brethren, the Laws of the World Below.*" Justly, then, does the affectionate remonstrance of Socrates with the lifelong friend who has pleaded with him to flee from prison and evade his sentence, close with those words of solemn pathos: "This is the voice which I seem to hear murmuring in my ears, like the sound of the flute in the ears of the devotee in the mysteries; and its murmur fills them, so that I cannot hear any other. Leave me then to follow whithersoever the Deity leads."

IV. *Implied imperatives.*—There are at least as many of these implications in the *Apology* as there are theoretical doctrines that relate to conduct. Every statement of an ideal in life, of an ideal for behavior in any particular situation, of course carries with it an implied command. It is noticeable, however, that almost all the theoretical doctrines of the *Apology* are statements of such ideals. This, I think, is not merely the result of Plato's masterly art, which would lead him to give his work the tone and details befitting the character of Socrates, but it comes also, and even more directly, from his aim to defend philosophy against the current charges, by exhibiting its fundamental doctrines in their real bearing upon life.

We need not linger, then, to draw these implications out in their formal expression. Rather let us notice, in closing, the one highest imperative, in which all the others are summed up, and from which they derive all their authority. This is, *Know Thy-*

self. This supreme imperative not only connects the career and character of Socrates, but the whole of Plato's philosophizing, with a movement in the Greek mind far earlier than either. It descended upon the soul of Socrates, and of his sublimely gifted disciple, from their religious experience as adherents of a rising faith, which entered Greece, we know not exactly when or whence, but at some time nearly contemporaneous with the first civil organization of Attica. This was the worship of Apollo—the religion of *The Light*. *Know Thyself*, its highest, perchance its only precept, ran as a golden legend above the portal of the shrine at Delphi, holding the worshiper's continued gaze as he approached the awful seat whence issued the oracle of the Deity.

The still voice of that Divine Word, for all who there really communed with the inspiring Power, echoed lifelong in the inner chambers of the mind. To Socrates and Plato, at length, it spoke with a revelation of its infinite meaning. From them that meaning has become the spiritual treasure of mankind:—*Know Thyself! For so shalt thou learn the secret of all worlds, and the sources of all possible science; the being of Things, which is enwrapt in thy being; the being of the Most High God, in whose Light Ineffable the light that is thy soul takes source. Of such height shalt thou "know the truth of what thou art"; and that truth—awe-inspiring, solemnizing, yet sustaining by its beauty and its joy, filling thee with the sense of the Deity within thee, whose stainless sanctity is committed for keeping to thy dust—that truth shall assure thee of thy imperishable continuance, and shall make thee free indeed.*

THE ART-PRINCIPLE AS REPRESENTED IN POETRY*

IS THERE ANY ONE PRINCIPLE common to all forms of poetry? It must be confessed this seems unlikely, when we contemplate the confusing diversity of the actual species of poetry. Not to speak of a common originative *principle*, it hardly looks probable, at first sight, that there should be common to the varieties of poetry anything important at all—to the epic, the dramatic, the lyric, the didactic; the tragic, the comic; the heroic, the sentimental; the meditative, the sportive; the elegiac, the satirical; the classic, the romantic. And if we turn from the form and mood of the poetry to its subject and contents—to love and war, to myriad-visaged Nature and the “marvellous heart of man,” to joy and sorrow, glory and shame, to “the loud laugh that speaks the vacant mind,” and to “those thoughts that wander through eternity”—the belief in the unity of the poetic spirit becomes still more difficult. How can diversity so wide be reduced to unity? How can a single principle provide for such manifold effects or preserve its identity through such an infinitude of variations—variations that go to the extreme of embracing opposites?

To satisfy these wonderings, and dispose of them, is doubtless part of our business in the effort to ascertain the essential principle of poetry. But this theoretical aim of our inquiry is not its only aim; there is a practical interest to be served by it, too. The theory, to be sure, might if attained yield us the pleasure of a gratified curiosity; but we may rightly demand of such an in-

* This essay was read to the Channing Auxiliary Society of San Francisco, in October, 1894.

quiry that it furnish us with a discipline in culture, and with a permanent canon of taste. If its result is real, this should put us in possession of a touchstone by which not only to sift the pretensions of a production that professes to be poetry, but to discriminate between works undoubtedly poetic, and to assign to each its place according to its merits. Our question, then, is not simply whether there is a single essential principle of poetic art, and what it is; but, more pertinently, just what the subtle quality is that makes a poem a poem, and determines, by the degree of its presence, the rank of any poem in the great company of poems.

I

THE SUREST METHOD of settling this question might seem to be to examine those works which the mature judgment of the world has pronounced the best examples of poetry, and by a careful analysis and comparison penetrate at length to their common secret. But the execution of this would require at least an academic term of daily lectures. In no less time could we hope to traverse the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, the *Book of Job*, the *Agamemnon*, the *Antigone*, the *Rubáiyát*, the *Divina Commedia*, the *Hamlet*, *Lear*, *Othello*, and *Macbeth*, the *Death of Wallenstein*, and the *Faust*. Even then, almost the whole of lyric poetry, and the whole of comic, would be left untouched. We are fortunate, however, in having a swifter method within our reach. We can set out from a theory concerning the essential principle of art in general.

The general principle of art has been lucidly and forcibly presented by my colleague, Professor LeConte.* Starting from the familiar contrast between the ideal and the real, which people for

* Joseph LeConte, "The Principle of Art as Illustrated in the Novel," *Overland Monthly*, April, 1885.

the most part take so abstractly as to place the two in irreconcilable antagonism, Professor LeConte has shown how one-sided are the usual views of art. These, as we all know, come forward in two implacably hostile schools—the school of Realism and the school of Idealism. The one would have art reproduce Nature in all the coarse reality of its surface appearance; the other would have it ignore fact, and work only in the medium of an ideal nowhere distinctly traceable in Nature. The true view, as Professor LeConte shows, is neither the one nor the other exclusively, but a higher union of the two, limiting both and fulfilling both. Accordingly, the universal principle of art may be stated, summarily, as *real-ideality*.

That is, art is not the cancelling of the actual and imperfect, and the putting in its place of a vague and fanciful perfection that is only an illusory abstraction after all; it is the transfiguring of the actual by the ideal that is actually immanent in it. The actual hides in itself an ideal that is its true reality and destination, and this hidden ideal it is the function of art to reveal. The artist is a seer, whose eye pierces to the secret of which the natural fact is the sign and prophecy. He is a magician, whose hand releases the spirit imprisoned in matter, and transforms the brute token into the breathing and speaking body. And as the ideal in the whole of Nature moves in an infinite process toward an Absolute Perfection, we may say that art is in strict truth the apotheosis of Nature. Art is thus at once the exaltation of the natural toward its destined supernatural perfection, and the investiture of the Absolute Beauty with the reality of natural existence. Its work is consequently not a means to some higher end, but is itself a final aim; or, as we may otherwise say, art is its own end. It is not a mere recreation for man, a piece of byplay in human life, but is an essential mode of spiritual activity, the lack of

which would be a falling short of the destination of man. It is itself part and parcel of man's eternal vocation.

Now, this self-sustenance, this serious necessity, grounded in the very nature of art as the investiture of the actual with its ideal-reality or real-ideality (call it which you will), is the true criterion of art. If a work comes to us claiming to be a piece of art, its claim must stand or fall according as we can or cannot find a place for it in a scheme of life that is consistent with our permanently respecting and revering human nature. And according to its place in the scale of things compatible with the worth of man, as measured by his rational self-criticism, must be its rank in the scale of art.

Applied to poetry, this theory would teach us that what makes a poem a poem is the embodiment in it of some element of actual experience, set in the light of the genuine ideal—the ideal which by virtue of fitting in with the ideal of human nature forms at once the true reality of the embodied fact, and a permanent factor in the complete reality of man. The theory rests upon the doctrine that the final truth of Nature and of man is one and the same; that the ideal law of Nature—the predestined end toward which Nature moves by force of its immanent idea—is identical with that revealed in the human imagination as the ideal of man; that the criterion of imagination, as distinguished from fancy, is this conformity with the profound law of Nature—this holding fast to the sobriety of the actual, and pursuing the lines of its ideal-real, as projected according to rational thought. Such writings as show this healthy and prophetic imagination are genuine poems; such as lack it are not.

These last, no doubt, may afford a transient pleasure to minds dominated by passion and impulse; such minds are always seeking for some intense experience that will satisfy the craving for

novelty and change, and so they fall naturally under bondage to the glittering but capricious illusions of fancy. But writings of this order will have no place in the abiding judgment of man: they cannot endure the test of time. It is thoroughly true that it is not only the quality but the test of a real poem, that, like every other work of genuine art, it possesses a *perpetually increasing interest*; and this, not only for the individual reader, but for historic mankind, as culture advances in successive generations and from age to age. Indeed, we may carry this test even farther, and not only say that great works of art, and therefore great poems, fail of their full effect on a first view, but that they fail of it just in proportion as they are great. Only the most experienced judges can recognize a work of the highest order at sight; even to them the proper realization of its true compass and depth comes only through repeated examination and careful study; while the ordinary examiner finds the first impression of the greatest works ineffective or even disappointing. Work of genius demands for its swift recognition an answering genius in the beholder; in lack of it, there must be a patient teachableness, that awaits the slow self-revelation of greatness.

So far, somewhat altered in form of expression, and with its implied grounds partially exhibited, the theory presented by Professor LeConte. We have from it a fruitful conception of the ground-trait in the essential principle of poetry; namely, all poetry, in common with all other art, must combine in one whole a fact of sense and the real-ideal of the imagination—the ideal that conforms to the root-idea of the fact. This real-ideal must in poetry, as in Nature, accord with the principle that determines the permanent worth of man; and the whole into which the ideal and the fact are blended, must in order to poetic treatment be

presented as a self-justifying end—the poet must regard and treat his poem as completely its own end.

II

IT SHOULD NEXT BE OUR business to trace the steps of specialization by which this trait of art in general is differentiated into the specific principle of poetry. But before doing this, and in order the better to effect it, I will endeavor to present the theory advanced by Professor LeConte in a somewhat altered and developed form, and from a different point of view. His theory, seen in the historic relations that show its importance, may be regarded as in the main a fresh outgrowth from the doctrine of Schiller and of Schelling; and in what I now have to add, I shall follow the principles suggested by Hegel, in his development of the hints furnished by his two great predecessors; though I shall also feel at great liberty to depart from Hegel's lines, as those conversant with his *Aesthetik* will readily discern.

The point of view from which I would now reconstruct our theory of art is this trait of *art's being its own end*, but put in conjunction with another quite constantly implied by Professor LeConte, and once or twice mentioned in his lecture, though not developed, nor applied in explanation. I mean the trait of literal *creativity*. In virtue of this, every true work of art is not only a *union* of the two contrasted elements, the real and the ideal, but is an individual *unit*, in which each element lives, indeed, though not in its own restricted and excludent form. Each lives, on the contrary, in a higher realization in one and the same *new reality*. The real *is*, but is idealized, and the ideal has attained a completer realization than it had in the original fact. And thus the work of art brings into existence a new and unique being—a genuine but higher *real object*. This is the sovereign as

well as the essential quality of art; and it is because of it, and only because of it, that we can say that art is its own end. Art *is* its own end, because its new creations are set into existence in pursuance of the real-ideal constituting the law of Nature, and thus enter the world as units really belonging to Nature—units prophetic, too, of that transfigured Nature which is kindred with rational man and is to form his fitting abode. And it is only for this reason that we can truly assert—or, rather, must not stop short of asserting—that not merely art in its collective sense, but every separate work of art, is an end in itself.

The doctrine which thus comes to light, that in art man not only shares literally in the creative office of God, but also enriches Nature with new members that express its divine Ground in a still higher form, will seem to many overbold—extravagant and irreverent. But its advocates are neither few nor inconsiderable; it is supported by the greatest names. We can cite for it, among many, the voice of Emerson, who in his poem called *The Problem* states it with impressive splendor:

Earth proudly wears the Parthenon,
 As the best gem upon her zone,
 And Morning opes with haste her lids
 To gaze upon the Pyramids;
 O'er England's abbeys bends the sky,
 As on its friends, with kindred eye;
 For out of Thought's interior sphere
 These wonders rose to upper air;
 And Nature gladly gave them place,
 Adopted them into her race,
 And granted them an equal date
 With Andes and with Ararat.

Shakespeare, too, exhibits the same blending of the real and the ideal in a new actual, in a more veritable identity, at once

more ideal and more real, in the burden of those forever quoted, yet forever fresh lines of his:

The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance *from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven*;^{*}
And as *imagination bodies forth*
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to SHAPES, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.

Emerson, again, in one of the most perfect of lyric poems, *To the Rhodora*, has joined with a classic expression of the self-sufficingness of beauty, and consequently of art, a sublime utterance of the great secret in which their self-measured excellence subsists:

In May, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes,
I found the fresh Rhodora in the woods,
Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,
To please the desert and the sluggish brook.
The purple petals, fallen in the pool,
Made the black water with their beauty gay;
Here might the red-bird come his plumes to cool,
And court the flower that cheapens his array.
Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why
This charm is wasted on the earth and sky,
Tell them, dear, that *if eyes were made for seeing,*
Then Beauty is its own excuse for being:
Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose!,
I never thought to ask, I never knew:
But, in my simple ignorance, suppose
The selfsame Power that brought me there brought you.

The self-excuse of beauty and the self-warrant of human nature, holds the poet, are alike grounded in the ideal being of the Power who is revealed in both. We cannot hesitate to hold with

* That is, from the ideal to the real, from the real to the ideal.

Emerson. The beautiful and the soul of man are indeed in an eternal correlation. Each, as the expression of the selfsame Ideal Reason that is the Light of both, reflects the other and implies the other. In this inherent union with the other, each is truly self-complete, and, taken in its entire reality, needs for its justification nothing but itself. It must be an end in itself, to be its own end. Now, art *is* art only as it creates the beautiful, that is, only as it sets the beautiful into actual existence, or, what is the same thing, transforms the actual into the beautiful which is its proper truth and higher reality. To be itself, art must generate that which in its necessary correlation with the ideal of human nature is an end, and not a means; and hence, just to be itself, to be at all, art must be its own end.

We need, however, to keep clearly in mind what this rather magisterial expression really signifies. It is liable to great and even gross misunderstanding. It seems to challenge the most sacred convictions of the Puritan spirit—which, as a genuine historic spirit, has a real authority—and it does challenge, mortally, the Puritan's one-sided conception of human life. But it might seem also to justify or excuse the sensual spirit, as much as to say: "*Quicquid libet licet*—art is its own law, it may do as it will. If it please, it may clothe license and sensuality in the enticing garb of color and fair form and melodious sound and ravishing words; its only condition is that its product shall be beautiful."

Now, this its sole condition, *a sufficing beauty*, we may fearlessly accept; but we must also as fearlessly apply it. When applied with rigor, it puts an end to the pretensions of the sensual school of professed artists and poets, and allays the righteous rage and honest apprehensions of the Puritan, and may hope, possibly, to win him to a larger apprehension of life. For it is not

mere physical or sensuous beauty that constitutes art, but that intellectual beauty whose consummation is the beauty of a completely right character. It must be remembered that the ideal which inspires and guides art, genuine art, is the Supreme Ideal at once of man and of Nature. The true artist worships, and must worship, God; though his rite and symbol must be his art, and, so far as he is artist, must be his art alone. Not that the God whom he adores by his art is other than the God whom we all adore by a common dutiful life, but that to him, in his function of artist, the godhead in all its manifold of perfections is summed up in the Spirit of Beauty.

Nor does the doctrine that art is its own end mean that art is indifferent to science* and religion, that beauty stands in no necessary relation to truth and goodness. On the contrary, to reach the heart of the case, we must go even farther than Tennyson in the striking lines prefixed to his *Palace of Art*, in which he declares

That Beauty, Good, and Knowledge are three sisters
That dote upon each other, friends to man,
Living together under the same roof,
And never can be sunder'd without tears.

For we must say, rather, that beauty, truth, and good stand in an eternal mutual necessity; neither of them has any real existence at all, apart from the others. Though each has a quality peculiarly its own, so that they are all real in a distinction that is irreducible, yet this distinction is in the *form* of their being, and not in its content; for neither of them can complete its own idea except as it gathers the two others in itself. Beauty that does

* Throughout the essay I use this word to designate what might perhaps be better called philosophy, except that I wish to include also under it science ordinarily so called—natural science.

not embrace truth and goodness is no complete beauty, but only the rudiment of beauty; truth that does not include good and beauty is only the fragment of truth; and goodness that does not compass truth and beauty is only an arrested goodness. There is between them a triune relation which might well be expressed by taking the stanzas of Goethe on Art, as translated by Carlyle, and enlarging their sense:

As all Nature's myriad changes still one changeless Power proclaim,
So through Thought's wide kingdom ranges one vast Meaning, e'er
the same:

This is Truth—eternal Reason—that in Beauty takes its dress,
And, serene through time and season, stands complete in Righteous-
ness.

III

IT WILL AID US in further clearing up the conception of beauty and art as ends in themselves, if we now trace to a sufficient precision the nature of the distinction between these three consubstantial Ideas that have their fruition in this hypostatic union.

In attempting to do this, we naturally have our attention arrested by a time-honored and very striking definition of beauty: Beauty is the reduction of diversity to unity; it is variety in unity, or unity in variety; it is the harmony of divergent parts in a single whole; it is the reconciliation of antagonistic elements; it is the triumph of the one over the many. The definition has not only the note of age, but of genius: it is itself beautiful; we feel that it is fit to have come, as it did, from the lips of Plato and of Augustine. Moreover, it is undeniably true, in the sense that it states a real and universal quality of beauty, and an indispensable condition of its existence. It is certain that everything beautiful must be self-harmonious; that every work of art must have an inward fitness of its component members. But while this is

true of art, and of beauty as its principle, the crucial question is whether it is peculiar to art and beauty; or, to state the case otherwise, granting that it is an indispensable condition of their existence, is it also the sufficient condition?

Now, upon thorough reflection, is it not plain that in this quality of self-harmony, this unity of diverse terms, we are not upon the nerve peculiar to beauty and art, but upon the trunk of their kindred and identity with truth and science, with good and religion? To differentiate this into the specific quality of art and beauty, some further principle is needed; the principle of self-harmony, though indispensable, is by itself insufficient. For science is as unquestionably a self-harmonious whole, a variety in unity, as any work of art can be: truth is a *system*, of which science is the imaging exposition, and its supreme objective principle is the same as that of religion—the one Creative Idea or Perfect Person; while religion is the imaging practice of the moral system (or harmony) in which good by its own nature subsists. Beauty, truth, and good—art, science, and religion—come thus alike under the formula of unity in variety. But while this corroborates their kindred, and even puts it in a new and striking light, the formula not only fails to give the secret of their distinction, but makes no more than a *formal* statement of their identity; the *essence* of their common nature is missing, after all. To say that beauty, truth, and good are all self-harmonies—all unities in variety—tells us as little of their common secret as of the specific secret of each; we would know *what* unity of *what* variety is present in each.

Well, if we press the matter, we shall discover that nothing affords any key to either secret except the nature of our own human personality; that the trinity we cannot but observe in beauty, truth, and good is counterposed to a trinity in our own

being as persons, and that the distinctions in it are dependent on this correlation, get their definition from it, and are in so far founded upon it. We too, as persons (or beings rationally conscious), are existent in a triune synthesis—an individual unity of intellect, emotion, and will; a unity in which the supreme illumination of knowledge blends and subordinates the capacity to feel and the power to act. The power to act and the capacity to feel find their only satisfying object, therefore, in the object that alone can satisfy the sovereign light within us; and so our whole being, in all its three constituents, turns an undivided aim upon the Eternal Perfection—the one and only Supreme Ideal, who is at once the Supreme Beauty and the Supreme Good, and thence the Supreme Truth, just because he is the satisfaction at once of our sentiment, our will, and our reason. Beauty, truth, and good are therefore nothing more and nothing less than the forms in which the one Supreme Ideal who defines all being defines himself, now to our capacity for joy, now to our power to know, and now to our power to act. We cannot define the three without God—without the Ideal of the Reason. And we cannot define them without man—without the indivisible threefold of human life. They have their indissoluble unity in an organic correlation between God and man, and their distinguishing variety in the threefold distinction expressive of the unity in variety characteristic of human nature.

So runs the answer to our question, *What* unity of *what* variety do beauty, truth, and good each severally present? The unity is the unity of God, the Sovereign Ideal; or, indifferently, the unity of man, who in his reason images that Ideal; and its changeless identity rests in the organic harmony subsisting between God and man. The variety is the diversity in things; but dissolved in the unity of the Ideal, which is varied into a specific

principle of unity, now for beauty, now for truth, now for good, by its permanent correlation to our delight, to our insight, to our devotion. While beauty, truth, and good, then, each and all derive their distinct quality from their relation to human nature, and not from anything intrinsic in a fancied being of their own, we find the specific trait of beauty in its setting the Supreme Ideal into living relation with our faculty of delight. *The Ideal is beautiful, in so far, and in so far only, as it fills us with joy; and our joy is the sentiment of the beautiful, in so far, and in so far only, as it is joy in the Ideal.*

Art, therefore, in order to fulfil its idea, must put the Supreme Ideal before us as a *reality*. But while the indispensable ground of art thus lies in the ideal, the identity of its ideal with that of truth and good requires that it found on fact, that it follow the law of Nature, and that its works, while genuine facts of Nature—sensibly-objective unique *things*—be higher embodiments of the Creative Idea that grounds the order in Nature and foreordains its course. In art, then, the Universal Ideal descends into sensible particularity—descends in fuller self-realization than in the merely natural fact. Thus the work of art, to exist, must literally be *created*; and in art man actually adds new and genuine and higher forms to the system of Nature itself. This is the sublime prerogative of human nature. Man completes Nature, not as himself a mere nature—a round of endowment passively received—standing at the summit of the natural system, but as a free creator, to whom God has accorded the transcendent office of carrying out the prophetic types of Nature into that higher world which is Nature's end and true fulfillment—a world of new existences fit to be the expressions and the companions of man's spiritual life. It was with literal truth that Schiller sang

But *thine*, O Man, is art! thine wholly and alone.

Yes—the entire world of spirit—the world of religion, of laws, and of science, as well as of beauty—God creates only through the creative freedom of man. And thus every work of art is and must be an embodied Theodicy—a symbol of the justification of the ways of God to man, of the perfection of the Sum of All Perfections in accepting and directing an imperfect world. It is a monument of that kingdom of Grace, built upon yet above the kingdom of Nature, wherein good is wrought out of evil, and evil transformed into good, by the free coöperation of man and God. It is the visible or audible token that God regards man with the grace of recognizing *freedom*—creative power and coöperation with him in the regeneration of things and in self-regeneration. It avouches the perfection of the world by making palpable the atonement this affords for evil, in being the means of free reasonable life. Every work of art is an incarnation of man's faith in the perfection of things seen in the whole; in short, it is the visible confession that there really is a God. Art in its unblemished nature, like religion and the search for truth, is thus literally a sacrament. The artist's calling and genius are sacred, and the men of old spoke with strict accuracy when they called the poet holy, and directed that he be venerated as a prophet.

Heavy, then, is the sentence on our time of boasted "enlightenment," and on those minds of prostituted power who stand for the ministers of art in it, if belief in this elevating truth has become as good as dead and well-nigh impossible. Art will never get its own, nor do its proper work in the discipline of life, until the sense of its sacred character comes once more into the general judgment, and masses of men look upon it as the few great spirits have looked who have been its true masters and interpreters. But art cannot be kept sacred except by the consistency of

its contents with its sacred normal character, and with the Ideal which, as embodied beauty, it shares with truth and good. It is hollow and trivial enough, if its soul of deep thought and reverent imagination is lost, and if men descend to the folly of taking its formal technique for its real quality. The power of art lies in the artist's flashing insight into beauty, truth, and good. It is the power of *thought*; but of thought that, swifter than the sage's, and more sure of its symbols, utters itself directly in its proper sensible forms. Nevertheless, its genuine contents are such as the sage and the man of science will surely verify in proportion to their degree of wisdom and knowledge. So that, as Ruskin in his *Modern Painters* says: "He is the greatest artist who has embodied, in the sum of his works, the greatest number of the greatest ideas."

IV

THIS BRINGS US to a final removal of the mistake made in saying that the principle of art's being its own end implies indifference to truth and good. The principle does not mean that the contents of a work of art—of a poem, for instance—are not necessarily true and moral; much less does it mean that the contents, if the artist choose, may violate truth and morality. Such a meaning would contradict the nature of art, as we have now seen it. The meaning is, that while truth and good, in all their various gradations from the lowest to the highest, form the essential contents of art, its character as *art*—as distinguished, that is, from science and religion—turns upon its *form*, and that its whole business, in dealing with whatever contents compatible with its nature, is to put them into its own form, instead of the form proper to religion or to science; to put them into this form upon the form's own merits, and not merely as if the form were subsidiary to the

form of science or of religion. The proper form of science is explanation and argument and the proper form of religion and morality is exhortation and command; but that of art is simply the directest embodiment of its theme as the theme itself requires. Assured that the theme is compatible with the ideal nature of art, the artist knows it will justify itself and work its own work, if it can only find expression in its natural embodiment.

The theme and its right embodiment stand to him as their own end; his sole business is to give them free being. He has faith in his art, faith in the substance of his theme, and faith in the power of its own self-determined form to make its worth and meaning clear. It stands in need of no assistance from the explanation that belongs to science, or the exhortation that belongs to religion. Nor has it any need or intention to instruct for instruction's sake, or to exhort for the sake of edification. It has what we may dare to call a higher aim. It will render its theme as the theme *is*, sure that the inward worth which makes the thing of beauty a joy forever will shine by its own light, and that instruction and edification will take care of themselves. So far as the artist entertains any other motive than the exactly fit expression of his fit theme, so far will he surely fall short of his artist's aim; for the presence of the foreign motive, however moral or judicious it may be, will certainly distract his attention from the essential demands of his theme, and members will appear in his work that do not belong there, while others that do belong will fail of getting rendered. This is the reason why didactic or hortatory versifying offends a healthy taste, why allegorical sculpture and painting and music and poetry are insipid, and why the "novel with a purpose" has become a byword and reproach.

To return now to our starting point, and realize upon the long transaction we have been carrying on in the grounds of our view,

we may say, with a better comprehension than at first, that art is imaginative creation taking its hint from fact, and setting into existence a thoroughly singularized unit, for the simple purpose of giving the theme which the work represents an embodiment in living accord with its nature; but this nature must be such as agrees with the real-ideality that makes up the essence of art. In short, art is the literal *origination* of a beautiful object simply for the sake of its genuine beauty.

To apply this to the poetic art: A poem, to be such, must present some theme, of a completely original unity, wrought out of the materials of real experience by force of the ideal which, while carried in them, points beyond them; and which, though condemning them to imperfection, recognizes in them a token, at least, of the Supreme Perfection. This theme must not simply be rehearsed, it must be *embodied*—set forth in an organized and unique whole that gives us the sense of actual life, and the verity as if of a personal identity; and into the treatment of this theme no motive may enter except the aim to set it forth in the form its own nature determines. In fact, the essence of poetic form, in common with that of all other artistic form lies just in this intimate correspondence between theme and expression; and it is this that is the secret of that impression of living reality which marks the work of art and the genuine poem. Form, in this sense, is the very life of poetry, as of all art. For though rationality of contents is indispensable to art, and the degree of this is a main criterion of the rank of a work, this still belongs to art in common with science and religion, and art only obtains its sufficing differential quality in this trait of appropriate and adequate form.

v

BUT ALL THAT we have thus far determined leaves us still on the ground of art in general. We have as yet no canon of poetry distinct from a canon of art universally. Our passage to this must be effected by ascertaining the basis of distinction among the different orders of art. Starting with the common distinction of the arts into the useful and the fine, we might do better, for the sake of clearness, to call the first the mechanical arts, and the second, after Schelling, the esemplastic—those that form a manifold into unity for the sake of the unity. And let us note distinctly that the real difference between the two classes is this: a mechanical whole (so called) is nothing but a means to something beyond it, while a whole of imagination is not a means at all, but strictly an end. In short, the mechanical arts do not result in true wholes. Every mechanical art is after all only a contributing part to the real whole that comes into existence in the realm of the esemplastic arts alone—the realm of the fine arts.

Nor may we omit the important fact, that the distinction between the mechanical and the fine arts is not really a distinction into separate classes, but a distinction of order, or gradation, in the elements of one indivisible system. The products of mechanism are doubtless in most instances separate material objects, but these are never finalities. They are, as was said, only means to some want in our rational nature, and thereby get their justification; or else they receive their condemnation, and eventual dismissal from the world as man will have it, because of their lack of such service to reason. The rational ends, it is the function of fine art, in conjunction with religion and science, to express; and it must be borne in mind that the mechanical enters into every fine art, and is indispensable to its existence and completion.

But let it be still more carefully kept in knowledge, that this mechanical element is *only* the servant of the fine art as such, and that the fine art, in its own proper nature, is not even hinted at in the mechanical. The sculptor must be a deft draftsman and modeler; but draftsmanship and modeling are not sculpture. The painter must be a draftsman and colorist; but drawing and coloring are not painting. The composer must be a master of melody and counterpoint; but melody and harmony are not an oratorio or a symphony. The poet must be master of rhythm, meter, and all the resources of rhetoric; but rhythm, meter, and all the arts of rhetoric are infinitely short of the soul of poetry. No, nothing short of the creative principle of imagination gives the fine arts their specific quality—the principle that creates for the sake of creating, for the sake of giving free course to that imagination which is not only an essential but the guiding factor in the supersensible being of man, and which not only founds for him the world of religion and of science, as well as that of art, but is the constructive and developing principle of the universe itself. In poetry the scope of the creative faculty is the utmost conceivable, and poetry takes the highest place as the art of the greatest possibilities.

LIBERAL EDUCATION AND FREEDOM*

ON A RECENT OCCASION, your essayist was betrayed into making the following statement: "The business of liberal culture is to develop the human ideal—the character that finds its definition as well as its destiny in what we call the moral law; to teach us what reason is, and how to love it,—to fill the empty shell of our mere natural soul with the accumulated wisdom and beauty and righteousness that past generations have won and transmitted, and to stimulate us to win and transmit more,—this is the business of liberal education."

This statement contains a doctrine concerning the Idea, the Conditions, and the Instruments of liberal education that does not find a hospitable reception in minds of a certain order of training. To them, the idea is not intelligible; the conditions are not reducible to practice; and the instruments, if they be conceivable at all, are surely not to be recognized among those in common use, in cultivated communities, for the purposes of higher education.

Now I so firmly believe that there is something significant and valuable in the idea above broached, that I desire to make a more deliberate attempt to set its meaning in a light clear enough for all to understand it; to set forth the conditions of its realization in individual minds so that they shall not seem impracticable to anyone; and to show that, so far from lacking instruments for this realization, the civilized communities have always had them; that these instruments, in their partial realiza-

* An abridgment of an essay read to the Massachusetts Society for the University Education of Women, Boston, February 16, 1878.

tion at least, are to be found in the subjects on which all our youth are trained, in our schools of any grade whatever. That, in short, no system of education that has any considerable breadth of application in our communities, is so poor or mean as not to serve the great end in question, in at least some small degree.

I

WHAT, THEN, OUGHT WE to mean by the phrase "liberal education"? What is the *idea*—the controlling conception—for which those words may reasonably stand?

I think we can hardly refuse to admit that the notion of an education characteristic of the ordinary "gentleman" has, in times not too remote either, dominated our ideas of the end and means of a liberal education far too much. The long-time identification of the so-called "classical" education with the education supposed to "befit a gentleman" had much to do with perpetuating the belief that a classical education was an adequate realization of a liberal one. It was believed that one who knew not the classics—the Greek and Latin ones—could not be called a person of liberal education; and it *seemed* to be believed, that one who did know them, or who only knew *at* them in some pitiful fashion, might safely be called by that title. And, if a reason were asked why this should be believed, the skeptic probably got for answer nothing essentially different from the Tory's standing argument—"Why, of *course* it's so! For it has always been so." The conception was customary; and that was enough.

Nevertheless, this notion of an education exceeding the mere necessities of life, and befitting a gentleman and a freeman, had enough light in it to carry somewhat thoughtful people one stage farther in the journey toward an adequate conception. "Befitting a *freeman*," it was said. Yes; and one can't be *free*, unless

he has broken away from the trammels of custom and circumstance and old-time prejudice and superstition, and all that sort of thing; he must be *liberal-minded*, if he is liberally educated; and how can he be that, unless he keep abreast of his time; and how can he keep abreast of his time, unless he knows modern languages, and physics, and natural sciences *ad libitum*, and the history of constitutions, and political economy, and *real things generally*? Moreover, he must get a good skeptical bias, too, or he will be in perpetual danger of falling back into the jaws of past superstitions (the past is always superstitious, you know), and, at all events, he will be entirely out of the intellectual fashion, and so, again, fail to stay abreast of his age.

Whereupon, there befell a great and industrious tinkering of standard curriculums; the "classics" were bidden go to the dogs; endless modern language and natural science came into vogue (in the educational preachments, mainly); philosophy, other than natural philosophy, fell into a disrepute from which it has not yet recovered; and such metaphysics as were tolerated had to be of that order which is affiliated with the victorious sciences of Nature, by being founded, professedly, on the (supposed) solid basis of induction. In short, upon this "new view," everything was for "enlightenment" and "progress." There was "march of mind," and "the living question," and "the spirit of the age"; and behind the latter no man could be, and be "enlightened."

Thus the whole tendency was toward a culture of merely nominal freedom—the pseudo-freedom of whim and individualism; every young mind was to consult its own bent, and the whole age was to count itself so wise as to cut wholly loose from the past,—to start anew, and set every one of its offspring to starting anew, from the heart of Nature direct.

But a little sober experience in such a career as was here mapped out, soon brings a thoughtful mind to the discovery, that, in real freedom, there is vastly more than doing things from one's private choice and on one's own account. If liberal-mindedness is hostile to the bigotry of superstition, it is no less hostile to the bigotry of enlightenment. How much better is it, when accounts are made up, to be the slave of self-conceit than the slave of over-reverence or of prejudice? So it comes to pass, that, after periods of this self-asserting illuminism, as in the Europe of the middle eighteenth century, and in the England and America of the middle nineteenth, there is apt to follow a period of skeptical indifferentism, when to sit in the serene repose of negation seems the top of wisdom; and to bring the mind into that exalted calm where all convictions, whether of the stolid past or of the over-ardent present, are seen through as the illusions of the infatuated, appears to be the highest test of an education worthy to be called liberal—to be called a training in freedom. But indifference, in its turn, breeds inaction; skepticism breeds cynicism; and the freedom that it boasts is sure to degenerate into a misanthropy whose sincere voice confesses to that most abject of conscious bondages, the bondage to the fate that hides in Chance; for it sums up its one conviction in the despairing utterance, "Let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we die!"

Thus, these successive stages in the theory of freedom—the stages that assume, respectively, the freedom of unrestraint, the freedom of innovation, and the freedom of indifference—confess their inadequacy when put to the test of experience, and subjected to the grinding dialectic of events. The person who knows freedom only in these forms is not yet liberal-minded, is not yet liberally educated.

The freedom of a liberal mind is the freedom born not of self-assertion, but of self-renunciation. It builds on that mental sympathy and breadth that comes only from the dear recognition of the worth embodied in every phase of human experience exhibiting improvement or endeavor after improvement. The liberal mind is the *large* mind, to which every age of human endeavor is alike instinct with truths, and with truths indispensable to subsequent progress. It is the mind that knows how to penetrate the secret intent and darkling meaning of the past, and to read the present as the fulfillment of what was there foretold, however dimly or stammeringly. It is the mind that realizes its own inadequacy and dependence, and that has learned how to supplement its individual incompleteness by freely assimilating into its own growth something of the accumulated wisdom of the past and of the manifold experience of the present.

Freedom, rational freedom, means deliverance from imperfection; it means victory over physical want, the subjugation of the natural world to the purposes of intellect and conscience; but, above all, it means deliverance from ignorance, passion, baseness, and self-will; it means deliverance from that petty view of things which would "weigh Socrates in the village scales" or bound the vast world of man with "the little horizon visible from the top of the village steeple"; it means the recognition of each man's boundless duty to those aims for which the heroic minds in all ages and nations have given their energies; it means the thorough appreciation of the lesson, that the individual is a senseless nullity save as he treats himself as a voluntary medium of the spirit that dwells in organized humanity,—the reason that, by means of that organism, has fought its way, age after age, until, for each of us today, it stands embodied in the institutions of social life and law and religion, a vast and physically

existent wisdom, capable of transforming and redeeming us utterly, if we only use it as we ought.

I would define liberal education, then, as that order of training, or that element in training, which tends to bring the individual man into rational freedom. Man, born a term in mere material Nature,—an atom in her vast, law-driven system,—tends, from his birth, to transcend her rigid bounds; he is the heir of another kingdom, a subject of another law, in virtue of an inward voice which he names his *conscience*; and he *is* Man, only as he acknowledges that summons, and passes from the bound subject into the free citizen of that Divine Commonwealth, by freely following the lines of that Eternal Will which unfolds itself in the gradual convictions of the reason of his race. He, then, is rationally free, who, from individual insight into this ever-growing reason, transforms his character by conforming his conduct to the requirements of that accumulated body of convictions which we call the moral law. Rational freedom, then, is an ever-moving ideal; but we have a right to say that anyone is liberally educated in the degree proportional to the reality and vigor of his tendency to seek this ideal and to render it intelligently into practice.

II

WHAT, THEN, ARE the conditions of liberal education, as thus identified with the conditions of rational freedom? From what has been already stated, it may be readily gathered that they are summarized in the comprehensive condition that the idea of such education lies in the participation of each human being in the advancing experience of all: he is rationally free who, from private conviction, appreciates the wisdom developed in the experience of his race, and, finding in it the satisfying counterpart

of that inward voice of his own which points him toward an ideal of his nature, orders his actions in accordance with it; he is free when, and only when, he no longer follows his first-hand natural impulses, but when he has taken counsel of the self-criticizing reason which, though certainly present in himself, finds its sufficient scope and utterance only in the aggregate of manifold individual experiences, and experiences of generation after generation, and nation after nation. In short, his realization of this rational freedom, and of the training necessary for it, is conditioned upon his being brought into living connection with the unity of human history.

And, now that we have come to speak of the experience of our race as involving an historical unity, a little more reflection leads us to see that between the order of experience which conditions freedom and the culture in freedom, and the ordinary first-hand details of human experience, there is an important distinction; and that the unity of history mentioned lies in this higher order of experience. For nothing is plainer to the mind that has had that full experience which, by the general consent of those recognized as typically developed individuals or communities, is accounted a *wise* experience, than that the various parts of our aggregate experience are related, some to others, as means to ends; and that it is those parts of the total experience that stand as ends, and those only, that rule the development of history and raise its endless details and changes into a unity.

In short, such a mind finds that there is within its life an ever-growing insight and desire, which finds its due expression only in those forms of activity which we have, in all human cultivated languages, designated as Religion, Philosophy, and Art; that in the mental realm constituted by these forms of activity, and in this realm alone, it finds its proper home; and that all its

other activities, all its other forms of experience, are entered upon, and are justified to its reason, only in proportion as they can be felt to subserve such conceptions as it may have of the three great Ideas that create and regulate these several supreme forms—the Idea of the Good, the Idea of the True, the Idea of the Beautiful; the one Absolute Idea, or God, viewed as the object of the Will, as the object of the Intellect, and as the object of the Affections. Our conceptions of the true character and contents of these sovereign Ideas, or of these three sovereign forms of the One Idea, will of course vary according to the degree of individual or social advancement that we have actually made. Unquestionably they are often poor and false, as contrasted with the attained conceptions of others, or of our own later growth; but they are none the less actual and sovereign for all that, and, even in their lowest estate, point steadily to one goal.

This brings us to the real ground of the somewhat familiar nominal distinction between the education called liberal and that known as technical. And it brings us to see, moreover, that liberal education is not so much a *kind* as a *spirit*, or a *method*, of culture. Its medium, its detail of knowledge, its instrumentalities, may be much the same as those of technical education; but it always puts into them the spirit that brings its trained subject into converse with the ultimate ideal of man; whereas, what we call technical, or professional, training has only the aim of making us alert and skillful in those forms of experience that secure such ends as are themselves means of the ultimate ends of truth, joy, and good-will.

True it is that technical education of some sort is indispensable for each person as a condition of his rational freedom; for whatever conditions a man in any of his relations, conditions his rational freedom as well. The first step toward planting our-

selves, amid this world of physical antagonisms, in the region of spiritual self-determination, or rational freedom, consists in freeing ourselves from the hostility of material Nature itself. Until we can *stay* here, and stay with some reserve of comfort and of power, we can do nothing.

The experience, then, that teaches us how to gain our bread, and save our lives, and keep our health is an indispensable condition of our rational freedom; and the training that gives this knowledge is, in some form or other, an equally indispensable condition of liberal culture. But it is not an adequate condition. Nor can such adequate condition be, in general, found in the region of technical knowledge, alone. Not until the attention is brought to bear upon the ultimate ends for which all these agencies work together; not until the sovereign ideas are studied for their own sake; not until we begin to study those special developments of human life, and those special products of human energy that express and objectify these sovereign Ideas;—not until we enter systematically into the effort to impart a comprehension of the contents of religion, of philosophy, and of art, are we really at work in educating a young mind liberally.

And, now, what further particularization does the imparting of this higher order of human experience involve? The answer is, it must be communicated in a threefold way—as contemplated theory, as object of desire, as object of active conduct; it must be intellectually apprehended, it must be loved, it must be lived by.

III

WE PASS, THEN, to the third part of our subject—the question as to the instruments of liberal education—with a threefold problem apparently on our hands. But two of its three subdivisions, it will not require long to answer. The education of the affec-

tions and the will cannot be secured by any particular "implements," nor provided for by any curriculum. The secret of that lies in the personal influence of the teacher, and in the general moral atmosphere—the general spiritual element—supplied by the social surroundings of the youth to be subjected to training. Fortunate for them, that, in modern civil Christendom, they are born into a medium of "instituted reason," and begin to breathe amid the habitudes of a social order that presents them with the reasoned righteousness of the past as a settled presupposition! In this, added to intellectual conviction, and quickened by the contagious example of teachers possessing the fire of love for truth and beauty, burning in the medium of deep and strong personal character, is our only resource for imparting a reasonable affection and will.

Our educational problem is thus reduced to that of the proper means—the necessary and sufficient instruments—for securing an intellectual participation in the spiritual experience of the civilized world and the civilizing past.

Here our answer is, in a general way, not far to seek. For, if our points hitherto have been justly made, we cannot avoid the conclusion that there is, comprehensively speaking, but one such instrument adequate,—the aforesaid "historic pabulum," namely: if we are to attain the ideal end, we must arrange the great lines of man's knowledge—the leading products of his sovereign experiences as embodied in literatures, sciences, social and religious systems, and legislation—into a systematic course of instruction, and impart the *spirit*, the *essence*, of the whole. And, at all events, the incorporation of all these elements into our curriculum, in one form or another, is indispensable if we admit, even, that the accomplishment of our ideal problem is possible only for the rarest among men; in any case, it is in this

same universal medium that each catechumen must be immersed, whether he assimilate all or only a modicum of each of the various essential elements. This commanding ideal must at any rate preside over all that we attempt, otherwise our efforts must fail in *kind* as well as in degree.

We do not necessarily mean, of course, that every young person is to attempt the probably impossible business of mastering the summary "wisdom of the ages," but that each *is* to be brought into actual commerce with all its larger *orders* of experience, as embodied in the products of literature, of science, and of philosophy, and is to secure from that commerce some comprehension of its spirit; while the instruction must be of such all-embracing scope that at least the ruling spirits of each generation shall acquire from it that compass of inspiration and knowledge requisite for the maintenance of the enlightening and purifying fire, and for its transmission with undiminished, and, if possible, with increased glow to the generation coming after.

THE DUTY OF THE UNIVERSITY TO THE STATE*

IN THE PRESENT DISCUSSION, the university must not be taken to mean simply our own institution; nor must the State be understood as merely our own commonwealth of California. We are to endeavor, rather, to view the subject in the light of universal principles, and to found our duty to our own State upon the duty owed by any university to its nation. Our real topic is: The duty of institutions of higher learning to the sovereign power from which they derived their franchises—to that supreme political organism which constitutes, for each of them, not merely a founder and a patron, but a country.

A renewed and quickened insight into these three principles of the world of conduct—authority, allegiance, liberty—is the most pressing need of the times, especially in our own country. For these four hundred years, a tremendous upturning has been going on among the nations. It is constantly assuming vaster and more complicated proportions. Its three most significant crises have been the Protestant Reformation, the first French Revolution, and the establishment of our American Union; these have liberated the active principles involved in the movement on the largest scale, whether principles of good or principles of evil. If the upturning has been historically indispensable, as the condition of bringing to light the need of the individual as a vital factor in the constitution of moral life, private and public, it has also brought inevitable dangers with it. It is not strange that, in the course of it, the mass of men should have

* An abstract made by Dr. Howison of his address to the University of California on Charter Day, March 21, 1885.

fallen into confusion as to the true relation between the single man and the organic humanity that has its life in the political order; not strange that the sense of authority should have declined, the feeling of allegiance have become weakened, and liberty gradually have come to be regarded as the unconditional right of each individual to do as he himself sees fit.

That such is the characteristic judgment and temper of the mass in our age, almost goes without the saying; and that the social and political evils most complained of are the natural and inevitable result of diffusing such a judgment and temper, ought to be equally plain. And thus the main duty laid upon the conscience of our time, particularly in our own country, is the restoring of the true relations between liberty and authority. That duty is, to teach the turbulent spirit of our age to measure itself justly against the permanent interests of human nature, to raise those interests to their rightful throne, to bring into clear view their dependence upon organized political order—upon submission and fealty to law. Finally, and in an almost supreme degree, the duty is, to exhibit the almost forgotten truth, that the existence of real law depends upon the existence and free play of the principle of *representation*—that is, upon the modification (or mediation) of the crude will of the multitude by the substituted judgment of the qualified few.

This duty lies with the greatest obligation upon the seats of higher learning. From them, above all, should the guidance of enlightened and sound judgment come. In their studious retreats should be found the home and native air of those sober and considerate thoughts which, illumined by the stored wisdom of ages, put a final limit upon isolated and capricious individualism, teaching us that liberty can have no reality whatever except in obedience to law; that justice, law, and truth each

mediate the other; that no man can find freedom apart from the truth, or find the truth apart from that organic communion with his fellow-men in the concerns of justice which constitutes the State.

As a means at once of awakening in us the slumbering sense of allegiance, and of guiding us to a comprehension of the scope and nature of the State, and of the sources and extent of its authority, nothing is more impressive than the picture of the last days of Socrates which Plato has painted in his *Crito*. To Socrates, condemned by the prejudices of his countrymen to suffer death for teachings which succeeding ages, with all the enlightenment of Christian life, have pronounced only second in value and purifying power to those of Christ himself—to Socrates, thus made the representative of justice itself, and of justice outraged, there came, as Plato tells us, the chance of escape.

The plan had been perfected by his oldest and best friend, Crito,—the man to whom he owed his rescue in youth from uncongenial toil, and the opportunity of entering that world of philosophy in which he was to inaugurate an unparalleled epoch and confer imperishable benefits on mankind. It was this friend of friends himself who came in person, in the obscurity of approaching dawn, to make known to Socrates the plan for his rescue, on the day before that appointed for his execution. With all the pathos of lifelong friendship Crito urged the project of escape: it was Socrates' right as the victim of injustice; it was his duty to his friends, to Crito above all, who must forever endure the ignominy, if he perished, of having permitted his death either from apathy or from avarice—they might have saved him, it would be said, if they had been willing to spend money, but they did not care; it was his duty to his children, most of all, whom he had no right to bring into the world and then leave

to the poor chances of training that are the natural lot of orphans; to let the law take its course and cause his death in such circumstances, seemed nothing less than the part of cowardice—"choosing the easier part, not the better and manlier that would rather have become one professing to care for virtue in all his actions" as Socrates had done.

In the reply of Socrates to this forcible plea, in the righteousness of which every consideration of justice, of friendship, of the sacred ties and obligations of family seems to concur, we have voiced at once the consecration to the State and its rational explanation. The reply is, to our "modern spirit," incomprehensible as well as unexpected. To that spirit, all that the individual man most values—life, liberty, friends, family, continuance in this world, freedom of going about in it, companionship, pursuit of happiness—appears to demand that Socrates shall fall in with Crito's proposal at once; indeed, some of the higher interests of universal humanity, and not merely of the individual man, seemed to demand this. Yet *Socrates decided not to escape.*

And his reason was, that the whole question was one of public right and wrong. If to escape were a wrong to the State, he must abstain from escaping; and wrong it was, he declared, because it would be the endeavor, so far as in him lay, to subvert the entire course of law, and consequently to destroy the State. This act, virtue absolutely prohibited to any man. The pleas of Crito were all vitiated either by implying the right of individual retaliation, which the principles of virtue long settled between him and Socrates strictly forbade, or else by overlooking the dependence of permanent justice, of the family, of education, and of universal culture upon the perpetuity of the State and the free course of its law. Thus the very principles for which he had staked his life and for which he had been sentenced to lose it

demanded now his submission to the sentence. At his trial he had found it a duty to declare to his judges that he should obey God rather than them, and since by the command of God it lay upon him to show men through the teaching of philosophy that not life and property, but the greatest improvement of the soul was the chief concern, he would never alter his ways, not even if he had to die many times. Yet this was the greater reason why he should obey the State (under whose sheltering order alone such teaching was permanently possible) now that the regular procedure of her administration had imposed on him the duty of suffering punishment. The law under which he suffered was just and beneficent; the injustice was only in the particular citizens who administered it. He seemed to hear the personified Law of his country reproaching him, as he skulked away, and saying: "Has a philosopher like you, Socrates, failed to discover that our country is more to be valued, and higher and holier far, than mother or father or any ancestor? If she leads us to wounds or death in battle, thither we follow, as is right; and when we are punished by her, whether with imprisonment or stripes, the punishment is to be endured in silence; yes, whether in battle or in a court of law, or in any other place, the citizen must do what his country bids him—or *he must change his country's view of what is just.*"

To this solemn Voice, he declared that he was unable to answer a word; and, in a higher flight of philosophic vision, he rightly identified the spirit of the laws with the divine law of the eternal world itself. "I should hear," he said, "the same majestic Voice saying further to me that I must not think of life or children first, and of justice afterwards, but of justice first, if I would be justified when I appear before the princes of the world below; that if I remain here in prison, I shall depart to

that other world in innocence, a sufferer and not a doer of evil, a victim not of the laws but of men; but that if I slip away, returning evil for evil, breaking the covenant that lies between me and my country, then her laws will be justly angry with me while I live, and their brethren, the eternal laws of the world below, will receive me at death as an enemy. This is the Voice, my Crito, that I hear murmuring in my ear like the sound of the flute in the ears of the devotee in the Mysteries; it fills my ears till I can hear no other, and so I know that even your voice will speak to me in vain."

Such is the solution given by the best wisdom of classic antiquity to what, in modern times, we have called the riddle of the laws and the Higher Law. The more we reflect justly and seriously, the more are we likely to regard this Socratic and Platonic doctrine of the State as, on the whole, the true one, and the reasons given for it in the *Crito* as sound. The argument for the supreme right of the State may well be left in the incomparably impressive form which Plato has given to it in the mouth of his master. But it becomes us to ponder the nature of that sublime Essence to which Socrates so heartily paid the homage of death. We are to ask, now, What then *is* this Sovereign Power that claims to dispose of all our merely temporal and private interests, even of our lives, according to its own high behests, and that demands of us our entire and willing submission?

It is quite plain that the Socratic conception of the State, and of the fealty sacredly due to it, is remote from the "modern spirit" and all its temper of self-assertion—the spirit we are so accustomed to hear celebrated under the alluring but delusive title of "individuality." This spirit is exceeding sure that it is the individual who is the end and measure of all things, and that the State has no legitimate existence except as a means, set up by

individuals, for securing some of their private ends in a larger fashion than would be possible without it. As the individual has thus set up this "coöperative agency" wholly in his own worldly wisdom, and may continue it at his good pleasure, so he may set it aside at the same. With this view, liberty, as the presupposed right of each man to regulate his life solely according to his own isolated wishes, can only exist in its perfection outside of the State; there can consequently be no real belief in allegiance at all; and authority can mean nothing but force. But when the State is regarded as a restriction upon the liberties of each man, while the perfection of those liberties is held to be the sovereign end, the State cannot seem anything but a limitation of the ideal good; in short, it must be a real evil. And, in fact, we actually hear Mr. Herbert Spencer, speaking as a typical mouthpiece of the "modern spirit," teaching that all government *is* a necessary evil; that the proper sphere of government, at its utmost, is extremely limited; that its further and further restriction is the measure of the realization of the human ideal; and that, to quote a time-worn phrase, "the government is best which governs least."

Besides the contradiction involved in calling an evil necessary, thus making it the indispensable means to some desired good, and consequently itself really good when viewed in its proper perspective, this theory of abstract individualism exposes its inadequacy by the fact that under it, logically, the State should finally come down to non-existence—to pure zero. This one-sided incompleteness is, however, not the only serious objection to it. We can of course start out upon our political theorizing from the point of the individual, if we wish to do so, and choose to incur the circuitousness and the other disadvantages of this path; but we must pursue the path persistently to its end; and,

to this purpose, we are bound to remember that it is individual *men* we are concerned with, that in taking the inventory of their wants and aims there is no justification for stopping with their merely external interests, and that the moment we count their inner or spiritual wants we discover among these the spiritual substance called the State.

In short, we find that organized coöperation toward the aims of reason is the all-embracing and organic principle that gives coherence and vitality and resources for satisfaction to all the wants of man; in other words, that it is in the State itself, and in that only, that man comes to that fullness of life which is his only real liberty. The proper life of man lies in the organization of the entire order of existence below him—the whole of sub-rational nature—under his own higher principle of reason. To his life thus organized we give the name of *moral*. However we may attempt to conceive of the procedure of this moral life, it is plain that it is a life of relations with one's fellow-men, and that it does not and cannot display itself except in the recognized institutions of civilization—the family, the civil order (as the organized medium of participation in economic interests, and in the protection of life and limb), and the social order, or the realm of the relations of culture, where man ascends to the experience of friendship, philanthropy, real knowledge and sentiment and devotion, and produces his characteristic works in sciences, arts, religions, and laws. But every one of these forms of peculiarly human life presupposes, as the condition at once indispensable and sufficient for its free development, the operation of that organized and supreme directive intelligence and conscience which is really denoted by the phrase, "the State." Indeed, the State is simply human life so organized and controlled.

The State, then, is the living Principle, at once all-encompassing, and all-permeating, of our human moral life. It is an order, a larger and mightier order, of personal beings.

By means of it, all unconsciously to himself in the early stages of its operation, man has been struggling these ages long to bring order into visible realization in his world of physical existence. It is true that the actual scene of its operation is often, to outward seeming, a chaotic disorder, a theater of mere force or chicane, of war or diplomacy; a scene of struggle for place, of statutory enactments miscalled law, of the shameful miscarriage of justice. But this is not the State, but *only* the scene of its operations, —a world of chaos indeed, and of every manner of violence and fraud, apart from the beneficent order that the State, in proportion as it comes into actual being, establishes and continues to establish more and more.

In fact, it is precisely because there is this antagonism between the State and the "state of nature" so often heard of, that we are summoned to a duty toward the State. It is for this reason that we owe it absolute allegiance, as we owe the same to God,—as we owe it, also, to our own essential nature and our own self-respect. But, plain as this truth may be to a mind that sufficiently reflects, the whirl of our modern life has carried the greater part of the world out of sight of it. Our vast protestant movement, with its battle-cry of personal liberty and right of private judgment, caught up by millions and taken in a shallow and one-sided sense, is the chief cause of this. Personal conviction is indeed necessary to freedom and law; but it should never be forgotten that this sacred right of private judgment is worse than null—is impossible in any rational sense or for any rational result—except as it is mediated through a public and historic judgment. Though an essential element in the life of the State, it is as

futile and unreal, when isolated from its complemental element of social intercourse and historic tradition, as hydrogen would be if it were to set up for water in isolation from its complemental oxygen. For lack of recollecting this, political movements, especially since the French Revolution of 1791, have for the most part been more and more determined by what may be called the passion for selfhood. The natural man has more and more usurped the place of the rational; the individual, in the unmodified self-will of the "state of nature," has been set forward more and more as the measure of rights and of the aims of legislation. One by one, as modern "enlightenment" has gone on, the barriers, partly real and efficient even if crude, which former ages set up to check the course of irresponsible caprice, have been thrown down; till the world seems at length in possession of the wonderful discovery that the true method of organizing the State—the system of instituted reason—is to hand the administration over to the multitude unconditionally, and make the law more and more the immediate and unmodified reflection of their unchecked wishes.

That people should go on overlooking the plain and necessary connection between this prevalent superficial theory of the nature and sanctions of law and those tragic facts of political and social decline that are in these days making the friends of real human welfare heavy-hearted all over the world, is one of the strangest and least encouraging signs of the times. It is because this oversight exists as well as the depressing facts, and because no radical improvement in the latter can be expected until there is a radical change in the general conviction concerning the philosophy of the State, that there is a special duty laid on the university. The duty is not only allegiance, fealty, or patriotism on its own part,—by whichever name we prefer to call the

virtue—; this, every university, as a corporation of citizens, owes as every citizen owes it. But, as a corporation of scholars—of citizens endowed with the highest acquirements, or with the largest opportunities of gaining knowledge and wisdom,—the university, in the persons of its graduates, its undergraduates, and its officers whether of government or of instruction, not only owes the State allegiance in a peculiarly high degree, but also owes the special duty of mastering the grounds on which allegiance must be demanded of all men as a duty immutable; and it further owes the special service of diffusing among all classes of men the knowledge of those grounds, the corresponding conviction of fealty owed, and the consequent spirit of self-denying patriotism.

To rebuild the foundations of political life by replacing the shallow philosophy of law and rights by the profound one, and thus to prepare for the superstructure of a national life at once genuine and devoted—this is our highest present calling, our chief opportunity, as members of this our republic of letters.

APPENDICES

A LIST OF HOWISON'S PUBLISHED WRITINGS

THE FOLLOWING BIBLIOGRAPHY is limited to the writings of Howison's that have appeared in print: it does not include his notes, outlines, and addresses that are in manuscript. There is considerable manuscript material, uncatalogued, in the archives of the University of California. The items here listed, except those marked with an asterisk, are in the University of California Library. Those marked with a dagger are included in *Howison's Philosophical Writings*, Vol. I, a collection of pamphlets and reprints bound in one volume, which is in the archives.

- *1861 The Principles of Primary Teaching. *Ohio Journal of Education*.
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